二哈和他的白猫师尊

肉包不吃肉/著

Information

Table of Contents URL: https://readnovelfull.com/the-husky-and-his-white-cat-shizun.html#tab-chapters-title

Mo Ran felt that taking Chu Wanning as his master was a mistake.

His Shizun was just so similar to a cat, while he was like a silly dog.

Dogs and cats were biologically different. The silly dog hadn’t originally intended to put his furry paws out towards that cat.

He originally thought that dogs should be with dogs, like his senior brother, who was beautiful and docile, like a cute Japanese Spitz. They would look so good together.

But after dying and coming back to life, after living two lifetimes, the one he’d brought back to his den both times was that snow-white kitty Shizun that he didn’t even have his eye on at first.

Chapter 1

When the ink burned was not the emperor, there was always someone who told him to be a dog.

The treasurer licked his dog son, the guest licked his dog, the cousin licked his dog, his mother was the most powerful, and he was raised by his dog.

Of course, there have always been some dog-related descriptions, not too bad. For example, his dew love, always with a bit of anger, slap him on the couch like a male dog, sweet talk on the mouth of the soul, under the murder weapon to win the Qing life, but then go and Others show off, and everyone in the corrugated world knows that he is drizzling with a sneaker, and he has tried the fullness of his heart.

I have to say that these people are quite right, and the ink burning is really like a silly dog shaking his head.

It was not until he became the emperor of the real world that such a name suddenly disappeared.

One day, a fairy godmother sent him a milk dog.

The dog met gray, three fires on the forehead, a bit like a wolf. But only the melon is so big, it grows like a melon head, it is fat and round, but I feel that I am very prestige. I am running around the hall, I want to climb the high steps several times, to see it well, to sit on the emperor. The people, but because the legs are too short, they all ended in failure.

The ink burned and stared at the empty and powerful, but the real hairless group looked at the whiskers, and suddenly smiled, laughing and whispering, dog things.

The milk dog quickly grew into a big dog, the big dog became an old dog, and the old dog became a dead dog.

The burning of the eyes is sturdy, and the complex is opened again. His life, the humiliation of the ups and downs, or the ups and downs, has passed for thirty-two years.

He is tired of everything, feels boring and lonely, and there are fewer and fewer people familiar with him in these years. Even three fires have their lives, and he feels that it is almost the same. It is over.

Take a crystal and rich grape from the fruit bowl and slowly peel off the purple skin.

His movements were so skillful, like the smashing of the king in the account, stripping the clothes of Hu Ji, with some lazy. Bi Yingying's flesh trembled at his fingertips, the juice drenched, and the purple color was faint, like the geese Danxia came, like a sea otter spring to sleep.

It is like dirty blood.

As he swallowed the sweetness in his mouth, he looked at his fingers and then squinted his eyes.

He thought that the time was almost there.

He should also go to hell.

The ink burns and the word is light rain.

The first king of the realm of comprehension.

It is not easy to sit in this position. It is not only the extraordinary spells, but also the rock-solid cheeks.

Before him, the top ten martial arts in the comprehension circle resisted the courtesy. The sects are intertwined, and no one can change the land by one's

own strength. What's more, all of you are full of classics, even if you want to seal your own title, you will also scrutinize the history of the official, afraid of carrying on the name of the millennium.

But the ink burns differently.

He is a rogue.

What others did not dare to do, he eventually did. Drinking the hottest wines in the world, the most beautiful woman in the world, first became the lord of the cultivation of the immortal world, "Tai Xianjun", and then to self-proclaimed emperor.

The people are crouching.

All those who did not want to kneel were killed by him. In those years when he dominated the world, the realm of cultivation was a **** sorrow. Countless righteous people went to death, and the Confucianism in the top ten sects was even more difficult.

Later, even the indelible servant was unable to escape the claws, lost in the confrontation with the ink, and was taken back to the palace by the old lovers, no one knows where it is.

The great rivers and mountains of the original Qinghai River suddenly became smoky.

The dog emperor burned the book for a few days, and it was a person who had no taboos. So during his tenure, the absurdity was endless, and he said the year.

When he was the emperor's first three years, the year number "Wang Ba" was thought of when he was sitting at the pond feeding the fish.

In the second three years, the year number "呱", Gain heard the frog in the courtyard in summer, and decided that this is a godsend and can not be disappointed.

The folks of the school had thought that there would be no more miserable years than "Wang Ba" and "呱", but they still knew nothing about the ink rain.

In the third three years, the local community began to make a fuss. Whether it was Buddhism, Taoism, or spiritual repair, those who could not stand the violent violent/political affairs began to rush to fight for the uprising.

So, this time, the ink burned seriously for a long time, after drafting countless times, a year of the world of screaming ghosts and gods was born - "戟 ”.

The meaning is good, the two words that the First Emperor tried to figure out, and took the good intention of "striking." It’s just that the folks are a bit embarrassed when they say it.

Especially illiterate, it sounds even more embarrassing.

In the first year, I called the first year of the singer. How do I hear how it is like a chicken?

The second year is called chicken / / two years.

Chicken / / Pakistan for three years.

Someone closed the door and screamed: "It's ridiculous, why don't you come to an old age! After seeing a man, you don't have to ask the other person, Geng, ask the other person is a few years old chicken / / Ba! The hundred-year-old man is called A hundred years old chicken / / Pakistan!"

It’s been hard to get through for three years, and the year of “戟戟” has finally turned over.

The people of the world are waiting for the fourth year of the emperor's trepidation, but this time the ink burned but did not think about it, because

in this year, the turmoil of the comprehension world finally broke out. He has swallowed up the rivers and lakes of the past ten years, and the heroes of the genius, finally joined together and formed a million-strong army of Haohao Tangtang, forcing the palace to emperor.

The emperor does not need the emperor.

Especially do not need such a tyrant.

After several months of **** logging, the Rebels finally came to the foot of the dead mountain. The rugged mountains in the middle of the mountain are haunted all the year round, and the ink-burning palace stands at the top.

The arrow is on the string, overthrowing the storm / / politics only left the last blow. But this shot is also the most dangerous. Seeing the victory and the light again, the original allies with the enemy are beginning to be different. When the old emperor is destroyed, the new order will be rebuilt. No one wants to spend his own strength at this time. Therefore, no one is willing to be the pioneer of this battle and take the lead to attack the mountain.

They are all afraid that this savage tyrant will suddenly descend from the sky, revealing the bright white teeth of the beasts, and the people who dare to attack his palace will break open and bite into slag.

Some people looked at each other and said: "The ink is weak and powerful, and it is poisonous. We are still cautious and don't take his way."

The generals have joined together.

However, at this time, a young man with a very handsome face and a glamorous face came out. He wore a silver-blue sash, a lion's belt, a high-end ponytail, and a delicate silver hairpin at the bottom.

The young man’s face is very ugly. He said: “It’s all at the foot of the mountain. You’re still swearing and refusing to go up here. Is it because you want to wait for the ink to rain and climb down? It’s a waste of fear!”

He said this, the people around him blew open.

"What did Xue Gongzi say? What is it that is courageous? Every soldier is a family matter, and he is cautious. If you are not like you, who is responsible for the incident?"

Immediately someone ridiculed: "Oh, Xue Gongzi is the pride of the sky, we are just ordinary people, since the pride of the sky can not wait to compete with the people of the world, then you just go up the mountain first. We put wine in the mountains There is a banquet, so it’s good to wait for you to lift the head of the ink rain."

These words are agitated. An old monk in the Allied Forces quickly stopped the young people who were about to attack, and changed to a nostalgic face, and eloquently advised:

"Xue Gongzi, please listen to the old saying, the old man knows that you and the ink rain are very deep. But the matter of forcing the palace is of great importance. You must consider it for everyone, but don't be tempted."

The "Xue Gongzi" of the public is called Xue Meng. More than ten years ago, he used to be the young leader of the aunt.

However, when the time passed, the tiger fell to Pingyang, but he had to endure the ridicule and ridicule of these people, only to see the side of the mountain.

Xue Meng’s face was distorted, his lips trembled, but he tried to press his knees and asked, “When are you waiting for it?”

"At least look at the movement again."

"Yes, what if there is an ambush in the rain?"

The old monk and the muddy old monk also advised: "Xue Gongzi don't worry, we have already reached the foot of the mountain, or be careful. Anyway, the ink rain has been trapped in the palace, and it is not coming down. He is now the end of the strong, If we can't get into the climate, why should we act rashly in order to figure out this moment? There are so many people in the mountains, so many people are famous. If you lose your life, who can be responsible?"

Xue Meng suddenly angered: "Responsible? Then I ask you, who can be responsible for the life of my master? I burned his house for ten years! For ten years! Right now, my master is on the mountain. How can you let me wait?"

As soon as he heard Xue Meng mention his master, everyone's face could not be hanged.

Some people are exposed to the twilight, while others are left and right.

"A decade ago, the smoldering self-sufficiency stepped on Xianjun, and it was not counted in the 72nd city of Confucianism. It was also necessary to annihilate the remaining nine sects. Later, the ink burned the emperor, and you must kill them, the two catastrophe, and finally Who is blocking him? If it’s not for me, I’m still alive, can you still live? Can you stand here and talk to me?”

In the end, someone coughed twice and said softly: "Xue Gongzi, you don't want to be angry. The things of Chu Zongshi, we... are very guilty and grateful. But as you said, he has been under house arrest for ten years, if There is nothing long..... So, you have been waiting for ten years, and you are not in a hurry for this moment. Are you right?"

"Yes? Go to your mother!"

The man opened his eyes: "How can you marry?"

"Why don't I marry you? The master respects him and dies. It is actually to save you... this..."

He can no longer say it, his throat choked: "I am not worth it for him."

At the end of the discussion, Xue Meng slammed his head, his shoulders trembled, and he held back tears.

"We have not said that we can't save Chu Master..."

"Yeah, everyone remembers the goodness of Master Chu, and has not forgotten that Xue Gongzi’s words like this are really deducting the ungrateful hat for everyone, so that people can’t afford it."

"But then, the ink is not the apprentice of Chu Zongshi?" Someone whispered, "I want to say that in fact, the apprentice is wrong, he should be responsible for the master, the so-called son does not teach the father, teach the teacher Indolence. This is nothing wrong, and there is nothing to complain about."

This is a bit mean, and someone immediately stops to stop: "What crazy words! Manage your mouth!"

Turned his head and greeted Xue Meng.

"Xue Gongzi, don't worry..."

Xue Meng suddenly interrupted his words and witnessed: "How can I not be anxious? You stand and talk without back pain, but that is my master! My!!! I have not seen him for so many years. I don't know if he is dead or alive, I don't know how he is doing, I am standing here, what do you think is for?"

He gasped and his eyes were red: "Don't you wait so long, the ink will rain down on your own, and beg you in front of you?"

"Xue Gongzi..."

"In addition to the Master, I have no one in the world." Xue Meng broke the corner of the old monk, and muttered, "You don't go, I go."

Throwing these words, he went alone on the mountain with one sword and one sword.

The cold and damp cold wind is mixed with thousands of thousands of sounds. In the thick fog, there are countless ghosts and ghosts whispering in

the mountains and forests.

Xue Meng went to the top of the mountain alone, and the majestic palace where the ink burned was lit by the peaceful candlelight in the night. Suddenly he saw the three towers in front of the Tongtian Tower. He walked closer and saw the first grave with green grass. The tombstone was smashed with eight dogs and the eight tombs of the Queen of the Emperor Chuji.

The second grave, as opposed to the "steamed queen", is a new plaque. The seal is just covered. The monument is smashed with the tomb of the Song Dynasty.

"..."

If you change it more than ten years ago and see this ridiculous scene, Xue Meng will not help but laugh out loud.

At that time, he and the ink burned under the door of a master, ink burning is the most appreciative of the jokes, even if Xue Meng had long seen him not pleasing to the eye, but also from time to time will be amused by him.

This steamed Queen oil blasted the Queen, and did not know what the ghost was. It was probably the tombstone that Mo Dacai gave to his two wives. The style was similar to that of "Wang Ba", "呱" and "戟". But why did he take these two nicknames for his queen? It is not known.

Xue Meng looked at the third grave.

Under the night, the tomb was open, and there was a coffin in it, but there was no one in the coffin, and there was no ink on the tombstone.

Just a pot of pear blossoms in front of the grave, a bowl of cold red oil and a handful of dishes, a few dishes of spicy dishes, are all burning things that you love.

Xue Meng stared at it for a while, and suddenly he was shocked. Could it be that the ink rain did not want to resist, had already dug the grave and decided to die?

Cold sweat.

He does not believe it. The person who burns this person has never died until the end. He never knows what is exhausting, what is giving up, and what he is doing, will surely fight with the insurgents, how can it be...

In the past ten years, the ink has stood at the peak of power, what has been seen, and what has happened.

neither knows.

Xue Meng turned and fell into the night, striding toward the brightly lit Wushan Temple.

In the Wushan Hall, the eyes are closed and pale.

Xue Meng guessed it well, he is determined to die. The tomb outside is the one he had dug for himself. Before an hour, he dismissed the servant by means of transmission, and he took the poison. He is very high, and the toxicity of the poison/medicine is particularly slow in his body, so the pain of the internal organs being eaten and melted is becoming more and more vivid.

"Oh," the door opened.

The ink burned without looking up, only hoarsely said: "Xue Meng. It's you, are you here?"

Above the golden bricks in the temple, Xue Meng stood up, and the horsetails were scattered and flickered.

In the past, the same door gathered again. There was no expression on the ink, and he sat on his side, and the slender and thick eyelashes fell to his eyes.

Everyone said that he is a three-headed and six-armed demonic demon, but he is actually very good-looking, the nose is soft and the lip color is thin, and the sky grows a bit warm and sweet, and everyone looks like he is a good-natured person. .

When Xue Meng saw his face, he knew that he was already poisoned. I don’t know what it’s like, but I’m still trying to stop it. I’m still trying to squeeze my fist. I just ask, “What about the teacher?”

"……what?"

Xue Meng Li said: "I ask you, Master!!!! Yours, mine, our master?!"

"Oh." The ink burned and snorted, and finally slowly opened the black eyes with some purple eyes, falling across the layers of the years, falling on Xue Meng.

"Actually, since Kunlun stepped into the snow palace, you and Master, have not met each other for five years."

The ink burned and said, smiled slightly.

"Xue Meng, do you miss him?"

"Do not talk nonsense! Give him back to me!"

The ink burned him calmly, and endured the pain in his stomach, mocking his mouth and leaning against the back of the throne.

There was a burst of blackness in front of him, and he almost felt that he could clearly feel the viscera being distorted, dissolved, and turned into stinky blood.

The ink burns and lazy: "Return to you? Stupid. You don't think about it. I and the Master are so hateful, how can I allow him to live in this world."

"You-!" Xue Meng suddenly had no blood, no eyes, and step back. "You can't... you won't..."

"I don't know what?" The ink burned and laughed. "You are talking about it. I don't know why."

Xue Meng trembled: "But he is yours... He is your master after all... how can you get your hands!"

He looked up at the ink burning on the top of the emperor. There are Fuxi in the heavens, and there are Jurassic in the earth, and there is light rain in the world.

However, for Xue Meng, even if the ink burned into the human world, it should not become so.

Xue Meng was trembling, and he hated tears: "Mini is raining, are you still human? He used to..."

The ink burned lightly: "What happened to him?"

Xue Meng trembled: "How did he treat you, you should know..."

The ink burned and laughed: "You want to remind me that he used to beat me to the body, and let me kneel down and plead guilty in front of everyone. Still want to remind me that he used to be for you, for the irrelevant, to stop in front of me. How many times has it prevented me from doing good things, badly?

Xue Meng painfully shook his head: "..."

No, the ink burns.

Think about it, you let go of your awkward hatred. Look back at you.

He used to practice martial arts and protect you.

He used to teach you to read and read poems.

He used to cook for you, clumsy, and it hurts.

He used to... He used to wait for you to come back day and night, one person from dark...to dawn...

So many words are stuck in the throat, and in the end, Xue Meng only choked:

"He...he has a bad temper and is hard to talk, but even I know that he treats you so well, why are you... how can you bear it..."

Xue Mengyang started, and he endured too many tears, but his throat blocked him and he couldn’t say anymore.

After a long pause, the temple sighed with a soft sigh. He said, "Yes."

"But Xue Meng. Do you know?" The burning voice looked very tired. "He used to kill the only person I loved. The only one."

Long dead.

The stomach hurts like a burning fire, and the flesh and blood is torn into thousands of pieces of broken residue.

"However, it is a good mentor. His body is stopped at the Honglian otter in Nanfeng. Lying in the lotus, it is well preserved, just like falling asleep." The ink burned and calmed. When he said this, he was expressionless, his fingers resting on the long red sandalwood, and the knuckles were pale and blue.

"His body is all dependent on my spiritual power to keep it from rot. If you think about him, don't bother with me here, don't die, let's go."

There is a sweetness in the throat, and the coughing sounds a few times. When you open it again, there is blood between the lips and teeth, but the eyes are relaxed.

He said hoarsely: "Go. Go see him. If it is late, I will die, and if the spirit is broken, he will be gray."

After finishing this sentence, he suddenly closed his eyes, the poison attack, and the fire.

The pain is so heartbreaking, and even the sorrowful sorrows of Xue Meng’s grief have become so far away, as if from the water, across the ocean.

Blood can't stop from the corners of the mouth, the ink burns and squeezes the sleeves, and the muscles are bursting.

Blindly open his eyes, Xue Meng has run far, the kid's light work is not bad, from here to the South Peak, can not spend too much time.

On the last side of the Master, he should have seen it.

The ink burned up and stood up, staggering, and the **** mottled fingers made a mark and sent themselves to the tower of the towering tower of life and death.

At this time, it is the late autumn, the thick and beautiful airflow of the sea otter.

He didn't know why he finally chose to end his sinful life here. However, the flower blossoms are so brilliant, and they are worthy of the glory.

He lay down in the open cockroach, looking up at the flowers at night, silently thanking.

Floating into the sputum, floating on the cheeks. They have been arrogant, as the past has withered.

This life, from the illegitimate child of nothing, has gone through countless times and has become the only emperor of the human world.

He is sinful, full of blood, loves and hates, what he wants, and in the end, nothing is left.

After all, he did not use his word to believe in the words of the horse to give a word to his tombstone. No matter whether it is a stinky "Emperor of the Ages", or ridiculous as "oil explosion" and "steaming", he did not write anything, and the tomb of the Emperor of the Emperor of the Realm, after all, the words did not stay.

A farce that lasted for ten years finally came to an end.

After several more hours, when everyone held up the open torch, it was like a fire snake. When they broke into the imperial palace, they waited for them, but it was the empty Wushan Temple. It was the death of no one, it was the red lotus. Next to it, fell to the ash of the earth, crying to the numbness of Xuemeng.

Also, in front of the Tongtian Tower, the corpse was already cold and drizzle.

The author has something to say: Wait a long time, although there should be someone waiting for it, hahahaha

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Chapter 2

"I have already felt like a dead water, but I didn't expect the spring to shine through the spring. I am not afraid of the grass. I am afraid that the world will be cold and windy."

The ear is long and ah, the more the woman is clear and crisp, the jade-like words, but the ink that burns the brain hurts, and the frontal and meridian violent jumps.

"Noisy noisy! Where is the crying funer! Come here, give me this mess and go down the hill!"

After angering the sound, the ink burned was not right.

... Are you not already dead?

Hate and chill, pain in his mouth and coldness, his chest hurts, and his eyes burned openly.

Before the death, the wind was like a wind and snow. He found himself lying on the bed. It was not the bed of death. This bed was carved with dragons and painted with phoenix. The wood was full of heavy powder and the old quilt pink and purple. Embroidered with the scent of the water, it is the pillow that the woman will sleep.

"..."

The ink burns for a moment of stiffness.

He knows where this is.

This is a tile near the top of the dead.

The so-called tile is the brothel, which means "when it comes to whip, when it comes to disintegrate", so that the guests and the powder can be gathered together.

When I was young, there was a period of time when I was young. I spent more than ten days in the half-month sleeping in this brothel. However, this broth was set out when he was in his twenties, and later changed into a wine cellar. After I died, I actually appeared in a brothel that didn’t exist long ago. What happened?

It’s hard to make too many evils in my life, and I’ve been ruined by countless boys and girls.

The ink burned and thought, and turned over unconsciously.

He was on a sleeping face.

"..."

what's the situation! ! ! How is he lying next to him? ?

Still a man who is naked and naked!

The man's face is tender and tender, and the five senses are exquisite, and the jade is cute, and the male and female are indistinguishable.

There was no expression on the face, but the heart was choppy. I stared at the little white face that was immersed in my sleep and looked at it for a long time. I suddenly remembered it.

This is not a small puppet that I especially loved when I was young. It seems to be called Rong San?

Or just call Rong Jiu.

It’s not important, it’s not important. The important thing is that this little cockroaches later hurt the flowering willow disease. It has been dead for many years, and the bones are ruined. However, at this time he was alive, white and tender nest on the side of his bed, the quilt was exposed in the neck and shoulders, blue and purple, all traces of sputum.

The ink burned his face, picked up the quilt, and his eyes moved down.

"....."

This does not know whether the nine or three, let him count the nine, Rong Jiu Xiaomei is covered with whip marks, a sheep's fat white jade like the pink thighs have been finely, and several red ropes.

The ink burned and touched the chin and sighed secretly: good taste.

瞧瞧 This exquisite rope art, this skillful technique, this familiar picture.

This is not his mother's own? ? ! !

He is a man of immortality and has a taste of the rebirth. At this moment, he couldn't help but start to doubt that he seemed to be living back.

In order to further verify his own ideas, the ink burned to find a bronze mirror. The bronze mirror is very worn, but in the dim light, it is still blurred to see his own appearance.

When the ink burned to death, he was thirty-two years old. It was a year of standing, but at that moment, the face of the buddy in the mirror looked rather childish, and the handsome eyebrows showed a young man’s unique flying cockroaches. Fifteen or six years old.

There are no other people in this bedroom. So a generation of tyrants in the real world, the bully in the middle, the emperor of the human world, the lord of death and death, stepped on the immortal ink after burning for a long time, honestly expressed his inner feelings.

"Fuck..."

This exercise, I will wake up the sleeping cockroach.

The beautiful man sat up lazily, and the thin brocade on his body was slid down the shoulders, revealing a large, dazzling white body. He was wrapped in soft long hair and picked up a pair of peach eyes with drowsiness. Dyed red, yawned.

"Oh... Mo Gongzi, you wake up very early today."

There is no suffocation in the ink, and the time has gone backwards for more than ten years. He really likes the beautiful beauty of Rong Jiu, but nowadays, the 32-year-old stepping fairy, how to see how he suspected that his brain was When you scream, you will feel that this man looks good.

"Is it not a good night last night, a nightmare?"

This seat is dead, you say it is not a nightmare.

Rong Jiu saw that he had been not talking, but he was still in a bad mood, so he got up and got out of bed, squatting in front of the window, and smashing the ink from behind.

"Ink son, you reason about me, how do you marry, don't you?"

The ink burned him like this, his face was green, and he couldn’t wait to tear the little goblin away from his back. He shook his seventeen eight big ear scrapers on his blown face, but he still resisted. It is.

He still had a dizzy, not clear about the situation.

After all, if you are really born again, then yesterday, and Rong Rongji smashed the phoenix, and when he woke up, he swollen his face and his face was swollen. This kind of behavior is no different from suffering from mental dysentery. It is not appropriate.

The ink burned out the emotions and looked like inadvertently: "What day is it today?"

Rong Jiuyi, immediately smiled: "May four in May."

"Bing Shennian?"

"That was last year. This year is Ding Yinian. It’s really a good thing for the nobles to go back and go back."

Ding Haonian...

The ink burned in the dark, and the brain turned quickly.

Ding Yinian, who is fifteen years old, has just been recognized as a lost scorpion for many years. He has been a phoenix from a man who can be bullied.

So, is it true that you are born again?

Still, a big dream after death...

Rong Ji smiled and said: "Mu Gongzi, I am jealous that you are hungry, and you can't remember the days. You sit for a while, I go to the kitchen, give you some food, how about the spinner?"

The ink burned just now, and he still doesn't know how to deal with it. However, it is always wrong to follow the previous roads. So he recalled his own romantic appearance, endured nausea, and smiled on the nine legs.

"It’s very good, add another bowl of porridge, come back and feed me."

Rong Jiu put on his clothes, and soon he came back with a wooden tray with a bowl of pumpkin porridge, two oil swirling cakes, and a dish.

The ink burned just a little hungry, and was preparing to grab the cake to eat. Rong Ji suddenly opened his hand and said with amazement: "I will feed the son to enjoy."

"..."

Rong Ji picked up a piece of cake and sat on the ink-burning leg. He was wearing a thin robe, and nothing was worn underneath. The thin thighs and the thighs were separated, and the skin burned with the skin, and they couldn’t help but squat. And Yu.

The ink burned and stared at Rong Ji’s face for a while.

Rong Ji also said that he was so happy, he said: "You always do what I am doing? The food is cold."

The ink burned silently for a moment, remembering the good things that the old man had to carry on his own, and the corner of his mouth slowly opened a sweet silk, and the relatives smiled incomparably.

Disgusting things, he stepped on Xianjun to do more, as long as he is willing, and then he will do it with disgusting feelings. At this moment, it is just a play, and the children can't help him.

The ink burned comfortably on the chair and smiled. "Sit up."

"I don't... don't sit down."

"You know what I am talking about is sitting."

Rong Ji’s face was red and he took a sip: “So urgent, the son doesn’t wait until he finishes... Ah!”

When the words were not finished, they were forced to pick up by the burning of the ink. They moved forward and pressed again. With a handful of shakes, the porridge bowl knocked over to the ground, and he said in a panic: "Mu Gongzi, this bowl..."

"Don't worry."

"Then, then you should eat something first... um... ah..."

"Is this not eating?" The ink burned his waist, and the dark eyes flashed brightly, and the scorpion reflected the beautiful face of the neck.

In the last life, I was especially willing to kiss the blushing lips when I was lingering. After all, this boy is beautiful, and he is very clever. If he wants to say that he is tempted, he has to say that he has no emotion at all. It is a fake.

However, knowing that Rong Ji’s mouth is carrying something on his back, the ink burns that this mouth is not smelling, and there is no interest in kissing.

The 32-year-old ink burns and the 15-year-old ink burns are different in many places.

For example, at the age of fifteen, he still knows gentleness when he is in love, and at the age of thirty-two, there is only violence.

Afterwards, he looked at himself as he was dying, and Rong Ji, who had passed out of the past, had a pair of slanting waves, and he squinted slightly, and he took some sweet smiles. He smiled very well, and the twilight was very dark and deep. At some angles, he would smudge a layer of eccentric dark purple. At this moment, he smiled and glared at the hair of Rong Jiu, and put the comatose on the couch, picking up a piece of broken porcelain from the ground and hanging it on the face of Rong Jiu.

He has always reported, and it is the same now.

Thinking of how he used to take care of Rongjiu’s business in his previous life, and even wanted to give him a redemption, and Rongjiu was able to design himself with others. He couldn’t help but smile and bend his eyes, sticking sharp ceramic fragments. In the edge of Rong Jiu.

This person is doing a flesh-and-blood business. Without this face, nothing is gone.

This kitsch man will be like a dog on the street, crawling on the ground, being smashed by boots, being crushed and being thrown away, oh... I

imagined it to make him happy. It’s just that the disgustingness of this person has just disappeared.

The smile is more and more cute.

With a handful of force, the blood of the blush oozes a trace.

The faint person seemed to feel the pain, the hoarse voice, and a low snoring, and the tears on the eyelashes seemed to be pitiful.

The burning hand suddenly stopped.

He remembered an old man.

"....."

Then he suddenly realized what he was doing now. After a few seconds, I finally slowly lowered my hand.

It’s a habit to do evil. He has forgotten that he has been born again.

Now, all the things have not happened yet, and the big mistakes have not yet been formed. That person... is still not dead. Why should he have to cruelly and ruthlessly go through the old road, he obviously can come back again.

He sat down, rested on the edge of the bed, and casually played the broken pieces in his hand. Suddenly I saw a greasy cake on the table, so I took it over, opened the oil paper, bite it with a big mouth, eat the mouthful of slag, and the lips are shiny.

This cake is a special feature of this tile. It is not too delicious. It is like chewing wax compared to the delicious taste that he has tasted later. But after the tile has fallen, the ink has never been eaten. The oil turns the cake. At this moment, the familiar taste of the cake, back to the tip of the tongue, is rolling back.

Every time you burn a mouthful of ink, you feel that the unreality of rebirth is one less point.

After the whole piece of cake was eaten, he finally slowly recovered from the original confusion.

He is really born again.

All the evils in his life, all things that cannot be turned back, have not yet begun.

Did not kill the aunt and aunt, did not slaughter seventy-two cities, did not bully the ancestors, did not get married, no...

No one is dead yet.

He licked his mouth and licked his white teeth. He could feel the tiny joy in the chest expanding rapidly, becoming a kind of turbulent fanaticism and excitement. When he was alive, he was involved in the three major bans. He is proficient in the other two bans. Only the last one is "rebirth". Even if he is extremely intelligent, he must not be able to door.

I couldn’t think of anything that I couldn’t ask for during my lifetime. It turned out to be true after death.

All kinds of unfortunate, mourning, and loneliness in front of them, all of them are still in the chest, and the scene of death and death is still in full swing.

At that time, he really didn't want to live. Everyone said that he was a lord, and he was rebellious. In the end, he also felt that he was walking dead, boring, and lonely.

But I don't know where it went wrong. People like him who are heinous, after self-satisfaction, can get a chance to come back again.

Why did he want to ruin the face of Rong Jiu in order to report a little bit of personal enmity?

Rong Jiu is the most greedy and love money. This is the time to sell meat, and then go with some money, and disciplining it on a small scale. Human life, he does not want to carry it for the time being.

"You are cheap, Rong Jiu."

The ink burned and said with a smile, the fingertips force, throwing the tiles out of the window.

Then, he emptied all the soft jewels of Rongjiu and collected them in his own pockets. This was a good thing, and he slowly packed himself up and Shishiran left the tile.

Uncle Aunt, cousin Xue Meng, Master, and...

When I think of that person, the burning eyes are soft and gentle.

Teacher, I am looking for you.

The author has something to say: this article cp: ink burning x division

There are white lotus brothers, do not stand the wrong team ~~

Chapter 3

Um... Since my soul is back, the solid cultivation of the past life, will it come back?

The ink burns the spell, and feels the turmoil of the inner spirit. Although it is abundant, it is not strong. That is to say, his cultivation has not been inherited.

However, this is nothing. He is talented and savvy, and he is not a big deal. It is nothing remarkable. Moreover, rebirth is a big happy event, even if there are some shortcomings, it is normal. The ink burned like this, and soon converges on his own darkness and fangs, like a fifteen-year-old boy, and happily prepares to return to the sect.

In the suburbs of summer, there is a strong concentration of cars and horses. The wheels are rolling, and no one will pay attention to the 15-year-old ink burning at this time.

Only occasionally there was a busy village woman in the field. She got an empty head and wiped her sweat. When she saw a special boy, she would stare at her eyes and stare at her eyes.

The ink burned and smiled, and looked back unceremoniously. He looked at the women who had husbands and looked at them with blushing eyes and bowed their heads.

In the evening, the ink burned to the town of Wuchang, where it was very close to the dying of life and death. In the twilight, a red sun was like blood, and the fire burned Yunxia lined with the peaks. When I touched my stomach, I was hungry. He then went to the restaurant in a familiar way. He took a black-and-white dish in front of the cabinet and knocked on the counter. He said: "The treasurer, come a stick. Chicken, a plate of husband and wife lungs, playing two pounds of shochu, and then cutting a plate of beef."

There are a lot of people who are at the tip of the mouth, and they are very busy. Mr. Shuo said that he is shaking the fan on the table. He is telling the story of the dead and the dead, talking about the dance of the eyebrows and the spit.

The ink burned a private room near the window, eating while listening to people's books.

"As we all know, we cultivate the real world according to the geographical division, divided into two areas of upper repair and lower repair. Today we will talk about the most outstanding martial art in the world, and the life and death. Oh, you know, let’s The town of impermanence was a desolate and ruined town hundreds of years ago. Because it was in the dark, the villagers were afraid to go out. If they had to go through the night, they must shake the exorcism bell and sprinkle it. The fragrant gray paper money, while shouting "people come to the mountains, ghosts to separate the heavy paper", quickly passed. But today, our town is bustling and prosperous, no

different from other places, this can rely on the care of life and death. This fairy sing, it is unbiased, just repaired at the entrance of the ghost gate, between the two circles of yin and yang. Although it was built soon, but..."

In this history, the ink ignited the ears and the ears were rising, so the lack of interest began to look down the window. Coincidentally, there was a stall downstairs. The foreigners dressed by several Taoist priests carried a black clothed cage and were playing tricks on the streets.

This is much more interesting than the old man's storytelling.

The attention of ink burned was drawn to the past.

"Look at it, take a look, this is the ancient savage beast, the cub, and I am going to fall down. Now it is like a child, it will be juggling, arithmetic! It is not easy to go to the righteousness, you have money to hold a money field, If you don’t have the money, you can see the first good show.

I saw that the priests smashed the black cloth, and the cage was closed. It was a monster of several human faces.

Ink burning: "....."

With these low-browed eyes, the furry bears and scorpions? ? Do you dare to say yes? ? ?

This cow can really blow the sky, who believes who is brains.

But it didn't take long for the ink to burn, and twenty or thirty brains gathered around them to watch the play. From time to time, they applauded. The crowd was so busy that even the people in the restaurant couldn’t help but look at the probe and make a story. Not bad.

"The lord of the dead now, it is called a famous name, and it is famous."

"Good!! Come again!"

Mr. Shuo was greatly encouraged. He followed the sound and saw that the guest was full of red light and excited. However, it was obviously not his own, but the juggling stalls downstairs.

"Hey, what are you going to do?"

"Oh, it’s amazing!"

"Good! Wonderful! Let's play another piece of apple!"

The people in the building were laughing and laughing, and they all gathered at the window bar to see the excitement below. Mr. Shuo is still pitifully saying: "The most famous of the Lord is his fan, he..."

"Ah, hahaha, the lightest cockroach wants to grab the apple, you see it is still rolling on the ground!"

Mr. Shuo said that he wiped his face with a sweat towel and his lips were a little shaken.

The ink burned his lips, and Yan smiled. He shouted slowly behind the bead curtain: "Don't talk about the death of the dead, come to the "Eighteen Touch", and keep the people back."

Mr. Shuo Shuo did not know that the person behind the curtain was the ink of the dead man, and he was very arrogant and arrogant: "The thick, rough words, not up, not in the elegant."

The ink burned and laughed: "Is it too elegant here? You don't panic."

After all, I heard the noise of the building.

"Oh! Fast horse!"

"It’s the immortal prince!"

In the discussion, a black horse rushed in the direction of death and death, and lightning generally entered the juggling circle!

There were two people sitting on the horse, one wearing a black brawl, wrapped in a black cloak, sturdy, not looking at age and gender, and the other being a woman of 30 or 40 years old, with a rough hand and a frosty face. .

When the woman saw the bears, she cried. She even climbed the horse and climbed down. She stumbled and rushed over. She hugged one of the bears and slammed it: "Children! My children." what--"

The people around are all stunned. Someone scratched his head and muttered: "Yeah? Isn't this the youngest scorpion of the ancient gods? How does this woman call it?"

"This should not be a mother."

"Oh, that's great, this mother is all adult."

The villagers here did not know, and there was nonsense on the other side, but the ink burned it.

According to legend, some rivers and lakes priests will abduct children, then unplug the children's tongues, let them say nothing, then take the water to burn the children's skin, licking the flesh and blood, sticking the animal skin to them, After the blood has solidified, the fur and the child are glued together and it looks like the monster. These children can't talk, can't write, can only let people bully, and cooperate with the performance of "squatting", if rebellious, it is a whip.

It’s no wonder that he didn’t feel the slightest demon before. These “貔貅” are not demon, but live people...

Here, I was thinking about it. The black cloak over there whispered a few words with the priests. The priests heard the words, it was an instant anger, and they said, "Apologize? Your grandfather does not know." How do you apologize for these two words!" "What's so great about the dying of life?" "Do not hesitate, give me a fight!" It is necessary to encircle the black cloak.

"Ouch."

Seeing that the same door was hit, the ink burned and laughed twice. "So fierce."

He did not mean to help. In the past life, he hated the sect of the door, and the two gangs were rushing with the fool. The aunt’s cat scorpion’s cat

scorpion climbed under the tree and asked them to help. Door to the chores, each lack of mind.

There are so many unfair things in the world, what is the management, and exhausted individuals.

"Get up and fight! Drink! A great fist!"

Up and down the restaurant, everyone will join the crowd in the past.

"So many people play one, don't want to face!"

"Xianjun is behind him! Oops! Good insurance! Wow!"

"This shot is well protected!"

These people love to watch fights, but they don’t like to watch. The **** hurricanes he has seen have gone, and what happens under the eyelids is like a fly to him. He lazily licked the peanut crumbs on his clothes and got up and left.

Downstairs, the priests were fighting hard with the black cloak, and the sword was suffocating. The ink burned his arms and leaned against the door

of the wine cellar. He only glanced at it and couldn’t help but snorted.

Shameful.

The shackles of life and death are all fierce and fierce. The black cloak fight is not terrible. Seeing that they have been pulled down by the rivers and lakes, they are smashing in the middle, but they are still not smashing their hands.

Instead, the text shouted weakly: "The gentleman does not move, tells you reason, why don't you listen?!"

Taoists: "....."

Ink burning: "....."

The Taoist thought is, eh? This person has been labeled like this grandmother, and the gentleman does not move? This is the brain of the hoe, and there is no stuffing?

When the ink burns, his face suddenly changes. At some point, he turns around. He grabs his breath and widens his eyes in disbelief. This voice...

"Teacher!" The ink burned low and rushed up, filled with the power of the palm of the hand, and the five rivers and lakes priests who were unscrupulous were all shaken! He sat on the ground and lifted the black cloak covered with muddy footprints, and the voice could not help but tremble slightly -

"Yes, is that you?"

The author has something to say: Although his name is Shi Yi, but people are really a teacher, is a teacher 23333

Chapter 4

This teacher is not a sister.

The teacher is a man who has been replaced, and he is still a smoldering brother.

The reason why I took such an unfortunate name is that the lord of the dead and the dead has no knowledge.

The teacher was originally an orphan. He was brought back by the Lord in the wild. The child was weak and sick, and the Lord thought about it. He had to give the baby a name and be famous to feed.

The child's lips are red and white, like a little girl who is very lovable, so the Lord has racked his brains and asked people a name, called Xue Yu.

Xue Yu is getting bigger and bigger, the longer he is, the more handsome, the more sturdy, the eyebrows are the style of the eye, quite a bit of the charm of the genius.

The villager’s husband has no problem with the name Xue Yu, but has he seen the beautiful woman called “dog egg” and “iron pillar”?

The brothers and sisters of the same door felt that it was not appropriate. Gradually, they would not be called Xue Yan, but the name of the Lord was not good enough to change, so they half-jokingly called the teacher.

The younger sister and sister were short. Later, the lord simply waved his hand and said with a good understanding: "Xue Wei, you simply changed your name, so you can call it a teacher, what is it?"

I am still very embarrassed to ask how...Is the normal person receiving this name? However, the teacher had a good temper. He looked up at the Lord and found that the other party was eager to glare at him. He dared to think that he had done a good thing. The teacher can't bear it, and feels that even if he is wronged, he can't sweep the face of the Lord. So I am grateful, and I changed my name from now on.

"Cough." The black cloak snorted a few times before it slowed down, and looked up at the smoldering. "Well? Ah Burn? Why are you here?"

A layer of crepe curtains, the eyes are as soft as spring water, and if the stars are shining, they will burst into the bottom of the ink.

At a glance, those gentle feelings and little men who have been squandering for a long time have been unblocked in an instant.

It is a teacher.

Can't be wrong.

Ink burning is a rogue embryo. In the last life, I have played a lot of men and women. In the end, I didn’t die because of the death of the man. He was quite surprised.

But the only person he was fond of in his nest, he was careful and never dared to touch it easily.

In those years, he and the teacher and the two men squatted in the snow, but when they died, the ink burned the hands of others, and even the mouth only mistakenly hit the pro.

The ink burns feels dirty, the teacher is too gentle and pure, he can't match it.

This person has already made him so cherished, not to mention the death. Then it became the white moonlight that stepped on the heart of Xianjun. If he scratched his heart and scratched his liver, the people of Sri Lanka had become a loess. Under Jiuquan, the fairy tale was hard to find.

However, at this moment, the living teacher appeared in front of him, and the smoldering had to use all his strength to resist the emotion of his excitement.

The ink burned the man up and took the dust off the cloak for him.

"I don't want to be here, what do you have to be bullied by them? When someone hits you, why don't you fight back?"

"I want to make sense first..."

"What do you tell me about these people! Is it hurt? Where is it hurt?"

"Cough, Ah, I... I don't get in the way."

The ink burned his head and looked at the priests fiercely. "The people who are dead and dying, you dare to do it? The courage is very big."

"A burning... forget it..."

"You are not going to fight? Come on! Why not make a move with me!"

The priests were photographed by ink and they knew that this person was repaired far above themselves. They all ate soft and hard, and they dared to retire with ink.

The teacher sighed and sighed and persuaded: "A burning, you have to fight, you have to spare people and spare people."

When the ink burned back and looked at him, he couldn’t help but feel sour and sorrowful.

The teacher has always been so kind, and when he died in his life, he has no resentment and no hate. Even persuaded the ink to burn, do not remember to hate the teacher who can clearly save his life, but is sitting on his side.

"But they..."

"I am not good, is it okay? More than one thing is less, listen to the teacher."

"Oh, okay, listen to you, listen to you." The ink shook his head and glanced at the few Taoist priests. "Have you heard? My brother asked for your love! Don't roll fast? Hey here. , I want you to send you not?"

"Yes, yes! Let's roll! This is rolling!"

The teacher said to the priests: "Slow."

The few people thought that the teacher had just been violently stunned by them. I felt that he would not easily let go of himself. He squatted on the ground again and again: "Xianjun, Xianjun, we are wrong, we don't know Taishan. Seeking Xianjun Let us go!"

"I just told you to tell you, you don't listen." The teacher sighed. "You have taken the children of others and been sinned. Let their niece be cut, and the conscience can be overwhelmed." ”

"I don't want to go! I don't want to go! Xianjun, we are wrong! Never dare anymore! Never dare anymore!"

"You have to be a good person in the future, you can't do anything else, but you know it?"

"Yes! The secret of Xianjun is! We, we are taught, taught!"

"In this case, please ask a few to apologize to the lady, and then heal the children."

Even if this matter was settled, the smoldering supporter took the plunge, and he borrowed another one from the shack. The two men sneaked back and returned to the sect.

Wu Hook is high hanging, and the moonlight wears through the forest and leaves it on the forest path.

Walking and walking, the smoldering gradually became more and more beautiful: he thought that he would at least return to the death and death, and then he could see the teacher again. He did not expect the teacher to go down the mountain to help the road. He happened to let him hit, and the ink burned more and more, he believed. And the teacher is really fate.

Although at this time, the teacher has not been with himself, but the past life has been hooked up, this life is obviously also a familiar, water-filled thing.

The only thing he needs to worry about is to protect his teacher and not let him die in his own arms like he did in the past...

The teacher did not know that the ink was already a rebirth, and he chatted with him as usual. The two chatted and talked to the feet of death.

Who expected to be in the middle of the night, but in front of the mountain gate stood a personal, staring at them.

"Ink burning! Do you still know back??"

"Hey?"

The ink burned and looked up, oh, a good angry arrogant son.

This person is not someone else, it is Xue Meng when he was young.

Compared with Xue Meng, who was seen before his death, he was even more handsome when he was 15 or 6 years old. A light blue armor with a black bottom, a high ponytail, a silver hair buckle, a lion's belt with a strong waist and a slender waist, a hand-legged leg, and a small curved knife behind the cold arm. The upper sleeve arrow is silvery.

The ink burned and sighed, and I thought about it:

Uh, Sao.

Xue Meng, no matter when he was a teenager or a grown up, was really a sigh.

Look at him, good husband, don't sleep at night, wear a full armor of death and death, what to do? Is the performance of the pheasant courting peacock

to open?

However, if the ink burns not to see Xue Meng, Xue Meng may not wait to see him.

Ink burning is an illegitimate child. When he was a child, he did not know who his father was, and he was playing in a music house in Xiangtan. It was not until the age of fourteen that the family was found back to life.

Xue Meng is the young master of death and death. Counting up, he is actually a cousin of ink. Xue Meng’s early childhood is a genius. He is known as the “Pride of Heaven” and “Phoenix”. The average person builds a foundation for three years, and it takes at least ten years to complete the spiritual core. Xue Meng is talented and talented. From the entry to the spiritual core, it is only five years before and after, which makes the parents happy and praised by all.

But in the eyes of ink, whether he is a phoenix or a chicken, a peacock or a duck, it is a bird anyway. The difference between hair and hair is short.

So the ink burned to see Xue Meng: bird stuff.

Xue Meng looks at the ink: dog things.

Perhaps the family inheritance, the talent of ink burning is also very amazing, and even can be said, more amazing than Xue Meng.

At the time when the ink burned, Xue Meng felt that he was particularly noble and glamorous, well-trained, knowledgeable, kungfu, and handsome, and he didn’t know a few characters like the cousin, and he was not a passer-by.

Then the narcissistic phoenix 指挥 随 随 随 随 随 随 随 随 随 随 随 随 随 随 随 随 随 随 凤凰 随 随 凤凰 随 凤凰 凤凰 凤凰 凤凰 凤凰 自 自 自He, just treat this person as a dog."

The followers will be flattering: "The Lord said that the ink burned is already fourteen years old. Now it is only beginning to cultivate the immortal. I think he has to spend at least ten years to build the foundation. It will take twenty years to bear the spirit. Nuclear. At that time, when we were less than the Lord, we were able to sneak up and he could only look at the ground."

Xue Meng sneered sneerly: "Twenty years? Hey, I see his waste look, I can't repair the spirit core in my life."

Whoever expected, the waste hahaha followed the teacher for a year, even the spiritual core.

When the phoenix was suddenly struck by lightning, she felt that she had been beaten and could not swallow the bad breath.

So he secretly slaps his villain, cursing the sword of the family's soles, slipping his tongue and knotting his tongue.

Every time I see the ink burning, Xue Meng Xiao Feng is even more persistent to reward the two big white eyes, the sound of the nose can be heard through the three miles.

I think of these childhood memories, I can't help but squint. He hasn't enjoyed such human fireworks for a long time. He has been alone for ten years, even the things he hated in the past. Now he is chewed and squeaky. .

The teacher saw Xue Meng, immediately dismounted, picked up the black gauze, revealing a stunning face.

It’s no wonder that he’s going out alone to wear it like this, and when the ink burns and squints, he feels swaying and thinking. The heart of this person is really a stunning pose, and the soul is taken.

The teacher said hello to him: "Less master."

Xue Meng nodded: "Is it back? The matter of the bear is handled properly?"

The teacher smiled and said: "It’s just right. Thanks to Ah Burning, it helped me a lot."

Xue Meng’s proud eyes were like a sharp blade, and he quickly swept it on the burning body. He immediately turned away. He frowned and looked disdainful. It seemed as if he had burned his eyes for a while.

"Teacher, you go back to rest first. After that, you don't want to mix with him. This is a thing that steals chickens and touches dogs. When you are with him, you have to learn bad."

The ink burns does not show weakness. He laughs and laughs: "I don't learn from you, can you learn from me? I am fully dressed in the evening, and I am stupid with a bird-like tail. I am still proud of the sky... Hahaha, I see it. Are you proud of the sky?"

Xue Meng was furious: "The ink burns, you put my mouth clean! This is my home! How old are you?"

The ink burns means: "I am your cousin. If you talk about it, you should be ahead of you."

Xue Meng seems to have been splashed with a shit, and immediately frowned at the disgusting, screaming: "Who has your cousin! Don't put gold on your face, in my eyes, you are just playing in the mire Rolling dog!"

Xue Meng is especially fond of swearing that other people are dogs, what kind of dog, son, dog, dog, dog, and dog are born, and the upper and lower mouths are called a skillful one. Ink burning has long been used to it, licking your ears and not thinking about it. However, the teacher was listening to the side and whispered a few words. Xue Meng finally snorted from the nostrils and closed his noble beak.

The teacher smiled and asked softly and softly: "The young master is so late, waiting in front of the mountain gate?"

"Otherwise? Enjoy the moon?"

The ink burned and smiled and said: "I said how you cleaned up so beautifully. It turned out to be waiting for someone to date. Hey, who is so unlucky to be missed by you? I sympathize with her, hahahahaha."

Xue Meng’s face is darker, and the nail can scrape three pounds of coal. He screams in a gruel: “You!”

"……I?"

"This son waits for you, how are you staying?"

Ink burning: ".....???"

Chapter 5

The heart of the Dan Heart Hall is brightly lit.

The teacher left and went, and the ink burned with Xue Meng into the temple, and saw the scene inside the temple, suddenly clear to the chest.

It turned out to be the nine sons of the nine.

He stole some of his silver before he left. He was courageous and actually found the shackles of life and death.

Rong Jiu squatted in the arms of a man who was a tall man, crying so badly that the pear blossoms with rain, when the ink burned and Xue Meng entered the temple, his crying was even higher than the three tune, it seems that the man is not Looking at him, he was afraid that he would sneak into the mouth of the court.

On the stage, behind the bead curtain, a delicate woman sat there, and she seemed a little overwhelmed.

The ink burned without looking at the pair of dogs and men, and first married the woman in the temple: "Aunt, I am back."

That woman is the lord of death and death, Mrs. Wang.

Unlike the female heroes who don’t want to be eyebrows, she is a woman who doesn’t know what to do with the window. Her husband is not there, and others don’t know what to do. She said, “A burning, you can come It is."

The ink burned and did not see the two complaints in the temple, and smiled: "So late, my aunt is still not sleeping, something to find me?"

"Well. Look, this Rong Gongzi said to you... Did you take his silver two?"

She has a thin face and is embarrassed to say that the ink burns people, and she has to avoid it.

The ink burned and blinked: "What, I don't lack silver, what do they do? What's more, these two are squatting, do I know you?"

The man of Gao Manda sneered: "The surname of the monk is often, and he is the leader in the family. The merchants are not in the bar, so I am always good."

The ink burned a little smile, but it was necessary to turn Changda upside down: "It turned out to be a big man, long-awaited and long-lost, and disrespectful and disrespectful. Then this other is..."

Dachang Gongzi said: "Oh, Mo Gongzi will really be crazy and sell silly. You and I are really seeing you, but you have been sleeping in the nine children’s room for 15 days this 30 days. Are you stunned? Will you know him?"

The ink-burning face is not red-hearted and does not jump. I smiled and looked at Rong Jiuyi’s eyes: "Why, you are me, I am a serious person, but I have never slept in anything about children."

Rong Jiu was irritated and blushing. He was still in the arms of his surname. The pears were raining: "Ink, ink son, I know that my identity is humble, I can’t be on the table. If you don’t bully me too much, I, I don’t. I will come to the door, but if you turn your face like this, you will not recognize people, I...I..."

The smoldering swearing said: "I really don't know you. I don't even know if you are a man or a woman. How can you see it?"

"You took care of my business last night, how can it be so cool? Chang Gongzi, Chang Gongzi, you have to be the master of me." Then he went deeper into the arms of the surname Chang, and he cried into tears.

Xue Meng was stunned by the side, and his eyebrows were twitching. It seems that if he was not bound by the cultivation of the young master, he had already taken the greasy dog male and female chasing down the mountain.

Da Changgong touched the head of Rong Jiu, and softly comforted a few words. He looked up and said: "Mrs. Wang, the sorrow of death is a sect of the righteous, but this ink son is despicable! Nine children earn hard money, Only for the early redemption of himself, he is good, not only ill-treatment of nine children, but also robbed his blood and sweat, if the nobles today do not give us a satisfactory explanation, although my hometown does not cultivate immortals, but the generations of business, wealth can pass the sky It will definitely make you feel bad in the Bab!"

Mrs. Wang panicked: "Ah... Chang Gongzi don't be angry, me, me..."

The ink burned in the heart and sneered, the salt merchant Chang's rich oil, this big Changzi can not even give Rong Jiu redemption, but also his family to make their own money, to say that there is no greasy, who believes.

But still smiled and said: "Ah, the original big brother is actually the son of the rich businessman of Yizhou, and it is really good atmosphere. See, admire, admire."

Da Changgong’s face is arrogant: "Hey, you still know that some heavens are thick and thick. If you do, you will quickly recognize each other and save yourself from being unhappy. If you take something of nine children, don't you come back?"

The ink burned and laughed: "It's weird, your family's nine children pick up so many customers every day, how can you not lose the baby, and you alone depends on me?"

"You!" Dachang Gongzi bit his teeth and sneered. "Well, I know you will be arguing! Madame Wang, you also saw it. The ink son is not reasonable, and he refuses to accept it. I will not tell him." You are a master, it’s up to you to make a decision!"

Mrs. Wang is a woman who is not worthy of the world. At this time, she is so nervous that she is incoherent: "I... Ah Burning... Menger..."

Xue Meng stood next to him and saw his mother's embarrassment. He stood up and said: "Changgongzi, the discipline of life and death is strict. If you say it is true, if the ink burns really violates the greed and obscenity, we will severely punish it. But you said nothing, you said that there is evidence to smack theft?"

Da Changgong sneered and said: "I know that the faction will have such a come out, so I quickly wrestle and deliberately come to the front of Mrs. Wang before the ink comes back."

He cleared his throat and said: "You listened well. Nine children lost two pearls, ten yuan ingots, a pair of plum blossoms, a pair of jade buckles, and a jade butterfly pendant. Just check You can have these things on your body, and you know if I am jealous of him."

The ink burns out: "Why are you searching for me?"

"Hey, I think you are a guilty conscience." Dachang Gongzi lifted his chin proudly. "Mrs. Wang, stealing and sinning, how to punish after death."

Mrs. Wang whispered: "This...the sect of the sect, has always been a coward, I really... don't know..."

"No, no, I don’t know Mrs. Wang, but I have a heart, and I want to protect my order. Oh, I don’t think that this life is so dirty and dirty."

"I have done it. My aunt has said that she doesn't know how to be the master. You bully a woman, but it's not finished yet?" The ink burned finally impatient, interrupted his words, and always laughed at hippie smiles. The appearance took a few points and stared at the pair of dogs and men.

"Well, I will search for you, but if you can't find it, you are full of swear words, what should I do?"

"Then I immediately apologize to Mo Gongzi."

"Yes." The ink burned very painfully. "But there is one point. If you are wrong, apologize, you have to climb down to death."

Da Changgong saw a full confidence in the appearance of ink, and could not help but be suspicious.

He has envied the people who cultivated immortals since he was a child, but his talent is too bad to be led.

A few days ago, he heard that the old man, Rong Rongji, had a smoldering love. The two agreed that as long as Rongji looked for an opportunity to take the ink-burning repair, the big Changzi gave Rongji a redemption, not only the redemption, but also Take Rong Ji into the house and keep him rich and worry-free.

Da Changgong seeks immortality, Rong Jiu seeks fortune, and the two are savage, and they hit it off.

In the last generation, they burned their traitors. Although they settled down, they also suffered a lot. In this life, the two men stealing chickens are not eclipsed, this ink does not know why suddenly turned the temper, a few days ago, still drunk and dreamed to lie in the gentle township, nine children, nine children short. This morning, after I took Rong Jiu’s two exercises, I actually rolled up the home of Rong Jiu as a soft road.

Da Changgong is called a mad singer, when the drop of the nine to come to death.

The trading abacus of the salt merchant’s son was screaming, and he figured out that once the ink was caught, the lady’s wife was forced to disperse the ink. To this end, he specially brought a piece of jade that was absorbed and repaired, and prepared to take some cheap back and integrate into his own sea of air.

But watching the ink burns like this, the big Changzi has come to the head and hesitates.

The ink burns and slips, and you may have sold it for a while, waiting for yourself.

However, after thinking about it, things have already arrived at this point. It is a pity to give up at this time. Maybe this is a bluff of this kid...

There is still a lot of pain in the mind, and the ink has begun to undress.

He took the robe apart and casually, and then smiled and made a gesture of asking: "You are welcome, slowly search."

After some tossing down, except for some broken silver, nothing was touched, and the face of the big Changzi changed.

"How is it possible!! You must be deceiving!"

The ink burned in the black and covered some purple scorpions, touched his chin and said: "You have touched the robe for ten times. I have touched you seven or eight times, and I will give you a light." You still don't give up?"

"Ink burn, you -"

The ink burned suddenly realized: "Oh, understand, big boy, you should not be coveted by my beauty, deliberately played this play, run to lick me oil, take advantage of me?"

Da Changgong was so dizzy, pointing to the burning nose, and couldn’t say a word for a long time, his face was red. Xue Meng on the side has long tolerated his head. Although he can't understand the smoldering of ink, he can't help others to humiliate.

Xue Meng unceremoniously stepped forward, raised his hand and folded the fingers of Da Changgong, and said with anger: "With your half-sitting, it turned out to be nothing to find!"

Da Changgong’s painful yelling, holding his finger: “You, you are good! You are a group! No wonder those things can’t be found in the ink, you must have hidden it for you! You I also took off my clothes, I searched you!"

Some people dare to order him to dress? ! Xueman suddenly became angry and angered: "Don't shave! Just your dog's paw, also with the clothes of the son's clothes? Not fast!"

The younger masters spoke, and the waiters who had endured for a long time in the Danxin Temple immediately swarmed and rushed the two mortals who had no power to fight back.

The anger of Dachang’s son came from far away: “The ink burns, you give me waiting! I will definitely not finish with you!”

The ink-burning station stood outside the Danxin Hall, looking at the distant night, squinting and sighing, "I am so scared."

Xue Meng gave him a cold look: "What are you afraid of?"

The ink burned heartily and sadly: "He sells salt at home, I am afraid that there is no salt to eat."

"....."

Xue Meng was silent for a moment and asked: "You really have nothing?"

"Not really."

"Is it really stolen?"

"Not really."

Xue Meng snorted: "I don't believe you."

The ink burned his hand and smiled: "If you lie, let me play five thunders."

Xue Meng suddenly raised his hand and held his arm in his ink. The ink burned him: "What are you doing?" Xue Meng snorted and quickly read a curse, only to hear the curse. Broken, a few inconspicuous soy-sized beads slipped out of the burnt cuffs and fell to the ground.

Xue Meng’s palm filled with spiritual power and waved toward those beads. The beads sparkled and became bigger and bigger, and finally became a pile of jewellery, plum armbands, jade earrings, and golden light.

Ink burning: "...is all the same door, why bother."

Xue Meng's face is gloomy: "Ink rain, you don't want to face."

"Haha."

Xue Meng angered: "Who laughs with you!"

The ink sighed and sighed: "Then I can't cry too."

Xue Meng blackened his face and said, "The darkness of the dead life, Chen Cangshu, you use it like this?"

"Well, let's learn and use it."

Xue Meng was angry: "The dog that sells salt is annoying, so it is only in front of him. I don't want to judge you well. But the dog has something to say right. If you have committed theft, pornography, and disorder, Which martial art is enough for you to drink a pot!"

The ink burned and was not afraid. He smiled and said, "What are you going to do? Wait for the uncle to come back and complain to him?"

He is not afraid of it, his uncle wants to succumb to his death, to say a few words at the top, where he is willing to beat him.

Xue Meng turned around and smashed the broken hair that was blown to the front by the night wind. A pair of eyes flashed with arrogance in the darkness.

"Oh? No, I went to Kunlun, I am afraid I will be back in a month or two."

The ink burned a smile, and suddenly there was an ominous premonition. He suddenly thought of a person.

but--

If he is, it should be him to receive the Chang Gongzi in the Danxin Hall tonight, instead of asking Mrs. Wang, who does not know.

That person... should not be...

Xue Meng saw the flicker in his eyes, and the contemptuous arrogance was more obvious.

"Hey, it hurts you, but, is this life and death, don't you have someone who doesn't hurt you?"

The ink burned back a few steps, and laughed hard: "Xiandi, you look so late, let's not bother him. The old man is quiet. I know it is wrong. I won’t steal it next time. It’s not enough. What? Let's go back to the room to rest, hey, I will give you tired."

Speaking of pulling the legs and slipping.

joke! Xue Meng is also a boy who is poisoned!

I am not a stepper now, not a human being, how can I be sent to that person? If you let him know that he has stolen something, he still stunned him, and he is expected to interrupt his two legs! Don't run at this time, wait for it!

The author has something to say: Why does Da Changgong have no brain?

Because of the brain full of large intestines (┘▽└)┌

The next chapter is the teacher’s appearance.

Chapter 6

After all, Xue Meng grew up in a small life, knowing the shortcut terrain, and finally burned the ink.

All the way to him, he came to the back mountain, the back mountain of the dead and the dead, is the closest place to the ghost world. Through an enchantment, the back is the yin.

At first glance, the mountain was terrible, and the ink burned immediately knew why the man was clearly at home, but still needed Mrs. Wang to treat people in the front hall.

The man didn't want to help, but he really couldn't get out -

The enchantment of the ghost world is broken.

At this moment, the whole back mountain is filled with strong ghosts. I have never materialized the devil to scream in the air, and at the entrance of the mountain gate, I can see a huge gap in the sky. The gap behind it is the ghost world, a thousand stone steps from the enchantment crack. In the middle, the evil spirits who have repaired the bleeding meat are following

this step, swaying and swaying down from the underworld to the human world.

Changed to be an ordinary person, seeing this scene must be scared, the first glimpse of the smoldering is also a white sweat, but he is used to it now.

The enchantment between the two ghosts was set by Fuxi in ancient times. Nowadays, it is already very weak. From time to time, there will be broken places, and people who need to cultivate the immortals will come to repair. However, this kind of thing is not too much for improvement, but also very laborious, and it is a bitter job, so few scholars in the upper world are willing to take this job.

When the evil spirits are born, the first thing that will be difficult is the people who are going to repair the world. As the patron saint of the lower revision world, the dying of life and death has taken on the errands of repairing the enchantment. Their martial art is facing the weakest part of the enchantment. It is to be able to make up for the gap in time.

This breaks the enchantment, it will always miss four or five times a year, just like the pot that has been filled, it is not disabled.

At this time, the entrance to the ghost world, the long step of the bluestone, a man with a snow-colored clothing, wide-sleeve flying, surrounded by swords, golden light, is using his own power, clearing the evil spirits, repairing the enchantment loopholes.

The man was soaked in the face of Pan Wei, the sacred wind bones, the birth of very beautiful, far away, it is easy to reminiscent of the flower tree under the book, the literary literati. However, in the near future, he is a sword, a phoenix, a phoenix, a nose, a narrow and thin nose, and a long and graceful, but his eyes are slick and plain, which is particularly unappealing.

The smoldering look at him from afar, although he was prepared, but when it was true, once again, when he saw this person appearing in front of himself, he still had his bones shook finely.

Half is fear, half is... excited.

His master.

Chu nightning.

In the last life, Xue Meng finally came to the Wushan Temple, crying to see, this is the person.

It was this man who ruined the great cause of ink burning, ruined the ambition of ink burning, and was finally burned to death by ink.

For the sake of reason, to stumble the opponent, revenge and hate, the ink should be happy.

The sea is wide and the fish is flying, and the sky is high and the bird is flying. No one can make him. The ink burned originally thought that he thought so.

However, it seems that this is not the case.

After the teacher’s death, buried with hatred, there seems to be something else.

There is nothing to cultivate in the ink, and I don’t know that feeling is called chess and opponents.

He only knows that from then on, there is no longer his own enemy.

The teacher is alive, he is afraid, fearful, and chilling. He sees the willows in the hands of the masters, and they are like the dogs that have been used to the funeral. When they hear the sound of knocking on the scorpion, the teeth will be sore and soft. The leg is tense and twitching.

Later, the master died, and the most feared person died. The smoldering felt that he had grown up and had made a living, and finally made this scam.

Later, looking at the red dust, no one dared to let himself kneel down, and no longer slap in the face.

Celebrating the table, he opened the altar and sat on the roof and drank a full night of wine.

That night, under the influence of alcohol, when I was a teenager, the teacher’s scar on his back seemed to hurt.

At this moment, I saw the teacher respecting him in front of him, staring at him, fearing and hating, but there was also a distorted ecstasy.

Such an opponent, lost and recovered, can you not like it?

Chu nightning did not pay attention to the two apprentices who broke into the back hill, still concentrating on the unraveling of the undead.

His five senses are elegant, a pair of eyebrows are long, the phoenix is hanging coldly, the dust is clean, the temperament is outstanding, the look is unchanged in the **** rain, and it looks very light, even if he sits down and burns the incense to play the piano.

However, such a gentle and elegant beauty man, at the moment, carrying a cold light, smashing the exorcist sword with red blood beads, wide-sleeved, swords and gas in front of the bluestone steps blasted open, Crushed stone

bricks roll down, from the mountain gate all the way to the bottom of the mountain, thousands of long-term steps, when you are opened a deep bottomless gap!

It’s too fierce.

How many years have you not seen the strength of the Master?

This familiar and powerful hegemony, so that the ink burned inertia, the legs are soft, did not stand firm, and slammed into the ground.

When Chu Ning did not spend too much time, he killed all the ghosts and made up for the loopholes in the ghost world. After doing all this, he floated in the air and came to the ink and Xuemeng.

He first glanced at the ink burning on the ground, and then looked up to Xue Meng, a pair of Dan Fengyan eyes showed some chill.

"the fat is in the fire?"

The ink is suffocating.

Master has the ability to always make the most accurate judgments about things.

Xue Mengdao: "The teacher respects, slams down the mountain, commits theft, obscenity and sin, and asks the teacher to take responsibility."

Chu night Ning nodded silently for a while, coldly: "Know it."

Ink burning: "....."

Xue Meng: "....."

Both of them are awkward, then? Not then?

However, in the smoldering heart, he was lucky, and when he looked up to see the night, he was cold and could not see a fierce golden light. He slammed the air, and it sounded like lightning and thunder, and he smacked in the cheeks. ! !

Bloody splashes!

The speed of the golden light is so amazing, the ink burns not to say dodge, even the closed eyes are too late to close, the flesh on the face is cut open,

hot and severe pain.

Chu night Ning took the hand and stood cold, standing in the night wind of Xiao Xiao, the air is still filled with the murderous spirit of the evil spirits, and at this moment it is mixed with the smell of human blood, making the back mountain forbidden land more sinister and horrible. .

It was the bunch of willows that did not know when it appeared in the hands of Chu, and the cane was narrow and narrow, and there were green and tender leaves on it, and it was hanging to the side of the boots.

It is so elegant and elegant, it should have been conceived of such verses as "fibre and willows, holding this lover".

It is a pity that Chu Yuning is neither slender nor lover.

The Liu Teng in his hand is actually a Shenwu, named Tian Wen. At this moment, Tian asked that the golden red light is flowing, and the whole piece of darkness is taken through, and the eyes of the late night of Chu’s lateness are reflected.

Chu night, the upper and lower lips touched, Sen Ran said: "Ink rain, you are very courageous. Really when I will not control you?"

If it is a fifteen-year-old ink, it may not take this sentence seriously, thinking that the Master is only saying to scare himself.

However, after the re-emergence of the ink rain, I have already thoroughly taught the master's "management bundle" with blood in the last life. He suddenly felt that the tooth sticks hurt, his brain was hot, and his mouth began to die and he refused to pay. .

"Master respects..." The cheeks are bleeding, the ink burns and raises the eyes, and the scorpion is dyed with a layer of water vapor. He knows that he is very pitiful now. "The disciple did not steal... not obscenity... Why did the teacher listen to Xue Meng, and if he asked, he would call me first?"

"....."

The ink burns against the uncle and has two great stunts. First, it is cute. Second, it is pitiful. Now he moved this photo to Chu Ningning, and his tears fell. "Is it so unfortunate that the disciple is in your eyes? Why does the teacher refuse to give me a chance to defend?"

Xue Meng is awkward at the side: "Ink!! You, your dogleg! You, you stink face! Master, don't listen to him, don't be confused by this stuff! He stole it! Still there!"

Chu nightning drops his eyelashes, his look is cold: "Ink burning, you really have not stolen?"

"No."

"...you should know what the consequences of lying to me."

The burnt goose bumps are all up, can he not know? But still the dead duck mouth is hard: "Please respect the teacher!"

Chu night Ning raised his hand, and the golden vines vines waved again. This time, they did not smoke on the face, but they burned the ink.

This taste is too familiar. Liu Teng "Heavenly Question" has a role in addition to daily smoking.

Chu Yuening stared at the ink burned by Tian Wen, and asked again: "Can you steal?"

The ink burns only feels a familiar pain and strikes the heart, as if there is a small snake with sharp teeth and teeth, suddenly plunged into the chest, and tumbling in the internal organs.

Accompanied by the pain is an irresistible temptation, the ink can not help but open his mouth, humming and hoarse: "I... never... ah...!!"

It seems that he is lying, the golden light of the day is getting more and more violent, and the cold sweat of the burning pain is still struggling, but still desperately resisting such torture.

This is the second role of Tian Qiao in addition to pumping people for trial.

Once **** by Heaven, no one can lie in front of the Lord of Heaven. Whether it is a ghost, a death or alive, there is a way for them to open their mouths and tell the answer that Chu would rather know.

There was only one person in my life, and finally I relied on the strong cultivation, and finally I did my best to keep the secret in front of Tian.

That person is the ink rain that became the emperor of the human world.

After the rebirth, the ink burned with a trace of luck, thinking that he should still be able to resist the trial of Tianwen as he did in the past, but he bit his lip for a long time, and the big big sweat beads ooze down the dark eyebrows. He was trembling, and finally he still had a painful fall in front of the night of the night, and he suffocated.

"I... I...stealed..."

The pain suddenly disappeared.

The ink burned still did not slow down, and listened to the late night, asked the next sentence, the sound is colder.

“Can you be **** or chaotic?”

Smart people don't do stupid things. Since they haven't resisted, it's even more impossible. This time, the ink-burning resistance did not resist. When the pain hit, he even screamed: "There are some!!!! The master is not! Don't!"

Xue Meng was green at the side, shocked and said: "How can you... that Rongji is a man, you actually..."

No one cares about him. The golden light that he asked in the sky slowly slammed down. The ink burned and gasped. The wet skin was just like fishing from the water. It was white as paper, and the lips could not shake and swayed. No.

Through the sweaty eyelashes, I vaguely saw Chu Xiening wearing a jade crown, a wide-sleeved and earthy figure.

A strong hatred suddenly rushed into my heart - Chu nightning! It’s true to you in your life, it’s true! ! Even if you live it again, how can you hate how

you hate it! I am obedient to your ancestors for eighteen generations! !

Chu nightning did not know that the gangster had to fought his ancestors for eighteen generations. He stood in a gloomy place for a while and then said.

"Xue Meng."

Although Xue Meng knows that today's wealthy businessmen are more popular than men, many people play tricks just for the sake of freshness. They don't really like men, but he still has some incompetence. After a while, he said: "Master, disciple."

"Ink burns thieves, obscenity, and deceives the three precepts, and takes him to the Jurassic Temple to repent. When he is tomorrow, he will be sent to the good and evil, and he will be punished in public."

Xue Meng was shocked: "What, what? Public punishment?"

The public punishment means that the disciples who have committed the heavy punishment are brought to the disciples of the whole martial art. In front of everyone, even the aunts of the canteen are pulled over, convicted and punished on the spot.

It’s a shame to lose face.

It is necessary to know that the smoldering is the son of the dead, although the martial law is strict, but because of the special status of the smoldering, the uncle has pity that he lost his parents at an early age and has been displaced for the whole fourteen years, so he can’t help but protect himself. Even if he made a mistake, he only trained a few words in private, and he never even played.

However, the teacher can not give the face of the Lord, and he must take the treasures of the people to the good and evil, and when the whole door is smashed, he will wear the shoes and give them to the shoes. This is also Xuemeng's unexpected.

In this regard, the ink is not surprising.

He lay on the floor with a sneer in his mouth.

His master is much great, and he is selfless.

Chu's blood is cold. In the last life, the teacher died in front of him. He screamed and cried for him, pulling his clothes and kneeling on the ground asking him for help.

However, Chu night is rather rumored.

So his apprentice was so in front of him, and the ink burned so badly next to him, but he stood by and ignored.

Now, just send him to the good and evil, and talk about public disposal. What is so strange.

I only hate that I am too weak to repair myself. I can’t lick his skin, smoke his ribs, drink his blood, can’t humiliate his hair, and can’t torture him to destroy his dignity. Life is better than death...

The fierceness of the beast in the eyes did not hide for a while, and Chu Ning saw it.

He faintly licked his face, and there was no extra expression on the face of Sven's elegant.

"What are you thinking?"

Desperate!

Heaven has not recovered yet!

The ink burned again and felt the vines **** with their own shackles, and the internal organs were screwed into the residue. He screamed with pain and gasped and pulled out the thoughts in his mind.

"Chu Ning, you can bear it! Look back, I don't **** / die you!"

The bird is silent.

Chu nightning: "....."

Xue Meng was shocked: "....."

Tian Qiao suddenly recovered the Chu Xi Ning palm, turned into a little golden light, and then disappeared. The question of heaven is melted in the bones of Chu’s late night, and it is accompanied by the call.

Xue Meng’s face was white and some stuttered: “The teacher, the teacher’s master...”

Chu night Ning did not scream, hanging black and long eyelashes, watching his palms out for a while, then he raised his eyes, a face actually did not collapse, but his face was even colder, he used "孽The eyes of the dead, staring at the ink for a moment, then low:

"The day is broken, I am going to repair."

Chu nightning dropped such a sentence, turned and left.

Xue Meng is a stupid child: "Does Heaven and Heaven ask this kind of god, will it be bad?"

Chu Xiaoning heard it and used the look of "the gangster to die" and looked back at him. Xue Meng suddenly shudders.

The ink slammed on the ground and looked dull.

What he just thought was really looking for an opportunity to **** and die. He knows that this person called "Night Yuheng, Beidou Xianzun" Chu Zongshi has always paid attention to the elegance and correctness, and he can’t stand being trampled under the feet. Stained and crushed.

But how can this kind of thing make Chu Xiaoning know!

The ink slammed the dog and slammed his face.

Thinking of the look of Chu’s late departure, he felt that he was probably not far from death.

The author has something to say: the master is always calculating the field~ Don't stand the wrong cp~ don't stand the wrong attack, the master is subject to, is subject to, is subject to == ink feeding fish is attack! This article focuses on!

Meat Pack: Why do you see the Master's legs will be soft, are you not attacking? What about the gas field?

Ink feeding fish: old age, rheumatism old cold legs

Meat Pack: Speak well

Ink feeding fish: Don't repeatedly emphasize my 32-year-old soul in the text! Laozi is very green after being born again! Laozi is a naive and lively young man!

Meat packet: Then you still continue to have rheumatism and old cold legs (?????)つ

Chapter 7

The hot sun is in the head.

The shackles of life and death are magnificent, and the corridors stretch.

As a rising star in the Xiuxian faction, it is quite different from those of the famous monks.

Let's take the most prosperous Linyi Confucianism door today. The main hall of the people is called the "Six Virtue Hall", which means that the disciples can "smart, believe, holy, righteous, benevolent, and loyal". The disciple's living area, called the “Six-Dollar”, warns the disciples to “filial piety, friendship, jealousy, marriage, responsibility, and shirt”. The place where the lecture is taught is called “Six Arts Taiwan”, which means that Confucian disciples need to be proficient in the six techniques of “ritual, music, shooting, imperial, book, number”.

All in all, it is elegant and endless.

On the other hand, the shackles of life and death are worthy of being poor. The name is a difficult word. "Dan Xin Dian", "Good and evil Taiwan", that is good, probably it is not burning a few days. The book, I thought that I

couldn’t find a few words at the beginning, and started to make a fuss, playing a talent like “Xue Wei”.

Therefore, there are many names of plagiarism in the life and death, such as the dark room of the disciple's self-reflection.

The Yuqiao, which connects the rest area to the teaching area, is called the Naihe Bridge. The dining hall is called Meng Po Tang, the performance of the military field is called the Knife Mountain Fire Sea, the back mountain is called the dead ghost, and so on.

These are still good, and the more partial places are simply called "This is the mountain" "This is the water" "This is the pit", as well as the famous "Ah, Ah" and "Wow Wow" two steep cliffs.

The elders’ sleeping halls are naturally difficult to escape, each with its own nickname.

Chu nightning is no exception. He likes to be quiet and does not want to live with everyone. His home is built on the south peak of the dead and dying. He is hidden in a bamboo and blue sea. There is a pool in front of the court. Lotus Day, due to the abundance of spirituality, the pool is full of hibiscus all year round, can be red.

The disciples secretly called this beautiful place a place -

Red Lotus Hell.

The ink burned this point and laughed at it.

Who asked Chu tonight, one night, a mother's face, the disciples in the door saw him and saw the Shura and the ghosts, what is the place where the ghosts are not called hell?

Xue Meng interrupted his reverie: "You still laughed at the loss! I ate breakfast soon. After I finished eating, I went to the good and evil platform. Master is going to punish you in public today!"

The ink sighed and touched the whip marks on his face: "Oh... hurt."

"Live it!"

"Hey, I don't know if the sky has been repaired. If I haven't fixed it, don't take it out and judge me. Who knows what I will talk nonsense."

In the face of the burning heart and sincerity, Xue Meng’s face was red, and he said: “If you dare to speak out in public, be indecent, you will not pull your tongue!”

The ink burned his face and swayed his hand: "You don't need to pull it out, you don't need to pull it out, and the teacher will tie me with the willow, and I will confess it on the spot."

When Chen arrived, the ink-burning rules were brought to the good and evil, and he looked at it, and there was a deep blue sea below. The disciples of the dead and the dead are dressed in martial arts robes, the blue is almost black and the light armor, the lion's first belt, the silver edge of the guard and the hem of the placket shines.

The rising sun is rising, and the good and evil are under the stage.

The ink burned on the high platform, and the elders of the law read a long sin book in front of him.

"Yuheng elders are under the guise, ink rain, eyes and air, care for teaching, do not follow the rules, morality and sorrow. In violation of the fourth, ninth, and fifteenth commandments of the door, according to the law, the stick is eighty, copying the door It’s a hundred rules, it’s forbidden for one month. You can have something to argue with the ink.”

Ink burned a look at the white figure in the distance.

That is the whole life and death, the only elder who does not need to wear a uniform blue silver robes.

Chu night Ning snow satin is the clothes, the silver smog is a thin cover, like a nine-day frost, but people look thinner than frost and snow. He sat quietly, some distance away, and the ink burned to see the expression on his face, but I also knew that this person would have no waves.

Taking a deep breath, the ink ignited: "There is nothing to argue."

The elders of the precepts, according to the rules, asked the disciples below: "If there is any dissatisfaction with the judgment, or if there is a confession, it can be described at this time."

The following disciples began to hesitate and face each other.

None of them expected that Yu Heng’s elder, Chu Ning, could actually send his apprentice to the good and evil, and disciplinary in public.

This thing is good to say, called iron face unselfish, said it is ugly, called the cold blood devil.

The cold-blooded demon head Chu Ning faintly supported the chin and sat in the position. Suddenly someone shouted with amplifying: "The elders of Yu Heng, the disciples are willing to plead for the younger brother."

"……plead?"

The disciple apparently felt that the ink was the relative of the Lord. Even if he made a mistake now, the future will still be bright, so he decided to take the opportunity to please the ink. He began to talk nonsense: "Mr. Brother is a fault, but he loves the same door on weekdays, helping the weak, asking the elders to look at his essential evil, and deal with it wide!"

There is obviously more than one that intends to please the younger brother.

Gradually, the number of people who talked to the ink has increased. The reasons are all over the place, and even the ones who burned their own voices are all embarrassed—when did he “the heart of the heart, the world of the heart” passed? This is a disciplinary meeting, not a commendation meeting?

"The elders of Yu Heng, the younger brother of Mo has once removed the magic guard for me, and killed the tricky beasts. I would like to ask for the merits of the ink master, and I will pass the penalty and hope that the elders will reduce the sentence!"

"The elders of Yu Heng, the younger brother of the ink, helped me to dispel my heart when I was in danger. I believe that this time, the mistakes made by the younger brother are just a moment of confusion, and the elders are relieved of the punishment of the younger brother!"

"The elders of Yu Heng, the younger brother of the ink has given me a magical medicine to save my mother. He is a kind person and asks the elders to punish!"

The last person’s rhetoric was robbed by the former one. There was no time to edit it. Seeing the cold eyes of Chu’s late Qing dynasty swept over, and the eagerness of the students’ wisdom was unspeakable: “The elders of Yu Heng, the younger brother of Ms. helped me to double-education—”

"Hey." Someone couldn't help but smile.

The disciple suddenly blushed and fell back.

"Yu Heng, anger, anger..." The elders of the precepts were not good, and they were busy advising him.

Chu night Ningsen cold road: "I have never seen such a brazen man. What is his name? Whose apprentice?"

The commandment was slightly hesitant, and then the scalp whispered softly: "The little singer."

Chu nightning picked up his eyebrows: "Your apprentice? Face?"

The precepts elders are inevitably embarrassed, red-faced and old-fashioned: "He sings a good singer, and he can help when he receives the sacrifice."

Chu night, Ning snorted, turned his face, too lazy to talk to the shameless elders.

It is normal for thousands of people to go up and down, and a dozen or so dog legs.

When you look at the look of the brothers and sisters, you have to believe that you are really serious. You are good at squinting and talking about your own words, and you are talented in this sect.

After being recited numerous times, "Jade Heng elders please enlighten" Chu Yuening, finally made a speech to the disciples.

"Thank you for the rain?" He paused and said, "Yes, you all come up."

Those people were ignorant and trembled.

In the evening of the night, the golden light flashed in the palm of the hand, and Tian asked to come out. He slammed the dozens of people into a group and firmly tied it to the original place.

Come again! !

The ink burned quickly and desperately. He saw that the legs were soft when he saw it. I really don’t know where the late night Ning was made of such a perverted weapon. He lost his life and never kissed him. Whoever gave it to him was not alive. When you die, you have to be killed and asked to die.

Chu Jingning’s eyes were quite ridiculous. He asked one of them: “Is it necessary to help you get rid of the magic guard?”

Where did the disciple resist the torture of the heavens, he immediately shouted: "No! No!"

Ask another one: "Ink burning helps you get rid of the fire?"

"Ah!! Never! Never!"

"Ink burns you a panacea?"

"Ah-! Help! No, no! No, I have compiled it! It is my editor!"

Chu night Ning loosened the tie, but then he waved his hand and waved, and the fire splattered in the air, and the sky suddenly slammed out, according to the few lying disciples on his back.

Suddenly screams, blood splashes.

Chu night Ning twisted his eyebrows and angered: "What are you calling? Give me a kneeling! Commandment!"

"in."

"Give me a penalty!"

"Yes!"

As a result, those people not only did not get the benefits, but each of them was beaten by the deceitful rhythm, and each was beaten with ten sticks, plus the Yuliu who was accompanied by the Yuheng elders.

After entering the night, the ink burned on the bed. Although it had already been applied to the medicine, all the backs were staggered and scarred. Even the body could not be turned over. The tears of pain were so strong that they sucked their noses.

The cuteness of his birth, so sullen and shrinking looks like a beaten plush cat scorpion, but the content he thinks is really not like a blind man.

He licked the bedding, biting the sheets, imagining that this is the grandson of the late night, he bites! kick! kick! Tearing!

The only consolation was that the teacher had personally made a copy of the hand to visit him, staring at the gentle and pitiful eyes, and the tears of the ink burned even more fierce.

He doesn't care what the man is not tearing, who he likes, who he loves.

"Sore you so painful? Can you still get up?" The teacher sighed at his bed and sighed. "The master respects him... he is too embarrassed to start. He beat you... there are several wounds. The blood has not stopped yet."

The ink burned and he felt distressed, and the chest gradually rose up a warm stream. Mingrun’s eyes lifted from the beak and smashed.

"The teacher said that you care about me so much, I, I will not hurt."

"Hey, look at you like this, how can it not hurt? You don't know the temperament of the master, do you dare to make such a big mistake in the future?"

In the candlelight, the teacher was somewhat helpless and looked at him with some distress. The fascinating eyes and eyes were full of light, like a warm spring.

The ink burned under the heart, and he said: "It will never be. I swear."

"Why did you swear that it was true?" But after returning, the teacher finally smiled. "Put your hands and let them cool. Are you coming up? If you don't come, you will squat, I will feed you."

The smoldering had already climbed halfway up, and once I heard this, I immediately stumbled and did not squat.

Teacher: "..."

Regardless of the last life or this life, the most loved ones are the hand-picked by the teacher. The skin is as thin as cloud smoke, and the stuffing is tender, such as gelatin. Each one is full and smooth, soft and fragrant, and the entrance is instant. .

Especially the soup head, the milky white glutinous rice, sprinkled with green onion, tender yellow egg silk, and then poured a spoonful of garlic and stir-fried red oil and spicy toppings, eat into the stomach, as if to warm people for a lifetime.

The teacher took a spoonful and a spoonful and carefully fed him. While feeding, he also said to him: "There is no red oil on the day, you hurt badly, it is not easy to eat spicy, just drink bone soup."

The ink burned and stared at him. He couldn’t move his eyes and smiled and said: "Spicy and not spicy, as long as you do, it is delicious."

"I can talk." The teacher also smiled and picked up a poached egg lying in the soup. "Take you a heart, know that you like it."

The ink smirked and laughed, and the forehead was stunned and squirmed like a flower: "Sister."

"what happened?"

"Nothing, just call you."

"..."

Stay swaying.

"Teacher."

The teacher refused to laugh: "Is it called me?"

"Well, it’s just calling you, I feel so happy."

The teacher snorted and touched his forehead gently: "This silly boy, isn't it a fever?"

The ink burned out and laughed. He rolled a half and rolled his face, his face glaring at him, his eyes bright, like a tiny star.

"If you can eat the master's hand every day, that would be great."

This is not a lie.

After the death of the teacher, Mo-burning always wanted to try the dragon handwriting he had done again, but the taste was never able to come back.

At that time, Chu Ning had not completely broken with him. I don’t know if it was out of jealousy. I watched the ink burned and lingered in front of the teacher. Chu nightning quietly went to the kitchen, and stuffed with glutinous rice, and carefully wrapped it. A few hand-picked. But when I haven’t finished the package, I will let the smoldering see it. I can’t bear the

pain of burning my love. I just think that this kind of behavior of Chu’s late sneer is ridiculing myself, is ill-conceived, and is stinging himself. .

The teacher died, and the night of Ning Mingming could be saved, but he refused to give him a helping hand. Afterwards, he still wanted to slap his hand for himself to eat. Did he think that this would make him happy?

He rushed into the kitchen and overturned all the utensils, and Xue Yu’s full hand was rolled over the floor.

He leaned toward Chu night: "What are you doing? Are you also equipped with the things he used? Also used as the dish he has done? The teacher is dead, are you satisfied? Do you have to take all your apprentices? Are you forced to die, you are willing? Chu night Ning! No one in the world can make that bowl of hand-written, you can imitate, can't seem to him!"

Now in this bowl, he is both happy and emotional, and slowly eats the back. Although he still smiles, his eyes are a little moist. Fortunately, the candlelight was dim, and the teacher couldn’t see his subtle look.

Ink burns: "The teacher."

"Ok?"

"Thank you."

The teacher sneaked a sigh, and immediately smiled softly: "Isn't it a bowl of hand? As for being so polite with me, if you like it, I will always give it to you."

I want to say that you are not only thanking you for a bowl of hand.

I still want to thank you, the last life, or all of my life, only you can really afford to see me, do not mind my origins, mind that I am outside the fight, unscrupulous for fourteen years.

I still want to thank you. If it is not because I suddenly remembered you, after I was born again, I am afraid I will not be able to kill Rong Jiu, and then cast a big mistake, and then embark on the old road.

Fortunately, in this life, rebirth before you die, I will definitely protect you well, if you have a flaw, Chu nightning, the cold blood devil is not willing to save you, and me.

But where can these words be spoken?

In the end, the ink burned, and the soup was all finished. Even the roots were not left, and then the lips were smashed, and the dimples were deep, and the little cats were very cute.

"Is there still tomorrow?"

The teacher is crying and laughing: "Don't change something else? Not tired?"

"I don't get tired every day, I am afraid that you are bothering me."

Shi Yan shook his head and smiled: "I don't know if the flour is enough. If it's not enough, I can't do it. If it doesn't work, can you see the syrup eggs? It's also what you love."

"Okay, okay. As long as you do, everything is fine."

In the burning heart, the grass grows and flies, and I am so happy that I can't wait to hold the quilt and hit two rolls.

Look at the teacher's many sages, Chu nightning, you smoke me! Anyway, I am lying in bed and there are beautiful people to care for, hehe!

Thinking of his master, just in the tenderness can not help but mix a anger.

The smoldering began to resentfully squatting on the bed, the heart, what night Yufeng, what Beidou Xianzun, all his aunt's shit!

Chu nightning, let's walk in this life! !

The author has something to say: the teacher slaps the hand

Ink feeding fish: eat and eat!

Master respects the hand

Ink feeding fish: throw and throw!

The death of the dead ink, the fish is wasting food, and the labor is ruined. Is this the annihilation of humanity or the demise of morality? Please see today's "Legal Forum".

The real reason:

Master's cooking is too unpalatable. As an apprentice, he has already had a deep distrust of the food safety of the chef's various dishes.

Chapter 8

The ink burned in the bed for three days in the same way as the dead fish. The wound just converge, and I received a message, letting him go to the red lotus water to make a coolie.

This is also part of the punishment. During the period when the ink is forbidden, it is not allowed to go down the mountain, but it cannot be idle. It is necessary to give the gang to help and do some hard work.

Generally speaking, these errands are such as: helping the mother-in-law of the mother-in-law to brush the dishes, scrubbing the 365 stone lions on the pillars of the Nahe Bridge, copying the boring archival files, and so on.

But what is the red lotus otter? It is the residence of the grandson of the late Qing Dynasty, known as the Shura field of Honglian Hell.

There are not a few people who have been there since the death, and everyone who has gone in has not interrupted his arm or interrupted his leg after coming out.

Therefore, the night residence of Chu Yuning, in addition to the red lotus hell, there is a more grounded nickname: broken leg otter.

There is a rumor in the pie: "The water is beautiful, and the beauty asks. I am in the broken leg, knowing that I have broken my legs. The elders of Yu Heng are the best choice to help you with your own meridians."

There were once female disciples who were not afraid of death. They dared to hang on to the beauty of the elders of Yuheng. They sneaked into the south peak and sneaked on the eaves, hoping to see the elders bathing and changing clothes.

As a result, it can be imagined that the female warrior was killed by the gods who were asked to fight, crying and crying, and lying in bed for more than 100 days.

And Chu Xiaoning also put a swearword, if you dare to commit again, directly smashed the eyes of others.

did you see? More unpretentious words! More incomprehensible behavior! More horrible man!

In the martial art, there were some innocent and innocent silly girls who looked at themselves as women. They thought that the elders of Yuheng should be pity and jealous, always laughing in front of him, trying to attract the attention of the elders. But since the elders handed the female hooligans, no one dared to hit his mind anymore.

The elders of Yu Heng, men and women are pumping, no gentleman's temperament, except for the good-looking face, where can't be anywhere - this is the evaluation of Chu Zhongning's disciple.

The younger brother who came to the communication was quite sympathetic and looked at the ink, and endured it, but still couldn’t hold back: "The ink brother..."

"Ok?"

"...The elders of Yuheng are so bad, and those who have gone to the red lotus water, no one can stand up, look at it, or else, say that their wounds have not healed, ask the elders of Yuheng to let you go. Brush the plate?"

The smoldering was very grateful to the younger brother of the Buddha, and then refused him.

Ask Chu tonight?

Forget it, he doesn't want to be asked by the day.

So he labored hard to wear clothes, dragging heavy steps, and reluctantly went to the southern peak of the dead.

The red lotus water scorpion, the red lotus hell, the Chu night ning's residence, can't see a living person in a hundred miles.

No one wants to be close to where he lives. The bad taste and the indecent character of Chu’s late night make everyone in the martial art respect him.

There is some embarrassment in the ink, I don’t know what the night will punish myself, all the way to the top of the peak of the South Peak, through the overlapping bamboo forest, a large piece of beautiful red lotus shines into the eye.

At this time, it was early in the morning, and the rising sun was rising, reflecting the brilliance of the horizon, the fiery red clouds and the red hibiscus that was connected to the lotus leaf in the pool, and the waves were bright and clear. The pool on the pool is full of water, and the water is covered by a waterfall. The crystal water drops smashed against the stone wall. The water mist is transpiration, and the smoke is condensed. The tranquility shows a few enchanting.

The feeling of ink burning is:

vomit.

Where the night of Chu’s stay, no matter how good it looks, he is vomiting!

Look, how arrogant and extravagant, how extravagant and wasteful, the houses of the disciples are closely connected one by one, the room does not occupy a large area, the elders of Yuheng are good, one person occupies a whole hill, and also dig three big Pond, planted with lotus, well, although these lotuses are special varieties, they can be made into holy products, but -

Anyway, it is not pleasing to the eye. Hate can't burn this broken leg water to a fire!

The abdomen was returned to the abdomen. In view of his own **** and fifteen years of this year, he was unable to compete with the master of Chuzong. The ink burned before he came to the residence of Chu Yuning, standing at the door, narrowing his eyes and opening his grandson with sweetness.

"The disciple is burning and seeing the Master."

"Well, come in."

The house was full of chaos, and the cold-blooded demon head Chu Ning was a white robe. The clothes were stacked high and tight, quite a bit of abstinence. Today he was wearing a tall ponytail, wearing a black metal hand guard, sitting on the ground and slamming a pile of organs and a pen in his mouth.

Looking at the inkless expression, he bit his pen and said vaguely, "Come here."

The ink burned away.

This is really difficult, because there is nothing in this room that can make a difference, and the artwork and metal broken wood are scattered everywhere.

The ink burned his brow and twitched. In the last life, he didn't go into the room of Chu Yuning. I don't know the beautiful man who is well-dressed. The place where he lives is so chaotic... It’s hard to say.

“What is this about Master?”

"Night tour."

"What?"

Chu Xiaoning is somewhat impatient, probably because he has a pen and is inconvenient to speak: "Night tour."

The ink burned silently on a pile of messy parts.

His master is known as the Chu Master, not a name. In my heart, Chu Xinning is a very powerful man. Whether it is his three god-level weapons, his enchantment technique, or his organ manufacturing technique, he is not worthy of the word "topping the pole". This is also why his temper is so bad, so difficult to wait, but the major repairs of the sects still struggle to break the head to grab him.

For the "night god", the reincarnation of the ink is very clear.

That is a kind of mech that Chu Yuning created. It is cheap and has a strong fighting power. It can protect the ordinary people who are under the guardianship at night from the general ghosts.

In the past life, the perfect night tour **** has become a must-have for every household. The price of each is equivalent to a pipa, and the effect is much better than that of the smashing door.

After the death of Chu night, these night gods still guard the poor people who can't afford to be long. This sorrowful and sorrowful chest is matched with Chu’s feelings for the apprentices... Oh, it’s actually making the ink burnt.

The ink burned down and looked at the "night tour god" of a pile of parts at this time. The former dust rushed past the bottom of my heart. He couldn't help but pick up a finger joint of a night **** and grab it in his hand.

Chu nightning buckled the parts and shackles, finally freed his hand, took the pen that had been biting in the mouth, and slammed the ink: "The one just got tung oil, can't touch."

"Oh..." The ink burned down the joints of the fingers and adjusted the emotions. It was still a lovely appearance of humans and animals. He smiled and asked, "Is the teacher called me to come over, is it going to let me help?"

Chu nightning said: "Well."

"doing what?"

"Clean up the house."

The smoldering smile froze, and he looked at the general room after the earthquake: "....."

Chu late Ning is a genius on the sacred, and an idiot in life.

After picking up the fifth cup that broke the cup that was not swept away in time, the ink burned finally couldn’t stand it anymore: "Master, how long have you been in this house? My God, so chaotic!"

Chu nightning is looking at the drawings, and the words are not lifted: "Almost a year."

Ink burning: "....."

"Where do you usually sleep?"

"What?" The drawing may be a bit problematic. Chu Yuening was disturbed and seemed even more impatient than usual. He glared at his own hair and replied with anger. "Of course it is a bed."

The ink burned a look at the bed, which was full of all kinds of mechs that had already been completed, and a series of tools such as a saw axe and a sickle, each of which was cold and sharp.

Great, how did this person sleep without cutting his head?

Busy for a long time, the dust on the floor was covered with three cockroaches, and the white towel on the shelf of the bookcase was black more than ten pieces. At noon, it was half finished.

Fucking Chu night, this person is really poisonous than the poison woman.

Finishing the room does not seem to be a serious punishment. It is not like a coolie to say that it is going out, but who knows that it is such a ghost place that has not been cleaned for 365 days? Don't say that you are all scars, even if you are physically healthy now, you can get tired of half life!

"Master is ....."

"Ok?"

"You piled up the clothes..." It’s probably been piled up for three months.

Chu nightning finally put an arm of the night tour god, he took a sore shoulder, looked up and looked at the clothes on the suitcase on the mountain into the mountain, coldly said: "I wash myself."

The ink burned a sigh of relief, thank goodness, and then some curiosity: "Hey? Master will also wash clothes?"

Chu night Ning looked at him, after a while, cold and cold: "What is the difficulty? Throw it into the water, dip it, pick it up, dry it."

"....." I really don't know how to hear this sentence, those who are pregnant with the Spring Masters. The ink burned deeply felt that the man who couldn’t use it was really disgusting, saying how many springs and broken things went out.

"It’s not early, you go with me to the dining hall, and the rest will come back."

In Meng Potang, people came and went, and the disciples of the dead and the dying were eating in groups of three, and Chu Ning took a few dishes on the lacquered wooden tray and sat quietly in the corner.

With him as the core, within 20 feet, there is no one left.

No one dared to sit too close with the elders of Yu Heng, for fear that he was not happy, and asking for the day was a mad rush. Chu nightning himself is actually very clear about this, but he doesn't mind, a beautiful woman sitting there, Sven gracefully eating something in the bowl.

But today, it's not the same.

The smoldering is what he brought, and naturally he has to be with him.

Others are afraid of him, and the ink is also afraid, but it is a person who has died once, and the fear of Chu Xiening is not so powerful.

Especially after the fear of the first time has gradually subsided, the past life’s dislike of Chu’s lateness has slowly emerged. What about the late

night of Chu? The last life is not dead in his hands.

The ink burned in front of him, calmly chewed the sweet and sour pork ribs in the bowl, biting it, and soon the bones spit into a hill.

Chu night Ning suddenly fell a chopsticks.

The ink burns.

"... can you stop eating, don't you pout?"

"I chew my bones, don't I chew my mouth?"

"Then don't eat bones."

"But I like to eat bones."

"Pow it and eat it."

The voice of the two quarrels is getting louder and louder, and some disciples are stealing them.

The ink burned the impulse to buckle the rice bowl on the head of the night, and licked the lips of the oily light. After a while, his eyes narrowed and a smile appeared in his mouth.

"The teacher refused to shout so loudly. Let others hear it, wouldn't you laugh at us?"

Chu nightning has always been thin, and the sound is light, and whispered: "Roll."

The ink burned and laughed straight.

Chu nightning: "....."

"Hey, Master, don't yell at me, eat, eat. I try to make a small noise."

The ink burned enough, and it began to be clever, and the sound of the bones was a lot smaller.

Chu night Ning eat soft and do not eat hard, see ink burning obedient, his face is slightly relieved, no longer so bitter and deep hatred, head down, Sisi Wenwen eat his own vegetables tofu.

It didn't take too long to settle down, and the ink burned again.

He did not know what was wrong with him. In short, he saw Chu Ningning in his life, and he wanted to make a heavenly place and make people angry.

So Chu Evening found that although the ink was not chewed, he began to grab the ribs and eat it. The greasy hands were full and the sauce was bright.

Chu night, Ning's forehead, blue veins, and forbearance.

He dropped his eyelashes, didn't look at the ink, and he managed to eat himself.

I don't know if the ink is burning because I am too happy to eat too much. I am too careful to throw the bones that have been smashed into the rice bowl of Chu.

Chu night Ning took advantage of the ribs of the wolf, and the surrounding air quickly condensed and frozen at a speed visible to the naked eye.

"Ink burning...!!!"

"Master respects..." The ink burns quite a bit of fear, and I don't know how many points are true. A few points are false. "That...hey, I didn't mean it."

It’s strange.

"..."

"Don't be angry, I will clip it out for you."

When I said that I really extended the chopsticks, I inserted them into the bowl of Chu’s late night and quickly picked up the ribs.

Chu Yuning’s face was blue and green, and it seemed to be fainting.

The ink burns the eyelashes, and the delicate face is quite a bit grievance: "Is this a disgrace to me?"

"..."

"Master, I am sorry."

It’s gone.

Chu night thinks.

Why do you have a general understanding with juniors.

He gave up the urge to summon the day to burn the ink, but the appetite had been swept away and he got up and said: "I am full."

"Hey? Just eat it so much? Master hasn't touched your bowl."

Chu night Ning cold and cold road: "I am not hungry."

The ink burned into a heart, and the mouth was still sweet: "I don't eat anymore, let's go, let's go back to the red lotus - cough, red lotus water."

Chu Xiaoning narrowed his eyes: "Let's we?" He was quite ridiculed in his eyes, and then said, "Who is with you? You are young and respectful, you give me a good talk."

The ink burner should be diligent, and the eyes are bent with a smile, so cute and cute.

However, this person is thinking, long and young and noble? speak politely?

Hehe, if Chu night would rather know what happened in his life, he should be clear - in the end, only the light rain in his world is respect.

Chu nightning is no longer cold and proud, can not be a lifetime, and finally is not a piece of mud at the bottom of his boots, relying on his charity, can live in peace?

Quickly follow the pace of the Master, and there is still a pretty smile on his face.

If the teacher is the white moonlight in his heart, Chu Yuning is the broken fishbone stuck in his throat. He wants to crush the thorn, or swallow it, and it is corroded by the stomach juice.

In short, this time rebirth, whoever he can let go.

But will never let go of the night.

However, Chu Xiaoning did not seem to have easily spared him.

The ink burned in front of the library of Honglian Hell, looking at the fifty-story, ten-story bookshelves, thinking that he had got it wrong.

"Master, you say... what?"

Chu night Ning faintly: "Take all the books here."

"..."

"After wiping, register again."

"..."

"I will check it tomorrow morning."

"!!!"

what! ! ! Is he going to stay in Honglian Hell tonight? ?

However, he also made an appointment with the teacher, and let the teacher change the medicine at night! ! !

He opened his mouth and wanted to bargain, but Chu night Ning was too lazy to care for him. He swung wide sleeves and turned to the agency room, and closed the door of the office room.

The ink burning of the dating bubble fell into the deep disappointment of Chu Yuning - he wants to burn the books of Chu Yuning! !

Do not!

With a brainstorm, he thought of a more damaging idea...

The author has something to say: the editing transfer has not been handed over, and I can't claim it. Can not claim to have a cute message on the wood, the package will be updated to be lonely like snow, including someone who does not want to be lonely like a snow. Therefore, during the National Day, I will take a break, and Jinjiang will handle the problem of group change. At 10:00 in the evening of 10.9, I will resume the update.

Save a lot of papers, rest assured that jumping (?????)つ

Chapter 9

The taste of Chu Xiaoning is really terrible.

tedious. dull. Desperate.

Hey, this is full of books, what are the broken books!

"The Ancient Enchantment Catalogue", "The Exotic Flower Sketch", "Linyi Confucian Musical Piano Score", "Grasswood Collection", the only thing that can be considered as a pastime, probably only a few "The Travel Notes" and "The Bashu Food" .

工具 上 dawn, it is Lampaos, and it is obviously not very often seen in the sill.

He thought while painting, hehe, there are no tens of thousands of books here, and there are eight thousand in the collection, so Chu Jingning found that several of them were changed to □□, and I don’t know what happened to the monkey year. At that time, Chu night Ning certainly does not know who is doing it, can only be sulking, it is wonderful, wonderful.

Thinking about it, I couldn’t help but hold the book and laughed.

The ink-burning has painted more than a dozen books, and I have imagined it. Whatever it is to paint, it can be said that the method of Caoyi is like a wind, and it is very elegant. If someone asks Elder Yu Heng to borrow books, and they have borrowed these books, it is estimated that such words will be circulated.

"Yu Hengchang old man face the beast heart, actually in the "Qing Xin Yu" privately clipped pictures of men and women!"

"The elders of Yu Heng are a teacher, and there are comic strips of Longyang broken sleeves in the sword spectrum!"

"What is Beidou Xianzun, the clothing of the beast!"

The more I burned, the more I laughed. Finally, I simply licked my stomach and rolled it on the floor with a brush. I was so happy that I couldn’t find any people walking to the door of the library.

So when the teacher came over, he saw a flash of burning in the pile of books, laughing into a heartless madness.

Teacher: "...A fire, what are you doing?"

When the ink burned, he sat up and hurriedly covered up all the yellow maps and put on a dog-like face: "Scratch, wipe the ground."

The teacher refused to laugh: "Wear the clothes?"

"Cough, this is not to find a rag. Don't say this, teacher, how come you in the big night?"

"I went to your house to find you. I didn't find it. I asked someone else to know that you are here." The teacher entered the library and helped the ink to collect the books that had piled up the floor. Seoul, "It’s okay, I’ll come over and see you."

The smoldering is very happy, and some are flattered, licking their lips, and those who have always slicked their tongues are actually speechless.

"That... um... then you sit!" Xing rushed to the ground for a long time, and the ink burned a little nervously, "I, I will help you pour tea."

"No, I am quietly coming over. If you ask Master to find it, you can be in trouble."

The ink burns and scratches the head: "It is also said..." Chu Yuning this metamorphosis! Sooner or later, he will trip over him, no longer succumbing to his arrogance!

"You haven't eaten dinner yet? I brought you some food."

The ink burns your eyes: "Dragon's hand?"

"Hey, you are really not tired. Without a copy of the hand, the red lotus water is far away, I am afraid to bring it. Oh, it is some cooking, you look right?"

The teacher opened the food box that was placed next to it, and it turned out to be a few red and bright dishes. A plate of windy ears, a dish of fish and shredded pork, a dish of uterus to keep chicken, a dish of cucumber, and a bowl of rice.

"Hey, what about the pepper?"

"Afraid of your panic, put a little more." Shi Yan laughed, he and the ink burned to eat spicy dishes, naturally know that there is no spicy and unhappy reason, "But your wounds are not so good, I dare not let too More, a little mention of taste, better than no red."

The ink burned happily and bite the chopsticks. The dimples were sweet like honey under the candlelight: "Wow! I want to cry!"

Shi Yan smiled and said: "When you are finished crying, the food is cold. After you finish eating, cry."

The ink burned and cheers, and the chopsticks smashed fast.

When he was eating, he was like a hungry dog. Chu Ning Ning always couldn’t understand the fact that he had seen the ghost, but the teacher would not dislike it.

The teacher is always gentle, smiling and letting him eat slowly, while handing him a cup of tea. The plate quickly saw the air, and the ink sighed and felt a sigh of relief. He sighed and sighed: "Meet..."

The teacher seems to inadvertently ask: "Is the dragon a good hand to eat, or are these dishes delicious?"

The ink burns on the diet, just like his attachment to the first love, it is very infatuated. Over the head, the black and soft eyes looked at the teacher and licked his mouth: "The dragon copied his hand."

"..." The teacher smiled and shook his head. For a long while, "A fire, I will help you change the medicine."

The ointment is adjusted by Mrs. Wang.

In the early years, Mrs. Wang was a disciple of the pharmacy Xianmen "Lone Moon Night". She was weak in martial arts and did not like to fight and kill, but she liked to study medicine. There was a drug in her life. She planted it there. Many precious plants, so there is no shortage of medicines in the martial art.

The ink burned off the top, and the back was facing the teacher. The scar behind him was still aching pain, but the gentle finger of the teacher rubbed the ointment and smudged it bit by bit. Gradually, he forgot the pain, but some hearted. stand up.

"Okay." The teacher gave the ink a new bandage and carefully knotted it. "Get on the clothes."

The ink burned back and looked at the teacher. Under the faint candlelight, the teacher smacked the skin and became deceived by the snow. He became more and more versatile. He looked dry and did not want to wear clothes, but hesitated for a while, or bowed his head and quickly put on his coat.

"Teacher."

"Ok?"

In such a secluded and secret study, the atmosphere of a lonely man is very good. I wanted to talk about the wind and snow, and I was able to make my own number of illiterates. Three words: "You are so good."

"What is there, it should be."

"I will be especially good to you." The tone of the ink is very calm, but the sweat of his hand is always sold out. He is actually in the heart of the waves. "When I am so powerful, no one can bully you. Master does not work." ""

The teacher didn't know why he suddenly said this, and he snorted, but still said softly: "Well, then, I have to rely on it."

"Hmm..."

The ink burned in the air, but it was even more anxious to be stunned by the sorcerer's eyes. So I didn't dare to look again, so I bowed my head.

For this person, he has been careful, and even clinging to some ribs.

"Ah, Master wants you to wipe so many books? Still have to make a book at night?"

The ink burned in front of the sweetheart or died to face: "Fortunately, catch up, have time."

Shi Yan said: "I will help you."

"How can it be done? If it is discovered by the master, it will not be punished with you." The ink is very firm. "It is not early, you will go back to rest, and there will be morning repairs tomorrow morning."

The teacher took his hand and whispered: "Nothing, he can't find it, we are quiet..."

When the words have not been finished, I heard a cold sound.

"What about quietly?"

Chu nightning did not know when it had come out of the office, and his face was cold, and the eyes of Danfeng were frosty and snowy. He was cold in white, and he stood at the door of the library, and looked at them with a blank expression. His eyes stopped a little in the hands of the two, and they moved away.

"The teacher is clear, the ink is light, you are so bold."

When the teacher was as white as snow, he suddenly let go of the burning hand, and if the mosquitoes screamed: "Master..."

The ink burns is also bad, and the head is lowered: "Master."

Chu nightning came in, not paying attention to ink burning, but looking down on the squatting on the ground, said faintly: "The red lotus otter is all over the enchantment, you think that without notification, I will not know."

The teacher suddenly beheaded: "The disciple is wrong."

The ink burned urgently: "Master, the teacher just came to give me a medicine, and I will leave immediately. Please don't blame him."

The teacher is also anxious: "Master, this matter has nothing to do with the younger brother, is the disciple's fault, the disciple is willing to accept the penalty."

"..."

Chu Xiaoning’s face is green.

He did not say a few words, and the two men rushed to excuse them, treating him as a beast and a beast. Chu nightning was silent for a while, reluctantly suppressed the twitching eyebrows, and said faintly: "It is really the same thing, it is moving, so it seems that there is only one of me in this room is a wicked person."

Ink burning: "Master respects..."

"...don't call me."

Chu night Ning has a wide sleeve and is unwilling to speak. I don’t know what happened to him, why is it so mad. It is only guessed that Chu Xi Ning always hates that others are pulling in front of him. No matter what kind of pull is in the sense, it probably dirty his eyes.

The three were silent for a long time.

Chu night Ning suddenly turned around and turned and left.

The teacher raised his face, his eyes were a little red, and he was helpless: "Master?"

"You have to copy the door rules ten times, go back."

The teacher squinted, and after a while, whispered: "...Yes."

The ink burned still in the same place.

The teacher stood up, looked at his eyes and burned, and hesitated again. He was still kneeling down again, begging for a late night.

"Master, the ink brother's scar has just healed, the disciple is daring, please also, don't be too difficult for him."

Chu nightning did not boo, he stood stunned under the ignited candlelight, and after a while, suddenly turned his face, only to see the sharp eyebrows, eyes like a torch, angry and rushing.

"So much nonsense, you still don't leave?!"

Chu late Ning grew up handsome and more than enough, gentle and lacking, the fierce is even more horrible, the teacher shook a little, only fear of angering the master, even more tired, and quickly quit.

There are only two of them in the library, and the ink sighs and sighs, saying: "Master, the disciples are wrong, and the disciples will continue to register."

Chu night Ning did not turn his head and said: "If you are tired, go back."

The ink burned and raised his face.

Chu night Ning ice cold road: "I will not leave you."

How could he let himself go so well? There must be fraud!

The ink-burning wit said: "I don't go."

Chu night Ning paused, sneer: "...well, follow you."

After talking about the wide sleeves, I turned and left.

The ink burned - no fraud? He also thought that Chu Yuning would have to reward himself with a willow.

Busy in the middle of the night, finally finished the matter. Ink burned a yawn and went out to the library.

At this time, the night was dark, and the night light in the night of Chu’s still reveals dim light.

Huh? That nasty devil hasn't slept yet?

The ink burned away and was ready to greet and leave with Chu. When I entered the house, I found out that Chu Ningning had already rested, but this poorly remembered person had forgotten to extinguish the candlelight before going to bed.

Or, he is halfway through the things he does, and he is so tired that he is so sleepy. The ink burned a look at the bed and put together the rudimentary night tour god, estimated this possibility in his heart, and finally saw the metal gloves that Chu Xiening had not taken off, and the half-body buckle still in his hand. This is the truth.

When Chu nighting fell asleep, he was not so cold and cold. He was lying on a bed full of mech parts and sawing axe. There are too many things to spread, in fact, there is no place to accommodate, so he is very small, bowed, long eyelashes hanging, it seems a bit lonely.

The ink burned and stared at him for a while.

Chu nightning today... What is it in the air?

Is it just that the arrogant is arrogant and arrogant, and wants to help organize the books?

The ink burned closer to the bed, turned a white eye, and gathered in the ear of the night, with a very small and very small voice, tried to shout: "Master?"

"...hey..." Chu nightning snorted softly and hugged the cold armor in his arms. He slept very hard and breathed evenly. The metal gloves that were not taken off were sharp and sharp, and they were placed on the face, like the claws of a cat or leopard.

When the ink burned, he didn't look like he was awake for a while, and when he felt a move, he narrowed his eyes and smirked at the corner of his mouth. He pressed the ear of Chu Xinning and lowered his voice to test: "Master, get up."

"..."

"Master?"

"..."

"Chu night?"

"..."

"Oh, I am really sleepy." The ink burned, and his arm rested on his pillow, glaring at him with a smile. "That's so good, I am here to calculate the general ledger with you."

Chu nightning does not know that someone wants him to settle accounts, still stunned, and a clear face looks very peaceful.

The ink burned out a majestic posture, but he was born in a music house since childhood. He had not read a few books for a few days. When he was a child, he was a squatter and a storytelling, so the words of the patchwork were particularly crappy. funny.

"Bold people, Chu, you bully the monarch, you have no king, you this... um, you this..."

Scratching his head, a bit of a poor word, after all, he later called the emperor, Zhang mouth shut up is not yours, this is your dog slave, but these seem to be inappropriate for the use of Chu nightning.

I wandered my brain for a long time, and suddenly I thought of a rhetoric that was often lingering in the small squares. Although it was not clear, it seemed to be pretty good. So the ink burned long eyebrows, and sighed:

"You are a little hoofed hoof, can you know sin?"

Chu nightning: "..."

"You don't talk, this seat is when you plead guilty!"

Chu nightning probably felt a bit noisy, snorted and snorted, holding the mech to continue to sleep.

"You have made such a big mistake, this seat is judged by the law... Well, sentence you to a sentence! Liu Gonggong!"

After the inertia was shouted, I realized that Liu Gonggong was already a former person.

I thought about it, and decided to grieve myself to decorate my father-in-law. So charmingly said: "Your Majesty, the old slave."

Then he cleared his throat immediately and said: "Immediately executed."

"I want to live my life."

Ok, the words are finished.

The ink burned and rubbed his hands and began to use the punishment of Chu Yuning.

The so-called mouth sentence, in fact, is not available, it is burned.

So how do you sentence this temporary sentence?

I saw a generation of tyrants burned, solemnly clearing his throat, his eyes cold and fierce, slowly close to the face of the cold night of the snowy valley of Ning Xuegu, a little closer to the pair of pale lips.

then……

The ink burned down, screaming at the late night, and swaying, and screaming in words:

"Chu Ningning, I / **** / your mother, you are the world's unparalleled little, heart, eyes."

Snapped. Snapped.

The volley has two mouths.

Hey, the execution is successful!

Cool!

The ink burned, and suddenly felt a thorn in the neck, and noticed a strange, fierce bow, on the pair of phoenixes.

Ink burning: "..."

The sound of the night is like a jade broken ice lake. It’s not that it’s more fairy or deeper: “What are you doing?”

"This seat... Hey. Old slaves... Hey!" Fortunately, these two sentences are light and mosquito-stricken, and Chu night’s eyebrows are slight, and it seems that they have not heard clearly. When the ink burned the machine, he raised his hand and rubbed two palms near the face of Chu.

"..."

In the face of the unsatisfactory look of the Master, the former Emperor of the People’s Republic of China was very sly and laughed: “The disciples and disciples are playing mosquitoes for the Master.”

The author has something to say: Welcome to the rbtv "People" column of this issue. The guest of today's guest column is the first generation of the comprehension (crossed out) Wang Ba (crossed out) Bawang Mo Weiyu. Have a special host Xue Mengmeng on the line (/^▽^)/

Xue Mengmeng: The ordinary people are competing for the ascent, but you are comprehending for the emperor. Ink burning, I always wanted to ask you, this article clearly shows that there is no emperor, why do you insist on developing the feudal emperor's cause?

Ink feeding fish: The development of things often has two directions, right?

Xue Mengmeng: It seems that there is nothing wrong with it.

Ink feeding fish: Then I ask you, have you seen Huang Sang in Xiuxian?

Xue Mengmeng (dull): (⊙o⊙)...呃...this...

Ink feeding fish: I can't remember it, I remind you, the name of the Emperor Jiajing is called Oops?

Xue Mengmeng:? ? ? This person is not a dimension to us, and the Master has not taught it.

Ink feeding fish: The cousin came to teach you, the family is called Taishang Da Luo Tianxian Ziji Changsheng Sheng Zhizhao Lingtong Sanyuan card Ying Yuxu general five Lei Dazhen real Xuantang Wanshou emperor.

Xue Mengmeng:...

Ink feeding fish: (笑笑) People are envious, people also want to call Taishang Da Luo Tianxian Ziji Changsheng Sheng Zhizhao Lingtong Sanyuan card Ying Yu virtual manager Wu Lei Dazhen Xuantu Jingping Xian Emperor Jun ink to feed fish.

Xue Mengmeng: ... you roll, I don't know you.

Ink feeding fish (turning white eyes): Hey, is it only the emperor to cultivate the immortal, do not allow the Taoist to be the king?

Comes with a small card sticker.

Ink burns.

Word: Feed the fish.

Nickname: Taishang big radish Tianxian Ji 佬 Zi Changsheng Sheng 吱 捅 捅 捅 尊 尊 尊 尊 王 王 王 王 王 王 精 精 精 五 五 五 五 五 五 五 五 五 五 五 五 五 五 五 五 五 五 五

Occupation: Emperor (dead)

Social outlook: illiterate

Currently favorite: Shi Yan

Favorite food: (manually crossed) Chu nightning (manually crossed) dragon copying hand

Hate: being disgusted

Height: 186 before death, after the rebirth, this seat is a young boy, has not yet grown up, why should be made public, discouraged.

For a few days, the wood has been updated, and a small theater has been added.

Chapter 10

Fortunately, the "mouth" that burned himself from playing was not completely heard by Chu. Nonsense, and barely let him get past the past.

When I returned to my bedroom, it was already very late. I burned my sleep and went to the morning for the next day. After the morning is over, it is his favorite thing in the morning: too early.

Meng Po Tang, the land of early breakfast, gradually dissipated as the morning repair disbanded.

The ink burned on the opposite side of the teacher. Xue Meng came late. The position around the teacher was occupied by other people. He had to be sullen and sullen, and he took his early morning and sat next to the ink.

If you want to smear the most subtlety of the heart and soul of death, he will say: This door does not need to open the valley.

Unlike the martial art that is floating in the upper circles, there is a set of practice methods for self-destruction. If you don’t quit, you don’t need to fast, so the food in the pie has always been rich.

The ink burned a bowl of spicy and fragrant oil tea, along the peanuts in the side of the scallions, crispy soy beans, in front of a dish of crispy crispy raw fried bag, was specially designed for the teacher.

Xue Meng squinted and looked at the smoldering, quite ridiculous: "The ink burns, I can't think of you entering the Red Lotus Hell can still stand out. Great."

The ink burner does not lift: "Then you don't look at who I am."

"Who are you?" Xue Meng said. "The Master did not discount your legs. You are mad and don't know which roots you are?"

"Oh, I am green onion, then you are jealous."

Xue Meng sneered: "I am the chief disciple of Master."

"Do you seal it yourself? Hey, I suggest you go to the teacher and drop a seal. Pick it up and hang it on the wall. Otherwise, you can't live up to the title of the chief disciple."

With a bang, Xue Meng pinched the chopsticks.

The teacher hurriedly stayed next to him and said: "Don't quarrel, eat fast."

Xue Meng: "...hey."

He burned his smile and learned him: "Hey."

Xue Meng angry and rushed to the crown, a table: "You are bold!"

The teacher saw that the situation was not good, and he was busy holding Xue Meng: "Less master, so many people look at it, eat it, don't argue."

These two people are not in line with each other. Although they are cousins, they will meet when they meet. After the teacher advised Xue Meng, they will bite in the middle to ease the atmosphere and talk on both sides.

I asked Xue Meng for a while: "When is the young master, when is the cat raised by my wife?"

Xue Meng replied: "Oh, you said A raccoon? My mother got it wrong. It has no arms. It is too much to eat. It looks like a big belly."

Teacher: "....."

After a while, I asked the ink to burn: "A fire, do you still have to go to the division to work today?"

"It should be no longer needed. The finishing is sorted out. I will help you copy the rules today."

Shi Yan smiled and said: "How can I still have time to help me? You have to copy it a hundred times."

Xue Meng raised his eyebrows and looked at the teacher who had always been loyal to himself: "How do you copy the rules?"

The teacher’s face was stunned and he hadn’t had time to talk. Suddenly, the conversation in the dining hall suddenly disappeared. The three men turned around and saw that Chu Yuning’s white clothes fluttered into Meng Po Tang, and walked to the front of the cabinet with no expression, and began to pick up the snacks.

The dining hall where more than a thousand people ate, and one more night, was suddenly the same as the cemetery. The disciples are all boring, and even if they want to communicate, they are extremely light.

The teacher sighed softly and looked at the night of Chu, holding the tray, sitting in the corner where he would normally sit. One person silently porridge, could not help but say: "Actually, I think that Shizun sometimes quite pitiful."

Ink burns up the dice: "How?"

"Look, where he is sitting, no one dares to approach. When he comes, others don't even dare to speak loudly. The former Lord is still okay, the Lord is not there, he doesn't even talk, not alone. Very?"

The ink burned and said: "That is what he asked for."

Xue Meng was angry again: "Do you dare to ridicule the master?"

"Where am I ridiculing him? I am telling the truth." The ink burned a squid to the teacher. "With his temper, who would like to stay with him."

"you--!"

The ink-stained hippie smiled and smiled at Xue Meng, lazily saying: "Not convinced? If you are not convinced, sit down and eat with the Master, don't sit with us."

In a word, Xue Meng was blocked.

Although he respects the late night, he is as fearful as other people. I couldn't help but feel irritated, but I couldn't argue. I could only lick my legs and legs, and I was sulking myself.

There was a hint of laziness on the burning face, and a little phoenix was glanced at the little phoenix, and the rear line of sight fell across the crowd and fell on the night.

I don't know why, looking at the only white figure in the dark blue silver plaque, he suddenly thought of the man who fell asleep in the cold metal last night.

The teacher said that it was right, Chu nightning is really pitiful.

But what about it? The more pitiful he is, the happier the ink is, the more he thinks, the arc that bends his mouth is noticeable.

The days are flying fast.

Chu Xiaoning later did not pass him to the red lotus water shovel, the errands of the ink burned every day became a dishwashing dish, feeding the chicken ducklings raised by Mrs. Wang, weeding the herbs, and it was also very leisurely.

A dazzling, one-month ban has passed.

On this day, Mrs. Wang called the ink to the Danxin Temple, touched his head and asked him: "A burning, can your wounds be healed?"

The ink burned and smiled: "Lao's mother is in the heart, all right."

"That's good, you should pay attention when you go out, don't make such a big mistake, and make your master angry, do you know?"

Ink is particularly good at holding grandchildren: "Aunt, I know."

"There is another thing." Mrs. Wang said from the letter of Huanghuali, saying, "It’s been a year since you got started. It’s time to take responsibility for the demon. Yesterday your uncle’s pigeons passed the book. After deliberately making you ban, go down the hill to complete this appointment."

The rules of life and death, the disciples will be involved in the demonization after a year of entry.

When the first demonization, the disciple of the disciple will accompany him. In addition, the disciple must also invite a fellow door to go with him,

in order to let the disciples support each other, and why the dawn is "can be learned, not dead" .

The ink burned his eyes, and after receiving the letter of appointment, he hurriedly looked at it and immediately sighed.

Mrs. Wang worried: "Ah, your uncle wants you to become famous, so it is a heavy responsibility to appoint you. Although the elders of Yuheng are highly educated, but the sword is ruthless in the fight, he may not be able to protect you well. You must not be happy and look down on the enemy."

"No, no!" The ink burned and waved again and again, "Auntie assured, I must take care of myself." After I finished, I was ready to go.

"This child..." Mrs. Wang looked at his back, and the gentle and beautiful face was full of fear. "How can I be pleased to accept him as a delegate?"

Is the ink burning energy unhappy?

The demon thing that the uncle gave him, occurred in the town of Choi Butterfly, and was attached to a local Chen surname.

Regardless of the ghosts in the place where the trouble is, the key lies in the last life, that is, in this colorful butterfly town, he is enchanted by evil

spirits, loses his mind, and forcibly kisses the teacher in the illusion, this is also a few times of ink burning. Close to the teacher, it is really ecstasy.

Moreover, because he is tempted, it is difficult for the teachers to care about. White pro! No one can find him to settle accounts.

The eyes of the ink-burning music are all bent into a hook. Even this appointment must be completed with Chu Yuening, he does not mind.

In addition to relying on Master, Yi Han relies on himself, this kind of beauty, why not?

Invited the teacher, the singer, and the three people all the way to the colorful butterfly town.

This is a town full of flowers. It is a flower field for dozens of miles outside the residential area. Therefore, the town always has colorful butterflies, so it has the name.

When the three arrived, it was night. The drums of the village were ringing and the music was very lively. A group of musicians wearing red clothes blew and smashed out of the alley.

The teacher said: "Is this a kiss? How come at night?"

Chu night Ningdao: "It is a marriage."

Marriage is also called yin marriage, with bones, is a post-mortem marriage that the people give to unmarried men and women. This kind of custom does not flourish in poor places, but the town of Choi Butterfly is very rich, so it is common for the boys and girls who have never married before eating to find a spouse.

The team of the marriage team is vast and divided into two columns, one with real silk satin and the other with paper and gold coins. In this way, surrounded by a red and white eight-lifted sedan, the entire golden light deacon, from the village.

They burned the horse's head and stood next to it, letting the marriage team pass. When the sedan chair approached, I saw that it was not a living person sitting in it, but a ghost bride with a paper. The ghost bride smeared the powder, the lips were bright red, and the two clusters of Danxia on the cheeks reflected the pale face. The look of smile was extremely embarrassing.

"What kind of habits this village has to break, there is money to panic." The ink whispered.

Chu Xiu Ning said: "The people in Choi Die Town are very particular about the art of martyrdom. They think that there should be no lonely graves in the house, otherwise the family will be implicated by the ghosts."

"...no such statement?"

"The town people believe it."

"Oh, too, the town of Choi Butterfly has been down for hundreds of years. Tell them that the evils of their faith do not exist at all. It is estimated that they can't accept it."

The teacher whispered: "Where is this team going to marry?"

Chu night Ningdao: "When we came, we passed through a clay temple. The temple was not dedicated to any **** Buddha. The door was covered with a plaque. The desk was covered with red satin, and the satin was similar. In the message of 'Tianci Liangyuan', 'Spring under the good'. I think they should be there."

"I also noticed that temple." If the teacher is thoughtful, "Master, is there a ghost ceremonies?"

"Not bad."

Ghost master is a ghost **** image that folks have come up with. People believe that the death of the soul also requires three media and six cards,

exchange dragon and phoenix posts, and also need to have a master of ceremonies to prove that the two dead are married. Because of the great customs of the marriage, the colorful butterfly town has naturally molded a golden body for the ghost ceremonies. Before the graves outside the town, the people who are engaged in marriage will have to carry the ghost bride first. Worship before going to the temple.

Ink burning rarely saw this ridiculous scene, and I saw it with gusto. Chu nightning only looked cold for a moment, turned around and said: "Go, go to the haunted house and have a look."

"Three leaders, my life is really bitter! You can be counted! If no one is in charge of this matter, I, I don't even want to live!"

It is the richest merchant in the town to entrust the deceased to kill the ghosts.

What Chen Jia is doing is the powder business. There are four sons and one daughter in the family. After the eldest son married his wife, the wife did not like the noise at home, so the two thought about moving out to set up another portal. Chen Jiacai was very rough. He bought a large piece of land in the quiet place of Beishan, and also brought a natural hot spring pool. .

As a result, on the day of the opening of the ground, a few shovel went down and the shovel hit a hard object. The grandmother took a look at it and immediately stunned it. On the north mountain, she dug a new smashed red paint!

Choi Die Town has a group of burial grounds. After the death of the townspeople, they were buried there. This lonely but indecent cockroach is inexplicably appearing on the North Mountain, and there is no grave and no trace, and the body is blood red.

They dared to move again and quickly filled the soil back, but it was too late. Since that day, Chen’s family has been constantly surprised.

"First is my wife." Chen cried outside and cried, "I was scared, moved to the fetal gas, and harmed the small production. Later, it was my eldest son. In order to give my wife a body, I went to the mountain to collect medicine. As a result, my feet slipped. The fall fell to the bottom of the mountain, and when I went to fish, I was already out of breath... Hey!" He sighed and choked and couldn’t speak, just waved his hand.

Mrs. Chen also took the handkerchief and wiped her tears: "My husband said yes, after a few months, our sons went one after another, not missing, or lost their lives - four sons, three none Alright!"

Chu night Ning glared at her eyebrows, her eyes passed over Chen’s husband and wife, and she fell on the pale face of the scorpion. He looked almost as big as the ink burned. At the age of fifteen or six, he looked beautiful, but the fear made his face. Some distortions.

The teacher asked: "Can you talk about other children... Why didn't you?"

"Hey, Zhongzi is on the way to find his brother. He was bitten by a snake. The snake is a general grass snake. It is not toxic. No one cares at the time, but within a few days, he suddenly disappeared when he was eating. Straight down, then...oh, my child..."

The teacher sighed and couldn't bear it: "So, can the body show signs of poisoning?"

"Hey, where is the poison, our family must have been cursed! The first few sons have gone, the next one is the old man! The next one is the old man!"

Chu night Ning raised his brow and looked like a lightning bolt on Mrs. Chen. He asked: "How do you know that the next one will be the old man, why is it not yourself? Is this a ghost that only kills men?"

Chen’s youngest nephew was shrunk there, his legs were like sifting, his eyes were swollen like peaches, and his mouth was twisted and twisted: “It’s me! It’s me! I know! People in Hung Hom are looking for it. He is looking for it! The leader and the leader will save me! The leader will save me!"

Speaking of emotions began to get out of control, and I rushed over and wanted to hold the night and thigh.

Chu, Ning Su did not like to contact with the stranger, immediately avoided, looked up and stared at the Chen and his wife: "What is going on?"

The husband and wife looked at each other and trembled: "There is a place in this house. We, we dare not go again. - When the leader sees it, he will know that it is really evil. It is..."

Chu Xiaoning interrupted: "Where?"

The couple hesitated for a moment, reaching out and twitching into the room where the ancestors were enshrined: "It is there..."

Chu Yuning took the lead in the past, and the Chen family and the teacher later followed Chen’s family far behind.

Pushing open the door, inside and some of the big families will be like the incense of the gods to worship the ancestors, densely placed a few rows of spirits, burning pale and long candlelight on both sides.

The characters in all the cards in this room are inscribed, painted with yellow paint, the name of the deceased, and the ranking in the family.

These spirits are written very well, showing the ancestors of a certain Taifujun spirit, showing the spirit of a certain government.

But only the most middle of the spiritual card, the above words are not painted after the engraving, but the red and brilliantly wrote such a line:

The spirit of Chen Yanji.

Yang Shangren Chen Sunshi Li

Chen’s family, who was hiding behind the leader of the road, may have been lucky. He glanced at the white-eyed cockroach, and once again saw the words on the tablet that were painted like blood, and suddenly collapsed.

Mrs. Chen burst into tears, and her younger son’s face was white and not like a living person.

This card, first, the writing is not ceremonial, and second, the words on the card are seven twists and turns. It is like a ghostly character written by a person when he is drowsy. The scribble is almost indistinguishable.

The teacher turned and asked: "Who is Chen Yanji?"

Chen’s youngest son cried with a cry behind his back and said, “Yes, it’s me.”

Outside the Chen, he cried and said: "The road is like this. Since Zhongzi went, we found out... We found that the ancestors had a more spiritual card, and the name on the sign was actually the name of the living person of our family. As soon as it appears, within seven days, the man will suffer a disaster! When the third name appears on the tablet, I will keep him in the house, the door is covered with incense, and people are invited to do it. It’s over, but the seventh day! He is still dead... for no reason, it’s so dead!”

The more he said, the more excited he was, the more he said, the more he was afraid. He threw himself down again: "I haven’t done anything in my life, why should God be so against me! Why!"

The teacher looked sad and quickly went to appease the old man who was crying and robbing the ground. He looked up and shouted: "Master, you see this..."

Chu nightning did not look back, he still looked at the spiritual card with relish, as if the spirit card could produce a flower.

Suddenly, Chu night Ning asked: "Yang Shangren, Chen Sunshi, is it you, Mrs. Chen?"

The author has something to say: There used to be a cold-blooded demon master, and the demon master has three apprentices. They all have the title of Jack Su, the phoenix of the scorpion, Xue Ziming, the real dragon, the soul of the rain, the sleeping white tiger bright and clean.

Hey!

The above titles are all fake.

In fact, it should be: bird fun Xue Mengmeng, dog stuff ink feeding fish, and, white lotus little sister. The hand is helpless and laughs: -D

Chapter 11

"Yes, it is me!" said Mrs. Chen, crying. "But this is not what I wrote! How can I curse my children? I-"

"You can't write when you are awake, but you don't have to fall asleep."

Chu night Ning said, raised his hand, picked up the spiritual card, poured spiritual power into the palm, and suddenly there was a scream of sorrow and sorrow in the spirit card, followed by a thick blood from the card.

Chu night Ning eyes cold, sighed: "孽 孽 嚣 , 安 安 安 安 安 安 安 安 安 安 安 安 安 安 安 安

In the palm of the hand, the handwriting on the tablet was actually pushed back and down in the screams little by little, becoming bleak, and finally disappeared completely. Chu night Ning's slender and cold fingers were pinched again, and the entire tablet was shattered! !

The Chen family was shocked at the back. Not to mention the Chen family, even the teacher is shocked.

He couldn't help but sigh: "It's amazing."

I can't help but sigh in the burning heart, so fierce.

Chu Xiaoning side of the face of Zhang Junxiu's beautiful face, there is no expression on the face, only a few drops of blood on the cheek. He raised his hand and looked at the blood on his fingertips. He said to the Chen family: "You are staying in this yard today, don't go anywhere."

At this time, they dared to defy a little bit, and quickly said: "Good! Good! Listen to the commander!"

Chu nightning strode out of the day, swearing to wipe away the stains on his face, and the finger volleyed to Mrs. Chen and said: "Especially, you must never sleep. That thing will be upper body, even if you are sleepy again, Must be awake."

"Yes... yes!" Mrs. Chen replied in a row, and with tears, couldn't believe it. "Dao, my son... is it... is it all right?"

"For the time being."

Mrs. Chen stunned: "For the time being? Is it not always? Then, how can I keep my son's life?"

Chu night Ningdao: "Catch the demon."

Mrs. Chen’s heart was so anxious that she was inevitably a little rude, and she refused to be polite. She was anxious to ask: “When is that long-term plan to catch?”

"Immediately."

Chu nightning said, the person who swept Chen’s family glanced at him and asked: "Who do you know where the specific location of the red dragonfly was dug. Come to the individual and lead the way."

The eldest son’s wife, Yao, is a woman, but she is tall and grows quite a bit. Although her face is full of fear, she is calmer than others. When the next road said: "The place is chosen by me and my husband. I know the position. Let me take the lead."

Three people followed Chen Yao's, all the way north, and soon came to the land that Chen Jia bought.

There has been a martial law battle, there is no smoke around, the black hills are covered with grass, and there is no such thing as a worm.

Climbing to the mountainside, the horizon is wide open, Chen Yaoshi said: "The three leaders are here."

The place where the red dragonfly was dug was also pressed against the town's tombstone. When the ink burned, it laughed: "What can this rock be used for? What is it that the layman will do, move it."

Chen Yao’s panic: “The gentleman in the town said that the evil spirits in the town are pressed, and the evil spirits inside can’t come out.”

The ink burns the skin and laughs at the meat: "Mr.

"..." Chen Yao's way, "moving, moving, moving!"

Chu night Ning cold and cold road: "No need." After finishing raising his hand, the fingertips golden light little bit, the day asked to hear the call appear in his palm, followed by Liu Teng, the stone smashed into pieces! Chu night Ning noodles walked over without expression, standing on the pile of ruins, and the palms were lifted again, Shen Sheng said: "What are you hiding? Give me up!"

Underneath the strange noise of the grid, suddenly, a 12-foot-tall thick wood coffin broke out, and the sand was all dusty and dusty.

The teacher stunned: "This coffin is very evil!"

Chu night Ningdao: "Retreat."

After that, it was a backhand pumping, and the red dragonfly that was welded was asked by the sky. The golden sparks splashed all over the place. After the silence, the cover was bursting, the smoke was scattered, and the things inside were exposed.

There is a man in the coffin lying naked, naked, with a narrow nose and a handsome face. If it is not pale skin, he looks like he is asleep.

The ink burned a glance under the man's waist: blinking: "Oh, don't wear trousers, stinking."

Teacher: "..."

Chu nightning: "..."

Chen Yao’s exclaimed: “French!” He rushed past and wanted to get close to the coffin. Chu night Ning reached out and stopped, and asked an eyebrow: "Is this your husband?"

"Yes! My husband!" Chen Yao was shocked and sad. "How could he be here? Ming Ming has been buried in the grave. At that time, the shroud was

well dressed. How could he..."

Halfway through, the woman cried and screamed: "How could this be! So miserable - so miserable! Master... sir!!"

Shimei sighed: "Mrs. Chen, please also mourn."

Chu Xiaoning and Mo-burning two people did not pay attention to this crying woman, Chu night Ning is not good at comforting people, ink burning is no love, two people staring at the body of the scorpion.

Although the past life has gone through this matter, there is no accident about what will happen, but the appearance still has to be loaded, so I touched the chin: "Master, this body is not right."

Chu nightning said: "I know."

"..."

The words of the burning of a stomach are the original sentences of the past generations of Chu and Ning and their analysis. In this life, I want to take out the earthquake and shock the night. As a result, the people are good, and the words "I know" are lost.

Shouldn’t Master be tempted to seduce people, encourage the disciples to express their thoughts, and praise and reward them? ?

The ink burned was not reconciled. I didn't hear the phrase "I don't know". I said, "There is no trace of decay on this body. Chen Dagong has been in trouble for more than half a month. According to the current climate, it should be festering and pus." The corpse in the coffin should accumulate a layer. This is one of them."

Chu nightning looked at him with a gaze of "Jun can continue to perform": "..."

"Second." The ink is not moving, and continues to recite the words of the confession of the late life of Chu. "Before the opening, the evil spirit of this red dragonfly is very heavy. After opening it, it is scattered. And this body is The evil is very small, and this is not normal."

Chu nightning: "..."

"The third, have you discovered that from the moment the coffin is opened, there is a sweet smell in the wind?"

The scent is very quiet. If you don't pay attention, you can't find it at all. When the ink burns, the teacher and Chen Yaoshi realize that there is indeed a faint sweetness in the air.

The teacher said: "Really."

Chen Yao’s smell smelled and his face changed: “This fragrance...”

The teacher said: "Mr. Chen, what happened?"

The voice of Chen Yao’s fear has changed: “This fragrance is the one hundred butterfly powder that my mother-in-law made!”

For a time, no one spoke, and the "Yang Shangren Chen Sunshi Li" written on the prophecy of the prophecy seemed to come to the fore.

The teacher said: "... Is this really what Mrs. Chen did?"

Ink burning: "Not like."

Chu Xiaoning said: "No."

The two talked almost at the same time and looked at each other after they finished. There is nothing wrong with Chu’s face: "Let's talk."

Ink burning is not polite to say: "As far as I know, Chen Jiafa is rich, relying on the old lady's special hundred butterfly powder, although the formula of this powder is not secret, but the finished product is not difficult to get. There are five or six girls in the town of Choi Butterfly. The smudges are all this spice. Not only that, but before we came to investigate, Chen Dagong himself seems to like the mother’s blended Bai Diexiang powder, often mixed in the soup bath. This fragrant bath, so it is not surprising that he has this taste on his body. The strange thing is..."

He said, turning his head again to the man who was naked and naked.

"People have been dead for half a month. This fragrance is actually the same as it was just smeared. I am right, Master?"

Chu nightning: "..."

"Tell me about it."

Chu nightning: "Well."

The ink burned and laughed: "I really cherish the word like gold."

He still didn't laugh twice. Suddenly, the robes flew, and Chu night yan took him back a few feet, and the golden light in his hands sparkled and the fire spattered.

"Beware."

The smell of the scented scented powder in the air suddenly became rich. As the scent drifted, the white mist appeared in the vegetation, and it began to diffuse at an alarming speed. In a moment, the whole mountainside was turned into a foggy sea, and suddenly it was impossible to reach out!

The ink burns in the heart.

The illusion is open.

"Ah!!" In the thick fog, the first scream of Chen Yao’s screams, "Dao Chang rescue -"

The last word has not yet been exported, and suddenly there is no sound.

Chu nightning fingertips ignited blue luster, hit a tracking spell on the ink burnt amount, said: "You take care of yourself, I will go and see the situation."

After that, I followed the sound and quickly disappeared into the dense fog.

The ink burned his forehead and whispered: "Well, even the position of the spell is exactly the same as the previous life. Chu nightning, you really haven't changed."

The fog came quickly and scattered quickly. It didn't take long for the fog to disappear, but the sight was even more amazing than the fog. At least the last year's ink burning is really scared.

After the fog was scattered, it was originally bleak and messy, and the grassy hillsides were gone.

Instead, it is a vast and elegant garden, pavilions and pavilions, water shacks, rockery and eucalyptus trees, and pebble trails.

When I burned this place, I was happy to roll it.

This tyrannical rumor is the illusion of the world. They were also lost in the past life. The smoldering first met the teacher, and in the case of being enchanted by the illusion, his first and only life kissed the other.

It was a pity that the teacher was probably frightened by the time, and he ran away with his ink and turned away. The swan to the mouth was removed from the plate without rubbing twice, and the taste was uncomfortable.

After the illusion was broken, the teacher did not care about him. The kiss in this illusion did not happen, and no one mentioned it. Sometimes at midnight dreams back, the ink burns will doubt whether it is too deep to conceive, the illusion of birth.

But whether it is a delusion, ink burns your lips, I thought, this time, I can't easily let the teacher run away! Must have one kiss enough!

The author has something to say: According to the history of the twenty words, the age of the ink has not yet been written, but this comprehension set the fifteen-year-old crown ceremony, the word. Because the selfishness really likes the three words of ink rain, I feel better than the ink burning, I want it to come out earlier, hahahaha

Chapter 12

After walking for a long time in the magical territory, I could not find the direction.

However, the taste of the butterfly in the air is getting richer and richer. This smell will give birth to emotions and enlarge the senses, which will make many incredible things.

At the beginning of the burning of the ink, I felt anxious, and the stomach seemed to ignite a small flame, and the blood in the body was slowly heated.

Spring water, he needs to find a spring water, where is the spring water?

He knows that there is a living spring in this illusion. When he went to the spring water in his life, he was already dry and dizzy. There was no way. He had to hold a few mouthfuls with his hands, and he thought that poisoning would be better than thirst.

After drinking the spring water, he felt that consciousness was getting more and more blurred. He was found to be fainted by the faint sergeant. The teacher repaired the medicine and immediately detoxified him. The dizzy

one was also poisoned at that time. Enchanted, the ghost kissed the teacher's lips.

The predecessor of the resolute and desperate empire was eager to relive the nightmare, strolling through the illusion, and wandering around for a long time, finally heard the sound of the spring, he was very happy, and quickly ran over and immediately drank.

Sure enough, the turmoil caused by the scent became more and more vivid under the stimulation of the spring water. He wanted to go to the depths of the spring water uncontrollably, and unknowingly buried half of the body.

Just as the smoldering consciousness is about to be blurred, just like the previous life, one hand slammed him violently, and the water splashed in the air, the air poured into the nose, the ink gasped, and the water was opened. The eyelashes of the beads, see the figure in front.

The figure gradually became clear from the blur, accompanied by an almost irritating voice.

"You dare to drink the water here, do you want to die?"

The smoldering dogs generally licked the water drops, and when they saw the people, they breathed a sigh of relief: "Sister 昧..."

"Don't talk, give me the medicine!"

A dark purple pill was handed to the lips, and the ink burned and opened the mouth. He ate the medicine slyly, and his eyes were still staring at the peerless face of the teacher.

Suddenly, just like in the last life, the enlarged anxiety in the heart made him unable to resist, not to mention that the ink was not a modest gentleman, so he seized the teacher’s wrist and quickly responded to the other party’s reaction. Kissed his lips.

In an instant, the sparks splashed and my mind was blank.

He is a man who has a lot of bad debts, but the fierceness between the mattresses does not require the contact of the lips, and does not require extra warmth. So the body is lingering a lot, and the number of kissing people is small.

The teacher did not expect to be attacked. He was stabbed in the same place, until his tongue came in, and he finally reacted and began to struggle.

"What are you doing... oh!" The words were half-finished, and they were rudely licked over their faces, and their lips were re-applied. The smoldering kiss was more intense than the previous life. The two men rolled into a ball in the spring. The ink is firmly pressed under the body, and the ink kisses his moist and cool lips, as stunning as the memory, as well as his cheeks and auricles...

"Don't move..." An open, hoarse voice made him himself surprised.

It’s over.

How does the effect of this spring feel stronger than the last generation?

According to the development of the past life, he did not have time to linger with the teacher for so long, no relatives, at that time, the younger smoldering was condemned by the conscience, the hand was loose, the teacher got up and worked hard, and escaped.

However, because of his own wickedness in this life, he was too shameful. Instead of being condemned by his conscience, he was driven by the shackles and directly kissed people on the shore.

The teacher was struggling under him, but he was already evil. He couldn’t hear what people were shouting. The only thing that swayed in his eyes was the fascinating, moist, open and close. Lips.

A group of fire in the abdomen burned, the ink burned down the heart, and the more violently kissed up, directly opened the other's teeth, the tongue straight into the mouth, taking the sweetness in the mouth.

The creaking of the heart is like a drum.

In the chaos, he has tore off the robes of the sorcerer's complex, tearing off the girdle, sneaking into the hand, touching the smooth and firm skin, the people underneath suddenly slammed up, and were slammed down by the ink.

He bit his aunt's ear and whispered: "Look at it, we can all be comfortable."

"Ink rain -!!"

"Oh, oh yeah, how can you yell at me like this? It seems to be a child." The ink burned and licked his earlobe, and he was not idle, and went straight to his waist.

The stinking rogue burned, and the 16-year-old hooligan was really more than the 32-year-old hooligan!

This person's face is growing day by day!

The sergeant tightly stretched his body, and the smoldering energy could feel the slight tremor of his body. Really, it seemed to be such a slender person. The feeling of touching it was a well-balanced muscle and a sharp line.

He is even more difficult to help himself, and can't help but pull the other's coat.

The teacher finally couldn’t bear it and broke out.

"Mini rain! You are looking for death!!"

With a bang, a powerful spiritual force slammed him apart! The spirit was fierce and overbearing, and the ink was too hot to be smashed. The entire cockroach slammed into the rock on the side of the spring, almost vomiting a blood.

The sergeant grabbed the messy clothes and stood up in anger. The palm of his hand squirmed with the madness of the golden spirit, the sizzling of the sparks, and the anger of his eyes.

Between the burning of the dizziness, there is a vague feeling that something is wrong.

"Heaven, call!"

With a sigh of anger, the teacher slammed the palm of the hand and smashed out a golden vine of the wind and the wind, and Tian asked to

come out. The whole road was glaring, and from time to time, a fire was bursting, bursting out a golden light, willow Flying.

The ink burned.

When will the teacher call the day to ask?

However, this thought has not been left in the brain for a while, and suddenly he asked to tear open the air, and as he licked his face, he slammed it down! This willow is not soft, and the scent of the scent is smashing. The blood that has been beaten by Xianjun is flying and fleshy. If you want to come to a person like Rongji who has eaten ink and burned it, he will surely clap his hands and shout. It’s so good! Come again! Kill the people! Good day!”

The ink burned in this violent storm with no gaps, and it was finally awake.

The teacher is so gentle, how could he be beaten like this?

The technique of pumping willows is so mature that it is not who Chu Ning can still be! ! ! !

Chu night Ning pumping soft hands, this stopped to ease the tone, rubbed his wrist, is trying to fight again, the ink burned suddenly on the rock, wow cough a big mouthful of blood.

"... don't fight anymore, you will die if you fight again..."

The ink burned a few coughs, and the heart was desolate. This is definitely the strongest color in his bad luck.

Who knows who is coming from Chu Ning?

And I don't know why, this Chu Evening has also grown a face of a teacher, and even the sound sounds exactly the same as the teacher!

He wiped the mottled blood of the corner of his mouth, gasping, and looked up.

It may be a beating of an artifact, or it may be because the medicine that was given to him by the night of Chu had an effect. This time, the person in front of him was not a teacher.

At the end of the night, Ning Yin calmed his face, his face stood fiercely under the tree, his anger rushed to the crown, his eyes were like electricity, and he was angering and staring at the ink.

His fierce and fierce appearance is sturdy.

however……

The ink burned him for a few seconds.

I found myself... shamelessly hard.

Chu nightning has always been meticulous, and the cumbersome white robes, which are called abstinence, have been messy at this time. Only by his slender and white hands are tightly squatting, so that they will not slip off their shoulders. His lips were swollen and swollen, and there were sporadic hickeys on the sides of his neck. Although it is a disgusting look, it is even more irritating.

Past lives, memories of Chu Yuning, those memories of madness, bloodyness, hatred, coziness, conquest, pleasure, and accumulation.

Those who are too lazy to think about it, the memories that were not intended to be thought of, are in the air filled with blood and flowers, and instantly become shocking and difficult to hide.

The tides generally rushed into the heart.

To die, he still can't see how Chu Ning is like this.

Even if he hates him again, he hates him again, and he wants to pack him into a suede and cook it. The ink burns still has to be acknowledged.

In the past life, the most exciting emotions of his own, the most bloody, and the high/tidal tingling of the scalp were obtained from Chu Ningning.

It is one thing to hate him.

But for men, especially those who are particularly shameless, especially the beasts, the physical instincts of the body are another matter.

Chu night Ning slowed down, it seems that it was really mad, and the hands that were pinching the sky were shaking with care.

"Wake up?"

The ink burned in the next breath: "...Yes, Master."

Chu nightning seems to have not played enough, but he knows that there is a ghost in this illusion, and should not blame the burning of the body, squatting for a while, and finally took Liu Liu back.

"What is today..."

Before he finished, the ink burned and rushed: "Today's business, knowing that you know me, I will never say it! I want to say it, let me play five thunder!"

Chu night quietly silent for a while, sneer: "You swear that I have heard no less than a hundred times, no one is counting."

"This time is absolutely true!" The body responded with a reaction, but if you want to go to the late night, you would like to eat stinky tofu. In the eyes of the ink, it is not something that has a countertop.

Stinky tofu finds a corner where no one is, and saves it to others. It is the same reason that I want to go to bed with Chu.

The smoldering has always been disgusting with the late night, how can I tell others that he would hate people while puncturing and wanting to go to others? Is this not a disease?

There are also those bad things in my life and Chu Xiening. He really doesn't want to mention it anymore. Forgive him.

"This illusion is very confusing, and the people you meet in it will become the most wanted in your heart."

Chu Yuning said while walking side by side with the ink.

"You must be calm, not to be confused by illusions."

"Oh……"

Ok? and many more!

The ink burned suddenly a spirit, thinking of one thing.

If it is like this, then in the illusion of the last generation, the teacher he saw is not necessarily the teacher? Not sure if it is still -

He glanced at the Chu Ningning who was walking next to him, could not help but chill.

impossible!

If the last generation of the pro is Chu Yuning, it will definitely save a pump! At least have to slap!

Certainly not a late night! Definitely not him!

In the heart of the fiercely shouting, Chu night Ning suddenly stopped and pulled the ink to the back: "Beep."

"what happened?"

"There is movement in front."

Now that the development of things has completely different from that of the previous life, so the ink does not know what will happen next. When I heard this, I immediately said, "Is it a teacher?"

Chu night Ning frowned: "You are in this illusion, you must not go ahead and imagine who you are, if you can't help but think, what you see in a moment will become that person's appearance. ”

"..." The ink burned for a while and found that it could not be done.

Chu nighting looked at him, and when he did not know when to condense a dagger formed by spiritual power, he slid toward the ink-burning arm.

"what--!"

"Don't call." Chu Xiaoning had expected that the other hand would directly point to the ink-burning lips, and the fingertips would condense the golden light. When the ink burned, nothing could be heard. "Would it?"

"……"nonsense! Take a look at yourself and see if it hurts!

The ink burned with tears and nodded pitifully.

"It hurts, except for this pain, don't think about anything else, follow me, let's look at it."

The darkness of the ink burned all the way to the night, and followed him along the winding path. Whoever knows the closer to the place, the more you can hear the many words of the haha, it is particularly embarrassing in this empty place.

Bypassing a long, high wall, the two finally came to the place where the sound was heard -

It was a red-green building with bright lights and red yarn swaying. In the vast courtyard, there were more than 100 tables and banquets in the bustling courtyard. The fish and vegetables on the table were all-encompassing. The guests hailed the wine and mixed them.

In the hall where the threshold is wide open, a huge red "囍" word is particularly eye-catching, and it seems that there is a lively and extraordinary wedding feast.

"Master respects..." The ink burned low. "You see these people who drink wine... they don't have faces!"

The author has something to say: the dead dog has to ask questions, in the last life, who is the burning pro?

Chapter 13

No need to remember the smoldering, Chu nightning has long been discovered.

Those people talked and laughed, but the sound did not know where it came from. Those who were sitting or standing, punching and making a toast, one by one, were all blank, just like paper.

"What to do? Do we have to go in and drink with them?"

Chu night Ning was not teased by the untimely jokes of ink burning, bowed his head and meditated.

At this moment, there was a sudden sound of footsteps in the distance. Two long queues appeared from the misty fog. From far and near, they slowly came to the main building.

Chu nightning and ink burning subconsciously hide behind the rockery, the two teams approached, headed by a pair of clever smiles of the golden boy and girl, these two people have five senses, and the facial features are clear, The color is heavy, and in the night, it looks like the paper man who burns the boy and the girl used by the dead.

They held a red candle in one hand, and the body of the candle was as thick as a child's arm. The dragon and the phoenix were entwined. As the candle burned, the rich scent of the butterfly blossomed, and the ink burned almost fainted. The wound stabbed in his hand was still hurting, and he himself poked a bit on the wound, and finally kept the consciousness clear.

Chu nighting looked at him.

Ink burning: "...cough, this trick is quite useful."

Suddenly, and strangely said: "Master, why don't you need to hang on to the body to stay awake?"

Chu nightning: "This fragrance is not effective for me."

"Ah? Why?"

Chu night Ning cold and cold: "The strength is good."

Ink burning: "....."

Headed by the golden boy and the girl, the two teams picked up the ranks, and Chu Ning moved his eyes back again. After watching it for a while, he suddenly lowered his voice.

He was rarely surprised, so the smoldering was very curious, and he followed his gaze and was taken aback.

I saw those swaying in the team. They were dead bodies with closed eyes. The skin was pale and kept in the shape of life. Most of them were very young. They were less than twenty, both men and women, and among them. A figure is very familiar -

Chen Jiada, who was seen in the coffin before, did not know when he appeared in this team. He was closing his eyes and following the strange smell of the candle, and slowly proceeded. He is not the same as others. There is another body next to him. Only the side of him is floating and hanging a ghost bride.

If Chen Dagong is not a big deal, when the team goes to the end and sees the people who are at the end of the two teams, the ink is burning without blood.

Shi Yan and Chen Yao are hanging down their faces and following behind the dead bodies. Both of them are closed with their eyes closed. The face is like snow. The posture of walking is no different from those of the dead. I don’t know if there is any life. .

The burning scalp suddenly exploded, and when he jumped up, he wanted to rush up, but he was suddenly grabbed by Chu nightning: "And slow."

"But the teacher--!!"

"I know." Chu Yuening stared at the team that slowly moved forward, whispered, "You don't want to move, you see there, there is a martial law enchantment. You rushed over, the enchantment will whistle Call, I am afraid that the faceless ghosts of the yard will come over to you, and the scene will be out of control."

Chu Xiaoning is a master of enchantment. He has a strong enchantment and his eyes are poisonous. He looks at the past and finds that there is a nearly transparent film at the entrance to the banquet yard.

The golden boy and the female went to the front of the hospital, gently blew the candlelight that was touted, and made the fire tongue more prosperous, then slowly - through the enchantment, and walked into the yard.

The men and women who follow him followed them one by one, and passed through the transparent enchantment without any hindrance. The faceless people who drank the wine in the yard turned their heads at this time, and the men and women who entered the fish began to laugh and applaud.

Chu night Ning said: "Go, follow them. Remember to not breathe when you pass through the enchantment, close your eyes. Also, no matter what

happens, follow the corpses and never speak."

Don't need him to say more, the ink burns and saves people, and immediately follows the Chu nightning into the corpse.

The number of the bodies of the two teams is equal. Chu Yuning stood behind the teacher, and the ink burned only stood behind Chen Yao’s. The team moved very slowly, and the ink burned several times to look over at the teacher’s side. All that came was a pale side face, and a white collar that was unable to pull.

Finally, before the enchantment, the two stunned and breathlessly followed the past and came to the courtyard. After I went in, I found out that the place there was far bigger than the outside. In addition to the three-story main building with lights, the two sides of the yard are a closely connected small room, which seems to have a hundred rooms. On the windows of each wing, there is a red plaque and a red lantern.

The full-faced guests suddenly stood up, the salutes rang, and the buzzing sounded.

A faceless tribute officer in front of the building sang in a wave: "Ji Shi has arrived, the bridegroom and the bride have entered the park -"

The ink burns, what? Dare to love them, these two dead bodies are the bride and groom?

Busy turned to help Chu night, but Beidou Xianzun brows tightly locked, is immersed in his own thinking can not extricate himself, simply do not have to look at the ink.

... Ink burning feels that the uncle's pains are really in vain, going down the mountain to practice, with such a master, it is more than self-esteem than without the master.

Suddenly a group of laughing coveted children rushed out of the yard, wearing red and bright clothes, but holding a white-headed rope tied with a small scorpion, they are like fish, surrounded by the two sides of the team, began to pull a person, lead them to Go to the wing on both sides.

I don’t know how to burn it. I’m going to do it in the late night: Master, what should I do?

Chu night Ning shook his head and pointed to the dead bodies in front of the tides that followed the boys and girls, meaning it goes without saying - follow them.

No way, the ink can only let a smuggling boy pull himself, stumble into one of the rooms, he just entered, the child volleyed the sleeves, the door slammed closed.

The ink burns the little man, not knowing what this faceless kid wants to do to himself.

In the last life, Chu Yuning first rescued the teacher, and then broke the illusion, and did not do it all the time. It was easy to remove the evil spirits, and then he went to the aftertaste to kiss the wonderful charm of the teacher. He didn't actually listen to it much.

So now the situation has changed, he is completely unaware of what will happen below, can only be **** the scalp.

There was a dressing table in the room, and a bronze mirror was set up. The end of the wooden frame was properly supported by a black and red embroidered figure.

The child patted the stool a few times, indicating that the ink burned and sat.

The ink burned out that the ghosts here are not very clever, stupid, as long as they don't talk, the dead people can't tell the difference, so they sit in front of the dressing table according to the child's meaning. The little boy squatted over and began to help him groom and change clothes...

Suddenly, the window floated into a jellyfish flower, and fell into the water in the copper basin.

The ink burned in front of the eyes, and the name of the sea otter was called Yuheng at night. It was specially used by Chu Yuning for silent communication.

He picked up the sea otter from the water, and the jellyfish bloomed in his palm instantly, revealing the brilliance of a touch of gold in the flower.

He put the golden light on his fingertips and put it in his ear. The sound of Chu Xiaoning sounded in his ears.

"Ink burning, I have used the day to ask to confirm, here is the illusion created by the ghost master of the butterfly town. It was enshrined by the villagers for centuries of incense, and gradually became a positive result. As long as there are more people married, its power will The bigger it is, the more it loves to marry a marriage ceremony. The bodies that are lined up in two teams should be the ghost couples who have made up for them in the past few hundred years, and they like this kind of excitement. Every night, the bodies are called to the illusion, and once again, the marriage will be done, and every time, the power will be stronger."

Ink burning heart thought - metamorphosis! !

Other gods are free to come down, at most, the combination of boys and girls, this ghost ceremonies, talking about a fairy, but the brain has not yet grown, the only hobby is the combination of male corpse and female corpse, it will be considered once again, but also Every night, the bodies that are married are summoned from the tomb, once again, once again, and again.

The corpse group has such a good look?

This bachelor fairy is really mad.

Chu night Ningdao: "The true body is not here, you should not act rashly, and follow the instructions of the golden boy and the girl. After it has to seize the power of men and women to marry, it will inevitably show the original shape."

I want to ask, what about the teacher? How is the teacher?

"You don't have to worry about the teacher. Like Mrs. Chen, he was confused by the powder and temporarily lost consciousness." Chu Xiaoning considered the problem very well and said clearly what he could say. "Many yourself." Everything has me."

After that, the sound disappeared.

At the same time, the children also took care of the smoldering costumes, and looked up. The people in the bronze mirrors were clear-cut, the lips were naturally raised, the eyebrows were clean and fresh, the collars were overlapping, the kimono was fiery, and the long hair was Bunched up by a white hair band, it is indeed the appearance of a married bridegroom.

The child made a "please" gesture, and the closed door of the wing opened.

Under the cloister, standing in a row of corpses wearing a kimono, both men and women have it. It seems that the head of this ghost ceremonial mud has not been opened. Just grab a pair of worshippers, as far as men and women are concerned, or men. It doesn't matter if you worship with a man, a woman and a woman.

This side of the cloister only stood with a row of dead bodies, the other column was opposite, separated too far, he could not see Chu Yuning and the teacher came out.

The team is slowly moving forward, and from time to time can hear the voice of the praises of the officials in the building, and the one-on-one marriage is slowly being completed.

Chen burned and looked at Chen Yao’s who was in front of him. He always felt that there was something wrong with it. After a long time of pondering, the team gradually shortened. When the last few pairs were about to turn, this deadly stinking rogue finally opened up— -

what! According to the team, the woman who is photographed in front of her is not going to be married to the teacher. Do you want to get along with the little monks of the late night? Where is it!

At the moment, the predecessor, the Emperor, was not happy, pouting, rudely pulling Chen Yaoshi, and he inserted a team and was in front of

others.

The children who followed the glimpse, but the ink burned quickly and put down a pair of low-lying faces, half-length hanged ghosts, squatting and mixing in the corpse, those who were not high-ranking Jin Tongyu women stayed for a while, probably also I didn't understand what went wrong, so it was stupid, but nothing happened.

This is burning and burning. Embrace the team with enthusiasm, and when you are ready to come to an end, meet the teacher on the other side of the corridor.

at the same time.

Chu Xiaoning looked at the teacher standing in front of him and thought for a while, not knowing what danger he would encounter in front.

He has always been hard-hearted, although it is harsh and repulsive, but in fact, as long as he is, he will not let the apprentice take risks anyway.

So, he also pulled the teacher and pulled the faint little guy to the back, while he stood in the original position of the teacher.

It’s his turn.

Standing at the end of the corridor, the sneaky holding a black and red tray, seeing the late night of Chu came over, sneer, no facial features of the facial features to make the girl's crisp voice.

"Congratulations to the woman, He Xi Niangzi, dumped as it is, red and white."

Chu nightning's face was black.

Mother, lady...? ? Do you have no long eyes?

Looked at the sneaky face with a blank face and held back.

Still **** really didn't have long eyes.

Ghostly smiled and picked up the red gauze cover in the tray, raised the jade arm and hand, covering the face of Chu Yuning. Then the cold hand reached over and gently supported Chu Xiaoning, Jiao smiled: "Yiang, please."

The author has something to say: Niangzi, please.

The next chapter is sent to the bridal chamber. Just ask if you are afraid of it!

In addition, to answer the question of yesterday [who is the one who burned the previous life].

First of all, Chu Yuning has not changed his position. The order of his work should be the same as that of his life. That is to say, since he saved the first rain in his life, the last generation is also the order.

However, in the memory of the smoldering, he [fighting on the master, relying on himself], Chu Xiening later settled everything, saved the teacher and then came to him.

The lines between the two people have different opinions here, so the following may be very big:

At that time, Chu Yuening actually looked for ink burning first, but for some reason, he left after the ink burned, and turned to save the teacher.

Combine the order of the work of Chu Xiening in this life, then. . . It was only at that time that the ink burned and the same as this time, mistakenly took Chu’s night as a teacher, and Chu Yuning immediately broke free after being kissed. Because the skin was too thin for a long time, he decided not to show up, but at the time After he was out of danger, he turned to save the teacher. After that, I took the teacher and asked me to calm down and

smother the ink. At that time, the ink burned all my heart on the teacher, and the night was rather different. He could not see it.

This also explains why the teacher did not seem to have happened after the end of the illusion, because nothing really happened to him. . . . .

So that year, the person who broke away from you is actually a master, and this is a stupid attack! The first kiss of the poor teacher is planted in your hands for two generations. You think that you are your brother, and you can see you by hand. Cry.

This is the place where the text is kept in the text, giving everyone an answer outside the text 23333

Chapter 14

The red yarn is light and thin, and it hangs in front of the eyes. Although it still looks at things, it is still somewhat unclear. Chu night Ning eyebrows sullen, calm face, brought to the flower hall by ghosts.

Looking up the eyelids, across the soft red, seeing the people standing there, the temperature of the night of the night is much lower than a few degrees.

The ink burned too.

Isn't it supposed to be a teacher?

The "bride" in front of her eyes is bright and bright, and the tulle is covered. Although the facial features are slightly blurred under the cover of the shawl, how to see it is still the face of the late night of Zhang Jun, who is not sullen. That look is like killing people.

Ink burning: "..."

He was stunned first, and then the look gradually became extremely complicated. After all the emotions turned around in the face, it turned into a strange silence, and Chu Yuning looked at each other, and the atmosphere reached the extreme.

The golden boy who followed the two men laughed and made a slap in the face, clapping hands and starting to sing.

"White Emperor water, spray clear; sneaky, flower welcoming.

棺中合, the same hole lying; body front, after death.

From then on, Huang Quan was accompanied by two souls. ”

The word is sneaky, but it is lingering.

If you can make a sound, you can only say one word.

--"Pooh."

But can't talk.

There are a pair of men and women in front of the stage, although there is no face, but the clothes are rich and gorgeous, slightly loose and bloated, it should be the high church that refers to the middle age.

The tribute officer began to sing again and again: "The bride is shy and shy, the eyebrows are low and the eyebrows are soft, and the red yarn covers the face and smiles. Please come to Lang Jun to cover the head."

"..." The original burning of the ink was very reluctant, but when I heard it, I laughed and mad.

Hahahaha, the bride is charming and shy, ah hahahaha!

Chu Evening’s face was blue and blue, and he held his anger and closed his eyes. It seemed that he could lose his ears together with his ears.

The sneaky smirked and handed a piece of folding fan to the ink. The "fan" and the "good" were the same, and the marriage was a good thing.

"Please ask the groom to cover his head."

The ink burned and laughed, but it was good from the flow, holding the fan handle to open the veil in front of the night, and the eyelashes smiled and went to see the face of Chu’s expression.

Seems to feel the sneer of the other side, Chu night Ning for a while, did not hold back, slammed open his eyes, a pair of scorpions in the light and flint, full of arrogance.

Can be matched with him on the red yarn, the body is red and kiish, although the sharp can not be reduced, but because of anger and grievances and slightly reddish eyes, there is no unique romantic.

The ink burned and looked at such eyes, and I didn’t feel it, and the smile instantly condensed. The teacher in front of him suddenly overlaps with a certain moment in his previous life. He suddenly knows what is happening in the moment.

Although it was only a short moment, it was enough to make the ink burn cold.

He once had three anecdotes about Chu Ning:

First, killing, that is, the move to the late night of the Chu.

Second, insulting, forced Chu Yuning to rejoice with him.

Its three...

The third is the most happy thing he has done in his life, and it is the last regret.

Of course, the Emperor of the People's Republic of China will not admit that he has regretted anything, but the deep suffering in his heart will not escape in the end.

Damn it. How did he think of that crazy past, and remembered the late night of the time.

The ink swayed and shook his head, biting his lip, trying to get rid of the face of Chu’s memory, and looking at the person in front of him.

Chu nightning has been staring at him with the eyes of "I killed you." Ink does not want to provoke this thorn, but has to hold his grandson to make a smile, a helpless face.

Praise the official: "The bride and groom, the sorrowful ceremony."

The so-called Wo Wei, is to clean the hands of the newlyweds after they have to clean themselves.

The sneaky phase is filled with porcelain pots filled with water, and the pot is brought up to wash the hands. The water washed is followed by a basin underneath.

Chu night Ning is full of disgust, but he has to wash for the other party after washing. The ink burned because of some distraction, it seemed quite convergent, silently washed the hands of Chu nightning, Chu night Ning did not have a good temper, smashed a splash of ink to burn a whole pot, half of the sleeves were drenched.

"....."

The ink burned and stared at the half of the sleeves that he had wet. He didn't know where to swim, but there was nothing on his face. It was only in the darkness of the dark eyes, and there was some subtle luster in the faint.

He thought slyly.

Chu nightning has not changed, never changed.

What I did, what I thought, what I have done in the past and the present, is exactly the same, and I have not changed it...

He slowly raised his head, and even for a moment, he felt that he was standing in front of the Wushan Temple, and he was coming to him from the bottom of the ruins, and he would fall to himself in the next moment. In the past, the tall head of the skull will fall to the ground, and the straight spine will be humiliated and bent, and Chu will be able to lie in front of him and can’t afford it.

"Women Licheng."

The sneaky sings suddenly and sings, igniting the ink from the memories.

He jerked back to God, and he had a pair of eyes on the night of Chu, and the darkness of the scorpion was shining with the cold, like a machete covering the snow, which was shocking and chilling.

Ink burning: "....."

呃呃前前前

The sneaky singer sang: "The couple have a glass of wine, and they will never leave."

After the cup, they will share the world.

Chu nightning seems to be really mad, and his slightly slender Danfeng eyes are dangerously squatting. After the estimated burning, he will light the ghost priest into mud.

However, this kind of Chu Yuning, really can not be meticulous.

Even if you look at it again, you can re-enter those messy and dirty memories.

"One worship - heaven and earth -"

I thought that even if it was a play, Chu’s arrogant temperament would not be embarrassing, but I didn’t expect that in order to finish this set of steps, his eyebrows pumped his eyes and closed his eyes, but he still squatted. The individual is beheaded.

"Two worships - Gao Gaotang -"

If you succeed, you can slap those two-faced paper people. It can also be called Gaotang.

"Three worships - 跪 - husband and wife worship -"

Chu night Ning hangs deep eyes, do not look at the smoldering look, turned around, jingle, swallowed the mountains and rivers, quickly and incomparably squatted down, forbearing silver teeth to bite.

Who knows that the two are too tacit, relying on a little closer, and slammed into a head-to-head.

Chu Xiuning had a cold breath, licking his forehead, lifting his wet eyes, and fiercely licking the slightest rain on his forehead.

"..." The ink burns only has to say with a mouth shape, "I'm sorry."

Chu night, no words, gloomy face, turned a blind eye.

Then it was a gift, and the ceremonial singer sang "Becoming a husband and wife, and loving two are not suspicious". The sneaky sneaky hand-to-gold scissors, the ink can not help but shrink back, only fear that the night is rather unhappy, directly put yourself Killed alive. Chu nightning seems to have this intention, but in the end it is only cut off each other's hairpins, put

into the golden sacs presented by the kit, and the "bride" Chu night Ning collected.

I want to ask him if you are burning, you will not take my hair to curse under the anger, tie the little man?

The tribute officer sang: "Rite - Cheng -"

Both were relieved and stood up from the ground. Who knows that the next time the praise officer screamed again:

"Good time has arrived, sent to the cavern -"

What, what, ghost! ! !

The ink burned instantly.

An old blood, almost squirted!

Just kidding, he has to dare to go to the cave room with Chu, and this wedding can be a **** marriage! Although the peony flower is dead and evil, but he wants to be in this life... No, the people he wants in his life are

all muddy and unstained, not the one who will tie him up. The cold-blooded demon head dyed and stained in the silt pool is late in the night! !

Is it too late to get married?

The author has something to say: Thank you 22415376, Ali's mine, what?

Hey, then the marriage word, originally wanted to check if there was a fixed custom singing method, and the results were not found in particular. And because it is a marriage that can't be completely in accordance with the normal wedding, so it is definitely not the same as the actual lyrics. The party should not pay attention to the problem, hahaha.

In addition, this lyric has deliberately added some details. When the full text is finished, if there is a sister who has the heart, you can look back and you will find that the marriage word is not completely sung, but it has meaning.

I ran away, I saw that I had to go to the house, and I didn’t broadcast it.

Chapter 15

Of course, what can be escaped from marriage can only be thought of. After all, the teacher is still here, and he can't go first.

It’s just this ghost ceremonies, the **** is too responsible, right?

The ink burned his face and the nose was suffocating. The gift of the heart and the package of marriage is also considered, how can you still manage the other people's holes? Moreover! It’s a **** corpse! The body is dead! How is the cave! ! !

As for the face of Chu Xiaoning at the moment, he did not dare to look at it, staring at the carpet and stupid. At this moment, he especially wants to look at the ghost ceremonies that do not know where to hide, and roar at him - **** you, mom, you! Give me a hole to show me! !

The golden boy and the girl surrounded the two and pushed them to the back hall.

There was a coffin parked there, painted with bright red lacquer, and it was twice as large as the coffin, and it looked exactly like the coffin that was previously dug out.

Chu night Ning slightly sinking, understand it.

The ink burned immediately knew the meaning of the ghost ceremonies, and immediately relieved a big breath.

Of course, the dead can not be a house. The so-called caves and lanterns should be sealed in the same shackles, carried on and buried, and completed the so-called "death and the same hole."

At this time, Jin Tongyu also confirmed their thoughts: "Please ask the lady to enter the house first."

Chu night Ning wide sleeves, cold face lying down.

"Please ask Lang Jun to enter the cave."

The ink burned in the coffin mouth and blinked, see Chu nightning has occupied most of the position. Although the coffin was spacious, the two big men were lying in it, and they were still crowded. He lay in, and he was forced to sway in the evening dress of Chu, and he was screamed at the other party.

The pair of golden boys and girls sang around the coffin, or the sinister, but vaguely concealed song.

"White Emperor water, spray clear; sneaky, flower welcoming.

棺中合, the same hole lying; body front, after death.

From then on, Huang Quan was accompanied by two souls. ”

After singing, the child pushed the coffin board up and down slowly, and the bang was screaming, and it was dark when it was around.

Chu nightning and ink burning were sealed in the funeral.

This coffin is extremely thick and whispered. It can't be heard outside. Chu Ning raised his hand and set up a blocking enchantment to ensure that the sound inside would not pass outside. After doing all this, he opened his first sentence. ——

"Sleeping past, you pressed my arm."

Ink burning: "....."

Feeling that there should be a lot more important than "pressing the arm"?

Despite the complaints in the heart, the ink burned and moved to the side.

"After the past, my legs are not straight."

Moved again.

"Go again! Don't stick my face!"

The smoldering grievances: "Master, I have been attached to the coffin board. What are you going to do?"

Chu nightning finally snorted and did not speak.

The ink burned in the corner for a while, and suddenly felt the coffin vibrate. The outside person lifted the funeral shovel and staggered and began to move slowly in the direction he did not know. The ink burned his ears and listened to the movement outside. He thought that the teacher should be trapped in the burial coffin with Chen Yao at the moment, and could not help but be bored, but there is no way.

The enchantment of Chu Xiaoning is very powerful. The sound inside can't be transmitted. The sound outside can be penetrated. Through the coffin board, you can hear the sound of firecrackers and gongs and drums. The ink burns and asks: "The gangsters are really idle. Enough, where are they going to carry the coffin?"

The coffin is very dark, I can't see the other's face, I can only hear the sound: "Like the customs of Choi Butterfly Town, it should be carrying the coffin to the temple outside the town."

The ink ignited and nodded. He listened for a while and said: "...the teacher, the footsteps outside seem to be more and more."

"Hundreds of ghosts and nights, all the funeral plaques will be carried to the other side together. If I have not expected the mistake, and wait until the earth temple, the ghost ceremonies will appear in the original form. From each pair of married couples to draw 'goods '."

Ink burning asked: "There are so many coffins, hundreds of them, walking in the town, others can't find it?"

"I can't find it." Chu Yuning said, "The ghost is a golden child, a ghost girl. The things on the ghosts are not visible to ordinary people."

The ink burned and asked: "How do you know so clearly?"

Chu night Ning replied: "I was in the wing room, and I asked a ghost golden boy."

Ink burning: "....."

Silently and awkwardly, he asked: "What happened to Chen Gongzi lying in the red coffin that was dug out in the mountains before? Why did Chen family pick up the dead ones?"

Chu nightning: "I don't know."

The ink burned a little surprised: "Ghost Golden Boy did not tell you?"

Chu nightning: "Ghost Jin Tong said, it is not clear."

Ink burn again: "....."

After a moment of silence, Chu said: "But I think that there is something in the family that does not tell us."

"How to say?"

"You have to remember that although the things enshrined in this earth temple are very sinister, in the end, it has already gained the celestial body and needs to be enshrined by people to become stronger."

I have never listened carefully to Chu’s lectures in the past, which led to some things happening in the future. I always lacked the necessary common sense. In this life, I was still humbly asking for advice. So I asked, “What about the fairy body?”

"...What were you doing when you talked about the difference between the gods and demons last month?"

I hope that this seat is born again, and I still remember what I was doing in a class more than ten years ago! But nothing more than just squatting under the table, watching "Kowloon-Fengbo Upstream", either staring at the teacher's stunned, or staring at Chu's neck, how can I know what to do without knowing it? Cut the head of this person.

Chu night Ning cold and cold road: "Go back to the penalty for "six circles to see the record" ten times."

"……Well."

The cost of truancy is painful.

"The world is different, unlike God, God is free to act, and immortals are bound, and intervening in everything, will be thought of."

The ink burned a glimpse: "So Chen’s murder case is someone asking for it, is it going to do it?"

The sound of Chu Xiaoning looked very cold in the dark.

"I feel that people who ask for it are not necessarily those who are still alive."

The ink burned open his mouth, but he didn't have to worry about it any more. The golden boy who carried the coffin probably encountered a steep slope, and the coffin suddenly shook and slanted.

Unsatisfactory shaking, plus the smooth inside, there is nowhere to catch. When the ink burns down, it rolls over and slams into the arms of the master.

"Well……"

With a painful nose, the smoldering looked up without a mistake, just trying to figure out the situation, but the tip of the nose was a faint scent of sea bream, which smelled like a mist in the morning, and it was still smeared.

The coolness of the night, the fragrance of the world is more confusing, but the taste is clear and clear, and teaches people to be clear.

The ink burned first, and then suddenly stiffened.

This scent of scented flowers, he is familiar with it, is the breath of Chu Xinning, and for the ink burning, this breath is always intertwined with desire.

In the meantime, some kind of deep-rooted evil thoughts are like the forest fires evoked by the thunder, and when they slammed, they slammed into his brain.

The author has something to say: Caring for the older unmarried men's foundation president, No. 1 boss ghost ceremonial maiden, and soon went online.

The Siyi Niangniang has a special style of the cave, and puts your pair of dogs and men into the coffin, hehe! I want you to say that you love each other before you come out, not to let you out. Humph.

Chapter 16

This really can't blame the burning of animals, who is in such a claustrophobic space, and a person who has been in bed with countless times, whether it is true or false, whether it is revenge or out I like it, I smell the familiar taste of the other person, and I can’t help but think about it.

What's more, ink burning itself is a confusing thing.

The teacher is his white moonlight, he is absolutely unbearable to touch, not willing to destroy.

He will be ruined by the late night, only to the late night, all his darkness, beasts, desires, and violent anger in the bones can be vented unscrupulously.

The person was crushed and torn under him, forcing him to play all the tricks he would never play on the teacher.

In the past life, every time I saw Chu night, I looked up at my neck and my throat was rolling. He felt that he was going to be mourned into a beast that only knew that he was drinking blood. He had to bite the man’s throat, grind his teeth, and chew. Rotten flesh.

He didn't feel bad about the night, he could destroy the family.

At the end of the ruin, the body has developed a habit. As long as you smell the smell of Chu Ning, the fire in your belly, the heart is itchy, you want to tie this person to the bed.

The coffin is quiet for a while, and you can hear the heartbeat of a slightly burnt heart.

He knows that Chu’s face is very close, and he can feel the other’s breathing. At this time, if he bites it, Chu Ning will certainly not be able to get rid of it, but...

forget it.

The ink burned back and leaned back, and opened away from the night. This is really not easy, because there is really not much space in the coffin.

"Sorry, Master." The ink burned haha and pretended to be a grandson. "I didn't expect this coffin to be - shaking!"

As soon as the voice fell, the coffin was again oblique. The ink burned and rolled to the night of Ning Huai.

Chu nightning: "....."

The ink burned back, the coffin shook again, and it was repeated several times.

"My mother is still not convinced." The ink burned back.

The golden boy and the girl were probably on a slope, and the coffin did not slip in the wall. They did not persist for too long, and the ink burned and reluctantly rolled to the front of the night.

"Master..." biting his lip and grievous.

This guy had grown up to be a little cute, and he had to hide his wolf tail with a dog scorpion. In fact, it was still very similar.

Chu night Ning did not say anything.

The ink burned really didn't want to roll back, so I simply gave up the struggle: "I didn't mean it."

Chu nightning: "..."

The ink burned and whispered: "But the wound on the back hurts badly..."

In the darkness, Chu nightning seems to be a slight sigh, the outside gongs and drums are a bit noisy, and the ink is not sure if he really hears.

But in the next moment, the smoldering smelled a clearer sea scent, and Chu’s hand was behind him, blocking the gap he might suddenly slam.

Although it is not a hug, Chu Xi Ning's arm is empty, deliberately avoiding contact with the burning body, only the clothing and the ink burned together, but this position is somewhat intimate.

"Be careful, don't bump again." The sound is heavy, like the porcelain soaked in the stream, there is a kind of dignified dignity, without hate to listen, it is actually very good.

"……Ok."

Suddenly no one spoke again.

At this time, the smoldering is still a young boy who is squatting. It is not like the height of an adult. Therefore, he leans on the night of Ning Huai, and his forehead is just right to Chu’s chin.

This feeling is very familiar and strange.

Familiar with this person lying around.

The strange thing is that it is such a posture.

Once upon a time, the past and the past are all in the Wushan Temple where he was lying in the dead, and he has become a lonely and lonely monk. In the long, breathless darkness, he is holding the night of the night.

At that time, he was already taller than Chu, and his strength was greater than that of the master. His arm was like a steel tongs, which was like a cage. He locked the remaining warmth in his arms, like holding the last fire in the world.

He bowed his head and kissed the late-haired long hair of Chu, and then greedily attached his face, buried deep in the other's neck, biting and groaning without pity.

"I hate you, Chu nightning. I hate you."

There is some hoarseness in the voice.

"But I only have you left."

A fierce violent collision shattered the memories of the ink, and the drums suddenly stopped, and the four wilds were dead.

"Master respect..."

Chu Xiaoning reached out and put his lips on his lips. Shen Sheng said: "Don't talk, we are here."

The outside did not know the footsteps of Sosuo, and the four fields were dead.

Chu night, the tip of the fingertips ignited a cluster of pale golden fire, and made a stroke on the wall of the coffin, and made a narrow hole, just enough for two people to see from the mouth.

They were indeed carried to the suburbs of Choi Butterfly. The front of the temple where the ghosts and ceremonies were enshrined was filled with dense burial plaques. The fragrant flowers in the air were getting thicker and thicker, and they flowed into the coffin through the pores. .

The ink burned suddenly felt a bit wrong: "Master, do you think that the fragrance here, as well as the fragrance in the fantasy, seems to be a little different from the taste in Chen Gongzi's coffin?"

"……How to say?"

The smoldering is more sensitive to the breath. He said: "Before we were in Beishan, the coffin was blown out for a moment and the smell was very good. There was no place that made me uncomfortable. It should be that Baidiexiang powder is correct. However, since I entered the illusion, I always felt that the taste was similar, but there were some subtle differences, but I couldn’t figure out what was different, but now... I think I probably know."

Chu night Ning side looked at him and looked at him: "You don't like this taste?"

The ink burned against the gap, still staring at the outside, and then said: "Well. I didn't like smelling incense when I was young. Here, there is the smell in the fantasy. It is not a butterfly, but a person from the town of Choi. Come here for the special high-scented scent of the ghost ceremonies. Look there -"

Chu night Ning followed his eyes and looked at the past. In the clay pottery in front of the temple, it was burning three vertical fragrant incense sticks, and it was faintly moving in the wind with a sweet smell.

The people in Caidie Town are good at making all kinds of spices with flowers. Therefore, the fragrances that God uses for Buddhas are also made in the town, and they are not bought outside. Because the flowers used in the suburbs are used, the taste of the foreigners is not so big.

Chu Yuening contemplatively said: "Isn't the scent in Chen Gongzi's coffin have nothing to do with the taste in the fantasy?"

He was too late to clear the details of this new discovery, and the glare of the sudden appearance in the temple of the earth interrupted his thoughts. The two people hiding in the coffin looked at each other and saw the luster in the temple, reflecting the surrounding scene. On the edge of the temple is a row of iron shelves with red lotus lights for wishing. The lotus lights were originally extinguished, but they all lit up at this time.

The boys and girls who are guarded by each of the funeral squats squatted and screamed: "The ceremonial maiden is under the guise, pointing me out and waiting for the ghosts and souls to get rid of the sufferings, to meet the good people, to lie on the same side, and to be accompanied by Huang Quan."

In a loud sound, the ghost priest in the temple smashed out the golden fairy light, and then she lowered her eyelids and slowly moved her mouth to the corner.

The movements are quite handsome and the manners are elegant.

Unfortunately, the body is made of clay, too heavy, the girl's family, a slamming sound, hard to live on the ground and smashed a big pit.

Ink burning: "Hey."

Chu nightning: "..."

Ghost master also seems to be quite dissatisfied with his own feet. She stared at the big pit on the ground and looked at it for a while before she took out the pit and arranged the dress.

She squatted up to be a woman with a strong makeup, wearing red and green, quite happy. In the dark night, it turned his neck and went to the burial of the hundred people. The night wind was filled with the stench of the corpse. She seemed to be in a better mood. She slowly opened her arms and smiled. sound.

"I am waiting for me to be enshrined in me, to be able to meet the good fortune, to complete the lifelong events that have not been born before." The young voice was scattered in the night, and the ghosts began to look up excitedly.

"The ceremonial goddess bless -"

"Please ask the emperor to give a marriage -"

One after another, this is a pleading. The ghost ceremonies seem to be very enjoyable. They slowly shuttle through the rows of burial plaques, and the long red nails of bright red lacquer are scraped across the coffin board to make a sharp and sharp sound.

Ink burned curiously: "Master, I remember you said, demon ghosts, devils, each of the six worlds, but this immortal is not high for nine days, how can it be against the ghosts of the underground?"

"Because it is a marriage, the main thing is to eat the ghosts." Chu said, "Ghosts can make her skill increase, otherwise it will not be a fairy in a short period of 100 years. There is such a benefit, she I am willing to work with the 'friends' of the Cao Cao government."

The ghost ceremonies walked around the hustle and bustle, and returned to the front. The voice of the empty and quiet voice rang again: "Open a coffin and give a marriage. Starting from the left."

With its order, the first coffin on the left slowly opened, and the golden boy and the girl were welcoming, and the two bodies inside climbed out swayingly. The gorgeous flaming kimono lining the face of the dead became paler. **** off.

The pair of married couples slowly came to the ghost ceremonies and squatted down.

Ghost master put his hand between them and said: "I am the name of the ceremonies, and I am married to the marriage. From then on, it is a couple, and men and women are matched."

The ink burns and turns white eyes: "Don't make a poem, don't do it. Just a vow to marry, how to listen to such a slutty."

Chu night Ning cold and cold road: "You are thinking."

The ink burned shut up.

It didn't take long for the ghost ceremonies to prove that it was not ink, but the **** who was in charge of marriage was the true one.

I saw that the pair of corpses that had been given marriage seemed to have swallowed the spring medicine. It was already two dead ghosts, but suddenly began to tear the other's clothes, and they were madly kissed together, so they were so shameless in public. The ground is entangled.

Chu nightning: "....."

Ink burning: "....."

"I am the name of the ceremonies, and I am willing to be happy. Yin and Yang can be handed over and combined, and life and death can be!"

The shouts of ghost ceremonies are getting sharper and more and more expensive.

The movements of the two bodies were more and more exaggerated. After the male corpse got rid of the clothes, it was actually a wrath, and the spirit was paralyzed, and there was no difference between them and the living.

The smoldering was shocked: "...this...fucking...also?"

The author has something to say: Thank you for wanting to drink the grenade of the little angel who loves to tea, and send a ceremonial maiden brand rejuvenation pill to each child who reads the text, while watching and screaming, stunned, hahaha

Chapter 17

This ghost ceremonies do ceremonies, the line sells spring medicine, and the other people's spring medicines let the sullen and lively people talk about the glory, this fairy is good, the small hand wave, the dead can harden. The real hand back to "Spring"!

He looked at it with relish, and suddenly Chu Ning reached out and grabbed the burnt ears.

Ink burning: "Hey?"

Chu night Ning looks very cold: "So the law of sinfulness, you have to go see."

"That should also be blinking, why are you blocking my ears?"

Chu night Ning no expression: "Don't listen, eyes close yourself."

Ink burning: "Hey. Master respects you really..." I don't look at my red face. It is also your own to close your eyes.

The ink can't help but a little bit of fun. Chu nightning, the person who made the ice and snow, didn't even see a picture of the **** palace. At this moment, I saw the joy of the fish and water that was close at hand, and it was probably alive and dead.

The couple of the dead and the couple were together. Gradually, both of them had alive, and in the dead throat that couldn’t make a sound, they actually sent out a rough respite like a living person.

Chu nightning was obviously disgusted, and suddenly turned his face and refused to look again.

The ink burned to see the big music, teasing, smirking and licking his chin.

Chu nightning is like being stabbed to generally quickly go back and avoid: "What are you doing?"

"What are you doing?" The ink burns sweet and greasy, with some ridicule and teasing, and slaps him up and down.

How old is it, seeing this thing actually blushes...

Oh, no, it should be said that it is green and red. Very funny.

"You are not told to us, you must see the other side's ability before you start it? The ability of this ghost ceremonies, you can see it clearly."

"What can I see, don't look."

Ink sighed: "How is the skin so thin?"

Chu night Ning angered: "Oh, oh, really hurt your eyes!"

"That's all I have to look at." The ink burned, honestly squatting on the other side, and squatting out to the outside, while the side also issued "ah", "wow", "powerful", "哎哟" and the like. Sigh. It’s very violent to make a late night, and the coffin board can’t hold back. He whispered: "Look at it, what to say!"

The ink burned without saying: "I thought you wanted to hear."

Chu nightning finally couldn’t help it, grabbed the ink-burning neck and gnashed his teeth: "You scream again, I will throw you out to feed the zombies now!"

Funny is enough. This person, who is late in the night, can't push him too fast. He is anxious to wait for a day, so the ink burns and squats, squatting

on the side, staring at the outside, not snoring.

As the couple of ghosts and sorrows reached the limit, the man’s body snorted and snorted on the woman’s body. The two of them suddenly burst out with a blue smoke. The ghost ceremonies opened their mouths and greedily smoked the blue smoke. Until the last sputum was swallowed into his stomach, this time wiped the corners of his mouth, and the bottom of his eyes showed the light.

It seems that it is the "goodness" that the married couple will give it, and it will be improved.

"Haha, hahaha--" Ghost masters tasted sweet, more radiant, and when they opened again, the sound of the emptiness of the emptiness became clear. It shouted and roared, and the sharp voice seemed to be this. It’s been worn for a long night, “Get up! Get up!” I’m waiting for a man and a woman! I’m waiting for the fish and the water! Let me believe in the virtues! Start! Get up!

The smoldering heart snorted: finished...

What is it doing? !

The tremors of hundreds of coffins around, confirming the idea of ink burning. This ghost ceremonies are to summon all the corpses in the funeral scorpion, so that you can absorb the "gongde" once!

I don’t want to make a joke, the ink burns straight and the night is late: "Shi Zun!!!"

"what happened again!"

"Fast! Go out! The sister-in-law is still stuck with the little daughter-in-law of Chen's family!" The ink burned and went crazy. "Let's save him!"

Chu nightning looked aside, and did not think that the ghost ceremonies actually taste so big, not a pair, and actually want to get a bite!

Next to the coffin, the sound of shaking is getting more and more intense. I think that every pair of married spouses are beginning to be inspired to start acting in the coffin. This idea made Chu a good night, and his face was even more ugly. At this time, the ghost ceremonies who stood in the same place and smiled suddenly felt something, suddenly turned their heads, a pair of black eyes with no focus, straight across the other, falling on the burial plaque of the ink burning and Chu nightning. .

Although it is mentally retarded, it can feel that there is no familiar emotion and color in the coffin.

Did not believe.

No……

Live people! ! !

Suddenly bowed, screaming and screaming, the ghost ceremonial robes flew, a pair of blood red claws straight into the body, the raw pierced thick coffin, straight into the body.

The attack was too sudden, and the ink was too late to retreat. Moreover, the space in the middle of the squad was extremely small, and there was no way to retreat. Seeing that the head was going to be poked out by the nine white bones, the body suddenly fell. Late Ning had already kept him in his arms, and he was in front of him. The five claws of the ghost ceremonies suddenly poked into the shoulders of Chu Yuning!

Deeply tangible!

"..."

Chu night, sighed with a sigh, but also forbearance, did not shout. The other uninjured hand still smothered the muffin, and burned it on the lips, blocking the sound that the ink would have been.

The claws of the ghost ceremonies were caught in the flesh and blood of Chu Xiaoning.

It is a muddy brain, and it is only by sound that the dead can live. Chu night Ning actually was in such a situation, no sound, the plasma ran down his shoulders, the ink burned him in his arms, can not see how his injury, but can clearly feel Chu Late Ning is shaking slightly...

Living people... or dead people? It is impossible for a living person to do this. Ghost masters were also inaccurate for a time, and the claws were not in the flesh and blood of Chu’s shoulders, and they were torn and scratched.

Chu night Ning was sore and trembled, sputum, cold sweat drenched the clothes.

But he still bit his lip, protecting the apprentice in his arms, as if he had become a dead body and became a dead person, against the coffin along the mouth, like the iron cast in the wall.

Ghost masters seem to have finally confirmed that the person inside will not be alive. It suddenly pulls out his hand and flies with blood. He can even hear the sticky voice of his fingers from the flesh and blood.

Chu night Ning's tight body seemed to suddenly lose strength, he released the ink burning, gasping low.

There is a strong **** smell in the coffin.

The ink burns up and, through the glimmer of the leak in the hole, you can see the eyelashes of the late night, and the wet, but bare, eyes under the eyelashes.

The pair of phoenix eyes that are slightly picked up are fascinated with pain, but more are sturdy and stubborn, and a piece of water vapor is raging...

The ink burned and wanted to talk, Chu night Ning shook his head, and the silencer spell on his lips was not removed. After a while, a sigh of relief, trembling fingertips, wrote on the back of the burning hand:

The enchantment has been damaged and cannot be spoken.

The ghost ceremonies outside squinted, and did not seem to understand why it was not a living person, but did not obey its instructions, and did not feel any faith to offer.

Chu night Ning looked up at it from the crack, and the hand that was not injured was caged, and a vine that was flowing with flames was called out.

He held the day and asked, narrowing his eyes.

The next moment, break out! ! !

The whole body burst, and the night light of the Chu-Ning was generally flying. The question was both accurate and fast, and suddenly grabbed the neck of the ghost ceremonies, and the ghost ceremonies made a harsh whistle--

"Why are you! And dare!"

Chu Xiaoning’s answer is only one word: “Roll!”

Dahong Jijiao hunting and flying, like a cloud, he forbears for a long time only for a hit must be, immediately one-handedly, and asked to strangle! Break the neck of the ghost master!

A thick red mist with a strange smell, sprayed out from the broken neck. Chu nightning quickly retreated, avoiding the fog, and sighed: "Ink burning! Thousands of kills!"

The ink burned was already on standby. After hearing the order, the dark sword in the sleeve was buckled, and the spiritual power was poured into it, and the residual body that was groping its own head was rushed.

The clay body splits open, revealing a translucent body with red light flowing inside. Chu nightning and then Yang Tian asked, hard to give birth

to the spirit of the ghost of the fairy body spirits. The headless fairy shouted from the body: "The mortal is dare! The mortal is dare! - Get up! Get up! Kill them! Kill them -!!"

The golden boy who had no facial features suddenly lit up a pair of blood-red eyes, and hundreds of screams screamed toward the ink and the night.

The coffins on the ground were also shattered, and the dead bodies lying inside stood up and flooded into the two.

The burning eyes rushed through the crowd and went to the shadow of the teacher. Chu night Ning Li said: "You are gazing at those zombies with deep affection! Don't get them all!"

The two of them and the ghost masters have already landed on a coffin, and the slow-moving dead bodies slowly gather around them. But there are too many ghosts, and one wave of another wave will soon come over.

Ink burning is almost crazy: "This butterfly has killed so many people in the town? How many married couples in the end?!!"

Chu night Ning anger said: "Look at the cultivation of this ghost ceremonies, there are so many young men and women who have died naturally! In all likelihood, it also confuses those who have never married to commit suicide! Call here!"

The ink burned again was an exorcism symbol waving toward the place where Chu Yuning gestured, and blasted a piece of white bone.

"How can this ghost ceremonies not kill?"

"Ordinary weapons can't hurt it."

"What did you ask that day?"

Chu night Ning anger: "You didn't see the sky asking for it! This ghost ceremonies act very fast, if I let go of it, I don't wait to pump again, I'm afraid I have already escaped!"

The more piles of corpses are piled up, the ink burns and drives, while also paying attention to see if there are any teachers in the crowd, so as not to be accidentally injured. A golden boy rushed over and bite his leg. He snorted, and an exorcism symbol was placed directly on the golden boy's face. He then slammed it into the corpse and exploded.

Chu night Ningdao: "Is seeing the teacher and Mrs. Chen?"

After the madness was looking for it, I suddenly saw two shaking figures in the distance, and said: "See!"

"Go over and pull them both! Stay a little farther away!"

"Good!" The ink burned, and immediately, "What are you going to do?"

Chu night Ning anger said: "My other arm can't lift, can't summon other weapons, can only rely on the sky to ask. After a while, I will let go of a ghost ceremonies, you will destroy this whole place, you don't want to If you die, you will get out early!"

Chapter 18

Tian asked that there is no dead angle killing, the name is very simple, only one word, "wind". Once launched, the film is not touched by a circle around it.

The smoldering nature has taught the "wind", and he is clear about the strength of Chu's late life. He does not need to worry, so he looks at the man who looks like a **** dress and looks pale, and opens the last few exorcism symbols. Chu nightning won a little time, then flew to the outside, hugged the teacher in one hand, grabbed Mrs. Chen in one hand, and took two unconscious people to hide in the distance.

Chu nightning endured severe pain, barely moved another hand, and the day of the day asked a burst of dazzling golden light, Chu nightning suddenly rushed back to heaven.

Ghost masters took control and jumped up, and the face twisted and swayed toward the night.

Chu night Ning robes turned like a flame in the wind, rolling and dancing, he was full of anger and anger, half of his shoulders were soaked with blood, suddenly raised his hand, the golden light of the day asked more and more fierce, followed by Chu night Ning Yang takes off and spins.

Liu Teng suddenly stretched several tens of feet and danced into a golden wind, as if it were a whirlpool. He was surrounded by the ghosts, dead bodies, golden boys and girls, together with the ghosts and sorcerers twisted and twisted, all involved in the center of the "wind". Heaven asked to dance into the aftermath of the aftermath, and the twist of the twist! ! !

The "wind" is ruined, and the surrounding grasses are rising and cannot be spared.

A huge storm centered on Chu's late night made a dazzling golden light. For a time, the sky was dark and the sand was flying. Whether you are a cockroach or a dead person, they have become the fluffy grass in the wind.

I rushed in and was slashed by the fast-moving day.

Broken into 10,000 points of residue...

Waiting for everything to calm down, Chu Yuning is surrounded by grass, not desolate, desolate and empty.

In addition to his arrogance, the kimono is bright, like the beginning of Honglian, the sea otter falls, only one place smashes the bones, and there is a horrible "day question" that sways with golden light.

In this way, it is really polite to smoke the disciples in the evening.

Just rushing to his posture today, if he is willing, even if the disciples of the whole good and evil platform are smashed in an instant, it is not impossible...

The golden light is dying.

Tian asked to turn into a little bit of stars, into the palm of the evening.

He sighed, frowned, and endured the pain of his shoulders, slowly moving toward the disciples in the distance.

"How is the teacher?"

When they came to them, Chu Yuning refused and asked.

The ink burned down to see the faint beauty of the arms, still not awake, the nose is very weak, and the cheeks touched the ice and the cold. This scene is too familiar, it is a nightmare that has never been able to get rid of life.

When the teacher was lying in his arms like this, gradually, there was no breathing...

Chu Yuning possessed himself and explored the neck and neck of Mrs. Chen and Shi’s neck. They could not help but be low: “Well? How can poisoning be so deep?”

The smoldering suddenly looked up: "Poisoning? Don't you say that it's okay? You are not saying, are they just being tempted?"

Chu nightning frowned: "Ghost masters are tempted by the powder, that is a poison. I thought they were only one layer in the shallow, but did not think they were so deep in eating poison."

"..."

"First send them back to Chen Zhai." Chu said, "It’s not difficult to pull out the poison, it’s not dead."

The voice of his speech was cold, and there was not much turmoil. Although Chu said that he would speak like this on weekdays, but at this moment, it really makes people feel that he is understatement and does not care.

The smoldering fire suddenly remembered the heavy snow that year, and he was kneeling in the snow, and his arms were the ones whose life was lost. His face was full of tears, and he pleaded with enthusiasm and asked him to

look back. He looked at his apprentice and asked him to raise his hand and save his apprentice.

But what did Chu nightning say at that time?

This is also the understatement of the tone, so unpredictable tone.

In this way, I refused to smother the only one in my life.

In the heavy snow, the people in the arms gradually fell to the shoulders, and the snow falling on the brows was as cold.

On that day, Chu Xiaoning personally killed two apprentices.

One is that he can save, but he has never saved the teacher.

One is lying in the snow, mourning more than the drizzle of the dead.

There was a sudden sorrow in my heart, a tyrannical, a snake that was generally rogue and not savage and violent.

For a moment, he suddenly wanted to violently hold the neck of Chu Yuning, and faded all the kind and disguise, revealing the evil spirits. As a ghost from the past, he bite him and question him. He is asking for his life.

In the two snows of Sona, the helpless apprentice's life.

However, the eyelids were lifted up, but they suddenly fell on the shoulders of the night when the night was full of blood.

The anger of the beast was suddenly blocked.

He didn't scream again, only staring at the face of Chu Xiaoning, almost the hateful eyes, Chu nightning did not see. After a while, he looked down again and went to stare at the teacher's face.

The brain is gradually blank.

If this time the division is going to have another accident, then...

"Cough and cough!!"

The person in his arms suddenly gave a rush of cough. The ink burned and the heart trembled... The teacher slowly opened his eyes, and his voice was

extremely hoarse and weak.

"A... burning...?"

"Yes! I am!" The ecstasy of the ecstasy is full of sorrow, the ink burns and squints, the palm of the hand sticks to the gentleman's cheeks, and the brilliance of the scorpion trembles. "How do you feel? Is there any uncomfortable?" ”

The teacher smiled softly, still gentle eyebrows, turned his head and looked around: "...how are we here... how did I faint... ah! Master... cough, disciple incompetent... disciple ....."

Chu night Ning said: "Don't talk."

He sent a medicinal herb to the teacher: "Since you wake up, you will first have this poison, don't swallow it directly."

The teacher had a medicine, and suddenly there was no **** face that looked more transparent: "Master, how are you injured? The body is blood..."

Chu nightning is still the kind of faint, not shocking, can suffocate the voice: "Nothing."

He got up and looked at the ink.

"You, think of ways to bring both of them back to Chen Zhai."

The teacher woke up, and the darkness in the darkness of the ink was suddenly suppressed. He nodded quickly: "Good!"

"I will take a step first and have something to ask Chen's people."

Chu nightning said that he turned and left, facing the dark night, the four fields of grass, he finally could not help but twist his eyebrows, showing a painful look.

The entire shoulder was pierced by five fingers, the veins were torn, and the ghost's claws even stabbed the bones of his flesh and blood. Even if you try to calm down, how to seal the blood, not to lose blood and coma, he is still human.

It still hurts...

But what about the pain?

He walked step by step, and the wedding dress was flying.

For so many years, people respected him, but he did not dare to stand by him, no one would care for him. He has long been used to it.

Late night Yuheng, Beidou Xianzun.

No one loves from head to toe, no one cares about life or death.

He seems to be born, he does not need the help of others, does not need any dependence, and does not need any companionship.

So crying is not necessary, crying, even more unnecessary. Go back and bandage the wound, cut off the rotten and torn meat, and apply the wound medicine.

It doesn't matter if nobody cares about him.

Anyway, he came over like this alone. For so many years, it is quite good. He took care of himself.

When I came to the door of Chen Zhai, I didn’t enter the yard, I heard a scream of heartbreaking inside.

Chu night Ning refused to crack his own wounds and immediately sneaked in - I saw Mrs. Chen’s wife shed her hair, her eyes closed, but she chased her son’s husband, and only the little daughter of Chen’s family was ignored. She stood by her side, curled up thinly, and couldn't stop shaking.

Seeing that the late night of the Chu came in, Chen Yuanwai and his nephew screamed and yelled at him: "Dao Chang! The road leader saved his life!"

Chu nightning kept them behind him, glanced at Mrs. Chen’s closed eyes and said, “I’m not letting you look at her, don’t let her sleep!”

"I can't see it! The cockroach is not good, and it sleeps early on weekdays. After you left, she was strong at the beginning, then she started to sleep, and then started to go crazy! ...squatting..."

Chen’s contraction was smashed behind Chu’s late night, and he did not notice that the head of the road actually wore a costume, and did not notice the wound on the shoulder of Chu’s shoulder.

Chu night Ning frowned: "What is it?"

Chen’s outside did not speak, and the mad woman rushed over and screamed, screaming in her mouth, actually the voice of a young woman.

"Thinhearted! We are so sentimental! I want you to pay for it! I want you to die for me!"

Chu nightning: "...the devil leaned over." Looking back at the Chen, he said, "Can you familiarize yourself with this voice?"

Chen’s upper and lower mouths trembled, his eyes rolled over, and he swallowed nervously: “I don’t know, I’m not familiar with it, I don’t know! Ask the Taoist for help! Seeking the Demon!”

At this time, Mrs. Chen had already rushed over. Chu Yuning raised the arm that was not injured. The volley was a little bit eager for Mrs. Chen. A thunder and lightning slammed her head and trapped Mrs. Chen in the enchantment.

Chu Xiaoning turned back and looked coldly: "I really don't know?"

Chen said outside the channel: "I really don't know! I really don't know!"

Chu nightning did not say much more, he asked out the day and tied the old lady Chen in the enchantment.

He should have been tied outside the Chen, more convenient and better, but Chu night has his own rules of conduct, his day asked, easily not ordinary people. So he abandoned the soft persimmon and went to cross-examine the devil in Mrs. Chen’s body.

The trial of ghosts and trials is different.

When you ask the judge, people will not be able to directly accept it and speak.

When the day is judged, the ghost will form an enchantment where only Chu Xiening and the ghosts coexist. The ghost will restore the front appearance of the enchantment and pass the message to Chu Yuning.

The sky suddenly ignited a fire, along the body of the cane, straight from his head, burned to the end of Mrs. Chen.

The old lady screamed and suddenly began to twitch, and then the original red-red flame on the willows instantly turned into a blue-green fire, and then from the old lady's head, burned back to the night.

Chu nightning closed his eyes, and the fire burned along the willow to his palm, but the fire did not hurt him, so he went all the way along his arm, burned to his chest, and then went out.

"..."

The Chen family was frightened and looked at the scene in front of them. They didn’t know what Chu Jingning was doing.

Chu Xi Ning's eyelashes are trembled, his eyes are still in harmony, but there is a white light in front of him. Then, he saw a small white foot like a jade in the light, and a girl of about seventeen or eight years old appeared in the field of vision.

The author has something to say: ink burning: Chu nightning, you have the ability to play the prestige, you have the ability to save people, you don't turn your head to wear deaf, I know you are listening!

Chu nightning:...

Ink burning: You have the ability to play temper, you have the ability to save people, your disciple you will not save, the end of the end of the uncle to inspect, this seat gives you a zero!

Chu nightning:...

Ink burning: You have the ability...

Chu nightning: You are enough! Mom sells Laozi to save people from shutting you down? Not saved! It’s so shameless! Not obedient!

Ink burning: QAQ

Chapter 19

The girl was very white, the face of the goose, the eyes of a pair of round, especially hooked. She was wearing a light pink apron and her hair was picked up. She was the first person to look like a woman. She blinked in the darkness and looked around.

"I am... where is it?"

Chu night Ning said: "You are in the enchantment that I set."

The girl was taken aback and said: "Who are you? How is it dark here, I can't see you, who is talking?"

Chu night Ning said: "Have you forgotten?... You are dead."

The girl opened her eyes: "I have... I..."

Slowly, she remembered.

Bowing her head, her hands folded over her chest, without any ups and downs, she whispered, muttering: "I... I am dead..."

"Only the soul can come to the real enchantment, where hatred will be eliminated, and the dead will be left behind as a devil or an ordinary ghost, and will retain the character and appearance of the past, which means ‘return to life’.”

The girl took out a moment and seemed to be thinking about the past, and suddenly she lowered her face and cried silently.

Chu Xiaoning said: "You... can you have a wrong?"

The girl cried: "Are you a prince? Or is it impermanent? Are you coming to sing for me?"

Chu night Ningfu Fudao said: "...I am not a prince, nor a white impermanence."

The girl whispered. Chu night was quiet for a while, did not speak, waited for her to cry a little more calm, and then said: "But I really came to help you."

The girl listened, twitched and raised her eyes, and sorrow and joy added: "Then you really are the adults!"

"..." Chu Yuening decided not to continue this topic with her, and instead asked, "Do you know what you did after you died?"

"I don't know... not very clear, just remember that I am very sad, very sad. I want to retaliate... I want to find them... I want to find him again..."

When the soul just awakened, many things could not be remembered for a while, but it didn't matter. Chu Xiaoning patiently asked her: "Who do you want to go to?"

The girl whispered: "My husband, Chen Bojun."

Chu night Ning Yi, Chen Bozhen - Is this not the name of Chen’s eldest son?

He asked: "What is your name? Where is it?"

In this illusion enchantment, the power of the heavenly question is poured, and the dead people who come to it will almost always talk to the Chu-Ning. The girl therefore replied: "It’s a slender man, and it’s the town of Choi."

"I have read the color butterfly town file before coming. There are more than 500 households in this town, and there is no family of Luo. Who is it?"

The girl slowly thought about the details, so she even mourned in her eyes: "My father used to be a scholar at Murakami. It was a friend of my father-in-law. A few years ago, he was killed and died. Later, at home, only me. A person."

"Then why are you dying?"

The girl snorted and then wept. "I have no other way than to die. They, they lied to the secret recipe of the fragrant powder that I left behind, and beat me to threaten me and let me leave the town of Choi. I ..... I am a weak woman, where can I go anywhere else? I am in this world, a relative is gone... Where is the world so big, where can I go? In addition to Huang Quandi, where else can there be? Next me..."

After recalling her life, she seemed to have infinite pains and sorrows in her heart. She was anxious to talk to people. Even when she was late, she did not ask again. She slowly talked about it alone.

It turned out that this Luo fidelity had lost her mother since childhood, and she said that she had a brother on her head, but her brother was separated from them in the chaos of the Xiujian world. Later, she never saw it again. She did not know whether it was dead or alive. When her brother was lost, Luo was still not full of age and was in the hustle and bustle. Later she tried to think back to her brother, but she still had no impression.

The Luo family was left with only the slender and the father. The father and the daughter were living together, wandering around, and finally covered the cabin in the town of Choi Butterfly and lived.

That year, Luo was fifteen years old. Chen’s eldest son, Chen Bojun, is two years older than her.

At that time, Chen’s family had not yet made a fortune. Several families lived in a two-bedroom bandit cottage. An orange tree was planted on the low wall of the small courtyard. When the autumn was full of fruit, the lush tree grows over the low wall. Detected in the courtyard of Luo family.

Luo Xianxian looked up at her head, and the oranges that were full of branches were like Lanterns in the Lantern Festival. Her temper was introverted and did not play with others. She always carried a small horse and licked the edamame. She looked up from time to time and took a look. The oranges that came from Chen’s yard.

Orange orange is very attractive, against the sun, can be associated with sweet and sour juice.

Luo fiber looked at his eyes, and he swallowed from time to time, and the **** was sour.

However, she did not reach out and pick it up. He was an unsuccessful reader. He lost the exam, but he did not lose a bite. The sour show was about broken, and he always told his daughter to be a "gentleman."

Luo Sui fiber knows at the age of three that wealth is not lascivious and barren cannot move. Although she was blind, she never reached out and picked the orange that was close at hand.

One night, Luo Fibre used the moonlight to sit in the yard and wash clothes.

She was not tough and she had to rest early. The poor children were headed early, the little girl was carrying her sleeves, her thin arms were immersed in wooden barrels, and her face was serious.

Suddenly there was a hoarse cough at the door, and a young man with blood was squatting in and glaring at her.

The little girl was scared and even forgot to scream.

The young man was full of dirty and **** eyes, but his eyebrows were very handsome. The two men and the two were so dead for a long time. Finally, the young man could not support it. He sat down slowly against the wall and gasped and hoarse. : "Come some water."

Xu is that the young man does not look like a bad person, but he is a good-hearted person. Although he is afraid, he still runs back into the house, picks up a cup of tea and hands it to the young man.

The young man was also polite, and he sipped and cleaned. After drinking, he wiped his mouth, raised his eyelids, and stared at Luo’s pretty face. His eyes were a little straight and he didn’t speak for a long time.

He didn't talk, and Luo didn't say anything, just squinting his eyes, away from some distance she thought she was safe, and squatting not far and close, looking at the stranger.

"...you look like I am an old man." The young man suddenly opened his mouth, smirked and smiled gloomyly, and the blood on his face was awkward. "Especially the eyes are round, It seems that people want to dig it out, poke on the finger and swallow it one by one."

The words of the horrible words were told by him in such a bland, even with a few laughs. Luo was more shocked and shook his eyes.

The young man said, "Oh, the girl is clever, you are so stunned, don't stare at me. I can't control my own hand."

He spoke, the accent of the north.

The moonlight sprinkled in the yard, and the young man licked the cracked lips and suddenly saw the orange tree in the yard. I don't know why his eyes were bright, and the brilliance flashed in the brilliance. The gloss was bright for a while, and then he raised his chin and gestured.

"Taro."

Luo Fiber: "..."

"Take an orange peel and give it to me."

Luo Fibre finally spoke, the sound was fine, with some trembling, but did not hesitate: "Big brother, this is not the fruit tree of my family, it is the home of others, can not pick."

The young man stunned, and when he remembered something, his face slowly sank.

"I said that I will pick it up, I will eat oranges, you will pick it up for me!" The last scream, like the smashing of the teeth and smashing it out. Luo fiercely shook, still stubbornly standing in the same place.

The little girl is soft, but her bones are the same as her decaying cockroaches.

"I'm not going."

The young man suddenly narrowed his eyes, bowed his nose, and changed his face: "The stinky girl knows who you are talking to!"

"You have to drink water, I, I will give you a fall, I have to eat, and there is still a family, but the orange tree is not my home. I can't pick it up. I said it, I don't sue for it. I am a gentleman, I want to be rich." Can't be lascivious, can't be barren, can't fish..."

When I was nervous, I turned it into a fish. The half-sized little girl blushes like a decent, insisting on teaching her own things, and finally smashing the words, but in the youth Under the gaze, I have already shaken, and my feet are swaying.

The youth is speechless.

If it is not out of date, listen to such a little guy, or a girl, say "not to sue and steal", "rich and not kinky, infertile can not move", and - and "I am a gentleman"? ? Hey, he really can't help but laugh out loud.

But he can't smile.

On the contrary, there is a strong anger that rushes in the chest and pushes his heart.

"I hate you this most, so-called..." He held the wall, swayed and stood up, squeezing out two words from his lips, "good man, gentleman, hero, benevolent."

Under the horror of Luo's fierce gaze, he slowly moved the injured foot, went under the orange tree, looked up, almost smothered the smell of the orange tree, and then suddenly gave the red light of hatred. Without waiting for Luo’s reaction, he climbed the tree, swaying, squatting, kicking, and slamming.

The full-bodied oranges shook all the way down, fell to the ground, rolled aside, the young smile twisted and shouted: "A good sneak sneak peeks, a wealthy one can not be lascivious! A good mighty can not bend !"

"Big brother! What are you doing! You stop! Oh! Hey!"

Luo Suixian did not want to shout, she was weak, and the scholars who had no strength in their hands could not help. But she was a little girl after all, and now she is finally scared and collapses.

"Call out what you call! You come out and I cut it with him!"

The little girl was scared, with tears, and there were water beads in the round eyes.

The people next door to Chen’s family went to neighboring villages to visit relatives. The whole family was not there. No one stopped this little madman.

The little madman shook the oranges all over the place, still did not hate, stepped on the ground with a few feet, smashed several fruits, and suddenly became stunned. I don’t know where the strength came from, jumped to Chen’s home. In the yard, I found an axe and cut the whole tree three or two times. Then turned back and laughed.

Laughing and laughing, suddenly he didn't smile, kneeling on the ground and screaming.

Suddenly turned his head and waved at Luo’s fiery: "Taro, come over."

"..." Luo fiery did not move, standing in the same place, embroidered with small flowers of yellow flowers on the ground.

When the young man saw her stunned, she slowed down her tone and tried to say kindly: "Come here. I have a good thing for you."

"I... I don't want to... no, not..." Luo was low and low, and before he finished, the young man suddenly became fiercely--

"If you don't want to come, Lao Tzu will enter the house now and give you a simmer!"

Luo fiercely shivered, and finally moved to him in a small step.

The young man squinted at her: "Hurry up, no time to see you twisting the song."

When Luo fidelity lowered his head and moved to him, there were still a few steps away. He suddenly stretched his hand and slammed the man over. Luo Sui screamed, but the voice went to the throat and was One thing was blocked rudely. The young man stuffed an orange into her mouth, without peeling or scrubbing, and went to the soil with her skin.

Where can Luo Zixian eat the next orange, the young man is stuffed, the orange is cracked, rotten, and her half face is puree, but the madman is still laughing and rolling the fruit on her face. Stuffed into the mouth she was trying to close.

"Are you a gentleman? Don't you not eat stolen things? What are you eating now? Well? What are you eating now!"

"Oh... no... I don't want to... oh... oh..."

"Swallowing." The young man squinted and put the last piece of flesh into Luo's mouth. The scorpion was shivering and chilling. "You swallow me!"

Watching Luo Suixian was forced to swallow the oranges, and the throat whimpered and called "爹爹". The young man was silent for a while and suddenly smiled.

That smile is more terrible than his awkward face.

He sat with satisfaction with Luo's slender hair, squatting there, and said softly: "What do you call screaming? Shouldn't you call your big brother? The orange that your brother gave you is not sweet, isn't it good?"

Said, and picked up one from the ground.

This time, he didn't have a hard plug. He peeled the orange peel finely, and cleaned the white silk that was stuck on it. Then he wiped his hand and rubbed it down. On the side, whispered in a whisper: "If you like it, eat some more."

Luo Fibre knows that she is experiencing an abnormality today. She has no way, she bows her head and silently eats the orange handed by the madman. The sweet and sour juice is opened between the throats, and the stomach is tumbling...

The young man was there, feeding her oranges in a petal, suddenly feeling like a good mood, and even began to gently pick up the song.

His voice was rough, very hoarse, like a windy scorpion, and he couldn’t hear it vaguely, and only a few words fluttered into Luo’s ear.

"There are three or four points in the pool, and one or two sounds on the shore. The weak crown is the best, the light hoof is fast, and the end of the world..."

He suddenly said: "Taro."

"..."

"Oh." He snorted and went to the slender little face. "Let me lick your eyes."

Luo fiery and trembling, no resistance, can only let the younger carefully carefully cut a real, **** finger, touched her eyes one inch and one inch.

"Really," he said.

Luo fibrillated and closed his eyes. She is really afraid that this madman will rise up and pick up her two tricks like a fruit.

But the youth did not pick it up.

Just faintly and coldly said to her: "You are not teaching me a rich and not kinky, can't you be poor? Big brother also has a sentence, want to tell you."

"Hey..."

"You blink."

Luo fiber and eyes are tight. The young man laughed and hoarsely said: "Don't dig your trick, open it!"

"...Do you think that if you don't open me, you can't keep your beads!"

Luo Suixian had to stretch the round eyes, the long eyelashes trembled, the tears flowed down and down, her face was scared and pitiful, I wondered where to please the young man of unknown origin, he suddenly loosened Holding the hand on her cheek, hanging in the air, then gently patted her head.

He stared at her nephew, his mouth trembled with a trembling smile, his smile seven points twisted, two minutes, one point.

He said: "There are men in Linyi, and twenty hearts are dead."

After turning around, the figure did not enter the darkness and gradually disappeared.

Only the place is full of loneliness, indicating that such a person, staying in the middle of the night to bathe blood, have been here.

Chapter 20

Early the next morning, Chen’s people came back to see relatives and saw that the orange trees in the yard had fallen. The oranges were all over the ground. There were not many other households around them. Only Luo Jia and them were close, thinking Every day, Luo’s fiber looks like an orange, and Chen’s family is sure to

This orange must be stolen by the unlucky child!

Not only stealing, but also stunned, cut the orange tree of his house!

The Chen family immediately went to Luo Shusheng to complain. Where did Luo Shusheng feel such humiliation, immediately called her daughter and asked her if the orange was stolen.

Luo Wenfei cried and said no.

Also asked if she cut the tree.

Luo Fibre still said no.

Then she asked if she had stolen oranges.

Luo Fibre will not lie, but has to say that he ate.

She had no time to explain, and she was stunned by the arrogant swearing. In the face of Chen’s family, she beat her a ring and said, “When a woman is not as good as a man! How can I make a young age? So steal the chicken and touch the dog! It’s shameful! Lose the face of the father! Punish you for no food at the moment, face the wall for three days, reflect on remorse, repent and repent -"

"Oh, not me! Really not me!"

"You still dare to speak back!"

No one believes in her, although the turbulent world is turbulent, but the color butterfly town is an exception, the town has always been simple, the night is not closed, said that in the middle of the night came a **** madman? Who is trustworthy.

A pair of small hands of Luo Fibre were beaten.

Chen Jia’s few people were cold-eyed, only the oldest boy, who pulled the mother’s clothes, and said nothing.

His mother did not pay attention to him, and he could not do anything. It was quite a small face wrinkled by Zhou Zheng, and he couldn’t bear to stand next to him.

In the evening, Luo Suifei did not dare to go back to the house, kneeling under the eaves, pitifully punished.

She is a scholar, and she can't tolerate theft. She is sour and sultry, and she talks to him. She does not listen to explanations.

After a day of hunger, Luo’s slender mind was dizzy. At this time, someone suddenly whispered to her: “Luo’s sister.”

Luo Fibers turned back and saw the head of the earth wall stalking her head, and it was Chen Bo, the eldest son of Chen’s family who tried to help her during the day.

Chen Bozhen looked at the left and right, and turned over the earth wall three or two times. He held a hot girl in his arms and could not help but say it was put in her hands.

"I think you have been standing under the wall for a whole day, and haven't eaten anything yet. Give you a **** and hurry to eat."

"I..." Luo was fierce and shy. He lived here for several months. He didn't say a few words to his neighbor's brother. At this time, he suddenly slammed him so close, and he couldn't help but step back two steps. Hit the wall. But still screaming, "I can't take it... don't let me... he said..."

Incoherent for a long time, can't say a complete word.

Chen Bo said: "Oh, you will be all day long, what do you do with him? You are so hungry, you will be hungry, come eat, eat cold, and then cold if you don't eat."

The girl was white and tender, and she made a statement, and she was hot outside.

Luo Shifei looked down and looked at it for a while, and swallowed in his throat.

It is also really starving. Regardless of the gentleman who is not a gentleman, she grabbed the **** and bowed her head and ate it, and soon she took a glimpse of it.

After she finished, she lifted her round eyes and directed Chen Bo's first complete sentence: "The orange tree is not cut by me, and I don't want to steal it."

Chen Bozhen glanced slowly and smiled slowly: "Well."

"But they don't believe me..." In such a contemptuous look, Luo's fiery heart slowly opened, and the grievances melted like ice and snow. She wowed, opened her mouth, wiped her tears, and burst into tears. Get up, "They don't believe me... I didn't steal... I didn't steal..."

Chen Bozhen patted her in a hurry: "I know you didn't steal, oh, you stand under the tree every day, never took an orange, you have to steal it early..."

"Not me! Not me!" The crying is even more fierce, and the nose screams together.

Chen Bozhen patted her: "Not you, not you."

The two children are so familiar.

Later, the neighboring village issued a murder case, saying that a gangster who was **** in the night before entered a family, and he had to sleep in the room of the house. The male owner did not agree, and the gangsters drowned their family. Then, in the room full of dead bodies, I slept leisurely

and took the time to go away the next day. Let’s go, but also specially stained the blood on the wall, and wrote a big article, and wrote down what good things I have done, lest the world do not know that there is such a wicked person.

This matter immediately went away, and soon passed to the town of Choi. A pair of time, it was Luo Siu said that she met the "Big Brother" night.

Luo Shusheng and Chen’s family are all speechless.

After the misunderstanding was solved, the two families had frequent exchanges. Chen’s husband and wife saw Luo’s cute and cute, a little beautiful man’s embryo, and hardworking and sensible. Thinking about the family according to his own family, it should be difficult to get a better wife, so he simply set Chen Bozhen and Luo Fibre. The dolls kissed and waited until the year of the weak crown and the shackles, and then officially set up a wine.

Luo Shusheng saw his daughter and Chen Bozhen two small and no guesses, childhood, and then readily agreed.

Days pass by, if it is not Luo Shusheng's love for elegance, loves the drums and fragrant roads, then Chen Luo and the two should be as poor as they had originally expected.

If it is bad, it will be bad. Luo Shusheng accidentally turned out the "Bai Diexiang Powder".

Although the taste of this scented powder is nothing special, it is not much different from the ordinary spices in the town, but it has the advantage that ordinary spices can't.

There are hundreds of days around the beam, and the aftertaste is endless.

Baidiexiang powder has a long time to keep fragrance, and the fragrance is not easy to dissipate. It is the cheap and good thing that ordinary people seek.

Luo Shusheng "everything is the best, only high reading." Although he transferred the powder, he was unwilling to sell it and thought that he had "fallen his identity."

He does not sell, naturally someone else will remember.

Mrs. Chen had several times wanted to talk to Luo Shusheng and Fang Shu, and Luo Luosheng opened the shop, but she was rejected by the other party. One by one, Chen’s face could not be hanged, and she would not mention it, but she kept it in her heart. Lived this pen.

Luo Fibre and the age of the year, the opportunity came. Luo Shusheng’s sick scorpion hurts his lungs and struggles for a few days. As a husband of Luo Sui, although the prostitute has not yet passed the door, but the friendship is always there, so help the funeral, busy.

Luo Shixian was grateful for zero, but did not know that Mrs. Chen had a heart, and quietly slipped away the fragrance powder while cleaning up Luo Shusheng’s relics.

On the evening of the same day, Mrs. Chen was full of excitement under a soybean oil lamp and went over to prepare for the recipe. The result was only a look, it was stupid.

Luo Shusheng's word dragon and phoenix dance, the grass written is called a elegant and chic, she stunned for a long time, he did not understand half a word.

No way, I can only quietly put the square back.

After a few months, when Luo’s feelings calmed down, she called the girl to eat at home, and in the chat, “unintentionally” mentioned the butterfly.

Luo Xianxuan thought that it would be useless to stay at home. The mother-in-law is so good to herself. If she wants, she will give her a good.

So I found the relics of the cockroaches, and also helped Mrs. Chen to identify the words. Little by little, the precise formula was sorted out.

Mrs. Chen was ecstatic and got a prescription. She began to share the powder shop with her husband.

Of course, at that time, she was still very rare and gentle and sensible. And the longer she was, the more beautiful she was. Although her family was unfortunate, her appearance was one of the best. Many young people in the town began to pay attention to her.

There are many long night dreams, and Mrs. Chen thought that she should do this quickly.

However, Luo Fibre just lost his father. According to the customs of Choi Die Town, his parents died, and they did not marry for three years.

Where did Mrs. Chen wait for three years, she thought about it - thought of a way -

On this day, Luo Fibre is giving Chen’s little sister a scorpion. Chen’s little daughter has a very good relationship with her. She is a long-term sister of Li Luo, and her sister Luo is short, and her little tail is usually wrapped around her.

Mrs. Chen went to the yard and called Luo Xuan to the inner hall. She said to her: "Slim fiber, you and your brother-in-law have a marriage contract. Now your father has gone. You are alone, and it’s not easy to live. It’s been here. You should have married the door this year. But the rules of three

years of mourning are here, so tired that you can't get married, the aunt thinks, if you wait three years, how old should you be?"

Luo fidelity bowed, did not speak, but she was smart and smart, and most of them guessed the words behind Mrs. Chen, so her cheeks were slightly red.

Sure enough, Mrs. Chen went on to say:

"A person is too old, bitter and tired. You see it or not - you will marry first, let's close the door, worship the world, and the outsiders will not speak first, others will ask, you will say that you are following the aunt. Make up the days, there is a good care. This will not only complete the Zhou Gongli, but also not to be criticized, but also let your old father of the spring be safe. After the three-year period, let us have a wedding. ,good or not?"

Her words, all sounds are considered for Luo Suixian, Luo Sui fiber is a person who has no bad thoughts, and does not think of people in bad places, so they agreed.

Later, Chen Jia made a home by selling Bai Diexiang powder. They moved away from the old house, bought a large piece of land in the town, repaired the house and became a big family.

Luo Fibre has become a hidden existence in many large figures, a presence that does not often appear.

The people in the town thought that Luo Fibre was only sheltered by Mrs. Chen's kindness, so she lived in Chen's family. She did not know that she had become a husband and wife with Chen Bozhen.

In this day, although there are grievances, Luo Suizhi only wants to avoid the tongue of the population, but for the sake of himself, so there is no complaint. In addition, Chen Bozhen is sincere and sincere to her, and the two couples have also been moist and sweet, just waiting for three years, everything will return to normal.

However, Luo Fibre did not wait for the day when the media was right.

Chen’s business is getting bigger and bigger, and Chen Bo’s long-term success, not to mention the colorful butterfly town, even the daughters of the big families around the town, have begun to play the idea of Chen Dagongzi. After one or two visits, Mrs. Chen’s mind was alive.

At the beginning, she decided to kiss this doll, because she was thinking about her own farmer's house, and she couldn't find a good wife, so she was eager to bundle Luo.

Who expected the reincarnation of Tiandao, and his Chen family also had a day of glory. At this time, she went back to see Luo Suixian, and she felt that the girl was not full of atmosphere, her idea was not smart enough, and she was stupid with her sly scorpion Like the old man, how to see how not pleasing to the eye.

She regretted a bit.

The appearance of Yao Qianjin changed her "somewhat" into "very".

Yao Qianjin is the daughter of the county magistrate. She loves to dress up. One day she is riding a horse and hunting. She passes by the powder shop and picks up a few flavors of powder. Who knows that the powder is not selected, but she has a glimpse of the busy and handsome son in the hall. .

That son is not someone else, it is Luo Fibre, the real nameless husband, Chen Bojun.

The author has something to say: Chu Xiaoning (serious face): This matter educates us, it is not advisable to make a private appointment. The two sides have not made a deed, and ending a relationship is often very casual and irresponsible.

Ink feeding fish (no face): Hey? In the last few chapters, it seems that someone has privately visited me, but I can't remember. Who is he? I originally wanted to be responsible for him. Since he didn't want it, then forget it. (smile)

Chapter 21

Yao Qianjin has a temper, and when he goes back, he doesn’t want to think about tea. He is worried about Chen Bozhen. Although Chen Bozhen is already married, but it is the world where the door is closed. Who knows the ten miles and eight townships? In the town, even Luo Chen and his two parents decided to do things, they are not clear.

So Yao Qianjin learned that the Chen Gongzi "has not married his wife."

The county magistrate made several inspections and felt that Xiao Chen was able to do it, the temper was gentle, and the conditions at home were not bad. So he sent someone to talk to the Chen family and talk about this marriage.

Outside of Chen’s family, the intestines can be repented. They euphemistically told the county magistrate that they should first consider and close the door, and the two old things would be noisy.

Chen Yuanwai said: "Let you be anxious! That poor book is a life-and-death. Originally, his daughter should have been mourning for three years. If you didn't let them go to the church first, we will regret it later! You look at what this is called. thing!"

Mrs. Chen is also anxious: "I blame me? Was the person who was going to fix the doll in front of you not you? Now it is good, the county magistrate! It is that fiber... Is it that Luo fiber can compare?"

The two old kings closed their doors to fight for a red face, and they had no strength at the end of the quarrel. They gasped through the table.

Chen asked the outsider: "What should I do? Let us return the county magistrate."

Mrs. Chen said: "... can't go back. Let's Chen Jia pointed to Yao Qian's family."

Chen’s anger said: “Where can Yao’s daughter be able to do it? Can it? We don’t have one in our son’s house, how can we get it in? You see the little ones love!”

"..." Mrs. Chen didn't say anything, half awkward, and suddenly there was a light in her eyes, muttering. "Old Chen, I am thinking about it, Luo Suixian and our son's son, except for the people at our head, No one knows..."

A few silences, Chen squatted for a while, and suddenly understood the intentions of his wife.

He was a little trembling, half was fearful and half was excited.

"You, you mean..."

"No one knows, it is not married." Mrs. Chen said, "We thought that she would drive her away. If it is not soft, it will be hard. Ten miles and eight towns know that our son is not married yet, you still remember her." Did you steal the oranges when you were young? As long as all of us bite to death, she is a 17-eight-mouthed mouth, and it’s also a bit of a mouth!"

Chen members strode to the front door and confirmed that the door was closed. He was busy with the past. The two people who had just been arguing like a cockfighter, and then nestled together, learned to suppress the sound and discuss it.

Chen Yuan said: "You are afraid of this method."

"what happened?"

"Our son won't agree. He likes Luo Fibre, and you let him turn his face with others. How can he promise?"

Mrs. Chen thought for a while, patted her husband’s hand and said, “You can rest assured that this thing covers me.”

After a while, Mrs. Chen suddenly became seriously ill, and the illness was weird. Lang was in the same place, but she was full of epilepsy, full of nonsense, and she said that she was a ghost.

Chen’s eagerness to burn out, please come to a Taoist, and the bones of Xianfeng are carrying a dust, and the fingers are counting, saying that Chen’s family has something for Mrs. Chen. If it is not resolved, Mrs. Chen will not live for years.

Chen Bozhen was the most filial. He was anxious at the time and asked: "What rushed my mother?"

The Taoist priest pretends to hang around for a long time, saying that it is a "beauty who does not see the light."

Everyone in the room was stunned, and several sons of Chen’s family all turned back to look at Luo’s fierceness on the side.

Luo Fiber is also stunned.

She has been told many times that she has been killed. She is a lonely star. When she was born, she died of her mother. Then she died of her brother, and then she died.

Right now, she was pointed again, saying that she would kill her mother-in-law.

Chen’s people were in a hurry. Several brothers said to her, let her leave Chen’s family. No one knew that she became a pro, and her reputation was innocent. They would give her silver money and let her find another good family. .

Luo is fierce and scared, and I am really worried that I am aging Mrs. Chen, and she has lost her tears in the day.

When Chen Bozhen’s heartache, seeing his mother’s growing ambiguity, it’s also a dilemma on both sides. He is neither willing to leave, nor can he bear the mother’s suffering. People quickly lose weight and go down a big circle.

Chen’s brothers didn’t do it. One day, when they were not in the boss, they found the blind. Luo Fibre was holding a hundred butterfly powder in the greenhouse. When they rushed up, they overturned her utensils. The powder fell on her, and the taste of the scent was like immersing it in the bones, and it could not be washed.

Several brothers first surrounded her and said that they had a sensation, what "female virtues", "what is the "wife and daughter are humble, parents are respected", but Luo Suifei is very resilience, although timid, but stubborn, crying Saying that he is not willing to leave, ask them to think about other ways.

Chen Jia's second child was anxious. When she went up, she gave her a slap and said to her: "My mother must be killed by your lonely star. If you have a way, will you die? Your mother will die?" Is your brother's life and death unknown?"

He hit a dozen, and several other people rushed up, kicking and kicking around Luo, and shouting in the mouth, "fast rolling", "harmful" and "sacred star".

These sons are all in the same mood as the mother. In fact, they have already known the idea of the mother. At this time, the boss is absent, and she pulls out the fiber and drives her out of the house and threatens her. If she dares to come back, she will hit her every day. She didn't have her family and was killed. No one gave her a sigh of relief.

It was a snowy night. Luo Sui was thrown into the snow in the blue and purple, and the embroidered shoes on his feet also lost one.

She slowly crawled forward, her mouth whispering, like a cub before the death of the cub.

Late at night, in this snowy day, few people will go out. She crawls between the heavens and the earth, I don’t know where I am going, I don’t know where I can go.

Chen’s brothers are right.

She has no family, no father, no brother, no one can take her for her, no one can take her.

This piece of pure white red dust, there is no place to hide.

Her body bones are not tough in themselves. When they are thrown out, they are thin and frosty. They quickly become numb and have no intuition.

I climbed all the way to the suburbs and went to the earth temple where the ghosts and ceremonies were enshrined. She squatted in the temple to hide the snow, her lips were frozen and blue, and her heart was sad.

Looking up at the clay figure of the gorgeous red makeup, tears can't help but roll down. Think of the rules of the next revision, the couple get married, there should be a master of ceremonies.

At the time, she was just squatting on a safflower, smiling and squatting with Chen Bozhen.

This closed-door marriage is not a big dream. The red-faced painting in the faint mirror that day is not a slap in the depths of her dreams.

She squatted in front of the ghost ceremonies, dragging more and more heavy and cold body, three squats, crying and laughing.

"It’s a couple, love is not suspicious. Entertainment... In... Today..."

She gradually felt dizzy in front of her eyes and blurred things.

In front of the small courtyard, she cried and said, "I didn't steal it, I didn't steal it. I didn't steal the orange."

However, three people become tigers, and people are awesome. No one will believe her words.

To this day, she knows that even if she is going to pull someone to cry and say that she is really a wife of Chen Bojun, no one will believe her. She is still the wall of the year, the little girl who has nowhere to stretch.

Nothing has changed.

Only one person in the past, turned over the wall, carrying a steaming white hoe, stuffed into his palm and said to himself: "Hungry, eat a **** and hungry."

Now... who is that, where is it...

He can't find himself when he comes back, will he be in a hurry, or will he be relieved because his mother will never be beaten again?

Luo Fibres in the temple, screaming with tears of gradual drying, whispered: "Siyi Niangniang, I want to be with him. I am his wife... When we are in the church, there is no ceremonies next to you, you are a ghost. Master of ceremonies, I can't manage people, but I also... I only have to talk to you...and tell you..."

She whimpered in tears, and the last voice in her throat: "I didn't lie..."

I did not lie.

The snow is silent and the night is still.

On the second day, the townspeople who passed through the suburbs of the temple discovered the cold body of Luo.

The author has something to say:

Chu nightning: Don't stop me, let me kill their whole family, and ask the Lord to count me!

Ink feeding fish: (a hug) The judge please calm down, the judge please go back to the judges!

Chapter 22

Chu Xiaoning heard this, it is already angry, hate can not immediately withdraw Liu Teng according to the Chen family and two people squatting. But he can't blink and swear. Once he winks, the illusion will disappear immediately. The enchantment lock can only be locked once. If it is interrupted, Luo Wenfei can't hear it anymore.

Therefore, he can only endure the anger of the sky and continue to listen to Luo Fibre.

After her death, her soul first entered the government, and she was unaware.

The only impression is that there is a woman wearing a red and green dress. The eyebrows are like the ghost ceremonies enshrined in the temple. The ghost ceremonies stand in front of her and whispered to her: "You and Chen Bozhen, can't be in bed, Dead, can you share the same hole?"

She rushed to promise: "I am willing... I am willing!"

"That will let him come with you immediately, okay?"

Luo Shifei almost rushed out, just want to say good, but suddenly remembered something, a glimpse: "I am dead?"

"Yes. I am a ghost priest in the house, I can give you a good marriage, but I am willing to wait."

Luo is fierce: "Then he will accompany me, he... will he die?"

"Yes. However, if there is love in the sky, the life and death are small, but what is the difference?"

Chu nightning heard this, the heart of the road, and sure enough, this ghost ceremonies will induce others to make a wish for it, this fairy, it is really a evil fairy.

Although Luo Wenfei’s grievances have not been turned into ghosts at this time, he has repeatedly turned his head: “No, you can’t kill him, it’s not his fault.”

Ghost ceremonies smiled and said: "You are so kind, and how do you return?" It is not reluctant to be a slender, as a fairy, to induce others to make a vicious wish, but persecution is not enough, its figure gradually It fades and the sound is getting blurred.

"Return to the soul on the 7th, when you return to the Yangs in the first seven days, go to see Chen Jiajing, then I will come back to ask you, see you, whether there is still no regrets."

Seven days later, I will return to the soul.

Luo Sui's soul returned to the gods and returned to the sun.

She drifted along the old road, with an eager mood, to Chen Zhai, to see her husband's last look.

Who knows that the Chen House has a lantern, and the courtyard is surrounded by fire and silver flowers. The head of the banquet was filled with the flower hall, and the big "囍" was placed in front of the hall. Mrs. Chen was full of radiance. Where there was a little bit of illness, she smiled and pointed at the servants, and told them to tie the flowers and put them on the red.

Who is it... what a happy event?

Who is it... to hire a gift?

Who is it? Three media and six hires, it is not good.

who is it……

She shuttled through the busy crowd and listened to the hustle and bustle of the sun.

"Congratulations to Mrs. Chen, Ling Lang and Yao County are getting married in the family. When is the wine?"

"Mrs. Chen is really blessed."

"Yao Qianjin is really the lucky star of Chen's family. This is just the next time, Mrs. Chen, your temperament is much better."

"Lang Lang and Yao Qianjin Jin Yu Liangyuan, the combination of heaven and earth, so enviable, hahahaha."

Ling Lang...Lang Lang...

Which lang is it?

Who is going to be married with Yao Jiajin?

She became more and more frantic after the familiar front yard, looking for the familiar figure in her laughter.

Then she found it.

In front of the peony in the back hall, Chen Bozhen held his hand and stood face-to-face, his cheeks deep. However, it is a red dress, although it is not a kimono, but it is the custom of the butterfly town. When the prospective son-in-law is going to raise a family, the butterfly show should be worn with red makeup.

He... is going to raise a kiss...?

That is full of courtesy, gold and silver beads, all of them... are Chen Bozhen, her husband, the daughter of the Yao family, the preparation of the bride price?

She suddenly remembered the time when they got married.

Nothing is missing, except for two people, one heart, nothing.

There is no ceremonies, no prime ministers, no bridesmaids. Chen was not rich at that time. He didn't even have a decent set of jewellery. He went to the yard and took a delicate orange flower under a pair of orange trees planted with two people. He carefully licked her hair.鬓。.

She asked him: "Well, look good?"

He said it was good-looking, silent for a while, and some sadly touched her hair and said to her: "It is wronged."

Luo Shixiao grinned and said that it doesn't matter.

Chen Bozhen told her that after three years he married her, she must make up a hot wedding banquet. I want to ask the characters from all directions to greet her with the eight-lifted sedan. I want to give her gold and silver, and the banquet is full. The entire flower hall.

The vows were still in my ear, and now I spend a good month and have a good time.

He wants to be jealous, but he has changed to someone else.

A raging anger and sorrow came from the sky, and Luo Suiji shouted in the room, tearing the red silk brocade.

But she is a ghost, she has not encountered anything.

Chen Bojun was faintly aware of what he had noticed. He turned his head and looked at the gauze that was not moving in the wind. His eyes were hollow.

The younger sister came over, and her hair was licking a white jade, and I wondered who was secretly wearing filial piety.

She said: "Big Brother. You go to the kitchen to eat something. You haven't had a good meal for several days. You have to hurry and go to the county magistrate to raise your family. You can't help yourself."

Chen Bozhen suddenly asked without a word: "Little girl. Have you heard someone crying?"

"...What? No, Big Brother, I see you are too..." She bit her teeth and didn't say anything. Chen Bozhen still stared at the place where the gauze flew.

"How can I be happy at the moment? Is the illness good?"

"...big brother."

"...she is ill, just fine." Chen Bo squatted for a while, muttering to himself, "I have no slenderness, no more mothers."

"Big brother, go eat it..."

Luo Wenshu cried, shouting, holding his head and mourning.

Don't... don't go... you don't want to go...

Chen Bojun said: "...good."

The tired figure disappeared into the corner.

Luo Shiwei stood alone in the same place, the transparent tears fell big and big. Suddenly heard the brothers who killed her Chen family, the second brother whispered in the voice of the brother.

"Mother is happy this time, hey, finally a stone fell to the ground."

"Isn't it? I have been ill for more than half a year, so I am forced to leave the sorrowful star. Can she be upset?"

The younger brother snorted twice and suddenly said: "How did she die? We dare to go out and don't think about killing her. Why are they so stupid, don't know how to find someone to help?"

"Who knows, the face is thin, like her sour cockroach. If you die, you can't blame us. Although the maiden is sick to earn her, our family has its own difficulties. Think about it, the daughter of the county magistrate and the poor girl. The fool will choose her. Besides, one thousand Yao Jin is offended, and we have enough to drink a pot."

"Also, she is stupid, don't live, she wants to freeze to death, no one can save her."

These words are poured into the ears.

After the death of Luo Fibre, he finally understood the so-called "Scorpio Lone Star", but because of the humble and poor, not comparable, the county magistrate, so honorable.

A fool will choose a poor girl.

Finally crazy.

She was full of grievances, hated the water, and returned to the front of the ceremonial temple.

She died there, she went back there, she was weak and helpless when she died, and she returned to resentment.

She used to be such a kind-hearted person, but at this time she used up her life's hatred, and the evil that she never released in her humanity, her voice screaming exhaustedly, her eyes red and her soul trembled.

She said: "Luo Fibre, willing to give up the soul, from the sorrowful ghosts, only to ask the ceremonial maiden, revenge for me! I want to let Chen family - not good to die!!! I want her to let her beast Not as good as the evil mother-in-law, killing her son by hand! All her sons!!! I want to let Chen Bojun go to **** to accompany me!! Come and bury with me!!! I am not willing!! I hate! I hate!!! !"

The clay sculpture on the shrine swayed and the corner of the mouth slowly rose.

An empty voice echoed in the temple.

"Accept you believe, as you wish, today is a ghost - killing - resentment -"

A **** red glare flashed through, and after that, Luo Fibre, can no longer remember.

However, Chu Xiening has already become clear, and then it is the ghost ceremonies who manipulated the devil's slender body, Mrs. Chen, and killed the Chen family one by one.

The red dragonfly on the top of the mountain, the reason why he will dig out Chen Bozhen, is naturally because the ghost master has completed the long-cherished wish of Luo Shiji--"Let Chen Bojun and me bury." Moreover, it also deliberately placed the coffin in the homestead of Chen Bojun and his newlywed wife, which is the most cursed curse and revenge.

As for the floral fragrance in Chen Bo's coffin, it is the taste of the hundred butterfly powder on the silk fiber before death. The grievances and aromas in the coffin are extremely rich, precisely because Luo’s fierce soul is sleeping with Chen Bozhen.

Luo Fibri has no family members. According to customs, such a person is dead, and the bones are to be cremated instead of being buried. Therefore, she has no flesh and can only be transformed into a funeral burial ritual. At that time, the late night of the Chu dynasty and the vine whip opened the burial plaque, Luo Sui fiber lost the coffin shelter, the soul scatters, temporarily difficult to gather. Therefore, there will be a situation in which "the coffin is not open to grievances, and the coffin has opened up resentment."

But at that time, in the illusion, why did other people have dead bodies as spouses next to them, but Chen Bozhen had only one paper-ghost bride?

Chu night, a little thought, think about this section:

The ghost ceremonies will not violate their own promises. The paper bride is the "physical body" that it gives to the fiber, or it is a carrier. Only Luo Fiber can be buried with Chen Bozhen.

Everything is clear.

Chu Xiaoning looked at the girl who was weak and helpless in the illusion. He wanted to say something but could not speak.

The elders of Yu Heng were too stupid, and the speech was always hard, so they were silent for a long time, or they said nothing.

The girl stood in the darkness of her eyes, staring at her soft round eyes.

Chu Xiaoning looked at her nephew, and suddenly she couldn't bear it. She wanted to leave and didn't want to take another look. He is trying to wink and leave this enchantment.

The girl suddenly spoke.

"My brother. I, I still have something to say to you."

Chu nightning: "... um."

The girl suddenly lowered her head, squinted and cried. She said softly: "My brother, I don't know what I did later. But, I... I really don't want to kill my husband. I don't want to be a ghost. I really..."

"I didn't steal the oranges. I am really the wife of Chen Lang. In this life, I am also true. I really didn't think about harming people."

"I really don't want to hurt people, beg you, believe me."

The voice whimpered and shattered.

"I did not lie……"

I did not lie.

Why have you never believed in me in this life?

She wept and screamed, and Chu’s voice was in the darkness, and it rang low. He didn't talk much, but he didn't hesitate.

"Ok."

Luo's slender body was shocked.

Chu Yuning said: "I believe in you."

Luo Shixian smeared tears with his hands, but still could not help, and finally covered his tears in the face, bowed his head, in the darkness, where she could not see, a deep ritual.

Chu nightning reopened his eyes.

After he blinked, he did not speak for a long time.

The time in the enchantment is not the same as in reality. He stayed in it for a long time. For the outsiders, it was just a moment, and the ink burned did not come back. The Chen family lived and looked at them. he.

Chu night Ning suddenly received Liu Teng and said to Mrs. Chen, "I am singing for you, you sleep."

Mrs. Chen’s eyes glared at her **** eyes, and suddenly she fell down on the ground and fainted.

Chu night Ning raised his head again, his eyes first swept across the face of Chen, and then fell on the scorpion, the sound was nothing but chilly, still very cold.

"I asked last time." His mouth slowly touched, one word at a time, "You, did you really hear who the voice is?"

Chapter 23

Chen Jiazi squatted, two battles, looking up to his father.

Outside Chen’s eyes, his eyes drifted. After a while, he firmly said: “No... I don’t know. No, I didn’t hear it!”

If the night of the Chu night is nine feet frost, whisper: "Lie."

His original appearance was extremely fierce. At this moment, he lowered his eyebrows and angered, and he became more and more murderous. He was even more fearful than the ghost.

Chen members involuntarily regressed two steps, and Chu night Ning violently asked Tian to ask for a note on the ground, and the time was smashing in the fire, and the leaves were flying. The sly Chen’s member slammed into a porcelain.

"Hundred butterfly powder is your family's? Is your eldest son married? Who is Luo Fibre? Are you still facing a big age?!"

The mouth outside Chen’s mouth was closed and closed, and he was together and Zhang. In the end, he couldn’t say a word, and his face gradually turned red from pale.

However, Chen’s daughter, who had been shrinking to the side, was crying when she heard the words “罗纤纤”.

She rushed over and squatted in front of her mother, pulling the coma body: "Sister Luo! Sister Luo, is this all you? I know that you are not willing to go, but beg you, look at me. On the face, I beg you to let go of our house... Luo sister..."

Chu night Ning leaned over and held the day of the golden light, and used the cane handle to provoke the face outside Chen.

This is the psychological cleansing of Chu Xiaoning. He feels that people who are disgusting will not touch it with his hands. Goose bumps at the touch.

"Do you think, I don't know who is lying to me?" He was cold and stared at the face outside Chen, and he saw his face from the eyes of the horrified eyes.

Sure enough, it was unpleasant, so cold and mean, like a blade covered with frost and snow.

But what about that?

Yuheng on the night, never need the love of others.

"You are the leader of the dead, the leader of the road, I am the trustee, how can you steal my personal affairs, I-"

Chu night Ning said: "Well, I don't care. You wait to die."

"No! No, no! You can't-"

"I can't?" Chu Xiaoning narrowed his eyes, and the luster in Danfeng's eyes was dangerous. "What can I not?"

"I am... you are... you..."

"If you are such a person, if you are a disciple in my martial art." Chu night, Ning Mo asked the sky, and said, "I will open the skin of your skin today, and the bones are broken."

When I talked about this, Chen’s staff couldn’t put on the garlic anymore. He saw that the night of the night was so fierce and sinister, and the people who had no monasticism were soft and soft, and they couldn’t help but

soften their faces, and they simply didn’t want to squat. Cried and said: "Dao Chang, I, we are also forced to do so, can not afford to punish the county magistrate! We, we also sleep hard, day and night are not good, the road leader -"

Said to go to the legs of the late night.

Chu nightning, this person's heart is very clean and heavy. When he sees Chen, he will meet himself. He doesn't want to, and Liu Teng shoots down. He hates saying: "Don't touch me!"

"Ah wow!" The back of the hand was violently asked by the sky. Even if there was no spiritual power, Chen’s wife was still crying and screaming, and his mouth was groaning. "Nothing to do, the Taoist priests of the dead are playing ordinary people." !"

"you--!"

When the ink burned the two wounds into the house, he saw Chen’s nose licking a tear and slamming it on the ground, shuddering at Chu’s late night, screaming in his mouth: “Which martial art has done this? You have received a commission for your death, no, don’t protect the client, and you will be beaten. This is true, this is really true – it’s so shameless! I, I want to tell the world! I want to preach! I, I want everyone to know that you are... this kind of attitude! Let you lose your name and you can't make a copper plate!"

Chu night Ning anger said: "How about money? If you can turn black and white with money, can you report it? If you have money, you can do whatever you want, and abandon your promise?"

Next to the Chenjia scorpion shouted: "That Luo is fierce, but we are not killed. We only beat her twice and drove her out. She didn't want to live. She didn't look for it in the snow. The place is hiding, can this blame us? We have no murder, you are the uncle, you can't blame the sinner."

His remarks are extremely savvy. In terms of law, Chen has not done anything more than the moment. Even if Chu Ningning turned them to the court, the Tuen Mun also blamed the Chen family for being ignorant, but they could not judge them at all. The guilt of any one person.

"I don't kill Boren, Buren is dying because of me. You, really pick it up."

Chu night Ning holds the hand of Liu Teng, because of his anger, shaking slightly.

The old tyrants of Chen’s family have already slowed down from the initial panic. He had previously worried that the ghosts would not be cleaned up, and Chu will rather leave them alone, but after thinking about it, this fierce road leader was sent by the dead. The shackles of life and death are the first big faction in the lower martial arts. They have already received commissions, and the Taoist priests sent to them must complete their trust. This is a thing that is well known in the country.

After thinking about this section, he was not so scared.

Holding his own hoof that had been smashed a small hole, crying and sneezing a tear: "Is it clean? My old Chen family has never done anything that hurts the world. It neither kills nor sets fire. If you don't want to live, you can rely on us. You, you don't want to clean this ghost away today. When I look back, I will tell you about the death of the dead. How can you have such a thing? I don't understand this point, you still --"

When I didn’t finish it, I saw that I had taken my own purse bag, my eyes were not stunned, and my anger was thrown out of Chen’s staff: “The door sent you, I will pay you back today. As for the complaint, you want to sue. !"

When the sky is light, the willow leaves are like a knife.

Chen’s nephew was out of reach, and he was beaten and shouted. He hugged his head and groaned, and he stunned his little daughter to block the willow.

It’s also a bad night, when I’m in the middle of the night, I’m getting used to it. I’m still in harmony with his mind, and I’m just taking advantage of it. I’m avoiding the Chen’s little girl, and then I’m going around, and I’m going to cross the face outside Chen’s face. The blood is splashing and screaming.

Chen’s external pressure did not expect that Chu Yuening would not eat him. The previous momentum became a bubble, and he fled and yelled, and shouted: “Don’t fight! Don’t fight! Dao, I am all nonsense! It is nonsense! Ah! The leader is forgiving! I beg you, I am old, can’t stand it! The compassion of the road is the fault of our Chen family! It is the fault of our Chen family. !"

When Chu Ning still listened to it, he was discouraged in the chest, Feng Mian, and asked the dancer to brush the shadows of the sky, and the Chen members were beaten all over the place.

The ink burned at the door was shocked: "....."

For the first time, he saw the night of Ning, and asked him to smoke ordinary people, and he was not soft. The posture was like that of a farm animal. The vines and vines were all in a shadow.

Is this still available? The client actually beat the client. This matter is enough to put the fairy in the upper or lower boundary, so that the fairy is famous, and the temper is strong, and then the temper is used again, and it will not be committed. Big mistake?

This is more sinful than his "stolen sin and chaos".

The teacher was also scared to pale, busy with ink: "Quick, go to stop the Master!"

The ink burns Chen Yao, who is still in a coma, that is, Yao Jia Qianjin handed it over to the teacher, and went forward to catch Chu’s wrist, and he was in a hurry: “Shi Zun – you – what is this doing? ”

Chu night Ning was not angry, Jianmei was angry and said: "Release."

"Master, you are a guilty -"

"I want you to say? Seven hundred and fifty of the rules of life and death, I still can't clear you? Release!"

The smoldering sound is high: "Then you still fight?"

Chu Xiaoning was too lazy to talk nonsense with him. He slammed his sleeves and was a rattan. He was pumping himself outside Chen.

"Master!!"

Chu nightning whispered in a low voice, and the frost in the eyes bullied the sky: "Roll!"

When Chen’s appearance was outside, he felt that the ink-burning and long-lasting demeanor was a good person. He quickly stumbled and climbed over, squeezing behind the ink, and holding his hand to smash the ink-burning clothes corner: “Dao Chang, you are persuading you to respect I, I have an old bone, even if there is a mistake, even if there is a mistake, I can’t help but fight like this..."

Whoever burns his head and turns to see his tears in his face, there is no pity, but he feels disgusting. "Ah" quickly slams away and dismissed: "Don't touch me."

"..." Chen said that this is unreliable, and his eyes turned to the teacher who was sitting on the chair of the Taishi. With the last glimmer of hope, he climbed over to the division, and when he climbed, he cried and cried.

"Daochang, Daochang, send good heart and send compassion, I am really wrong, I am not good, I am not good, I beg you, help me to persuade your teacher, I have Wrong, I plead guilty... I... I... You guys let me do anything, just don’t hit me anymore, I’m too old, I can’t hold my body... I can’t hold it...”

He cried so sadly that in order to survive, nature is also a sincere of 120,000 points. Climb to the side of the teacher, and reach out and go to the clothes of the teacher.

"..." The teacher saw him poorly, and looked up to the late night of Chu. "Master, the old man is known to be wrong, you will be merciful, let go -"

Chu night Ning said: "You give me away."

Teacher: "..."

Chu night Ning Li said: "Not allowed yet??"

The teacher shook and shuddered and let it go.

One day, he slammed the air and slammed it toward Chen’s outside. Chen’s hands clasped his head and shouted with tears. The voice was too loud, and the teacher stood next to him. He couldn’t help but come back again. He was hard to live, and blocked the rattan for Chen.

A brush.

The teacher’s flash is too urgent, and Chu’s late arrival is going to be closed, and it’s too late.

The blood was flying, and the teacher was weak. He smashed the attack and sat down on the ground, licking the white cheeks, but the blood could not stop, and he slid out along the fingers...

The author has something to say: post partition: emotional world

The landlord id: a generation of Ming Jun ink feeding fish

Question: Ex-boyfriend (probably can count) missed my boyfriend, what should I do? Urgent, online, etc.

Positioning: Chofu Town Chenfu

First floor: It depends on whether the landlord wants to compound with his ex-boyfriend, and whether the landlord wants to pursue the male god.

The second floor: before the beaten boyfriend, the former male friendliness reduced by 10, the white moonlight good feeling plus 10, installed did not see, the former male friendly feelings unchanged white moonlight minus 10, the landlord himself looked at the Raiders.

The third floor: Let's die from the imperfections, buns.

The fourth floor: I am more curious (probably can count) What does it mean, the ex-boyfriend can still count? Is the landlord the overlord?

Fifth floor: Of course, choose to forgive him.

The sixth floor: This store sells Tianxiang lubricant for a long time, Yinyanghe·Happy, double repair small cheats, if necessary, please add friends 48481438, contact person, Ms. Wang of death.

Chapter 24

For a time, no one spoke in the hall, only heard the sobs and sobbs outside Chen.

The teacher bowed his head and rubbed his cheeks. When he looked up and looked at Chu Ningning, his eyes were full of sincerity: "Master, don't fight again. You can continue to fight like this, and the responsibility is the life and death..."

The ink burns is even more so. Although he is a confusing person, he is stubborn and stubborn to the teacher. When he is born again, he secretly vows to hold the person and protect him. But this is not a few days later, the teacher is seriously injured and is Liu Liu, what is this thing!

He also refused to go to the evening with Chu, and was busy with the teacher to see the wound on his face.

The teacher whispered softly: "I don't get in the way..."

"You show me."

"It doesn't matter."

Even if he resisted, the hand holding the wound was still pulled by the ink.

The pupil collapsed.

A deep **** smack, fleshy valgus, blood can not help but linger, extending to the neck...

The burning eyes couldn't help but red, biting his lips for a long time, suddenly turned his head and yelled at Chu night: "Are you enough?"

Chu night Ning Yin calmed his face, did not say anything, did not apologize or go forward, straight in the same place, still holding in his hand did not fill any spiritual power.

"..."

There are countless sorrows in the ink chest that are insane.

Who is the sweetheart who died in the past life, and was repeatedly tortured like this?

He and Chu Yuning were so staring at each other, no one gave in, no one was soft, and the eyes of the burning gas gradually burst into bleeding. He hated Chu’s hate for so many years, deep into the bone marrow, why did this man always miss him? plate!

When he first entered the sect, he did something wrong, and Chu Ning would take him as he died. Later, the teacher was injured. Chu Xiaoning had only three apprentices in his life, but he stood by and refused to help. Then the sergeant died, and the shackles of death and death were ruined. His drizzle became the overlord of the world of self-cultivation. Who would not accept him? Only Chu Yuening and him confronted him, ruined his great cause, stabbed his conscience - always remind him that stepping on the emperor is even more powerful, but it is just a madman who is dejected and ruthless.

Chu nightning.

Chu nightning...

After his death, he has always been him!

Both of them were still wearing matching suits, and the red shirts were facing the red shirts. They stood far apart, and there seemed to be a deep gap in the middle.

The question of Chu’s late days was finally collected.

Chen’s outside was greatly relieved, and he squatted in front of the teacher’s aunt. “Bodhisattva heart, Bodhisattva heart, Xianjun is a living bodhisattva to save lives. Thank you, Xianjun saved me Chen’s family, thank you Xianjun, thank you Xianjun ""

always like this.

The evil spirit is his flat, but the poisonous willow vine is indeed his pumping. Chu night Ning did a clean internal affairs and also broke the strict strict ring, and finally Bodhisattva is someone else, he is a wicked person.

It has always been the case.

He is not good, he recognizes.

There is no regret.

It was just that the rattan whip lost his hand and took his own apprentice. After all, he felt uncomfortable in his heart, but his face was thin, and he was not willing to say a few words on his own words. He came to Chen’s daughter in front of him.

When the little girl saw him, she couldn’t help but scared her back two steps and shivered.

Chen family, only she is good. Chu Yu Ning has a mild tone and said: "Your mother has been stunned by the ghosts, and Yang Shou has been ruined for more than 20 years. If he still does not think about repentance, he will be mourned, and later he will be dying, and he will die sooner. After she wakes up Let her personally use the red peach for the Luo girl to stand the spirit card, the card must recognize the identity of Luo girl. Luo Fibre is the wife of Chen Bozhen Ming media, you have concealed the facts for many years, should also announce the wishes of her life."

After a pause, I handed it to the book:

"In addition, your family's three times a day, three times and nine miles, read the 'transfer curse', you can surpass Luo girl, you can also send away the ghosts entangled in your home. This curse needs to be ten years, can not be interrupted, if halfway Abolished, Luo girl will still come back to seek revenge."

The little girl trembled: "...Yes, more, thank you Dao..."

Chu Yuening again turned back, his eyes were sharp as snow-covered bayonet, sweeping over Chen Jiazi and Chen Yuan, and sighed: "When Chen Yao wakes up, you both need to inform her about the hidden things, to stay. She decided that if there was a slight concealment, I saw that you kept your tongue!"

Both of them were guilty and guilty, and they dared not agree, and even the gimmick promised.

"As for the hundred butterfly fragrant powder, this object is matched by Luo Shusheng, but it is said by your brazenness that it is your own prescription. You know what to do, you don't need me to say more."

"I, we must go to the shop to correct, to clarify, to tell the folks that this powder is Luo... Mr. Luo..."

After all the things were arranged properly, Chu nightning let the ink burned Chen Yao’s back to the room to push her blood and detoxification.

Although I hate in the heart of the burning heart, I know that when I was young, I was awed by the mentor, and therefore I was no longer snoring. He shook hands and shook hands. "You go to see your face, fast. The blood stopped. I helped her to go to the room."

The bedroom of Chen’s eldest son is still sticking to the double happiness of the red. I am afraid that it is a great life, and I am forgotten to pick it up. At the moment, Chen Bozhen has become a powder, so it is ironic.

Chen Yao’s in this ridiculous farce has become a victim of greed, and she does not know what to choose after she wakes up.

She is not more than a teacher, in the end is an ordinary person, Chu night Ning silently pushed her blood, and fed her to take the drug. During this process, the ink burned on the side of the water delivery towel, the two did not speak, and did not look at each other.

When he left, Chu nightning inadvertently went to the wall, his eyes faintly moved, but suddenly realized what, and then turned back, staring at a word hanging on the wall.

That is a few lines of straight book, the ink book should be in the near future, the paper edge has not been yellowed.

Written is -

Red hand, yellow vine, full of city □ 宫 palace wall willow.

The east wind is evil and the love is thin. A cup of lingering, a few years away. Wrong, wrong, wrong.

The spring is as old as the people are thin and the tears are red and clear.

Peach blossoms fall, leisure pool pavilion, although the mountain alliance, the Jinshu is difficult to support. Mo, Mo, Mo.

Chu night Ning suddenly suddenly blocked, the word of the book is neat, the word is correct, the place of the drop, Chen Bozhen's three-word end is glaring.

Chen Gongzi, who violated the Yao family’s money, couldn’t say in his heart. In the last days of his life, he could only stand by the window and smack the ink and ink to write this first-born parting of Shantou Feng. ?

Never want to stay in Chen Zhai again, he endured the pain of the shoulder wound and turned and left.

Both Chu and Ning and Wu Shi were injured. They could not immediately return to the death of the horse, and Chu Yuning especially did not like Yu Jian flying, so he went to the town to find an inn to rest, and the next day, I went to see it. What happened to the ghost ceremonies on the other side of the temple.

Although the ghosts and corpses of the ghosts were twisted into powder by the "wind" of Chu Xinning, the destruction was only the body controlled by the ghost masters. The soul would not be damaged. Leave it for a few more days to see if there is any fish that slipped through the net. it is good.

Chu Xiaoning walked silently in front, and the two apprentices followed.

The teacher thought of what he suddenly remembered and asked: "A burning, the clothes of you and the master... is... what happened?"

When the ink burned, it was only after I thought that I was wearing a good-looking suit with Chu, and I was afraid that the teacher would misunderstand and quickly take off.

"This...is actually the illusion before, you don't want to think too much, I..."

When I talked about half of it, I saw it again. I suddenly found out that the teacher was involved in the marriage of the ghost ceremonies. There was also one on the body, but the style was not the same as the two of them. Plus the worn and worn, I can't see the original look.

But well, that is also a good.

Standing side by side with the teacher, I can imagine that I was holding the hand of the teacher, and I went to the heavens and the earth in the illusion of ghosts and ceremonies.

For a time, I couldn't bear to take it off. Just look at the teacher.

Shi Yan Wen Xiao smiled and said: "What's wrong? Half said."

Ink whispered: "...nothing."

Chu Xiaoning was in front, a few steps away, and did not know how to listen to a few of their conversations. At this time, they stopped and came back.

The sky has been brightened, and after a night of ups and downs, the twilight smashed, and the sky suddenly burst into a glimmer of dawn. The bright red sun is like a broken and **** heart, struggling from the dark abyss, and smashing the brilliance.

Standing in the late night of the late Qing Dynasty, standing at the end of the increasingly bright night, standing in the first rays of the sky.

His wedding dress was like blood, standing sideways, and the rising sun painted a vaguely rim of Phnom Penh on his face and could not see his face.

Suddenly, the spiritual output, the Jifu was shattered by the powerful force.

The red shards of cloth, like the red petals of the remnant flowers that fluttered when the sea otters fell, slammed into the wind and scattered around.

The kimono was broken, revealing the white robes below, rolling in the wind, with his long black hair.

Blood on the shoulders.

The coat of the wind.

The mottled bloodstains that burned the ink were particularly glaring on the white robe.

For a long time, Chu Xiaoning sneered, quite ridiculous: "Ink rain, between you and me, what can be misunderstood?"

When he is angry, he will charge ink to the ink, and he will be cold and welcoming, and will not take any heat.

The ink burned cold and couldn't prevent it, and he couldn't speak without his words.

Chu Xiaoning smiled and left.

At this time, there was no one in the four fields. He walked alone in front of him, as if he was in the sky, and he was alone.

His ridiculous ridiculous face, when he arrived at the inn and closed the door, could not stand.

Chu night Ning bit his teeth, his face showed a painful look, raised his hand to touch his shoulder.

The claws of the ghost ceremonies are the body of the fairy spirit. Counting them up, and asking the world to ask for more, they are extremely powerful weapons. His entire shoulder is torn and scratched, but he is not treated in time because he is eager to annihilate the evil spirits. At this moment, it has been infected and festered, and the pain is difficult.

Standing in the room, relieved, Chu night would rather remove the robes on his body, but the blood on his shoulders has already condensed, and the clothing and flesh are stuck together, and the pain is so bad.

Next door is the ink-burning room. The soundproofing of the inn is not good. He doesn't want people to know that he bites his lips and tears off the fleshy cloth.

"Uh……!!"

After a sigh, Chu nightning slowly released his lips, the lips and teeth were full of blood, he gasped with a big mouth, no blood on his face, cold sweat.

Hanging down the thick, thick eyelashes, he trembled a little and went to see his injury.

Fortunately.

Still able to handle...

He held the table and sat down slowly. Just let the small two-end clear water and the sun towel, endure the pain, use the uninjured hand, bit by bit, wipe the wound for yourself.

The sharp knife broke in and cut off the carrion.

Then, apply the wound medicine made by Mrs. Wang.

One more person, slowly and difficultly, wrapped himself in gauze.

He is not used to showing weakness in front of people. This kind of pain, he has experienced many times, each time a person is supported.

If the beast is injured, he will hide himself and lick the wound. He sometimes feels like the animal. In the future, I will probably continue to be so lonely.

He knows that he is not flattering, so he does not want to ask anyone for help. He has his own inexplicable dignity.

Just when I took off my clothes, I dropped a kit on the floor.

Red satin embroidered acacia, he took the painful trembling fingertips, slowly disassembled, inside is two entangled blue silk.

He and the ink burned.

Chu nightning is a moment of loss of God. I want to put the kite in front of the candlelight and burn it together with the ridiculous hair. But in the end, I still can't go.

It’s a couple, and there’s no doubt about love.

The fine laughter of the golden boy and the girl seems to ring in her ears.

He knew some kind of instigation in his heart, so he was more self-loathing. He held the soft tip in his hand and slowly closed his eyes.

He has been unable to accept his own thoughts on the burning of ink, and he can't wait to dig his heart out, and then cut the mourning inside, cut it and throw it away.

What did you commit?

It’s also a matter of ink and rain? Is there such a person to be respected? It’s really not a beast!

"Hey."

The door was suddenly ringed, and he was condemning his own night, and he suddenly picked up his eyelids and quickly put the kit in his wide sleeves, pulling Zhang Jun’s face, not very good.

"who?"

"...Master, it's me." The outside sounded a burning sound, and Chu Xinning's heartbeat suddenly went a little faster. "You open a door."

The author has something to say: the beginning of this chapter to the 73 chapter is inverted v, explain that the v is the meaning, that is, the chapters that were written earlier are free, now the vip chapter. Wood has a way, before the collection is very low, to the v line is late, the editor will ask for the v, the v has a word scale line, the chapter is mostly because the entry v

is very late 300,000, almost fast is a lot of finished The number of words, please forgive me, 24 to 73 chapters all subscribe to about 6 yuan for the mobile app, if I really feel that there are more comments on the pirate, I have no opinion... but still hope that you can not see the pirates or not, after all, before The collection of 500,000 less than 300,000 days is still a bit of painstaking work, haha.

Oh, it’s almost like saying this to the big brothers who are new to the pit. Thank you for being a good friend.

Chapter 25

Chu Xiaoning "rolled out" three words stuck in the throat, gloomy face silence for a long time, and finally changed slowly: "roll in."

"Hey? You don't have a lock?" Cold war for a whole day, at this moment, the ink burned and reconciled with him, and as he spoke, he pushed the door in, as if nothing had happened. Chu Evening sat facelessly at the table, picking up his eyelids and glanced at him faintly.

In the heart, the ink is very good-looking. As soon as you walk into the door, the whole house is bright. He is very young, his skin is tight, and he seems to have a faint glow. The corners of his mouth are naturally filled with some curls. When there is no emotion, it is like laughing.

Chu nightning quietly left his eyes from the burning body, the slender eyelashes hang down, raised his hand to wipe out an incense on the table, and then asked coldly:

"What are you doing?"

"I am coming... look at your injury." The ink burned a few coughs, his eyes fell on the shoulders of Chu's late night, and he stunned. "Is it changed?"

Chu night Ning faint: "Yeah."

Incoherently speechless: "....."

He did remember to hate the late night, but also the temperament of the night. But after calming down, the ink is not completely unconscion, hate to hate, he did not forget how Chu night Ning shoulders are injured.

In the stuffy coffin, it was Chu Wanning who kept himself in his arms and blocked the claws of the ghost ceremonies with his own body. He was sore and trembling and did not loosen...

For the person who is late in the night, the burning of the ink is very disgusting.

But besides being disgusted, I don't know why, but I always have some complicated emotions.

He is a rude person. He didn't read a book when he was a child. Later, although he made up some literary knowledge, he is still easy to turn around in many delicate things, especially about feelings.

For example, in the case of Chu Xiaoning, the ink burned his head and pondered for a long time. The back of the head had to touch the vulture, and it was not clear what this feeling was.

He can only recognize a certain kind of feeling: like, hate, hate, happy, unhappy.

If you mix several emotions together, Yingming Shenwu’s stepping emperor will stare at Venus and completely faint.

Do not understand, do not understand, do not know, help, the head hurts.

So the ink burned too lazy to think again, anyway, no one except the teacher, he did not have time to study it.

In his heart, he gave the night to the night, and he secretly remembered the bad debts. While he secretly calculated that he had the opportunity, he must doublely repay it. While he was guilty, the heavens and the people fought, and finally they knocked on the door of Chu’s late night.

He didn't want to owe him a late night.

However, this person, who is late in the night, is more embarrassed than he thinks.

The ink burned staring at a pile of blood-stained cotton yarn on the table, the hot water stained with red blood in the basin, and the sharp knife thrown aside at random. The tip of the knife was still full of flesh and blood, and his head was big.

How did this person do his own healing?

Is he really able to cut off the rotten meat wounds like this? The scene is imaginative and numb. Is this guy still a human?

When I remembered that I had just cleaned the wounds for the teacher, the teacher had a painful licking/squeaking, and the eyes were tearful. I was so angry that I didn’t like Chu Ningning, and I couldn’t help but give him a whisper in my heart.

The elders of Yu Heng really were domineering pure men, and they served.

Standing for a while, the ink burned to break this silence. He coughed twice and rubbed his toes on the floor. He said awkwardly: "I was in Chen Zhai... Master, I am sorry."

Chu night rather does not speak.

The smoldering sneaked a sneak peek at him: "I shouldn’t be yelling at you."

Chu Xiaoning still ignored him. This person’s face is faint, as always, there is no expression, but the heart can be wronged, that is, no snoring.

The ink burned away, and when it was close, I saw that Chu Ning had messed up his shoulder bag, **** the cotton yarn, and tied himself up like a bundle of crabs.

"..."

Also, a person who can't even wash his clothes can count on how good he is to tie himself?

Sighed, the ink burned: "Master, don't be angry."

"Your eyes saw that I was angry?" Chu night Ning angered.

Ink burning: "..."

after awhile.

"Master, bandaging is not such a package..."

I went back to it without any politeness: "Would you like to teach me?"

Ink burning: "..."

He raised his hand and wanted to help Chu Xiaoning to solve the gauze and repack it, but he looked at it and felt that if he dared to touch him, he was estimated to be able to smash a big ear and hesitated.

The hand was lifted up and put down, put down and lifted up, repeated several times, and Chu was rather annoyed. Squinting his eyes: "What? You still want to fight me?"

"....." I really want to fight, but not now.

Ink gas laughed, no matter what the three seventy-two, suddenly reached out and grabbed his shoulders, and floated the dimples at the corner of his mouth: "Master, I will help you repackage it."

Chu night Ning Yuan wanted to refuse, but the warm fingers of the ink had been covered. He suddenly felt that some of his mouth was dry and uneasy, so he could not speak, so his lips moved slightly, but he was allowed to go.

The gauze was peeled off layer by layer, and the blood was soaked. After the fall, the five holes were glaring.

Just watching, I feel chilling, many times more than the mouth of the teacher's face.

I don’t know what’s going on, but I’ve looked at it for a while and suddenly whispered a question: “Would it hurt?”

Chu nightning with long eyelashes, just said a faint voice: "Good."

The ink burned: "I am a little lighter."

Chu nightning did not know what to think of, suddenly the earrings were a little red. As a result, I was angry with myself. I felt that I was crazy. I didn’t know what to think about all the time, so my face looked stiffer and my temper was worse. I said dryly: "With you."

The candlelight in the room was peeled off. Through the dim light, I could see that some places did not apply the ointment at all. The ink burned was very speechless. I felt that it would be a miracle to be healthy and healthy tonight.

"Master."

"Ok?"

"What happened to you in Chen today? How could you suddenly hit someone?" Asked while applying the ointment.

Chu Xi Ning was silent for a while and said: "It is nothing but gas."

Ink burning asked: "What makes you angry?"

Chu Xiaoning didn't want to care about the juniors at this time. He simply said that the slender things were told to the ink. After listening to the ink, he shook his head. "You are too stupid. You are mad at this kind of thing." However, you shouldn't be in conflict with them in person. If you change to me, I will make a mess and lie to them that the ghosts have been removed, and then pat the **** to let them go. Let's see you. In order to be such a rotten person, it made such a mistake, and I didn’t know how to change it. I also missed the teacher’s hand--"

Half of the words, the ink burned suddenly. Two eyes staring at Chu Yuning, no sound.

He tied the bandages carefully, and sometimes forgot about me, and the tone of talking with Chu Yuening, unconsciously became the look of thirty-

two years old, no big or small.

Chu Xiaoning apparently noticed that he was leaning on the scorpion, screaming at the cold, and the eyes were familiar with the words - "I don't kill you."

"Uh……"

The brain has not yet thought of a response, Chu nightning has opened a respect.

He said very indifferently: "Is it clear that I want to fight?"

When it comes to the teacher, the burning of the original awake brain begins to break the axis, and the tone is hardened: "Is that person not you?"

The blow of the night was also regretted, but his face could not be hanged. At this time, he calmed his face and said nothing.

Chu nightning is a kind of cockroach, and the ink is a kind of infatuation. The two look at each other, and they are screaming with sparks. The atmosphere that has just eased slightly has become stalemate in hopelessness.

Ink burns: "There is no mistake in the teacher's sorrow. Master, you accidentally hurt him. Isn't it a sorry sentence?"

Chu Xiaoning narrowly raised his eyes: "You are asking me?"

"...I didn't." The ink burned. "I just feel bad about his innocence, but I don't get a apology from the Master."

Under the candlelight, the handsome young boy wrapped the last bandage on the wound of Chu Yuning, carefully knotted it, and it was still a very warm scene before the moment, but the mood of both of them has changed. Especially in the late evening, the chest is like a vinegar fried in a jar. The taste of sourness and sorrow can't keep up, and it is angry and annoying.

apologize?

How to write the word apology? Who will teach him?

The ink burned and said: "The wound on his face, all of them go back and say how long it will take half a year. When I just gave him medicine, he still told me not to blame you, Master, he does not blame you, but Do you think this thing you take care of?"

This sentence is tantamount to pouring oil on the fire.

Chu nightning for a while, after all, did not hold back, pressing the voice, Shen Sheng: "Get out."

Ink burning: "..."

Chu night Ning angered: "Roll!"

The ink burned out, and the door closed as soon as he slammed into his face, almost pinching his finger. The smoldering is also mad, look, see! Who is this? Isn't it just to apologize? What is the difference between a face and a gold, and what is the difficulty of touching the upper and lower mouths? This seat is to step on the emperor's seat and is not afraid to apologize to others. Also, Beidou Xianzun said that half of the inexplicable words were swallowed, and what was wrong with it!

No wonder that a long face is still rare!

White, and live alone for a lifetime!

Since Chu Xiaoning did not take care of him, he gave him a closed door to eat, and the high-ranking Emperor of the Emperor of the Emperor, of course, would not die and slammed his face to sleep. Although he was so tenacious, he couldn't get rid of the leather candy, but he was a teacher, not a master.

Immediately leave the person indifferently, go to the teacher to go.

"How come back?" The beauty of the teacher who had been lying down and rested, and the ink burned in. He squatted and sat up, and the long hair of the ink hanged down. "How about the master?"

"Okay, the temper is as big as peace."

Teacher: "..."

The ink burned the chair over, and sat there, sitting on the back of the teacher's chair with a lazy smile on his mouth, and looked back and forth with the soft long hair.

The teacher said: "Do I still have to go see him..."

"Wow, you can't think of it." The ink burned a white eye, "Furious."

"You made him angry again?"

"He needs people to provoke? He can be angry with himself. I see that he is a wood-made person, and he will burn it at all."

The teacher shook his head and laughed and laughed.

Ink burning: "You should rest early, I will go downstairs to borrow a kitchen and give you something to eat."

The teacher said: "What is it? You didn't close your eyes overnight, you don't sleep yourself?"

"Haha, I am in good spirits." The ink burned and laughed. "But if you can't bear me, I can stay with you for a while, until you fall asleep."

The teacher hurriedly waved his hand and said warmly: "No, you have to look at me like this, but I can't sleep, you go to sleep earlier, don't be tired."

The curvature of the corner of the mouth is slightly stiff and the ink burns a little sad.

Although the teacher-in-law is gentle to him, he always maintains some attitudes that are arrogant and arrogant. The people who are close at hand are like the moon in the mirror and the flowers in the water.

"...well." In the end, I just tried to cheer up, and I laughed. The smile of ink burns is very bright. When this person is not bad, it is silly and cute. "What needs to call me, I am Next door, or downstairs."

"Ok."

The ink burned his hand and tried to touch his hair. Finally he held back. The hand made a turn in the air and scratched his head.

"I'm leaving."

Out of the house, the ink burned and could not help but sneezed.

He sucked his nose.

Because of the fragrance, the price of all kinds of incense and incense is not expensive, so the inn is not awkward. Each room has a long special high-scented incense, one can avoid evil, and the other can dehumidify. Three can make the interior fragrant.

It can be uncomfortable to smell the incense, but the helper does not like it, he will endure.

Coming downstairs, the ink swayed to the front of the shopkeeper, stuffed a silver spindle for him, narrowed his eyes and smiled and said: "The shopkeeper, it is convenient."

The treasurer looked at the silver, and smiled more politely than the ink: "What do you want to tell Xianjun?"

Ink ignited: "There are not many people who come here to eat breakfast earlier. I have been negotiating for you. The kitchen is used by me this morning. I am troubled to bring other guests back."

Can you earn a few dollars early? Half a month may not be able to have a silver ingot to earn back, the treasurer immediately opened his eyes and smiled, full of mouths promised, led to the swaying ink drizzle, went to the inn's kitchen.

“Is it necessary for Xianjun to cook for himself? It’s better to let the cooks in our store do it, and the craftsmanship is very good.”

"No." The ink burned and laughed. "Is the treasurer’s heard of the drunken jade building in Xiangtan?"

"Ah... is that the famous building that went to the water more than a year ago?"

Ink burning: "Yeah."

The boss sneaked a peek out and determined that his wife was busy, did not eavesdrop, and snickered: "How have you heard of it? The most famous restaurant on the Xiangjiang River, a former music leader, a name It’s a pity that I’m far away, or I want to listen to her playing a song.”

The ink burned and laughed: "I am thankful for her praise."

"For her? For her?" The shopkeeper couldn't figure it out. "Do you know her?"

Ink burning said: "After knowing."

"Wow... I don’t see the prince, oh? But can you help the people who practice the Tao... um..."

Ink burned and interrupted him: "I don't know anything other than Le Kui?"

"Well... eating is said to be a must."

The ink burned his mouth and smiled more clearly. He skillfully picked up the kitchen knife and said: "I didn't practice the road, I was in the kitchen of

the drunken floor, and I played for several years. You said that it was delicious for your cook. Or is it delicious for me?"

The treasurer was even more surprised, incoherently: "Xianjun is really... really..."

It’s really a half-day.

The ink burned and squinted at him, his mouth curled up with a calm and smug smile, and his attitude was lazy: "Go out, this chef has to cook."

The treasurer did not know that he was talking to the former Lord of Darkness, and he slammed his face: "I have a long time to dip in the jade floor, and I don’t know if Xianjun is doing it for a while. Can you enjoy a face and give it a taste? Daughter-in-law?"

He had thought that this request was not high, and the ink burned would promise.

Who knows that the ink burns his eyes and smirks: "Want to eat?"

"Ok!"

"Thinking beautiful!" The ink snorted, and the pride was lifted, screaming. "Is this seat a chef who will easily serve the people? This is what I specially do for the teacher, or why He, this seat will never cook for cooking..."

He turned over the radish and began to cut, muttering.

"..." The shopkeeper ate a cockroach and stood up with a slap in the face, laughing for a while, then went out.

He is also embarrassed in his heart.

Also this seat? At a young age, I am afraid that the spiritual core has not yet formed. Looking at his mouth, the younger sister is short, but there is no female Taoist in the people who walk with him today.

The shopkeeper turned his eyes.

It is expected that this person will be ill and not very sick.

The ink burned in the kitchen for a while, and stayed for two hours. It was nearly noon, and it was only after work, and rushed upstairs to ask the teacher to pick it up.

When he passed through the night of Chu, he stopped slowly.

Want to ask him to eat together...

I remembered the bad nature of Chu’s late night, and the ink burned his mouth and his face was scornful.

If you don’t call it, you’ll be a little bit better, no one!

Chapter 26

The sun is getting higher and higher, and more and more people come to the inn to make a point. The ink is burning and the building is noisy, so that Xiao Er will deliver the dishes to his room.

In the end, he still invited Chu Yuning, after all, the master is the biggest, he is not the human king, the rules still have to be kept.

There are three bowls of steamed noodle soup on the side of the coffin. The noodles are made by myself. Unlike the ones bought outside, the noodles are smooth and smooth. The top is covered with thick sliced beef slices, oily sausages, fresh pea seedlings, full. Green vegetables, golden egg silk, bright and attractive color, it is beautiful to look at.

But the best of the three bowls of noodles is not the water leaves, nor the bulk of the meat, the extravagant material, but the bone soup that has been slowed down for four hours, poured in the noodle bowl, and the milky white soup floats. Sesame red oil, ink-burning stone scorpion has developed a spicy and spicy seasoning, boiled in the soup, aroma, full of flavor.

He pondered that the teacher loves to eat spicy, and the red oil and the oily pepper are all quite enough. Seeing that the teacher buryed his head and ate it very fragrantly, the curvature of the mouth of the ink burner became more and more sorrowful, and he couldn’t help but ask: "Is it delicious?"

The teacher said: "It's delicious."

Chu night, Ning did not speak, still owes the gloomy expression of his 100 Jinshan Yinshan.

The ink burned some smug smugness: "Then you want to eat and talk to me, I will do it."

In the eyes of the teacher, there was a thin layer of water mist in his eyes. He smiled and burned his eyes, and the eyebrows were soft. The beauty is in front, if it is not sitting next to a snowy night, the late night, the ink burning must be somewhat uncertain whether he should eat the teacher, or should eat the noodles in the bowl.

The pea buds, the fat intestines, the priests did not eat much, but the beef and greens quickly saw the bottom.

The ink that has been quietly observed next to it stretches out the chopsticks, pulls the pea sprouts and the fat intestines into their bowls, and clips several pieces of beef from their noodle bowls to fill the gaps.

The disciples of the dead and the dead all eat at Meng Po Tang, and often change the dishes with each other. Therefore, the teacher did not feel anything strange. He smiled and said: "A burning does not eat beef?"

"Well, I love pea sprouts."

Said to bury his head and scream. The tip of the ear is slightly reddish.

Chu night Ning noodles with chopsticks picking the bean sprouts in his bowl, all thrown into the ink burning bowl.

"I don't eat bean sprouts."

I also threw all the beef in my bowl to the teacher: "Do not eat beef."

Then frowned, staring at the rest of the bowl, licking his mouth, silent and not talking.

The teacher carefully said: "Master is... is it not your appetite?"

Chu nightning: "..."

He did not answer, bowed his head, silently clipped a green vegetable, biting a small mouth, his face was even more ugly, and he slammed the chopsticks.

"In the rain, you knocked the jar of hot sauce in the soup?"

I didn't expect the hard-boiled breakfast to be greeted with such a white rush, and the ink burned and looked up. There was still a noodle in the corner of his mouth. He stunned his eyes in the evening, and some of them couldn't believe their ears, so they swallowed the noodles and said: "Hey?"

This is not to give face to this evening: "Do you do what people eat? Can people eat this?"

The ink burned and smashed the eyes several times. I finally decided that Chu Yuning was swearing at himself, and said: "Why isn’t it what people eat?"

Chu night Ning's eyebrows twitched, and sighed: "It's really hard to swallow."

The ink burned, and it’s a trick that the drunken jade sneak out.

"Master respects you too... too picky."

The teacher also said: "Master, you have not eaten in a day, even if you don't like it, you can eat some."

Chu night Ning got up, cold and cold: "I don't eat spicy."

After turning around, I left.

The two people who stayed at the table suddenly fell into a silent silence. The teacher was a little surprised: "I don't know how to eat spicy? I don't know... Ah, you don't know?"

"I……"

The ink burned and looked at the noodles that Chu Yuning had left on the table. It was almost untouched, and he stayed for a while, then nodded.

"Yeah. I don't know."

This is a lie, and the smoldering is that I know that Chu is rather not spicy.

Only he forgot.

After all, the past life and this person have been entangled for most of the life, Chu night Ning loves to eat what does not like to eat, he is clear.

But he doesn't care, he doesn't remember.

When a person returned to the room, Chu night Ning was lying down, facing the wall, squinting but could not sleep.

He lost more blood and lost his spiritual power. One night and the morning grain was not finished. In fact, the stomach was long gone, and it was very uncomfortable.

This person does not know how to take care of himself. If he is in a bad mood, he will simply not eat it. He seems to feel angry and can give his stomach full of gas.

He didn't know what he was mad at, or he didn't want to know.

Just in the silence, there was a face in front of the blur, a smile, a splendid mouth, a pair of eyes with a black translucent, shiny and flowing, is a gentle dark purple.

It looks warm and lazy.

Chu night Ning tightened the bed, because it was too hard. The knuckles are slightly white. He was not willing to fall into this, closed his eyes and

wanted to get rid of this sly face.

However, after the eyes closed, the past events became more and more turbulent, and the tides poured into the heart...

He first saw the smoldering, in front of the towering tower of the dead.

On that day, the sun was shining, and the twenty elders were all in one, and they were whispering to each other.

The elders of Yuheng are an exception. He is not so stupid, and he is willing to stand there to roast the sun. Instead, one person has been hiding under the flower tree, holding a finger absently, and looking at whether the newly-made black iron nail cover is stretchable.

Of course, he himself has no need to use nail covers. This piece of iron-cut gold is forged for the low-level disciples of the dead and the dead.

It’s often dangerous to have a lower-level disciple’s death. The late-stage disciple’s death is not a rare thing. Chu’s night is in his eyes. Although he doesn’t say it, he always thinks about the solution and wants to make one. A lightweight, easy-to-use weapon.

Others talked about it in the side.

"Is it heard? The scorpion who has been lost for many years is rescued from the sea of fire. In the building where the water is going, everyone else is dead. If the Lord is to take another step, I am afraid that the little one will become one." It’s a blessing to make the ashes.”

"It must be that he cares for the child in the midst of it. Poorly he has been lost since childhood, and suffered so much, hehe..."

"Is the child called ink burning? Is it fifteen years old? The weak crown should take the word, does he have a word?"

"Hey elders, you don't know, this kid is a small kid, he grew up in the music hall, can have a good name, there will be words."

"I heard that the Lord has given him a few words, he is choosing it, and he does not know which one will be selected in the end."

"The Lord respects the little nephew."

"Isn't it? Don't say respect to the Lord, even the lady is distressed by him, and it hurts to be terrible. Hey, I see the only unhappy person in this life and death, probably only the pride of our heavens-"

"Elder Wolf! This can not be said!"

"Ha ha. Lost words, lost words! But our arrogant son of heaven is only arrogant, do not put the elders in the eyes, all day, fighting, walking, a natural and wealthy appearance, and indeed lost control."

"Elders of the wolf, you drink more today..." The person next to him gave him a wink, and the chin pointed to the late night, standing in the distance, the meaning is obvious.

Xue Meng, the proud son of Tian, is a disciple of Chu Yuning. He said that Xue Meng lost his control. Isn’t it just that he is ruthless in the evening?

This elder of Yuheng, do not look at the usual slow and reasonable, the bones of the fairy wind, as if floating in the world, a style of high school. But everyone knows that his temper is very bad. If anyone accidentally touches his scale, then wash his neck and wait to be killed alive.

Their words, Chu nightning has long heard.

But he was too lazy to pay attention. He asked his people how to evaluate his interest. He probably didn't have the thick pattern on his nail cover.

It is good to say that this set is good, but the toughness is not high enough. If you encounter a thick-skinned demon, you may not be able to tear open

the other's flesh and go back and add a little keel powder. The effect should be better.

The elders saw that there was no reaction in the evening, and they relaxed a little and began to talk quietly.

"The Lord is calling us today, is it to give the ink son a master?"

"It’s strange, why don’t you respect the Lord?”

"It seems that the roots of the little nephew are not suitable for practicing the Lord's mind." Someone yelled, "But that wouldn't bring all the elders together, let the little son pick it up?"

Lu Cun elders sighed and sighed, dialing their own elegant and smooth long hair, and grievously said: "Under the next moment, I feel like a cheap cabbage at the moment, on the desk, waiting for the ink to pick."

Everyone: "....."

So can this sissy not say this kind of truth in such a way?

After waiting for a while, the Lord has finally arrived. He walked thousands of steps and came to the Tongtian Tower, followed by a teenager.

Chu nightning only glanced at it casually, and looked at it before he saw it. He turned his eyes away and continued to study his nail cover. I am too lazy to go to the second look.

When it comes to apprenticeship, you have to talk about the fact that there are many unconventional and ruthless deaths. Other sects are Masters who are tall and touch the head of a new disciple. They say, "You, I think you have a Huigen. From today, you are my apprentice."

The apprentice did not even have a chance to say "no".

Either Master is indifferent and disdainful, waving his sleeve and saying: "Youth, your skull is too high, your eyes are not god, your back is anti-bone, and you should have a look. You are not with me, I will not accept you as a disciple."

Then the apprentice did not have time to express himself, and the master slammed the sword and flew away, running faster than the dog.

The difference between life and death is different. Master and disciple choose each other.

What does that mean?

There are twenty elders in the dead and dying. After all the disciples are getting started, through a period of comparison, they can piously hand over the teacher’s post and express their willingness to follow the elder’s practice.

If the elders accept it, then they are all happy.

If the elders don't accept it, the disciples can soften their hard bubbles and stalk them until the elders soften, or the disciples give up.

As far as reason is concerned, Chu Xi Ning is highly skilled and handsome. He should be in the market, and all the disciples must break his head and worship him as a master. But this is not the case.

Chu’s face is long and beautiful, but his temper is horrible. It is said that he is annoyed to be able to beat a female disciple as a male disciple and to sink the male disciple directly. There are really few people who have the courage to worship.

Therefore, under the elders of Yu Heng, the horse was deserted.

Except for Xue Meng, the son of Heaven, and Xue Meng’s friend, he has never received it.

Everyone would rather respectfully call him: "Elders." I don't want to kiss him hot and call him a "master."

Chu night Ning said with a cold face that he was not upset, bowed his head indifferently and continued to smash the cold armor weapon. What sleeves and arrows are used to design for others. When you do it earlier, more people can get rid of the pain earlier.

So he did not think that the ink would choose himself without hesitation.

At that time, he was frowning, rubbing the thorns on his fingertips, thinking about how to improve, and not paying attention to what the Lord and everyone said.

I don't know when, but the surroundings are gradually quiet.

After thinking about the improvement of the recipe for the thorns, Chu Xiaoning suddenly realized that it was just too silent.

So he finally took his eyes off the fingertips, with some impatience and inquiries, picked up the eyelids.

Then he saw a face.

It’s almost dazzling in the sun.

It was a beautiful young man who was looking up at him. The young man’s mouth curled up with a hint of laziness. If there was a smile, the dimples on the cheeks were deep, some of them were smokey and innocent. A pair of black and purple eyes are staring at themselves with enthusiasm and enthusiasm.

He first came to see, did not understand the rules. The distance of the station, near can be called rude.

Suddenly, the person suddenly came out, and Chu was rather surprised. It seemed to be burnt, and he subconsciously stepped back. With a bang, his head hit the trunk.

The teenager slightly widened his eyes: "Oh..."

Chu nightning: "..."

juvenile:"……"

Chu nightning: "What are you doing?"

The teenager smiled and said: "Xianjun Xianjun, I have been watching you for a long time, why don't you ignore me."

The author has something to say: Every day, I feel that feeding a fish is like a second brain with a brain-like circuit, and the master is like a super-smooth, very gentle Satsuma...

Ah, suddenly I want to change my name to "Two Ha and his Satsuma Master"

Chapter 27

Chu nightning has completely dizzy.

I also blame myself for being too fascinated, and I have no alertness in my life and death.

what happened? Where are the children? Ah, it seems to be the ink. What is the ink? Ink burning? Ink cooking? Ink...fish?

He sorted out his expression and mastered his state in a state of "not getting close to people." The surprise and panic in the eyes of the eyes were quickly cleaned up by him, and he was used to the exquisite and mean.

"you--"

I was habitually trying to reprimand, but my hand was suddenly caught.

Chu night Ning was shocked.

He lived so big, and no one ever dared to grab his wrist casually. For a time, I was black and stiff in the same place, I don’t know how to deal with it.

Pull it out, backhand a slap in the face?

... It feels that with the word "indecent", it is no different from a woman.

Then take it out, don't slap it?

... Does it look like I’m going to talk too well?

Chu nightning hesitated for a long time without action, but the boy laughed openly: "What is this on your hand? Very good-looking, how do you teach this? They have introduced themselves, you haven’t talked yet, Which elder is you? Hey, you just hit the headache and it hurts?"

A lot of problems were thrown in the brain, and Chu Xiaoning felt that he had just had a headache, but now it hurts.

The brain is broken...

When he was annoyed, the golden light in his hand floated up slightly, and when he saw the sky, he would call out. The other elders were moving in a

sigh of relief. He also dared to smoke this ink son?

The hand was suddenly caught by the ink.

The two hands fell into the boy's hand. The ink burned and did not notice the danger. He took him, stood in front of him, looked up at his face and smiled and said: "My name is ink burning, who is here? I don't know anything, but if I look at my face, I like you the most. Or, will I worship you as a teacher?"

The results were unexpected, and the people around them were even more stunned. The faces of several elders looked cracked.

璇玑 Elder: "Well?"

Broken Elder: "Wow!"

Seven killing elders: "Oh?"

Precepts elders: "Hey..."

Elder Wolf: "Oh, ridiculous."

Lu Cun’s elders are the mothers, rolling their hair, and the eyes are full of peaches: “Oh, this little son is so courageous, it’s a hero who is a teenager, and even the elders of Yuheng’s **** dare to touch.”

"...I am pleased, can you not say so disgusting?" The seven kills are abandoning.

Lu Cun turned his eyes gracefully and said: "Well, then change a Sven statement. When a true hero is a teenager, even the elders of Yuheng are dare to touch."

Seven kills: "....." Killed him.

Among all the elders, the most popular is the elders of Wenrun Ruyu. His spells are easy to get started, and he is a modest gentleman. Most of his disciples are worshipping under his door.

Chu Jingning originally thought that this ink should be no exception. Even if it is not a slap, it should be a bright and active army. Anyway, it will not be his turn.

But the smoldering stood so close to him, his face was a kind of intimacy and affection that was unfamiliar to him. He was like a harlequin that was suddenly selected, and he had no reason to make a fuss.

Chu nightning only knows how to deal with "awe", "fear" and "disgust". As for "like", it is too difficult.

He didn't even think about it, and immediately refused to burn.

The young man was kneeling in the same place, under the long eyelashes, there was a bit of despair and unwillingness in his eyes. He looked down and thought for a long time. Suddenly he whispered unreasonably: "It is you anyway."

Chu nightning: "..."

The Lord looked interesting next to him. At this time, he couldn’t help but smile and asked: "A fire, you know who he is?"

"He didn't tell me, how do I know who he is."

"Haha, you don't know who he is, why must he be?"

The ink burned still stunned Chu's hand, turned his head, smiled and said to the Lord: "Because he looks the most gentle, it is best to talk."

In the darkness, Chu nightning suddenly opened his eyes, and there was a burst of dizziness in front of him.

... I really saw the ghost.

He didn't know what the eyes were like at the time, but he felt that he was gentle. Don't say him, this thing was known to the whole life and death, and they all expressed their deep greetings to the ink-burning son with the gaze of "Silly child."

Chu Xiaoning raised his hand and helped the horn of the faint beating.

Shoulder pain, confusion, starving, dizziness.

This seems to be asleep.

He was in a big shape on the bed and stayed for a while, sat up, and wanted to sip a scent of incense, and suddenly the door was ringing again.

Still ink burned outside.

Chu nightning: "..."

He did not agree, did not say that he did not say to roll out.

But this time, the door pushed away.

Chu nightning looked up somewhat gloomyly. However, the matches that had been drawn on the hand hovered in the air, but they did not get together on the incense. After a while, they went out.

Chu night Ning said: "Get out."

The ink rolled in.

He had a bowl of steaming noodles in his hand, just out of the pot.

This time it was simpler, there were not so many facets, the white soup was sprinkled with chopped green onion and white sesame seeds, a small ribs, green vegetables, and a slightly browned poached egg.

Chu Xiaoning was very hungry, but he still had no expression on his face. He looked at his face and looked at his ink. He turned his face away and did not speak.

The ink burned the face on the table and said softly: "I let the cook in the store make another bowl."

Chu Xiaoning lowered his eyes.

Sure enough, it will not be burnt.

"Eat some." Moburn said, "This bowl is not spicy, no beef, no bean sprouts."

After he finished, he quit and went to the door for the late night.

He apologized for the injury of the late night.

But it can only do this step.

In the house, Chu night is leaning against the window, I don't know what to think about. He held his arms in his arms and stared at the bowl of ribs until the heat of the noodles dissipated until it finally became cold and there was no heat.

He finally walked over and sat down, picked up the chopsticks, picked up the cold, and even licked the pasta, and slowly ate it.

The Chen Zhaixie case has been closed.

The next day, they took the foster black horse from the museum and returned to the sect along the way.

In the streets and alleys, tea stalls and restaurants, people in Caidie Town are talking about Chen’s foreign affairs.

This is not a big town, it is such a scandal, enough for the townspeople to talk about it for a whole year.

"I didn't expect that Chen Gongzi had already closed the door and Luo girl became a pro, hey, Luo girl is really pitiful."

"I want to say that if Chen has no riches, he can't get out of this thing. Sure enough, men can't have money. Once they have money, they can drown the whole city with bad water."

Some men are not happy, and said: "Chen Gongzi did not take the bad water, this is his aunt's wrong thiophene, Chen Yuwai this turtle son, the sons and grandchildren of the future will have no farts / eyes."

Someone said: "The dead person is pitiful, what is the living person? You look at Chen Yao's, Yao Qianjin, I am the most embarrassed to look at her. Chen's black-hearted mother, deceived the big girl You talk about it, what should she do now?"

"Marrying people again."

The man turned a white eye and shouted: "Remarry? Are you coming?"

The muddy leg that was ridiculed licked his mouth and grinned and smiled. "If the woman in my nest promises, I will be embarrassed. Miss Yao is so watery, I don't think she is too widowed."

"Hey, hey, he wants to eat swan meat."

The ink burns sitting on the horse's back, erecting his ears, listening to the left and listening to the right. If Chu Jingning closed her eyes, frowned, and wrote the words "noisy and extremely" on the forehead, and the ink burned, I would like to join in the past and the villagers.

And he walked, and finally came out of the main city and came to the suburbs.

The teacher suddenly snorted and pointed to the distance: "Master, you are there."

In front of the destroyed ghost ceremonial earth temple, surrounded by a large group of farmers dressed in brown shorts, they are busy moving bricks and mortars. It seems that they intend to repair the damaged earth temple and rebuild the golden body.

The teacher was worried and said: "Master, the ghost ceremonies were gone before, and they created another one. Will this be rebuilt into a fairy, why not?"

Chu nightning: "I don't know."

"Do you want us to persuade them?"

Chu nightning: "The marriage customs of Choi Die Town have been for generations, and you can persuade you and me in a few words? Let's go."

Speaking of riding a light hoof, it goes away.

It is already late in the evening when I return to the dead.

Chu Yuening said to the two apprentices in front of the mountain gate: "You go to the Danxin Temple to present the passage, and I go to the disciplinary court."

The ink burned and said: "What are you going to the disciplinary court?"

Shi Yan looked worried: "..."

Chu night Ning no expression: "Limit."

Although the emperor violated the law and the sins of the people, but which emperor would kill the individual, he would ask for a big jail after the fall? The same is true of the realm of comprehension.

The elders are guilty of sin and sin with their disciples - in most sects, they are just empty words.

In fact, it is a good for the elders to quit. It is not bad to write a sin book. Which idiot will really be punished and slap on a willow or dozens of sticks?

Therefore, the elders of the precepts listened to the lateness of the night, and their faces were green.

"No, Yuheng Elder, you really... really hit the client?"

Chu night Ning faint: "Yeah."

"You too..."

Chu night Ning picked up his eyelids and glanced at him gloomyly, and the precepts elders shut up.

"This one ring, according to the law as a rod of two hundred, fined the temple for seven days, forbidden for three months." Chu night Ning said, "I have no arguing, voluntary punishment."

Precepts elders: "..."

He looked around and hooked his finger, and the door of the disciplinary court touched it, and the silence was silent. Only two of them stood opposite each other.

Chu nightning: "What do you mean?"

"This, Yuheng Elder, you don't know, the commandment, it shouldn't be in charge of your head. This thing shuts the door, knowing it, you know, I know, That's it. If I hit you, the Lord knows, can't you worry about me?"

Chu nightning is too lazy to talk nonsense with him. He simply said: "I am bound by the law, and I am bound by the law."

Speaking in front of the church, facing the commandment.

"You are fine."

The author has something to say: how the new book title was born.

Me: I want to change the name to "Two Ha and his Satsuma Master."

Friends: ... Satsuma? Is Satsuma not a smiling angel? Master is a smiling angel? Will he smile?

I: ... seems to make sense.

Friends: Cats.

Then it became "Two Ha and his White Cat Master". When these words were written, the brain kept looping. Oh, black cat sheriff, oh oh, black cat sheriff~==

In the future, you can open an animal anthropomorphic theater~

Big white cat master, fox dog teacher, Husky cold, little peacock Xue Meng ~

Chapter 28

The elders of Yu Heng were punished for breaking the ring. It was like inserting wings. They didn't have to wait until the next morning. Almost everyone in the martial art knew that night.

Two hundred sticks, changed to ordinary people, I am afraid that they can be killed alive. Even the people who cultivated the immortals are enough to drink a pot.

After Xue Meng was informed, he jumped up and said: "What?! Masters go to the disciplinary court?"

"Less Lord, you are going to talk to the Lord, the Master has been wounded, two hundred sticks, where did he live?"

Xue Meng is mad: "I am not? I am still not coming back to the Snow Palace. The pigeons must be booked at least for the next day. Why don't you stop the Master?"

The ink burned and the teacher looked at each other.

Stop Chu nightning?

Who can stop him in this world?

"No, no, I will go to him." Xue Meng rushed to the direction of the disciplinary court. Before I entered the yard, I saw a group of disciples elders who were blocked at the entrance of the main hall and were whispering something.

"What are you doing? Give me away! Let go!"

"Little Lord!"

"Ah, the Lord is coming."

"Let's let, let the Lord come."

The disciples quickly separated on both sides and gave way to Xue Meng. The door of Qingtian Temple was open, and Chu night was sitting in it, his body was straight and his eyes closed. The ruler elders, the iron rod, are reading the law of the dead and the dead. After each one, the iron rod is on the back of the night.

"The 91st law of this door, can not be indiscriminate and innocent, can not be immortal to the common, under the stick, you can have complaints?"

"No complaints."

"The 92nd law of this door, you must not arbitrarily deliberate, you can't swear by yourself, under the stick, can you complain?"

"No complaints."

The precepts elders dare not be soft and can only be enforced. More than ninety sticks down, Chu nightning white robes have been dyed by blood.

Xue Meng is the most respectful of the late night, seeing the eyes straight and bloodshot, shouting: "Master!"

Chu night Ning Ruo Ruo Wen, still with his eyes, the eyebrows slightly wrinkled.

The elders of the precepts looked at the door and lowered their voices: "The elders of Yuheng, the Lord is coming."

"I don't want to, I heard it." Chu night, Ning mouth corners of the blood, but did not raise his eyes, "his child is noisy, do not go."

The precepts elders sighed: "... Yu Heng, why are you?"

"Whoever makes my disciples are always disobedient." Chu night Ning faint, "If I am not punished according to the law today, I will continue to discipline others in the future."

"..."

"You go on."

"Oh..." The precepts elders looked at his pale, long neck, and slid out from the wide collar of the collar, and slid softly like a thin smoke. "At least it is lighter?"

"...this is different from bullying." Chu said, "I don't worry, but two hundred sticks, I can afford it."

"Yuheng elders..."

"The commandment, you don't have to say more, continue."

The iron rod finally fell again.

Xue Meng’s voice is distorted: “The precepts elders! Are you **** still not stopping? Where do you put this less? You are playing my teacher!! It’s my teacher!”

The precepts elders had to bite the scalp and did not hear.

Xue Meng is almost mad at the lungs: "Don't you hear the old man? You ordered that you stop! You, you have to dare to beat him, me, me, me-"

He has been for a long time, I can't think of anything to say. After all, it is only a fifteen-year-old boy. Even if he is "the pride of the sky", his strength and qualifications are far less than the elders, he can only blush and swear a rough sentence. if--

"I told me to go!"

Precepts elders: "..."

Chu night Ning slightly sighed uncontrolly.

Ninety-seven sticks. Ninety-eight sticks. Ninety-nine sticks. One hundred sticks...

工具s are soaked, and blood is glaring.

Xue Meng couldn't help it anymore. He rushed discovered his scorpion, and he slammed into it. He suddenly squinted at the night, and raised his hand, and an enchantment instantly slammed down, blocking the door, and moving Xue Meng back a few steps. Almost fell to the ground Trading.

Chu night, coughing blood, turning the eyes, a pair of fierce and fierce phoenix eyes squatting.

"Disgrace people, roll back!"

"Master!"

Chu night Ning Li said: "When can the young master of death and death be able to order the precepts elders to smuggle the law? Not to roll!"

Xue Meng stared at him, his eyes wide open, and there were water beads in it.

The ink burned and touched the chin, and the corner of the mouth was still playing with the kind of scroll that seemed like nothing: "Oh, not good, the phoenix is going to cry."

Upon hearing this sentence, Xue Meng jerked back and slammed the ink, and the eyes with tears were all red, but they could not let the tears roll down.

No complaints, no more talk.

He climbed up from the ground and lowered his head. He bit his teeth and wiped the dust off his body. Then he squatted toward the Qingtian Temple: "Master, the disciple is wrong."

Chu night Ning is still tortured by the iron rod, the back has not been bent, but his face is pale, his forehead is covered with fine cold sweat.

Xue Meng said: "But I don't go, I am with the Master."

Speaking of it, I look down on it.

The white eyes of the ink will turn to the sky. Xue Meng Xue Ziming, the pride of the sky, but humbled in the bones in front of the night. In front of others is a phoenix, in front of the master can become a cockroach. If it is not determined that Xue Meng does not like men, the ink burns must

suspect that this guy is probably looking at the late night of the Chu, will be so dead and die of nine regrets. Master respected his left face, and this little cockroach could smash the right face.

Take it, take it.

It’s really enough for a dog’s leg.

Although my heart is scornful, but I don’t know why I’m so bitter, and I’m burning with Xue Meng. After a while, the more I look at it, the less I feel. I don’t think he can make him loyal.

Chu night Ning would not like himself, Xue Meng is so noisy, after the night, would rather not be more biased?

So simply smashed the past, kneeling beside Xue Meng.

"I am also accompanying the Master."

Of course, the teacher also followed, and the three disciples were all waiting outside. The disciples under the other elders heard the news in various names and rushed to the disciplinary court to see the excitement.

"God, how is the elder of Yu Heng..."

"I heard that I was beaten by ordinary people in a rage."

"Ah! So fierce?"

"Oh, whispered, I was heard by Elder Yu Heng and I was looking back!"

There are still people: "How are the young masters squatting?"

"Mo Gongzi is also stunned..."

The ink burned beautifully, and the mouth was sweet. I didn't know how many girls were doing good repairs on weekdays. At this time, some people couldn't help but pity. They whispered softly: "Good heartache, how to do it, do you want to ask for help?" ""

"Their mentoring, we still have less control. If you dare to go, you will go. Anyway, I am embarrassed. Do you remember the sister who was beaten by the elders of Yuheng for a few hundred whip..."

"....."

Two hundred sticks.

The enchantment was finally withdrawn.

Xue Meng quickly climbed up from the ground and even ran to the Qingtian Temple. He looked close to him. When he saw the appearance of Chu’s late night, he screamed "ah" and turned his head to hold the precepts. Collar: "You are the old man, you won't be lighter!!!"

"Xue Ziming." Chu nightning closed his eyes, the blood-stained lips opened and closed, and the hoarse voice revealed an invisible deterrent.

"..."

Xue Meng's knuckles creaked, slamming the precepts elders and letting people go. At this time, the ink burned also came. He was still smiling. He felt that the precepts of the precepts must take into account the identity of Chu Yuning and would not be heavy. But looking down at the injury of Chu Xiaoning, suddenly, the smile on his face condensed.

Chu night Ning actually did not tell the elders of the precepts that he had a shoulder injury? !

The two hundred rods were more or less, and the seven seven eight eight eight, all on the old shackles on his shoulders.

The new injury is stacked with old injuries.

Chu night, you...

crazy? !

The pupils shrank, and a strong grudge rushed into my heart.

I don’t know what I’m complaining about, or I’m angry, I just feel that there is a fire in my stomach, the five internal organs are burnt, and the six smolders are burning. He was accustomed to the dying of the night, and his smashing his self-esteem and tarnishing his whiteness. However, the ink can't stand the pain of Chu Xi Ning, but it is played by others!

It’s about not forgetting the reasons of the past, and the burning of the subconscious feels that this person is his own. This person is dead, alive, hateful or hateful, all of his own.

He did not care that Chu was late to be punished. That is, he thought that Chu Xiening was an elder, and the two hundred rods would certainly not be severe punishment.

At the very least, he will avoid the wounds that have not healed on his shoulders.

But Chu night Ning actually did not say! Actually don't say it! What is this madman? What are you forbearing? What do you insist on in a stupid position? ! ?

There was a chaos in his head, and the ink burned him to raise his hand to help him. However, Xue Meng had already taken his step, and he took it down and smashed it.

"..." The ink-burning hand hung in the air, and after a while, it was put down again.

He watched Xue Meng help Chu night to go far away, and I don’t know how it tasted.

I want to keep up, but I don't want to move away.

Everything in my life has passed.

Today, Chu nightning is only his master.

Between them, any confusion, hatred, and entanglement have not happened.

He should not have this idea. Who is playing in the late night, who is holding it, who is with whom he loves, even if he is killed, there is no relationship with him.

The teacher came to him: "Let's go, let's go see with the lesser."

"I don't go, there is Xuemeng. It's enough. I can't help much. If there are more people, it will add chaos." The ink burned on the surface, but the heart was a little chaotic.

He really does not understand what he feels now, what is it.

Is it hate?

The author has something to say:

Comes with a small card sticker number 2.

Xue Meng

Word: Zi Ming.

Nickname: This person has not died

Occupation: He is the king of the mountain, he is the young master of the mountain king

Say something simple: mine second generation

Social appearance: outstanding talents who have not yet graduated

Say something simple: unemployed youth

Currently favorite: someone praises him, praises him, praises him in death

Favorite food: hot pot, to be spicy

Hate: no one praises him

Height: currently 169, fully grown 178

Chapter 29

That night, lying on the couch of the dead and the dead, the burning hands were resting behind the head, looking at the beam, how could not sleep.

Before the dust, the scene slipped past the scene. At the end, every bit of it, the pieces were smashed, and it was the face of Zhang Junxiu who had a deserted face.

In fact, for this person, the ink has never been aware of what he really thinks.

The first time I saw him, it was under the flower tree in front of the tower. His wide robes and wide sleeves, more than 20 elders, only one of them, did not wear the silver blue mysterious armor of the deadly life.

On that day, he lowered his head and glared at the armor he was wearing on his hand. He was half-faced and focused and gentle, like a white cat in a golden warm sun.

The ink burned far away, and the eyes could not move.

He felt that his first impression of Chu Yuning was very good.

Can not withstand the subsequent two cold, blame, harsh. The white cat had fangs and claws, and he was hurt.

He was rescued from the fire by his uncle, dying, and hanging on the line. Originally thinking of coming to the death and death, there will be a teacher who treats himself with tolerance and sincerely loves himself.

However, his pleasing, his efforts, Chu nightning seems to be invisible. On the contrary, it was a sharp spurt, and when it was a little worse, the skin that he hit was fleshy and bloody.

Later, he knew that Chu’s late night was looking down on him.

"The quality is inferior and the quality is difficult."

The man who is under the white flower and snow, is this evaluation of him?

He once regarded Chu Yuening as a nine-day cold moon, sincerely revered and loved. But in the heart of the nine-day cold moon, what is his smoldering?

An apprentice who had to accept it.

A thin and inferior to the bones.

One grew up in the restaurant and was contaminated with a pickled and dirty man.

Although the smoldering is always a slap in the face, he does not care about it, but he slowly hates the late night, and the kind of hate is accompanied by a strong unwillingness.

He is not reconciled.

Once, he has been holding a growing sense of resentment, to provoke Chu nightning, trying to get the attention of this person, get the appreciation of this person, get this person's surprise.

During that time, if the teacher praised him as "very good," he was happy to go to heaven.

However, if he can change the night, he would rather boast him a "good", he is willing to die.

But Chu nightning never praised him.

No matter how hard he does, how much he cares, how good, the cold man will always be a faint place, and then he will turn his face away.

The ink burns must be mad.

God knows how much time he wants to take Chu’s cheeks and turn him over, forcing him to stare at himself, forcing him to look at himself and forcing him to swallow the phrase "poor quality, difficult quality" Go in the belly!

However, he could only squat in front of the night, like a dog with a donkey, and bowed his head, and respectfully said: "The disciple remembers the teacher."

In front of the Chu night, the ink rain is humble.

Long as the "son", still low.

He finally understood that people like Chu Zhongning did not see him at all.

Later, I experienced a lot of things.

The ink-burning power of the dead, and then the cult of the celestial world, became the hegemon of the ancients. Under the gloom of his darkness, everyone shudders, everyone is afraid, everyone mentions that his name is light and mosquito-stricken, who remembers his stains, who remembers his origins on the table?

From then on, there is no light rain in the world, only stepping on Xianjun.

Step on the fairy.

People hate him, hate to the extreme, ten evils and no light rain, thousands of times can not save the life, can not be overborn!

Stepping on the immortal ink, raining, stepping on the gentleman, ink, raining, stepping on the fairy king

... step, fairy, king.

But what about fear? The shackles of life and death are still rumbling and screaming, and thousands of people kneel in front of the Wushan Temple, and the dense heads are all pointing at him.

"Take the emperor to live in the sky, and the world will not be embarrassed."

He felt that he was very useful.

Until he noticed the face of Chu Zhongning in the crowd.

At that time, Chu’s late retreat had been abolished, and he was tied to the main hall and was imprisoned.

The smoldering is determined to kill him, but he does not want Chu Xiaing to go away quickly. He has imprisoned the limbs of Chu’s late Ning, and cut the blood vessels at the neck of Chu’s neck. The mouth is not big. The spell does not allow the wound to solidify, the blood slams out bit by bit, and life is lost a little bit.

The sun is shining, the coronation ceremony has been going on for half a day, and the blood of Chu nightning should be done.

When this person died, the smoldering was completely broken and the past was broken. Therefore, he specially arranged Chu Xianning to arrange blood on his own climax ceremony and execute it.

When he became the thirty-nine supreme of the realm of comprehension, Chu Xi Ning became a lifeless corpse.

Everything was planted yesterday, and the smoke disappeared.

It was really great.

But this person is going to die, why is it still so indifferent? Something so handsome... He was pale, but his expression was faint, and there was no praise or fear when he stepped on Xianjun.

Only disgust, inferior, and -

I think that I must be crazy. Either Chu is late and crazy.

There is still a trace of mercy.

Chu night, I have mercy on myself, a person who will die, one defeated! He actually pity a top-ranking person, calling for the hegemony of the rain. He, he actually will - he actually dare! ! !

The backlog of more than ten years of anger made the ink burned, and he was in the Dan Heart Hall. Of course, at that time, the name was called Wushan Temple. In front of thousands of fans, he stood up in the flattery and screaming of those people, and the black robe rolled and stepped down the steps.

In front of everyone, he grabbed Chu's chin, his face was distorted, and his smile was sweet and embarrassing.

"Master, today is a good day for the disciples, why are you still not happy?"

Thousands of people, when there is silence.

Chu night is not humble, and looks cold: "I don't have an apprentice like you."

The ink burned hahaha and smiled. The smile was indulgent, and the sound was like a hovering circle between the golden temples. The wild geese were cold.

"The teacher is so unrequited, but this is really cool." He smiled and said loudly, "Is there no apprentice like me? Who taught me my heart? Who taught me? My cold blood - Who taught it?! The whips of my body are still not enough - I ask you, who are these people!"

He converges with a smile, his voice is fierce and fierce, and his eyes are cold.

"Chu Ningning! Accept me as a disciple who lost you? Am I in the bones or the pickles in the blood can't be washed? I ask you, Chu Yuning, I ask you - what is it?" Poor quality, difficult quality??

In the end, he was also a little crazy, and his voice shook distortedly.

"You never treated me as an apprentice, I have never seen me! But I - but I used to - really took you as a master, really respected you, loved you, just like this to me? Why are you from I don't want to praise me, why can't I get half of you good no matter what I do?!"

Chu night Ning was shocked and his face gradually paled.

He squinted at the big phoenix eyes, and looked at the smoldering like that, his lips moving, as if he wanted to say something, but after all, he said nothing.

Things are the shackles of human beings, and the only two people who are still in the old place are opposite.

In such an embarrassing silence, the smoldering seems to have finally calmed down. When he closed his eyes and closed it, he was the smiling face of the gods, smiling, smiling, and chilling.

He said softly and kindly: "Master, you don't look down on me, don't you think I am mean?"

After a pause, his gaze patrolled the top of thousands of people. All of them were squatting and crouching in front of his temple like a dog. They all admitted that he was the lord of the realm of comprehension, above the red dust. .

The ink burned and smiled: "Now? Before you die, I will ask you again. In this world, who is the humble, who is the respect? Who is who stepped on the foot, who is the winner? Who? What is the loser?"

Chu Xiaoning looked down and seemed to be still immersed in the confession that had just burned, and did not return to God. Finally, the ink burned his chin, forcing him to lift his face.

But when he forced him to look at himself, the ink burned suddenly.

For the first time, he saw a deplorable look on his face.

The look was too strange, and the burning felt that he was suddenly burned, reflexively releasing the finger that held his face.

"you……"

Chu’s look is very painful. It seems to be holding back the pain of some cone-shaped bones and the pain of heartbreaking.

His voice is very light and almost hoarse.

Floating in the wind, only the burning of a person heard.

He said: "Sorry, ink burns. It is Master's fault..."

At that moment, everything around it lost its voice, the sound of the wind, the sound of grass and wood, and the sound of the robe of the robes all belonged to the silence.

Only Chu Xiaoning looked up at his face, the only clearness between heaven and earth. It is the only sight he can see.

At that time, there should be a lot of ideas. Happy, proud, ecstatic.

But not.

At that time, the thoughts were strange. In fact, there was only one -

I don’t know when... It’s already so much higher than Chu’s late night.

Time has really passed for a long time.

Many past events have changed.

The ink burned his lips and muttered: "What do you say..."

Chu Xiaoning smiled, and the smile was familiar and unfamiliar. The ink burned in the eyes of the pair of phoenixes and saw his almost distorted look.

Then, the eyes slowly closed, and Chu night fell to his face. The ink burned his shoulder almost at the moment he fell. He screamed wildly and annoyed, like the sound of a beast crashing. .

"Chu Ningning! What do you say about Chu Xiaoning? You say it again!!"

The person in his arms did not answer any more, his lips were pale like a pear, and the handsome face was always indifferent. Before he died, he was solidified in a somewhat bleak smile. The corner of his mouth was a little bit entangled. The first time the ink burned in front of the tower.

Smiling slightly, some gentle.

"Chu Ning!!"

Those gentle and broken, the sea otters are scattered.

He finally got what he wanted, stepped on the life of the master, and reached the top.

What is this? what is this! !

The pain and hatred in the chest are increasing, what is this?

The faint black mist in the palm of the hand ignited, and the fingertips flew, quickly passing through a few blood veins of Chu's late night, sealing his last heart.

"Do you want to die like this?" The eyes burned and the eyes looked stunned. "There is no end, Chu is late, the accounts between us are not clear, not finished! They are not finished yet! If you don't give me words, Make it clear - I will put Xue Meng, Kunlun to the Snow Palace, and crush the last few people you want to protect!! They are torn into slag!! You think about it!!"

The ceremony is no longer going on, and thousands of fans there are not worried about it.

He changed his mind. He does not want to die late.

He hates him, he wants to be alive and late - alive...

He picked up the man who had lost too much blood, plucked his temper and jumped onto the roof of his fangs. The robes fluttered like the wings of an eagle, and the figure quickly flew over the heavy eaves and went straight to Nanfeng. Go straight to the red lotus water, the place where Chu nightning once lived.

There is plenty of aura, and there are so many grasses. He wants to save him back.

If a person is alive, he can hate. If a person is dead, he will not even have a reason to hate. Before he was crazy, he thought about killing Chu Yuning himself?

If Chu is rather dead, then what is left in this world?

Lying in bed, humming memories alone.

The night is thick, but it can't be smashed anymore.

The ink burned up, washed his face, put on his clothes, and carried a hurricane lamp, and walked toward the temple.

Chu nightning must be just a random bandage, and went there to punish. He is a man who knows the ink, is stinky and awkward, and is very rigid. He never considers whether his body can withstand it. Even if Xue Meng wants to stop him, he can’t stop it.

Sure enough, to the outside of the Temple of Jurassic, I saw a green bean lamp burning in it, and the tears kept falling.

Chu night Ning is facing the temple door, his body is tall and straight, like a pine.

When I saw this back, the ink burned a little regrets. What happened in the middle of the night? Looking for Chu nightning? Crazy?

But when they came, they just turned away and felt silly.

He thought about it, took a compromise method, put the wind lamp on his feet, did not intend to leave, did not go in, then stood outside the window,

elbows holding the window sill, holding the sly, watching from afar Chu nightning.

The copper bells of the horns sway gently, and the fragrance of flowers and plants is filled with the night.

The two stood up and separated, separated by a window of sapphire, separated by a quiet and quiet temple.

If it is before the rebirth, the ink burns enough position, you can go into the temple, let the end of the night, and then go back to rest.

If Chu is rather unwilling, he also has enough ability to seal Chu's hands and feet and violently take people away.

But now, he has neither position nor ability.

He didn't even have a late night.

The ink burned in a complicated mood. The people inside looked out of the window. The people inside did not notice it. He couldn’t see the five senses of Chu’s late night, and Chu Ning could not find his face.

So, the white cat squatted for a night and never looked back.

So, the silly dog also stood for a night, never gone.

The author has something to say:

Lose a small animal theater before going to bed today~

There used to be a little milk dog, because it was dirty and stupid, so no one liked it, only wandering around.

One day, the little milk dog was found by its uncle and returned to the nest. The new nest was warm and spacious, and the little milk dog was very happy, especially the big white cat that was sleeping on the cushion. It looked so gentle, the little milk dog snorted and happily got into the fluff of the white cat. .

However, the big white cat after waking up is not the same as the one imagined. It always looks at the little milk dog coldly, and ignores the other person’s spoiled. When it is not happy, even the claws do not remember to accept it. Just shouted on the face of the milk dog.

Slowly, the puppy grew up, and the white cat gradually became a little white cat in front of it.

The big dog wanted to teach the white cat a good meal, so he bit the throat of the little white cat, and the back of the toes slammed the snow white under his feet.

He thought it was a hard-boned and stinky stone-like animal. He suddenly realized that the white cat's body was so soft, which made him think that on the first night of the new nest, he hid in the warmth of the cat. The fluff gradually fell asleep.

But he would never know that the white cat opened his glassy eyes that night.

Where are the little things, so dirty...

The white cat thought, the pink tongue of the burr, silently cleaned the fur of the little milk dog.

The licked milk dog "snoring", blurring and blinking, thought it was a dream. His wandering in the dream is finally over, there is a big cat, very good for him.

Chapter 30

"Hey, hey, have you heard that? The elders of Yu Heng have violated the commandments, and they will be fined for the three days."

In the morning class, the disciples gathered in the good and evil stations to meditate. After all, they are all young people in their twenties and twenty years old. They can’t do what they want. When Master doesn’t pay attention, they start to whisper and whisper.

The late night of Chu’s punishment was quickly spread.

The disciples who witnessed the paws yesterday shared the gossip with others without hesitation.

"Wow, how come you know so late? Oh... It turned out that the elders of Lu Cun took you up the night to pick up the night dew? Well - then you really missed too much! Yesterday evening, in the Qingtian Temple, flesh and blood Cross-flying, terrible, Yuheng elders were beaten more than two hundred sticks! More than two hundred sticks! Sticks hit the key! No mercy!"

Every time the disciple said a paragraph, he made a particularly exaggerated look. With the exclamation of the teachers and sisters around you, don't mention how proud you are.

"Do you have a few accounts for more than two hundred sticks? You can be killed by the big man. You don't mention the elders of Yuheng. At that time, he couldn't stand it and fainted. This can give us less madness, rushing. Go up and fight with the precepts of the precepts, saying that no one can touch the fingers of the elders of Yuheng, and look at the scene-"

His facial features were wrinkled into a bun, and his eyebrows were squinted. Finally, he stretched his fingers and swayed from side to side, summing up three words:

"Hey."

Immediately, the younger sister was disappointed: "What! The elders of Yuheng passed out?"

"The young master and the precepts elders fight?"

"It's no wonder that I didn't see the elders of Yu Heng in the morning class... so pitiful... What did he quit?"

"I heard that I was beaten by the client in a rage."

"..."

Such gossips drifted into Xue Meng’s ears from time to time, and the temperament of the dead and the dying of the Lord’s life completely inherited his master’s respect and was extremely violent. It is a pity that there is more than one person who is discussing this matter. The good and evil are in groups of three and five, all of whom are screaming at the "Yuheng elders are punished", which makes him feel very noisy, but there is nothing to do.

Here Xue Meng's forehead is straight and blue, and there is no burning in the night, yawning again and again.

Xue Meng did not get angry elsewhere, and he screamed at the evil voice: "The day is in the morning, you are a dog thing, what is lazy in the morning! How does the teacher respect you on weekdays?"

"Ah?" The ink burned sleepy eyes, and another big yawn, "Xue Meng, you have enough to support it, and the teacher will respect me. Who are you, I am your cousin, talk to your cousin? Behave a little, don't be big or small."

Xue Meng swears: "My cousin is a dog, you should be a dang!"

The ink burned and laughed: "You are so embarrassed, don't look at your elder brother, Master knows how disappointed."

"You still have a face to respect the Master! I ask you, yesterday he is going to the disciplinary court, why don't you stop him?"

"Mengmeng, he is the teacher, the night night Yuheng, Beidou Xianzun, you stop one to show me?"

Xue Meng was so angry that he pulled up his sword and raised his sword. He said: "What the **** are you calling me?!!"

The ink burned and laughed: "Meng Meng, sit down."

Xue Meng violently thundered: "Ink rain, I killed you!!"

The teacher was sandwiched between the two, listening to their daily noises, could not help but sigh, silently support the forehead, and tried to concentrate on watching his book: "Sun and Moon pot irrigation, spiritual core when the initial The heavens can't be seen, the dead and the participating merchants..."

In the blink of an eye, in the past three days, Chu’s thoughts ended.

According to the rules, he is faced with a three-month ban. During this time, he was not able to leave the shackles of life and death, and he needed

to go to Meng Po Tang to mix and match, and to clean the columns of the Nai He Bridge, clean the steps in front of the mountain gate, and so on.

The elders of the precepts are worried: "Elder Yu Yuheng, to tell the truth, I don't think you can do these things. You are a generation of masters, doing this kind of dishwashing on the floor... it is aggrieved." Did not say a half sentence -

Mainly the old man is very skeptical about whether you will sweep the floor to cook and wash clothes!

Chu night, I was not doubtful about myself, and went to Mengpotang to report it.

Meng Potang went up to the general manager, down to the servant, and was shocked to hear that the night was rather to punish the hard work, and they were shocked and stunned.

Chu night, white clothes, floating, but still.

A handsome face is cold and calm, without any expression. If you add a piece of clouds to his feet, add a dust between his arms, and there is no difference between them and the immortals.

Meng Potang’s manager felt very embarrassed and very upset. He actually wanted to make such a beautiful man wash vegetables for cooking.

Chu nightning did not have the consciousness of being a beautiful man. He stepped into the kitchen and glanced at everyone. The people could not help but take a step back.

"..." Chu night Ning opened the door, "What should I do?"

The general manager squatted and thought about it for a while, and cautiously said: "How do the elders think about washing vegetables?"

Chu night Ningdao: "Good."

The general manager was greatly relieved. He originally thought that the late night of Ning Shi Ning did not touch Yang Chunshui. He may not be willing to do such a brush washing, but other work is not dirty, it requires some technology, he is worried about Chu Yuning. Can't do it well. Since Chu Xiaoning readily promised to wash the vegetables, he would not have to worry.

As it turns out, the manager is really naive.

There is a clear stream in front of Meng Po Tang. Chu Xi Ning, holding a basket of green vegetables, came to the stream and began to wash

vegetables by rolling up his sleeves.

This area belongs to the jurisdiction of the elders of the elders. Occasionally, the disciples who passed by, when they saw that Chu Ning was actually washing vegetables, they were so scared that they couldn’t say the complete words. They took three or four times to make sure they didn’t look at it. Wrong, only to be shocked: "Jade, Yuheng elders - early, early."

Chu night Ning raised his eyes: "Early."

The elders of the elders shivered and fled.

"..."

Chu nightning is too lazy to yell with them, continue to control their own leeks, rinse, and throw them back into the basket.

He washed very seriously, and the leaves of each dish were opened, and they were brushed back and forth before and after. The consequence of this is that - seeing it at noon, a basket of green vegetables has not been washed.

The buddy was in the hustle and bustle, waiting for the head to go round and round: "What should I do? Why didn't the elders come back? He won't come back without returning green vegetables. How should the green beef stir-fried?"

The general manager looked at the sun and said: "Forget it, don't wait, change to braised beef."

So when the late night of Chu returned, Meng's beef had already been out of the pot, and the stew was so savory that it didn't need green vegetables at all. Chu nightning frowned, he was holding his dish, quite unhappy, cold and cold: "Why don't you want green vegetables, let me wash?"

The head of the cold hair was upright, and the cold sweat of the forehead was rubbed with a handkerchief. He said something that made him regret it: "Is this not, I hope the elders can make a pot of green vegetables stewed tofu?"

Chu Xiaoning had no expression, still holding his dish, and silently thinking about it: "..."

The general manager is busy: "If the elders don't want to, then it doesn't matter -"

The department has not said anything yet, Chu Yuning has already asked: "Where is the tofu?"

General manager: "..."

"Elder Yu Yu, you... know how to cook?"

Chu Yuning said: "Not knowing nothing. You can try it."

At noon that day, the disciples still entered the Meng Potang as usual, and found the location in groups of three and five, and went to the counter to play the dishes.

The life and death of the dead are not ruined, the food has always been rich, and today is no exception.

The braised beef is fat and thin, the fish-flavored pork is bright and full, the farmer's crispy meat is golden and crispy, and the pepper and fish are red and attractive. The disciples were busy rushing to grab the food they loved, lined up all the way, let the house master give himself a spoonful of sweet and sour pork ribs, pour some marinade on the rice, or add some oil and spicy.

The fastest runners are always the disciples of Lu Cun’s elders. The little guy who is at the head of the team is braving a big pox on his nose, but still remembers the Mapo tofu. He skillfully carried the wooden pallet to the last cabinet, and his eyes did not lift. He said, "Master, I want a bowl of tofu."

The master's ten fingers were long and white, and he handed him a full plate of tofu.

However, it is not the Mapo tofu he is familiar with. It is a plate of color black, and the food is indistinguishable.

The disciple was shocked: "What is this?"

"Green vegetables boiled tofu."

The voice of Meng Potang is full of enthusiasm. This disciple did not pay attention to the voice of the person. Instead, he said with anger: "Do you have alchemy? Can this be called green vegetables to cook tofu? I don't want it, you will go back!"

While squatting, I went to the house master. As soon as I saw the person standing behind the cabinet, the disciple was scared and screamed, almost knocking over the tray.

"Jade, Yuheng Elder!"

"Ok."

The disciples are crying. "No, what am I, I just didn't mean that. I..."

"If you don't eat, take it back." Chu night Ning no expression said, "Do not waste."

The disciple stiffly picked up the plate and handed it to Chu Yuning stiffly, then left with the same foot.

Not long after, everyone knows that the last cabinet is standing by the elders of Yu Heng, so the original Meng Po Tang, which is still busy, is silent.

The disciples were like a dog licking their hair, and they lined up in a hurry. They panicked and served the dishes. They respectfully came to the last cupboard, greeted the elders and then stumbled and ran away.

"Yuheng elders are good."

"Ok."

"Yuheng Elders Good Day."

"Good day."

"The elders of Yuheng are working hard."

"..."

The disciples were very disciplined and cautiously twelve points, so Chu Xiaoning accepted the nervous greetings of every disciple, but no one dared to try the green vegetables in his pot to cook tofu.

Slowly, the team is getting shorter, and the food in front of the other masters is almost finished. Only the night of the night is still full, and the pot of dishes is cold, and nobody cares.

There is no wave in the face of Chu Xiuning, but the heart is somewhat complicated. He washed it for a morning...

At this time, his three pro-disciples came. Xue Meng is still silver and blue, and it is very refreshing. He was a little excited to join in: "Master! How are you? The wound still hurts?"

Chu night Ning is very calm: "No pain."

Xue Meng: "That, that's good."

Chu night Ning looked at him and suddenly asked: "Do you eat tofu?"

Xue Meng: "..."

The author has something to say: Chu nightning: Do you eat tofu?

Disciple A: No, don't eat.

Chu nightning: Do you eat tofu?

Disciple B: Wowo Wo bean allergy!

Chu nightning: Do you eat tofu?

Xue Meng: Hey!..... (Suddenly red-faced) I am a straight man! I, I can eat the tofu of the Master!

Chu Yuning: ... What are you thinking about, go to the Qingtian Temple and think about it! Don't mix with the ink rain in the future! (Roaring table)

Chapter 31

In order to show my heartfelt heart in front of the master, I have to play three sets of tofu black tofu, and to ensure that I will not lose one piece, all have to eat.

Chu Xi Ning is very satisfied, showing a rare appreciation.

I was not happy with the burning of the back. Stepping Xiandi Jun has an inexplicable attachment to Chu’s identity, and immediately has three tofus. Chu night Ning looked at him: "Is eating so much, don't you support it?"

Inkburn and Xue Meng screamed: "Don't say three copies, that is, three more, I can eat too."

Chu night Ning faintly said: "Good."

Then I gave the six pieces of tofu and said: "You are the same, you can't waste."

Ink burning: "....."

The other two are all ordered, and the teacher is no exception. He laughs: "That... Master, I have three sets."

So on the first day of the confinement of the elders of Yu Heng, his three disciples had a stomachache because they had eaten something bad. The next day, the elders of the precepts found Chu Yuning, euphemistically expressed that Meng Potang did not lack helpers, please Chu Ning moved to the bridge, helping to clean the leaves and wipe the pillars.

The Naihe Bridge is a bridge connecting the main area of the dead and the scorpion and the disciple's resting area. It can accommodate five carriages and circulate. The pillars stand with white jade and nine beasts, representing the Longsheng nine sons, and another 366 lions. The short column is magnificent.

Chu night, quietly sweeping the ground, after sweeping, carefully rubbed the jade beast.

It’s raining for a long time, when it’s getting darker.

Most of the disciples who had scattered classes did not have oil-paper umbrellas, and squatted toward the residence with the otters. Raindrops lingered on the stone steps, and Chu night Ning Yao took a look and saw the young girls with a relaxed smile on their faces, and they were sowed and bright in the rain.

"..." Chu Xiaoning knows that if they let themselves see themselves, the kind of brightness and ease will disappear, so he thought about it and circled under the bridge.

Some disciples who ran in front of the bridge came to the bridge to see the scene and could not help but scream.

"Enchantment?"

"How do you put an enchantment on the bridge?"

"Probably the elders arranged." Some disciples guessed, "The elders are the best for us."

The translucent gold enchantment cage was stretched over the upper end of the bridge, and it was spread to the main trail of the disciple's resting area, covering all the roads they were going to follow.

"It must have been arranged by the elders. Is this place not under his control?"

"It’s good to be elders."

"This enchantment is so beautiful, the elders are really powerful."

The disciples shook their wet hair, and joked and sneaked into the enchantment. They talked about going to the rest area.

Chu Xiaoning stood under the bridge hole, listening to the sound of the bridge on the bridge, until there was no sound, the returning teenagers had gone far, he slowly took the enchantment and walked out of the bridge hole calmly.

"Master."

I was shocked to hear that someone called him.

Chu nightning suddenly looked up, no people were seen on the shore.

"I am here."

He looked up and followed the ink, and saw the ink burning on the white jade bridge, a silver blue light squat, legs lazily placed on the edge of the bridge.

The young man's eyebrows are black and amazing, and the eyelashes are like two small fans, hanging down. Holding a paper umbrella, I stared at myself with a smile.

One of them is on the bridge, and the leaves are rustling. One is under the bridge, and the rain is in the river.

Just squatting with each other, no one spoke for a moment.

Between the heavens and the earth, the mists and rains are lingering, and occasionally the deciduous bamboos are falling down with the wind and rain, and they are blowing up between the two.

Finally, the ink burned out and made some noises: "Hey elders, you are all wet."

Chu nightning is almost cold at the same time: "How do you know that it is me?"

The ink burned his lips, his eyes were bent, and the dimples were deep: "With such a big enchantment, can the elders not come out? Not a master, who else?"

Chu nightning: "..."

Mo-burning knows that he is too lazy to practice his own way to avoid the rain, and when the brain moves, he throws the umbrella down.

"This is for you, then."

The bright red oil paper umbrella fell, and Chu Yuning caught it. Birun’s bamboo and wood handles were dyed with some temperature. The crystal drops of water dripped down the umbrella. Chu night Ning looked up at him: “That What about you?"

The ink burned and laughed: "I will not be able to go back cleanly?"

Chu night Ning snorted, but still sloppy sleeves, the top of the ink burned immediately opened a bright golden barrier, looked up and looked at the smile, said: "haha, really beautiful, and peony pattern, thank you. ”

Chu night Ning gave him a look: "That is sea otter, only five petals."

After all, the white robes and umbrellas are gone. Keep a person standing in the rain screen and count the petals: "One, two, three, four, five... ah, really five petals..."

Looking up again, Chu nightning has gone far.

The ink burned the scorpion and stood under the enchantment. The childish smile on his face disappeared a little and gradually changed into a complex look.

Suddenly he didn't understand what he was thinking.

If you have a feeling of being alone, you can only have pure love or pure disgust.

The rain stopped for four days. When the clouds were raining, a group of cars and bells jingled, stepping on the clear water pool, stepping on the sky and shadows, and stopping in front of the dead mountain gate.

The bamboo curtains were picked up, and a folding fan with red stems was found inside.

Then, a pair of blue-skinned silver boots stepped out and stepped on the rut, and the slamming heavy land fell on the ground, dusty.

This is a strong-eyed, big-waisted, strong-skinned man with a blue-and-silk squat and a neat beard, about 40 years old. He looks very rough, but the big tower-like hand is shaking a literary fan with exquisite workmanship, and can't tell the weirdness.

The fan slammed open and saw the other side, writing -

"Xue Lang is very beautiful."

On the other side of the book is written -

"The world is very ugly."

The name of the fan is the name of the river, and the reason is that, besides the owner of the fan, the word written on the fan is too embarrassing.

Boasting yourself on the front and mocking others on the opposite side.

The fan handle is lightly shaken, and the radius of the fan can smell the taste of the fan owner's narcissism. No one knows the real world.

Who is the owner of this fan? It was the death of the Lord who stayed outside for more than two months. Xue Meng’s father, the unburned uncle, Xue Zhengyi and Xue Xianchang were also.

The so-called Longshenglong, Fengshengfeng, the son of the mouse will make a hole.

The opposite is true. The son is a peacock, and Laozi will certainly open the screen.

Although Xue Meng is so beautiful, it is very different from his old Kong Wu, but at least they are similar in their bones -

I feel that "Xue Lang is very beautiful, and the world is very ugly."

Xue Zhengyi stretched out a lazy waist, activities and muscles, twisted his neck and smiled and said: "Hey, this carriage is really exhausted, I finally got home."

In the Danxin Hall, Mrs. Wang is mixing powder, and she sits on the left and the right, respectively, and burns Xuemeng.

She softly said: "The hemostatic grass is four or two, and the first yang is one."

"Mother, I’m fine." Xue Meng sat next to her and handed the herb to her. Mrs. Wang took over and smelled the smell of the blood-sucking grass, and then said, "No, this grass and Guanghuo have been together for a long time, and the taste is skewed. The soup made will be harmful. Let's take some fresh ones." ”

"Oh, good." Xue Meng got up and went to the medicine cabinet.

Mrs. Wang continued: "Five spirits and three money, and a scorpion."

The ink burned the material and handed it to her: "Auntie, how long does this medicine take?"

"You don't have to worry about it, you can take it." Mrs. Wang said, "When I have finished the powder, can I burn the elders of Yuheng?"

I didn't want to send the ink, but I took a look at Xue Meng's back. I knew that if I didn't send it, then the person who sent the medicine must be Xue Meng.

I don't know why, he just doesn't like Xue Meng alone and stayed with Chu Ning, so he said, "Okay."

After a pause, I asked: "Is this medicine a bitter for my aunt?"

"Some bitter, what happened?"

Ink burned and said: "Nothing." But grabbed a candy from the fruit plate and stuffed it into the sleeve.

The people in the temple are concentrating on dispensing medicine, but suddenly there is a burst of laughter and loud laughter. Xue Zhengyi strode into the hall with a blissful radiance, and said: "Yes, I am coming back! Hahahaha!"

The head of the sect of the church, without a harbinger before coming in, shocked Mrs. Wang almost sprinkled the powder in the medicine spoon. She stunned her eyes: "French?"

The ink burned and also rose to meet: "Uncle."

"Ah, is the burning child?" Xue Zhengyi was arrogant and arrogant, but his talk was very harmonious. He patted his shoulders with a slap in the air. "Good boy, I haven't seen you for a while, and I seem to have licked some more." How is it? The trip to Choi Butterfly Town is still smooth?"

The ink burned and laughed: "It's still smooth."

"Good, good! There is a late night in Chu, I know that there will be no mistakes, hahahaha - yes, what about your master? Another person is boring in the mountains and banging his little things?"

The ink burns the words, some swear: "The teacher respects him..."

His uncle is as fierce as fire, easy to impulsive, and the death of his uncle in the past, a large part of the reason is attributed to such a character. Of course, the ink-burning is not willing to tell him directly that he has smashed two hundred sticks and was banned for three months. I was thinking about how to open it, and suddenly there was a "ah" behind me.

Xue Meng squatted out with a pile of hemostatic grass and saw his father, can't help but say: "Hey."

"Menger!"

The ink burned and sighed, and this time the father and son met, they must be a little charming, and praise each other, and they just thought about how to confess Chu nightning.

Sure enough, the peacock and son were standing on the tail feathers, and they spared no effort to praise each other.

"I haven't seen you in two months. I have a lot of good things. I am more and more like you!"

Xue Meng did not look like a cockroach, just like his mother, but he quite agrees, also said: "The sturdy figure is also a lot stronger!"

Xue Zhengyi waved his hand and smiled. "This time, I am in the Kunlun Snow Palace, I feel more and more like a young boy, not as good as my children! Oh, that group of girls can show me Tired, Menger, do you still remember Mei Hanxue?"

Xue Meng immediately revealed his disdain: "Is that the little fat man who has been practicing for more than ten years, is said to be the master of the Snow Palace? Is he going out?"

"Hahaha, my son is really good, it is him. When I was a child, I lived in our house for a while and I slept with you for a bed."

"...how don't you remember, fat like a dog, sleeping and kicking people, he has been squatting many times. You see him?"

"I saw it, I saw it." Xue Zheng was carrying a beard and seemed to be in a memory. Xue Meng is the pride of the sky, and he is so aggressive, so he asked impatiently: "How?"

Xue Zhengxuan smiled and said: "I want to say that it is not as good as you. A good boy, his master taught him what to play the piano, and he gave a light and flying petals. You can laugh at you, hahahaha!"

Xue Meng’s tip of the nose seemed to be disgusting.

A fat fat man, playing the piano, flying petals...

"How about his repair?" After all, Mei Hanxue retired for more than ten years. In the past few months, he has just cleared the sword and has not seen the sword on the rivers and lakes.

Since "the appearance" has already compared people, Xue Meng is more than "repaired".

This time, Xue Zhengyi did not answer immediately. He thought for a while and said: "Seeing that he doesn't have a lot of shots, it's a good thing. Anyway, when Lingshan is on the sword, Menger naturally has a chance to compete with him."

Xue Meng twitched his eyebrows: "Hey, that fat man, there is no chance to fight with me."

At this time, Mrs. Wang had already added the last bit of powder. She got up and smiled and touched Xue Meng’s head: "Menger should not be arrogant, be imaginative, and always fearful."

Xue Mengdao: "What is the use of the empty mind? It is all done by people who have no ability, I will be as happy as I am."

Xue Zhengyi laughed happily: "Look, can the tiger father have a dog?"

Mrs. Wang is not pleased: "You, this person, do not teach him, and teach him something bad, like what."

Xue Zhengxuan saw her face with a three-pointed anger, knowing that she was really upset, and she converges her smile and scratched her head: "Yangzi, I am wrong. The woman said how to teach how to teach, all said by the woman." Yes, don't be upset."

Ink burning: "....."

Xue Meng: "....."

Mrs. Wang was a disciple of the lonely moon in her early years. It is said that she was plundered by Xue Zhengyi. This rumor is not true or false, but the ink burns very clearly. The uncle is affectionate to the aunt, and the iron skeleton is turned into a soft finger. However, Mrs. Wang is not so passionate about her husband. She is a very gentle person, but she always sends a little temper to Xue Zhengxuan.

These years, the relationship between the husband and the wife is deeper, and the discerning person can see it.

Xue Meng naturally was too lazy to see his aunt flirting. He was disgusted, and snorted and turned away impatiently.

Mrs. Wang is quite embarrassed and quickly said: "Menger?"

Xue Meng waved his hand and strode out.

Ink burning is not willing to disturb the reunion of couples, and it is also possible to avoid the uncle's cross-examination. Chu nightning was punished for this kind of thing, let Mrs. Wang talk to him, he can't help himself. So he packed up the potions on the table and walked away with a smile. He also covered the temple door for them.

Holding the wound medicine, I swayed to the red lotus water.

Chu night Ning was injured. In the past few days, the body was weak. The enchantment that was originally wrapped around the otter was removed. So some people came, and he did not know.

So, by chance, the ink burned to see such a scene...

Chu nightning, at this moment is taking a bath in the lotus pond.

His own bubble is no problem, the key is that he has always been clean and self-made Yuheng elders, his royal lotus pond, there are actually two other people...

Chapter 32

Separated by heavy lotus leaves, when the ink burned, it was still struck by lightning. The horror was so stiff that it was on the spot, and the five-flavored bottle in the heart was broken and completely broken, and the face was cracked.

Thriller, anger, sour vinegar, violent, fireworks burst. He moved his lips, and he couldn’t say a word in his breath. He didn’t realize what he was angering. There was only one thought in his mind.

Can you touch people who have slept in this seat?

Chu night, you are the arrogant and extravagant in the table! You actually, actually...

He didn't react at all. In the rest of his life, Chu Xiening had no temptation to entangle with him. In a moment, the strings in his head were broken.

After all, for more than a decade, a lifetime, from birth to death.

When he was awake, he was able to work with ease.

However, under the circumstance, the soldiers were in a state of chaos, and the original form was revealed. He still subconsciously believed that Chu Yuning was his own. At this time, he clearly realized that he even remembered the feelings of his lips and kissed him. Not to mention the love of the ecstasy, the desire to entangle, the passion and harmony.

That is why he dared not think about it after he was born again.

Until I saw the back of the night, I saw the familiar figure, the shoulders were wide and the legs were long, the muscles were firm, and the waist was thin and powerful, soaked in clear water.

Those lingering that he deliberately avoided, tried to forget, and suddenly opened the seal, swept through.

The scalp is numb.

...he responded to this body.

And it is a strong reaction that can't be stopped at all, just watching, the lower abdomen is burning.

When he returned, he was already angry and shouted: "Chu Ning!"

Chu night Ning actually ignored him.

The two men supported his shoulders one by one, and the mist in the lotus pond was transpiration, and it was not possible to see the specific appearance of the two. But they are very close and the distance is tight.

The ink burned and slammed, and actually jumped into the lotus pond and slammed toward the water in the late night. When he approached, he discovered that

Then, it was actually a mech of two metals and a nanmu!

What is even more terrible is that they seem to be using the scent of the lotus pond water to convey the spiritual power to the Chu nightning, and the ink burns this headlessly, completely breaking the spiritual power field...

I don’t know what kind of circle is used by Chu’s late night. He is in a coma. He is supported by the golden light from the metal palm of the two mechs. The light is constantly rising and the wound is gathered behind his shoulder. It is obviously being healed.

The intrusion of the ink burned the golden light quickly, and what is even more unexpected is that this legal array will actually reverse!

I saw the golden light scattered, Chu nightning's wound began to be quickly eaten, he frowned, snorted, coughed out a blood, followed by the scars of the body began to tear, blood is like a haze, instantly dip the flower pool .

The ink burned.

This is Chu Yunning's "Flower Soul Sacrifice"!

He realized that he might...worried...

The spiritual flow of Chu's late Ning is a double-family system, and Jin Lingliu is like a "day question", majoring in attack and defense. Muling Stream is used for treatment.

Flower soul sacrifice is one of them, Chu nightning can mobilize the essence of flowers to heal the wound. However, during the operation, there must be no other people in the circle, otherwise the soul of the vegetation will be dissipated, which will not only have a therapeutic effect, but will intensify the injury. In serious cases, the night nucleus of Chu’s night is very likely to be robbed by the spirit of flowers.

Fortunately, the last generation of ink burned on the flower soul sacrifices, and immediately slashed and smashed the spirit. Chu Yuening, who lost the support of the FDC, was soft down now and was steadily supported by the ink.

The unconscious teacher is pale, his lips are blue, his body is cold and ice.

The ink burned him on the shore, and he couldn't wait to see a few more eyes. He took half of the night and took it back to the bedroom and put it on the bed.

"Master! Master!"

After several calls, Chu nightning never even twitched the eyelashes. Except for the slightly undulating chest, he looked just like dead.

Such a late night makes the ink burned to the past.

Inexplicably, I feel that my throat is awkward and my heart is in a hurry.

In the last life, there were two people who died in the ink.

Teacher. Chu nightning.

They are two, one is his lover who is convinced, and the other is the enemy who has been entangled with him for a lifetime.

After the teacher left, there was no light rain in the world.

What about Chu nightning?

I don’t know how to burn, he only remembers that day, the people in his arms are cold and cold, without crying or laughing, and joy and sadness are out of reach.

After the late night of Chu, the light rains, no longer knows what is human.

The lamp is bright and bright, according to the late night of Ning Chi and naked.

On the evening of the night, Yu Heng’s clothes were very tight on the weekdays. The collars were tight and high, and the waist was wrapped around three lines.

Therefore, no one has ever seen how his body hurts after two hundred sticks...

Although he was punished in the disciplinary court that day, the ink burned his eyes and saw the rod wound behind Chu Yuning. At that time, he only knew that the flesh and blood were vague and extremely fierce. But then he

saw that Chu Ning had nothing to do and swayed around, thinking that he had probably not hurt his bones.

It was only at this moment that he discovered that Chu's injury was far more serious than he thought.

The five mouths left by the ghost masters have been opened, and the deepest part can clearly see the forest bones.

Chu Xiaoning probably did not help people to change the medicine, they are all hands-on, the ointment is not evenly spread, and some places that are not enough have been inflammatory and festering.

Not to mention the traces of the blue and purple. Covering the entire back of the ridge, almost no complete flesh is seen, plus the anti-phagosis of the ruins. At this moment, the wounds of the Chu-Ningning are completely torn, the blood is flowing, and the sheets underneath are quickly dyed. mottled.

If you don't see it with your own eyes, you won't believe that you will stick to the bridge pillars and open a huge rain-enhancement enchantment for the disciples. It will be the front of you – this can be classified as a serious injury in the category of "old and sick" Injury.

If it's not that Chu Ning has lost consciousness, I'm really trying to take a look at his collar.

Chu nightning, do you have self-esteem?

You are low, you are soft, who will stop you? Why do you have to twist your strength, you are so big, why don’t you know how to take care of yourself and be better for yourself?

Why are you not asking others to help you with your medicine?

You can let the two mechs help you to display the healing system, and wouldn’t you ask someone to help?

Chu night, you are stupid! !

Are you drowning?

He secretly cursed, and quickly pointed to the point of stopping bleeding. Then I took the hot water and wiped the blood behind it for Chu Yuning...

The sharp knife quenches and cuts off the flesh that has completely decayed.

First, Chu Xiuning was sore and sore, and the body bounced. The ink burned him, and he didn't have a good air: "What are you yelling! Owing, fucking? Then poke your chest with a knife, and it will not hurt if you die. One hundred!"

Only at this time, the ink burns to reveal the evil nature of the gods, and screams and drinks like him in the past life.

However, there were too many places where the white rot of the wound was ruined, and it was cleaned up bit by bit. Chu Xiaoning had been breathing low.

Even if this person is in a coma, he will try to suppress the forbearance, and will not cry out loud and cry, but his body is cold sweat, just wiped clean body, and is soaked with sweat.

After busy for half an hour, I finally applied the medicine and wrapped the wound.

The ink burned for the late night, wearing a coat, and holding a thick quilt, and put it on the hot teacher, this was a heavy relief. I remembered that Mrs. Wang’s medicine was still sealed in a paper bag, and she took the water and rushed the bowl of medicine, and ended up at the bedside of Chu’s night.

"Come, drink medicine."

He picked up the sleeping person in one hand, let him lean on his shoulder, pick up the medicine in one hand, blow it, and try to sip it first.

The ink burned immediately and frowned. The face was twisted into a buns. "Hello, so bitter?" But it was cool, and it was fed to Chu.

As a result, just half a spoonful was fed in, and Chu Yuening couldn't stand it. He repeatedly coughed and spit out the medicine, and most of them were splashed on the ink-burning clothes.

Ink burning: "..."

He knows that Chu Xi Ning does not like bitterness, and even some are afraid of suffering.

However, if it is awake, the elders of Yuheng who are dying will surely endure disgust, devour the medicine and drink it, and then sneak a face and sneak a sugar.

Unfortunately, Chu Xiaoning is comatose at the moment.

There is no way to burn the ink. It is not good to lose temper with an unconscious person. He has to bear the temperament and feed him a small mouthful of mouth. From time to time, he still needs to wipe the medicine at the corner of his mouth.

This is not difficult for the ink burning. After all, in the past life, for a while, he also used this medicine to drink Chu nightning every day, and at that time, Chu Ning also resisted, and the ink burned his head. Then he grabbed his chin and kissed him up, his tongue raging and invading, bloody...

I dare not think about it again. Some of the sloppy brooders that the last few spoonfuls of ink burned were spit out by the late night. Then he put the man on the bed and smashed the quilt rudely.

"I can do this in the best of my life. You don't want to kick the quilt at night, it's hot, if you don't care about it..."

He said half of it, suddenly tempered his temper and took a leg.

"Forget it, can't you keep me cool? I hope that the more you get sick, the more sick you are."

After turning around, I left.

Going to the door, I felt that a heart could not be placed, so I turned back and thought about it, and put the candle off for him. Then leave again.

This time, I walked to the waterside of Honglianchi Lake and watched the water lily that absorbed the blood of Chu's late night and became more and more beautiful. The irritability in the chest only increased.

He was angry and angry, but returned to the bedroom with his hands.

Like a rusty and aging mech, he walked around the house in a sly manner, and finally reluctantly stood on the bedside of Chu.

The moonlight is scattered from the semi-open bamboo window, and the silver glow is soaked in the face of the Qing Dynasty.

The lip color is light and the eyebrows are slight.

Ink burned and thought about it, closing the window for him. The sputum is very humid, and sleeping in the window at night is always bad for people. After doing this, the ink burned and swears:

Then fold back from the door, he is a dog!

As a result, he walked to the door and slammed, and Chu Ning actually took the quilt down.

Ink burning: "....."

So how can this person's habit of sleeping and kicking a quilt change?

In order not to be a dog, the 16-year-old stepping emperor was very patient and tolerated and left.

He said that it will never be folded back from the door!

So after a while.

- The emperor of the sacred gods opened the window and turned in from the window.

Picking up the quilt on the ground, and putting it on the night of the night, the ink burned and listened to Chu’s pain, which was unbearably low, and the twitching back, watching him curl up in the corner of the bed, no longer half a week. fierce.

With a "live" on his mouth, he also faintly moved his heart.

He sat on the bed at the night of Chu, and stood guard. Do not let people kick the quilt again.

Late at night, the ink burned for a day was finally unable to support, slowly tilting his head and sleeping.

This sleep is very bad, Chu nightning has been turned over and over, and the ink burns in confusion, it seems that he still heard him squatting low.

Shallow stunned, ink burning is also somewhat unclear on the eve of the evening, I do not know when it is natural to lie next to Chu night Ning, hugged the man who trembled. He groaned and slept, his subconsciously stroked his back, held the man in his arms, and softly dreamed: "Okay, no pain... no pain..."

The ink burned asleep, whispering, as if he had returned to the life and death of the previous life, and returned to the empty Wushan Temple.

After the death of Chu, he no longer embraced him.

Even the lingering nurturing of hatred, in the day-to-day coldness, makes him think that the heart is sore, and the ants who read it are heart-breaking.

But I want to read it again, and Chu Ning will not come back.

He lost the last fire in his life.

This night, the ink burned with the late night, half-sleeping and half-dream, and for a moment I knew that I had regained my life, and I was still in my life.

Suddenly, he did not dare to blink, fearing that he would wake up tomorrow, and only the empty pillows, cold and cold curtains. It’s a long life, and he’s left alone.

He is undoubtedly hating Chu Yuning.

However, when he was in his arms, his eyes were a little moist.

It was Thirty-two-year-old Teng Xianjun, who thought that he could never find the warmth.

"Good night, no pain..."

Consciousness, ink burns like the one before rebirth, stroking the hair of the man in his arms, whispering, a gentle sentence, so he blurted out.

He was too sleepy, didn't even realize what he said, called the other person, even when he said that he didn't have any thoughts when he said it, but it slipped naturally, and then the ink burned longer and fell deeper. Dream.

Early the next morning, Chu nightning eyelashes trembled and woke up.

He was a strong man and had a high fever overnight. He had already retired.

Chu discovered that he was sleepy and tired, and his consciousness was still vague. He was about to get up, but he suddenly realized that someone was lying on the same bed as himself.

... ink, ink rain? ? ?

Wherein the difference is wherein. Chu night, Ning, time was pale, but I couldn’t remember what happened last night. What’s more, he was able to wake up the ink.

The boy yawned, his clean and delicate face with some healthy blushing when he was asleep. He squinted his eyes and squinted at the night, and he was confused. "Ah... let this seat sleep for a while... ...when you wake up, go and cook me a bowl of egg-flowered lean porridge..."

Chu nightning: "....."

What a mess, dreams?

The ink burned still faint, seeing that the night was not moving, and did not urge people to get up and cook porridge, but lazily smiled, reached out, pulled the face of Chu’s late night, and cooked on the lips. A bit.

"I can't afford it, this seat has just had a nightmare, a dream... oh... no mention." He sighed, holding a man who had been completely sluggish and stiff. The chin rubbed the top of the man in the arms and muttered, "Chu Ning, let me hug you again."

The author has something to say:

Commonly made sugar, sugar, sugar you want!

As for why the ink burns him, [night Ning], this is not a slip of the tongue. In the last life, he really called the teacher like this. As for why he is so intimate, please listen... Hey, I don’t know how many times it’s broken down. ! Hey run away.

Chapter 33

Chu Xiaoning was shocked by the sudden kiss. Where did he still feel the smoldering in the mutter? He only thought that the words were sly, and the ear was like a rain.

The ink burned there, but the wind was light and dark, and after a few words, he went back to sleep.

"..."

Chu nightning wants to wake him up.

However, the window on the side of the bed was just outside, and the outside of the tree was just open. Not too late, when the night was lifted up by Chu, a fallen pale pink Begonia flower fell lightly on the tip of the ink.

"..."

The ink burned the nose somewhat uncomfortably, but he slept very sweetly and didn't wake up. Then he stretched out and pushed the hand of the man,

and the ghost changed the direction. The night of the night, Chu Ning took off the sea otter and pinched it between his fingers.

While looking at the flowers, while being fascinated, slowly, he remembered it somewhat.

Vaguely remember, yesterday was the ink burned to clear his wounds, feeding him to drink the soup.

Later, the smoldering seemed to have hugged himself, groaning in his ear as he touched his hair and back in the long night.

Chu night Ning made a stay, he thought this should be his own dream?

The tip of the ear is not consciously red, like the jellyfish that stops at the tip of the finger, and the brilliant color of the flower.

The words of reprimanding were swallowed up.

It’s really... I don’t know what to expect.

"How come you sleep here?"

It sounds like a young woman.

"Get out of bed, who will let you sleep here!"

It sounds like a shrewd woman.

"Do you dare to kiss me?"

In fact, only the lips met, compared to the time in the illusion, it is really not a pro, if you care about it, but it seems to want to cover.

"..."

I don't know how to be good, the elders of Yu Heng can only play half a roll in the bed and bury their faces in the bedding. The slender ten fingers squatted at the horns, some irritated and irritated.

In the end, he chose to open his hands and feet, sit up and dress himself up first, then wake up.

So when the ink burned and slumbered, I saw the elders sitting on the edge of the bed, with an unpredictable look and a cold look.

When the cold sweat came, it came down.

"Master respects me -"

Chu night Ning indifferently said: "You broke my flower soul enchantment yesterday?"

"I did not do it on purpose……"

"But it." Chu night Ning is very cold, and he waved his sleeves like nothing. "Get up soon. Go to the morning class."

The ink burned down, and he looked at his hair with some anxiety: "How can I sleep here..."

"Tired." Chu Xi Ning is very calm. "Look at you like this, I should have been busy for a long time yesterday."

He said, looking at the medicines on the case, and said: "You can't rush into the red lotus water in the future. If you want something, please report it to

me in advance."

"Yes, Master."

"Let's go."

Stepping Xianjun felt that he had returned a small life and hurried to run away.

When he left, Chu Xiening lay back on the bed, raised his hand and opened the palm of his hand. From the crack in his fingertips, he looked at the splendid flowers outside the window, and the wind and flowers fell.

The soft color of the jellyfish is like a sporadic memory last night.

Very light, but difficult to distinguish between true and false.

He decided not to take the initiative to mention yesterday.

Too bad! ! !

The elders of Yu Heng cherish their faces like gold, and they must face their lives. So a few days later, when the ink burned again to see the late night of the night, the elders of Yu Heng were still light and light, calm and calm, noble and cold, and white.

The cuddling of that night, none of them took the initiative to mention. Only occasionally when the eyes overlap, the sight of the ink burns seems to stay in Chu nightning for a while, and then habitually chasing the teacher.

And what about Chu Ning?

When he touches the smoldering sight, he immediately turns to the beginning coldly. Then, when the other party did not notice, it seemed to be inadvertently, and then glanced again.

Xue Zhengyi soon learned that Chu Yuning was punished.

Sure enough, the guardian of the dead and the dying of the Lord was short-lived, and immediately made a big fire. However, this fire is not suitable for anyone, so he can only close the door and suffocate himself.

- I knew that when I set the rules, I should add one: the law is not as good as the elders.

Mrs. Wang brewed a pot of tea and whispered to him for a long time. Xue Zhengyi only suffocated, but still said: "The elders of Yu Heng are stubborn. If he wants to do this again, the woman must help me. Something. He is the master of the martial art in the upper cults, but he is suffering from this kind of suffering in my place. How can this be my conscience?"

Mrs. Wang said: "I don't want to persuade him. You also know that the elders of Yu Heng are doing things."

Xue Zhengsheng said: "But it, the lady, the medicines that you have adjusted for myalgia and analgesia give me some, I will go see Yuheng."

"White oral service, red external application." Mrs. Wang handed two Xiaoyao small porcelain bottles to Xue Zhengxuan, and then said, "I listened to the burning children, saying that the elders of Yuheng have been rubbing the lions in the bridge for a few days. You Going there should be able to find him."

Xue Zhengyu then took a porcelain bottle and rushed to the vicinity of Yuqiao.

Chu night Ning was really there, at this time in the afternoon, the disciples were busy doing their own practice, and few people passed through the bridge. On the bridge of the jade belt, only Chu Yuning stood alone, standing tall and straight, and had a hurricane.

The forest leaves on both sides of the strait, the white clothes, the bamboo, the gentleman's posture.

Xue Zhengyi walked over and smiled heartily: "Yuheng elders, are you enjoying fish?"

Chu night Ning side face: "The Lord is joking, this river passes through the water of Huangquan in the ghost world, how can there be fish."

"Haha, make a joke with you. You are more elegant and less interesting, so you can't find a wife."

Chu nightning: "....."

"Hey, hurt medicine, my lady's tune. White clothes, red external application. It's very good. It's for you."

"..." Chu late Ning originally did not want to, but I saw that Xue Zhengyi was quite proud of it. It seemed that he was very cherished for his wife's pro-drugs, so it was not good to refuse. So he took it down and said faintly, "Thank you. ”

Xue Zhengxuan is a rough man, but in the face of Chu Ningning, it is also somewhat cautious. Many things dare not communicate easily. I thought about it for a while before I picked up a topic: "Yu Heng, after three years,

Lingshan is on the sword. At that time, the young talents of all the factions will gather together and compete for the heights. What do you think of the children and the children?

Chu night Ningdao: "After three years, things are not good. I only see the moment, the ink does not seek advancement, Xue Meng is underestimated. It is not what it should be."

He speaks simply, meanly, and does not bend around.

Xue Zhengyi’s face could not be hanged, and muttered: “Hey, boy!”

Chu night Ningdao: "It has already been weak, it is not small."

Xue Zhengxuan: "It is true that the words are correct, but they are only less than twenty. After all, when I am an uncle, I will definitely avoid partiality, haha."

Chu nightning: "The child does not teach, the father has passed, the teaching is not strict, the teacher is lazy. If the two go backwards, it is your responsibility, how to be partial?"

"..."

Chu Yuening said: "The Lord can still remember, Linyi Confucianism has also had two days of pride?"

He said that Xue Zhengyi’s heart could not help but sink.

More than 20 years ago, the first large-scale school in the upper cult of the sect of the Confucianism, once had a pair of brothers, all of whom were young and talented. They were able to surrender a hundred years of great demon alone at the age of ten. You can create your own spells and open the fire.

However, one mountain is not allowed to be two tigers. Because both of them are middle-aged people, they are still brothers and sisters. In the same year, Lingshan argued that the younger brother had been sneaked into the sect of the sects of the elder brothers in advance. After the conference, the younger brother was immediately severely punished by his father. He was very proud and frustrated. From then on, he hated it, specialized in martyrdom, and finally fell into a devilish head.

Chu Xiaoning mentioned this old thing at this time, no doubt wanting to tell Xue Zhengyi: Xue Meng and Mo Yan are excellent, but more important than the spell, is the heart.

It is a pity that Xue Zhengxuan is harsh on himself and serious about his disciples, but he is confused in his son and nephew. He is at the point of love. Therefore, if he is late, he does not listen to it. He only says haha and says: The elders of Yu Heng pointed out that they would not take the old road of the brothers."

Chu nightning shook his head.

"Humanity is stubborn. If you are not determined to make a decision, it is easier to change it."

He said this, Xue Zhengyi could not help but feel a little uneasy. He didn't know if there was something in the late night. After a while, I couldn't help but say: "Yu Heng, are you some... Hey, I said, don't be angry, are you looking down on ignorance?"

Chu Xiaoning did not mean this. He did not think that Xue Zhengyi had been so misunderstood that he was somewhat stunned.

Xue Zhengxuan worried and said: "In fact, they can not emerge in three years. I am not particularly concerned. Especially the burning children, he has suffered a lot from snacks, and his temper is inevitably a bit awkward. I hope you don't because he is in the restaurant. He grew up and disliked him. Hey, he is the only blood left by my eldest brother in the world. I have something to him in my heart..."

Chu Xiaoning interrupted Xue Zhengxuan and said: "The Lord will misunderstand, I will not look down on him. If I care about the origin of the burning, how can I accept him as a disciple?"

Seeing his straightforwardness and tone, Xue Zhengxi said: "That's good, then it's good."

Chu nightning's gaze fell again into the river under the bridge, he looked at the flood of Hongbo, the waves screamed, no more words. It is a pity that the two people’s dialogue on the bridge and the confession of Chu’s late life are as easy as being swallowed up by the waves like the previous life.

His "not abandoning" the ink burning, no third person heard.

The March ban was passed by.

On this day, Chu Yuening passed three disciples to Honglian Shuiyu and said: "Your spirits have been stabilized. Today, you are called to come to Xuxufeng and try to call out your own weapons. ”

Upon hearing this, Xue Meng and Shi Yan both widened their eyes and showed a look of incompetence.

Xu Yingfeng is the sacred mountain of Shang Xiu, which is a thousand feet high and stands tall.

According to legend, Xu Yingfeng used to be the place where the gods and gods of Chenshang Palace were cast. Gou Chen Shanggong is a soldier of

the gods, he is in charge of the north and south celestial poles, and he is the ruler of the world.

When the Emperor demoned the demon, the Chen Shanggong was based on the Chongshan Mountain. The lake and the sea were pools, and the blood of the gods was the fire. It became the first "sword" in the real world, and the sword was thoroughly attacked. Fallen, China is divided and the sea is back flowing.

The Emperor of Heaven held the "sword", and within two strokes, the Mozu was suppressed under the earth, and it was hard to rise again.

And the two strokes traversed the territory of the human world, splitting two deep squats. After this battle, Tian Yusu, ghost night crying, flooding thunder, heavy rain for thousands of years, the deep ditch of the two swords was filled with rain, and it became the Yangtze River and the Yellow River that gave birth to countless creatures.

As for the Xu Yingfeng, where the Excalibur was broken, it became the pilgrimage site for the later generations. The aura left by the ancient gods is very rich. Today, there are still countless mysterious charms in the mountains and mountains, and there are strange flowers and plants growing. Numerous monks also peeked at the avenue in Xu Yingfeng, and the robbers soared.

But for the world, the most attractive attraction of this incredible sword is the “Golden Pool”.

It is a pool of ice pools at the top of Xu Ying Peak, which is frozen all year round.

In the rumor, Gou Shanggong is a god-making sword, cuts the palm of his hand, and squeezes into his own blood, and one of the drops of blood falls on the low point of the peak. After millions of years, the blood of the **** is still not exhausted. This piece of Jin Chengchi, which is clearly visible, is surrounded by future generations.

And no matter whether this rumor is true or not, the wonders of Jin Chengchi are not false. Although it freezes three feet all year round, there are very few Taoist priests who can use their own nuclear power to make the pool water temporarily, and the pool will jump out of an ancient animal, mouthpiece, and shore. man of.

Xue Meng couldn't wait to ask: "Master, when you take Shenwu, what is the ancient animal that jumped out?"

Chu night Ningdao: "鲲鹏."

When Xue Meng heard it, his eyes flashed with eager light: "Great! I can see Peng Peng!"

Ink burned and laughed: "When you start the lake, let's talk about it."

"What do you mean? Do you think that I can't open Jincheng Lake?"

The ink burned and laughed: "Oh, what kind of gas, I didn't say that."

Chu night Ningdao: "From the lake, the weapon will not necessarily be Kuangpeng. It is said that there are more than a hundred beasts in Jincheng Lake, guarding the spirit of Shenwu. If one of them likes you, it will find itself. The weapons that can be obtained are offered to the people on the shore. And these sacred beasts have different temperament and will ask you various demands. If you can't finish them, they will carry weapons and return to the bottom of the lake."

Xue Mengqi said: "Is this the case? That Master, what did you ask for at the time?"

Chu night Ningdao: "It says that you want to eat meat."

The three disciples took a moment to laugh, and Xue Meng haha said: "Scared me, I thought it was difficult."

Chu Evening also smiled a little and said: "It’s just good luck. The requirements of these beasts are bizarre and everything is there. I have heard that someone has summoned a mole. The little mouse asks the man to marry his wife. Give it, the man did not agree, the Mole took the weapon and left, and then the man would no longer have the opportunity to get the martial arts."

The teacher whispered: "That's a pity..."

Chu nighting looked at him and said: "What a pity? I respect him as a gentleman."

The teacher hurriedly said: "The teacher misunderstands, I don't mean this. It is natural that the wife can't change it with even more powerful weapons. I just regret that he missed such a weapon of the gods."

Chu night Ning said: "This is just a rumor, but unfortunately I have no chance to see such a person. Many years ago in Jincheng Lake, I have seen what is terrible and dirty, dirty my eyes."

He paused, seemingly remembering something, and there was a faint ambiguity between the eyebrows.

"But it, don't mention it. For thousands of years, Jin Chengchi didn't know how many Dan's heart did not change, and how many people were thin and cold. In front of Shenwu, how many people can give up the opportunity to become a fairy, Do not hesitate to stick to my heart...? Hehe."

Chu night Ning sneered twice, it seems that something in his memory touched his anti-scale, his look gradually indifferent, his lips finally tightened, and his mouth shut. The sword was slightly stunned, and looking at him looked like he felt sick.

"Master, all said that Jin Chengchi's Shenwu has a temper, then you used it with ease?" Xue Meng saw him unhappy, opened the topic, and asked.

Chu night Ning picked up the eyelids, faint: "There are three gods for the teacher, which one do you say?"

The author has something to say:

Today's small theater revolves around Mr. White Cat's last sentence, "Where are there three martial arts teachers, what do you say?", and various adaptations are launched!

If this is a campus text -

Disciplinary Committee member Xue Mengmeng: "Squad leader! I will not correct QAQ. I remember that you seem to be a perfect score. Your paper is borrowing me!"

The class leader Chu Xiaoning picked up his eyelids and said: "There are three volumes of my perfect score. Which one do you say?"

If this is a president's text.

Rich second generation Xue Mengmeng: "Chu Chu, my dad asked me to send this gift to your seaside holiday villa. Tell me about your address."

The overbearing president Chu Xiaoning picked up his eyelids and said: "I have three sets of beach villas. Which one do you say?"

If this is a harem species / Marvin (feed hi!)

Xiao Meng Xue Mengmeng: "Chu Huangshu QAQ you, your one after the world. She and she bully the nest! You don't scratch your nails!"

The uncle of the wind, the uncle, and the late night, picked up the eyelids, faintly: "Oh? There are three people after the king's death. Which one do you say?"

If this is a news broadcast: (...)

Ccgv reporter Xue Mengmeng: "Chu Shuji, under your governance, H City's urban appearance and residents' happiness index have all improved by leaps and bounds, urban sewage discharge has been greatly reduced, and urban traffic congestion has been significantly alleviated. At the commendation meeting after the 10th National Congress, Mayor May expressed his gratitude for your work and expressed his gratitude. On behalf of the city of zf, he gave you the “Moving the Knights of the Rotten State”. You can show us your medal. ?"

Chu Evening’s secretary raised his eyelids and said faintly: “This comrade, I have three medals that touched the Knights of the Rotten State. Which one do you say?”

If this is...

Chu nightning: "mmp Laozi has been on the show!! Played enough! Today, the box lunch has not been fed to me!"

Meat package: "...the last one, the last one."

If this is a gourmet text.

Rice bucket Xue Mengmeng: "Boss boss! I heard that your family's steamed buns on the tip of China! In the 69th Jinchengchi cooking competition, the judges were nominated by the judges, Peng Peng, as the 'big-hearted conscience big meat package', the boss can ask Tell me what stuffing the buns are? How much is a cage? Can you give me a cage?"

Chu nightning: "Human flesh, 30,000, can't."

Meat package: ".....Hey, you have to follow the script..."

Chu night Ning picked up the eyelids, faint: "I have campus, president, harem, ccgv, four scripts, which one do you say?"

Meat package: "....."

Attached to the picture of Xiao Ning! !

Chapter 34

Such a shocking cry of ghosts and gods, only Chu nightning can calmly and eloquently. The three disciples listened to their ears and each had a different taste in their hearts.

The simplest thing Xue Meng thinks is that there is only one interjection: Ah!

The ink burned more complicated. He remembered some things in his previous life, and he held his chin and thought that he would not want to see the third weapon of Chu Yuning in his life.

As for the teacher, he leaned his head, a pair of Jiangnan smoked apricot flowers, flashing a faint glow inside, like worship, and fascination.

"Does the day question come from Jinchengchi?"

Chu nightning: "Well."

"The other two..."

Chu nightning: "One is, one is not. The weapon temperament is usually not too strong, you can control it, you don't have to worry too much."

Xue Meng sighed with some envy: "I really want to see the other two gods."

Chu night Ningdao: "The general thing, the day is enough to deal with, the other two, I would rather they have no use."

Xue Meng reluctantly sighed, but the eyes still flashed, and Chu was rather in the eyes, knowing that his good nature is extremely difficult to suppress, but fortunately Xue Meng is not bad, as long as a little guidance, it also Don't worry too much.

The ink burned but touched the chin next to him, like laughing and laughing.

It is the murderer who knows that the sergeant has no choice but to use it. Chu Yuning... No matter what the past and the present, the loser is lost in this righteousness.

The evil invincibility is written in the book, but this fool must be taken seriously, and it should be so talented and powerful, but it is still a prisoner, and it has become a skeleton.

"Master." The voice of the teacher interrupted the smoldering thoughts.

"Disciples have heard that there are hundreds of thousands of people who seek martial arts every year on the Rising Sun Peak. There are only one or two people who can open the Jincheng Pool organically. Even for a few years, they have not seen the pool." The disciples are shallow... It is impossible...not possible You have to be married. A burning and a young master are all leaders in the world. If you don't, I won't go there. Stay here and practice basic spells."

Chu nightning: "....."

He didn't talk, and the porcelain-like face was covered with a touch of mist, and it seemed to be sinking.

The teacher of the last generation gave up the opportunity to go to Xu Yingfeng because of inferiority. When he saw it, he immediately smiled and said: "Just try it. If it is not, then it should be a tour. You are dead all day." If you are doing something, you should go out to the world."

The teacher became more and more embarrassed: "No, I am too weak, and there are so many people in Xu Yingfeng. If I encounter a disciple of other martial art, I want to learn from it. I will definitely not beat it. ..."

Chu night Ning raised his eyes and said: "Are you afraid of this?"

He asked this sentence very strangely, like a question, but like a question. The other two did not feel, but the teacher’s heart was cool, and his eyes were lifted, facing the sharp eyes of Ningshuanghuahua.

"Master respect..."

Chu nightning did not move, said: "You majored in treatment, this is not good at dealing with people. If someone is entangled with you, it will be good, not shameful."

The ink burned and grinned: "Don't be afraid, there is me."

So I packed up and three people got on the road.

This time I am going to go to the upper repairing circle. The road is far away and the horse riding is too tired. Chu nightning is still unwilling to fly with the sword, so the car and the horses rushed, and walked for more than ten days without delay, finally came to a town next to Xu Yingfeng.

The three disciples have already come out of the carriage. Only Chu Xiaoning is still too lazy to move. He opened the bamboo pole of the carriage and said: "Have a rest here, and go somewhere tomorrow, you can go to Xu Yingfeng."

The name of the city where they rested was called Yucheng. Although the city is not big, it is very prosperous, and the woman is wearing a cloak, and the men’s brocade shirt is a bit more luxurious than the most fertile place in the world.

Xue Meng said: "The dog things in the Shang Xiujie are really stinky, and there are frozen bones on the road."

I don’t like ink burning. It’s rare to not refute Xue Meng, but with a sweet smile, mocking the foreground: “Yes, I can see that I am so oyster, it’s no wonder that so many people have to smash their heads and move on. In the practice of the world, even if you don’t cultivate the immortal, being an ordinary person is much better than the days of the next revision."

Chu nightning turned out a silver-gray mask and put it on his face. This slowly took the carriage down and looked around the downtown, but he didn't know what he was thinking.

Xue Mengqi said: "Why should the teacher wear a mask?"

Chu night Ningdao: "This is the boundary of Linyi Confucianism. I can't show up."

Seeing Xue Meng is still puzzled, ink sighs: "Little Phoenix does not have a long brain, Master is a guest of the Confucianism."

He said this, Xue Meng just remembered it, but Tianzhi’s pride was not willing to admit that he had forgotten this point. He turned his face and turned his eyes. He said, “This, of course, I know, I am only surprised. Only the guest, but not sold to them, want to go and leave, is it true that the people of Confucianism can see that the Master can also tie him back?"

Ink ignited: "It’s stupid to say that you are stupid. Haven’t you heard of it? Since the departure of the Confucianism after the teacher’s departure, very few people in the upper circle know his whereabouts. If we go down the mountain, if anyone asks Starting from the teacher's door, we are not all talking about the life and death, not to mention the teacher?"

Xue Meng stunned for a moment, and then he later learned: "Is it true that the whereabouts of the masters are fascinating in the upper bounds? But the master is so powerful, why should you hide your whereabouts?"

"I have never deliberately concealed, but I don't want to teach people to bother." Chu said, "Let's go, stay at the store."

"Hey, four immortals want to live in the store?" The younger sister of the inn ran over with a face full of oil.

Xue Mengdao: "I want to go to the four rooms."

Xiao Erqiu smiled and said: "I really can't live with Xianjun. That, the rooms in Yucheng have been a little nervous recently. The four rooms are

not able to come out. Do you want to confuse the immortals and put together to live together? How is the room?"

There is no way, they just make a difference.

Only when the room was allocated, there were some minor problems.

——

"I want to have a room with the teacher." Looking at the late night, the three disciples gathered together, and the ink burned powerfully.

Xue Meng did not do: "Why?"

Ink burned the road: "Do you not like sticking to the master?"

"That, then I don't want to-"

He is very respectful and late, but he is afraid of the word, and he can't afford a "fear". For Chu Xianning, he is more fond of it, or more fear, he can't say it himself.

Seeing Xue Meng's face blushing, the ink smiled and said: "Brother, I don't think you don't want to sleep with the Master, but don't dare?"

Xue Mengyi rounded his eyes: "The teacher will not eat people, I have nothing to dare!"

"Oh." The ink burned and laughed. "But the master is a good hit in the dream, do you know?"

Xue Meng: "..."

The face was blue and white for a while, Xue Meng, suddenly thought of something, angry and geological asked: "How is the teacher when he sleeps, how do you know? You slept with him?"

This statement is a bit embarrassing, although Xue Meng does not have any evil meaning, but the speaker does not intend, the listener has the heart. The ink burns the dark road, and this seat is only sleeping with him. He has slept with him in his life.

However, the hero did not mention the courage of the year, and still smiled on his mouth: "If you don't believe it, you can feel it tonight. Jinchuang medicine remembers to bring a bottle. If there is any bruise, you can save anxiously."

Xue Meng was about to attack, Chu Yuening had already paid the bill and came over.

He glanced at them and said, "Let's go."

Three teenagers with small tails followed the master and went upstairs. When standing in front of the room, the three people who had been victoriously began to look at the nose and nose, waiting for Chu’s opening.

In fact, their disputes are all in vain. When they are waiting for the row, they are not shutting up, waiting for the teacher to speak.

Chu night Ning paused and said: "There are only two rooms left, who of you..."

He is secretive and awkward.

How to say - "Who wants to be with me?"

It sounds like a little pitiful, and it’s too unlike the style of the elders.

What should I say?

"Ink rain, you go with me." Look like this?

... forget it, with a spit and a tiger skin, and the black winds of the young woman who is a good young woman is no different. I am a generation of masters, and my face is still a must.

What's more, since the red lotus waters have been hugging and sleeping, the two have consciously stunned and rarely get along alone.

Chu night Ning looked indifferent and peaceful, but his heart was rolling over countless thoughts. After a long time, he finally lifted his chin in a cold and self-sufficient manner and pointed to Xue Meng.

"Xue Meng and I are one."

Xue Meng: "....."

The original burning smile, but at this time it was not awkward.

He really hopes that Xue Meng and Chu Xi Ning live together and live with the teacher. But when this choice was made from the mouth of Chu, it was inexplicably boring.

He didn't know that he was like this, much like a little wild dog that didn't know how to be tall. The little wild dog meets a man. Although that person is not too good for him, he is willing to throw some bones to him for three meals a day.

But the little wild dog doesn't like this fierce guy, so although he licks his bones every day, he screams at the other side, and he does not regard this man as his master.

However, I don’t know why, one day, this man came out of the bowl, but it was not the bones that he was familiar with, but the glutinous rice, a beautiful bird with bright fur, falling on the shoulder of the man, with a round His eyes stared at him, and his crystal slyly looked at his face.

The man also leaned over and touched the rich wings of the birds and carefully fed him the grain.

His wild dog can't help but stay.

After all, he thought that Chu will rather choose his own...

The author has something to say: the pet and the arrogant dog will fall out of favor! The owner does not want you! The owner is diverted to play with the bird! (Hey to feed!) The owner is rather not playing with the bird! Cry!

Chapter 35

It was night, and the ink burned against the wall.

A wall is separated from the bedroom of Chu Yuening and Xue Meng.

The teacher loves to be clean, and the clothes and dresses that have been changed are placed neatly on the bed, and there are no pleats. Then I went downstairs to let Xiao Er send hot water to take a shower.

The soundproofing of this inn is not particularly good. When the room is quiet, you can faintly hear the movement next to it.

Chu nightning seems to say something, not very clear. But then Xue Meng’s voice rang -

"It seems to be tight."

The ear of the ink-burning dog scorpion slammed up and moved.

The little phoenix next door said: "Master, does it hurt?"

"...not in the way, you can continue."

"I am lighter, hurt you, you tell me."

"Hey, let's do it, don't do it."

Inflammatory eyes wide open: "???"

Although it is impossible to know the two people next door, what dialogue is this? What are they doing?

The ears of the dog's scorpion must be put on the wall, and you can hear the blurry sound of the clothes, and then carefully, even hear the suffocating sorrow of Chu.

This voice, how many times he heard in the bed that Chu was born in the night, when his master was very cool or very painful, he was not willing to snoring, always biting his lower lip, and the tail was wet with moisture. red. At this time, as long as you use your strength, you can hear the low asthma that Chu’s throat is broken...

"Wait, wait a minute." Chu night Ning voice hoarse, low, "Where... you don't touch."

"Okay." Xue Meng hesitated, whispered, "That Master respects you... come by yourself?"

"Ok."

where?

What is messy? Where do you not touch? What come by yourself? What are these two people doing?

The burnt face is dark.

After the reaction, he has already sounded the door next door.

There was a rush of noise in the room. The dog's face is even worse, and he evokes a breath: "Master, you guys-"

The door slammed open.

Xue Meng was well-dressed inside, holding a half of blood-stained gauze in his hand, squinting his eyes and staring at himself inexplicably.

"What? What is the big night's screaming and drinking. Hit the ghost?"

The ink burner was opened and stupidly closed. Looking over Xue Meng, I saw Chu Xi Ning sitting at the table, with new gauze and wound medicine on the table.

"You are here..."

Xue Meng slammed him: "On the medicine, the injury on the shoulder of the master is still not good. There have been no dressing changes in a few days, and several wounds have been boring."

Ink burning: "..."

He asked in a hurry: "That, that's too tight..."

"Too tight?" Xue Meng frowned, thinking for a while, "Oh, gauze, the tie was too tight before, some blood stuck to the wound, almost could not get down."

When he said half of it, he suddenly stopped, and some of them looked suspiciously and burned their eyes.

"You listened to us?"

The ink burned his eyes and barely picked up his already embarrassed face: "The partition of this inn is so thin, who overheard it, don't believe that you go to the side to listen to it, even if you stick to the wall, you can hear it clearly. ""

"Oh, is it?" Xue Meng nodded. After a while, he felt that something was wrong. "-Wait, how do you know? Have you heard it against the wall?"

Ink burning: "..."

Xue Meng was furious: "Ink rain, you are perverted!"

Ink angered: "Who knows if you will do something worse for the Master!"

Xue Meng is a pure person. He doesn't know this. He doesn't understand what the ink is saying, so he is even more angry: "What are you talking about!" Turning the head and blaming, "Master, you see him -"

Chu nightning put on his robe, and tied the loose clothes, while licking his hair, he walked coldly and faintly, and looked up and down.

"what's up?"

"I... I heard it next door..." The ink burned and smacked, "What, I thought Xue Meng bullied you..."

"What?" Chu Xiaoning did not understand, he narrowed his eyes, "Who bullied me?"

I can't wait to smoke my own ear: "..."

I was looking at each other and the teacher came up.

"A fire? How are you at the door of the master's room?"

"I...hey..." The ink burned even more. "That, some misunderstandings."

The teacher smiled and said: "Is that misunderstanding?"

"Solved the solution." The ink burned again and again. "Yi, don't you let Xiao Er send hot water to take a shower? Master has not washed it yet, I will go downstairs and let them send more."

Shi said: "No need." He took out four bamboo and wooden cards and smiled. "Small two said that there is a natural hot spring soup next to the inn. The store has built a special bathhouse. With this brand, you can Go wash, give you one."

I think that I have a broken sleeve, and I shouldn’t take a bath with three other people.

Xue Meng is also considered, the teacher is holy in his eyes, do not dare to think. But Chu Yuning, he knows, from the intimate contact after rebirth, he is very likely to see his brain off the clothes.

The ink burned and immediately said: "I am not going."

Xue Meng was shocked: "You sleep without taking a bath? So dirty!"

Ink burning: "I let Xiao Er send hot water up."

The teacher said inexplicably: "This inn does not burn hot water. All the guests are going to the hot spring bath."

Ink burning: "..."

There is no way, the ink burns only with them to take the change of clothes, go to the hot spring soup bath. This inn also knows how to make it easy. I understand that most of the visitors here are Taoist priests who go to Jinchengchi for swords. Therefore, they simply named the bathhouse "Jin Chengxu Ying" and asked for a head.

The ink burned for fear that he was faint, did not dare to collide with the other two, hurriedly changed the clothes, and wrapped his towel tightly around his waist. He ran to the bath first and found a quiet place to soak.

Because it is already very late, there are not many people in the bath. The scattered parts are still in a very distant place. There is a white towel on the head of the burning head, and the whole person is half-faced under the water. Exhaled, bubbling bubbles.

The first person changed clothes, and the red/naked/naked land came out with long legs.

The smoldering glanced at the eyes and let out a sigh of relief. Fortunately, it was Xue Meng.

Although Xue Gongzi is beautiful, but the horizontal and vertical is not the dish of Xianjun, the two look at each other, Xue Meng pointed at him: "You

are farther away from me."

"What?"

"You are dirty."

Ink burning: "Oh."

The mist in the bathhouse was fascinating, and after a while, Xue Meng, who was scrubbing the body with a soap pod, suddenly said: "Master, here!"

The half-burning face was in the water, and the words were almost picked up. Although I understand that I should not look at it, my eyes are still involuntarily going to the shore.

This eye was really life-threatening, and the ink was too late to prevent it. He immediately took two baths of water and went in. He couldn’t care for nausea and quickly dive himself deeper, only revealing a pair of eyes on the water.

He did not expect that Chu Yuning and Shiyi came out together.

Two people, one slender and feminine, with long hair in the ink, wrapped in a bath towel, is the teacher.

The smoldering was supposed to be the one who wanted to peek at him most, but in the end he only hurriedly glanced at it. He really respects the teacher, such as the moon, and dare not stare at the audience.

But a tall and cold, wide shoulders and narrow waist, body firm and firm skin, it is Chu nightning. He has a high ponytail and a large white bathrobe. The cover is strict, but the robes are too wide, and the placket is still not tightened. The naked and exposed large and smooth chest. .

The ink burned him and felt that he was suffocated by the hot spring and cooked.

I want to look away.

But the eyes are not obedient, and the straight roots can't be moved a little, and the roots are slowly red.

Through the misty fog, Chu nightning seems to have looked at him, but he did not seem to look at it. He casually gave himself a layer of waterproof enchantment in the position of gauze, and then stepped into the hot spring, the clothes floated, and the action room could Seeing his legs, the end is the line is tight, straight and slender.

Ink burning: "....."

He couldn't take it anymore, and closed his eyes and sank to the bottom.

Even with the blocking of the waist towel, my reaction is too...

The smoldering felt that he was wronged.

He really does not like Chu Yuning, hate Chu nightning.

However, the body remembers the overwhelming rain, remembering those who can smash the iron bone into a tender feeling. I also remember all those blushing heartbeats between them, ridiculous things.

The throat is rolling, and the inner heart is fighting.

In the end, the ink burned and I almost cried.

He was afraid of scorning himself for the first time - how is this? The teacher is still in front of me, what is it about the sorrow of the night?

Even before the skin of the blind date, the joy of fish and water.

It is also a thing of the past.

I will remember the body of Chu’s late life, what is the teacher’s sister? More disrespect for others, how bad it is.

Seeing the nose and nose and suppressing the evil thoughts for a long time, the ink burning finally put a sinister fire on the lower abdomen. This slammed out of the water, rubbed the water drops, wiped the water off the face with a towel, and opened a pair of fascinating eyes.

Unbiased, facing the face of Chu’s late night.

And just the water at one end is on the face of Chu night. At this point, a drop of water was swaying down, smashing into his dark, sharp eyebrows, and then flowing down a little bit, almost dripping into the beautiful phoenix.

Chu nightning: "....."

Ink burning: "....."

This is really bad. I just had a potential underwater suffocation and could not see the surrounding situation.

Chu Evening also did not know the potential of this position, and came to take the incense box. As a result, the incense has not yet been obtained, and the person who suddenly came out splashed the water.

This hot spring is very deep, the buoyancy is not small, the ink is dizzy and dizzy, and it is ready to go backwards. As a result, the foot slips and falls into the night of Ning Huai.

"what!"

"..."

The author has something to say:

Today's small theater "The world in your ears is different from me"

Phoenix: It seems to be tight.

Little milk dog:! ! ? ? ! !

Phoenix children: Master, does it hurt?

Big white cat: Don't get in the way, let's go ahead.

Phoenix: I am lighter, I hurt you and told me.

Big white cat: 啰里啰嗦, do it, don't do it.

Small milk dog: Wang Wangwang! ! ! What are the muds doing! ! ! angry! ! Wang Wangwang!

Phoenix children: ... ah? I am giving the teacher a shoulder.

Little milk dog: That's tight, it means...

Phoenix: The muscles of the shoulders are tense, or what do you think is?

Little milk dog:.....

Years later.

Handsome and mighty second haha (does this kind of creature?): It seems to be tight.

Phoenix children:! ! ? ? ! !

Erha: Master, does it hurt?

Big white cat: Don't get in the way, let's go ahead.

Erha: I am lighter, I hurt you and told me.

Big white cat: 啰里啰嗦, do it, don't do it.

Phoenix children thought for a moment at the door and decided that Erha was giving the teacher a shoulder.

Hey~ Stupid, the hand is really big. Xiaofeng turned a blind eye, if he thought of it - pinch a shoulder, the teacher's voice seemed to be a bit hoarse, bad reviews, bad reviews.

He was shaking his feathers and didn't know that he had missed a chance to be a British bird savior (helpless)

Chapter 36

Chu night couldn’t think about it and reached out and held him. In the warm spring water, the two people's skin is close to each other, and the ink burns suddenly feels a spark current in the tail vertebrae, which makes the goose bumps.

Although he was in the red lotus otter, he also embraced the almost naked and naked Chu Xi Ning, but at that time the situation was critical. He didn’t care much about it, so he didn’t have much impression.

However, at this time, he put a hand on the chest of Chu Yuning, one hand still subconsciously supported the waist of the master, the underwater legs were all together, the other's skin became more slippery and warm in the spring, the ink burned The head banged and exploded.

He is late to Chu...

Just touched the other side's waist and did nothing, just...

The reaction was severe and the river surged.

"Master, Master, I-"

He struggled to stand up straight, but the already hot lower body had reached the other side in this rushed struggle.

Chu nightning’s eyes suddenly widened, and the beautiful face flashed with horror, and immediately retreated backwards. At the same time, the waterdrops hanging on his eyelashes broke into his eyes, and Chu’s night was so irritated. Quickly shut up, but did not have a bath towel with a wipe.

"Master use, use me."

The ink burned to death. He was red-faced, but he wanted to pretend that he was pretending to be okay. He took his own towel and wiped the water on his face.

When Chu was so happy that he opened his eyes, he was puzzled and confused. There was still a hint of panic. But these are all flashing, he quickly tried to calm down himself, and did not feel anything when he did anything, dumb voice: "Aromatherapy, hand me."

"Oh...oh, good."

The ink burned like a cooked crab and walked to the edge of the pool, picking up the aromatherapy box resting on the shore.

"What does the teacher want, what do you want?"

"casual."

The ink burned his head and swelled. He looked at the box blankly for a long time and turned his head sincerely: "There is no such thing as a casual spice."

Chu nightning: "..."

Suddenly, sighed: "Plum, sea otter."

"it is good."

The ink burned two pieces of fragrant pieces and handed them to the late night.

When the two touched their fingertips, they were again awkward.

Even if you don't want to, you still can't remember the memories of the past.

If it was before, he should have been entangled with him at the edge of the pool. In front of him, he even appeared that he was half-squatting in the night, squatting on the ground, bearing his own fiery heat, eager to be fierce and hot, and the master respected the stars. Half a sigh, not tremble, but still being climaxed by myself...

The ink burns can no longer stand, and the male instinctive desire makes his eyes red. He did not dare to look at Chu’s night again. He felt that even if he saw the teacher, he would be safer than watching Chu.

How could this be……

How can this be?

After hurriedly washing, the other three people are still soaking, and the ink burns vaguely that they are sleepy, and go back to sleep first.

Go back to the room and ruminant.

The ink burns can no longer be tolerated and relieves his own desires. He does not want to imagine the appearance of Chu Xi Ning at this time. He would rather the Tang Dynasty to imagine the teacher. This will also make his inner heart feel better.

But the body and thoughts are uncontrollable, and all the flashes in front of him are the joys of the neck and the night, and those passions that are bones are like being pulled open tonight, frantically rushing back into the brain. With a burst of turmoil.

He treated himself almost rudely, as if he was entangled in the man, and when he was on the verge of extinction, he raised his neck, and he was both unwilling and vague.

A name is subconsciously spit out of the throat.

"Late Ning..."

Speaking these two words, he snorted, shivering slightly, released without reservation, and the palms were wet...

After the vent, the ink burned his forehead against the cold wall. The eyes are full of confusion.

Shame, jealousy, disgust, and excitement.

He did not expect that he would have such a strong reaction to Chu Jingning after he was born again.

He suddenly hated himself very much.

Although, in the past life, he did not get a teacher, and his energetic energy was vented in the flowers. But the seemingly passionate love is actually nothing to him.

Turning off the candlelight is nothing but a cloud and rain, just like everyone else.

Even if it is a little bit of emotion, it is just because there is something like the eyebrows of the teacher.

But this kind of feeling for Chu Yuening is totally different. He can clearly realize that it is just imagination, not a true fusion, he can feel the strong pleasure that is not felt by those little monks, it is not physical, and...

He does not want to think deeply.

He loves the teacher, he used to be, and in the future, he will never change.

After repeatedly telling myself several times, the ink burned slowly and calmly, rubbing his brow and closing his eyes.

He is anxious and annoyed, and more is a kind of sadness.

He does not want this.

When he wants to come, he can't stop thinking about Chu Ningning. After the love and retreat, he is no longer willing to think of anything related to Chu Yuning, even if it is a hair, a look.

He is almost paranoid about what he likes and loves.

It’s a teacher...

In the same chaos, there is also Chu Zongshi.

After all, he intuitively and deeply felt the desire to burn, the young boy's body developed very well, it is very stunned, excited when it is hot and hot, like the iron ready to go.

Although Chu Xiaoning's face quickly returned to calm, and later did not mention it, but that feeling made his scalp numb, and could not believe it.

What made him more difficult was that he actually reacted at the time.

Fortunately, his face is thin, even if the hot springs are used to wearing a bathrobe, the whole body is blocked, there is no glimpse, or his face will have no place to rest.

Why is it possible to burn?

In the night, he was lying in bed, thinking for a long time silently, and did not dare to imagine - perhaps ink burning also likes himself.

This thought is too crazy and too shameful.

Just thinking carefully, "Maybe the ink burns like it too-"

The words "self" did not have time to show up in their minds, and Chu Ning would have slandered himself. A pair of phoenix eyes are bright and clear, but they are flashing and hiding.

He didn't even dare to think about this sentence.

After all, I am fierce and love to beat people, my mouth is poisonous and tempered, and I don’t look like a teacher. I am not too young. Even if I like men, I won’t look at myself.

He is so proud.

And his heart, in fact, has long been left out for too long because of being left out for too long. In such a long and lonely walk, he gradually became inferior to the dust.

Woke up the next day.

The ink-burning and Chu-nighting met in the inn of the inn. The two men looked at each other with a heart and looked at each other without talking to each other first.

In the end, it was the first thing that burned the ink, and smiled at the late night: "Master."

Chu night was relieved. He didn't know how to deal with it. Seeing that the ink burned and chose not to talk about yesterday's business, then he just happened to be good, as usual, nodded.

"Since it is up, let's call the teacher too. If we are ready, we can go to Xu Yingfeng."

Xu Yingfeng top snow all year round, very cold, even if it is a strong and strong person who cultivates immortals, it is difficult to be so cold. Chu Xiening went to the tailor shop to buy the cold cloak and gloves for the apprentices, so that they could wait until they were cold.

The proprietress who smoked the hookah bag squatted around Zhu Hong’s mouth and smacked it with a sigh of relief. “Small fairy is so good and heroic, you look at the black gold dragon and the water is big, this embroidery is good, the light is This dragon eye, I have been carefully crafted and embroidered for more than three months to complete."

The ink burned and laughed: "My sister's mouth is really sweet, but unfortunately I am going to the mountains to seek a sword. I don't have to wear such a serious thing."

The proprietress saw this and failed, and pulled the teacher: "Hey, this fairy can look so beautiful, and it is more beautiful than the most beautiful girl in the city. Xianjun, I want to say, this butterfly The red cloak of the peony is the best for you, give it a try?"

The teacher smiled bitterly: "The boss wife, that is what the daughter's family wears."

Xue Meng did not like to go shopping to see clothes, and he refused to come over and was only waiting in the same place. Chu nightning chose a cloak with a purple-purple edge for him, and the wind pockets were surrounded by white rabbits.

The proprietress said: "Xianjun, this dress is a little bit worn, and the shape of the boy is almost the same."

Chu night Ning faintly said: "I bought it for my apprentice."

"Oh, oh oh." The proprietress suddenly realized, and immediately smiled. "It's a good master."

Perhaps the first time in his life was called "good master", Chu night Ning body shape is stiff, although his face is stretched, but when walking, he has several steps with his hands.

Finally, the ink burned a gray cloak, the teacher was white, and Chu Ning took a piece of plain white, a black-purple purple edge, and settled, and went to Xuemeng.

When Xue Meng looked at his cloak, his eyes widened.

Chu night is not clear, so: "What?"

"No, nothing."

However, when Chu Ning turned his head and went far away, Xue Meng thought that he could not hear it. He looked at the rim of the cloak quite disgustedly and whispered: "Purple? I don't like purple."

However, it was unexpected that Chu’s voice was cold and cold: “Hey, don’t wear you naked.”

Xue Meng: "....."

Unhurriedly rushed to the last section of the road, the four people finally reached the foot of Xu Yingfeng before the sky darkened.

Xu Yingfeng is full of spiritual power, and there are many birds and beasts. Even if they are Taoist priests, they don’t have a few pounds and they don’t dare to go up the mountain.

However, there is a late night in the Chu, but this is not to worry, Chu nightning condensed three nights of sea bream out of the air, there is the effect of repelling evil spirits, wearing in the waist of the three apprentices, and then said: "Go. ""

The ink burned and looked up, and looked at the hidden peaks in the night, the ancient monsters were dead and lying, and the end of the thousand thousand feelings poured into my heart.

That year, he was in the sun and moon of Xu Yingfeng, the demon ghost, his ink is not satisfied with the cultivation of the real world, step by step, to be self-proclaimed the Lord of the human world.

Also in that year, at Xu Yingfeng, he also married a wife.

He still remembers the face of the wife, Song Qiutong, the beautiful beauty of the comprehension, the five senses look from a certain angle, like a very teacher.

He is not a person who cares about etiquette and shame. He did not follow the cumbersome rules of the three media. At that time, he took Song Qiutong’s fibrin hand and took the woman with the red towel, and climbed up the stairs. They have been gone for more than an hour.

Later, Song Qiutong’s leg hurts and he can’t walk.

Ink temper is also bad, smashing her hijab will murder her.

However, under the moonlight, Song Qiutong had a pair of grievances and sorrows, like the old man who turned into a nine-spring bone.

The disgusting words condensed in the mouth, trembling a little, and finally said that the export is:

"Sir, I will come back to you."

Song Qiutong is based on his seniority. If he is the same door as him, he is indeed his sister. Therefore, she is only a slight glimpse of this title. She also burned the door of Confucianism, and naturally put the Confucianism into the door of death and death. The teacher and sister are not uncomfortable, so they smiled and said, "Okay."

The last few thousand steps, stepping on Xianjun, the Lord of the Human World, the King of Darkness, is such a step by step, steady carrying the bride of the red dress and the peak.

He lowered his head and stared at the mottled figure on the ground, the weird posture, overlapping.

He smiled and his throat was dumb: "Sister, I am the human king in the future. From now on, no one can hurt you any more."

The woman who was behind him didn't know what to say, hesitated for a while, and whispered low.

The voice is very light, perhaps because it is too light, the female voice is not so obvious, it sounds a bit fuzzy.

The burnt eyes were red in the place where no one saw it. He said lowly: "Sorry, this day, let you wait too long."

Song Qiutong also said that she liked her for a long time, so she said softly: "The husband..."

The sound of the woman's voice, the clear and crisp, like the Guerlain, is very good.

The smoldering footsteps suddenly slammed.

"what happened?"

"……It's nothing."

Going forward, the smoldering voice is no longer hoarse, and the faint trembling is exhausted.

After a pause, he said: "It will be good to call me a fire later."

Song Qiutong was quite surprised. He was not very daring to call it Xianjun. He hesitated: "Fei Jun, this... I am afraid..."

The tone of the smoldering sound is fiercely fierce: "If you don't listen, I will throw you from the top of the mountain!"

"A, Ah Burn!" Song Qiutong was busy changing his way. "A burning, I am wrong."

The ink burns no longer speaks.

He lowered his head and silently kept on moving forward.

The shadow on the ground is still a shadow.

When you look at it later, you will find that it is really just a shadow.

The mirrors are all fake.

What he has, in the end, is only a phantom.

It is vain.

"Teacher."

"Well?" The person walking next to the ink burned his head. Wan Ye thousand sounds, the grass is rustling, the moon shines on his stunning face, "A burning, what's wrong?"

"You... are you tired?" The ink burned and looked at Chu Yuning and Xue Meng in front, and whispered, "If you are tired, I will take you back."

The teacher had not spoken yet, and Chu Ning had turned back.

He sighed coldly and sighed with a sigh of relief: "Is the teacher's leg broken? Do you need it?"

The teacher hurriedly said: "Master, A-burn is just a joke, don't be angry."

Chu night Ning lowered his eyebrows, his eyebrows were sharp, his eyes faintly glaring: "Silly, I have something to be angry."

After a long sleeve, let go.

Ink burning: "....."

Teacher: "....."

"Master is not happy..."

"He is a person who doesn't know you." The ink burned in the ear of the teacher. "The heart is smaller than the tip of the needle, and he is cold-blooded and ruthless. He does not allow other brothers and brothers to be respectful."

After wrinkling his nose, he lowered his voice and concluded: "Specially annoying."

In the front, Chu Ning suddenly screamed: "Ink rain, you can say one more word, believe it or not, I will drop you down the mountain!"

The ink burned like a smug shut, but he secretly squinted his eyes with a grin, and moved his mouth:

Look, I am not wrong?

The author has something to say:

Today, the teacher of the School of Comprehension has arranged an assignment for the students, using the phrase "no possibility".

Ink burning: I like a person, is it like his flesh? Body? Nothing is possible.

Chu nightning: I like a person, do you have to say it? Nothing is possible.

Teacher: Is my appearance similar to that of a girl? Nothing is possible.

Xue Meng: As a straight man, am I willing to wear a purple cloak? Nothing is possible.

Mrs. Wang: As a straight man, wouldn't you be naked and climbing with three bases? Nothing is possible.

Xue Zhengxuan: Yuheng elders are so calcium, will there be a straight man under his seat? Nothing is possible.

Song Qiutong: As a cannon fodder, will the emperor in this life marry me? Nothing is possible.

Meat package: Erha is so scum today, there will be no little angels in the comment area to marry him? Nothing is possible.

Chapter 37

"The cold moon reflects the frost snow, the cold mountain holds the ice pool. Eight thousand high sorghum is not allowed, and the end of the world is this time."

Xue Meng wore buckskin gloves, went to the snow on the boulder, read the cinnabar inscription on the top, and turned back and said: "Master, we are here."

The rising sun peaks all the year round, and at this time, a round of 婵 高 高 高 凛凛 凛凛 凛凛 凛凛 凛凛 凛凛 凛凛 高Falling down, the stars are plunging, and the end is magnificent. It’s really like walking to the end of the world.

A group of people came to the lake, and the smooth mirror-like lake was filled with magnificent light. There was a stone embankment that led to the lake. There is a stone monument standing beside the embankment. The frost on the monument is condensed, and the stone pattern is vertical and horizontal. Only the four scripts are difficult to make. paint.

Chu nightning stopped in front of the stone embankment and said: "Jin Chengchi asks for a sword. You can only enter one person at a time. Who

are you going first?"

Xue Meng can't wait to say: "Master, I will go first!"

Chu night Ning looked at him, thought for a moment, and shook his head: "You act rashly, I don't trust."

At this time, the teacher on the side smiled and said: "Master, I will go first, anyway, I probably can't open the ice pool."

On the vast ice lake, the division walked slowly to the end along the stone embankment that only allowed one person to pass.

In accordance with the rules, he condensed a force in his hands, and then leaned over and put the palm of his hand on the ice. The spiritual power of the teacher continued to pass down the ice, and the white light in the distance was bright and dark. The ground is flashing.

The ink-burning screen is in the same place, and the ten fingers don't feel tight and fall into the palm of your hand.

However, the teacher tried it for a long time at the lake, and the ice lake still remained intact. He smiled and walked back, and said to him lately, "Sister, sorry."

"It's okay, try it for a few years."

The ink sighed slightly and was lost than both of them, but still comforted the teacher and said: "It doesn't matter, there is still a chance, I will come back with you next time."

Chu night Ningdao: "Don't talk so much, go up, it's your turn."

In the past life, the ink burned to seek the sword, it was a frivolous boy, and he was infinitely expecting for the gods. However, in this world, he only came to take the sword. He already knew what was waiting for himself in front of him. He did not have the kind of tension and expectation. But there is a kind of warmth that will reunite with old friends.

Walk on the stone embankment and kneel in front of the ice lake.

Bend down and touch the ice on the palm.

The ink burns and closes the eyes.

His non-sheathed knife...

The sinful blade that accompanied him to see the world of flowers and taste the blood of the world -

When I opened it, the ink burned against the lake and said: "No, I am coming."

As if perceived by the host of the fate, Jin Chengchi suddenly raised a huge black shadow under the ice, and the shadows hovered under the ice, becoming more and more clear and more vivid.

Suddenly, thousands of feet of ice smashed and cracked, and the ink burned away to hear Xuemeng’s exclamation on the shore, and his voice was far from smelling.

"Ice is gone!!"

The tide is raging and the pool is full of water. A blue-black dragon smashed out, each dragon scale was wide and seven feet wide. When the time came, the Jincheng pool surface flooded, the water mist smashed, and the dragon ran a brilliance under the moonlight, spurting a breath.

At the same time, an ancient enchantment fell on the edge of the pool, separating Chu and others from the ink.

Within the enchantment, one person looks at each other.

The ink burned his eyes, greeted the sky, and looked up at the dragon.

I saw that there was a dark knife in the mouth of the dragon. There was no scabbard. The blade of the ancient scorpion was thick but sharp, and it was broken. The dragon turned the Modao into a size suitable for mortals, slowly bowing down the radiant dragon body, and resting the knife in front of the ink.

But it didn't immediately look up, but stared at each other with the **** eyes and the eyes of two adult men.

The eyes of the dragon are like bronze mirrors on both sides, clearly reflecting the reflection of the ink. The ink burned the screen and waited for it to speak.

If things don't change, then he just needs to go to the foot of the mountain and fold a plum to send it to him. The old dragon climbs the sturdy, but it makes the ink burnt and cheap.

Unexpectedly, after waiting for a long time, this dragon is not like a past life. It is easy to give him the weapon. Instead, the dragon must dance, a pair of big and sturdy jaundice will rise, then it lifts its front paw and burns in the ink. On the snow in front of you, write two words:

mortal?

The ink burns.

He clearly remembers that this dragon in the past life can speak. Why did this world become dumb?

Dumb dragon wrote these two words, and immediately denied himself, erased the handwriting with the fat scale claws, and wrote another string:

No, mortals will not have such a strong aura, then, are you Protoss?

Ink burning: "..."

The old dragon thought for a moment, put the pendulum, and wrote:

Not God, you have evil spirits. Are you a ghost family?

Ink burning heart, what a mess! This seat is just a rebirth, there is nothing to think about, just take the knife of this seat!

The old dragon seemed to see through his eagerness, and suddenly lifted the dragon claws of the scales, and suddenly smashed the knives under the

claws, and the other claw wiped the original traces, adding another snow. Continue to write:

Don't be surprised. I saw two other ghosts in you, which is hard to see. Are you a ghost or a god? Is God a demon?

The ink burned and raised his eyebrows: "Of course I am a human. Is this still used?" It is just a person who has died once.

The old dragon paused and wrote: The soul of a person splits like this. This is really unseen and unheard of.

The smoldering of the smoldering head is dull and can't help but laugh: "What is so strange, but it is the predecessor, what is your knife, how can you give it to me?"

The old dragon looked at him for a while and wrote:

Then you stand still and don't move, let me cast a spell on your soul, I will give you the knife, okay?

"..."

I didn't expect it to raise such a request. Under the slightest smoldering, I was really hesitant.

He was thinking, what would happen if this old thing could see his life?

But it is not in the eyes. This is the weapon of the strange knife. It is a rare weapon of the world. If it is rejected, it will be impossible to think about it later.

I don’t have to worry about it, the ink burns up and asks: "It can be, but the predecessors, whether you look at me or not, will you be willing to give me the knife?"

The old dragon draws one stroke:

This is the rule, naturally it will not renege.

Is it good or evil in the past?

The old dragon paused for a while and then wrote:

Even if you are evil in the past, I can't stop it. I only hope that you will be good in the future.

The ink burned and smiled and said: "Well, since the predecessors said so, then I naturally have nothing to push. Please ask the predecessors to cast a look."

The old dragon raised his body slightly, and bowed the radiant dragon body, spurting a breath, followed by a bright red glow on the eyes.

The ink burned up and found that the red light was actually a mist. The blood is getting deeper and gradually concealing his reflection. After a long while, when the fog slowly spread, the old dragon’s eyes reappeared in his own standing figure.

Only this time, the ink burned and found that the longan, in addition to himself, also reflected two other vague shadows, right and left, secluded behind his back.

The ink burned and was shocked. He turned to look at it immediately, but he was empty behind him, and there was a white snow. Where are the other people?

Turning around again, the two people in the longan became more and more clear, like things sinking under the water slowly surfaced, and the ink burned and stared for a while, suddenly felt that the two shadows seemed familiar. He couldn't help but go up two steps, and the two illusions in the longan suddenly turned from a closed state to a blink of an eye!

Teacher!

Chu nightning? !

I didn’t expect that it would be them. The stun of the ink burns is not the same thing. Two steps, backwards backwards, I can’t say the complete words: “How—this is—”

The three people in the old longan stood quietly, calm and without any expression, so they stared at the distance in peace.

The ink burned extremely, and after a while, the red blood fog rose again, and the shadow in the dragon began to blur from clarity and finally disappeared.

The old dragon snorted, the dragon had to shake, and then quickly wrote:

I can't see through it. I have seen it all my life. I have never seen someone else's soul with the imprint of two other people. It’s really weird.

"I, my soul... have their mark?"

Yes.

After writing the word, the old dragon stopped for a moment and wrote:

I don't know what happened to you. How deep is the obsession, can you be entangled with others in the soul?

The ink burned and stared at the twisted lines on the snow, as if they were being shackled, and the face slowly rose red.

His obsession with the teacher's enthusiasm went deep into the bone marrow, even if he was engraved in the soul, even if the old dragon saw that he could even see the teacher, he felt that it was no big deal.

But Chu Yuning... What happened?

What do he have to obey Chu night?

Isn't excessive hatred a tangled thing?

This one person was immersed in meditation, so that the lake in Jinchengchi had a slight fold of strangeness, which they never found.

When the sky is breaking through the sky and the waves are breaking, everything is already late.

I saw the lake in Jinchengchi as if it had been cut into two pieces by a knife and axe, and it was sprayed directly into the sky. In the frenzy of the waves, the two black-pressed beasts rushed out. They were leopards, but they were not as good as the old dragon. The body is huge, but the skull on the skull is cold and the four claws are cold. Hundreds of people gathered together, but the old dragon was not afraid, and looked at Huang Wei.

Ink burning: "What happened?"

The old dragon paused and wrote: Gou Chen Shanggong.

As soon as you read these four words, you will be struck by lightning when you burn.

Gou Chen Shanggong's main killing, and the world's weapons. This first **** created the first sword in the world, helping the scorpion to smash the konjac.

The predecessor of the prestige is actually these hundreds of cows?

It was too horrifying, and the ink was really unacceptable, and the outside was stunned and tender, and suddenly I heard a scream of the sky.

It is a very old instrumental music. In their time, not many people have played it. As the snoring gradually approached, the beasts that rushed to the stagnation slowly stagnated, and finally the first leg smashed the front legs and stood on both sides. When the tide of the beasts dispersed, a man wearing a Chinese costume and carrying a long sword rode on the unicorn.

The man's face was handsome, his eyes were clear, and he had a very gentle face.

He stood in the wind, night snow added, the clothes pendulum soft and fluttering, the instrument in the hands of the pottery color is dark, the ten fingers gently press the eyelet, and play it in the mouth.

As the last sound ceased quietly, a hundred cows suddenly turned into water, and they were actually condensed by illusion. I saw the man put down the pottery, looked back and forth, and then smiled softly: "It is indeed a strange person who has never met a million years. It is no wonder that the moon will be curious about you. In the lower hook Chen Shanggong, living in Jinchengchi. This pool The middle of the blade is made by me. The worm is a little skill, I laughed."

Although the old dragon wrote it again, the man said it himself, but the ink burn was still unbelievable, and the color changed: "Are you going to go to the palace?"

The man is not intolerant and smiles: "It is just down."

The ink burns is suffocating: "...is the Lord of the soldiers?"

"Yeah." Gou Shanggong gently raised his eyebrows and smiled in his eyes. "The later generations seem to call me like this. It’s really awkward, but it’s nothing to do, grinding a knife and wrapping a little whip or something. Read it."

Ink burning: "....."

It is really annoying to be a humble person. Chu nightning is calm and self-sufficient to say, "I have three martial arts." This hook is more annoying, and the weapons I created are called "small knives" and "small whips." How does he care that Emperor Fuxi is called "the little old man"?

The ink burned for a long time and then slowed down and said: "That, what, then you should not be in the realm of God? How is this in this pool..."

"I like to knock and beat, and often stir up the quietness of the Emperor. It is better to ask for it than to be in the eyes of God."

.....

The ink burned without words: "How long have you been here?"

Gou Chen Shang Palace was slightly contemplative, and then smiled: "It's okay, but it's only a few hundred years."

"...a few hundred years." The ink burned it over and laughed. "I don't think God is a little long?"

Gou Chen Shanggong cloud lightly smiles and smiles, not too carelessly waved his sleeves.

"It's not too long. What's more, after the sword was built by the Emperor of Heaven, I lost a lot of power. In the realm of the gods, it is also boring, but it is much better here."

Although the ink burning is quite curious about this legendary **** of killing, it is not good to ask private matters. After thinking about it, I feel that another thing is more important. So I said, "God, you will come out to see me today, not Just because I see my soul special?"

"How can't you? Your spiritual power is rare, it is rare." Gou Chen Shanggong smiled. "I only give you this strange knife, I am afraid that it is a curse."

Ink burning: "Ha ha, okay, I am very good at this knife."

"At first glance, I think so." Gou Shanggong said with a smile. "After careful identification, I found out that it is not. Your qualifications are rare, which makes me curious, so I came out this time and wanted to invite you to the bottom of the lake. Syria. I want to be among the millions of soldiers, and it’s best for you."

"....."

This kind of shock can be described as a trivial matter. Even though it is more knowledgeable, it is also a bit embarrassing.

The Lord of the Armed Forces, actually ask yourself to go... pick weapons?

Gou Chen Shanggong saw that he did not speak, and thought that he was afraid of going to the heart, so he said: "You have to worry, although the underwater is very strange, but they all obey me, the decision will not hurt you. The moon can be a testimony ""

The old dragon did not say anything, and slowly began to stand on the side.

When I saw that he really was sincerely invited, he couldn’t help but jolt and said: "If I go, can God promise me a request?"

"any request?"

"The person who asks for the sword is my best friend." The ink burned, pointing to the shore after the enchantment, and showed him the teacher. "He just wants the sword, so I think if I am satisfied." With God's wish, can God also satisfy my wish and give him a weapon?"

"What I am, this is just a matter of raising my hand." Gou Shanggong laughed, and suddenly waved his hand, and the ancient enchantment of Tongtian disappeared.

"It's very easy. Let them all come over. If there is a fancy weapon, it will be taken."

The ink burned overjoyed, but I didn’t expect to break through the iron shoes in such a way that it would take no effort. The sergeant can get the martial arts, which is more exciting than the weapon he will get even more powerful. I immediately agreed to go to Chen Shanggong, and when they came to the teacher, they told the three people again. The eyes of the teacher and Xue Meng grew bigger and bigger, and even the night of the night was slightly moved.

Gou Chen Shanggong looked at it, suddenly realized what he was aware of, "Well?" and stunned, and stared at Chu Yuning.

"It's you?"

Chapter 38

The lateness of Chu’s lateness is the same as that of the gods. He faintly said: “God knows me?”

"Why don't you recognize it." Gou Shanggong said with a gentle smile. "A few years ago, you came to Jincheng Pool and asked for a sword. The spirit is so deep and pure. I almost couldn't help but come out to see you. How? Is it still easy to use?"

"Which is God saying?"

"... ah." Gou Shanggong slightly stunned, and then smiled. "Hey, I remember this, I forgot to give you two."

Chu night Ningdao: "No problem. Good question."

"Day to ask?"

"That is the willow."

"Oh. It turned out to be the case." Gou Shanggong said with a smile. "You named it Tiantian? Is there a hand? What is it?"

Chu night Ningdao: "Nine songs."

"How about the nine songs?"

"The cold is heavy and there is not much used."

Gou Shanggong sighed: "It's a little bit a pity."

Here, after the completion of the story, Gou Chen Shanggong turned his head back and said: "Look at the moon, I will take them down. The water is weak, it is not good for you, and you will go back earlier."

The old dragon nodded, and he screamed at the huge waves, the dragon scales shining, and the dragons came into the distance.

At the same time, Chu Evening had laid a water-avoiding spell on the other three, and Chen Chen went to see him in the palace. He couldn’t help but watch Chu’s eyes, his heart: the monk’s head, rarely seen the technique like him. So skillful. I don't know who he is?

However, Chu Yuning was not willing to talk with people about non-nonsense, and Chen did not want to ask for fun. When everyone was ready, they waded together and sneaked into the cold Jincheng pool.

With the spell, the action of burning their ink is no different from that on the shore. As they dive to the bottom, a vast underwater world is gradually revealed.

The bottom of the lake is covered with a large piece of soft white sand, and the water and grass are flying, and the buildings with exquisite structure are row upon row. Street lanes, strange spirits and fairy demon walks and walks, and some strange things that are impossible to live together in the mortal world are safe and sound here.

Gou Chen Shanggong said: "Jin Chengchi is rich in spirit and self-contained. The souls are here, and often the generations do not migrate. Therefore, there are many things that are different from human beings. If you are interested, you can look around."

As they spoke, they saw a white-skinned, white-eyed rabbit riding on a white-tailed tiger. The rabbit was dressed in a white robe, graceful and luxurious, and looked proud and arrogant, and kept yelling at the tiger and going faster. And then look at the tiger, but the eyebrows are low-eyed, and the eyebrows are blinking.

Everyone can’t help but be speechless: “.....”

Gou Shanggong took them to the main trail, the shops on both sides were crowded and dazzling, and the traffic was full of disenchantment, and a long way to go to the downtown area.

“Jin Chengchi rarely communicates with the outside world, and most of the items needed are exchanged here.”

Xue Mengdao: "The rumor that Jin Chengchi is your blood, so that they are all dependent on your spiritual strength, then you must be the owner of this place?"

"The master can't count it." Gou Shanggong faintly laughed. "The years have passed too long. I have been away from the realm for many years, and the spiritual power is no longer the past. The things that open up the world are now like a dream, with How much relationship do I have now? At this moment, you are just a small swordsman."

He said, taking everyone around in the downtown area. Those who lived at the bottom of the pool and go to the palace to go to the palace together, have gradually forgotten the identity of his first god, see him came, and there is no special reaction, only self-selling and selling.

"The fish is bloody, the fish is just out of the cage."

"The snake's snake, the top clothes, the last three feet, and the seller will wait for the slave to lick the skin next time."

"Selling the squid scorpion, this young master's ink that he just spit this morning, it's better to take a picture of it with a scorpion - oh, don't leave the little lady."

The screams in the market are endless, and the wonders of the wonders are even more dazzling.

The headless ghost is sitting in front of the stall selling the comb powder, a pair of long red nails with a long nail holding a corner comb, putting his **** head on his knees, combing his hair while gently saying: "The bones of the best Comb, take the guest with you."

Xue Meng’s eyes widened and he looked around. He saw a pharmacy next to him. The people who came and went to work were all sluts. They sold all the rare medicines they had never seen before. They thought that their mothers loved to cherish the herbs. Going to see it in the near future, I heard a sharp and screaming voice behind me and shouted: "Let's let one let, let one let! Let me pass!"

Xue Meng's feet shrank and turned to look at it, but he couldn't see a half-personal shadow. Gou Shanggong smiled and said: "Be at your feet. You will be careful again."

Otherwise, Xue Meng looked at it again and saw a bunch of tiny stones walking on his own.

"It’s really open, the stone will walk. Is the stone fine?” Xue Meng said.

Chu nightning said: "Hey."

"Fuban?"

"..." Chu night Ning looked at him faintly. "It’s not a matter of ink burning, why don’t you even concentrate on it?"

Xue Meng Xi Wu concentrated on the subject, but the history of literature and learning is careless, only hindering the majesty of Chu Yuning, the style of the book is also sitting, but in fact, the left ear into the right ear, now the master has grasped a current, Suddenly red face.

The ink burns and smiles: "The teacher said this, I am not happy. I really listened carefully."

Xue Meng is not convinced: "Oh? Then what do you listen to?"

"Oh, it is a kind of worm. The nature is very greedy. If you see a beautiful stone, you want to go back to your body. In the end, it is often crushed to death by the stone scorpion that you have picked up."

The ink burned and smiled at the night.

"Master, you said that what I said is wrong."

Chu Xiaoning nodded, and then said: "Hey, the world has disappeared, I can't think there is still left."

Gou Chengong heard it and smiled: "This is because of a small pharmacy, so it can survive. You are, there is it."

I saw that a little bit of laboriously moved to the pharmacy's steps, suddenly shouted: "I can't stand it! Come and save a life!"

He quickly swam out a green scorpion. He apparently handled this situation countless times. He took a white porcelain bottle and poured some golden red potions on his body. He smiled and said: "Foolish. The public harvest today seems to be quite rich?"

It was only called Yugong’s snoring, and the voice was lazy. It was obviously very comfortable under the moisturizing of the potion: “Hey, it’s still good, it’s still good, and I will go back one hundred yuan tomorrow.

There are 400 million in the house. Eighty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-seven stones."

Ink burning: "....."

Chu nightning: "....."

The teacher whispered: "Is it so much?"

The green scorpion gave a potion and said: "You can remember to come here early tomorrow. I think if you are late, I will give you this booster dew, and I am afraid it will not work."

"Know it, I know. Come early, come early." He had two sounds in the perfunctory, and suddenly he took a fancy yellow stone and a beautiful stone. Ah--No, it’s a doctor, the stone on the other side is going up, I’m tired of picking it up on my back. So tomorrow I have 408,680 stones. ""

Xue Meng couldn't help but walked over and asked, "What do you want with so many stones? Make a house?"

The sound of the high-pitched voice of the toes was heard from the sarcophagus, and it was sharp and sharp: "What? Mortal? Hey, I have never seen a mortal for many years - what do you ask me to do with the stone? Of course not The house, I can be so boring!"

The teacher can't help but wonder: "What do you do with them?"

I am arrogant and arrogant: "Numbers!"

"....."

Everyone has nothing to say.

After a short walk, Gou Shanggong led them back to their homes.

In the corner of the street, a huge shell erected like a wall. After admission, I was admitted to the hospital. I saw that the hospital was divided into six entrances and was spacious. The ballroom hall, the porch garden, the bead curtain woven with seaweed and pearl string sway gently with the waves. Some of the rooms are dark, some are lit, and there is a dim candlelight inside, and there is still a faint sigh and a snoring.

Like the pharmacy, the servants in the upper house are also monks.

Some of the monks kept their tails, and some made the dragon tails into legs for the convenience of walking. They were still not used to wearing shoes, and they walked on the ground with their feet.

Gou Chengong sees the four people in the look of the strange, they smiled a little, like a cloud: "You must be strange, I am good with the moon, live together. He used to be the Prince of the East China Sea, these servants are him After he settled here, he came with him."

The moon is the black dragon.

Because the past life was from the black scorpion, it was the most gracious to the black scorpion. How much is the most affectionate to it. Listening to Chen Shanggong said, "Where is he?" When he is such a giant, he should be transformed after returning to the bottom of the water. Alright? Otherwise, you can live there."

Gou Shanggong nodded and said with pleasure: "This is natural, but when he is old, he has more physical strength and he has only taken a look at the water. He should have rested now. If you want to see him, you have to wait for him. Wake up and go."

When he spoke, a brown long-haired monk floated away. He bent down and bowed to the palace. The opening was an elegant and ethereal voice:

"God is coming back. His Royal Highness has told the story to him. Is God going to take the guests to the arsenal immediately?"

Gou Shanggong did not answer first, but gently looked at the guests first. When I saw four people without any opinions, I nodded. "So good, and you are bothering to make some small dishes in the kitchen, waiting for our arsenal. After the return, I will open a feast."

Everyone walked through the courtyard deep, and came to the last one. I saw a crown of giant willows in the center of the hospital. Xu was different from the mortal. This willow tree had only ten adult males, and the bark was thick. The old man is sturdy, and the wicker is falling, like a green gauze.

Xue Meng’s voice is dry: “Wow, how long has this tree been?”

Gou Chen Shanggong said: "It has never been measured, but there are always more than 100,000 years."

Xue Meng was shocked: "What kind of tree species can actually live for so long?"

"The age of the trees is originally longer than the people, not to mention that it is nourished by the aura of Jin Chengchi, so there is nothing strange about it. Please follow me, the entrance of the arsenal is in this willow tree hole." Chen Shanggong said, suddenly stopped to look at Xue Meng.

"Try not to touch the weeping branches. This tree is already fine, it will hurt."

But this is a bit late, Xue Meng has picked up the leaves.

I only heard his "ah" screaming, and at the same time there was a whisper in the air, and there seemed to be a hoarse voice sighing - "哎哟".

Xue Meng is like a lightning strike, quickly throwing out the leaves, lost color: "What is going on? How is this blood?"

Sure enough, the branches of the willow branches broke out of blood, and the leaves that he had left were like life. They twitched on the ground. After a while, they gradually calmed down, lying in the distance, and quickly scorched.

Gou Chen Shanggong reluctantly said: "All said that it has become fine. How can Xiaogongzi still..." He shook his head and looked up at the broken branch, urging the spiritual power to calm the coagulation of the willow.

Chu night Ningdao: "Xue Meng, come to me. Don't move again."

"Yes, Master." Xue Meng made a mistake and had to pull his head.

Fortunately, this episode did not cause much trouble. Chu nightning apologized to Gou Chengong, the other party was not the first god, but also

generous, only smiled: "This little son's hands and feet are too fast. Something."

Xue Meng's face rose red, and he walked behind the night in the late night, and did not say anything. During the talk, a group of people walked through the lush weeping willows and came to the thick trunk. Looking closely at the front, they found that the willow tree was bigger and bigger than when it was far away. At first it was thought that ten men could hold together. At this time, it was discovered that it really underestimated its roughness.

There is a tree hole between the willows. It is not so much a tree hole as it is a huge arch. The width and height are enough for three strong men to pass at the same time. In front of the tree hole, there were several complicated enchantments. Gou Chen Shanggong solved them one by one, and then smiled back and said: "The inside is the arsenal of the gods. Some are small and messy, please don't laugh."

Instinct is curious, and he will go in after the Chen Shang Palace. Chu nightning seems to inadvertently take him behind, faintly said: "You are slower." He is the first to come.

He is so ruthless, and his burning is very familiar. When the four men and women in the previous life killed and blamed the sorcerer, Chu Xiening always walked at the forefront. At that time, he only had a temper and temper, and he was proud and unwilling to fall. Behind the younger generation. However, today's ink is alive and well, and the thoughts are not the same as before. He looked at the night of the night, and the white robes disappeared into the darkness of the tree hole, and suddenly there was a slight hesitation in his heart—

This person is rushing ahead, is it really because of sexual anger?

The author has something to say:

Start looking for weapons and add information on the three people's used weapons.

Chu nightning:

Have a day to ask, nine songs, Huaisha three gods.

Master is good at mech, enchantment, attack, and treatment. However, the individual defense is extremely poor. In exchange for the game, he is a crispy high-explosive dps mad dog.

Ink burning:

In the past life, there was no return to the gods. In this chapter, only the junior disciples broke the sword.

The emperor is good at the first major ban in the realm of cultivation, and the attack and defense are not low. In exchange for the game, he is a smooth output that will not make any noise.

Xue Meng:

Dragon City is not a martial art, but it is also a superb machete cast by Kunlun Tengxue Palace.

The young master completely inherits the master, and is a high-attack, high-breaking mad dog. Because he does not enchant, the defense is worse than the master.

Teacher:

The treatment relied on one hand and asked him if he had no weapons.

Chapter 39

Going into the cave, there is a narrow ramp. They stepped on the steps of the talc at the bottom of the lake, and the greasy touch permeated from the soles of the feet to the heart. Walking through this section of the road, the eyes are dark and bright, and suddenly bright.

The arsenal of the "small mess" in the mouth of Chen Shanggong is completely different from the size that seems to be there. This ancient wood is very broad. Who knows that the caves inside are even more important, and there is no land, and the truss is sturdy and towering. Everyone looked up and saw that they couldn’t see the dome. The rows of shelves that were placed on the world’s weapon were arrogant and arrogant.

In the center of the arsenal, a smelting pool with a heat wave rolling in it, with orange and red iron in it, and a razor blade that has not been cast is immersed in it. The weapons made by Chen Shanggong are better than the purple electric cream. The temperature of the monks can't destroy the half points. On the contrary, the blade is more and more fascinating, and the dragon shines.

The most wonderful thing is the various parts of the airborne whirlpool, which are influenced by the array of ancient woods and can shuttle themselves.

Those tiny flower pieces, inlaid jewels, are like the spirits of the demon spirits, flying all over the sky, occasionally colliding, rubbing out the sparks, pleasing to the ear.

Gou Chengong went back to the palace and smiled slightly: "The place is a little smaller, right?"

Teacher: "..."

Uh.

Xue Meng: "..."

small? What is big?

Ink burning: "..."

I have a sentence for you, my mother, I don’t know if I’m not talking about it.

Chu nightning: "..."

Gou Chen Shanggong ordered Xue Meng and Shi Yi to randomly choose among them. If there is a fancy, take one away. As for the ink burning, Gou Chen was very interested in him. He changed several soldiers to him, but he was not too good.

"Feng Ming Jiao tail." Handed the fourteenth weapon, and Chen Shanggong was not discouraged. "Try this."

Ink burning: "This... I can't pass the temperament."

"It's okay, just take two strokes."

The ink burned in the front section of the bright, the tail of the black guqin played a few times, who knows that the string tremor can not be condensed, turned into a sharp tone.

Gou Chengong immediately threw Fengming aside, and the curse cast the guqin back and changed a jasper.

Ink burning: "...this is all right." He is a big man, what is the mother-in-law's bombing, this kind of thing will also be done by the small white face of the Kunlun Snow Palace.

Gou Shanggong insisted: "Try."

"...well." The ink burned, but he had to pick it up and follow the instructions, but he seemed to be more resentful. He didn't play twice, but he actually broke the string.

"..."

Gou Chengong stared at the broken string and said for a long time: "Do you know what this string does?"

Ink burning: "...you don't want me to pay for it?"

"Wushan goddess's white hair." Gou Chen Shanggong muttered, "The sword is constantly, the fire is burning, it is the essence of earth spirit. You actually...you..."

The ink-burning head turned horrified: "Master! I have no money to pay for him!"

Chu nightning: "..."

Gou Chen Shanggong smashed the long strings and said to himself: "Mu Ke Tu, you can destroy the essence of the earth, is it suitable for your weapon, is the essence of wood spirit?"

"what?"

"I shouldn't..." Gou Chengong, I don't know why, I took a look at the night. Chu Xiaoning caught his gaze and asked: "What should not?"

Gou Shanggong did not answer immediately, but raised a hand and called out the pottery to slowly sing. As the snoring began to fall, the top of the scorpion suddenly split a blood red summoning circle.

"Ji Baihua, you come out."

The ink burned up and slammed his head, and Xue Meng and Shi Shi were also attracted by the excitement here. I saw the hook of Chen Shanggong's fingertips, running the complex array of zeniths, and then, a fox fairy with a fluffy tail stretched out, silver powder, Huaguang rogue.

The fox is hovering around in the air, and the money falls in front of the ink.

This fox fairy is very beautiful, close to it, only to find that it is a man, his eyebrows are red and Yin, the peach blossom eyes are slightly picked up, the anger is also three-pointed, the whole body is covered with colorful brocade, and a golden one is dragged in the hand. Jin box, looked at Chen Shanggong, and smiled: "God."

Gou Chen said: "Why should I call you, should you perceive it?"

"I know it."

Gou Chen asked: "How do you feel?"

Ji Baihua smiled and said: "Yes, you can try."

The two guys answered questions and did not put the rest of the four in their eyes.

Ink can't help but say: "What the **** are you talking about?"

"Well? Xiaoxianjun can't wait?" Fox Xian Ji Baihua said, "It's fun, when I haven't appeared yet, I can tell you your spiritual power. I thought it was at least a white man." But I don’t think about it, it’s actually a handsome young man."

Ink burning: "....."

Gou Chen Shanggong said: "Ji Baihua, you first say serious."

"Well, I just made a joke." Ji Baihua narrowed his eyes and his tail swayed. "What is the seriousness? Oh, you don't want to stare at me like this. This is really a long story." ——"

Ink burned and said: "Can you make a long story short?"

Ji Baihua also smiled and said: "Well, okay, if you want to say short, it is actually very short." He spurred the spirit and floated the box in front of him.

"Come, let's take it."

... Sure enough, it is concise.

The ink is burned over the brocade box and taken in the hand to flip the amount.

The golden box of gold is full of brilliance, and there is no way to know what kind of gods are in the air. It’s just that the box has no gap opening. The only figure is a yin-yang fish pattern on the box. One black and one white two koi closes to form the gossip phase.

"How should this be opened?"

Ji Baihua: "Hey, open the law, out of my mouth, into the ears of the king, no one else can listen."

Xue Meng asked: "Do you mean that we want to avoid it?"

Ji Baihua smiled and said: "You don't have to shun the princes. I am offended by this little fairy." When he waved his hand, his eyes suddenly dimmed. I don't know when, the two were in a small secret room.

"Xiao Xianjun does not need to be nervous. This is the space-transforming technique that I use. The brocade box with weapons is the magic weapon of my own secret system. Therefore, you should not tell the open method to you in front of everyone. Don't be surprised. ”

Ink smirked: "No problem. But I would like to ask, what kind of weapon is there, need to be another box?"

"I can't tell you this." Ji Baihua said, "Shenwu is temperamental. This weapon is not willing to let people know what it looks like. If you get it, even if you finally open the box, it still doesn't recognize you. the host."

"..." The ink burned silent for a moment, only to smile bitterly, "What weapon? The temper is so weird. Ok, well, you tell me how to open this box?"

Ji Baihua saw that he didn't force him to ask questions. He added a few good feelings to his heart. He smiled and said: "Xiaoxianjun is so happy, then I am not ambiguous. This box is called Sauvignon Blanc. You have also seen it, it is seamless, if you want To open it, two conditions must be met."

Ink burning: "I want to hear the details."

Ji Baihua said: "My fox fairy family, the most faithful is really good. So first, in this world, only one person can be opened. This person is extremely important in your life, you need to love this person, and this People must also love you and be loyal to you."

Ink burned and said: "It turns out to be a strange request, but this is not difficult." He still believed in his friendship with the teacher.

Ji Baihua heard the words, but slightly evoked the lips: "How is it not difficult? Since the ancient people's heart is the most difficult to measure, what you think is not necessarily true. I have been in the world for a long time, I have seen too many people lost their hearts. I don’t know who I am, who I love. For thousands of years, there are very few people who can open Sauvignon Blanc. It can be said that there are very few."

The ink burned the road: "Why is this? Even if you make a mistake, you can continue to look for it. If you can try to get the people you know, you can always find the so-called "the most important person in life"?"

Ji Baihua said: "This is the second condition I want to say. Besides you, Sauvignon Blanc can only be touched by one person. That is to say, you only have one chance. If you find the wrong object, it will close forever. No one can get anything in the box."

The ink burned and laughed: "No wonder you have to separate everyone else. You have to let them hear it, and I can't handle it. If I hold the box and look for someone, they will know who I like, this is more. Hey." He paused and played with the box and said: "But your little things are really interesting. It turned out to be a keyhole that can only be used once. If you make a mistake, the box will be scrapped. It is."

"Nature can only be opened once, or do you want to open a few times?" Ji Baihua yelled at him. "Where are you tens of thousands of people rushing around in a hurry, how many bonds do you not know? You know, the world is like this Sauvignon Blanc, If you choose the wrong one, you will have a hard time turning back."

"Haha, Fox Daxian, you can rest assured that others can choose the wrong one, but I am very clear." The ink-burning palm smashed at him and smiled. "You can't live up to this lovesickness."

Ji Baihua glanced at him, his voice was low and slow, and he was extremely elegant. "Xiao Xianjun is too confident. I am jealous of you. Actually, I don't know Wushan, I don't know the right person."

The ink burned, and the smile was still on the face: "What do you mean?"

The beautiful and beautiful immortal who claimed to be "most faithful and true-minded" did not want to say more, only sighed and sighed: "No Acacia, breaking Yang Liuzhi. Hehe..."

There is no culture in the ink burning, I don’t understand the acidity of the schoolbag, but he always feels that the fox fairy is reminding himself of what he is doing, but unfortunately his brain is stupid, and he wants to break his head and can’t think of it.

Waiting to ask again, Ji Baihua smiled slightly, and the mission was completed. The sleeves were burned out of the secret room, and they suddenly condensed and became stiff and stiff. Then they burst into tears, leaving only one black piece falling. Come down, fall to the place where he had stood.

It’s a pity that this situation has not been seen. If he sees it, many things at the bottom of the lake will probably change.

When the ink burned back, I found that I had returned to the arsenal of God and held Sauvignon Blanc in my hands. The other four people are in the middle of the arsenal of the gods. When he comes back, he looks up and laughs at the palace. He looks at the bay and looks at it. "The little fox is really interesting. It is also mysterious to open a box." How about, how do you know how to open it?"

When I got to the bones of this section, I couldn’t help him think about it. The ink burned and thought, and smiled: "It’s easy to say."

He seems to be inadvertently walking to the teacher's side: "The design of this lock is subtle and interesting. I think you may not be able to figure it out for ten or eight years. Don't believe it?"

Said, it seems to inadvertently hand the box to the teacher.

The splendid streamer's box is in front of the teacher, and the golden light reflects the gentle and beautiful eyebrows of the teacher.

"Teacher, you should try it first." The ink burned clearly wants to pretend to be nothing, but the heart is entangled, and the palms sweat.

This is a chance to gamble whether he can have a new martial arts. He should be very cautious, but he feels that he is very cautious. He is a person who has died once. Does he still know who he cares most? ?

He is not stupid.

The teacher was hesitant, but eventually he took the Sauvignon Blanc from the ink.

The burning heart suddenly hangs in the eyes of the blind man, but after a long time, everything is as usual, there is no movement.

Ink burning: "..."

The teacher was holding the box carefully, carefully looking at it, and the fingertips stroking over the yin and yang fish lines, and then wondered: "There is no gap in the chain, and the chain eyes can't be found anywhere."

Why is there no response? !

Why did the teacher encounter Sauvignon Blanc, but Sauvignon Blanc did not move at all?

Could it be - ah! Yes! It is a glove!

The ink burned and looked at the cold buckskin gloves worn by the teacher's hand, and the heart was moving. He wanted to let the teacher pick it up and try again. Suddenly, without warning, a five-finger slender, well-proportioned hand stretched out, and took Sauvignon Blanc smoothly.

The ink burned like a thunder, and shouted: "Shi Zun -!!"

Chu night was shocked and almost dropped the box, but the calmness of the person has already penetrated into the bone marrow, so that the inner mess is not visible.

The ink burns like a mourning sorrow: "Master ah -!!!"

Xue Meng straight up the goose bumps: "Call out! Don't you take a box? What happened to you? Called someone who grabbed your wife."

"I----" The smoldering is almost fainting, and I can't say it clearly. I have to lick my face and say, "My God..."

Chu nightning! Why don't you wear gloves? !

You are so afraid of cold!

We are all wearing ice and snow, why is it alone?

Suddenly, the ink burned a bit.

Yes……

The exorcism sea otter who wears on them needs to reconcile with the soul of the night, so that Chu Yuning did not buy a pair of warm gloves from the beginning.

He does not wear gloves to protect them.

However, he did not care about him from beginning to end, so that until the opening of Sauvignon Blanc, he suddenly found that the most cold-blooded Chu-Ning-Ning was always frozen.

The ink burns really wants to cry without tears, and the heart is really unlucky, so it is lost with the gods. The sputum was boring from the chest, and it was unexpectedly unexpected. As Chu’s fingertips gently touched the yin and yang fish, the two metal-made fish were like alive, and they began to coil around the box flexibly. Wriggle up.

Slight pause.

I only heard the two sounds of "咔,咔", the yin and yang fish tangled and disturbed, and finally embossed, turned into two handles, Chu night Ning turned the handle again, and the long-term love split in half, revealing The golden things inside.

The smoldering was stunned.

Ji Baihua’s words are still in his ears.

"No one person can open it. This person is extremely important in your life. You need to love this person deeply, and this person must also love you and be loyal to you."

... This person is Chu nightning?

How could it be Chu nightning!

Impossible, absolutely impossible! ! How can he deeply love Chu, and how can he like him? Big joke!

This must be wrong. It must be that the box is wrong. This box is broken.

However, the surprise of this wave has not yet passed. When Chu Ning took up the martial arts in Changxiangsi, another thing that was even more shocking and shocking happened.

This time I was shocked not only by the burning of the ink, but also by the other three, even Chu Ning, whose face was slightly moved.

The scorpion reflects the brilliance of the weapon, and a bunch of radiant and soft willow illuminates the faces of the people.

Chu nightning: "..."

Xue Meng: "..."

Teacher: "..."

The two words stuck in the ink-squeezing throat for a long while, and they spit out hard. It was unbelievable.

"...day asked???"

The author has something to say:

If this is an online game, then let's study the cause of death of the three men and women:

Chu nightning: died of ot

Ink burning: dying in t

Teacher: Death from teammates and pigs

Xue Meng: died in the coquettish style

Chapter 40

The weapons contained in Sauvignon Blanc are the same questions, or a bundle of golden willows that are exactly the same as the ones in the sky.

No acacia, breaking the willow branches.

Chu night Ning looked uncertain, handed this bunch of willow to the ink, and the back of the palm condensed, summoned out the sky to ask, the two are compared, it is like a mirror, no difference.

Everyone did not expect such a thing to happen. Even the burning of ink could hardly believe in their own eyes. As a person who had been asked thousands of times in the past, he would not think of it anyway. Actually gave him an identical weapon.

what on earth is it?

Everyone’s eyes were on the side of the hall.

Gou Chen Shanggong looks very surprised, saying: "...and now there are two wood spirits in the mortal world?"

Xue Meng asked: "What does "Mu Ling Essence mean?"

"Ah, that's it." Gou Shanggong said, "There are five elements in this world. You are very clear. Everyone who cultivates the spiritual core will have one to two attributes. And the most talented person in a trait. It is the essence of that attribute, such as the former Wushan goddess, she is the essence of the earth. However, in general, within one generation, the same attribute may only have one essence - and the essence of wood spirit, now there is already I gave him the first weapon of Muling many years ago."

He said, his eyes fell on Chu Ning.

"When I was casting five top sacred martial arts, I originally planned to cast only one piece for each property. The other four pieces did not show any difference in the casting process, but Muling Shenwu, it was interrupted in the furnace."

"My way is God's will, so I made the two pieces of wicker into two weapons. But I still believe that these two weapons can never find the master at the same time, so I handed one of them to Ji Baihua, let He hit a box to prevent derailments. But I didn't think..."

Gou Shanggong shook his head and was about to continue his emotions. Suddenly, the willows in the ink-burning hands burst into a string of

colorful fireworks. The golden luster that began to flow gradually began to change, and finally became a fiery red. The thoughts in the ink-burning mind are chaos. I didn’t even think about it. I said, "Oh! Hell!"

It’s too late for Chu’s staying to stop.

So Gou Shanggong and Chu Wanning looked at the ink burning with great pity, and the ink burned quickly knew why they would make this look. He actually thought about it himself:

The first time that Shenwu gave out the brilliance of different colors, it means that it has been returned to its own owner, and wants the owner to give it a name...

Unfortunately, it is too late. I saw the silver handle of Liu Teng, and slowly appeared three powerful and sturdy handwritings -

what! Hell.

God soldiers "ah! See ghosts."

Ink burning: "..... ah ah!!!!"

Although Xue Meng and Shi Yan did not know the rules of this martial arts naming, but seeing the foreground image, I have already understood it. Xue Meng then laughed and laughed and tears flowed out: "This kind of name is really only you can take it out, hahahaha, good name, good name. Master has a day to ask, you have 'ah! Hell, ah hahahahahaha."

Since the ink burned the martial arts, Xue Mengshi also picked their favorite weapons - Xue Meng is a long sword, the teacher is a pipe piccolo, but the two men's weapons have never produced a different luster, apparently Not yet tamed, refused to surrender to the two.

But this doesn't matter much, you can always think of it.

So each of them was in a good mood. At night, the spring night, the building was opened, and Chen Shanggong never brought a mortal to Jinchengchi, and invited them to stay for one night. He first entertained the mortal, and he naturally did his best. On the table, I was staggered, and I was so sweet and sour, and the guests were very happy.

After the banquet was scattered, Gou Chengonggong waited to take guests to the room to arrange a sleep, and spent the rest of the night.

The guest went to the house next to the arsenal of the gods, and saw the giant wood of the sky. The ink burned and thought of the "devil" that he only got, so he couldn't help but summon Liu Teng and looked at it carefully.

No acacia, breaking the willow branches.

The fox demon named Ji Baihua was aware of something. Why did he say such a sentence, and what exactly did he mean by saying this?

In the evening, the wine was drunk, and even the thoughts were not so clear. He only thought it was very strange. If Sauvignon Blanc did not go wrong, why did he solve the lock of the box?

Of course, he does not like Chu Yuning. As for the late night, he loves him deeply... It is a big joke.

While thinking about it, I look back at the Master.

Unexpectedly, Chu Yuning was watching him behind him. The two looked at each other. The darkness of the heart burned and the heart trembled. It seemed to be stabbed by something small and sharp, and there was some subtle sweet and sour taste. He had already thought about it. Chao Chu night Ning grinned. But this feeling of the soul was only a moment, and he soon regretted it.

Obviously so annoying, why do you sometimes feel that he is very peaceful and comfortable?

Chu nightning is to describe indifference, but he saw the ink burned out of the devil, thinking for a moment, also called out the day to ask.

He walked toward the ink.

Hell seems to have a bad temper and feels the approach of another powerful Muling body. It stabbed the scarlet fireworks. From time to time, there were some bursts of splashing and falling on Xue Meng. It was a state of contending for strength.

On the other hand, the night question in the hands of Chu Yuning seems to have perceived the same kind of breath, but it has been very close to the evening of the night, so although it is full of war, the golden light is not as inciting. Uneasy, but gradually brighter, seeing the master did not stop, only to become dazzling and uncomfortable, as if to make up his mind to let the "ghost" insights, a good weapon should be in a steady posture.

The two gods of the gods were originally in the same breath.

Nowadays, it’s a fledgling one.

A red light splashed, like a yellow-haired boy who was on fire, jumping up and down; but a golden glow overflowed, like the top of the peak of Ling Feng, arrogant.

Chu Xiaoning looked at Liu Teng in his hand and indulged for a while. His eyes fell through the long eyelashes of the chamber and fell on the ghost. He said: "Ink burns."

"Master?"

"Take yours..." The word "Ghost" seems to be a bit shameful. Chu nightned and said, "Pick up your willow and look at me."

The ink burned his head and the paste didn't know how many rolls he had. He couldn't do anything. He pinched his eyebrows and smiled bitterly: "The teacher should not make a joke, spare me."

"I want you three tricks."

"I have never made a willow..."

"Ten tricks."

"but--"

There is no such thing as a late night in Chu, and a dazzling golden light with a wave of brushing will come! The smoldering was shocked. His fear

of the sky was deep into the bone marrow. He immediately raised his hand and lifted it with a "ghost". Two willows were torn against the sky and snow, and they vacated as if they were wrapped around two dragons. Bucket, friction bursts out a string of golden and red sparks!

Although I have not learned how to use this special weapon, it may be that the late Qing Ning's moves have been for a long time. The ink burning is also a talented person, and even barely able to provoke the offensive of Chu.

The two met in the cold pool for dozens of rounds. Although Chu Evening had water release, but the ink burned well, it also unexpectedly expected him.

The gold of the day and the red of the ghosts waved into the wind in the waves of the sky. The moves were beautiful, the winds and shadows were splendid, the lake was shattered by the fierce rattan shadows, and the torsion was stirred - eventually the gold and red were wrapped in one place, evenly matched, hard to give up. Minute!

Chu night Ning eyes are appreciated, but the ink burned has been exhausted, tired and gasping, and did not see the look in the other's eyes.

Chu night Ningdao: "God, come back."

The golden vines that are still hard-working are soft and soft, just like the black ice is turned into spring water, scattered into a little spot, and gently

tempered back to the late night of the palm of the hand.

The ink burns still bursts with the smoldering flames, and after a while, just sitting on the snow, the eyebrows are grievances: "If you don't play, don't play, Master respects you."

Chu nightning: "...all make you ten strokes."

The ink burned rogue and said: "Where are the ten tricks, you make me a hundred strokes, and my hand, my arm, will be broken. The teacher is a teacher, help me." He said that Barahubao generally said a bunch of words, accompanied by Xue Meng's ridicule and the teacher's persuasion.

Chu nightning did not say much, only quietly looked at them.

I don't know if it is an illusion. In the cold water pool, Chu's mouth is slightly picked up. It seems to be a soft smile. But it is just a matter of swaying the gods. He randomly turns his head and looks at the hand. I don’t know what I’m thinking about.

It was night, and the ink burned in the room belonging to oneself. The room was covered with soft and pure white sand. The walls were painted blue, and the curse was applied. The sea waves reflected the waves, the windows were half open, and the pearl curtains. Gentlely hangs in the evening breeze, a lamp made of a bright pearl on the table, so that the interior is warm and soothing.

There is a large shell in the middle of the room, which is covered with soft satin. The satin was very delicate and soft, and the ink burned down on the bed comfortably, and called out the ghost. He couldn’t hold it in his hand, but he might be too tired. He hadn’t played for too long, and he fell asleep.

Seeing the ghost on the chest, flowing with a faint red light, like a deep sleep with the owner...

I don’t know how long I slept. When I woke up again, the first thing I felt was a cold, and then I felt a strong pain in my inexplicable wrist.

He took a sigh of relief, squinted his head, and slowly sat up. The return of consciousness made the strange pain on his wrist more vivid. He was shocked to find that his wrist was not known when he was drawn a hole, and the blood had solidified. It is bloody.

what happened?

--This is where? ? !

The ink burned and widened his eyes.

As he gradually woke up, he found himself in a completely strange dark stone room. There was a small open mouth at the top of the stone room. The cold lake light squeezed in from this small mouth and barely illuminated the narrow room. The blue-gray stone wall is moist and slippery, with a thin luster under the faint light.

The author has something to say:

The bag is presented to the small theater of today:

Meat Packets: One day, the comprehensions of the real world got a mysterious weapon called "Gu Dou Vatican", and wrote their own names on it. It is said that you can see the proverbs from the distant Western Scorpio.

God: Tell people! !

Meat package: Google enter the role name, double click to view the English translation 666

So I did the following spoof experiment -

Chu nightning: Chunightrather (can be said to be very stupid b hahahahaha)

Xue Meng: XueMeng (Congratulations to Shaoxia to escape)

Teacher: Teacherignorant (...I am sorry, I laughed and spit, hahaha, ignorant teacher, hahahahaha)

Inkburning: Inkburning

Xue Zhengyi: XueZhengYong (know, surnamed Xue gave Google money)

Then let's try to see the original name of the teacher, remember that his original name is Xue Yu?

Xue Wei: XueAh (may, I saw the surname Xue and Google slept)

There are also two names that have been announced. I still have a supporting role in the character bar.

Mei Hanxue: Maycontainsnow (contain you a ghost!!!)

Ye Forget: Yeforgotthepast (... I have already admired the mitosis)

Finally, I think, Xue Meng’s mother, Mrs. Wang, should be translated safely?

then……

Mrs. Wang: Mrs.Wang

It seems that there is nothing wrong with it, but I don’t know why, I saw the figure of Li Lei and Han Meimei in the English textbook...

Chapter 41

The layout of the stone room is unobstructed, with walls on three sides and a fence with red spells on one side. There is only a thatched stone bed in the room.

He was lying on the stone bed, his hands and feet were tied by chains, and it was swaying, and even worse, he found that his spiritual power seemed to be contained by some kind of spell, and he could not cast it. . Full of anxiety, I heard a "squeaky" sound, looking at the side, came in two monks.

"You!" The ink burned and immediately angered, "You are a group of madmen! What the **** is going on? What do you want to do? My brothers? Go to Chengonggong!...Hey! I ask you something. !"

However, no matter how screaming and screaming, the eyes are all deaf, and they both carry a piece of red fox velvet skin in tandem, licking the shape of the roll, which seems to be wrapped in a person. They put the red fox velvet on the stone bed with a blank expression.

Ink gas road: "You two small muddy -"

"Noisy noisy." One of the monks finally spoke, and the voice was very contemptuous. "You are the essence of Muling, you can't lose yours."

Another monk also sneered: "Where is it that you can't lose money, it's obviously cheaper."

The ink gas has to vomit blood: "What are you going to do! What are you doing to lock me here? What have you got to this bed?!"

"What have we got?" A monk asked.

"Nature is the person you like." Another humanity.

The fingertips of the smoldering are all cold, and I am extremely shocked: "...teacher?"

The monks did not turn it down and sneered: "Spring is too short, you have this good relationship, and you will be happy to make a good night tonight. After the event, you will know why God is so painstakingly arranged."

The words left.

The house was dead.

The ink burned hands and feet are kept, and the bombs are not allowed. The passage of time has become very vague, and it is difficult for him to know how long it has been, and even if he struggles, his wrists and ankles are worn out, but he can't get rid of it.

Slightly gasping, turned to look at the foxes wrapped around a living man, the suede bundled tightly, the man was wrapped from head to toe, only a long black hair from the quilt exposed, see It’s heartbreaking and flustered.

Although he does not know why Chen Shanggong’s metamorphosis is so arranged, if he can really get rid of his greed with his teacher...

Thinking of this, I can’t think of it anymore.

It seems that a little more evil thoughts are the embarrassment of that beautiful person.

The ink burned on the dome of the stone room, and the breathing was heavy and dull. It seemed that the chest was pressed with a heavy scale. It was obviously a long-awaited thing, but I really had the opportunity to do it. I felt that I was awkward and uncomfortable.

When the Wan Nian floated, the first violent excitement slowly subsided, and he gradually calmed down.

The design of Chen Shanggong is always fierce. If it is not good for yourself, it will be considered. If it is unreasonable, how can it be tolerated?

What's more, the matter is forced by others, and the teacher is not willing. He burns a scum, but for those who like it, he wants to protect, but does not want to hurt. Therefore, no matter what evil method used in the palace, when he wakes up, he will not bully others.

After a long silence, he suddenly felt that someone around him had moved a little, and the people around him finally woke up.

The ink burned and looked around, dumb voice: "teacher -"

I haven't said anything yet. I just had a spin on the tip of my tongue and swallowed it back. After the throat rolled up, I spit out the second half of the word.

"Respect?"

Master? ! ?

In the past moment, I was obsessed with obstinacy. When I saw the face exposed in the fox, I only felt that many of the high-rise buildings had

collapsed. It’s cracked and clean.

What kind of protection, what will not bully people, what will not tarnish the other party, a slap in the face than a slap in the face.

The ink is burning.

He is now finally sure that this Jincheng pool is under the living, with the Gossip Palace as the first evil, all the **** is a group of blinks! !

Does he like Chu Ning?

Pooh!

The fox or the swearing, I really don't know what the guys who determined that his ink is raining is Chu Xinning. Is it to see that he once slept, and still want to sleep late? It’s ridiculous! Do you like someone, just like to go to bed with him?

Mo Xiaoxian’s righteousness roared in his heart. But I couldn't say half a word on my mouth, just staring at Chu Evening slowly and slowly opened the pair of phoenix eyes.

.....

It’s gonna.

He seemed to hear a slam, and something broke in his mind.

After the shackles, there was another smog that burned out from the ruins of the heart, exuding stench, black ash, and distorted heat.

It’s hot.

Like a dead night, a sudden swim through a smoldering dragon, like a silent abyss bursting out of the rushing magma and rolling fire.

Those who say good reason and calmness are all in the light of this bullying, turning into an indistinguishable focal shadow...

He did not expect it to be like this.

Chu nightning, the pair of sharp and sharp eyes, with awkward sleepiness, looks lazy and embarrassed. It seems that there is a rain in the bamboo forest, and thousands of leaves are moist.

He slowly sat up, from the look of the face, he seemed to be controlled by what, the red fox slid down from the shoulder, he did not wear anything, so bare exposed a large piece of firm skin, and that The green and red on the shoulders are all traces of love -

How could this be……

I think that I am going crazy.

Who made it?

Who is against him...his...his master, did this?

He is a late night, ...

Every inch of bones trembles in detail, and the blood of hate is screaming.

That is the late night of Chu!

Who moved his people!

is his--

The ink burns so hate, and even no longer considers that Chu Xiening has not belonged to him in this life, and does not belong to anyone. In his eyes, he only saw the well-proportioned body of Chu, and the bruises that were not familiar with the body.

"Master!!"

Chu Xiu Ning did not seem to hear him hoarsely and distortedly, but fell off the eyelashes, like a puppeteer, who leaned over, stroked the face of ink, and looked at him for a while, then closed his eyes. Close to the lips with thin, water-permeable lips, the lips that burned with ink.

He was rarely kissed by Chu Xiaoning. At the touch, the four fields were scorched, and the eyes were crazy and gorgeous, and the heart beat wildly.

Chu nightning may be cold, the body is very cold, but the fierceness of the lips and teeth is not inferior, the ink is still extremely painful because of his humiliation, but he is tempted by this re-music man. It is stinging and stimulating.

After the end of a kiss, the ink burned heavily and opened his eyes, but when he saw the night, his eyes were bright and the skin was red and thin. It

was a deep feeling of love and desire. He could not help but feel **** and could not help but think. I want to hold his face.

However, he was bound by shackles, and his hands and feet could not move. Chu night looked at the iron lock and did not speak, but squatted and wanted to ride on. The ink burned the throat and swallowed it. When he swallowed, he cast a gaze on him, but he saw the night between the legs of the night, and the thickness of the man was clear and the movement was slowly falling.

When he was on the scene, his eyes were red and he was stunned. He suddenly slammed and sat down, but he was pulled back by the chain and fell heavily on the bed.

"who is it……"

Can't help it anymore, the ink burns almost unwisely, like a trapped beast.

"Who is this to you? I killed him! I killed him!!!!"

Whether he is Gou Shanggong or Tianwang Laozi, it is God is a demon, a ghost is a Buddha - he is stepping on Xianjun! Chu nightning is the person who stepped on Xianjun! Even now that he is trapped in the body of this boyhood, he is still a human king in the bones, who touched him - to your mother's master, who touched him? He was drizzling, and he stepped on the immortal! ! !

"Ink burning!"

It seems that someone is calling him.

He couldn't hear the anger of burning his endless anger. He seemed to hear it and couldn't hear it.

"Ink burn!!"

...have killed it. Not tolerated, hell? Why did you lose your spiritual power, why can't you summon a demon? He has to lose heart.

A shameful shame, a deep hatred and hatred - a shameful shame, a deep hatred!

Who dares to touch the night? After he was with Zhou Xining in the past life, even if someone looked at Yuheng at night, he could take the person’s eyes out and let him eat it himself! In the evening, I will sneak down on the night, and I will get both of them exhausted, but this one is -

"Ink rain!"

Who is calling him, so entangled.

But this sound is very familiar.

Seems like I heard it...

wrong.

It seems that wherever I can hear it from time to time, the owner of this voice seems to have accompanied him and walked through endless years...

"Ink rain, you wake me up! Are you crazy? What are you doing?!"

"!!!"

The ink burned and suddenly opened his eyes.

In the direction of his voice, he saw the outside of the cell, and the white clothes were triumphantly triumphant, the twilight was sharp, the expression was anxious, and the eyebrows were arrogant, and they were all in a state of killing, not who is the late night of Ning!

"Master!!" The ink burned out of color.

Then his bed is -

A fierce turn, the face that is close at hand can almost scare him! Where is this Chu Ning? It is clearly a dead monster of a human fox face!

To say dead demon, this death is not used to talk about decoration.

He was squatting, and he just kissed him passionately. It was really a dead thing.

This fox demon has empty eyes and blue skin, and there is no point in it.

The ink burned that he had just been under the temptation of the blind eye, and kissed such a thing, almost did not spit it out directly, his face was so bad that he said: "What the **** is going on!"

Chu night Ning is outside the cell, with a charm between the two fingers, and then watching the dead fox demon no longer move at this moment, then know that this paper is a thousand hairs, Chu night Ning is empty, cast from the body of the fox of.

As soon as he made a fuss, the paper broke out with a large amount of black and red blood. With a scream of screams, the paper was instantly turned into a little bit of coke.

Chu Xiaoning spread his palms, and the scattered blacks slowly gathered in his hands, gradually condensing into a black piece. He stared at the piece and his face became very ugly.

"It really is a treasured chess game..." Chu night Ning whispered, suddenly raised his eyes and stared at the ink burning. "When you are sick, what is the most common cook for you?" Say!"

"Ah? Ah..." The ink burned for too many times in a short time. At this time, the mind was in chaos. "You, what do you ask this?"

Chu night Ning Li said: "Quickly say!"

"...put your hand."

Chu nightning, this look is a little slow, but the eyebrows are not showing at all, he said: "Ink burning, you listen, that hook Chen Shanggong is a fake, not the **** of the gods. This person makes good use of virtual image, and I have mastered one of the three major bans, so I have to be careful, worrying that you are also the illusion he created."

The ink burned and grievances cried: "If I am a phantom, I am locked and doing something!"

Chu nightning: "...I will save you from this."

The ink burned and nodded again and asked: "What about the Master, Shi Yi and Xue Meng?"

"As with you, the drug in the drink is locked up elsewhere." Seeing the burning look, Chu night Ning said again, "You don't have to worry, they are all fine. But here is dangerous, I am making It waits outside, and after you go out, you can see them."

As for the Zhenqi chess game, Chu Xiening has no more explanations and does not have to explain.

The most powerful in the world of comprehension, and one of the most notorious three major bans.

As the name implies, Jane's chess game refers to taking others as chess pieces and laying them out for themselves. The operator often does not appear in the battlefield personally, but lives in the dark, laying a chessboard in front of him, and manipulating the opposite body of the chess piece, so that the living creatures of the world can sacrifice their lives for themselves. In the middle of the Jane chess game, the soul will be loyal to the dead, and if it is a dead object, it will be broken into pieces.

However, depending on the mana of the man, the things that can be driven are different. The easiest thing is to drive the person or animal that just died, and then the one that died for a long time. Then, it is the living beast and the flying bird. When you cultivate to the highest level, you can control the living person.

There are very few people in the world who can train the chess game to the extreme, but in the era when the ink burned the emperor, he has already trained the chess game to the point of ruin. In the same year, in the battle between life and death of Chu and Ning, he laid a hundred feet of long rolls, splashed ink as a chessboard, and sprinkled beans into soldiers.

In that battle, hundreds of thousands of pieces fell at the same time, so the bird feathers covered the sky, the golden crows sank, the dragons broke the water, and the sea turned over. The ink burns the infinite beasts and birds, and controls the endless army of the living. That kind of scene, even if it is difficult to see Shura hell.

At the moment, this fox corpse is obviously manipulated by the Jane chess game, but in addition to the Jane chess game, there is another layer of magic - the blind eye method.

According to legend, after the death of the ancestors of the Qingqi fox family, the fur left behind was made into seven hundred and forty-nine foxes of different sizes. As long as someone takes the blood, drops it on the fox fur, and then grabs something with the fur, even if it is wrapped in root wood, it can become the object that the person longs for.

It is this magic weapon that is wrapped around this fox body, but its changes can only be seen in the eyes of the blood master. In the eyes of others, what is still what, there will be no change.

Rescuing the ink burn did not take much effort. After successfully getting people out, Chu Xiening also made it clear to him.

The biggest puzzle of ink burning is: "Master, how do you know that Gou Shanggong is fake?"

The author has something to say:

The game I play today is to use the input method to score the first letter of each character, and see how the input method can jump out!

Chu Nightning: Pet Bird (???)

Ink Burning: Nobody (Nobody? Nobody likes it, hahaha)

Xue Meng: Below (hungry is not hungry, less the Lord will give you the following)

Teacher: S·M (...why is my input method so impure?)

Mei Hanxue: Pretty funny (what is funny! 掀 table)

Ye Forgiveness: Use WeChat (true foreign gas...)

Xue Zhengxuan: Writing homework (ha ha ha ha ha uncle)

Mrs. Wang: Weifang people (don't give Mrs. Wang a fixed birthplace!)

What breaks the input method, you can uninstall it, wave it

Chapter 42

Chu night Ningdao: "If it is the real Gouhang Palace, how can it only drive the dead, but not to drive people? Although this man's mana is not bad, but it is certainly not the same as the beginning of God."

This is quite reasonable, but there is still doubt in the ink burning: "When the Master respected this... this dead fox, did you know that the person was impersonating?"

Chu night Ning shook his head: "No."

"Then how do you see it..."

Chu nightning: "You can still remember when this hook appeared, he asked me what?"

The ink burned a little thought and said: "It seems to be asking about your weapon?"

"Not bad." Chu said, "I haven’t converged in my body, and I can detect it with a little bit of perception. But as the owner of the army, he did not immediately react. I have two weapons of Jinchengchi, and when I only have One. I was suspicious at the time, but I was so worried about the sword that I couldn’t say more, but I just left everything in my mind, so I didn’t have his way."

"But..." The ink ignited. "If he didn't hang up the palace, how could he forge the martial arts?"

"First, the hook-and-mortar sword is just a rumor. No one really knows why the bottom of the lake will sink a lot of weapons, so Shenwu may not be created by the hook. Second, this person just took the weapons of the arsenal of the gods to choose from, who I don't know if those things are his or not. Moreover, I have carefully seen the two knives of Xue Meng and Shi Shi – all false.

The ink burned the news: "Western goods?"

"Ok."

"..." The ink burned for a while before I thought of myself, "What the hell...?"

Chu said: "It’s true to see a ghost. But his purpose is not just to give you weapons."

"What do he want to do?" said the ink, and looked at the fox corpse lying on the stone bed in disgust. "First of all, it took us a lot of trouble to shut us into the secret room and got something like this." Disgusting people. What?

Chu night Ning Road: "Figure you."

"what?"

"Well, you only said that you are half right. That hook, the person who has spent a lot of time is not us, he ultimately wants you."

"He shows me what to do?" The ink burned and laughed. "I am just an idiot."

Chu night Ningdao: "I have never seen an idiot that can be spiritually repaired within a year."

The ink burned to be said, but it seemed to be aware of something and suddenly slammed it.

- Chu nightning, is this to praise him?

This cognition made his heartbeat speed up, widened his voice, stared at Chu Ningning, and after a while, he slowly blinked his eyes, and he always had a stubborn cheeky face, and he was slightly red.

Chu Xiu Ning was not looking at him, but he was sulking: "In addition, Tian Qiao and He Gui, it seems that there is a little connection with the willow tree in the court. I once read it in ancient books. When I went to the palace, I went to the palace. I have brought three sections of willow branches from Tianting. But the ancient books have lost a lot of power. I have been ignorant of what Chen’s three-section Shenliu has done.

He paused and continued: "But if the rumors are true, at the moment, perhaps the day, the hell, the old tree in the court, that is the three sections of the willow branch. The two sections became Shenwu, and a section of the Jincheng Lake became a bottom. Check out the powerful guards of Chen Huoku."

Ink burning said: "What does this have to do with me?"

Chu Xiaoning shook his head and said: "It doesn't matter, it is you who wake up."

The ink sighed and sighed: "I will say, really, hell!"

"I guess what he ultimately asked for is related to the willow in the court. But as far as I know it, I can only speculate on this step. More, I can't think of it for the time being."

Although most of these are the speculations of Chu Xiaoning, but the ink burns that Chu is rather so smart, he thinks that it is always eight or nine.

While thinking about this, I am rushing in the secret waters of the secret waters. Through the ramps of the seven turns and eight bends, and after a long walk, they finally came to the exit. They were not prepared for the round-trip inspections, and they fled and fled.

The hole in the underground darkroom was set in the yard where the giant willows were planted. When it came out, the sight in front of it made the ink burned and suddenly surprised.

I saw four coffins parked in front of the giant willows, one of which was empty. In the other three coffins, they were lying in the middle of the night, the teacher, and the Xuemeng.

The ink burns out of color: "What is going on?!"

Chu night Ningdao: "This is the corpse corpse, you see the edge of the raft, there is a vine climbing, and the other is connected with the giant willow. The only thing you need is the fake hook. After he puts the medicine on us, let the monk take you. Take the secret room, and put the three of us in this coffin. Through the corpse, he can transfer the life of the people in the scorpion to the giant willow. Just like bloodsucking."

Seeing the smudged face, ugly, Chu said: "You are relieved, and the teacher and Xue Meng are not injured. At that time, I was in a coma, waiting for the three guards who were watching the shackles. The three people you saw at this time are actually those. The body of the demon."

He said that it was simple and simple, but the ink burned but could not help but squint the lashes and sneak a look at each other.

How deep is the monk in Jinchengchi? The so-called "waiting for the opportunity to remove the shackles" of Chu’s late night would have to smother the three in a single blow.

How good is this person’s skill...

For too many years, I haven’t played well with Chu’s late night, so that when I heard this sentence, I was a little embarrassed in the moment. It seemed to flash past the wind and the snow in the past, the shocking figure, the face Side, such as Chen Xing.

When Chu Jingning saw him ecstatic, he asked, "What happened?"

The smoldering suddenly woke up and said, "Nothing."

"..."

"Just wondering how the Master respected the monks into such a thing."

Chu night Ning sneerly said: "The area is blind, the fake hook Chen Shanggong will, will I not? Leave the fake body here, save the muddy discovery. The so-called "path to the other side."

Ink burning: "..."

The danger is here, the two are inconvenient to stay for a long time, and immediately leave after a short break. However, when they ran to the place agreed with Xue Meng, they saw that there was no one left.

The ink-burning face brush is white: "What about the teacher?!"

The look of Chu Xiaoning is also a micro-motion. He does not answer, but picks up the ring finger and floats a golden light on his fingertips. Before Shang Xuyingfeng, he once had a Begonia flower in the three apprentices, which was used for tracking.

After a while, Chu Xiaoning whispered and sighed, and received the light: "Hu is here also has a change, probably to hide from the monks who went back and forth. The two people have escaped from this mansion and went to the market. Go, look at the past."

Both of them were very good at hand, and they quickly escaped all the **** who patrolled. They flew out of the towering walls and rushed to the market where they passed through the palace.

Underwater, there should be no day and night fainting, but Jincheng Lake is different from other places, and it can sense the rising and falling of the moon. At this time, the long night has been broken, and the rising sun is rising.

The ink burned to see the Jinchengchi morning market has started, the bustling city is crowded with people, can not help but a little relieved. It seems that the teacher is innocent, otherwise it will not be so peaceful.

The feeling of Chu’s late night did not know why it was not particularly good, but he did not speak and pulled the ink over without saying a word.

"Master?"

"come."

"what's wrong?"

"Don't go far." Chu Xiaoning's voice seems to reveal some self-blame, even though he is as cold as the old, "Xue Meng and the teacher have lost, I am afraid that I will not be careful, you also..."

The ink burned to see that Chu Ning’s face was pale, and he seemed to be worried about himself. He was first stunned, and then he did not know what to think. His heart was actually a faint move. He opened his eyes to comfort him: "I will not lose, let’s go, Master, we are fast. Go find someone."

He said, while walking forward, while leaning against his arms, he casually took Chu's hand.

"..." Chu Xiaoning's fingertips seemed to be in his palm, shaking a little.

However, it was too fast and too slight. I was ignorant of the teacher in the burning heart, and I did not scrutinize it. It was my own illusion.

"The fish is bloody, the fish is just out of the cage."

"The snake's snake, the top clothes, the last three feet, and the seller will wait for the slave to lick the skin next time."

"Selling the squid scorpion, this young master's ink that he just spit this morning, it's better to take a picture of it with a scorpion - oh, don't leave the little lady."

The screams in the market are endless, and the strange sights are even more dazzling.

The ink burned and smiled and took Chu’s two steps. Suddenly, I suddenly understood that something was wrong. The footsteps suddenly stopped, and the eyes widened in an instant. The blood was cold in an instant.

Something is wrong!

Something is wrong here!

He looked around, and sure enough...

A headless ghost sat in front of the stall selling comb powder, a pair of long red nails with a long nail holding a corner comb, resting his **** head on his knees, combing his hair while gently saying: "The finest Bone comb, take a go with the guest."

If so!

If so! In this downtown city, everyone's movements, everyone's words, and everyone's demeanor are exactly the same as yesterday when Chen Shanggong took them.

The ink burned back two steps, hitting the night of Ning Huai Li, he immediately looked up, dumb voice: "Master, this is?"

Chu Xiaoning seems to have thought of this festival for a long time, but when he confirmed it, his heart still sinks to the bottom of the valley, and he catches up with the ink.

"How could this be? - What is this? Mirage?"

Chu night Ning shook his head, but thought for a moment, suddenly slowly said: "Ink burned, you thought about it, Jin Chengchi is a lot of different animals, there are some of them, have seen the real hook Chen Shanggong. Then, for this pretend Why are they not recognizing?"

There is no blood on the face, and some are awkward: "It is true..."

Chu night Ning said: "I will ask you again, if you pretend to be Chen Shanggong, crouching in Jinchengchi, how do you let others say what you want to say, do what you want to do, only to be from, for you acting?"

The ink burned suddenly and understood.

Jane chess game!

Black and white fell, the world is back. No one knows more about the power of this ban. He almost blurted out, but when he saw the eyes of Chu Yuning, he immediately stopped his words.

How can you easily think of the three bans when you are sixteen?

Then the ink ignited: "This is very difficult."

"No." Chu Yuning said, "This is very simple."

He paused, and then said: "As long as they are dead people."

Chapter 43

When the ink burned and he didn't talk, he suddenly heard a sharp and screaming voice behind him: "Let's let one let, let one let me! Let me pass!"

What is that? !

The camel came with heavy stones and struggled to climb forward. It was before the pharmacy at the time, and shouted: "I can't stand it! Come and save a life!"

A white-haired monk swam out - but his other scorpions in the tail were very different. The whole body was filled with gold, sparkling with a lustrous luster. The head of Huafa was tied with a simple hairpin and hung over his shoulder. Although the face is covered with wrinkles, but the face is well-proportioned, the nose is straight and the curvature of the lips is also very suitable. A pair of golden eyes are soaking and raining. It can be imagined that this young man should be born very handsome.

The ink burns.

This was not the case before, what about the green?

The old monk looked at them with a glance, but did not speak, but came to the threshold, leaned over and bent down, and took the stones that came from the camel and took them one by one.

The last stone was removed, and the illusion was broken. The cockroach suddenly blew itself up, and the pus was splashed, like a fog. Almost at the same time, all the enchanting cockroaches in the market were in a stiff shape, and then the whole body was soft and pussy, and all became the stench blood in the lake.

The lake was immediately dyed red, and as the color of the blood became deeper and deeper, the ink burned and the Chu Ningning soon became difficult to see the distant things. After that, it was not clear in the vicinity, and finally the scarlet was in front of him. It is difficult to reach five fingers.

Chu night Ningdao: "Ink burning."

The ink burned too much to understand him, and even if he didn’t want to say anything later, he said, "Master, don't worry, I am."

Chu night is not too much, but also the mouth is too stupid, silent for a while, only said: "everything carefully."

The blood is blurred, and the burning does not see the face that the sky is falling and not changing, but it is easier to perceive the concerns in the voice of the teacher. He rarely felt the warmth of Chu Ning on weekdays. At this moment, he suddenly felt a hot chest and tightened his opponent's hand. He said: "Okay."

The two men got close to each other back and forth, although they couldn't see each other, they could feel the other's heartbeat breathing. The situation is embarrassing, Chu night Ning summoned out the day to ask, the ink burned at this time the spiritual power also replied, followed by summoning a devil.

Soon after the two men called out their respective gods, the ink burned suddenly: "Master, you look over there!"

Chu Xiaoning turned over, just at the door of the pharmacy where the old man picked up the stone, and suddenly there were dozens of white spots of different sizes on the ground. The two went hand in hand, and when they came close, they discovered that the spots were the stones left by them.

These dozens of stones were neatly arranged in three rows by the old monks, each of which exudes a soft glow.

Slowly, in front of the stone, a figure gradually appeared, and it seems that the white hair is still awkward.

The ink burned and tried to ask: "Who are you?"

This person did not answer, he looked at the night, and looked at the ink, then raised his hand silently and pointed to the stones on the ground.

Ink burning asked: "Do you want us to marry this stone?"

The white-haired monk nodded and then extended a finger.

"Yes... what does it mean?"

The white-haired monk nodded and shook his head, pointing to the ink burning, and pointing to the late night.

The ink burned and understood: "Is it one person?"

This time, the white-haired monk was beheaded hard, and then he did not move, staring at the two men with big eyes.

Ink burning asked: "Master, do you want to listen to him?"

"Just do what he said, anyway, there is no other way."

So the two chose a stone to pick up, whoever touched the stone at the fingertips, and flashed through the fascinating fascination, the heavens and the earth rotated, and the colorful colors rushed past. When everything is at rest, the blood red that is not at the end will suddenly disappear.

With a fixed eye, they were sent to the arsenal of God!

"Master!!"

"Master, Ah Burn!!"

Xue Meng and Shi Yan are actually here, seeing Chu Yuning, both of them are shocked and happy, welcome to come over. I didn't think that the glowing stone actually attached and sent a curse. Chu Xi Ning was still slightly disgusted by the rapid rotation of Fang Cai. He held his forehead in one hand, but still held the ink in one hand.

In the blood lake, the ink burns with his hands and does not separate.

Chu Xiaoning’s identity is such that there is very little organic edge that can be associated with ink burning. Most of the time, he can only stand not far away, watching the apprentices intimate.

Therefore, the warmth of the palm of your hand will make him give some cautious cherish...

"Teacher!"

However, for him, it is a precious warmth. In the eyes of another person, it may be as light as a slap in the face, perhaps not worth mentioning, and perhaps even not paying attention to it.

At the moment of seeing the teacher, the ink burned naturally and released his hand.

Chu’s fingertips moved slightly, and for a moment, seemed to want to hold him.

But what is the reason?

He has no courage to like others.

I don't want to lose even a little bit of pity.

Looking at the smoldering, I saw that the teacher smiled so happily, and naturally embraced the teacher and licked each other's hair.

Chu’s fingertips hang down.

With some sorrow, with some embarrassment.

Fortunately.

The face is always used to it, and the growth of emotions and sorrows is not so obvious.

Probably older, people are stiff, and the transmission has been turned for a long time, and my heart is a bit cold.

Fortunately, there is still a little bit of heat at the fingertips.

He relied on the remnant warmth that would soon dissipate, and slowly stood up straight, sorted out his look and eyes, and cleaned up.

"Master, are you okay? How is your face so white..."

At the end of the night, Xue Meng nodded and said: "No matter."

After a while, I asked: "Are you also sent by the monk?"

Xue Meng had not spoken yet, and he heard a burst of bubbling sound. Chu night Ning turned back, suddenly saw half of the fleshy face, followed by a sizzling in the boiling sword pool, even pulled out a staggered person!

This is by no means a mortal, or a living person. No mortal can soak in the burning iron water and still live. On the other hand, this person, although the skin is burnt and the flesh is fuzzy, it is obviously a gasp. The four chains locked his limbs and set him in the furnace, suffering.

He slowly opened his eyes and screamed at the crowds, revealing the color of pleading, and they gathered at the edge of the sword pool.

He can't talk, but there is no way to express it. I saw him waving the bones and the fleshy arms. The molten iron in the pool suddenly picked up a small wave, and the waves slowly twisted into several lines in the air. Ancient text.

Xue Meng was shocked: "What is this word? How can I not understand one?"

Chu nightning: "It is an ancient book of Cangjie, and has not taught you."

Ink burning: "That - what is this written?"

Chu night Ning went to the front to elaborate and said: "...he wants...for help."

According to the ancient book of Cangjie, it is a text of the heavens. It is scattered in the human world. There are very few people in the meeting. Even a generation of masters like Chu Wanning cannot identify all the words. But the general content is still unobtrusive.

Chu night Ning looked at it for a while and slowly translated: "He said that he is the reincarnation of this willow tree. The name is the heart-splitting willow. When he was still a seedling, he was hooked up to the palace and the seven heavens from the gods. Bringing the world. After that, I don’t know why, because of what reason, I’m gone, and I’ve never seen him in the heart, and I don’t know if he is dead or alive.”

"But regardless of the absence of Gou Shanggong, the heart-splitting Liu has been following the instructions he had commanded, hundreds of thousands of years, guarding Jin Chengchi, and guarding the arsenal of God. Gradually, it was nourished by the aura, and the human form was transformed. Then, Everything is as usual, until one day, there is one - "Chu Ning suddenly suddenly lived, did not go down.

Ink burned the road: "What's wrong?"

"...I don't know these three words. It seems to be a personal name." Chu said, he raised his hand and clicked on the complicated words. "In short, this person came to Jin Chengchi. His mana is strong and his heart is hot. Kill all the spirits in the pool and control them with the chess game. The heart will not be spared."

The ink burned immediately: "This person, eight achievements is the fake hook Chen!"

Picking the heart willows heard him say this, slamming the light, and immediately followed his head twice.

"...I really guessed it." The ink burned a little embarrassedly, and scratched his head. "Haha, I can't think I am quite smart."

Chu night Ning looked at him faintly and continued:

"In the past few years, the heart-splitting willows are in a state of dementia. They have never been awake for half a day. Fortunately, the other two pieces of wicker that once had the same temperament with them - Tian Qiao and He Gui, have both awakened. Through their Power, let the heart-splitting will temporarily restore the knowledge of God. Otherwise, I am afraid that it has been out of control at this time, and it is harmful to those present."

"The present" listened, or did not dare to believe, or have a heart, the three youngsters looked up at the spirit in the sword pool, I do not know how to

chew it.

Ink burning: "Liu seniors -"

Xue Meng: "Liu senior?"

"Or what is it called, picking up the predecessors?" The ink burned out Xue Meng and continued, "I said that you may not like to listen. Your words are really difficult to justify."

Although he couldn’t speak, but he could understand the words of ink burning, he turned his face.

Ink ignited: "You first said that you were tempted by false hooks, and that you recovered your mind. It was influenced by the aura of heaven and after the awakening. But the **** is a fake hook for me, don't he know What will happen to this?"

The topping of the willow shook his head, and the text in front of Chu’s eyes changed.

"I am a **** tree species. He doesn't know much about me. I don't know that Shenwu can affect my mind. He studies the three major bans and needs my strength. In recent years, because my life is going to be exhausted, he is in a hurry. I have been seeking to renew my life. But I really don’t want to

live again. I’m rather dead, and I don’t want to be a tiger again. Unfortunately, I am subject to people and I can’t help myself...”

Chu Yuening read here, slightly contemplative: "So he let the ink burn to the bottom of the water, the ink is the essence of Muling, the abacus of the fake hook Chen, must be the combination of ink burning and ghostly spirit , sacrifice to you."

Picking the heart willow nodded.

The ink burn still remains puzzled: "But the fake hook said, there are two Muling essences, and the master is one of them. Why did he shut me up alone?"

Topping Liu wrote: "Since the ancient sacrifices are better for the young, and for the use of the tree, it is even more unambiguous. In addition, the sacrifices need to be full and full of food, and the seven emotions and six desires are satisfied, and then the uninformed bliss In the illusion, the life is taken away. If not, the sacrifice of the heart is regrettable, and the grievance is too big, but it will speed up my withering."

He said this. When the ink burned, I thought of the fox demon that turned into a late night in the secret room.

It turned out that it was to satisfy his feelings/desires, just like the fat that pigs raised before the pigs were killed, so that they tasted delicious.

In this way, it makes sense why he saw Chu Yuning, not a teacher. He cherished and pity the teacher, he did not dare to play. In love/destination, his desire for Chu Xiaoning is indeed much stronger than that of Shishi...

Chu night, seeing the ink burns differently, but also tells him that he has a heart and wants to dispel his two sentences, so he asks: "What are you thinking?"

"No, nothing."

Seeing the blushing of the ink, Chu night lingered for a moment, suddenly understood, and suddenly stopped his mouth, after a long while, some turned angry and turned his head.

Where is this kid's heart? It turned out that I recalled the so-called ‘seven emotions and six desires, and I began to think about it.

Chu night Ning squats, cold face, whispered a sentence: "I don't know shame."

Ink burning: "....."

Fortunately, Chu night never knows who is the person who satisfies his feelings/desires in the illusion. If he knows, will he be so angry that he will be stripped of him?

Just thinking, suddenly, the ground of the arsenal trembled for a while, Xue Meng said: "What is going on?"

The author has something to say: the second is more complete, thank you again~ la la la~

Today, the bib has forwarded the fake car map of Shizun yesterday! Thanks for the illustration of the painting of Qingqiu’s big baby~ she really drives without a word...

I transferred the most serious one to the portal, and I went to the microblog of "Call for Qingqiu" to find all the original pictures~

Chapter 44

The topping of the willow spirit is not as good as the answer, and the complexion is distorted and deformed. He raises his hand and holds his head in pain, his mouth wide open, and his voice is silent. Although he couldn't make a sound, the expression, the violent eyes, seemed to make people hear the screams of heartbreaking.

Help.

Help! ! ! !

His lip-shaped disc twisted into an incredible arc, and the bloodshot quickly spread all over the eye. If there weren't those four chains squatting at him, he was afraid that he had to fly and sneak away.

"I beg you... fast... ruin me..."

It seems that the time limit for picking up the heart and reviving the mind has arrived. The heart-splitting Liu Ling body struggles but is ineffective. I only see a black gas in the sword pool, and constantly attacking the body of the willow spirit soaked in the pool. Time chain chain Ling Ling, fireworks splashed.

When Chu Jingning saw the situation change, he quickly swung his sleeves behind his disciples and looked sharp. He asked the heart to pick up Liu Dao: "How to save you?"

Although the action of picking the heart will be slow, it can drive the molten iron in the sword pool and form an old book in the blink of an eye.

"I will lose my knowledge immediately, and I will hurt my life. It is not my heart. The rest I can't help, and I can't talk about it. Only telling me about the spells I will be, I want to be careful..."

The hot metal is changing.

"I have three tricks. One of them, Nanke has a dream. This is a scorpion, the subject will be repaid in the drowsiness, and the dream will last forever. Because of this, even if some spiritual power is strong enough to perceive this is the field. Illusion, will still be willing to indulge in it, never awake.

Second, the fascination is tempted by the greed of the human heart, which makes it self-sacrifice.

Third, topping..."

However, his spiritual power has already been used at this time, and it is impossible to mobilize the molten iron and put more words.

It is not known what the ability of this topping is.

I was struggling with the heart, and suddenly burst into a **** fog. He couldn’t move the hot metal, but he still took the blood from his fingers. A pair of eye-catching eyes stared at the night, and the eyes were sharp. Not reconciled.

"Master!" Seeing that the late night of Chu would go forward, Xue Meng was busy pulling him. "Don't go, fear of fraud!"

Picking the heart will not speak, just hanging the finger that is bloody, suddenly, tears flow out of the eyes.

Chu nightning: "...you want me to go?"

Picking the heart willow slowly.

"..."

"Master!"

Xue Meng wanted to stop again, but Chu Xiening shook his head toward him, and went forward alone, to the most edge of the Jianjianchi, and handed his hand over.

The topping of the heart seems to be quite touching. He looked deeply at Chu’s night, struggled and waved the arm with the flesh. It seemed to be a tribute, and then he endured great pain and caught Chu Yuning. The hand trembled in the palm of the other hand and wrote:

Lottery, breaking nightmare...

Don't -- lose... heart... wisdom...

Hey...breaking...robbing-extinguishing! !

The last word of the word has not yet been written, and the heart-splitting will suddenly resemble a pool of mud, quickly smashing, falling back into the boiling sword pool, disappeared.

At the same time, I only heard the loud noise of "嘭", and the Jianjianchi suddenly set off a huge red water wave, rolling in the molten iron, and the nine-way dragon-shaped fire column was vacated, and Chu Yuning was forced by this stormy wave. Had to retreat to the back, the fire reflected his dark eyebrows.

In the gushing molten iron flow column, suddenly four sets of signs were raised and hung in the air.

The teacher remembered the instructions he had just made when he was awake, and quickly said: "This is the lottery that the picking heart said?"

Seeing him approaching, Chu nightning stopped him: "Don't touch, go behind me."

Teacher: "Master..."

"If I am here, it will be fine." Chu said, "You can't take risks. When I finish, you will come again."

The ignorance of this statement seems to have no emotional ups and downs, but it sounds like a burning heart. I don't know why, the late night of the night, suddenly, and then overlap with the ruthless people who used to watch the apprentice's death.

He can say such a thing, why can he stand by and watch the death of his apprentice?

The smoldering suddenly felt that he himself had never understood the person who was late in the night.

He can't help but mutter: "Master..."

Chu nightning did not pay attention to them, raised his hand and picked one of the signatures. The sign was made of pale yellow jade pieces. He flipped through both sides of the front and back, "low?"

"What's wrong?" Xue Meng asked.

Chu night Ningdao: "This is not a word on the sign."

"Is this going to happen?" Xue Mengqi said, "I will try it."

The four signatures were each drawn. The situation of Xue Meng and Shi Yi is exactly the same as that of Chu Xi Ning. There is no text on the jade film. The ink burns over his signature and suddenly widens his eyes:

"Drinking ancient rain?"

The other three immediately cast their gaze on him, Xue Meng frowned: "What kind of ancient rain?"

The ink burned his signature: "This is written on it."

Xue Meng took a look at it and suddenly angered: "Hey! Are you reading the half that you can recognize?"

"...is a blood leak." Chu night Ning suddenly said.

Cangjie ancient books, he can know all the ninety-nine, if there is an uncertain word, it will not be nonsense, so since he said that this is written on the blood leak, it will never admit mistakes.

Ink burns: "What does blood drip mean?"

Chu night Ning shook his head: "I don't know."

However, like answering them in general, the towering dome of the arsenal of God suddenly came rumbling, a huge hourglass descended from the sky, and the whole body was rusted. However, unlike the rest of the hourglass, it has a cross-shaped copper frame on top of it, and I don't know what it is for.

Chu night Ning looked at the hourglass, and coveted the signing of the ink burning hands.

Blood dripping.

Between the electric and the flint, it is clear what the so-called "lottery plan" means. Chu nightning instantly changed color, and shouted: "Ink burn, throw the sign away!"

Although I don’t know what it means to be late in the night, the order that can’t be said is almost to let the ink burn down and follow his words.

I don’t want to throw it, I don’t know it. When I threw it, the ink burned and found that the jade signing did not know what kind of power was attached to the palm of his hand, but it was impossible to get rid of it.

Chu Xi Ning snorted and screamed, and he had to exchange his own signing with the ink. Unexpectedly, the rusting copper hourglass suddenly protruded dozens of sharp thorns and slammed into the ink!

"Get out!"

"Shi Zun!!!"

"Master!"

In an instant, blood splattered, and it was crucial. Chu nightning would push the palm of the ink away, and the thorns would be like wearing a forest feather arrow.

The ink burning is now a young man's figure. Naturally, it is not the result of the late night, but it was pushed back and fell to the ground. But the sound of the physical tear is so clear and horrible, Xue Meng and the teacher's almost distorted voice are so sharp and sharp.

impossible.

how is this possible……

That is the late night of Chu, who is the one who beat him and swears at him, never gives him a good look. He is the one who is trying to see his own brother who died in front of him. It is said that "the nature is inferior and the quality is difficult"

The ink burns up.

In the chaos, he saw that the person splashed three feet, the sharp and dense thorns penetrated from behind the man, and then smashed out from the front, where he was, and he was unbiased. The place to hit. The old wound did not heal, and the fascia was again devastated and the flesh and blood were blurred.

It’s that... It’s the one who took his own body in the shackles and guarded him, and he was also stunned by the claws.

It was that, hiding under the stone bridge, secretly releasing the array, sheltering everyone from the rain, but not dare to show up.

It was that, in the past life, after the death of the teacher, in order to let him have a mood to eat something, he was clumsy to go to the kitchen to copy the hand of the night.

It is that, the temper is bad, the mouth is bad, the medicine is afraid of suffering, the spicy cough, the person he is most familiar with.

It’s that person, he often remembers not to care, hate his teeth, but feels pitiful...

Chu nightning.

Late Ning...

"Master!!" The sizzling screamed, and he even climbed and stalked toward the late night, "Shi Zun!!!!"

"Your sign..." Chu Yuening shivered and raised his hand, his face was white, but his eyebrows were still sharp, "change it to me..."

He stretched out into the palm of his ink, and spread the wordless sign he had drawn, the arm that shivered slightly because of the pain, and it was difficult and slow to lift.

Chu nightning's eyes are very bright, very determined, covered with a layer of water vapor.

"Come, give it to me!"

The ink burned and didn't even get up. He climbed up to the night of Chu, and looked at the horrible wounds of his flesh and blood.

"No...master..."

"Master!!"

Xue Meng and Shi Yan wanted to come over. Chu night would rather hate the iron and not become a steel look. He waved an enchantment and shoved him apart. Then he sighed: "Day to ask!!!"

When the day comes out, it will smash the dozens of sharp canes of Chu’s late night!

But the cane is not a vulgar, and Chu will rather feel that they are swallowing his spiritual power between his flesh and blood. There is no other way, only silver teeth bite, raise your hand and hold the broken branch, smash your heart, and pull out the vine branch!

For a moment, blood rushed!

Chu nightning throws the broken branches, gasps, points to his own veins and acupoints, and stops blood loss. Then a pair of black, shiny eyes smothered with ink, and mute: "Give me."

"Master respect..."

"Change your sign-up to me! I will change it with you!"

At this time, the ink burned also understood what the so-called "blood drip" meant. It is similar to the method of smashing the law of the past millions of years ago.

Sure enough, no matter the devil, the vicious, and the idea of digging a hollow mind, it is so close.

Blood dripping.

It is to replace the fine sand with human blood, replace the running water, and fill it into the drip for timing.

The blood is running out and the time is over.

When he used to step on Xianjun in his life, he did not use Zhou Xiaoning to make a drip. He wanted to watch him step on the head of the door. He wanted the blood of Chu’s night to flow in front of him. What?

However, this world, before the blood leak under the hook.

Chu nightning is willing to take the initiative to exchange his safe signing, he is willing to take the copper frame for himself, he...

The whole heart of the ink burned up.

He can't even think.

How can it be...

How can it be! !

The copper drip missed a hit, not tied to the person, waving the vine branch again, wanting a second wave of attack.

Chu night Ning looked at him, and the wave of light in his eyes shook slightly.

He hurt the ground pale, and gasped slightly: "Ink, you... you obey, give it to me."

"..."

"Come a little..." Chu Yuening’s face was white like a new moon, "...Do you want me to block the second attack for you?!"

"Master respect..."

Fujiwa will come again.

At that moment, the ink burned and handed the sign, and Chu night never even thought about it.

Unexpectedly, in the palm of the hand, the whisker will be touched, and the ink burns in the eye. He almost quickly closes the palm, and the backhand will stop the unprepared Chu Xi Ning behind him, that is, at the same time, the second wave of cane When it hits, the ink burns up and the young man's body is swallowed up by the willow wrap, dragging it to the copper drip.

"Ink burn!!"

Dozens of willows were wrapped around him, and he was tied to a cross-strand and tied tightly. The side of the ink burned over the face, and looked at the night of Chu, and his lips moved.

Chu nightning's eyes suddenly widened.

The sound of ink burning is not too loud, but he can hear it clearly and never wrong.

Ink burns: "Master, I am really not... inferior and difficult to change..."

So, can you, don't give up on me.

——

But in the second half of the sentence, I can't say it anyway. In the past, he wanted to say that he did not say that this life is already late.

Chu nightning does not give up on him, he has seen it is no longer so important.

Just don't want to owe this person.

He is very stupid, and some people are still confused about their feelings for Chu Yuening. They don't want to be more confused.

In this life, I ignite my heart, I care about it, and I care only about it.

The reason why I don't want to exchange the signing with Chu Jingning, I just don't want to be blessed by this person for no reason, just don't want to...

I don't want to see it again.

His drizzle is not a heart, and the happiest thing in his life is that someone is willing to be good to him.

A little better, he can smile and spring.

If it is very good, then it is to let him die, but also willing.

In the dense rattan, suddenly a brilliant sword appeared.

The sword looked like a martial art. Although it was ancient, there was a heroic face. Two hoops on the left and right; the first tooth of the sword is like a thorn; the sword is narrow and narrow, inlaid with the floating plastic of the head of the dragon, the ornament is complicated, the blade is overflowing with blue brilliance, the hair is broken, and the iron is broken.

The ink burned only to see the word "hooking" on the sword, and even the "upper palace" was not perfect. This sword, which belongs to the **** of the 10,000 soldiers, penetrated directly into his chest.

The blood is flowing out and sinking into the drip.

At the same time, the arsenal of God suddenly dropped a curtain and splashed the water curtain, separating the ink from the burning and the night. Everyone was blocked by this sudden torrent.

The teacher shouted: "A burning!! Ah burning -!"

The rushing water curtains obscured their sights, and they could not see the situation of the back of the ink. Chu was rather smashed into the water several times, but was repeatedly pushed by the savage stream. At the end, he was wet. Throughout, the dark eyebrows are on the anxious face, and the lips are all colorless.

Chu night Ningsha dumb road:

"Ink burning -!"

The sound was not too loud, but it was very trembling. He himself did not notice, but the teacher was suddenly shocked. He looked at him, but he was so calm and calm that the calm masters were stunned. The long and thick eyelashes trembled, and there was a lingering concern in his expression. .

Seeing that he called the day to ask, the eyebrows are violent, like a bowstring that stretches to the extreme. The teacher was uneasy, grabbed him and shouted: "Master, don't go! Can't get in!"

Chu night Ning was ignored, and a pair of eyes were sharp and sharp, and they held up an enchantment silently and insisted on moving forward. But the water curtain contains the heaven and earth spirit of Jinchengchi, but it

can not be worn, but it is as sharp as a thousand arrows, and it stabs the musculoskeletal.

He was seriously injured before, and at this time, he was so strongly affected that he couldn’t stand it. Although he couldn’t help but hold his chest, he couldn’t help it. He squinted on his knees and his wound on his back. Bring out the bright red blood.

The teacher’s face can’t tell whether it’s splashing water or tears. It’s awful: “Master! You – why are you suffering...”

"What is the pain? If the person behind the water curtain is you, it is Xue Meng." Chu night is very strong, "I will..."

He really hurts a lot, tightens his eyebrows and can't say it.

At this time, suddenly a sword light came out from the water curtain, and it was like a tofu to tear this powerful curtain.

The sword was fierce and unusual, and the position was unbiased. It just happened to be in the position where the teacher was standing. Seeing that it was going to hit him, Chu nighting slammed his sleeves and made all the spiritual powers fall into a guardian enchantment. The sergeant is firmly guarded under the enchantment, and he consumes too much power and takes a sip of blood.

A high-clear and clear male voice sounded slowly and echoed in this arsenal:

"I am the soldier of the gods, and I am going to go to the palace, and I am so arrogant and arrogant, how frivolous!"

The author has something to say:

Today's small theater "What do you buy for the double eleven?"

Ink burning: oily salt sauce vinegar good looking dish cute pot delicious snacks

Teacher: Everyone is buying something. If I place an order at this time, I will add a workload to the courier. Although I don’t buy it alone, it won’t change the overall situation, but I don’t have to spend a thousand miles, don’t buy it. It is.

Xue Meng: clothes guards with hair buckle, "the road after the genius is twenty years old" full set of hardcover edition

Chu Evening: "How to improve a person's IQ" full set of hardcover editions (Remarks: Please send your address to the disciples of the disciples in the dormitory, please contact us anonymously, thank you)

Give the two faces that have not yet officially appeared but the name appears in the supporting column. You can guess a little character to 23333.

Mei Hanxue: 300 pairs of couples in jade, 500 sachets, 50 sets of compulsory small commodities wholesale hair accessories

Leaves forget: don't buy.

Chapter 45

Xue Meng shouted in the air: "Dog God! Is your dog's eyes smashed? Are we arrogant? We are being seen by you!"

Shi Shi said: "It's useless. This is the voice he left behind. His deity is not here. I want to come up with a false hook and confuse the judgment of picking the heart, let him think that we are squatters who are trying to misbehave."

That voice continues:

"When the world is worthy of the weapon of the gods, when you understand what is good, what is tough, not a dream, not a mind. If you come, you will be tested by me. If the test is over, then you will be innocent, and the gods will be blessed. If Dal, if it is selfish and self-sufficient, it will not be worthy of being the master of God!"

Chu night Ning licked the blood of the lips and teeth, Sen Ran said: "A good kindness ... take people to do blood leaks, is your so-called benevolence?"

He knows that Gou Shanggong can't hear it at all, but he is still angry. Even if he speaks a word, he breathes heavily, and the wound is more painful, and he can't control his own mean mouth.

The voice continues to reverberate in the arsenal of the gods: "To test the heart. Er will wait for the dream of the top of the heart. If you can't wake up from the illusion in time, you will be **** and bury yourself here." ""

The three people heard that the blood was all gone.

The teacher whispered: "What..."

The meaning is that the three of them are about to fall into a dream.

If you can't be awake in time, the three of them will live forever in the dream, and let the ink burn in the reality and the blood will die and die?

Xue Meng dumbly screamed after a moment: "What kind of **** are you! If Xiu Xian is to cultivate you like this, Laozi will not bother to touch the sword in this life!!"

Chu night Ning also angered: "It is ridiculous!"

"Master!" The teacher hurriedly persuaded him, "Do not be angry, beware of wounds."

And the grandson of Chen Shanggong, even at this time, picked up the poems and slowly said: "The effluent is flat, and the things flow from north to south. Life is also alive, and Aneng can sigh and sit on the wine to make it self-width. It’s hard to make a toast to sing a song. The heart is not a stone, and there’s no feeling.

Xue Meng is almost fainting: "What are you talking about!"

Shi said: "Bao Zhao's plan is difficult, meaning that people have their own lives, how can they blame themselves, the wine is wide, the song is interrupted by wine. The heart is not a stone, how can there be no emotion, want to say still , the words are still resting."

Gou Chen Shanggong sighed and said: "This is a floating world, there are a few people, can give up a lifelong dream, just to help others? The world is not only killing, but also fighting. If Shenwu falls into the hands of the traitor, it is my However, I am the guilt of creating a blade, how to be self-width..."

Suddenly, the arsenal of God was dark. The debris used in the flying castings in the air also stopped working. A layer of shimmer was slowly lit up at the top of the dome. It seems that there is a star-studded fascination that gradually fades and shines on the ground.

There is a voice in the air whispering: "Sleep..."

This soft and sparkling brilliance seems to have some kind of confusing effect. The teacher and Xue Mengxiu are not deep, and soon fall into a coma.

"Sleep..."

Chu night Ning clenched his teeth, strong self-resistance, but the power of the beginning of God is vast, he is finally unable to get rid of the drowsiness of the sinking, not into the dream.

God arsenal.

As a blood drip, the smoldering is the only person who is awake. He coughs and bleeds, and across the already weakened waterfall, he can see the three people who are trapped in the dream.

Chu Xiaoning, Shi Yan, Xue Meng, have been sleeping.

The ink burned the words of the hook, knowing that only one of them can wake up in time, the spell can be broken, and he can be saved.

However, time passed by, the mind became more and more dizzy, and the body gradually became cold. No one woke up from his dreams.

It can be said that it is unsatisfactory for retribution. In the past life, it was so good for Chu, and in this life, I also felt the taste of blood loss.

It’s funny.

Among them, who can give up the best dreams in life, what they want most, and come to save him?

Xue Meng is absolutely impossible.

Chu Yuning... It’s gone, I don’t want him.

If there is, that person should be a teacher.

He is thinking vaguely. But the blood has lost too much, and consciousness is almost unbearable.

The ink burned down and looked at the foot. The blood leaking to the bottom of the copper drip was diluted by the water in the leaking pot, with a reddish wave of light.

He suddenly wanted to know, if he himself fell into the illusion of the hook, what kind of scene can he see?

Does he dream of a crystal-clear copying hand, a gentle smile from the teacher, a tribute to Chu’s late night, and when the first come to life, the winds of the mountains and the wild...

"Ink burning..."

Suddenly I heard someone calling myself.

The ink burned still hangs his head, feeling that he should be losing his mind, so that he has already had an illusion.

"Ink burning."

"Ink burning!"

Not an illusion!

He suddenly raised his face.

The scene in front of him made his pupils close together -

He is almost a sigh: "Shi Yan!!!!"

It is a teacher!

The person who wakes up, throws away the happiness, abandons happiness, and remembers his people in the best of luck.

It’s a teacher...

The ink burned through the waterfall, the delicate boy who came towards him, and suddenly, his throat whimpered.

"Teacher...you..."

I don’t know what to say at the end. The ink burned closed eyes and hoarse.

"Thank you... can still be in a good dream... still remember me..."

The sergeant waded through the water, the clothes were soaked, and the eyebrows were dark, the appearance and the smoldering were as gentle as when he first saw him. It was as gentle as the dreams he had seen in previous life, and he talked with him when he was in the cold. The same gentleness.

The teacher said: "Don't be silly, say thank you."

He approached, and it was discovered that his feet were bleeding.

When the ground does not know when it becomes hot, Gou Shanggong seems to have an idea to test what a person can do for his companions, so after the temptation of the dream, it is a torturous torture.

The boots of the sergeant have been burned through. If he does not leave, the ground will remain as usual, but if he insists on going forward, every step of the way, there will be a cluster of fires at the foot, the temperature is not high, and people will not directly It can't be burned, but it can make people feel absolutely painful.

But this gentle person, obviously he has been so painful, but in the glance, his eyes are more and more determined, and he walks one step at a time.

"The ink burns, you can bear it."

He says.

"I will save you right away."

Touching his eyes, the ink burns knows that he does not have to say the phrase "don't come over."

This person's eyes are too determined and too persevering.

Such a look, he has never seen his face before.

If the mood of the ink burns is fixed, he will definitely feel embarrassed.

The teachers and sisters all call themselves "A Burning". When did they call him to burn?

He only said that he was good to him, but he did not realize that the person standing in front of him was not a teacher, but rather

It is Chu nightning.

The last skill of Gu Liu is called topping.

The so-called topping is to exchange the mind between people and people.

When Chu Ningning broke away from the dream, when he woke up, he found that he and the teacher changed their minds. Under the spell of the heart-splitting willow, his knowledge was transferred to the body of the teacher, and the same was true for the teacher. Only the teacher did not wake up, so from beginning to end, I did not know that I had changed my body.

Chu Xiaoning had no time to explain, but he did not know the truth of the ink, and he really thought that the person in front of him was a teacher.

He feels that the teacher will certainly endure the pains of suffering, just as he has experienced death and can't forget his good. People are very stubborn.

But it is too cruel.

When Chu Ning finally came to the copper drip, he went to climb the towering cane, and when he wanted to save the ink on it, the rattan will suddenly produce a fine thorn that burned the flame.

Chu nightning did not expect that the hand was suddenly spurred, and it was necessary to forcefully climb, but the physical training of the teacher was not strong. He suddenly fell, and the skin of the hand was instantly opened by the thorn.

"...!"

Chu Xiaoning snorted and painfully frowned.

Shi Mingjing this broken shell!

Ink burning: "Teacher!"

Chu Xiaoning wrestled on the ground, and the flesh that touched the ground was instantly burnt by the heat, but his eyebrows were tight, but he bit his lips in inertia, never shouting.

Such a look would be very embarrassing and arrogant on his own face, but replaced with a gentle face, but it was a bit pitiful.

People really can't compare with people.

"Teacher..."

The ink burned the opening, but the tears came down.

The heart is like a knife. In the vague vision, he saw that the man was thin and thin, so the weak man, but little by little, grabbed the cane and slowly climbed up.

The fine thorn pierced his hand, and the fire burned the bones.

The bright red stained a piece, and all the places that passed were mottled blood.

The ink burns and closes the eyes, the voice is bloody, and the words are trembled.

"Master...hey..."

The man was very close, and the smoldering saw a pain in his eyes. He seemed to be really hurt, and even the burning sound was a torture for him.

Therefore, the people in front of you are stubborn, but the gaze can be called a pleading.

"Don't call me again."

"..."

"Ink, you wait a second, I will... save you... next... come..."

Almost in the moment when the voice fell, the tough light of his eyes floated up, like a sharp-edged blade, and he couldn’t tell the good looks on the gentle face.

Chu night Ning robes are rolling, and they jump on the copper drip.

He is like a golden paper, crumbling, in addition to still breathing, it is no different from the dead.

At that moment, the smoldering felt that he was not as dry as blood, and it was better to let him suffer.

There is a broken voice in his throat: "I'm sorry."

Chu Xiaoning knows this sound is sorry, not for himself. He wanted to explain, but when he got the silver-blue sabre that was in the palace, he was stabbing in the ink-breasted ribs. The spiritual source of the veins might be

on this sword. He was worried that the injury would be heavier and he was still in front of his "teacher" and asked:

"Ink burning, have you believed in me?"

"I believe in you." Never hesitated.

Chu Xiaoning raised his eyelashes and looked at him. He grasped the hilt. This sword is close to the heart, and it is a little careless. The ink burns will be killed.

"..." Chu Xiaoning's hand was shaking, holding, but not moving.

The ink-burning eyes were still red, but suddenly smiled: "Sister."

"……Ok."

The ink burned: "...I am going to die."

"……will not."

"If I am going to die, can... can I hold you?"

When he said this sentence, he was very cautious and his eyes were shining with light. Chu Xinning’s heart suddenly softened.

However, it is another person who thinks of the burning of the eyes. This softness immediately condenses into ice.

He suddenly felt that he was an insignificant harlequin on the stage, and no one noticed him after the sleeves of Tsing Yi Hua Dan’s small man.

He is superfluous in this resilience.

Or perhaps the only use is to look at the ugly face, drawing a smile drawn by ink, to lining the joys and sorrows of others, love and hate.

How ridiculous.

I didn’t know about this, but he saw the flashing of the eyes of Chu’s late night. He said that he was reluctant to say it. He immediately said, “Hold it. Just like it.”

A sigh of invisibility.

"actually, I……"

Ink burning: "What?"

"... forget it." Chu Yuning said, "Nothing."

He leaned over, not very close, afraid of moving to the sword, then he reached out and gently caught the burning shoulders.

He heard the ink burning in his ear and said, "Teacher, thank you for waking up, thank you for being in a good dream, still remember me."

Chu Xiaoning lowered his eyes, his eyelashes were like a butterfly fan, and then he smiled lightly: "No thanks."

After a pause, he said: "Ink burning."

"Ok?"

Chu Xi Ning is still in his dreams, hugs him, caresses his hair, sighs softly. "Do you know that if the dream is too good, it will not be true?"

He said, hugs like a little water, and immediately left.

When the ink burned up, he didn't quite understand the meaning of the teacher. He only knew that this little hug was a sweetheart from the teacher and alms to him.

Sour and sweet, when rubbed to the base of the tongue, it gives birth to a trace of cockroaches.

At the moment of the sword, the blood is flying like a sea otter that has been blown away by the wind.

The ink burned only felt pain in my heart, and I thought I was going to die in an instant. I was so unwilling to pay attention to my heart, and suddenly blurted out: "Sister, I have always loved you very much. You..."

As the sabre came to the ground, the cane will spread out in an instant, and the waterfall flowing down the sky suddenly ceased, and the arsenal suddenly returned to silence.

I have always loved you very much.

What about you...

The body has reached the limit, and the smoldering feels a black rush.

At the moment of falling, he was caught by a pair of blood-stained hands and fell in the arms of the teacher. I don't know if it is an illusion. I saw the teacher licking his eyebrows and slowly closing his eyes.

He seemed to hear the teacher gently said: "Me too."

Ink burning: "!"

It’s an illusion, otherwise why the teacher’s look is so sad, but still promises him.

"I also... love you."

The consciousness finally dissipated, and the ink burned into a coma.

Chapter 46

When I woke up, Mo was found to be still in the arsenal of God.

He seems to have slept for a long time, but when he blinks, he finds that time has not passed too long, and even seems to be just a blink of an eye.

I don't know if it was because the spell was broken. When he woke up, he found himself lying on the ground, but he was unharmed. The sly wound, the dripping blood, was like a nightmare, and there was no trace left on him.

The ink can't help but be surprised and happy. When I look at the teacher, he doesn't know when he is still in a coma, but it is not hurt in the autumn.

Could it be that after the trial of Chen Shanggong, the hooks not only removed the illusion, but also restored the injuries they suffered in the illusion?

.....

Although I think about it carefully, Gou Shanggong does not want to harm people. However, this is in line with the original intention of the trial, but it is not true, but even feels the rest of the life.

Among the four people, he was the first to wake up.

Then, the teacher, see the teacher slowly open the eyelashes, the ink burned overjoyed, and even said: "Sister! We are fine! Nothing! You look at me!"

In the division, there was a smear in the first place, and then it gradually became clear. He suddenly opened his eyes: "A burning?! You-"

If the words are not finished, they will be hugged by the ink.

The teacher couldn’t help but patted him on the shoulder gently: "What happened to you..."

"Sorry, I am hurting you so much."

The teacher said: "In fact, it is not a problem, I just have a dream."

Ink burning: "That's really hurt!"

Teacher: "...What really hurts?"

At this time, Xue Meng also woke up. He didn't know what he had dreamed of. He shouted: "Bold madman! It is even thinner than me!"

The teacher saw that he woke up and said in the past: "Less master."

"Ah... how are you? How come you?" Xue Meng thought he was still in a dream.

The ink burned in a good mood, and Xue Meng’s look was also very soft. He smiled and told him about it, and Xue Meng suddenly returned to God.

"It turned out to be a dream... I thought..."

In order to cover up the cockroaches, Xue Meng coughed and suddenly found that Chu Ningning, who had always been the most powerful, even fell asleep, and could not help but be shocked.

"How is Master still not awake?"

They walked over and looked at the wounds of Chu Xiaoning. Because Chu Xiaoning was injured before the opening of the illusion, according to the design of the Gou Chengong, only the damage in the illusion can be recovered. Therefore, Chu’s shoulder is still soaked with a lot of blood, which is shocking.

The ink sighed and said: "Let's wait a little longer."

After touching the time of a column of incense, Chu Ning finally finally woke up.

He slowly opened his eyes, and his eyes were cold when he woke up, like a white snow. After a long time, he turned his eyes and his eyes fell on the ink.

But he seems to be the same as Xue Meng. He was still not fully awake for a moment. He looked at the ink and slowly reached out his hand and muttered, "You..."

Ink burning: "Master."

Hearing him calling himself, Chu Xinning’s hand was condensed in the air, and the pale face seemed to have a trace of blood, and his eyes suddenly brightened: “Hmm...”

"Master!!"

Xue Meng rushed over and squeezed the ink to the side, holding the hand of Chu Xiaoning: "How are you? Is it better? Master respects you for so long, I am worried about death."

Chu Xiaoning saw Xue Meng, slightly condensed, and the mist in his eyes gradually dispersed. Then take a closer look at the ink burning, seeing the other side is holding himself, but it is pulling the hand of the teacher, and has not let go.

"..."

Chu nightning completely woke up, his face cold. Then it was like drying the fish in the pond, and finally it was dead.

The teacher is concerned: "Master, are you still okay? Should you hurt?"

Chu night Ning Ping said: "I am fine, no pain."

Under the help of Xue Meng, he slowly stood up. The ink burned with a sorrowful sorrow. The night of Chu’s injury was the shoulder. Why did he stand up when he got up, as if his foot was hurt?

The ink burned that Chu Xiaoning did not know what happened in the illusion, but briefly recounted it.

When the teacher just listened, he felt that something was wrong. At this time, I heard it again. I felt even more strange. I couldn’t help but say: "A burning, you said that I saved you?"

"correct."

The teacher quieted for a while and slowly said: "But I... I have been dreaming, I haven’t woken up."

The ink burned, but then smiled: "Don't be kidding."

The teacher said: "I am not kidding, I am dreaming... I dreamt of my mother, they are still alive. That dream is too real, I seem... I don't seem to be able to bear to leave them, I really-"

When he didn't finish his words, he heard that Chu was rather faint: "There is nothing strange about this. It is probably the illusion of Gou Chen that erased the memory of your rescue. In short, neither Xue and I have saved. He, since he said that you saved, you saved."

Teacher: "..."

"Otherwise, is it true that there is still a way to exchange people's minds?" Chu night Ning cold and cold.

He is not willing to make a wedding dress for others. He originally wanted to tell the truth about the ink. He also hoped that the ink would be aware of it. He could understand that the people in the illusion were not teachers, but he changed himself with the teacher.

However, the final confession of the smoldering of the sorcerer was too embarrassing for Chu Xiening.

When I wake up, I look at the shiny eyes of the black ink. For a moment, Chu Xiaoning felt that perhaps there was something in his heart that cares about himself.

Such humble expectations are also the soft thoughts that he dared to quietly explore after so long.

But that is nothing but his self-confidence.

He will not know the blood, the wounds, the burns, and there is no need to know.

He is not stupid, although he does not say it, but he can feel the smoldering of the gentle and beautiful people. How can I see myself, standing in the corner, like a puppet with gray.

But when I heard the smouldering out and said, "I always love you," Chu Xiaoning still felt that he had lost his wolverine and was defeated.

The hug in the illusion, in the view of the smoldering, was given to him by the teacher.

The smoldering will never know, the hug is actually his own, and the alms are given to another poor person.

Chu nightning never thought that the ink would love himself, so this feeling, he tried very hard to press, not to force, not to disturb, not to touch.

Those savage loves, passionate entanglements, are only growing on the soil of youth. When he was young, he also hoped that someone could accompany him and make a monthly decision, but he has been waiting, but he has not waited for this person. Later, the day passed, and his reputation and status in the realm of cultivation were getting higher and higher. Everyone turned to his high mountains and said that he was not close to human feelings. Later, he accepted such a high mountain and was not close to human feelings.

He seems to be hiding in a scorpion, and the years are spinning on his shackles. At first he could see a little light from the outside through the

cocoon, but every year, the more silk, the thicker he is, the more he can no longer see the light. There are only myself, and darkness.

He does not believe in love, does not believe in the sky, but does not want to pursue something. If he had gone through all the hardships, he bit the scorpion and brutally climbed out, but no one outside waited for him. What should he do?

Although he likes to burn, this person is too young, too far away, too blazing, and Chu will rather not be close, fearing that one day will be burned to such an ashes by such a flame.

So, all the retreats he can take, he retired.

He didn't know what he was doing wrong.

As a result, he only had a little bit of delusion left, but he was still drowned by the cold rain that was enough to cover the sky.

"Master, look over there!" Xue Meng's screaming called back the feeling of Chu Xiaoning, and he followed the sound, only to see the raging melt in the sword pool, the flames surrounded, the ancient wood tree The spirit re-breaks the water. However, the tree spirits turned white, which is obviously a state of dementia. With both hands holding the silver sword of Chen Shanggong.

Chu night Ningdao: "Run! Hurry!"

Without him repeating the second time, the disciples immediately rushed to the exit.

The tree spirit that was controlled by the sky was screaming at the sky, and the chain of iron was shaken. No one spoke, but the four people heard a voice in the same place:

"Block them, one can't run away."

Xue Meng lost his way: "Someone is speaking in my ear!"

Chu night Ningdao: "Don't care about him, it is the fascination of picking the heart and willow! Run yourself!"

He said that other people have thought of it. When they were awake, they once mentioned them. The so-called fascination is to seduce people’s greed and make them kill each other.

Sure enough, the voice in the night of Chu’s ears squeaked: "Chu Ning, are you not tired?"

"A generation of masters, Yuheng in the evening. Such a character, but only secretly secretly loves his apprentice. You pay a lot for him, but he does not know how to be good, there is never you in the eyes, just like the gentle and pleasant teacher. Brother. How pitiful are you?"

Chu Evening’s face was blue and green, and he ignored the noise in his ears and swept away from the exit.

"Come to me, pick up this ancestor sword, kill the teacher, no one is between you. Come to me, I can help you get what you want, let your favorite people love you. Come by my side……"

Chu night Ning anger said: "So small, not fast!"

Others apparently heard the different conditions raised by the voice. Although their footsteps slowed down, they still resisted the temptation. As they get closer and closer to the exit, the topping of the heart seems to be getting more and more crazy, and the ears are almost twisted.

"I want to be clear! If you get out of this door, you will have no chance!"

The voices in everyone's ears are different, screaming screaming.

"Chu night, Chu, late, do you really have to be alone forever?"

"Ink rain, this world only knows where the dead medicine is coming, come to me, let me tell you-"

"Shi Mingjing, I know the deep desire in your heart, only I can help you!"

"Xue Ziming, the **** Wu you picked is a fake! Jin Chengchi only has the last weapon that was made by Chen Shanggong. When you come back, this ancestor sword will belong to you! Are you not a peerless soldier? You Don't you want to be the pride of the sky? No gods, you are always better than others! Come to me..."

"Xue Meng!" The ink burned and suddenly found the cousin running around him disappeared.

Turning his head, he saw Xue Meng's footsteps slower and slower, and eventually stopped, looking back at the floating silver blue sabre in the sword pool.

The ink burns in the heart.

He knows how deep Xue Meng’s obsession with Shenwu. When the kid learned that the weapon he had obtained was a fake, he must have lost it. Picking up the heart and taking the ancestor sword to seduce him, it is really better.

"Xue Meng, don't believe him, don't go over!"

The teacher also said: "Less master, let's go, we will go to the exit!"

Xue Meng suddenly looked back at them, and the voice echoed in his ears became more and more confusing: "They scold you, don't want you to get the weapon of the gods. You think about the light rain, he has already obtained his weapons, he can't wait. You have nothing to gain. You are brothers, you are not as good as him, and the position of the Lord who is alive and dead, of course, will be his."

Xue Meng muttered: "You stay."

The ink burned in front of him seemed to be anxiously shouting at him, but he couldn’t hear clearly, just holding his head and repeating it: "You shut me up! You shut up!"

"Xue Ziming, the weapon of the arsenal of God has long been not suitable for your weapon. If you miss the sword of the ancestor, you can only surrender to the ink rain afterwards. At that time, he is your lord, you must be in front of him. Kneeling, listen to him at your mercy! If you think about it, killing him is not enough! The ancient brothers are not a few in the wall, let alone he is your cousin! How can you hesitate! Come over - let me put the sword here you are……"

"Xue Meng!"

"Little Lord!!"

Xue Meng suddenly stopped struggling, and he suddenly opened his eyes, and the twilight was red.

"Come to me...you are the pride of the sky...when you are with the respect of the soldiers..."

Chu night Ning Li said: "Xue Meng!"

"Come here... Only you are the lord of the dead and the dead, you can peace and peace in the lower world... Think about those who are suffering, think about the unfair treatment you have suffered... Xue Ziming, let me help you..."

Unconsciously, Xue Meng has come to the boiling sword pool, picking the heart of Liu Zhiling holding the ancestor sword of Chen Shanggong, and the white eyes of the Huanren are all bloodshot.

"Good, take this sword and stop them all!"

Xue Meng slowly raised his hand and trembled to receive the silver-blue sword.

"Kill them."

"Killed the rain."

"Go to... ah!!!!"

Suddenly, Xue Meng took out a long sword and pulled out a splendid sword flower in his hand. Then he smashed his backhand. The ancestor’s sword was flowing, and the handsome man of the sky was reflected in the snow. The swordsman reflected it, in his eyes. What is bloody, it is brighter and more pure than usual.

The sword did not stab the ink, but went straight to the heart of the willow, running through the belly!

For a moment, the earth shakes, and the ancient willow shakes.

The fascination is broken, and the arsenal of God is falling apart.

Xue Meng gasped heavily, and he exhausted his strength to break free of confusion. He stared at the topping of the heart, and the young face was full of the persistence and purity of the young man. In the burning eyes, arrogance and innocence can be easily seen.

The so-called phoenix chicks are more than just martial arts.

"You can't help me, don't think about harming others."

Xue Meng gasped and finished, slamming out the sword!

The heart-splitting will burst into a stinking blood, and between the dying, the gods returned to the body, and the suffocation on his body suddenly disappeared.

He rubbed his chest and barely held his crumbling body, raised his face and opened his mouth. Although there was no sound, the mouth was clearly legible.

"More...thank you...you...block...me..."

The body of the exquisite heart is the spirit of the ancients, which is equivalent to the power of the ancestor sword. The ancestor's sword in the hands of Xue Meng was also lost, and it was colorless.

At the same time, the Wannian tree spirit is scattered.

In an instant, 10,000 points of stream light scattered into the waves of water, like a firefly flying insects, flying around the crowd, brilliance, golden light, and finally faded one by one, disappeared.

The teacher said: "Less master, come over, here is going to collapse!"

The earth is shaking and cannot be left for a long time.

Xue Meng turned back and finally looked at the arsenal of God. "When he slammed", he threw the ancestor sword of the ruin and abandoned the sword. Behind him, the bricks collapsed, such as snow cracking.

Yesterday's update, so many big brothers have the idea of wanting to change the attack / abandon the pit / hand torn meat bag (feed to feed) ... 捂 face, really sorry. But I have a few words to say to the mud to listen to... I hope not to blame me...

First of all, we will not change the attack. It is accurate to say that all the texts will not be changed in the future. Because of my ability to limit, I will not write or write for the attack. Even if it is a **** attack, I hope that he will turn back. Of course, it’s not a good idea to set the triangle at the beginning... And because the whole storyline has already been written well, the story has developed to the present, and many things are still sinking

under the water. I don’t see the whole picture. I still want to put the complete plot into a good mood. The preset rhythm is spoken out. In fact, everyone can't see the whole picture of the characters. Please don't worry about the little ones, the teacher is good, the ink is good, and it is not the person who will easily change himself. So we only upgrade the **** attack, don't uninstall it. Fish, this spicy chicken software is good 233

I can't guarantee that the process of change will not be too masochistic, but at least it can guarantee that most of the girls will not feel that the plot turns hard and the feelings change suddenly. It can also guarantee that HE will not be forced HE, let me explain slowly, please Dear brothers, rest assured ~ arched hands ~ arched hands ~

In addition, it is the **** for feeding fish. This can't be completely changed for the time being. He has always been a very persistent person. He has to admit that he has to go to the black, so he will only go to the end and have no way to go, to kill himself. I also want to make him get better right away, but I can't do it now. I also said it in the text. I will summarize it again here for two reasons:

First, his obsession with the teacher has not been put down. Just like in reality, some people struggle to chase a person for years, sometimes it becomes a habit, and this kind of entanglement will end unless it is explicitly rejected or seriously changed. The teacher is still jealous with him. He will continue to moth and fire until he is burned to death, or he will never see hope again.

Second, the ink burns the hate master, except that because the master does not give him a good look, he is said to be "sexually bad." Moreover, because the Master is able to save the teacher, he chose to stand by. The

favorite person in the past life is the teacher, and the teacher is dead in his arms. In the process, the ink has been asking for the late night to save people, and the life is not to be flat, just want to let the people who like it live. However, Chu Evening did not agree. Although people are not killed by him, Chu Evening has no obligation to save the teacher, but ink burns him. This is also the negative emotion that flesh-and-blood people will give birth.

There is a little baby who asks me when the ink is burning. In fact, it is very simple. As long as he can release the above two points, it is when he turns back.

Of course, everyone is not good at feeding fish, there is a problem with the wood! You can also spray the master when you are uncomfortable! What? However, if I really can't stand the abuse in the process, I have a small request, that is... If you can't stand the abandonment, can't you tell me, on the finger... I am really embarrassed...

Because I like to write, because there is a story to write, I try to write some words every day after work, but also want to insist on the original appearance of this story, what kind of friendship is what interaction, when to uncover a layer The mystery is unveiled when it comes to the water. I don't want to change it, so I am very grateful for the company that I used to, but if you don't want to give up, please be gentle, try to... Don't tell me hahahaha.

Because the author is a... glass heart... It’s still very sad to see such a message (dead corps)... Thanks for the gratitude.

Chapter 47

Chu night Ning was injured, and the other three were exhausted. After running into the martyrdom outside the arsenal of the gods, Chu night would make them take a break. For a time, no one spoke first, and each stood or sat, looking at the wounds on themselves or others, and easing their strength.

Only Xue Meng, he stunned, pulled his head, and did not know what he was thinking.

The smoldering mutter: "Xue Meng..."

Xue Meng did not pay attention to it. He walked to the late night of Chu, and looked up. He opened his mouth and his voice was broken.

"Master."

Chu Xiaoning looked at him and wanted to raise his hand and touch his messy hair. After all, he still resisted.

"Is the martial art I picked before, is it fake?"

Chu nightning did not speak.

Xue Meng’s eyes are redder, and the black-and-white eyes are like a **** spider web. If it is not forced and self-sufficient to support him, I am afraid that I will immediately drop my tears.

"Is it right? I can't get the weapons in the pool anymore?"

Chu night Ning finally closed his eyes and sighed and fell.

The road was very quiet, only to hear the cold and cold voice of the late night.

"……Silly boy."

A silly child full of sighs and helplessness, Xue Meng finally collapsed, and he couldn't stand it anymore. He threw himself into the night of Ning Huai, holding the waist of Chu Yuning, and burst into tears.

"Master...Master..."

Missing Jinchengchi Shenwu is almost equal to missing the qualification to cultivate the peak of the fairyland. This is something that everyone knows well. The mortal man's mana is limited. If there is no help from the gods, it will be nothing but a flesh and blood.

The few masters of the martial art in the upper cults have left the martial arts passed down by their ancestors. Even if they do not fully fit their own spiritual power, they also have a powerful force that cannot be underestimated. Xue Meng alone, because Xue Zhengyi brothers started from scratch, did not get the weapons of Jin Chengchi.

Therefore, when he chose to use the ancestor sword and the topping of the heart, he chose to put down his past high-ranking people.

Chu Xiaoning did not ask anything, no matter how much, Xue Meng, who was crying in his arms, touched his hair. Xue Meng played a small spoiled habit, never suffered any grievances, so he never cried since he remembered, and he was arrogant and arrogant throughout the day.

However, at this moment, tears are intertwined in his young face, and the words are broken, like the gods he is destined to no longer possess, like the heroes he thought he had at his fingertips, all broken. It is.

"Xue Meng." Chu Xiaoning held the apprentice in his arms and comforted him.

The water wave at the bottom of the lake, blowing the white cloak of the night, the long hair of the ink, the moment the ink burned only to see his soft eyelashes falling down, underneath is the fine soft light. Then the water wave was a little bigger, and the clothes and long hair were chaotic. In the dark, I couldn’t see the side face of the night.

Just heard him say: "Don't cry, you are already very good."

The voice is not gentle, but it is said in the mouth of the night, it is a soft sentence.

In the secret road, four people are worried about each other, and no one speaks any more.

The ink burned against the icy wall, watching Chu nightning holding Xue Meng, patted his shoulder, and suddenly it was not a taste.

Jinchi trip.

When I came, I was dressed in anger.

When I went, Zhong Yong’s injury.

Xue Meng was the proud son of the fifteen years.

The scenery is infinite and the atmosphere is high.

Then one day, Zhulou collapsed.

From then on, he will spend a long life to forget these fifteen years of foresight.

When they ran out of the arsenal of the gods, everyone saw the heart-slung willows slowly fall in the water, like the giants of the ancient and ruined, exhausted, like the death of Kuafu, the shackles of Jinwu. The monks who stayed on the ground thus fled and fled.

The arsenal of the gods of millions of years ago was destroyed overnight.

The **** tree crashed down and set off a frenzy in the Jincheng pool. Before the huge vortex, the monks changed their shape and changed back to the huge original body in order to resist the stormy waves. For a time, the scales in the Jincheng pool are tumbling, and the dragons are eager to jump.

The ink burned and shouted: "No, you can't get out!"

When talking, a thick dragon tail was shot, and the ink burned quickly and evaded.

At this moment, suddenly a black dragon was swept away, its shape was larger than the rest of the dragon, and the dark scales overflowed with gold.

The ink burned and said: "Watching the moon?!!"

Looking at the moon and shouting, he was originally a dumb dragon. At this time, he suddenly said something. He sounded like a Hong Zhong, and he shouted: "Catch my back, pick up the heart and ruin it, and Jin Chengchi is destroyed. Come on! I bring You are running out!"

At this time, there is no other choice, and they can’t look at the moon as a friend or a friend. Looking at the moon carrying four people in the stormy waves, Wanlong rumbling in the waves, running by water.

"Hurry up!"

The voice fell, and the old dragon burst into the waves and vacated. They burned only when they felt that the millennium rushed to the surface, and the water flowed like a thousand horses rushing on the road. They couldn't blink at all, they couldn't breathe, and their hands clung to the back of the dragon's back, so that they couldn't get back into the lake.

When they finally blinked, they had taken the dragon into the cloud, and they were on the top of Jincheng Pool. The thin water vaporization is used for 10,000-point fluorescence, and the huge dragon scales scattered from the mirror surface are scattered. In a flash, the clouds are like clouds and the mist is rainbow. The moon looks at the head of the moon, and the eight is deserted.

The smoldering hears Xue Meng’s voice coming from behind, and he is excited and far-reaching in the hunting blast. He is really young and young, and it is easy to forget the sorrow for some things.

"My God! I am flying! Fly on the dragon!"

Looking around the moon, Xu Xuanfeng circled several times, gradually narrowing his body shape and slowly descending. When he stopped at the Jincheng pool, he had already shrunk to the original half, and did not crush too many surrounding rocks. Grass. He was kneeling in the same place, quietly letting the ink burn them down the back of the dragon.

They went back to see Jin Chengchi, only to see the cold ice open, the waves flooded, the waves shattered the ice. At this time, the dawn was bright, the east was white, the sun was shining, and it flowed into the pool of Jincheng Pool.

The teacher suddenly said: "Look at those in the pool!"

The tumbling dragons fluctuated with the raging waves, gradually disappeared, and then collapsed and turned into a little bit of coke, and one black piece rose from the lake and gathered in the air. .

The ink burned and muttered: "Zhenzhen chess game..."

The dragons in the whole pool, the creatures, and even the toppings of the willows, all have the skills of the chess game. This whole scene of the conspiracy is actually a place where someone hides in the dark!

The smoldering suddenly shudders.

He realized that the world after the rebirth was not right, there were some things that were ahead of time.

When he was sixteen years old, there was absolutely no one who could play the Zhenqi chess game to this point. What is the fake hook?

Xue Mengdao: "Watching the Moon!"

The ink burned back and looked at the moon and saw no movement. There was no black piece on his body, but he looked very weak and his eyes were half-squatting.

"You...do well...I’m going to smash the golden pool of God, I’m ruined, and I can’t...can’t fall into the hands of wickedness...”

After he finished this sentence, he suddenly burst into the golden light, and when the light dissipated, he became a human figure with a smaller body.

"It's you?!"

The smoldering and Xue Meng open almost simultaneously.

The moon in front of us is the white-haired old man who led them to the spiritual place of the martial arts. Looking at the moon, he looked up and there was a tinkering in the middle.

"It is me."

Xue Meng was surprised: "Why, why do you want to lead us to the arsenal of God? Are you trying to save us or harm us? If it is harming us, why should we send us ashore? If it is to save us, we can't crack the heart." If Liu will rob, then you will not..."

Looking at the moon, hoarse and hoarse: "Sorry. It was only the situation at that time, I had to do this. The fake hook Chen was repaired as a deficiency, and all of them relied on the spiritual power of the heart to be banned. Only

the cracked heart will be cracked, his spell will be Invalid. I have nothing to do but give you a try."

Chu night Ning shook his head and walked over, waving his hand to heal the wound.

Looking at the moon and sighing: "The longevity of the road, no need. I am like all things in the pool, the number of life has arrived, originally by relying on a little reiki of the heart of the willow. It has been lodging, I am also a short life."

Chu nightning: "....."

Wang Yuedao: "The order of death is orderly, can not be forced. Before the return to the silence, I saw Jin Chengchi's nightmare break, I am willing to be round. It is just a disaster in the pool. It is really difficult."

Chu night Ning said: "No problem. ... You know, who is the person who lies in the lie, what is the intention?"

Wang Yuedao said: "I don't know who he is. But his purpose should be to explore the three major bans by gaining the power of picking up the heart."

Chu nightning Shen Shen said: "The spiritual power required to perform the ban is very amazing. If the ancient tree spirit helps, it will do more with

less."

"Yeah, that person said the same thing. He said that the ancient spiritual power is huge, but it is extremely difficult to find. The only thing in the classics that can be found is the topping of the heart."

"In fact, he also appeared not long ago. Since he took control of Jin Chengchi, he has been doing the cultivation of the two kinds of bans of 'rebirth' and 'zheng chess game' at the bottom of the lake. ”

Looking at the moon, he sighed and his eyes were a little hollow.

The ink burns and the heart slams.

Sure enough... The trip to Jinchengchi is completely different from the previous life. These variables have only happened not long ago. In the end, what went wrong, so that everything changed the track?

"He lacks the ability to control the living things, so he kills a large number of creatures in the lake and tries to control the dead. This time he did it, so in just a few dozen days, he killed almost all the spirits in the lake." I made it as a chess piece. I only left a few for testing. I am one of them."

Ink burned and asked: "So when I ask for the sword, you are out of the water. At that time, you were under the control of false hooks?"

"No." Wang Yue slowly closed his eyes. "He manipulated others, manipulated the fox demon, manipulated the heart of the willow, but could not manipulate me. I am the sacred beast that God tamed when he created the world, millions of years. Before, when I was willing to drive for God, my counter-scales engraved his curse, and I was loyal to my master."

"then you……"

"Be forced, it is disguise." Wang Yue sighed, "The intruder has no way to completely control me, but the curse of the gods has been millions of years, and the effect is not as good as the one at the time. I still have a part. /The body is affected by the false hook--when you see me, the reason why I am dumb is because my nephew is completely controlled by that person, and I can't hear my own call. Only when his spells are invalid. When I was able to reopen my mouth, I can speak."

Ink burning asked: "Is that fake hook Chen know that you are pretending?"

"I don't think he knows." Looking at the moon and watching the burning, he said, "According to his plan, today he will take your spiritual core and renew his life. But he did not expect that I will bring you again. Go back to the arsenal and destroy the ancient willow. He is not wary of me."

Chu nightning suddenly said: "He may not be wary of you, maybe it is more than enough."

"How do you say this?"

Chu night Ning said: "I vaguely think that the fake hook Chen Shanggong is another weird."

The author has something to say:

Today's small theater is a rewritten version of a plot. When the code is opened, I always feel that the ink burns a little bit of taste in this plot. Later, when I think about it, he is worse than the root 2333.

After the "Golden Pool is destroyed, the modern version" is turned on, toot!

In the secret road, four people are worried about each other, and no one speaks any more.

The ink burned against the icy wall, watching Chu nightning holding Xue Meng, patted his shoulder, and suddenly it was not a taste.

But the ink burned nothing, just bowed his head and touched the cigarette case, leaving the last cigarette in it. He bit it into his lips, and the lighter rang. A cluster of sparks was clear and dark, and it was reflected in his throat, like the poppy of the new spit.

He took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. In the addictive nicotine, the ink burned his eyes, not salty or light, and looked at them without looking at them lightly, then turned his face away.

He leaned against the wall and put his hand in his pocket.

No one talks, reason tells me to burn, give them a little time, there is always a time for a cigarette, the little peacock needs comfort.

He is a very addicted person, and he likes the rot of the tar in the lips and teeth.

But that day, he couldn't help but resent. This cigarette seems to be extraordinarily long. Damn, he has been pumping for so long, so heavier, but how can he fuck?

The smoldering suddenly raised an inexplicable temper, and he blamed the temper on the unsatisfactory smoking. So he smashed half of the smoke that had not been exhausted on the wall. Then he looked up and still stuck in his pocket with one hand, and it seemed to be justifiably going toward Chu.

"Chu Chu." He looked at the face of Chu Yuning, and reached out and slammed Xue Meng straight, and squatted to his side, and his lips were rolling out a lazy smile.

"You don't care about my brother, I can't feel it anymore. What's wrong, if you look at it, hello people do it..."

He was soaked and dumb, so he cleared his throat.

"I am also my brother."

Chu nightning is a slogan.

It’s ridiculous. What he thought at the time was: Is this grandson’s brother, I am a hooligan, or literally, that the relationship with Xue Meng is “a man who is older than his own and is older than himself”?

Chapter 48

He said this, the ink can not help but agree.

The teacher said yes.

There is a weak breath on the fake hook, and the ink burned originally thought it was his own illusion, but since Chu Xiaoning also felt it, the possibility of illusion was negligible.

The breath of the dead body.

- This hook is not the same as the palace, even he is not a living person!

That is to say, the hand behind the scenes only took the body, swearing for himself, disguised as the **** of thousands of soldiers. He didn't even show up in person.

Thinking about it, suddenly a low-pitched sneer came from Jin Chengchi.

Then, a white body appeared like a sharp arrow, and the fake hook-up palace jumped into the air, but his description of the behavior became extremely horrible at this moment, and the skin of the whole body shrunk together. It seems that the snake is in the skin and the silkworm is in the ruin.

"Night Yuheng, Beidou Xianzun. Chu Zongshi, you really deserved the name."

The fake hook hanging over the water of the lake, like a peeling face, seems to be **** out a nearly twisted smile.

"A character like you, when you were a Confucianist, how could you not keep you?"

Chu night Ning cold channel: "Who is you?"

"You don't have to know who I am." Falsely said, "I won't let you know who I am. You should be a **** person, climb out of **** and look for you." A gentleman is waiting for his life!"

Wang Yuesen said: "There is no shame in the afterlife! The heart has been ruined, and with your spiritual power, if you don't have the power of the gods, you can't ban it again, and you can't do it!"

False hook Chen sneered: "You are old and muddy, death is dying, and it is still a bad thing for me. Where is there to talk about you here? Not to roll!"

Chu night Ning suddenly said: "I have a white son, is there any part of it?"

The so-called "white child", as the name implies, is the most special kind of chess piece in the Zhenqi chess game.

When the surgeon finds a new dead body and pours a part of his soul into the body, that part of the soul will merge with the body to form a white white jade.

"White child" is different from the "black box" of ordinary pure listening. In other words, Bai Zi is actually a substitute for the surgeon. Besides the mana, the mind can be considered, and can act on their own, and what they see and hear is also Can be empathy with the body.

False hook Chen’s identity was revealed, but it was a big smile: “Good, good! Good!!”

After these three "good", the false hooks and cheeks became more and more sloppy and twisted. It seems that the spells of the body will be exhausted, and the action of the whites could not be maintained, gradually revealing the original shape of the body.

"Chu Ningning, you have to be self-righteous. Do you think that it is useful to stop me today? Even if the heart is destroyed, my body can go to find the source of spiritual power. It is you."

He said that the gradually turbid eyes suddenly passed over the night, and fell to the ink burning body.

Suddenly scared!

False hook Chen is quite ridiculous, one sentence at a time: "If you think that there are only three people in this world who know the three major bans, then I am afraid, you can't live for too long."

Chu night Ning long eyebrows low twist, sharply said: "What do you mean by this?"

However, the fake hook Chen suddenly did not speak, and he had to smash, and suddenly he burst into a smashing piece, and a piece of white jade was smashed out of his body. In the midair, he hit a few spins and fell. Into the fine broken waves of Jincheng Pool.

It seems that the body of the fake hook in the dark, and finally lost the help of the heart, Liu, completely exhausted.

At the same time, almost the same is the two steps of the moon, which survived by the exquisite Liu Lingli, and fell back to the ground with a splash, whispering: "Ah..."

Xue Meng was shocked: "Watching the Moon!"

The ink burned also said: "Watching the moon!"

All four people came to the old man's side, and when the moon had reached the end of the oil, his lips were bloodless. He looked at them, his throat hoarse like a sundeck.

"You, tens of millions... don't go to the letter to the gibberish of that person. What he said, fake, fake is far more than really..."

The teacher’s eyebrows are full of concern and sorrow. Wen said: “The older generation should stop talking, I will heal you.”

"No, no need. What your Master can't do... You...you are..." The moon violently coughed a few times, then gasped. "In these years, there are many people who come to Jinchengchi for swords. ..... After the traitor into the pool, the heart will not want to use the lord left by the master for his use, destroying tens of thousands of soldiers. The only thing left is... is a piece of willow with its strength, one Put a sword on the god..."

Referring to this section, Xue Meng's look is even more bleak, licking his lips and silent.

"Liu Teng... Liu Teng returned to the path." Looking at the moon, he looked at the ink. "At the lake, I told you that it was evil in the past, and I can’t stop it. I hope that you will be good in the future... but in fact ... In fact, in accordance with the owner's wish, Shenwu is finally, it should only be a good person to possess. So, I hope you can... you can..."

It was very laborious to see him talking, and he stopped his words and said: "Predecessors are relieved, I understand."

The monk murmured: "That's good... that's good... then I will... I will be relieved..."

He looked up at the sky and his lips trembled slightly.

"People say that Jin Chengchi asks for swords, underwater is strange, and will... ask for some requirements. Those who used to ask for it, most of them... are to test the character of the comers, but there are exceptions..."

The sound of the moon is gradually weak, and the eyes seem to have a long history, such as a lantern, and go through.

"I followed the master's agreement, since he left, he guarded Jincheng Lake, and he must not leave... It is millions of years... the scenery of the mountains and rivers that I saw when I was young... This is the life... actually... It’s never been there again... see you...”

He turned his head slowly, praying for the smoldering of the ink, and the old eyes flashed with a warm, moist luster.

At that moment, the ink burned suddenly knew what he was going to say.

Sure enough, Wang Yue gently said: "The path is long, the plum blossoms on the mountainside are bright all the year round. When I was a child, I liked it very much. You have the martial arts, you can... you can..."

I just want to say, I will fold it for you.

However, even the good news was too late to say, and the light in the golden brown eyelids of the moon was suddenly extinguished.

Jiangnan has nothing, chat and give a spring.

In the distance, the snow-capped mountains and the lake are golden, and a round of red sun shines into the pool. In the surging waves, it is broken into a little red.

Looking at the moon to return to silence.

He was the first dragon in the creation of the world. He was once shocked by the wind and the wind, and he also bowed to the surrender. Everyone said that he had a curse and could not abandon the old master. I don't know if he respects Chen, and for this reason.

In the world, there are very few people who remember the things that created the world. Looking at the moon, I know that although the real Gouhang Palace is a mixed race of the Mozu, the mother is forced by the Devil, not willing. Hook Chen hated the Mozu, and he fell under Fuxi, and created the first sword of the world between Fuxi and his own hegemonic blood. Helping Fuxi to smash the konjac and sweeping Kyushu.

However, after the reunification of the heavens and the earth, Fu Xi was suspicious of him because of the half of the magic blood of Chen Shanggong. Gou Chengong is not confused. After a hundred years, he asked himself to leave the realm of the gods and come to the mortal world.

Along the way, he saw the suffering of all beings, the blade of the army, and consciously should not create the "sword" and repent. So he collected a lot of weapons left by his own human beings, sealed them in the arsenal in Jincheng Lake, planted the heart-splitting willows, and told the people in the lake, but those who seek swords must be kind and have a god.

Nowadays, it’s gone, and the moon is gone.

Under the Jincheng pool, there has been no martial arts and no sin. Since then, all sin and remorse, distortion and perseverance have fallen with the smashing heart.

For a time, no one spoke. In the heavy snow, Jin Chengchi's four "red roads" were still the same as the first one. The water was peaceful and calm, and there was no catastrophe in the water. There is suffering.

Just as they first boarded Xu Yingfeng, they did not know that after this "difficult way to do", there was a story of how **** and fuzzy.

The ink burned into the sky, above the cliff, the eagle flew through the snow.

He suddenly thought: In the past life, the moon will give him a knife, and the strange knife is powerful. However, in this life, the strange knife he saw is nothing but a fake. The knife that belongs to him really has been self-destructive. Among them, this life has no chance.

After a while, he remembered inexplicably.

At that time, he came to Jincheng Lake for swords.

On that day, the moon looked out of the water, and the golden eyes looked at him gently and friendly, and then said to him.

——

"The plum blossoms on the mountainside are shining brightly. Can you pick one and give it to me?"

The ink burns and closes the eyes, and the arm gently covers the eyelids.

I didn’t know what happened in the past, but I thought that I would like to ask for it, but I’m a good friend.

It’s been a long time since I returned to the dead.

Chu Xiaoning's shoulder injury was severe, and the three teenagers were also full of energy, so they rested in Yucheng for many days, and then they turned back.

Xue Meng did not say anything about seeking a sword with Xue Zhengyi and Mrs. Wang. He was as proud as him. Whether he was disappointed or comforted, he was salted on his knife. Chu Xiaoning looked in his eyes, and his heart was also unbearable. So he buried the first volume in the middle of the day, hoping to find another way to get a magical weapon for Xue Meng.

Or, is there still other way in the world that can make mortals match the weapons of the gods?

In addition, the fake hook, who is it, where is his deity now? Before the "white son" of the fake hook Chen blew himself, what was the last sentence said?

There are too many things to worry about. The candlelights of the Honglian Water Museum are full of nights and nights. The copper pots are dripping, and the cumbersome bamboo slips spread out. The depth of the case is the tired face of Chu’s night.

"Yu Heng, you have this hurt on your shoulders, don't be lucky." Xue Zhengyi holds a cup of hot tea and sits next to him. "The elders of the wolf are good at medical skills. You get empty, look for him to give you a donkey." Hey."

"No problem, it has begun to heal."

Xue Zheng snorted: "No, you look at you. After you came back, your face has always been unsightly. Ten people have seen you, and nine of them have said that you are going to faint at any time. I see the wounds." Maybe there is a poison or something, you still have a little heart."

Chu Xiaoning raised his eyelids: "I seem to be fainting?" He paused and sneered. "Who said?"

Xue Zhengyi: "..."

"Oh, Yu Heng, don't always use yourself as a metal, and treat others as paper."

Chu Xiaoning said: "I have a few in my heart."

Xue Zhengyi snorted without saying a word, looking at the mouth is like "you have a few farts." Fortunately, Chu Xiaoning concentrated on reading, and did not see his little movements.

After a while, Xue Zhengyi saw that the hour was too late, patted his **** and stood up, ready to go back to accompany his wife. Before leaving, he did not forget the late night of Ning: "Yu Heng, you have to rest earlier. If you want to let Meng I know that he is not guilty of death."

Chu night Ning refused to ignore him.

Xue Zhengyi touched the cold nails, some awkward, scratched his head and left.

After drinking the medicine, Chu Jingning returned to the case and continued to check the scrolls. He saw some dizziness behind him. He

supported the forehead and felt a little disgusting.

However, this kind of nausea is fleeting, and Chu Ningning is only tired when he is, so he does not care.

Late at night, he finally felt dizzy and slept with his sword. A wide-sleeve pillow was placed on the side of the filed pile of mountains, and the knee was still separated by a roll of unfinished shackles.

That night, he dreamed.

Unlike ordinary dreams, this dream is vivid and true.

He stood in the Dan Heart Hall of the dead and the dead, but this Danxin Temple was different from what he knew. Many of the furnishings were changed. He had not had time to look at it. The door of the hall suddenly opened, and the crimson account was ethereal.

Someone came in.

"Master."

The eyebrows are handsome, and the eyes are black and purple. Although they are already young, they look a little childish when they roll up their mouths.

"Ink burning?"

Chu Xiaoning stood up and just wanted to go over, but found that his wrist was buckled with four chains of spiritual power, bound himself, unable to move.

After the shock, I was so angry that Chu nighting was incredulously licking the chains on the ankles. The face of the gas was twisted, and I couldn’t speak. After a long time, I looked up and said: "Ink rain, do you rebel? Untie me. !"

The person came as if he had not heard his anger, his face was lazy with a smile, and the dimple was deep, coming over and pinching his chin.

The author has something to say:

Today Weibo updated the master of the Qiuqiu wet (what devil described) color · full of bath pictures, crab crab Qiu QAQ

Welcome to the bib of the meat bag [Flesh of the Big Devil] and the collar of the little angel [calling Qingqiu] 撸图~么么扎~

Bonus character card sticker number 3

Gou Chengong (really true, not fake)

Word: No

Nickname: What a joke

Occupation: the world's military blade, the main killing and fighting, the skill of casting the sword, the way to keep the righteousness

Say something simple: grinding scissors, pickle knife ~

Social appearance: the owner of the army

To put it simply: Chairman of Shenzhou First Weapons Co., Ltd.

Favorite: 吟诗

Favorite food: Shennong Grain

Hate: snoring

Also hate: unemployment

The most painful thing: others will be unemployed without fighting

Height: The height of the **** is a secret, not to be revealed

Chapter 49

Chu Jingning's horror has been completely difficult to describe in words. He widened his eyes and looked at the ink in his dreams like a ghost.

The drizzle that has grown up is very British, the shoulders are wide, the legs are long, and the man is half a head taller than him.

When I look down on myself, there is some playfulness and ridicule at the end of my eyes.

"The good master of this seat, you really should look at what it is like today."

His fingertips ran down the cheeks of Chu, and stopped at his ear.

A few silences, he was cold, and then deceived, the soft and hot touch swept over, and he contained a late night lips.

Unexpectedly, Chu Jingning’s brain banged, as if there was a string... broken...

The ink burned and kissed him. His breath is encroaching on him, damp, anxious, full of sinful desires.

The lips and teeth are entangled violently, and the chest is turned upside down.

The late night of Chu is close to the hustle and bustle, the phoenixes are round and round, and the anger and anger in the mind are all there. However, in the dream, it seems that the spiritual power has been lost. Even the ordinary strength is difficult to gather. He can’t break free from the smoldering. Was firmly in the other's arms.

The ink in the dream is unknown, and it is totally different from what he knows.

There is no longer a good eyebrow in the past, selling beggars, but the momentum is sturdy and the power is intense.

He can even clearly perceive the sizzling scent of the smoldering breath, which is rushing and low. A hot beast. To be like a magma, he must melt his flesh and blood with bones and **** into water.

Chu night, the face of Ning Qi is blue, and he wants to vomit blood. He couldn't imagine how he would be suppressed by ink and no resistance. What made him even more uncomfortable was that he felt the heat in his

abdomen and the fingertips were soft in this crazy and wet kissing. He was trembling in his arms, his burning chest was so hot, as if he had to melt him through his clothes, to submerge him, he wanted to struggle, but he had no strength.

At the end of the kiss, Chu’s legs were soft, and the ink burned and hugged him, putting his face to his side and sticking it to his back. The damp heat breathed at the root of his neck and gasped. Then he heard the ink burned and said, "Are you not talking about the conditions with this seat?"

The sound of ink burning is very hoarse, hoarse to make Chu Xiaoning almost unfamiliar.

Chu night, coveted, seeing his throat rolling, is a forbearance, but can not help but swallow.

"You have no value for this seat, then talk about what you left last."

Chu Yuning’s voice is also dumb, I don’t know because of desire or anger, he whispers: “What...”

The ink burned him to the wall, suddenly raised his hand, slammed against the wall, and grabbed a wrist that was buckled by Chu.

He was all malicious, but he bowed his head and covered his earrings.

Chu Xiaoning instantly trembled fiercely, a horrible numbness from the caudal vertebrae to the scalp.

The burning sound is low, the breathing is very turbid, and it is very heavy.

"You let me do it once, I will promise you."

Chu nights and squatting eyes wide open, there is love in the sorrow. The color of the water to be dyed, but more is unbelievable.

The other hand has touched his waist, his lips licking his neck, gentle tone, vicious sentence.

"However, this seat is so disgusting to the Master, it is estimated that there is not much interest in the body of the Master. To be happy, you have to bother with your cooperation."

The ink burned, and continued to touch his waist, tightening people.

"So, you want to be clear, if you want, you will kneel down, take care of me, comfort me, then kneel on your own, kneel on the bed, beg me. Fuck. You."

"..."

Chu night Ning is going crazy.

Yuheng elders, clean and proud, innocent and chilly, not stained, male color, not close to the female color, do not listen to the **** paintings, do not listen to the genre, and keep the cold and self-love.

To put it simply, he knows that there is a lack of knowledge.

Therefore, he is unfortunate. Although he is angry, he can only throw a helmet in front of such a fierce strange feeling, and he will not be defeated.

After the ink burned, I waited for a moment. It is estimated that he did not respond, he whispered a sentence, but he couldn’t help but start kissing him. He had enough of his lips, and the wet tongue withdrew from the mouth, bringing out a trace of crystal, and then slammed his neck. He kissed his neck and shoulders and auricles.

What makes Chu’s scalp numb is that the ink-burning hand began to tear the robe on his body violently, while tossing and muttering, “What kind of gentleman to pretend! What kind of saint!” When looking up at him, his eyes were hot. Crazy, the end of the eye is full of wonderful light, like the long-awaited hatred finally got vented.

It is also like the feeling of boiling under the rock. The magma is desperately sprayed after a long period of forbearance.

Chu night Ning is like a tiger-wolf-like look, and wants to remove his sight, but he is stunned by the ink, and he covers his face.

"look at me."

The hoarse voice was hot and shivering, I don’t know if it was because of excitement or something else. It sounds like the hunger and thirst of a beast.

"I let you look at me!"

Chu nightning shivered and closed his eyes.

This dream is too ridiculous...

"Master." The voice in the ear suddenly became soft and soft, and it was a familiar tone. "Master, you wake up."

Between the nights of Chu and Ning, I saw that the face of the burning ink was still in the air. I immediately thought about it, and a slap and a fan slammed the past, and the slamming slammed the cheeks.

The ink burned and caught, and was smoked. "Ah" a big eyes: "Master, how do you beat people?"

"....."

Chu night Ning sat up, a pair of phoenix slings, eyes with anger, was shocked.

His body is still trembling, dreams and reality are intertwined, driving him crazy.

"Master respect..."

"do not come!"

Chu night Ning pressed the low sword and shouted, and his overreaction made the ink burned. For a long while, be careful: "Do you have a nightmare?"

Nightmare...

Yes, it is a dream... it is a dream.

Chu night, staring at the people in front of him, slowed down for a while, then gradually returned to God.

He is still lying in the library of the Red Lotus, and the Danxin Temple and the youthful smoldering disappeared together, leaving only the face that is still young and childish.

"... um, my dreams... good to beat people." Finally, I woke up, and Chu night settled for a moment, finishing my expression, using a slender finger that was still trembling, and I was pretending to be dressed, and I was not scattered. Hot and upset, said.

The ink burned from the red cheeks and sighed: "What kind of nightmare did Shizun do? It’s so embarrassing to start..."

Chu nighting face flashed a trace of sputum, licked his lips, side by side Zhang Jun beauty, high cold did not speak.

There was no wave in his face, but his heart was filled with waves. He felt that his self-esteem was bursting: he had actually made such an absurd dream, so swearing, swearing, and shameless.

What made him even more collapsed was that his body did not live up to expectations in this humiliating dream...

Fortunately, the robes are loose and elegant, and others can't see them.

However, Chu nightning helped the frontal angle, and the face was still black.

He naturally can't breathe in the darkness of his dreams, but it's okay to send it to the door. Then he slanted his eyebrows and sullenly asked: "In the middle of the night, privately, my bedroom, you are a red lotus, is your home? You are the elder of Yuheng?"

"..."

First, it was inexplicably fanned, and the face was trained. Some of the grievances and whispers, "What temper is it..."

Chu night Ning Jianmei angered: "I have not lost my temper, I have to sleep, you give me out!"

Ink ignited: "But the Master, it is already the time."

Chu nightning: "....."

"If we haven't seen the Master in the good and evil Taiwan for a long time, I don't dare to come to Honglian Water to find you."

Chu night: "....."

The window of the library was hidden. He pushed open the window and saw that it was already rising from the sun, and the birds were worming.

Chu nightning's face is even more ugly.

When he goes up, he may call the day to ask people.

When he actually had a spring dream to do it, if it wasn’t for him to rush to call him, he might continue to do it. This cognition made Chu’s forehead’s forehead spurt, and the knuckles that held the window were jade.

I want to know that Chu Xinning’s practice of cultivating the mind has always been to curb desires. Before that, let’s not say spring dreams, even mourning has never happened.

Chu night is like this, just like a wood man, stupid, stupid and stiff, his own method of cultivation to the ruin of the realm, sever the desire, no matter, always like to despise the lover, and despise the pair of monks, At the end of the day, this person is still proud of himself and feels that he is particularly high.

Who expected the horse to lose its forefoot, planted...

And still planted in the hands of his own apprentice.

The wise and savvy Chu Zong, who is noble and glamorous, never dared to look at the ink, and angered and threw away the sentence: "Speed and me go to the good and evil Taiwan morning repair!" The sleeves went out for a moment.

Xue Meng and Shi Yi had been waiting for a long time. When Chu arrived, they were sitting under the shade of the trees.

The teacher is very anxious: "The teacher is never late, what is going on today? It’s already this time, and I haven’t seen his shadow yet."

Xue Meng is even more anxious: "Isn't the ink burning to ask the teacher to respect it? After I haven't come back for a long time, I knew I would go with him. Master will not be sick?"

The teacher said: "I see the wound on the shoulder of the teacher is so serious. Although the good student has been nursed back to health, his body is too boneless, but it is hard to say..."

When Xue Meng heard it, he became more and more restless and suddenly got up: "Don't wait, the ink burns the unreliable dog thing, I will go see it myself!"

Looking back, I saw a glimpse of Chu’s white dress and strode.

The two people under the tree are together: "Master!"

Chu nightning: "Some things are delayed. Take you to practice martial arts today, let's go."

The teacher looked at the late night and didn't pay attention to it. He whispered to the back of the ink: "Do you want to be strict? What happened?"

The ink burned a white eye: "Sleep over the head."

"what?"

"Hey, I don't know." The ink burned his cheeks. The slap was still hurting. He didn't want to be slap in the face.

The teacher’s eyelashes flickered: “How is your left face red?”

The ink burned low: "You have to ask again, my right face has to be red, don't ask, let's go."

Three people went to the cultivation field, and Chu Yuning let the ink burned and the teacher first went to learn and make a move, leaving Xue Meng alone.

Chu nightning said: "Sit down."

Xue Meng is not clear, but he has always been a teacher, and he immediately sits on his own.

Chu Xiening also sat down in front of him and said to him: "Three years later, it is the Lingshan sword. What are your plans?"

Xue Meng whispered, after a moment, bite his teeth: "Get the top spot."

If Chu Yuning asked him in front of Jin Chengchi’s trip, Xue Meng would answer his embarrassment and prestige.

However, at this time, to say this sentence again, but it is not able to put up the arrogance, hard to die.

He is not self-aware, but he is not willing to let the name of "the pride of the sky" be handed over.

After saying the words "to get the first prize", Xue Meng was stunned and sneaked at the sight of Chu.

But Chu Ning just looked at him, no sneer, no doubt.

He simply said a word.

"it is good."

Xue Meng’s eyes suddenly lighted up: "Master, you think - do you think I can still... I..." He was so excited that he was incoherent.

Chu night Ningdao: "Under my door, there are no disciples who have not spoken before."

"Master respect..."

"The ones who participate in Lingshan's swords are all young leaders of the various factions. Those who do not have Shenwu will naturally not be your opponents. If you have a martial arts, you don't have to be afraid." Chu Yuning said, "Shenwu is not going to be able to control it all at once. Although your Sabre Dragon City is slightly inferior, it is also the top grade that can be cast by the mortal world. If you have practiced and cultivated in the past three years, it is not impossible to take advantage of it.

Everyone knows that Chu Zongshi’s eyes are sinister and sinister in martial arts.

He is also a sensational person who will never say anything in good faith to motivate others. Therefore, Xue Meng listened to his words and suddenly felt very excited.

"What can the teacher respect this truth?"

Chu night Ning smashed the scorpion, understatement: "How old is Xue Meng? After five years old, I am not embarrassed."

He said this, Xue Meng was a little embarrassed, licked his nose and laughed.

Chu Evening said: "The outcome is impermanent, but pride can't be light, try to be it. As for the result, you don't have to be overly demanding."

Xue Mengdao: "Yes!"

Here, Xuemeng was relieved, and Chu Yuning came to the vicinity of the Linglimu people pile behind the performance battlefield. In order to prevent the disciples from accidentally hurting others when playing the wooden piles, this place was built to be somewhat remote and had to go through a long The cloister, turn a corner, to come to the pile.

The teacher and the ink burned his back to him, talking, not far from the distance, just to hear.

"You..." Chu night Ning was trying to call them over, but the scene in front of him made him suddenly stop talking.

The author has something to say:

Today's Little Theater:

"If this is a essay, then the respective people may be..."

Chu Xiaoning: Probably the worst temperate teacher in the school.

Teacher: Surgeon.

Xue Meng: A student at the Film Academy, reading... probably a performance major.

Xue Zhengyi: Coal boss local tyrants

Mrs. Wang: The first lady of the scholarly family who followed the local tyrants

Mei Hanxue: counselor.

Ye Forgiveness: Dedicated to the people's police.

Ink burning: ... racer. Don't ask me why, driving by him depends on him.

Chapter 50

As a person who loves weapons, such a scene makes Chu Yuning really utterly speechless.

He was afraid to see a fool.

I saw the flowers under the flower trees not far away. Shenwu can flex and control the size, but most people are willing to enlarge their weapons and become very prestige. If they are not good, they will retain their normal appearance like Chu Xinning. However, the ink burns will become very small, and the length of the hair rope is almost as long and thin, and the leaves are exquisite, and the gods are so arrogant that it is like a little poor child.

Everyone has different spiritual powers. The night of Chu’s night is golden after being filled with spiritual power, but the ghost is red.

So I don’t want to say that I will go to Liu Ye, and when I go to the swan, I will go to the old red line...

"Teacher, you put this in your hand. I want to know if the **** is the same as the day, and there is also the ability to tell the truth."

"Hey... you want to take me to try?"

Ink burned and said: "Yes, because I am the best with you, I also believe that you will never lie to me."

The teacher is still hesitant: "It is true to say this, but..."

"Oh, I will never ask for anything to do. Do you believe me, let's pull the hook?"

Said, stretch out your little finger.

The teacher is crying and laughing: "How old are you, so childish."

"Looking at the hook, I can pull at the age of eight, and I can pull it at the age of eighteen. Even if I am eighty-eight, I can still pull it. This is naive." The ink burned, and the suede smiled and raised the right hand of the teacher. Out of the little finger. The teacher was teased and angry and funny, but there was no way to do it. In the end, he had to go.

Who knows that the ink burned the little finger of the teacher, but did not pull him, but squinted and smiled: "Hell, work."

Seeing the sneaky two times, the Thunder is not overwhelmed, and the little finger of the sergeant is tied, and the other one is holding the little finger that is still burning.

The handsome teenager laughed like a fox who had a good ascension. The dimple was deep and he said with joy: "Congratulations, be fooled."

The teacher is simply ridiculous: "You!... you will release me."

"No hurry." The ink smirked. "I will ask a few questions and let go."

In fact, since Jin Chengchi got Sauvignon Blanc, and the teacher did not open the box, the ink burned a little uneasy.

Although the teacher was wearing gloves and was not able to directly touch Sauvignon Blanc, the ink burned still could not be completely relieved, not to mention the last box was actually opened by Chu Jingning.

Chu nightning...how is it possible...

So the ink burned that it must be that Sauvignon Blanc was broken.

However, in order to confirm this, he feels it is best to use the ghosts to confirm.

He did not doubt his true intentions for the teacher, but he was very worried that in the heart of the teacher, he was actually insignificant. As for the words of Jin Chengchi, it is more likely to be his own illusion.

He feels that the teacher's temperament is mild, and it is good for everyone on weekdays. Unlike Chu Yuning, there is a late night. The face of a woman who owes him Jinshan Yinshan is especially suspected.

Don't look at the one who is a fairy, and when you miss your sweetheart, this guy can entangle himself with his life.

"First of all." Although the ink burned in my heart, my face still smiled, so it was easy and casual, and decided to throw out a few unrelated questions to pave the way.

"How do you think Xue Meng?"

When it hurts, the teacher can't help but be honest: "There are very good masters, that is, speaking too straight, sometimes unbearable."

The ink burns and smiles: "Hey? You can't stand him anymore? Hahaha, no wonder, after all, he is so annoying."

The teacher blushes: "...you are whispering, you have to be heard by the Lord."

"Good." Ink smiled. "But if you say him bad, I am very happy."

Teacher: "..."

The ink burned and asked: "What do you think of the master?"

"The teacher is very good, that is, the temper is some..." It seems that the teacher is very unwilling to comment on Chu Ningning, but he is helplessly bound by the ghost, biting his lips for a while, or grievances, "The temper is a bit violent."

"Haha, where is violent, it is very violent. It is angry every three or five. If you are angry, you still refuse to admit it. I think the noble lady is better than him."

Chu Yuning standing in the corner: "....."

Suddenly, the smoldering gas was a little curious. He asked: "So, since you know that the teacher has a bad temper, why should he worship him?"

Shi said: "The teacher is cold but kind, my talent is not as good as others, but he never doubts that I am dull. He said that there is no class. If I am not good at attacking, I will teach me how to recover. He, he I am very good."

The ink burned was originally happy, and when I heard it, I suddenly confessed my smile and gradually silenced.

After a while, the ink ignited: "Where is he to treat you? Not to teach you some spells, and occasionally take care of you, for any Master, you will do this."

"That's not the same -"

Suddenly, the smoldering is not pleasing, and it is screaming at the gang: "It is not good for him to treat you anyway! I can do it for those he treats you!"

The teacher did not speak.

In this embarrassing silence, the smoldering gradually subsided the smoldering fire of the heart, seeing the teacher pleading, and suddenly whispering, whispered: "Sorry."

"Nothing," said the teacher. But after a while, the teacher shouted a bit of awkwardness: "When you were not in the early years, when I was on the road, I was on the road and suddenly it rained."

"I didn't go to the teacher's door at that time. I met him when I was running in the rain. He held a red paper umbrella and saw me wandering, let me hide under his umbrella. I have heard him cold for a long time. Fame, when he walked side by side, his heart was very powerful."

"and then?"

The teacher looked gentle and said: "And then? Then we didn't talk all the way."

The ink ignited nodded: "He is so boring, and he really has nothing to say to him."

"Yeah." The teacher smiled. "The teacher has very few words. However, when he sent me to the door of the house, I thanked him. Suddenly I saw that his right shoulder was soaked, and I All the way to his left, no rain at all."

Ink burning: "..."

"The oil paper umbrella is very small. In fact, it is only enough for one person. He has blocked most of it to me. I watched him go far in the rain. After returning to the house, I wrote a teacher's post and asked him to accept me. Under the door."

"Don't say it." The ink burned suddenly. "Your heart is too good. If you go on, I will feel that you are very pitiful."

Shi Yanwen said: "A burning, don't you think that the teacher is pitiful? He only has such a small umbrella, because he has always been alone, no one wants to accompany him. So, sometimes, the teacher respects I am stricter, or more reprimanded, I don't care. Because I remember his wet shoulders."

The ink burned and did not speak, but the tip of the nose was reddish, and the heart flickered with a trace of sorrow and grief.

The sorrowful feeling was a little vague, and suddenly I didn’t know the feeling. I was born for whom.

"A burning, I ask you a question."

"Well, you said."

"Do you particularly hate the Master?"

Ink burns: "I..."

"Or, don't you like him?"

When the teacher asked this sentence, he had always had a calm and soft look. I don’t know why it seemed to be sharp. The ink burned on him without any precautions. Under such sharp gaze, he suddenly became speechless.

The ink burned his head, neither nodding nor shaking his head. After a long time, he barely smiled and said: "Oh, isn't I asking you a question? I was accidentally surrounded by you. How can this be?"

Seeing him avoiding it, the teacher is not thinking about it, but he does not insist. He just smiles: "I will ask casually, and you don't have to worry about it."

"Yeah." The ink burned and sighed, and then looked up, through the thick lashes, looking at the face of the teacher like the moon.

Originally, his third question was to ask the teacher whether he liked himself or not. However, after this conversation, the mood was abrupt and heavy, and the lips were silent, and the ink burned suddenly: "He is my teacher, but only a teacher, and I don't like it."

Smell him to say this, standing in the dark, Chu nightning eyelashes fretting, like the wing of a butterfly when injured.

Some things are like a mirror in my heart, but when I confirm it, I still feel that I am like a drifting heart. Perhaps the autumn was too early, and Chu Ning suddenly felt cold.

In the distance, the ink burned and the teacher was talking. He closed his eyes, and the slight nausea that emerged from time to time was on his head.

He suddenly felt exhausted and turned to leave.

However, after a few steps, the sound of ink burning was carried by the autumn wind, and if it was delivered to his ears. Let him stop involuntarily.

The third question asked: "Well, you said Xue Meng, but also said the Master, then let me say."

He lowered his intentional efforts in his voice to the lowest, cautiously, and even humblely asked:

"Teacher, what do you think of me?"

The teacher suddenly did not speak.

Like Tian Qiao, the ghosts obviously have the ability to force the truth to speak. The teacher refuses to answer, so the ghost is so brighter, the lock is on the fingertips of the teacher.

Teacher Emei said: "Pain..."

"I only ask you to say a word." The ink can't bear it, but this question is deeply buried in the heart. Past and present life has almost become his demon, so he still insisted, "How do you see me?"

Shi Yan shook his head and closed his eyes. It seemed to be a painful one. The long eyelashes could not shake, and the forehead gradually oozes sweat.

"..." The ink burned him like this, but in the end it was soft, and sighed, "But..."

He is about to withdraw from the ghost, but the teacher is tolerant to the extreme, his face is white like gold paper, hoarse: "I think you are very good."

The ink burned and widened his eyes.

After the teacher said this sentence, the pale face quickly rose red, it seems to be annoyed, and dare not look at each other.

Seeing the ghosts as a little red light, like the residual flower petals, they rushed back to recover the ink in the palm of the hand, the ink burned without pressing, bowed their heads, smiled softly, and then looked up at the teacher, the eyebrows and the tails were spring and blooming. mean.

There was some lazy laughter in his voice, but his eyes were a little moist. He said, "Okay, thank you. I also think that you are very good. Although Jin Chengchi has said it to you again, you can't remember it. So I want to say it again, you really... very popular."

Although he did not elaborate on what kind of like, but the teacher still has a red neck, can not say a word.

A pair of dark, lacquered eyes stared at him. The luster in the eyes is so clear, as if the stars are immersed in the sea, and the fine waves are on the Milky Way.

"I want to treat you very well and make you happy."

The teacher is not stupid, he looks at him, and he knows his heart well, and he can't help but bow his head.

The ink burned and looked at the heart, and couldn't help but want to raise his hand and touch the hair of the teacher. However, in the future, it was close to me. Suddenly, a golden light flashed over, and the vine whip of "啪" was actually drawn on the face.

"Ah!" The ink burned and the horror turned back.

I saw that the night of the night, Ning Bai, Sheng Xue, standing on the side of the green wall, looking down on them. The question of heaven is like a snake snake vomiting a letter, coiled to the ground, and the willow leaves are rustling, bursting out of a cluster of Mars from time to time, a golden light.

The teacher was shocked: "Master respects..."

The ink burned his face: "Master."

So what are you hate, don’t be liked, what about?

If you change to someone else, you may have to cry and cry, but change to Chu Ning... crying? absurd. Of course, it’s a painful fight.

Chu night Ning looks very cool, the model walks, the cold road: "I don't want to practice, what are you talking about here? In the light rain, do you think that you got the last piece of Shenwu great? You will win the battle, no one can rival Have you been so happy?"

"Master, I just want to..."

Chu nightning eyes are fierce, and the ink is shut up.

"Shi Mingjing went with me to the move, and the ink was light." He paused and disliked, "Cultivate. If I come to discuss with you, you can't walk ten strokes under my hand, and I will go back and punish my heart." Three hundred times. Let's go."

Ten strokes?

It’s better to think that you are still going to copy the heart directly.

The author has something to say:

The teacher’s shock is not necessarily because the fish is being smashed by the singer, but also the fish is being bullied. 2333

Come and come, gamble and gamble again, the Macau **** dealer has issued a license, the next chapter [Jin Chengchi is injured and ill-health, why is the late hospitality of Chu, and what is wrong with gambling, if there is a guess ..... I will wait for the full text to finish, add a luxury sports car outside the Fan! ! Angry shot racing driver feeding the dog's head~

Ps.Friendly reminder, healing the bath is seen in the bridge section, I guess, no more hahahaha, play the play code and play the game (/≧▽≦) / ~

Chapter 51

For the next three days, Chu’s face was not very good and his temper was very violent.

The elders of Yu Heng wrote a disgrace on their faces. Wherever they went, they were all covered with a haze. The disciples saw him circling around the birds and beasts. Even Xue Zhengyi could feel the murderous murder of his body and he did not dare to overdo him. chat.

Although Chu Ning’s mouth is not willing to admit that he has any thoughts on the burning of ink, but he can still resist the anger and anger of seeing the two apprentices in front of the wooden pile.

He was a little disgusted.

Not only disgusting others, but more importantly, disgusting yourself.

Ink rain and himself are just masters and apprentices. Who does he love to stick to, who is entangled with who he loves, and what does he have to do with himself?

Why can't you get used to it? Who is happy with who is there, and what is it with you? What is wrong with you? Chu nightning, how is your heart smaller than the tip of the needle!

... well, retreat 10,000 steps, even if he has some unspeakable desires for ink burning? He has always been proud of his self-control and pride, enough to restrain his heart, enough to succumb to that terrible desire over time.

This kind of unseen feeling, except for myself, no one knows.

In addition to the acacia kite that fell on the side of the ghost ceremonies, entangled him and a black hair burned, nothing left.

Ink burning will not know his mind, just like ink burning will never know, Jin Chengchi bottom, endure the pain to save him, not a teacher, but with the teacher to temporarily change the soul of himself.

But what is this now?

Yes... Hey?

This thought made Chu Wanning sturdy.

After a few months, he tried to avoid contact with the ink, in addition to daily practice instructions, do not do more exchanges.

In the blink of an eye, the end of the year is approaching. One day, the night of the night, the Ning has returned from the mountain and went to the mountain gate. The sky suddenly began to snow.

Soon, the dying of life and death was shrouded in ethereal silver, and Chu night was cold and cold, so he tightened his robes and strode toward Danxin Temple.

There was a charcoal fire in the temple, and the firewood cracked and cracked in the copper basin.

Chu night Ning Yuan was coming to Xue Zhengxuan to return to life, but the Lord is not here, but instead collided with the ink.

There is no other person in Danxin Temple. This is the first time that Chu Yuning has been alone with him for several months. What's more, the absurd dream is happening here.

Speaking of that dream, later, Chu Ning actually went back and forth many times. Every time the picture was clear and vivid, at the beginning, Chu Ning would still tangled, and then I was used to it, from the dream of burning and a little madman. Like a mouthful of madness, he manages his own idle eyelashes, a two-three...

However, that dream always stopped at a certain critical time. After several times, Chu Zongshi believed that he must be self-sufficient and would not be so filthy.

In this way, the elders of Yuheng, who has a fragile glazed heart, have finally recovered some dignity.

However, the combination of ink burning and Dan Xin Dian still makes Chu Xining feel a little dangerous.

But the boy had no feeling, saw him, stretched his black eyes and grinned: "Master, you are back."

"……Ok."

"Looking for the uncle? He went to the aunt's house. The aunt's body was a little uncomfortable. He couldn't walk away. What do you have, I will tell him."

Chu night Ning licked his lips, faintly said: "No need."

After turning around, I want to leave.

The ink burned and called him: "Master waits."

"how……"

He said as he turned back, but he couldn't help but get rid of the black-browed hand.

The ink burned, and naturally said: "Look at you, it's snow."

Chu night Ning stopped.

By the young man, he was removed from the snow, and he took a white towel to wipe his wet hair.

Chu night is rather cold, can not catch cold, otherwise it is easy to get sick.

But this person never knows how to take care of himself. In the past life, after Chu Xiening was under house arrest, he often liked to sit in the courtyard and watch the Jin Yu Yue.

Then, if you don't move, you will have a cold and fever. After the abolition of the spiritual core, the masters will become weaker. The disease will often linger on the couch for more than half a month. It is not good to have one dose of the soup.

Therefore, when the smoldering saw his eyebrows and fell on the shoulders, he fell in half, half condensed, and the subconscious would give him a slap.

However, the hair was wiped in half, and suddenly it seemed that the behavior was too close, and looked up, just like a pair of Danfeng eyes on the night.

Chu night Ning is glaring at him: "..."

The ink-burning handcuffs were collected back: "Ah, haha, the disciples are smashing, the masters are wiping themselves, rubbing themselves."

As soon as he was in a hurry, Chu nightning turned his back.

Dreams are just dreams after all.

The apprentice is still the same temperament as before, and the guy in the dream who calls himself "the seat" is judged by two.

Chu Xiaoning was silent for a while, took the ink-burning handkerchief, took off the cloak, went to the fireside and baked the roasting hand, wiping the snow in the hair.

"When did you know how to get better?" The fire reflected Chu's face, and he squinted. "Isn't it always been out of place?"

Ink burning: "..."

No one spoke for a while, Chu night Ning wiped his hair, casually took the Pa towel, and faintly looked at the ink.

"But then, what are you doing here?"

The ink burned busy: "Is this not the end of the year? The file that has been accumulated for one year needs to be sorted out. I will help..."

Chu Xiaoning interrupted him: "I know that there is a year's dossier that needs to be sorted out, but isn't this a good thing for the teacher? Why are you doing it?"

Ink burning: "...the memory of the teacher is very good."

Chu nightning is not moved by this aunt: "What about others?"

"He said this morning that he had some headaches and was sweating." Seeing Chu’s eyes and ink, "I’m sorry, Master, I advised him to rest in bed. Don’t blame him for being lazy."

Such a return is like a sharp needle, and the sorrowful Chu night is a wrinkle, and Chu night is quiet for a while, asking: "He can be okay?"

When he saw that he had not blamed him, he let out a sigh of relief: "I just gave him medicine when I came out, and I saw him go to sleep before leaving. It was a little cold, and it would be good for two or three days. Thank you for your concern."

"I have something to care about for you, just ask."

Ink burning: "..."

"Go. Go and organize it."

Chu night Ning said, just walking away.

It is strictly forbidden for the disciples to act on behalf of each other. The ink-burning thought that they would be punished by the teacher, but did not expect that Chu Xiening would have let him go so easily. He did not react for a while, and he spent the rest of the day, waiting for others. It was far away, and it suddenly came back to God.

The people in the snow were alone, and the ink burned the umbrella leaning against the threshold, and the snow ran out.

"Master!"

"Master waits!"

Chu nightning turned back, ink burned in front of him to stop, shaking the snow on the umbrella, the end is being opened above the two.

"The snow is big, go back with an umbrella."

Chu nightning looked at him: "No need."

The ink burned the umbrella to his hand, but Chu Ning felt tired, insisted not to pull it, and pulled the umbrella to be pushed down in the snow. The wind blew and suddenly flew a few feet away.

Chu Yuening stared at the umbrella that fell into the snow. He looked at it for a while. It was a trivial matter. He wanted to be as indifferent as ever. But suddenly I can't move.

Just like the candle will eventually go out, the old well will dry up.

The people who are forbearing again have a time of collapse.

Chu night Ning turned his head and screamed: "Ink rain, don't you come to provoke me? I am not a teacher, I don't need to take care of you!"

He said, a sudden burst of golden light in his hand, the ink burned the consciousness back, and thought that he had to ask the sky to ask people, who knows that the late night of Ning raised a golden spring, caged in the air Enchantment, the time to cover the snow in his body.

Ink burning: "..."

The enchantment of snow and rain...

Chu night Ning Jianmei cross-cut, look cold: "Do you think I need an umbrella?"

He seems to be really angry, his fingertips are moving fast, the light of the enchantment turns from gold to red, from red to purple, from purple to blue, from blue to cyan.

Every time a color is changed, the effects attached to the enchantment are completely different. Some are pure snow shelters, some can shield the cold wind, and some can even turn the cold snow into the warmth of the enchantment.

These moves are too powerful. Of course, it’s impossible to spend the night to avoid the snow. This kind of sultry singularity is so naive that the ink burns for a while and is even speechless.

"Master, don't be angry..."

"Which eye do you see that I am angry?!" Chu night's face was green, "I still don't roll it for me!"

"Well, I am rolling me." The ink burned a look at the enchantment on his head. "But don't you spend so much energy..."

"roll!"

Chu night Ning waved, the enchantment suddenly gathered, became a thunder, and slammed in front of the ink.

The ink burned was almost stunned by the thunder and lightning that was called by the late night. He rarely cared for the other person, but he was reacted like this. He was also angry at the time. He wanted to talk. He looked up and saw that Chu Ning stood. In the snow, his face was pale and his eyes were reddish.

The ink burns: "You..."

"You and I are not only mentoring, why are there extra concerns? Take your umbrella and roll it for me."

The ink burned and suddenly understood.

"Master, I was playing in the martial arts that day, I spoke to the teacher, are you..."

heard it.

Chu nightning did not speak, turned and left.

This time, the ink burned did not call him again, and he did not look back.

Halfway through, suddenly I couldn't help but sneezed. Chu's footsteps were stiff and stiff, and the head went faster, like being angry and fleeing.

From the beginning to the end, the ink burns in the vast snow, staring at his back until he disappears, and I don't know what to think.

When Chu Ning returned to Honglian Water, he fell ill.

Although he can use the enchantment to avoid rain and snow, but this person encounters his own affairs, always lazy, and is even more willing to waste spiritual power. Otherwise, when it rains on a normal day, he will not be like an ordinary person, and he will walk with a paper umbrella.

After a few sneezes in a row, the headache was hot and I found the door. However, he became a doctor for a long time, and he was already eccentric about the cold. He took some medicine, washed and changed clothes and went into the quilt and slept.

Perhaps because of the cold, the kind of nausea that has been going on since Jin Chengchi’s injury has become very clear this night. He slept all night in a groggy way, his body was soaked in cold sweat and his body was hot. Like a stove.

The next day at noon, Chu nightning was only awakened, he opened his eyes and stayed in bed for a while, then he slowly jumped out of bed and prepared to wear shoes.

Then he stunned.

He suddenly found that his boots had grown bigger after a night...

Take a closer look.

Chu nightning: "....."

.....

Rao is the elder of Yu Heng, and he can't stand this horror.

Not his boots are getting bigger.

Chu night Ning stayed and looked at his own hands, his own legs, his own bare feet, bare shoulders, and the shoulders from the slipping clothes.

Is it yourself... is it smaller? ? ? ?

The author has something to say:

Small theater (this is an adaptation of an online old paragraph~)

Xue Meng: I am testing you for the dog thing. What should I call the high-cold master?

Ink burns: Your Highness.

Xue Meng: What do you call the angry master?

Ink burning: Your majesty.

Xue Meng: What is the name of the teacher who sees the size reduction?

Ink burning: Come, brother kiss (/^▽^)/

Xue Meng: Failed, rolling.

Chapter 52

Xue Zhengxuan practiced swords in Beifeng, and suddenly there was a jellyfish flower falling in the sky. He slammed his voice and took a towel to wipe the sweat. He took the sea otter and said to himself: "Yu Heng's communication Haiyan? Something can't be done. Have you ever said it? When did he be lazy?"

Having said that, Xue Zhengyi still took out the golden light from the flower of the jellyfish and placed it in the ear.

A strange child's voice came out from inside: "Respect the Lord, please get empty, come to the red lotus water..."

Xue Zhengyi was originally unbelievers, but when he fell to the front of the night, he was completely stupid.

In the pavilion at the edge of the lotus pond, a child who was only about five or six years old was standing upright, staring gloomyly at the lotus leaf. From the side, this person's face is like frost and snow, like Xuanbing, and he is wearing a robes of Chu's late night, but this is too big for him, and the sleeves are all dragged on the ground, it looks like only Tow the pool fish with a flowing tail.

Xue Zhengyi: "..."

The child looks back, and when you dare to laugh, I will die to show you the pride.

Xue Zhengyi: "Hey, hahahahahaha!!!"

The child yelled at the scene: "What are you laughing! What a ridiculous thing!"

"I don't laugh. - Ah, hahaha, I can't do it. Yuheng, I let you go to the elders of the wolf to look at the wounds carefully. You don't listen, hahahaha, ridiculously kill me." Xue Zhengyi holds the belly "I have never seen a child who is so murderous, hahahaha."

This child is not someone else. It is the late night that I found that my body has shrunk after I woke up. Jin Chengchi pierced the cane of his shoulder and did not know what kind of spell, but it would make people become the shape of the body when they were five or six years old. Fortunately, the mana did not go backwards, otherwise Chu night would rather feel that he could really die. .

Xue Zhengyi laughed and went to find a dress for his little disciple.

After Chu’s change, I didn’t seem so funny. He sorted out the blue-brown handguards and looked up at Xue Zhengyi, then fiercely said: "You have to dare to say it, I killed you."

Xue Zhengyi haha said: "I don't say, I don't say it. But what do you do? I don't know how to do it. I always want someone to come see it? Or do I invite the elders of the wolf..."

Chu night Ning slammed his sleeves, but found that the younger disciple is narrow-necked, and he has no momentum at all. It is even more uncomfortable: "What should he do? Let him laugh at me?"

"Would you like me to let you see the jingle?"

Chu night Ning licked his lips and did not speak, and he went up to some wrongs.

"You don't talk, I will promise you?"

Chu night Ning turned around and took the back of his head to face him. Xue Zhengyi knew that he was depressed, but this wonder was too funny, and he didn’t hold it for a while, and he laughed again.

Brushed the day to ask for a call, Chu night Ning side screamed: "You laugh again!"

"I don't laugh, I don't laugh. I am going to find the lady, hahahaha."

Xue Zhengyi ran away from the smoke, and it didn't take long for him to bring Mrs. Wang, an anxious look. When Mrs. Wang saw that Chu Ning had been stunned, it was difficult to set a channel.

"Yuheng elders..."

Chu nightning: "..."

Fortunately, Mrs. Wang is more like a medical practitioner than Xue Zhengyi. She didn’t laugh at the late night, but she carefully looked at it and then whispered softly:

"The elders have a smooth flow of power and no physical condition. It seems that apart from being a child, it is no different from usual."

Chu night Ning asked: "Mrs. I know the method of cracking?"

Mrs. Wang shook her head: "The wounded by the elders was caused by the ancient Liuteng. I am afraid there is no second case in this case. So I don't know how to deal with it."

Chu night Ning 倏 垂 垂 垂 睫毛

Mrs. Wang couldn’t bear to see it, and said: "Yuheng elders, in my opinion, the reason why you become like this, it should be that the vines used to repair self-healing in the vine will invade your wounds, not evil. Curse. Otherwise, it won’t happen until now. I think that kind of sap is very small, because you have been too busy and worried in the past few days, so that the spell is left and right. It’s better to have a good time for you to watch for a while. Happening?"

Silence for a while, Chu night sighed and said: "It can only be like this. Thank you, Madam."

"You are Welcome."

Mrs. Wang looked at him carefully, and then said: "The elders are so ugly now, if they don't say it, no one can see it."

She said it was good. Chu nightning did not remember what happened when she was five or six years old, but at this moment she looked at the reflection in the lake. Apart from some facial features, she was not particularly similar to herself. My heart was a little wider, and I looked up to Xue Zhengyi:

"Respect the Lord, I have to retreat in Honglian Waters in these few days, Xue Meng, they also ask you to take care."

"What is this? Menger is my son. The child is my nephew. The teacher is a disciple of death and death. Of course I have to take care of it." Xue Zhengyi smiled. "You still care about yourself."

However, Chu Xiening had been meditating for three days, but he did not see his body returning to his original appearance. He could not help but worry more, and it was even worse than Mrs. Wang’s saying that “good life will raise”.

At dusk this day, Chu Evening finally couldn’t help but feel irritated, seeing that there was no fruit in the repairs, simply went to Nanfeng and walked around.

At this time, the dinner time has passed, and the night study has not yet begun. The empty valley trails in the dead and the bridges in the pavilion are all three or five groups of disciples, and no one has noticed him. Chu nightning strolled around a circle and went to a bamboo forest near the good and evil.

All elders have their own customary cultivation field, and often the apprenticeship will be fixed somewhere. Chu nightning is used to this bamboo forest.

Bamboo shadows are bleak, and Wan Ye is so loud. Chu nightning folded the leaves, and smacked on the lips, and the quiet music made his mind a little bit. It was not long before, and a footstep sounded far and near, stopping near him.

"Hey, kid."

Chu night Ning opened his eyes.

Xue Meng was standing in the middle of Xiu Lin with his thin legs and long legs. He was talking to him with a cold and sturdy Peper Dragon City.

"I have to practice the knife here, you go elsewhere."

"..." Chu Xiaoning slightly raised his eyebrows, this feeling is really wonderful, Xue Meng actually made a sigh of relief with him. He thought for a moment and said, "I blow my, you train you, don't bother."

Xue Mengdao: "How can that be? Going fast, my blade will hurt you."

"You can't hurt me."

Xue Meng was impatient, and snorted: "Then I can remind you that I will be over, if I am injured, I will not take care of you." The voice fell, the sword fell out, and the dragon city made a loud contend. For example, the Qianjinyuan Snake took the clouds and screamed.

In the middle of the forest, the light and shadows are mottled, and the sword is like a rainbow. Xue Meng makes a dragonfly dance in the bamboo leaves. Under the shackles, a bamboo leaf is broken into ten scorpions, and between the rafts, the bamboo is not tilted. There are many leaves. One point, one thorn, one touch and one horizontal, all like a wind and snow, in one go.

He is so arrogant that he is a five-year-old child. Even if he is a 50-year-old overhaul, he will be praised when he sees it.

However, Xue Meng’s ten-style dance, the child sitting on the stone still blew his leaves on his own, as if there was nothing to look at in front of him, nothing more surprising.

Xue Meng was a little angry, he took the knife and leaped down from the top of Zhulin, and fluttered in front of Chu Yuning.

"child."

"..."

"Give the child, say you."

Chu nighting put down the bamboo leaves, slowly opened his eyes and looked at him with a blank expression: "What? Your master didn't teach you to talk to people to be polite? Don't feed and feed. I have a name."

"I want to call your name." Xue Meng originally wanted to talk well. When he heard his mouth, he took a sting, and suddenly he was not angry. "Give me a flash, you also saw it, the sword is not long. Be careful, I cut your head with a knife."

Chu night Ning said carelessly: "You can't even avoid my head, what are you practicing?"

"You!" Xue Meng was so smashed from childhood to big, not to mention that the other party was still a junior disciple who was not taller than his thigh. He suddenly became annoyed and annoyed. "You talked to me so much." ,Do you know who I am?"

Chu night Ning faintly stunned him: "Who are you?"

"...I am the young master of death and death." Xue Meng was suffocating. "You don't even know this?"

Chu Xiaoning smiled a little, and the smile on his original face would be very ridiculous. In this childish and lovely face, it is even more ridiculous.

"Less the Lord, not the Lord. Why do you have to know."

"You, you, what are you talking about?"

"Put down your shelf and practice your knife."

After the completion of this sentence, Chu Yuning also succumbed to the long eyelashes, and slowly blew the bamboo leaves. The sound of the music was like the wind, and it was floating.

Xue Meng really wants to be mad, and shouted loudly, and actually slammed with a child. But even if he was angry again, he wouldn't want to beat the children, so he had to vacate the forest, brush his hair, and time the forest fell and fell, so he danced a fierce and violent knife in this empty song.

His knife was fast and sturdy, and the knives flashed, and the tips of dozens of bamboos were cut into blunt thorns. If it is to attack the enemy, these blunt thorns should be the sharp needles of the blown hair, but the younger disciples who teach their own sects will be fine.

Hundreds of blunt thorns went straight to the night of Chu, and when they saw it, they would hurt people. Xue Meng was plundered, ready to succumb, and took this ignorant little disciple to avoid it.

He really didn't really want to hurt this child, but he wanted to scare people. Unexpectedly, while he was flying down, the child stopped playing, and the green bamboo leaves of the fingertips were shot. The thin bamboo leaves were instantly broken into hundreds of filaments at his fingertips.

Almost instantaneously, the hundred filaments were precisely directed toward the blunt blunt.

The wind is like stagnation.

Chu nightning stood up, at the same time, a hundred paragraphs of blunt stabbing turned into a powder when he was around.

Gray smoke is gone!

Xue Meng was stunned, standing in the same place, his face was green and red, and half of the words could not be said.

The childish child in front of her eyes raised her eyelashes, and the silver-blue disciple dressed and fluttered. He smiled at Xue Meng: "Is it still here?"

Xue Meng: "..."

"The knife is fierce, but there is no rule. Too much arrogance."

Xue Meng opened his mouth and closed it.

Chu night Ningdao: "Re-come from the spirit of the past, you dance again according to my song, I blow a section, you hit a style, can not be faster."

Being pointed by the child, Xue Meng’s face is even more ugly. He bites his lips and is not moving. He does not urge him, but waits for him to wait until Xue Meng can lay down his body for practice. He would rather listen to one. The words of a half-child.

After waiting for a while, Xue Meng suddenly stunned and slammed his sword, turned his sword and turned away.

Chu night Ning sees him with a negative air, his expression is slightly dim. The heart, Xue Meng can not be taught with humility, it is a pity...

However, when I didn't finish it, I saw him pick up a branch of the ground. When I turned around, I had a bad tone: "That, then I used the branches, and I will hit you."

Chu night Ning paused, smiled with a lip, and he nodded: "Good."

Xue Meng took a piece of bamboo leaves for him, wiped it clean, and handed him: "Hey, little brother, give you this."

In this way, it becomes a "children" and becomes a "little brother"?

Chu nightning looked at him with a funny smile, took the leaves, sat back on the stone, and slowly blew it up. Xue Meng is anxious, and there is a move in the knife that empties and sweeps. When you turn around in the air, you can even stab six times and then hit it. However, Xue Meng always can not grasp the degree, often even stabbed more than ten, this only hit a blow, and that blow has missed the best time.

For five or six consecutive times, Xue Meng did not dance, the more urgent the heart, the more the eyebrows tightened.

He was worried, but he saw the child sitting on the stone and blowing bamboo leaves. When he was young, he was calm and relaxed, and he complained at all. He could not help but feel embarrassed.

So I got up and tried to practice it several times, and gradually found some feelings in the music. Xue Meng did not think that he was happy, and then pranced and spurred. When the moon was overhanging, when the time was too late, he could finally make no mistakes and completely cut the knife.

Sweat condensed in his dark eyebrows, Xuemen Napa wiped, and said with great joy: "Today's thanks to you. Little brother, who is your elder disciple? You are so powerful, why didn't I know you before?"

Chu nightning has long thought about it. There are so many disciples of the elders, and even he himself may not remember all the disciples. Therefore, he put away the bamboo leaves and smiled slightly: "I am a sergeant."

Xue Meng seems to be quite disdainful, and sighed: "Oh, that broken king."

"Tragic king?"

"Ah, I am sorry." Xue Meng misunderstood the accident in the eyes of Chu Xiaoning, thinking that it was because he scorned the teacher's respect and made the other party unhappy.

He smiled and said: "A private name. You have too many apprentices, and the people who come to it are not rejected. The tattered saying that he has received the talented apprentices, not that the elders are not good, small Brothers don't mind."

Chu nightning: "... In your private, often give the elders a nickname?"

The author has something to say:

Xue Meng: I met a child today, it is very powerful, but I always feel that something is wrong.

Xue Zhengxuan: (A panic in the heart) Where is wrong?

Xue Meng: Look at my eyes is not right.

Xue Zhengxuan: ...maybe you are provoked by others... It is normal to notice that you are...

Xue Meng (roaring table) no! He saw no worship in my eyes! Do you know the feeling that a child who is less than a meter can look down on the gas field?

Xue Zhengyi:.....

Chapter 53

"Of course, the nickname must be taken, whoever circumvents the sky." Xue Meng appeared to be enthusiastic and enthusiastically introduced to Chu Yuning, "I don't think you are young, should you be no more than five years old?" Then you are just born and dead, and you are still unfamiliar with everyone. If you are familiar with it, you will know that the twenty elders here have almost the nickname among the disciples."

"Oh." Chu night Ning looked at him quite deeply, "For example?"

"That can be said. But now is not early, my stomach is a little hungry. Thank you for your mention today, I will take you down the hill to eat some late night, eat and talk."

Chu Xiaoning looked down and thought, smiling: "Well, okay."

Xue Meng took up the Dragon City and pulled the hand of Chu Yuning. The disciples who were in the drums and the two men who had narrowed their bodies walked along the long bamboo stone steps to the mountain gate.

"Little brother, what do you call it?" Xue Meng asked as he walked.

Chu night Ning calmly replied: "My name is Xia."

"What about summer?"

"Xiaishi reverse."

Xue Meng did not realize the deep meaning, and was very happy to ask: "Yes, very nice. What two words?"

Chu nightning looked at him with a sloppy look: "...Situ’s division, counter-intuitive. Xia Shi reverse.”

"Oh." Xue Meng asked with a smile. "So how old are you? I guessed it right before, is it not more than five years old?"

"..." Chu night Ning black face, fortunately Xue Meng looked at the road, did not go to see his look, or was scared to be scared, "No, the Lord guessed wrong. ... I am six years old."

Xue Mengdao: "Then you are really talented, although it is a little worse than I was in the past. But a little adjustment / teaching, it must be a great afterlife. So, you don't have to learn under the door, you call me A brother, I

am going to ask my teacher to accept you as a disciple. Are you looking good?"

Chu nightning endured hard to turn his eyes: "What do you want me to call you?"

"Master brother." Xue Meng smiled and bent down and played the forehead of Chu's late night. "This opportunity is not for anyone."

Chu night Ning looks complicated: "..."

"What's wrong, happy to say nothing?"

Chu nightning: "..."

The two were walking with laughter and laughter, at least Xue Meng thought they were walking with "speaking and laughing." Suddenly, I wore a voice behind me. After I finished this conversation, I might have a conversation with Xue Meng.

"Well? Meng Meng, how are you here?"

The whole life and death, will be tempted to take control of Xue Meng called Meng Meng, who else? Xue Meng and even his head have not turned around, and his mouth has already opened.

"Ink burns your dog thing, you call me that again, believe it or not, I pulled your tongue."

As soon as I turned around, I was swaying in the light clothes, standing under the bright moon and laughing at the two. He originally wanted to make a funny joke, and suddenly noticed that Xue Meng was standing next to a child with a beautiful Peugeot. He couldn’t help but say: "This is..."

Xue Meng pulled Chu Ningning behind him and set his eyes on the ink. "Can you manage it?"

"Don't stop, don't hide it." The ink burned around and grabbed Xue Meng's hand, and dragged Chu Yuening out. He knelt down and looked at it carefully. He suddenly snorted and muttered, "This child It’s a good life.”

Chu night Ning Xinsheng was alert: "..."

“I always feel like I have seen it.”

Chu nightning is not good, if the identity is known, then what other faces will he be? Thinking of the subconscious, I took a step back and turned to

escape.

"Don't go!" The ink burned and smiled and grabbed him. He extended his finger and pulled it on the nose of Chu night, and whispered slowly. "Come, little brother, tell your brother what is your name?"

The nose that he touched was straight and greasy, and Chu Ning was guilty and guilty, and went straight back.

The ink burned that he was afraid, haha laughed and said: "What are you hiding, hey, tell your brother, are you surnamed Xue?"

Xue Meng: "???"

The smoldering pointed to Xue Meng and asked Chu Xiaoning with a smile: "This person, are you jealous? You have to tell the truth, so your brother will hurt you and buy sugar for you."

"You are sick, ink rain!!" Xue Meng Deng bombed, a face rose red, thorns and shouted, "You, you, what are you thinking? You, you! You, you Dirty! You and you are stinky!"

Chu nightning is also silent for a while, but my heart is slightly wider: "...my name is Xia, it is a disciple under the elders of the elders, Xia Shi reverse."

"Scared you?" The ink burned his eyes and smiled. He was not stupid. He heard the name of the name when he heard it. "Haha, it means something."

"..."

"You are sick!" Xue Meng pushed away the ink and angered. "He is my new friend, and it has nothing to do with you. We are going to eat late at night, you give me away."

"Oh." The ink burned away. But soon, both hands were resting behind their heads, and they smiled and followed them.

Xue Meng whispered to him: "What are you doing?"

"I also go down the mountain to eat late at night." The ink burned without a word, "No?"

Xue Meng: "....."

Impermanent town.

Since the establishment of the sect of the dead, the original ghost town has gradually recovered from the past, and now even a little bit of excitement.

At this time, the night market was opened. Xuemeng and his entourage walked between the stalls and found a shop selling antiques and sat in front of the open-air wooden table.

The “Antique 羹” is made of copper kettle and is placed on a charcoal pot. When you eat, the fire does not go out, and the soup in the kettle is cooked. The soup is often heavy and spicy. The fresh ingredients are full of tables, and what you want to eat is thrown in. Because the food falls into the boiling water, it will make a "squeaky" sound, so it is named antique.

This is a famous dish of Chuanxiong, but Chu nightning has never only eaten the soup pot that does not put on the hot pepper. He does not eat spicy food.

Xue Meng was born in the land, and the ink burned in Xiangtan area. Both of them are used to the spicy. Naturally, they also feel that "Xiaishi reverse" can definitely eat spicy.

When sitting down to order, Xue Meng cooked a variety of dishes, and went to: "There should be more pepper in the soup, and the red oil has to be put on hold."

Chu night Ning suddenly pulled his sleeves, faintly said: "I want to shabu-shabu."

"Hey?" Xue Meng thought he had got it wrong.

Chu night Ning black face: "You want to shabu-shabu, half spicy, half not spicy."

Xue Meng: "... are you not a monk?"

"Ok."

"Ah." Xue Meng nodded, showing a look of a sigh, but also a little surprised, looked at the night of the night, said, "Then you are so small away from home, it is also ... oh, forget it. "Forget it." He sighed and turned his head toward Xiao Erdao. "Well, shake the pot."

Chu Xiaoning did not know why he was unwilling to hear from Xue Meng’s tone.

Then he discovered that this was not his hallucination. Xue Meng was really unwilling. When he waited for the dishes, he was swearing: "Teacher, since you came to the shackles, you must learn to eat spicy. If you don't eat spicy, you can't mix with others. Get hot, do you know? You can't talk about Sichuan dialect, you can't eat chili. Right, where are you from?"

Chu night Ningdao: "Lin'an."

"Oh." Xue Meng thought for a moment and felt that he was not familiar with the water town in the south of the Yangtze River. He bit his chopsticks and asked, "Do you have a rabbit head in your hometown?"

Chu nightning has not yet answered, and the ink burned and said with a smile: "Of course, it is not eaten."

Xue Meng gave him a look, and Chu Ning also looked at him.

The ink burned a tripod on the long bench, the elbows were on the knees, and the chopsticks in the hands were fluently turned. I saw the girl and smiled. "What happened? I am not eating like this."

Xue Meng turned to ask Chu Yuning: "Do you really not eat?"

"Ok."

Xue Meng also burned: "How do you know? You have been to Linan?"

"I haven't been there." The ink burned a face. "But Xia Xiong and our masters are fellow villagers. Do you know that the master does not eat rabbit heads? When he takes cold dishes in Meng Po Tang, he does not mix with shallots. Tofu is to take the sweet-scented osmanthus sugar, don't believe you look at it next time."

Chu nightning: "..."

"Ah, I didn't pay any attention to it. Since I saw the teacher's breakfast last time, I easily dared not aim at his plate. It was terrible." Xue Meng touched his chin and slowly revealed a disgusting expression. "The taste of the Master is really hard to say. Do you know? He actually eats salty beans."

Chu nightning: "..."

Speaking of Xue Meng actually turned back and looked at him, his heart longevity: "Little brother, you must never learn from Yuheng elders, no one will be willing to eat with you in the future. Remember, rabbit head and peppers should eat. In the morning, eat beancurd, don't pour the sauce inside."

"There are also seaweed and dried shrimps."

"Yes, there are seaweed and dried shrimps." Xue Meng was hard to burn with the enemy. "It can't be tolerated."

Chu Xiaoning looked at the two fools and said with no expression: "Oh."

The dishes will soon be full, the frozen bamboo shoots are crisp, the green vegetables are green, the tofu is crystal clear, the fish fillets are tender, and the lamb slices become thin as a flapped roll, neatly coded in white porcelain dishes, crispy fried golden crispy Sewing the peppers, a pot of freshly ground soy milk was placed on the side of the case, and the short table was squeaky.

Friendship and daughters are all eaten at a meal, not to mention the sizzling antiques, three or two rounds of fat sheep simmering in the pot, one or two soy milk into the belly, Rao is the cold feelings of Xue Meng and ink burning, It is not temporarily relieved in the steam.

Xuemeng chopsticks rummaged in the spicy oil soup: "Hey, what about the brain I lost?"

"Your brain is not resting on your neck."

"I am talking about the pig brain!"

The ink burned and chopped the chopsticks and smirked: "Yeah, I am talking about the pig brain."

"Dog son, you dare to marry me-"

"Hey! Your brain is coming up! Eat and eat!"

Xue Meng was excited and was put in by him. He shouted: "Take your dog's claws away! Don't grab it with me, this is my brain!"

Chu Xiaoning sat on a small bench, holding a porcelain pot of sweet soy milk, while drinking a fragrant, while leisurely looking at the two childish ghosts. He is not eager to give in, anyway, the things in the half of the soup pot are his.

After drinking the soymilk, the child licked his lips and licked his lips. He smiled and asked him: "Is this younger brother like this?"

Chu nightning digested the title of "little younger brother", and silently estimated the possibility of getting rid of this title, and found that it was almost zero, so he had to say dryly:

"Well, not bad."

The ink burned and turned around: "Small two, this soy milk, give my younger brother another can."

Chu nightning then sat down with a second can.

He was born to eat sweets, but before he had eaten too many cakes and gave birth to fangs, it took a lot of effort to repair him. After that, Chu will rather face the face, not eating more every time.

At this time, it became a child, but it was convenient for him to eat dessert.

The ink burned and dragged him to eat and said: "Your taste and master respect is like."

Chu nightning was stunned, but his face was still very calm, quietly: "...the brother is the elder of Yuheng?"

"Yeah." Moji smiled and nodded. Pushed a steamer to Chu’s hand. "Come and taste this. I think you will like it too."

Chu Xiaoning picked up the leaves of the bamboo stalks in the steamer, biting a small mouth, soft and white skin revealing a mouth, the steaming bean paste stuffing inside is soft and sweet.

"It's delicious?"

Chu Xiaoning took another bite, and then nodded: "Yeah."

The ink burned and laughed: "Then you eat more."

When the three people ate and talked, Chu Xi Ning suddenly remembered the previous words. He did not care. After eating the fourth leaf, he asked Xue Meng: "Lord, you were in the mountains before." Tell me that every elder has a nickname. Since my elders are called the rotten king, what do you know about the nickname of the elders of Yuheng?"

The author has something to say:

The stem of the shabu-shabu comes from the joke "How to see how a Sichuanese is disappointed with you", and the following version of the adaptation of some of the characters in the article -

How do you see that the Lord of Death is disappointed with you?

Xue Ziming: Ok, let's shave the pot.

How do you see that the elders of Yuheng are disappointed with you?

Chu nightning: Yes. Don't put sugar without putting sugar.

How to see the sorrow of the dead and the handsome little brother is disappointed with you?

Shi Mingjing: Hey... Well, if you grow up, you will grow your mother.

How do you see that Lin Yiru Feng Menmen’s Ye Zizi is disappointed with you?

Ye Forgiveness: I didn't play without playing.

How do you see that the Kunlun Grand Master is disappointed with you?

Mei Hanxue: Oh, the same upstairs is upstairs.

How do you see that the protagonist of this article is disappointed with life?

Ink rain: Hey! Dashou male is a big scum male.

Meat packs: ...and so on, seems to have a personal self-destruction?

Chapter 54

“Master?” Xue Meng’s expression was a moment of solemnity. “Only he has no nickname, and no one dares to open his jokes.”

"Craping, it's just because others know that you like the Master, and don't tell you the truth." The ink burned a white eye, pulled through the night, and whispered with a voice that didn't whisper, "Don't listen." His, I tell you, the whole life and death, the most famous is the elders of Yu Heng."

"Oh? Is it?" Chu Xiaoning raised his eyebrows slightly and looked interested. "What?"

"For example, if you are polite, call him white."

"... Why is this called?"

"Because I wear white clothes all day long."

"……anything else?"

"Little cabbage."

"……why?"

"Because I wear white clothes all day long."

"anything else?"

"Big girl."

"why?"

"Because I wear white clothes all day long."

"anything else?"

"Little widow."

Chu nightning: "???"

"Do you know why this is?" The ink burned and stunned. In the eyes of the night, the murderous murderousness in the eyes of the night was still awkward. "Because he wears white clothes all day long."

"..."

If it’s not for the late night, I’m so determined that I can’t hold it anymore: “Yes, what else?”

"Hey." The ink burned and looked at Xue Meng's face, whispering. "I will say, my family cousin is afraid to smash the bottom of the pot on my head."

Xue Meng took a table and gnashed his teeth: "I don't like it! Who allowed them to be like this master? What little cabbage is a big girl, and there are still small widows? Are you tired?"

"Ah." Ink burned and said, "You are not happy? You don't listen to what some female disciples are calling, and they are very ugly."

Xue Meng's eyes widened: "What do they say?"

The ink burns lazy: "How can I say, girls, speeches are literary, what are the moon pears, Yangchun Baixue, Linan Chulang, Xizifu. My God."

Chu nightning: "..."

Xue Meng: "..."

"This is good, like the greedy wolf elders, the temper and the poor, the nickname is hard to hear."

The greedy wolf elder is the twenty elders, and the worst relationship with Chu Yuning, Chu night Ning asked: "What is his name?"

"Winter pickles or snow smashed, because black." The ink burned and smiled. "Meng Meng, you don't have this expression, you also have a share."

Xue Meng seems to have swallowed eggs: "Hey? I have it too?"

"Yes." The ink smirked.

Xue Meng did not care, cleared his throat and asked, "What do they call me?"

"Screen."

"...how?"

"What is the solution, this is not easy to solve?" The ink twitched his shoulders and said these three words, and finally couldn't help but laugh at the table. "The peacock opens the screen, hahahaha-"

Xue Meng jumped up and said with indignation: "Ink! I killed you!"

It’s already ugly for the three to eat and drink and return to the dead. Chu Xiaoning first sent himself to the land of the elders of the elders by the two stupid disciples, and told them goodbye. Xue Meng was asked to meet him again in Zhulin tomorrow, but Chu night never knew when he would change back to his original appearance, so he did not dare to answer, but if there is leisure, he will come.

When the apprentices went far, he took it lightly and stepped back on the red roof of the lotus.

Early the next morning, Chu night Ning got up and saw that he was still a child, and he could not help but feel bored.

He squinted and stood on the bench. The man in the bronze mirror was stunned for a long time. He didn't even have the heart to comb his hair. He

thought about it and thought that he couldn't do it anymore. So he went to Xue Zhengyi.

"What? Did you see Menger and Burner yesterday?"

"Yes, I said that I am a disciple. They are not suspicious." Chu said, "If Xue Meng is looking for you, remember to help me to make a round. If I don't say this, I have been practicing for more than ten days." But it didn't improve. If I can't do this, I still have to look for a greedy wolf."

"Hey, we Yuheng's skin is so thin, but today is not afraid of shame?"

Chu night Ning looked at him coldly, but this look was placed on a child, but the momentum was weak, but it was a bit like a child being angry.

When he was a child, the Peugeot was lovely. Xue Zhengyi couldn’t help but was touched a bit and reached out to touch the head of Chu’s late night.

Chu night Ning suddenly said: "Respect the Lord, wait for my body to recover, trouble you to let the crepe hall give me a piece of clothes for death. Don't be white."

Xue Zhengyi completely stopped: "Do you not like to wear contempt?"

"Occasionally change the look." Chu night Ning black face and throw a sentence, go far.

Although the elders of the greedy wolf are not stunned with the late night of Chu, but because of the respect of the Lord, he also has to converge a few points, so he did not ridicule the late night, all written in his eyes.

Chu night Ning Hao raised his eyes and looked at the elders of the wolf with no expression.

The other party's eyes are bright, and the head is in the fireworks.

Chu nightning: "..."

"Mrs. Wang's diagnosis is generally good." After the elders of the greedy wolf broke the pulse, they loosed the wrists of Chu's late night, and Chu Ning immediately took his hand and put down his sleeves.

"Why is it ten days, and I still can't see recovery?"

The greedy wolf said: "The amount of juice of the ancient gods is small, but the effect is strong. If you want to recover, I am afraid it will take a long time."

Chu nightning asked with a question: "How long will it take?"

The wolf said: "I am not sure, but, about ten years."

Chu nightning instantly widened his eyes, although the elders of the wolf struggled to stretch, but the laughter in his nephew almost overflowed: "Yes, you may take ten years to restore the original appearance."

Chu nighting stared at him for a while, Sen Ran said: "You are jealous of me?"

"Don't dare, you are the elder of Yu Heng." The greedy wolf smiled. "I don't think you have anything like this. It's good. It's not that the body is getting smaller. The mind is slightly younger, but it's very small, not to mention the mana." Are you eager to recover?"

Chu Evening’s face was blue and green, and he couldn’t speak for a while.

The wolf said: "But in the past ten years, it is not that you will always be a child. The movement of this juice is in line with your spiritual power. If you are three or five months, no magic will be displayed. Can change back to the original."

"This method is feasible!" Xue Zhengyi looked bright and seemed to see the dawn.

Unexpectedly, the wolf smiled slightly and said: "Why should the Lord be so anxious? I haven't finished talking yet. After the elders of Yu Heng have returned to their original appearance, they still can't use too much spells. Once the spiritual loss is more, they will be juiced again. Left and right, change back to children."

"How much? How to call more?" Xue Zhengqi called.

"Well, the sap has spread all over him." The greedy wolf said, "There are up to two strokes a day."

Chu Xiaoning’s voice is as cold as iron, saying: “There are often missing gaps in the ghost world. The mechanics of the forging and forging also need spells. If I have a maximum of two strokes a day, I will not become a waste.”

"Then I can't do anything." The greedy wolf yin and yang grotesque. "After all, if the world loses the Beidou Xianzun, the Minger Sun may not be able to rise."

Xue Zhengyi was anxiously beside him: "Greeting wolf, don't say anything cool. The whole cultivation world, your medical skills are one of the best, you think about it. Yuheng is not affected by the mana, but it is a young child. The child's body is definitely not as good as the original. Besides, he was injured in Jin Chengchi, let other martial art know, and he will not be able to give birth to any thoughts. Ten years is too long, you can see if there is any medicine, can you ....."

The greedy wolf elders sneered and interrupted his words: "Respect for the Lord. The Beidou Xianzun is contaminated with the sap of the ancient gods, and it is not a common poison. What do you think I can come up with in a moment?"

Xue Zhengyi: "..."

"Well, I want to make alchemy." The greedy wolf is slow and sighing. "Please come back."

Xue Zhengxuan: "The wolf!" He still wants to say something again. Chu night Ning pulled his clothes and said, "Respect the Lord, go."

The two went to the door, and the voice of the wolf suddenly came from behind.

"Chu Ningning, if you are willing to ask me for nothing, I am willing to help you with the medicine? Although you have never seen this situation before, but you may not be able to cope, you think about it?"

"..." Chu nightning turned back and said, "How do you want to count on you?"

The greedy wolf leaned against the couch, and was lazily arranging the silver pin cushion bag on the table. The words were slightly raised, and the sarcasm flashed: "When others are nowhere to go, they are all for help. You and I are one, hoe. It’s free, you kneel down and say a few good words to me, I will help you.”

Chu night Ning did not say anything, looked at him coldly.

After a while, I said: "Winter pickles, I don't think you are awake."

After the words, the sleeves left. The greedy wolf was sitting alone in the same place, and did not think about the winter pickles for a long time.

As the days passed by, the elders Yu Heng said that they were retired, but in reality they were trapped in the body of children. This matter was known to Xue Zhengxi, Mrs. Wang, and the elders of the wolf. Later, in order not to reveal the stuffing, the elders also heard this strange thing.

After a few months of rushing, the red lotus water closed the door and thanked the guests for a long time. Xue Meng could not help but worry.

"The Masters have been retiring for more than 70 days. Why can't they still come out?"

"It may be that the spiritual power has to be refined." The teacher drank the Lingshan rain dew in the tea pot and looked up at the overcast sky outside the window. "It’s going to snow, and soon it’s going to Xiaohan, I don’t know. Master can go out before New Year's Eve."

Ink burning is lazily flipping through the swordsmanship and heard: "It is estimated that he will not come. He sent us a seaweed flower in the past few days. Isn’t it time to say that it is still a long time? I think it is quite mysterious."

This day is just the leisure day of death and death, and the disciples do not need to practice. The three people burned together to cook tea and boil the wine. The bamboo curtains in the small courtyard pavilion were half-volume, heavy and shallow, and the misty water vapor was leaking underneath.

Recently, they often mixed up with them, and there was a little disciple of Xia Si, who was under the elder’s door.

After he and Xue Meng got acquainted with him, Xue Meng pulled him over and went to practice and play. After a long time, he was inseparable from them.

The original three men of Yu Hengmen, the inexplicable one is a little smaller.

At this moment, Chu nightning, which was renamed as Xia Si, was sitting at the table and eating pastries. The appearance of his food is Sven, but the speed is not slow at all.

Xue Meng didn't mean to glance at it. He blinked a bit, and his eyes fell back to the plate. He said, "Wow, little teacher, who is this genetics?"

Chu night Ning slowly chewed the sweet-scented osmanthus cake, the flower cake is so delicious, he simply did not want to care about Xue Meng, after all, someone rushed to eat with him.

The hand of the ink burned and the hand of Chu Xiaoning fell to the last lotus fritter at the same time. The two men raised their eyes and looked at each other to wipe out the electric flint.

Chu nightning: "Let your hand."

Ink burning: "I don't."

"release."

"You have eaten eight pieces, this one is mine."

"Others can give you, lotus flowers can't."

The ink burned this little guy for a while, and made a killer: "Teacher, you eat too much sweets, and you will grow your teeth."

"No problem." Chu night Ning is very calm, "I am six years old, not shameful."

Ink burning: "....."

With a bang, Xue Meng slaps his companion with his complaint: "You can't hate the ink rain, you are such a big man, and you can grab something with your brother."

趁 哎哟 哎哟 哎哟 哎哟 哎哟 哎哟 哎哟 楚 楚 楚

Four people are busy, and suddenly, a sharp whistling sound penetrates the sky and echoes throughout the life and death. Chu nightning looks pale: "Set whistle?"

Xue Meng opened the curtain on the side and looked out the window. The disciples who walked outside also stopped to look around, showing a rather unexpected look.

When the whistle is heard, all the members of the house must gather in the square outside the Danqing Palace. This also means that when there is an urgent need, the whistle will sound. This kind of whistle was often blown up when the ghosts were broken before the martial art was added to the martial art. However, since the late arrival of Chu, the whistle has not been heard for a long time.

The teacher put down his books and got up and walked to Xue Meng: "It’s weird, what is so anxious?"

"I don't know, no matter what, let's go and see."

Only when the ink burned did not speak, he licked his lips, and the eyelashes fell, covering a trace of unnaturalness in the shackles. He knows what this whistle means, but the time when this happened and the slight difference between his impressions, he did not expect to come so fast...

Four people came to the death and death, and the disciples also arrived in succession. Soon, the huge Danxin Square gathered all the elders and

disciples.

When the person is complete, Xue Zhengyi walked out from the Danxin Hall, which was closed at the gate, and stood in front of the jade belt. The bottom is the long-term bluestone stepped down. There are six bright women coming out behind him. The six women look very pretty or cold, and they are all very beautiful. They are standing in the wind. In the cold weather, there is only a thin layer of gauze. At the glance, they are red skirts like Xia, such as Chi Yan, 帛With flying, there is also a cluster of flame marks between the eyebrows.

Xue Meng Deng was shocked.

Not only him, but almost everyone in the scene saw a sudden change in the look of the six women.

Xue Meng lingered for a long time, only whispered and whispered: "Yu Minxian makes ... they, they are from Suzaku Wonderland?"

The author has something to say:

Small theater - "How to make you happy"

A new introductory disciple of death and death, want to worship under the night of Ningmen. But when I heard that the elders were very strict, they

were determined to ask the three brothers for advice.

Disciple A: Nicholas Lord! I am a disciple! How can I get the elders of Yuheng happy?

Xue Meng: First of all, you must be strict with your morning bells and diligent work, then you have to reverse the wind and rain, do not change your mind and firm, and finally, you must wear and resist / exercise, the teacher respects your left face, remember to send your right face too, Master should cut your left leg and remember to extend the right leg to him.

The disciple was very desperate, so he asked the teacher to clear the net.

Teacher: Let the Master be happy? It's very simple, you just remember that he drinks, loves to drink, pear, white, eat fish, eats squid, glutinous rice dumplings, three, just good wine, ten bowls, not too much winter, cold, love, tea, tea, roses, more barbecue, you must sprinkle a pepper. put……

Disciple A:.....

He only had the last savior drizzle.

Disciple A "Mr. Brother, they are very long and complicated. I am stupid and can't remember QAQ.

Ink burning: Oh, nothing, my method is very simple.

Disciple A: What?

Ink burning: sleep him.

Disciple A:...

Ink burning: sleep twice when you sleep enough, sleep ten times when you sleep twice...

Disciple A: I am afraid that I will be soaked in a pig cage in the sinking pond the next morning.

Ink burning:? Who said that he would get out of bed the next day? Do you think that I have said that it is not enough to sleep for ten times?

Disciple A: What frequency?

Ink burning: one night.

Disciple A, swear, abandoned treatment.

Chapter 55

Although the name of Suzaku Wonderland is called Wonderland, it is not a **** in it, but a kind of half-demon and half-devil.

They are the most similar existence to the immortals on the continent of comprehension, and they are also known as "feathers."

The Yu people have lived in the Jiuhua Mountain puzzle for generations, and have their own peach blossom source, which has less to intervene in human affairs. However, after all, they are not all the blood of the immortal, but also half of the common flesh and blood, so they are not completely detached. They often appear in the turbulent order of the comprehension, appear in danger, and help the mortal to overcome the difficulties with their powerful spiritual power.

When the ink burned in the past, the Yumin had appeared in large numbers. However, their strength is better than the martial arts practiced in the ruthless world. In the end, all the feathers were burned and killed. He stepped on the stinky blood and stepped on the broken Jiao Yu.

A fire, the Suzaku Wonderland was destroyed.

It was a very crazy memory, and even afterwards, it would be cold and sweaty, soaking the vest. I only felt that I was being possessed by evil spirits at the time, and I was cruel.

But for now, he obviously has not yet competed with the feathers. In fact, because of the racial superiority, the spiritual power of most people who cultivated the immortals is under the feathers. The whole life and death can be compared with them. At present, there are only a few elders who are outstanding.

Xue Meng accidentally saw the burning face and was shocked: "What happened to you? How is your face so pale?"

"Nothing." The ink-burning eyelashes are sloppy, whispering, "I just ran anxiously."

The feathers of the people are the beginning of the tragedy of the previous generation. The whole heart of the ink burns to the throat. He thought that this thing will happen again after a while, why is this world, so many things Progress has become different from the past?

In the winter's life and death, a weak remnant sun hangs in the sky, and a long burst of white light shines.

The ink-burning station stood under the sun and could not help but pull the hand of the teacher.

The teacher said: "What happened?"

"..." The ink burned without speaking and shook his head.

Xue Zhengyi’s voice rang in a timely manner, and what he said was not much different from his last life.

"Today's call is located in front of the Danxin Temple, only after more than 80 years, the feathers and immortals are once again in the world. As with 80 years ago, the immortal left the peach blossoms and came to the world because the human beings were in danger. , specially come to help."

He paused and turned his head and slowly looked around at the black-pressed disciples.

"All of you know that the ghost enchantment is set by the beginning of the world. But for millions of years, the enchantment has gradually weakened, and every few decades, the enchantment will be broken again. Over the years, the power of the enchantment of the ghost world has become increasingly Weak, despite all the help -"

Xue Meng whispered: "Hey, it’s a nonsense. It’s almost always a teacher who is helping each other."

"Despite the help of all of you, but the loopholes in the ghost world are getting bigger and bigger, it will be completely broken as it was decades ago. When the spirits come, the ghosts will pass, the world and the ghost world will break the boundaries, mortals In order to avoid such tragedies, Yu Minxian will select some of the most suitable candidates for spiritual talent in all the martial arts schools, and go to Taohuayuan to close the cultivation."

When this statement came out, everyone was lost.

Yumin wants to take people to Taohuayuan Wonderland for cultivation? !

All the disciples were amazed by the clumps of excitement, no matter how talented, they all gave birth to some dark expectations.

Only the burning of a person is not happy, and the corners of the eyebrows are still faintly revealing a layer of anxiety. He is a good pseudo-decoration on weekdays, and he can't tell the truth. But at this moment, he can't conceal his emotions.

This matter is related to the death of the teacher. At that time, the teacher was chosen by the feathers to go to Taohuayuan. Soon after he returned, there was a massive collapse in the loopholes in the ghost world, and a large number of undeads climbed from **** to the world.

In that catastrophe, Shi Yi and Chu Yuning fought side by side, and they stood alone and stood side by side to repair the biggest flaw. However, the

strength of the teacher’s sorrow is still unable to be peaceful with the late night of the Chu, and the countless ghosts will see that the Yangjie world will be closed, and the enemy will be rushed to the squad, and the army will be turned into a sigh of relief. In an instant, the division that strives to maintain the balance of enchantment runs through!

The evil spirits, the souls of the dead.

Chu nightning did not raise his hands and did not block each other. When he fell down from the top of the dragon column, he chose to use all the spells, and the enchantment of the teacher was not completed. Try to seal up!

It was snowing on that day, and the teacher fell from the high platform, just like a small piece in the thousands of crystals.

The snow is all over the sky, endless. So who cares which one of the six-sided ice crystals will melt, just like the infinite mortal generations, from birth to death for decades, except for the close relatives, who cares about the death of an ordinary person.

In the heavy snow, in the smoke, the ink burned the teacher who was weakened by breathing, and asked for a late night to look at the teacher and save the rescuer.

However, Chu Yuening eventually turned around and chose to invest in Qi Xueyuan. He chose to fulfill his own sentient beings, so he was annihilated.

How ridiculous.

What Chu loves likes, what he cares about, what he pursues are so ridiculous.

For example, Chu Yuning, who likes to listen to the rain and enjoy the lotus, likes the poems of Ai Ai of the Dugong Ministry, and is so eager to be a sincere and fearful.

For example, Chu Ning will care about the spring grass and live, and the autumn will die. It will care where there is smoke and smoke, and no one can live.

For example, Chu Yuning has always taught them, and there are people who are headed by all beings.

I can think of it, go to the **** beings!

Those people who don't know, don't care, are dead or alive, what is it with him?

In the rain of the late night of Chu, there is a wild soul with nowhere to go. In the grass, there are tears in the grass, and he can’t burn it. His rain is the

ordinary rain, and the vegetation is the usual vegetation. Cangsheng is the two words written on paper, who **** cares.

Therefore, he thought that Chu Xi Ning was hypocritical, mean, full of morality and morality, as if he was in the heart of the world, but in his narrow mind, he even gave the position of an apprentice.

Later, he had asked Chu Jingning, asked him if you have a heartache? Are you upset? You said that all beings are headed for the end, but you are still alive, and you let the teacher listen to your words and die! It is you who killed him, you hypocritical, you liar!

Do you still have a heart?

When the teacher fell from the high platform, he was calling you, he was calling the teacher, did you hear it? Did you hear it? Why don't you save him... why don't you save him! !

Chu night, your heart is made of stone.

You have never...

Did not care about us.

You don't care... you don't care...

Later things are like that.

Chu late Ning became the innocent king of the true love of the real world. No one cares about the dead. The skeleton of the teacher is like a stone step that is not worth mentioning. The winner is stepping on the foot.

He took an insufficiency apprentice, in exchange for the river clear sea, the so-called world peace.

No one will say that he is wrong.

Only the ink burned and saw the crown of his forehead, so brilliant, it was made by the bones of the dead, and it was the death of the teacher who made him.

Hate the lungs.

"Hey, Xiaoxianjun."

"Hey--"

Suddenly there was a gentle hand that touched his forehead. The ink burned and stunned, and he got out of the black-eyed memories, and suddenly opened his eyes.

In front of it is Zhang Yan Ruofu, a delicate face like a stream. A feather fairy did not know when he had come to him, and he smiled at him.

"So a great opportunity, how is Xiaoxianjun going to God?"

"Ah, the fairy is blameless." The ink burned worried that people could see the difference, barely cheered up, and the feathers of the immortal smiled. "I love this person. I see that we are here, and I am looking forward to it." Can be selected, but also to see what Taoyuan Wonderland looks like, this can not help but immersed, lost instrument, lost instrument."

It turned out that at the time when the ink burned and lost, the Yumin had already begun to select the right person. It was also the most glimpse of his previous life, but it was full of entanglement, and even the surrounding movements were not aware.

The immortal ambassador made a sigh of laughter. However, when he opened his mouth, he said something that did not even come to mind: "I am jealous of your spiritual power, and it is rare to cultivate and qualify. If you want to go to the peach blossom source, then Let me go."

Ink burning: "..."

Ink burning: "!!!"

Go to the peach blossom source?

In the past, only the two teachers, Shi Yi and Chu Yu Ning, were selected. Why is this world--

His surprise was full of words, and it was a horrible thing to be fooled by the feathers. Therefore, the people around him were not surprised. They only looked at him with glamorous eyes.

The ink burned was brought to the Dan Heart Hall by the feathers. After the initial surprise, his heart beat vigorously and calmed down, but there was a glimpse of ecstasy in his eyes.

In this world, some things have changed.

Although at this moment he still does not know whether these changes are blessings or disasters, and the fate is changed, but at least he can also go to the peach blossom source, as long as he also followed the feathers to practice the technique, then the task of repairing the enchantment will be It may not fall on the teacher.

He is a rough man, has lived for two generations, and he does not know what is called the sentient beings.

But the teacher is the best person in the world to treat him. In front of this person, nothing is important.

Including this one with his own skin, half a return to the soul.

As long as the teacher is alive, he can not.

However, when the feathers were chosen by all the people and gathered in front of the Dan Heart Hall, the ink burned that the lineup was completely different from the previous life.

The teacher is still among the elected people. However, because of the practice of retreat, Chu Yuning missed the selection, so the last selected person did not have him. Instead, it turned out to be the little disciple of Xia’s elders.

What makes the ink more different is that Xue Meng was also invited by Taohuayuan. In the original words of Xian, he said: "You seem to have a sword on the body, and there are some meanings."

The sound of the bells from the bell tower is not far away, and it is long and deep, echoing in the whole life.

"Under the repair of the dead, the immortals are Xue Ziming, Mo Weiyu, Shi Mingjing, Xia Sisui, a total of four people." Yu Minxian led the communication with Xue Zhengyi, released a voice Brother.

She raised her hand and let the bright-eyed bird stop at the fingertips. The sound continued: "Today, see these four people, the talent is right, the nature is pure, and it is a good person. Specially, Ming Xian."

After all, the bird flies. The elder brother recorded her words, fluttering a strong wing, and soon disappeared into the sky.

Going to Taohuayuan to practice fairy tales is a rarer encounter than seeking for martial arts. No one will refuse. And because the refining of the immortals is to resist the massive collapse of the ghost world, this is the responsibility of the immortal, and no one can refuse.

The practice time is as short as several months and as long as three or five years.

Yumin is not inhuman, see the end of the year, specifically to let them have a good New Year's Eve, and then take them to Jiuhuashan Taohuayuan.

In the near future, the ink-burning thought will go to Taoyuan with the teacher to practice, and I can’t help but feel happy. But this joy did not last long, and it slowly subsided. He didn't understand what it was at first, until one day passed by Nanxun, who died of death, and he looked up at the enchanted red lotus.

The footsteps of the ink burned slowly, and finally did not move, stopped in the same place, looking up at the distant mountains.

The late retreat of Chu has been more than three months.

In this world, the hatred of this person seems to fade away... Even if I repeatedly tell myself, don’t forget that Chu’s face is abandoning him and the teacher’s face, but sometimes he still can’t help but hide. Such as hemp.

Xia Shi rebelled with him. At this time, he saw a different look. He saw him staring at Nanfeng, and his heart frowned. He asked, "What happened?"

"Little teacher, you said that before we left, he couldn't get out?"

"……he?"

"Ah." The ink burned for a moment, and returned to God. He smiled at Chu’s late night. When they got along with each other, he felt that this

younger brother was very wise and sensible, and he was very fond of it. "I am talking about my master. Is the elder of Yuheng."

Chu nightning: "It turned out to be..."

The ink sighed and muttered: "He has never been closed for so long. Is it really hurt in Jin Chengchi?"

This is the first time he has taken the initiative to mention his master.

Chu night Ning Mingming is known to be impossible, but still can't help but ask: "You... can you think about him?"

The author has something to say: the dog, this is a sub-question, you answer the teacher. Today's plot is not an easy story, no small theater breaks the rhythm, scratching his head~

Chapter 56

The ink burned was asked like this, and the look was a bit embarrassing.

I miss him?

Despite the profound grievances of the past, there is no way to reconcile, but in this life, Chu Ning has never done anything that can't help him. Instead, he has been in the adversity for the second time, and he has fallen into a sickness.

He slowly said slowly: "Well... he was injured several times, all for me..."

Chu Xiaoning listened to him in this way, but he felt warm in his heart, just wanted to say something to the ink, but he heard him say the second half.

"This kind of kindness is too heavy. I just hope that I can help him get better soon. I don't want to owe him too much."

The warmth of the heart seems to be dead, motionless, and condensed into ice.

When Chu was quiet for a while, I felt that I was ridiculous.

The smoldering has long been said, but the apprenticeship is only his own. There is a little hope that he will faintly rush into the flames, and finally burn it to ash and no wonder others.

Chu night Ning smiled, the smile must be very ugly, touched a nose gray.

"You don't think too much. Since you are his apprentice, what are you owing? Everything is his own willingness."

The ink burned his eyes and stared at him: "You, little age, always talk to the adults." Then he smiled and licked his head.

Chu Xiaoning was squatted by him, and laughed at the beginning. Later, he slowly began to layer the water. He looked at the bright and young face in front of him and said softly: "I don't want to play with you." Now, let go."

The ribs in the ink-burning head were too thick, and he did not notice the strangeness of his expression. What's more, he used to laugh at the "Xiaishi reverse" on weekdays, so he still squeezed the cheeky cheeks on his cheeks and gently licked his mouth and made funny faces.

"Hey, how can the younger brother get angry again?"

Chu night Ning looked at the childish young child in the other eye, the smile that was made up was so ugly, like a sad and ridiculous monster.

"let go."

He didn't notice, as usual, teasing him: "Well, okay, not angry, don't you say that you are like an adult? Come, reconcile, call the voice brother~"

"You let go..."

"Oh, let's call a brother, and I will buy you a sweet-scented osmanthus cake for a while."

Chu night Ning closed his eyes, his eyelashes shivered slightly, and the voice was finally a little dumb.

"Ink burning, I am not kidding, I really don't want to play with you, you let me loose, you let go, okay?" His slender brows picked up, because he didn't shed tears, but the throat But it is already choked, "Ink burning, I hurt..."

It’s so painful, and my heart is full of people. He hides him carefully in the deepest part of his heart. He doesn’t like himself. As long as he can silently mourn and protect that person, he can’t get it.

But all the softness of that person is for others, leaving him with only one thorn. He held him in his heart, and when the person moved, his heart would be bloody, and day after day, the old ones did not heal, and the new wounds started again.

So he knows that even if he doesn't ask for it, as long as he still has this person in his heart, it will hurt for one day.

He doesn't know how long he can sustain in such pains, and he doesn't know when he will collapse.

The ink burned finally noticed that something was wrong. Some loosely loosened his hand and touched his slightly red face. He was so busy that he didn’t know what to do. Chu night Ning suddenly felt that it was actually smaller and better.

I can shout a pain without any scruples, showing a soft inch.

He can make him look at himself with concern.

That is something he never thought about.

In a blink of an eye, New Year's Eve is coming. This is the most lively and leisurely moment of the year of death. The disciples are sticking to the peaches and sweeping the snow. The master of Meng Potang’s master is busy from the morning to the evening, preparing for the end of the year’s feast, and the elders themselves The spells that are good at it add to the taste of the year. For example, the elders of the wolf will turn a pool of spring water into a fine wine. The elders of the elders released more than 3,000 fire-breeding rats that they had domesticated, and kept them in the various sects to warm the cold. Elder Lu Cun, he cast a spell on the snowman that everyone piled up, let them run around the mountains, and scream "Happy New Year."

Everyone does not expect what the elders Yuheng can do. In fact, Yu Heng is still in retreat. For a long time, he has never appeared in front of everyone.

Only Xue Meng stood by the window and looked up at the sky. I don’t know when to raise the falling petals of the sea otter. If I thought about it: "After today, we have to leave. It seems that we still have no time to see him when we leave. ... don't know what the Master is doing at the moment?"

"It must be practicing." The ink burned an apple and was confused. "It’s a pity that all the elders will play at night. If the master is there, he has to go. I don’t know if he can play. what."

After all, I laughed first: "Probably how to be 'angry'?"

Xue Meng yelled at him: "Why don't you play ‘Sucking in the rain?’”

When the New Year was over, Xue Meng opened a grin, and the ink was not angry. He suddenly remembered something and asked: "Right, have you seen the younger brother today?"

"You said Xia Shi reverse?" Xue Mengdao, "I didn't see you. People are good disciples. They are mixed with us every day. You haven't care about it. If you are mixed with us for the New Year, his master should be mad."

The ink burned and laughed: "That is also true."

The red lotus water ripples, the sun is late.

Chu nightning pinched a pill to look carefully. Xue Zhengyi sat opposite him. Chu had never asked him to drink tea. He himself filled himself with a pot and unknowingly ate a cake from a plate.

Chu night Ning gave him a look, he did not feel it, but chewed the pastry, said: "Yu Heng, you don't look at it, although the greedy wolf mouth is poisonous, but the heart is not bad. How can he harm you. ”

"...Where the Lord wants to go." Chu night Ning faintly said, "I just thought that since the elders of the wolf had worked hard to develop a drug that would allow me to restore the adult form of the day, why didn't he simply refine it? How many? If you need it, take it."

"Oh, how can it be so easy." Xue Zhengxuan said, "The medicine needed for this medicine is very rare. He has refining three pieces and it has already been consumed. It is not a long-term solution."

"This way." Chu nightning Shen Shen said, "It turns out, thank him."

"Haha." Xue Zhengyi waved his hand. "You two are actually quite like, they are all ugly, but their hearts are not bad."

Chu night Ning gave him a look and didn't talk. He gave himself a cup of tea and took the remedy that would make him return to the past.

Xue Zhengyi was about to eat another piece of flower cake, but he was held down by Chu.

"What?" The Lord is dissatisfied.

Chu night Ningdao: "My."

Xue Zhengyi: "..."

As night falls, the disciples of the dead and the dead are coming to Meng Potang. Each elder sat with their apprentices, and bread dumplings, snowmen and fire rats shuttled through the crowd to help them pass salt jars, paprika, chopped green onions, or other sundries.

Every table is lively and extraordinary, and laughs and laughs. Only the table of the elders of Yu Heng, the disciples are all gone, but the master is absent.

Xue Meng looked at the side and sighed: "I want the teacher to respect."

Shi Yanwen said: "Shi Zun did not write a letter in the past few days, let us have a good life, and practice hard in Taohuayuan. When he leaves the customs, will he come to marry us?"

"It is true that this is the case, but when will he leave the customs..."

He was sighing and sighing, his eyes stunned and passed through the hall. Suddenly, he sat up straight and looked like a cat, looking at the door of Meng Po Tang.

The blood color quickly faded and rushed up again. Xue Meng face was red and faint, and the light was shining. It was so excited that he could not

speak: "Yes...Yes...Yes..."

When the ink burns, the rare and strange animals raised by the elders ran out of a helping, and felt that Xue Meng was shallow and fussed. I couldn’t help but laugh: "What's the matter? Look at you like that, see what the gods are like, what's so big and shocking-"

He turned his head with a smile and looked up casually.

The word "weird" in the back can't be said anyway.

Outside the open lobby door, in the twilight and snow, Chu Yuning was dressed in white, wearing a bright red cloak, and he was arranging the oil-paper umbrella sideways, shaking off the fine snow, and then curling the eyelashes. A pair of sharp and slender phoenixes came and gave them a glimpse.

In this regard, when the ink burned, he found that he was already experiencing rapid heartbeat, and his palms were sweating, and even breathing could not help but gently slow down.

Meng Po Tang gradually calmed down. At the end of the night, Ning Ping’s sunrise is now Meng Po Tang, and the disciples are not afraid to marry. What's more, he has been retiring for a long time. At this time, he appeared in the snowy night of New Year's Eve. The meaning of the frost and snow is so white that his face is more innocent and beautiful, and the eyebrows are dark and deep.

The ink ignited and muttered: "Master respects..."

Xue Meng stood up, like a cat scorpion rushing toward the late night of Chu, while shouting "Shi Zun!" while plunging into the night of Ning Huai.

Chu nighting clothes are extremely cold in the snow, but the expression of Xue Meng is like holding the peach in March, the charcoal fire in October, not warm enough, has been screaming: "Master, you finally came out, I I thought that I couldn’t see you before I left, and you still hurt us, Master respects..."

The teacher also greeted the past, and he was able to worship and smile: "Welcome to the Master."

Chu nightning shot the head of Xue Meng, and nodded to the teacher. "Be late for the teacher, let's go, stay with you."

He sat down at the table and sat next to Xue Meng, who was burning opposite.

After the late arrival of Chu, the original excitement and joy, the people resumed their habits in the past, and they were all in danger with the teacher. The table was quiet and weird.

On the middle table are various ingredients such as flour, meat and eggs, and a brand new copper plate.

Ink burning is the best among them, so everyone finally decided to be directed by him.

"Then, I would be more respectful than my life." The ink burned and laughed. "Would you like you?"

No one snorted.

"...well, I am coming to the face." Mo Yan said, "Yi, you can't make a copy of the hand, and the stuffing of the dumplings is no different. Let's adjust the stuffing."

The teacher hesitated for a while and said: "This... there are still some differences. I am afraid that I can't do well."

Chu night Ning faintly said: "You can eat, you don't have to worry."

The teacher smiled and said: "That's alright."

"Xue Meng, you will help hand a water, roll a sleeve or something. Don't help."

Xue Meng: "....."

"As for the master," said the ink, "Would you like to sit down and drink tea?"

Chu night Ning cold and cold road: "I make dumplings."

“Ah?” I was shocked and thought that my ears were violent. “What are you going to do?”

"I said, I make dumplings."

Ink burning: "....."

He suddenly preferred that he was violent.

The author has something to say:

There is a little baby to ask questions about the background setting of the article. Although the article is scattered, it will be written later, but there is no systematic introduction, because after all, the world view is rather boring, one time instilled for everyone, I am afraid that everyone will want to sleep 2333 ~ So I have a part of the introduction today, and I can look at it if I am interested.

First of all, about the upper and lower repairs, the "upper" of the upper repair boundary refers to the rise of clean air. In the coastal area of the map, near the Kunlun Tianchi, these are the upper repair circles. The "below" of the lower revision circle refers to the turbidity sinking, the spirit of the cross, and the ghost city as the core, mainly concentrated in the area of Sichuan and Guizhou. The Shang Xiujie is full of aura and is suitable for cultivation. Therefore, it has gathered the nine fairy gates, and the lower repair world has only one family.

Then on the practice: the article will not be divided into the clear stratification of the ancestors of Jindan. The introduction of the monk is called building foundation. After waking up the spiritual core, it is better to constantly strengthen itself. There is no complicated level to remember. The main purpose of the Taoist practice is to have a powerful mana, to be able to make a difference, and of course, like a master, who wants to do more good things with the power of the spell. Those who are strong and strong can live for centuries, face is not old, and they will become mortal after death, but those who fly directly when they are alive can say that there are very few people, and when they are old and sick, the reincarnation is the final outcome of most of the Taoist.

Chapter 57

Who knows that the method of making dumplings in the evening is rather clumsy, but the finished product is not bad. A round and lovely dumpling is pinched out by his even fingers and neatly on the desk.

The three apprentices could not help but stunned.

"Shi Zun actually will make dumplings..."

"Am I dreaming?"

"The bag is still very good."

"Wow……"

Their whispers are naturally unable to escape the earlessness of Chu Xiaoning. Chu nights licked his lips and lashes, although his face was still expressionless, but the tip of his ear was slightly twitched.

Xue Meng did not hold back and asked: "Master, are you making dumplings for the first time?"

"……Ok."

"How can it be so beautiful?"

"...just like doing a mech, but pinching a few pleats, what's hard."

The ink burned through the wooden table and looked at him, and gradually became fascinated.

In his last life, he only saw Chu Xiaoning's hands-on pasta. After the death of Shishi, he went to the kitchen on the day of the night, and slowly wrapped up the best hands of the teacher.

However, before he went to the pot, he was overthrown by the irrational ink, and Bai Shengsheng’s hand-splitting was rolled over.

Ink burning does not remember that those who copy the handbag are flat and round, and the beauty is ugly.

I only remember the look of Chu Xi Ning at that time, looking at myself without saying a word, the cheeks were still covered with flour, seemingly strange, somewhat awkward, and even stupid...

At the time, the ink burned that he would get angry and get angry, but Chu nightning did not say anything at all. He just leaned over and lowered his head and put the stuccoed hands, one by one, silently picked up and caged together. Then, dump it yourself.

At that time, what was the mood of Chu Yuning?

I don’t know if I burned it. He didn’t think about it. He didn’t want to think about it. In fact, he didn’t dare to think about it.

The dumplings were wrapped and cooked by the little snowman to the kitchen. Chu nightning, according to custom, sealed a copper plate inside, and people who ate would have good luck.

The snowman quickly brought the cooked dumplings back, and the hot and sour vinegar was placed in the wooden tray.

Xue Meng said: "The teacher will eat first."

Chu night Ning did not push it. He clipped a dumpling and put it in his bowl, but he did not eat it. Instead, he added three more, and gave Xue

Meng, Mo-burn and Shi Yan in turn.

"Happy Chinese New Year." Chu night Ning faint.

The apprentices stunned and immediately laughed: "Master, Happy New Year."

It was also a coincidence that it was just the first dumpling. The ink burned and slammed into the copper plate. He was really caught off guard and almost smashed half a tooth.

The teacher looked at his bitter face and smiled. "A burning new year will have good luck."

Xue Mengdao: "Hey, the dog is lucky."

The ink is tearful and tearful: "The teacher respects, and the dumplings are also too much to get caught. The first one is the first one, and the nest is played..."

Chu night Ningdao: "Talk well."

Ink burning: "I bite the toe."

Chu nightning: "....."

The ink burned the gang, and drank the tea handed by the teacher. He finally eased it and joked: "Haha, the master should not remember which dumpling has a copper plate, deliberately licking me?"

"What you think is beautiful."

Chu night Ning cold and cold, then bowed his head and managed to eat himself.

But I don't know if it is the illusion of smoldering. He saw that Chu's face was in the warm candlelight and seemed to be slightly red.

After the dumplings, the chef’s sumptuous dinner was quickly brought out by a plate, and the chicken, duck and fish were heavy and filled with tables.

Meng Po Tang is getting more and more lively, Xue Zhengxi and Mrs. Wang are sitting in the chief, let the little snowman smash the table and send a rich red envelope.

A little snowman kept hitting the knees of Chu Yuning, and the eyes of Shizi Ancheng stared at him.

Chu Xiaoning Wei Wei: "Why, I have it?"

I took the red envelope and opened it. There was a valuable golden leaf. He was speechless and looked up at Xue Zhengyi. But the vulgar man looked at himself with a smile and raised the wine cellar in his hand. A respectful drink.

So stupid.

But I think Xue Zhengzhen is really... really...

Chu Yuening stared at him for a while, couldn't help but scream a smile, raised his own wine, lifted up to the Lord, and drank it.

The golden leaves were later distributed to the apprentices. After three rounds of drinking, the performances on the stage continued, and the atmosphere of this table finally became active.

Mainly the three bear children seem to be less afraid of him.

As for the late night of Chu, it has always been a thousand cups.

"Master respects Master, let me show you the palm of your hand?"

The brain that took the lead to drink is a little unclear. It is Xue Meng.

He took the hand of Chu Yuning and took a closer look. If it weren’t for his three glasses of wine, he would not be afraid to offend him if he gave him ten courage.

"The lifeline is long and intermittent, and the body doesn't seem to be particularly good." Xue Mengzheng, "It's easy to get sick."

The ink burned and laughed: "It's quite accurate."

Chu night Ning gave him a look.

"The ring finger is long, and you are very wealthy."

"Three-line homology, the end of the love line hangs into the wisdom line, generally willing to sacrifice for love ..." Xue Meng looked at it for a while, suddenly looked up and asked, "Really?"

Chu night Ning's face is green, biting his teeth: "Xue Ziming, I think you are alive and tired."

Xue Meng, who was drunk, still didn't know it. He smiled and continued to look at it. Then he chanted: "Oh, there is an island line, and it is under the ring finger. Master, you see people. The eyes are not accurate... Xu is a blind eye..."

Chu nightning can no longer endure, slamming his hands and squatting.

Ink and laughter must laugh and die, holding the belly for a long time, suddenly on the cold night of the Chu night, the eyes of the cold, stunned, but the ribs hurt.

Chu night Ning angered: "What are you laughing at? What a ridiculous thing?"

Annoyed to leave, the sleeves were stunned by Xue Meng. Then, after the ink burned, he couldn’t laugh out. Xue Meng stumbled and pulled down the night, and buried his head in the night of Ning Huai, with his hand around his waist and his forehead against the clothes of the master. Unlimited relatives stunned.

"Master..." The soft voice of the young boy, with some spoiled meaning, "Don't go, come, have another drink."

Chu nightning looks like he is stunned.

"Xue Ziming!! You, you are just a mess, let me go!"

Unexpectedly, the little snowman on the stage suddenly ran down. It turned out that the dance performance of the elders of the wolf was over. In order, it should be the turn of the night.

This is not good, everyone's eyes are gathered on the Chu night Ning body, see Xue Meng drunk after actually dare to hold the waist of Yu Heng elders, buried in the other's arms to play rogue, the disciples have been wrong, some even The chopsticks were taken down and staring at the corner.

Chu nightning: "....."

For a time, the scene was bungee, and the Yuheng elders were not standing. They were not sitting. They could only hold their hands and let them hold Xuemeng.

After a long period of silence, the ink burned and suddenly smiled two times: "No, Xue Meng, are you so big, still spoiled?" When you reach out, you go to swear, "Get up, don't rely on Master." ""

Xue Meng is not a deliberate, this thing, if he is awake, he can still remember, he can smoke his own big ears.

However, this time, the drunkenness was thick, and the ink burned for a long time before he was torn from Chu Ning.

"Sit well, see how many?"

Xue Meng looked at a finger sticking out of the ink and frowned and said: "Three."

Ink burning: "....."

The teacher couldn't help but laugh and went to tease him: "Who am I?"

"You are a teacher." Xue Meng rolled his eyes impatiently.

The ink burns also joins in the fun: "Who am I?"

Xue Meng looked at him for a while and said, "You are a dog."

"....." Ink anger, "Xue Ziming, I am not finished with you!"

Suddenly next to the table, there is a disciple who does not know whether he is courageous or who drank too much. He pointed to Chu Yuning and smiled and asked aloud: "Less Lord, then look, who is he?"

The amount of Xue Meng wine is really not good, sitting and sitting unsteadily, kneeling on the table, dragging the cockroach, squinting at the night of the night.

Chu nightning: "....."

Xue Meng: "....."

Chu nightning: "....."

Xue Meng: "....."

The stalemate lasted for a long time, and everyone thought that Xue Meng was probably the top of the wine. When he had to sleep, he suddenly smiled and wanted to go to La Chu’s sleeves.

"God fairy brother."

The four words are clearly audible.

Disciples: "....."

"puff."

I don’t know who first laughed, but then everyone couldn’t help it. Even if Chu’s face was ugly, his temper was worse, but the law was not blameless. Everyone counted him. Even if he is not happy, he can’t use the sky. Ask everyone to take it all the time? So the lively and extraordinary Meng Po Tang sneered into a piece, everyone in the wine and meat are afraid to whisper in the world.

"Haha, **** fairy brother."

"The elders of Yuheng are so beautiful, they are really like gods."

"If you want me to say, I have to come to the custom. Every time I see him, I can't help but think of a word."

Someone asked: "What is it?"

"Except for the three-footed snow, who is in the world with white clothes."

"...that you are really pretty."

Chu's face turned from white to green and turned from black to black. Finally, he decided to calm down and did not hear it.

After all, he is used to facing the alienation and awe of everyone. This festival atmosphere and the sudden enthusiasm of the wine, let him suddenly unable to parry, and retreat. In the face of such a situation, he really did not know what to do, but he had to be calm.

But the slight color of the haze at the root of the ear sold out his handsome face that seemed to be frozen.

The ink burned it, and licked his lips, didn't speak, but he didn't know why, and suddenly hesitated an annoying arrogance.

He doesn't know that Chu is rather good-looking, but like everyone else, he also understands that although Chu Evening is handsome, but the kind of beauty is more of a kind of sharpness, it is always frosty when not laughing. Cold, people dare not get close.

In his dark and narrow mind, Chu Xi Ning is like a plate of delicious meat, but it is placed in a broken and dirty food box. The only food in the world that opened the food box and tasted delicious inside. People, only themselves. He doesn't have to worry about someone discovering this dish, and he will know it from this.

But tonight, in the warm and melting fire, under the stimulation of shochu, so many eyes are staring at the food box that was once nobody.

The ink burned suddenly and it was a little nervous. He wants to hold the food box firmly, just like waving an annoying flies, and rushing to those who eat him.

But suddenly realized that in this life, this crisp meat is not his. With a crystal-clear copy of his hand, he couldn't spare any more, to get rid of the wolves who were coveted with flesh.

They did not expect that Chu Ning actually, like other elders, seriously prepared the Lunar New Year program. He presented the Guqin performance. The disciples were full of worship, and some people whispered: "I don't think that the elders of Yuheng actually play the piano..."

"And the bombs are especially good, I don't know the flesh."

The ink burned and sat in the same place, Xue Meng was already asleep, lying on the case, breathing evenly. The ink burned the jug on his hand and filled it with himself. While listening and drinking, he stared at the people on the stage.

The irritability in the chest is getting stronger.

In the last life, Chu Yuening did not play any music on the New Year's Eve party.

He played the piano and only a few people saw it.

At about that time, it was under house arrest by the ink. Chu nightning was really a stagnation in the heart. When I saw a paulownia guqin in the court, I sat down on the ground and closed my eyes.

The sound of the piano was long and empty, and the phoenix came to the butterfly. When the ink came back, I saw the silhouette of Chu’s sitting in the yard, and couldn’t tell the silence, the purity and the purity.

How did he treat him at that time?

Ah, yes.

It was he who pressed him to the side of the piano and made a direct violation of this month-like cold man in the courtyard. The smoldering only looked at the shudder and refreshment of the top of the ruin. I didn’t have to worry about how much pain I felt when I was in the late night. I didn’t even manage to have a winter. The master was so cold, but I was ripped off the clothes and was cold. The stone surface was self-sufficient and could no longer be tolerated.

After a few months of rehabilitation, I can't raise my spirit.

At that time, the ink burned and said to him coldly: "Chu Ningning, you will never play the piano in front of others. You know how much you look like..."

He picked up his lips and couldn't find the proper wording, so he didn't say anything more.

How is it?

Obviously, it is both dignified and peaceful, but I don’t know why.

Chu night Ning did not say a word, his lips were white, and his eyes were closed, and the eyebrows were chilled.

The ink burned his hand and hesitated for a moment, touching his tight eyebrows. The action of stepping Xianjun seems to be gentle, but the sound is still cold and ruthless.

"If you don't listen, this seat will lock you on the couch with a chain, so that you can't do anything except go to bed with this seat. This seat says it can be done."

How did Chu latening respond?

The ink burned and sipped, and looked at the people on the stage, thinking back.

It seems that nothing has been said.

It’s like opening your eyes and saying a word coldly –

"roll."

He can't remember.

His life, as long as the entanglement of Chu Yuning, is so long, many things are no longer so clear, no longer so angular.

In the end, he actually only recognized the animal to the extreme: Chu night is his man, even if he does not like it, it will be destroyed by him and shredded by him. He would rather smash the flesh and blood of Chu's late Ning in the palm of his hand, like a wolf, a tiger, a leopard, a chew, and a scorpion of a late night, to get dirty, and no one else touched him.

He wants to let his late thoughts grow in the blood of Chu, and his curse is in his bones, and his body is eager to see him.

Is he not clear?

and after? It is not necessary to open your legs, lying under the most evil wicked man in the world, the most violent tyrant bed, was killed by the man's hot and fierce blade. He soiled him, inside and outside, and it was dirty.

The shredded clothes are so easy to wear.

The ink burns closes the eyes, the knuckles are white, and the heart is ruthless.

He thought about the past, and he couldn’t hear the joy of the New Year’s Eve. He couldn’t hear the sound of the night.

There was only a cold voice in his mind that was almost crazy, and he rushed from the front, and hovered for a long time.

"Hell is too cold, Chu is late, you come to marry me."

"Yeah, you are God, the light of others, Xue Mengmei, snow, dawn, the people are waiting for you to illuminate them, Chu Zongshi, sages." The voice smiled sweetly, smiled and smiled, suddenly picked up, Like a two-and-a-half soul, anger like a thunder, "But me! Have you seen me? Warm me? I only have the sorrow you left! The sage, Chu nightning!"

"I want your people, I want your life. You want to be their fire, I want to bring you to my grave. Let you only take my bones, I want you, with me. Rotten."

"Death is not for you..."

The cheers of the earthquake shouted.

The ink burned fiercely, and the cold sweat drenched the back.

The performance was over. All the disciples were eagerly slap in the palm of their hands, and they sat in it. They felt that their eyes were faint and pale, and he looked at Chu Yuning and slowly walked down the wooden steps with the paulownia Guqin.

At that moment, for the first time in his life, he suddenly felt so ridiculous, and suddenly felt that his past life seemed to be crazy.

In fact, Chu Xi Ning is not bad... This is again... Why?

The spirits went into the throat, and they were completely at a loss. They ended up being ignorant and, after all, intoxicated.

The author has something to say:

small theater:

"Psychological activities of various actors"

Ink rain: I think my past life is like a madman, the script given to me by the director. How do I think it feels like I am causing a neuropathy? This script makes me embarrassed, but I have to.

Xue Meng: I feel that I am a straight man, but the director actually let me hold the teacher, and this script makes me embarrassed, but I have to.

Teacher: I think Ah changed. The director clearly said that he likes me, but he didn't even look at me today. This script made me embarrassed, but I had to.

Chu Xiaoning: I don't think I want to play. play. But the director said... I told him what to say, dragged it down, and killed me. Let him know what it means to have to.

Chapter 58

The amount of ink burned is actually not bad.

However, this New Year's Eve, he clearly felt in his heart, but in order to make nothing, smiled and drank five altar pears white. In the end, finally some confusion was blurred.

The teacher even dragged him back and took him back. When he fell on the bed, the ink burned his throat and he wanted to call the name of the teacher.

However, the habit is terrible.

For so many years in the past, the people who are with them are not the white moonlight in their hearts, but the mosquito blood that is tired of watching.

As soon as he said the exit, he still called the one he thought he hated.

"Chu Ning..."

Contains mixed impurities.

"Late...I..."

The teacher stunned and turned to see the late night at the door. Chu Xiaoning had just taken Xue Meng back to the bedroom. At this time, a bowl of sobering soup came in, and it just happened to hear the smoldering whisper.

After he was wrong, he immediately believed that he had got it wrong.

After all, the smoldering of the ink is to call yourself a master, so that the late night will be counted, as for the night -

He couldn't help but think of the time when he was in the lotus pond, and the two of them embraced each other. In the dark dreams, they vividly called the word "night", followed by a kiss on the lips.

Is there still a little bit left in the heart of the ink...

When this thought was too deep, he was annihilated.

Chu night Ning has always been bold, but only the feelings, he thought, he is a coward.

"Master." Shi Yi, a pair of soft eyes, with some suspicions, hesitated to look at him, "you..."

"Ok?"

"...In fact, there is nothing. Since the Master is here to take care of Ah Burning, then I, I will go first."

Chu Xiaoning said: "Wait a minute."

"Is there any other commander?"

Chu night Ning said: "You are going to Taohuayuan tomorrow?"

"……Ok."

Chu Xiaoning had no expression. After a while, he said, "Let's go to rest. Several people are outside, they have to take care of each other, and -"

He paused and said: "Remember to come back earlier."

The teacher left.

Chu Xiaoning went to the bedside, raised his face with a blank expression, and gave him a spoonful of scooping soup.

The smoldering does not like the sour taste. If you don't drink it for a long time, it will spit it out. After spitting out, the wine was a little awake, opened his eyes, half-awake and half-drinking, looking at the night, and muttered: "Master?"

"Yeah. I am."

"Oh." I don't know why I laughed again, the dimple is deep, and then, "God fairy brother."

Chu nightning: "....."

After I finished speaking, I fell asleep again.

Chu nightning worried that he was cold, staying by the side, and licking the quilt for him from time to time.

Outside the bedroom, many disciples have not yet slept. Everyone has a habit of obedience. Most people still have jokes in the room, playing cards, or changing spells.

When the high-hanging water leaking in front of the Danxin Temple, it means that the age of alternating years is coming, the disciples have come out of the door, and they start to put fireworks and firecrackers, and the night is full of silver fire trees.

The ink burned in confusion, and was awakened by the deafening sound of the outside.

Open your eyes and support the forehead of the pain, but see Chu Xi Ning sitting at his bed, there is not much expression on the calm and beautiful face, seeing him wake up, just faintly said: "Well you up?" ”

"Master respect..."

After waking up, I can't help but feel a spirit.

Why is it that Chu nightning is with him? What about the teacher?

In my sleep, I can't say anything wrong?

The ink burned and stunned, and looked at the look of Chu’s late night. Fortunately, the night of Ning was nothing but a slight relief.

The sound of the firecrackers outside, the two men squatted for a while.

Chu nightning: "Go and see the fireworks?"

Ink burning: "What about the teacher?"

The two sentences are almost always said at the same time.

It’s too late to regret it.

The ink burned a little surprised, slightly widened his eyes, like never knowing him, staring at his face for a long time.

After the silence, Chu Xi Ning seemed to rise up unconsciously. When he pushed out the door, he crossed his face: "It’s all to be old, he should haven’t slept yet, go find him."

Sure enough, my own bad temper, even if I gamble all the courage, leave him and watch the fireworks bloom overnight, and only get rejected.

I didn’t ask if I knew it early, so I’m shameful.

Back to the red lotus water, Chu nightning sat alone under the undefeated sea otter tree, a man, wearing a cold cloak, watching the sky in the sky.

In the faraway place, it was the warmth of the place where the disciples lived. The laughter and the words came and they didn't have much to do with him.

He should have been used to it long ago.

But I don't know why, my heart is very stuffy.

Probably after seeing the excitement of others, and returning to your own cold, it will be particularly uncomfortable.

He silently stared at the fireworks that followed each other, two flowers, people greeting each other on New Year's Eve, three sounds.

Chu nightning relied on the flower tree, and some eyes closed with exhaustion.

I don't know how long it took, and suddenly I felt that someone broke into the enchantment.

His mind was fretting, but he did not dare to look at it until he heard the breath of breathing slightly, and the familiar footsteps sounded, stopping at a distance.

The boy’s voice was a little hesitant.

"Master."

Chu nightning: "....."

"I will leave tomorrow."

"..."

"It will take a long time to come back."

"..."

"I think there is nothing tonight, and I have to get up early tomorrow. The teacher said that he should have slept and will not be alive."

The footsteps sounded again, and this time it was closer, and it stopped at a distance.

Ink ignited: "So if you still want, I..." He opened his mouth and the sentence behind it was covered by a huge array of lively fireworks.

Chu night Ning stretched his eyes and raised his gaze. He was seeing the galaxy in the night sky shining brightly, and the silver frost and fire were scattered. The young and beautiful boy stood in front of him, and he was pitiful and three-pointed.

"..."

Chu Xi Ning has always been proud, and has never been dismissed for the companionship of others because of sympathy. But at this time, he looked at him and suddenly felt that he could not say anything to refuse.

Probably I am also fascinated by shochu.

At this time, Chu nightning actually felt that the chest was sorrowful and warm.

"Since it is here, sit down." Finally, he said faintly, "I am watching with you."

He looked up at the sky, his expression seemed to be meager, but the fingers in his sleeves were secretly picked up by tension. He did not dare to go to the people around him, only watching the fireworks in the sky open, long nights, and colorful.

Chu nightning whispered softly: "Is these days good?"

"Yeah." Ink ignited, "I have met a very cute little teacher. In the previous letter, I have said it with Master. How is the teacher's injury?"

"No problem. You have to blame yourself."

A fireworks burst into pieces and shattered into brilliant colors.

That night, the fire tree silver flower is not night, the sound of firecrackers, the snow is filled with a thin layer of smoke. They sat under the flower tree, and they didn't like to talk. They burned and talked to him. When they talked about it, they were tired and fell asleep.

Early the next morning, the ink burned and found that he was still under the flower tree, his head was resting on the knees of Chu Yuning, and he was covered with a soft and thick fire fox cloak. The cloak fur was smooth and workmanship. It is the clothing of the late Qing Dynasty.

The ink burned slightly, and he raised his eyes. He saw that Chu Ningning slept against the trunk. His eyelashes fell, and the long and soft eyelashes trembled with the breath, like a butterfly in the wind.

Did they just fall asleep under the tree like this yesterday?

It shouldn't be.

According to the temperament of obsessive-compulsive disorder in the late night, even if you are tired, you will go back to the house and sleep again. Why would you be willing to make a mess under the tree, and this fox on your own body...

Did he cover it for himself?

The ink burned up, and the black hair was a little scattered, squinting at the eyes, wearing a robes of Chu's late night, and some were at a loss.

Yesterday, he was not too drunk, although some things can't be remembered, but they can all be recalled.

As for the later voluntarily ran to the Honglian otter, accompanied by the late night, he was also a choice made in a conscious state.

I used to hate this person so much, but when I heard him ask "Go to the fireworks?", when I saw him falling and turning around and heading alone.

Actually, I feel sad...

I think, anyway, I won’t see each other for a long time. The vengeance in this life is not so deep. I’m so lonely, I’m so lonely, and it’s okay to accompany him to Tianming.

I found it over the place.

Looking back now, I feel that I am really...

When I didn't finish it, Chu Ning also woke up.

Ink burns the road: "Master."

"... um." The man who just woke up frowned slightly, holding his forehead and groaning. "You...have not gone yet?"

"I, I just woke up."

Mo-burning found a delicate and exquisite tongue. Recently, every time he met the indifferent face of Chu, he was easy to smash and his tongue was knotted.

After a while, the ink burned and suddenly remembered that the night cloak of Chu was still on his own body, and quickly took it off and wrapped it in his shoulders.

When he was given a cloak, the ink burned that although the night robes were three layers outside the robes, but there were fewer warm coats, it was thin in the snow.

The thought couldn't help but make his movements more and more anxious. When he made the trick, he tied his fingers into the clums.

Ink burning: "....."

Chu Xiaoning looked at him and reached out to untie it. He said: "I will come by myself."

"……it is good."

Filled with a sentence.

"Sorry."

"It's nothing."

The ink burned up and hesitated for a while: "Master, I am going to pack things, go to have a breakfast, and then set off."

"Ok."

"...can you go down to eat together?" Hey! After he finished, he would not want to bite his tongue! What are you doing! What do you invite to Chu Ning together?

Perhaps it was the regret that immediately appeared on the face after the ink burned. After all, Chu nightned for a moment and said, "No. You go."

The ink burned for fear that he would stay with him for a while and would say something more shocking and eloquent, so he said: "Then I will go first and foremost..."

Chu nightning: "Good."

The ink burned away. Chu night Ning nodded and sat under the tree for a while, then supported the trunk and stood up slowly, but did not move.

His legs were burned with ink for a night, and he was unaware of it, and he couldn’t move his legs.

Dirtyly standing under the tree for a long time, waiting for the blood circulation to recover, Chu night Ning only dragged his leg and limped back into the house.

Sure enough, I sat in the cold for a night, even if there was no snow on the ground under the shadow of the sea otter tree, it was still cold.

"Ah!"

He sneezed, and the end of his eyes immediately became wet red.

When I took my handkerchief and covered my nose, Chu night thought, dying... It seems... I feel cold...

Yuheng elders.

Sitting on the three gods, the first master of the contemporary competition for the comprehension of the realm. When I asked the world, I was shocked, and the white clothes came to the world without color.

Such a powerful person can be said that he should be the strongest force owner in this generation.

It is a pity that there are also thinner people who are more powerful. The thinness of Chu’s late night is that he is afraid of cold. When it is frozen, it is easy to have headaches and brain heat. Therefore, on the day when the ink burned and the teacher left the dead, the Chu Zong division not only disappeared but also became smaller, and, without any suspense, began to sneeze and runny nose.

So at noon on this day, when Yumin came to pick up people, he received a healthy and healthy Xuemeng, a smoldering, a teacher, and a poor little brother who did not live in Auntie’s aunt.

The author has something to say:

The Little Theater "The Right Way to Fight the Jade Elders"

Xue Meng: Master respects Master! I wish you a blessing like Donghai Shoubi Nanshan, I will do it first! Humming...

Chu night Ning: Good, drink.

A cup down, Xue Meng, fluttering the street.

Teacher: Master, I also have a drink with you, first of all.

Chu night Ning: Good, drink.

Teacher: Master will have another cup.

Chu night Ning: Good, drink.

Teacher: Master is coming again...

Chu night Ning: Good, drink.

Teacher: Master...

Four cups down, the teacher, and the street.

Ink Burning: Master, Happy New Year, I will do it first.

Dionysus Chu night Ning: Good, drink.

Ink burning: What to drink?

Chu nightning: wine, don't you say that you should do it first?

Ink burning: (bright smile) Yes, first, respect, fourth.

Chapter 59

No way, even if the younger brother Auntie Auntie, the departure is still issued, Yumin took them all the way to the east, to the Yangtze River port, called a vessel that can sail on their own, escorting the enchantment and releasing the boat.

This night, the first time I got rid of the Master and the other side with the teacher, it is strange that it is not as exciting as I expected.

Both Xue Meng and Xia Si have already slept, and the ink burns on the deck alone, with their arms resting behind their heads and watching the stars.

The teacher came out of the cabin, took some fish and asked the fishermen to buy, and sat next to the ink-burning side. The two men chatted while holding the small fish.

"A fire, let's go to the peach blossom source, we may not be able to go to Lingshan on the sword, I don't care, but you and the Lord are very powerful people, lost the opportunity to show up, you do not regret?"

The ink burned his head and smiled. "What is there? What is famous is nothing. I have learned the ability to go to Taohuayuan and protect important people. That is more important than anything else."

The teacher looked at his eyes and said, "You can think like this, the master knows, and will be very happy."

"What about you? Are you happy?"

"Of course I am happy too."

The waves beat the boat and the canoe bumped on the sea.

The ink side lie down and watched for a while, trying to dial a few words, but I don't know how to open it. In his eyes, the teacher is really out of nowhere.

Perhaps it is because it is too pure, and the sinister thoughts that will be born when the night is late, will not be easily owned when facing the teacher.

The ink burned for a while.

The teacher realized that he was watching himself, so he turned his head and smacked the long hair that was blown by the sea breeze to his ear. He smiled slightly: "What?"

The ink burned red and turned: "Nothing."

He originally thought about the opportunity to come out this time, and carefully and confessed. But when I talked to my mouth several times, I couldn’t open my mouth.

Confession.

and then?

In the face of such a clean, gentle and gentle person, the ink can not be violent, not strong, afraid of being rejected, even if accepted, I am afraid I do not know how to get along with the teacher.

After all, in the past life, and the short-term love of the teacher, he also really handled it very badly... except for the relatives who were in the ghost ceremonies, he did not even kiss the people.

Not to mention the things that have gone through this life. He is even uncertain when the person in the illusion is actually Chu Ningning or a teacher.

The teacher still smiled: "But you, there seems to be something to say to me."

The smoldering heart is hot, and for a moment it seems to want to smash the window paper.

But I don't know why, suddenly flashed a white figure in front of me, my face is clear, not very funny, always lonely, very lonely.

Suddenly the throat was blocked and I couldn’t speak anymore.

The ink burned and turned, staring at the starry night sky.

After a long while, he silently said: "Yes, you are really important to me."

"Yeah. I know, you are also to me."

The ink burned and said: "Do you know? I had a nightmare before, in the dream you... you are gone, I am very sad."

The teacher smiled: "You are stupid."

Ink burning: "...I will protect you."

"Well, I thanked my good teacher first."

In the burning heart, I couldn’t help but say: "I..."

The teacher asked softly: "What else do you want to say?"

The sound of the waves seemed so loud, and the boat was bumpy. The teacher looked at him quietly and seemed to be waiting for him to say the last sentence.

But the ink burned and closed his eyes: "Nothing. Cool at night, go back to sleep in the cabin."

"..." The teacher calmed for a while and asked, "What about you?"

The smoldering is sometimes stupid: "I... watch the stars and blow the air."

The teacher did not move. After a while, he smiled: "Okay, then I will leave. You will rest earlier."

Turned around.

Walking in the sea, the sky is high and wide.

The guy lying on the deck didn't know what he had missed. He was actually a little absent-minded. He was trying to dig into the true feelings in his heart. He pondered for a long time because it was too lacking in roots. When he was white, he still didn't think about it.

He lived with the teacher and his wife, and his feelings were deep. When he thought that the two were alone, they would be eager to express their enthusiasm with the teacher. But when they arrived at the bridge, they found that it was not. About myself is still too bad. At this time, I rushed to confess with the teacher, and I will definitely scare each other. Even if I am not scared, I can’t talk about this feeling.

Between the teacher and the teacher, he seems to be more accustomed to such awkwardness. Sometimes I miss my heart, seemingly inadvertently holding the other hand, the gentleness in the chest is like a honey.

This feeling is very natural, he actually does not want to break immediately.

Very late, he returned to the cabin and everyone was already asleep. The ink burned back on the banquet, watching the night outside the narrow skylight,

and slowly appeared in front of the eyes of Chu, and sometimes closed his eyes, sometimes sharp and sharp.

Of course, the ink burned also remembered that the person curled up and slept, docile and lonely, like a spring bathing jellyfish because it was too high.

Without hatred, the entanglement between Chu and his past lives is deeper than everyone in this world.

He took many first-times from Chu Ningning, regardless of whether the other party is willing or not.

For example, the first kiss, the first time to cook, the first tears.

There is also the first night of Chu Xiaoning.

To die, when he thinks about this, he will be hot and the blood will rush down.

In contrast, he also gave Chu late to some of his first time, regardless of whether the other party wants or not.

For example, the first time to apprentice, the first time to swear, the first gift.

For the first time, I was disappointed with one person.

And, for the first time, tempted.

Yes, first time tempted.

He came to life and death, the first person to look at is not a teacher, but a late night.

Under the sea otter tree that day, the white youth was so focused on the beauty that at first glance, the smoldering felt that except for this person, whoever came to be his master, he did not.

But which one is from, what has changed?

When did it start, the person he cares for became a teacher, and the person who hated became a teacher...

He thought about it carefully in the past few months, and then he felt that it should be after that misunderstanding.

It was the first time that he was beaten by Liu, and the fifteen-year-old boy returned to the dormitory with a scar. He was curled up on the bed alone, his throat was sobbing, and his eyes were wet red. The wound on the back is the second. The most sad thing for him is the cold and cold look of the teacher. It is like a beating of a dog who has lost his family. He has never been half-hearted and soft.

He was stealing the jellyfish from the medicine pot, but he did not know how much the sea otter cherished the value of the sea otter. He did not know how much effort Mrs. Wang spent, waiting for five years before he hoped for a full bloom.

He only knew that he returned from the moon and the night, and saw a glimpse of whiteness on the branches.

The petals are cold and the fragrant Philippine is light.

He looked up for a moment and remembered his master. At that moment, my heart did not know why there was an inexplicable incitement. It seemed that even the fingertips could not help but be slightly hot. Unsuccessful reaction, he has carefully folded the flowers, and the movement is gentle, for fear of touching even a drop of dew on the petals.

Through the thick lashes, he stared at the moonlit night in the moonlight. He didn't know, at that moment, the tenderness and tenderness he left for Chu Lingning was so pure, in the next ten years, Twenty years, until death, there will be no more.

The flower has not been given to the master, and it was met by Xue Meng who just happened to take medicine for her mother.

The young master angered him and sent him to the front of the master. Chu nightning turned his head back and heard the cold and sharp eyes. He passed the ink-burning face and asked him what to argue.

The ink burned: "I fold flowers, I want to give it."

He still holds the spring bathing sea otter in his hand, condensing the frost, and can't tell the cold and charming.

However, Chu nightning's eyes were too cold, and the lava-like heat in his chest was cold, and it cooled down one foot and one inch.

The word "you" can no longer be said.

That feeling, he is too familiar with him, before he is not dying, in his short, thin body, between the music and the enthusiasm, he spends every day in such a look - -

That kind of contempt, that kind of inferior...

The ink burned suddenly a chill, shuddering.

Is it true that the teacher respects him?

In the face of the cold and cold question of Chu Yuning, the burning of the ink only felt that the heart was cold. He bowed his head and said: "...I...have nothing to say."

The end is a foregone conclusion.

Just because of this sea otter, Chu nightning hit him forty vines. It was broken when the first hit to the burning of the ink.

But if at the time, Mo was burning to explain more, if Chu, would rather ask more questions, then everything would be different. This may not be the first step for the masters and apprentices.

However, there is not so much if.

And at this node, the warmth is like a teacher, appearing beside him.

After returning from the night of Chu, he did not go to eat. He was lying on the bed and did not light up.

The teacher slammed the door in and saw what it was like in the darkness. He put the red dragon in the hand and put it on the table, then went to the bed and whispered in a soft voice: "A burning?"

When the ink burned, he did not feel deeply rooted in the teacher. He did not return his head. The blood-filled eyes were still staring at the wall, and the voice was hoarse and heavy.

"Go out."

"I am here to send you..."

"You give me out."

"A burning, don't do this."

"..."

"The temper of Master is not good. If you get used to it, it will be nothing. You can get up and eat something."

The ink burns like a donkey that ten horses can't drag back.

"Don't eat, I am not hungry."

"...A good pad is a padded stomach. If you don't eat it, the master knows that it will be born--" The gas is too late to say it, and the ink burns up and sits up. The eyes with water vapor are wronged and angry. The eyelashes trembled slightly.

"Is angry? What kind of gas does he have? The mouth grows on my own face. What does it matter if he doesn't eat anything? In fact, he doesn't want me to be an apprentice at all. I am starving to death. I am starving to the teacher. Respect the peace of mind, so that his old man is happy."

Teacher: "....."

If he didn't expect himself, he would touch the pain of the burning of the ink. He was a little confused at the moment. I only looked at the little teacher in front of me.

After a long time, the mood of the burning of the ink was a little slow, he lowered his head, and his face was long and falling, covering half of his face.

Ink burning: "...sorry."

The teacher couldn't see his face, only to see his shoulders tremble with trepidation, pinch into a fist, and the back of the hand was light blue.

After all, the fifteen-year-old boy was still too childish. He endured for a while, and finally couldn’t help himself, sitting squatting and crying with his knees. The sound is broken and hoarse, intermittent, with madness and confusion, pain and sorrow.

He burst into tears and burst into tears, and his mouth turned over and over again, just a few words -

"I just want to have a home... I have really been here for fifteen years... I really just want to have a home... Why should I look down on me... Why should I look at me like this... Why do you look down on why? I……"

He cried for a long time, and the teacher stayed with him for a long time.

When the ink burned enough, the teacher handed him a white handkerchief, and then he came to the already cold red oil.

Shi Yan Wen said: "Don't say anything like starvation and not starvation. If you go back to life and death, worship under the teacher's door, you are my

younger brother. I also have no parents since I was young. If you want, Just treat me as a family. Come and eat."

"..."

"This is my bag, you don't even appreciate the face, you have to reward my face, right?" The teacher bent his mouth slightly, licking a crystal full copy of the hand, handed to the burning lips Side, "Take a bite."

The ink-burning eyes were still red, and the eyes full of water vapor, looking at the people at the bed, finally let go of the mouth, and the gentle boy fed the food.

In fact, the bowl of hand-cranked has been cool, but also dip over the head, missed the best time to eat.

But at that moment, in the candlelight, it was the food that the bowl of cockroaches sent, accompanied by the glory of the wind, the gentle face of the eyes, inscribed in the moment. After his death, he will never forget.

It probably started from that night.

He is more and more deeply hated by the teacher, and it is from that day that he believes that the teacher is the most important person in his life.

After all, people are greedy and warm.

Especially the funeral dog that is dying, seeing the salt will tremble, fearing that the snow falls, fearing the winter is approaching.

Stepping Xianjun looks beautiful, but only he knows it.

In fact, he is really, but it is a stray wild dog. This wild dog has been looking for a place where he can be huddled, a place that can be called "home", but he has been looking for fifteen years, how can he find it? Not enough.

Therefore, his love and hate becomes very simple and ridiculous -

Someone gave him a stick and he hated it.

Someone gave him a bowl of broth and he fell in love.

Only a little bit of interest.

Chapter 60

The vessel was given a magical technique and the traffic was very fast. The next morning, it was at the Yangzhou Port. There are already a number of horses in the port of entry.

Everyone ate at the pier for breakfast, and the feathers did not need to eat, so they sat at the ferry and closed their eyes. At this time, dawn was dawning, there were not many pedestrians, but the boatmen had already started. They gathered together in groups of three to eat porridge and hoes, and they used their curious eyes to inquire from them from time to time.

The sturdy men in the brown dresses licked the porridge rice, and the discussion sounded into the ink burning ears.

"Hey, I know their clothes, this is the people in the lower world."

"The distance to the next revision is so far away, and it is not often with the sects here. How do you know?"

"Look at the coat of arms on their wrists. Is it exactly the same as the night tour?"

"What kind of exorcism wood you are talking about?" Someone glanced at Xue Meng's cuffs, biting the pickles, and exclaimed, "Oh, it's really true. Who did the night tour?" ?"

"I heard that it was made by the elders of Yu Heng who died of life."

"Who is this elder of Yuheng? Is there a ghost of our lonely moon?"

"Hey, that's not known, who did the cultivation of the immortal, who said it?"

The boatmen spoke to Su Yinzhong, and they didn't understand what they burned. Chu nightning could understand what these people were saying. He knew that his night tour **** had been successfully streamed in the folks, and he couldn't help but feel relieved. Then I figured that after going back, I would like to make more light and easy to use wooden cows and horses to do some good things.

After a long time, the pedestrians quickly wrestled, and it was not until two hours before the arrival of Jiuhua Mountain. At this time, the morning light was still early, and the winter Xuyang was just hanging high. The golden light was like a crepe, and the snow was crystal clear. Glittering. On the peaks, hundreds of cypresses and cypresses of the cypresses of the whole year are standing, like the great hidden people of the bones of the celestial celestial winds, with the sleek sleeves converge and stand quietly on both sides of the mountain road.

Jiuhua Peak, mortal called it "non-human", but it is not a false statement.

Yumin blew three whistle at the foot of the mountain, and a feathery and colorful jinque fell from the snow-capped mountains. Everyone followed the guide of Jinque, all the way to the west, to the front of a rushing waterfall.

"Xiejun, please retreat first."

The head of the feathers stood up first, the five fingers smashed flowers, and a curse was silent. Suddenly, she gathered her lips and sighed softly in the wind. A fire dragon rushed out of the air and went straight to the waterfall, leaving the curtain of water in half!

Yumin suddenly looked back and smiled slightly: "I sincerely invite you to move the peach blossoms."

They followed the feathers to wear a water curtain, passed the enchantment, and suddenly opened their eyes, only to see that it was vast and innocent, and it seemed like another soft red. Taohuayuan is a hole that has nothing to do with the realm of comprehension. Although it is no more than the real fairyland, it can't be compared with the realm of the gods, but the aura is full. The scenery in the source is like ink and wash, the color is elegant and faint, and the road is a long way.

The pedestrians lead the way from Yumin, first through the wilderness, only to see the tides of the rivers, and the two sides scream. Then to the suburbs, I saw the squats and ridges. Finally, I arrived in the city, and I was at the corner of the building.

The main city of Peach Blossom is magnificent and magnificent. Its city Guozhi is well-equipped with the prosperity of the world. It is just that the sky is falling and dancing with the snow, the birds and the cranes are flying together, and the past feathers are Yanyan Junxiu. Wu belt is a wind, like a fairy who has gone down from the painting.

However, such a splendid scene, although Xuemeng and his party are quite fresh, but because they have already seen the different scenes of Jinchengchi, they will not be too fussed.

At a fork in the road, I saw a feathered man wearing a white embroidered golden phoenix squatting beside the towering giant wood. The flame pattern in front of her forehead is deeper than others, which means her mana is far away from other feathers. Above the people.

The guides led the way to bring the crowd to her, and then bent down and bowed, and said a courtesy: "The Great Immortal, the four immortals of the dead and the dead have arrived."

"It’s hard, you go back."

"Yes."

The feathered and beautiful feathered people smiled a little, and the sound was as moving as a young phoenix.

"My name is eighteen, and I am fascinated by my family. I live in the high place of Taohuayuan Daxian. The people are willing to show their faces to the Hanmen. I feel very fortunate. During the period, if you have a hospitality, please don , not blunt."

She is so amazing, her speech is polite, and she is very popular.

Although Xue Meng doesn't love men's looks better than himself, he knows the age of Shao Ai, naturally does not hate the beautiful woman, so he smiles: "The lord is polite, but the name of the 18 is really weird, I don't know. The lord respects the surname?"

Eighteen Wen Wei said: "I have no surname, it is called eighteen."

The ink burned and laughed: "You call it eighteen, is there someone called 17?"

He was a joke. Who knows that eighteen listened, and he couldn’t help but smile: "Xianjun is smart, and seventeen are me."

Ink burning: "..."

Eighteen explained: "Our feathers are born from the down feathers of the Suzaku gods. When they are shallow, they are often the shape of Zhu Xi. The earliest form is the immortality of my family, and the rest of the feathers are named according to the order of formation. One, two... I am the eighteenth, so I am named eighteen."

"..."

After the ink burned, he couldn't help but talk. He thought that Xue Zhengqi's name was bad enough. He didn't think there was a worse one here.

But then, the eighteenth said a news that would make him more violent.

"First talk about business. The first immortal monarchs came here, but they still don't know the rules of cultivation of peach blossoms." Eighteen, "Famous practice, most of the centuries are divided by martial art. But here is different. We Yumin It is clear that there is a division of labor, and there are three kinds of specialties: 'defense', specializing in 'explosion', and specializing in 'healing'. There are three kinds of cultivation. Your cultivation will also be carried out according to these three kinds."

Ink burned and said: "This is good."

He nodded in the 18th Dynasty: "Thank you Xiaoxianjun for agreeing. You need to know that the monks of the lonely moon and night in the past few days have come. Hearing this kind of refining method, it is a big frown."

The ink burns the road: "The defensive is defensive, the attack is attacked, the healing is healing, so simple and clear, not very good? What dissatisfaction do they have?"

Eighteen: "This is the case. On the night of the moon, there is a section of the son of the genus 'Yu Shou', who needs to live in the same place with the same genius, and his sister is a 'clashing', and must be attacked and slashed. They lived together with each other. Although I don’t understand the mortal feelings, I can see that the son is not willing to separate from the two sisters."

"Haha, what's the matter - wait, what do you say!" The ink burned half of it, and suddenly reacted and slammed his eyes. "Do people with different attributes have to live separately, but have to live separately?"

Eighteen did not know why he suddenly changed his face and said: "Yes."

The ink is green: "..."

What kind of joke?

After half an hour, the ink burned with the failure of the eighteen bargaining, and stood in a bright four-in-one courtyard, and fell into a long silence.

He, Xue Meng, Xia Si reversed, all three were attacked and divided into the east of Taohuayuan. The so-called east side does not refer to a small area, but is a place for the "cracking" of the immortals. There are more than 20 courtyards of four people, and there are other mountain lakes and lanes. The strange market, built to resemble the mortal, is about knowing that they have to live here for a long time, for them to talk about homesickness.

The teacher, because it is a "healing", went to the south of Taoyuan, far from the place where the ink burned them, and there was more enchantment in the middle, which relied on the token to pass. This means that although the ink-burning is in the same Taoyuan as the teacher, he has no chance to meet each other except for the daily introduction of the feathers of the three major attributes of the Xianjun.

This is not the worst.

The ink burned his eyes and raised his eyes. Through the dense eyelash curtains, he looked around in the yard and turned around. Obviously he was planning to pick the most comfortable place for him, and he couldn’t help the forehead.

Xue Meng...

Yes, his mother, he must live in a yard with Xue Meng every day from now! The love of life is bitter, and the resentment will be. In the future, he may feel very thorough...

The feathers have been selected from the upper revisions to the next revision, and the turn of life and death is nearing completion. Therefore, the people of other sects came earlier than them. Xue Meng soon discovered that there was a lodge in the courtyard of the four courtyards where they lived.

"Weird, I don't know who has lived here?" Xue Meng said as he snorted the blind man in the eye.

Ink burning: "No matter who it is, it should not be a person who cares about it."

"How do you say this?"

Ink burning: "I asked you, which room did you pick?"

Xue Meng looked alert: "You have to do it? I am already optimistic. It is mine when I am facing the north. If you want to grab me, I will..."

As soon as I hadn’t had time to figure it out, the ink burned and interrupted him: “I don’t like too big a room, I won’t fight for you. But I have to ask

you if this room is still empty—” He said, he clicked on the hut that had already been moved in, and then asked, "Would you like to change with him?"

Xue Meng first looked at the plain and simple, and glanced at the ink: "Would you be stupid? I certainly don't change."

Ink burned and said: "So I said that the person is not a careless person. You see, when he came, the four rooms were empty, but he did not pick the best, only chose the low huts. If a person is not a fool, he is a modest gentleman."

"..."

This analysis is not bad, but Xue Meng feels like being smashed by the ink knife. People are gentlemen, they can't live in a good house, they have to sleep well, then aren't they stinking villains and stingers?

However, there was no mention of Xue Meng’s half-character in the ink-burning. He also taught Xue Gongzi to be unwilling, and couldn’t stand it, and his face rose to red.

"In any case... I used to live well." Xue Meng sighed and said, "I just lived in a place where I didn't live. Who should be the gentleman? I am not rare."

After the words, I left.

So in this other courtyard, there are four very different houses with owners.

Xue Meng chose the north side of the fine house, the powder wall and the tile, the threshold is gold, is the most transparent and luxurious. The ink burned the western stone cottage, and a peach tree was planted at the door. It was warm. Chu nightning wants a bamboo building in the east, the sun sets in the west, and the warm green bamboo is like a jade in the glow of China.

In the south, there is a squatting house, and the one who lives is the "gentleman" who has never met.

Chu night Ning typhoid fever, dizziness is very powerful. I went into the bamboo building early to rest. Xue Meng accompanied him for a while, but this younger brother would not be spoiled, nor would he like to listen to the story. Only one person wrapped up in a small scorpion and bored his head to sleep. Xue Meng sat on the edge of the bed for a while. The **** is gone.

In the yard, the ink burned out and put the chair out. He was tilting his legs, his arms bent behind his head, and leisurely watching the golden crows sinking, and the afterglow flicked off.

When Xue Meng came out, he asked: "Is Xia Shi brother sleeping?"

"Ok."

"Is it hot?"

"You have to care about him. It’s not good to go in and see."

The ink burned and laughed: "I am afraid that the little guy is not sleeping, and he is awkward and awkward."

Xue Meng gave him a look: "You are rare and have some self-knowledge. I thought you would only be with my cat and dog, and take a ride in the yard and be lazy."

"Haha, how do you know that I am lazy?" The ink burned a peach blossom between his fingers, and smiled. "I was sitting in the yard for a while, and I found a secret." ""

Xue Mengxian didn't want to ask, but he was curious. He forbeared for a long time or was sullen, sorting out a look that he didn't care about, and said: "...What big secret?"

The ink burned and waved at him, narrowing his eyes: "You come with your ear, I quietly say to you."

"..." Xue Meng reluctantly refused to do so. The ink burned close, and whispered: "Hey, be fooled, silly."

Xue Meng’s eyes narrowed and he was furious, and he licked the smoldering clothes: “You lied to me? Are you young and childish?!”

Ink burned haha: "Where I lied to you, I really found a secret, but I really don't want to tell you."

Xue Meng black eyebrows said: "If I believe in you again, it is really a fool!"

The two birds, the dogs, the dogs and the ostriches, are clamoring, and the ink is about to say something else to make the other person more angry, but suddenly heard a strange voice behind him, a little doubtful "hmm?" And then said: "Is the two newcomers to repair?"

The voice of this person is clear and clear, and the sound of the younger is more natural.

The ink burned and Xue Mengqi Qi looked back, only to see the blood in the sun, a man dressed in a strong dress stood in the wind.

The man was born with a deep facial, dark-eyed, black-necked crown, a honey-faced face handsome and spirited. Although the body is not tall and

sturdy, but the posture is very tall and straight, more than the pines and cypresses. Especially a pair of long legs, wrapped in black bundle pants, it seems to be narrow and powerful, straight and heroic.

The look of ink burned instantly, and it seemed that the blood and sin of the world had flashed.

He seems to have seen a figure in the **** hurricane, the cheekbones were pierced, and the flesh of the half face was torn off, but he still refused to die and refused to yield.

The heart trembled, like a drop of clear white dew on the blade, the ink burned can not tell what it is.

If he has admired someone in his previous life, then this one is definitely one of them.

It turns out that the gentleman who wants to live with them... is actually him...

The author has something to say:

After school, the ink-feeding fish children came to Jiuhuashan Bird University and stayed in the happy quadruple bedroom~

Ink burning: muddy stuffy! I am the ink rain from Hunan Xiangtan! I am studying philosophy! Please advise!

Chu nightning: Chu nightning, I am from Lin'an, the pile of clothes and socks thrown on the balcony of the bedroom are mine. I will throw them all in the washing machine at night, but I will not cover the quilt. Busy, thank you.

Ink burning:.....

Xue Meng: Xue Ziming, Sichuan, don't provoke me. My father has mastered the economic lifeline of the whole Xiu Xiu. If you bully me, my father can stop all the stocks of your parents, including Maotai.

Ink burning:.....

at this time--

The door to the bedroom is open! Go back to the bedroom where you can wash your clothes and wash the nets! !

So, is he really a plum in the supporting column, or is it a leaf? This is a sub-question 2333333

[There is a small announcement]~

The next 8 days of the meat package, you have to go down to the wild land to think about life, without a computer, the network is not good. The deposits for the next eight days have all been set in the deposit box. The update time is still 10 o'clock every night. If there is a little angel to the point but finds that it can't be brushed out, it must be Jinjiang's exhaustion. Return the article directory page and put it back. The directory can be pulled down to see the latest updated chapters, what?

Thanks and responses in the next eight days may not be timely, but I will try to return as much as possible. If you are not thoughtful, please forgive me.

Chapter 61

The brothers stopped playing and both got up.

The people in front of me had a very solemn temperament. Xue Meng took a moment to react, and he said: "Well. It’s not bad. Who are you?"

He used to be self-sufficient, and although Mrs. Wang repeatedly taught him the etiquette, he did not care about it. Therefore, asking others to honor their surnames, without respecting them, did not first report their names, which is very rude.

But the ink burned knows that this person will not know the general knowledge of Xue Meng. After all, people are...

"In the Confucian disciples, Ye forgets." The youth is calm and not angry. Under his dark sword, a pair of eyes are like quenching stars, especially bright and sharp. "Dare to ask your high surname."

"Leaves the past?" Xue Meng frowned and muttered. "I haven't heard of it. It's not famous."

Although his voice is not loud, but the other party's ear strength is not bad, it can certainly be heard. The ink burned La Xuemeng's sleeves in the dark, let him converge, and then converge on the emotions in the shackles. He smiled slightly: "In the next life, the ink burns, and this is the younger brother Xuemeng."

Xue Meng broke him and glared at him.

"Don't touch me, who is your brother?"

"Hey, Xue Meng, you..." The ink sighed and then bent back, and the leaves sighed and smiled: "The brother is stubborn, and Ye brother laughs."

He did not suddenly turn his temper, and he was very polite to Xue Meng. It’s just because this leaf is a forgotten person, although he borrowed no name at this time, but in his life, the whole master is the second master in addition to Chu Yuning.

God knows how much bitterness has been eaten in the past. In this life, I will be a man again. For this sharp, knife-like, high-quality Yingjie, don’t talk about it, at least I don’t want to be an enemy of him.

A Chu nighting is enough for him to smash his head, and then come back with a leaf, then there is a comfortable life?

Ye had not forgotten a few words, and they were polite to each other and went back to the house.

As soon as others left, the ink burned back to the smiling face of the gods, and took the elbow and smashed Xue Meng. He smiled and asked, "How?"

"What is it?"

"This person." Ink asked, "I don't like it, can you look good?"

"...?" Xue Meng looked at him inexplicably, shouting, "neuropathy."

The ink burned and laughed: "We are all living in the same hospital. We will look down and see you later. You should be lucky to live with us."

Xue Meng said strangely: "Listen to your tone, do you know him?"

Of course, the ink-burning can't tell the truth, and he jokingly said: "I don't know, but I don't know, but I only look at people. I look at him beautifully, and my heart is very happy."

Xue Meng said: "Disgusting!"

The ink burned a haha, turned and waved, and turned back to Xue Meng, making a cursing gesture, and then lazily returned to his stone lodge, and once he fell the bolt, he closed Xue Meng’s cockroaches. Out of the way.

In the early morning of the next day, the ink ignited early.

In order to familiarize them with Taoyuan's life, Yumin specially extended the practice for three days. After the ink burned and finished, I saw that Ye Ye had already gone out, and the other two had not woke up, and they went to the street to hang out.

In the early morning mist, many Xianmen swordsmen walked lightly, drifting past, and rushed to their respective places of cultivation.

When the ink burned through an early shop, I saw a new pot of water and fried. I remembered that the younger brother was still sick, so I walked over and said: "The boss, I want eight fried pouches, and then I will take a bowl of sweet porridge and take it away."

The feathers of the stalls were not lifted and said: "Give me six feathers."

Ink burns: "What are six?"

"Six feathers."

"...Is it right now I have to find a chicken and pull a few hairs?"

The folk scorpion scorpion white and gave him a look: "I still want to eat without hair? Go and go."

The smoldering was good and funny, and I had to ask again. Suddenly a familiar voice came from behind, and a bandaged hand reached over, with six golden wings hanging between the fingers.

"The boss, porridge, I paid for him."

The feathers took over the mane, and they were too lazy to wander with them. They turned and packed and went early. When the side of the ink burns over the face, I will see that Ye forgets that he is standing beside him, and that the end is Qing Xiu Ying, and he is self-satisfied.

"Thank you for your help." With a steaming fried bag and sweet porridge, the ink burned and the leaves walked away and said, "If you don't meet you today, I am afraid we all have to go hungry."

"No problem." Ye forgets, "The 18 girls are not good at sex, always forgetting to give some feathers to newcomers. I also happened to pass by, and it’s just a matter of raising your hands. You don't have to be polite."

Ink burning asked: "When you buy and sell in Taohuayuan, you need to get feathers in exchange for it?"

"Not bad."

"Where did the feather come from?"

Ye forgets the road: "Pull it."

"Pull, pull..." The ink burns a little bit, is it really pulled from the bird? The birds here can't be pulled by them.

Seeing him in amazement, Ye forgets a little funny look at him: "What do you think? There is an abyss in the Taoyuan. It is said that the place where the gods were soaring and flying in the past, the bottom of the abyss is full of red flames. It’s hard to be hot. So you won’t be able to live in the grass.

The ink burned like he described it. He immediately thought of the sky-covered sky in the distance when passing by the suburbs yesterday. He said: "Is the abyss near the north of the city?"

"You are doing a good job."

"What does that have to do with feathers?"

Ye forgets: "This is the case. Although there are no other creatures that can survive near the ancestral abyss, there are a group of roars in the abyss. They are nested in real fire and they lie in the night. Their mane can help the people to repair Refined."

"It turned out to be the case." The ink burned and laughed. "No wonder you have to use feathers to change things."

"Yeah. But you need to be mindful. When you are at night, their feathers will become the same as ordinary nightingales. Even if you catch them, they have no use. Only when the rising sun rises every day, the roars return to the ancestors in groups. The abyss. The moment they are about to enter the abyss, the wings on them will change back to gold, and it will be useful to pick them up."

"Haha, isn't that a practice of lightness? If the kung fu is not home, if you fall, you can become a barbecue. If you don't pick it, you will starve to death." The ink can't help but sigh. "This is really human." distressed."

Ye forgets to ask: "Are you not doing bad work?"

Ink burned and said: "Generally average."

"That can't be done." Ye forgets, "The roaring action is fast, don't lose the eagle. If you don't practice hard, you will be hungry in a few days."

"such……"

Seeing the self-death of the ink, Ye Forgot sighed and said: "I have a lot of feathers, and I don't need it for a while. If you need it, ask me if you need it."

The ink burned and waved again and again, laughing: "How nice this is. These six feathers are what I asked you to borrow. I will go back to eat first. If I have feathers tomorrow, I will return it to you. Thank you."

Say goodbye to the leaves, the ink burned the porridge and returned to the other hospital.

There was no one in Xuemen’s room. He woke up and was idle, and went around. The ink burned and came to the bamboo building in Chu nightning.

Chu nightning has not yet woken up. The ink burned the porridge and the fried bag on the table, came to his bed and looked down at him.

Suddenly some kind of familiar feeling floated on my heart.

The little teacher is asleep... How is it like someone?

But I can't think of who I want to be, but the impression is that there is a person like this. When I am lying in bed, I always smash myself into a ball, and my hands are on my cheeks. Who is it?

At the moment he was in a daze, Chu night would wake up.

"Hey..." turned over, Chu nightning saw the person beside the bed, suddenly widened his eyes, "Ink burning?"

"I have said it a few times, I want to call my brother." The ink burned his hair, and then he went to the forehead and tried the temperature. "Hot back, come, get something to eat."

"Eating..." The children on the couch repeated dumbly, and the hair was messy, and the face became more and more lovely.

"You see that your brother doesn't hurt you, get up early to buy it early. Eat it hot."

Chu nightning went to bed with a white coat and went to the table. There is a tender lotus leaf on the table, and the inside of the fried bun is thin and

crispy, with green chopped green onion and black sesame. There is also a small longan osmanthus porridge, boiled soft glutinous thick, is braving the heat.

The elders of Yu Heng, who have always been strong, have given birth to a certain uncertainty: "Give me?"

"what?"

"Is it... bought for me?"

The ink burned a bit: "Yes."

He looked at the way he was hesitant and he thought about it, and smiled and said: "Come on, or it will be cold."

Chu Xiaoning was so dead for many years, although everyone respected him, but because his character was stubborn and cold, almost no one would like to eat with him, let alone make a breakfast for him. Sometimes he looked at the interrelationships between the disciples, but although he didn't want to admit it, he couldn't help himself. Therefore, facing this bowl of porridge, a few buns, silent for a long time, actually reluctant to eat.

When the ink burned, he sat on the stool and stared at the food in front of him, but he did not move the chopsticks. He thought that he was not

appetizing, so he asked: "What? Is it greasy?"

"..."

Chu night Ning looked back at him, shook his head, picked up a spoonful of porridge, blew the cold, and carefully drank.

If he is a handsome and cold Chu Zong teacher in the past, this kind of porridge will only appear to be well-conceived and elegant.

But it was awkward and pathetic to change to a child.

When the smoldering misunderstanding, he said to him: "You don't like the longan? Then you pick it up and throw it away, it doesn't get in the way."

"No." The younger brother didn't have much expression on his face, but when he looked back at the ink, the black scorpion was warm, "I like it."

"Oh...haha, that's good, I thought you didn't like it."

Chu nightning hangs down the thick curtain of the eyelashes and whispers repeatedly: "I like it. No one has ever treated me like this before."

He said, raising his throat and looking at the ink, he said seriously.

"Thank you, brother."

Mo-burn did not think that he would say this, and could not help but hold it.

He is not a good person, nor a child. The reason why he is good against Xia Shi is that he feels that his young age is extraordinary and he is a worthy future generation.

However, he has a utilitarian heart, but the other party treats him with sincerity. I couldn’t help but feel a bit stunned, but listening to the words of this younger brother, I felt so strange, so I waved my hand and asked Chu to rather not thank myself. He asked: "Isn’t anyone bought you earlier?"

Chu nightning did not have any expression, nodded.

"The people under the elders' door will not take care of each other?"

Chu night Ning said: "I don't often get together with them."

"Where did you get started? When you were in a vulgar family, you yell at the mother..." When the words were half, the ink burned.

The little teacher of his younger brother is so clear-cut, which parent's heart is tossing him to the mountains to practice, and never look at him from the door? Presumably his experience and his teacher are the same as himself.

Sure enough, Chu Xi Ning calmly said: "Parents have abandoned, no other relatives, no one took me."

The ink burned and did not speak. After a long silence, he sighed. Mind: I originally had a good relationship with this child. First, I saw him as a superb. Second, he was quite calm, and he was not the same as a child who was screaming. I don't want him to live with me.

He looked at the younger brother in front of him, and couldn't help but think of the time when his childhood was full of bitterness and pain, and there was a surge of blood in his chest, gradually becoming pity and relatives. Suddenly said: "No one has taken you before, but there will be. You will call me a brother, and I will take care of you from then on."

Chu nightning did not seem to expect him to say this. It seemed a little surprised. After a while, he slowly opened a smile and said, "You want to take care of me?"

"Yeah. You will follow me later, I will teach you the mind and teach you how to practice the sword."

Chu Xiaoning smiled even more: "You have to teach me the heart and teach me to practice the sword?"

The ink burned his misunderstanding and scratched his head. "You don't laugh at me. I know that you are very good at repairing, but you are still young, and you have to learn a lot of things. There are so many elders, he can't care." You. What are you doing with me? I still have at least one Shenwu person."

Chu night was quiet for a long time, and said: "I have never laughed at you. I... I think you are very good."

In this case, before he changed it, he could not say anything, but his body became smaller. It seemed that even the temper would be soft, just like hiding in the dark, and finally he could remove the hard-boned mask.

It was burned and lived for two lifetimes. For the first time, people were praised as "you are very good." Although the other party was only a child, it also made him feel helpless. The surprise was very good. It was a long time, and it was as thick as a city wall. The face of the skin turned out to be red.

He muttered and repeated: "I, I, I, I am fine... Am I good?"

Suddenly I remembered that when I was young, I really wanted to be a good person.

However, at that time, the humble but gentle desire was to "when I grew up, I wanted to discuss the fate of Li Zhi, who was a daughter-in-law." "If you earn enough silver, you should buy a biscuit every day." "If there are two meals in the future, there will be two." The block of braised pork, when the gods do not change, the same, and later became the memory of the wind and snow.

Chapter 62

The practice of smoldering them soon began. Of course, 攒 feathers are the things he is most keen to do. After all, he does not expect to learn too much from the past generations. The good days are serious.

They went to the ancestral abyss to rob the golden feathers before the dawn of each day, and then went to Zhu Rongdong to meditate, to fight against Zhu Rongdong and strengthen himself. After two hours, follow the method of the ghosts to practice the ghosts.

Two more hours, the Shura field confronted each other.

Before entering the night, go to the Taohuayuan Guanxing Cliff to listen to the Eighteen Girls to explain "Hundred Ghosts" and "Drive the Spirit".

Of course, the most favorite thing about ink burning is the evening view of the Stars and Cliffs, because it is the only class that will bring together three different specializations of monks.

He knows that the teacher is not good at light work, and he remembers that the other person does not eat a full stomach, so the feathers that are taken off will be divided into half for the teacher every day. However, in addition

to this, it is difficult to have too much intersection with the teacher, but instead it is with the night of the night, and the two gradually become inseparable.

During this time, it is often that Chu Ning is sitting on the bridge bar and blowing the leaves. The ink burns sitting next to him and listening to the rising sun and the clouds.

Or Chu Xiaoning stood by the river to feed the fish, and the ink burned the umbrella and stood next to him and looked at Jin Yu Yue, Bibo Jin scale.

When the peach blossoms fell into the rain, the ink burned Chu's hand, and along with him, he walked along the cracked old bluestone trail. A paper umbrella was just right and opened on the heads of the two.

If the water is deep, the ink will burn up the younger brother, and the raindrops will answer. The little guy is quiet on his shoulder, and he doesn't talk much.

It’s just that sometimes the back is hot, and there is a thin sweat on the forehead, and the ignorant younger brother will wipe him with a towel. Napa is white and plain, and a sea bract is embroidered on the corner. The ink burns always feels familiar, like where I have seen it, but the thought of flickering is like the drizzle falling into the deep pool, and I can't find it anymore.

On this day, Chu Xi Ning rested in the courtyard, and the ink burned his blood and solved his hair and made him a tall pony tail. I was combing my hair, and I suddenly saw the leaves lingering on my left shoulder and looking into the courtyard.

The ink burns the tip of the eye and raises the eyebrow slightly: "Is the leaf brother injured?"

"Yeah." Ye forgets the moment and wrinkles his eyes. "It’s a small injury when you learn. It’s just that the person is really sloppy and embarrassing!"

"..."

It’s hard to believe that ink is burning: “Is anyone indecent?”

Ye forgets to glance at him, his eyes are sharp, cold and cold: "What do you want."

"Hahaha, make a joke." The ink smiled twice and couldn't help but curious. "Who is the person you said?"

Ye forgets the road: "Who else? It is not the romantic seed of the Kunlun Snow Palace."

As soon as I heard this description, the ink burned "ah" and my heart said: Could it be him?

These days, he often heard some female disciples whispering in Taohuayuan, Zhangkou "master brother", closed "master brother". It’s just a matter of age. Just yesterday, he also saw a 40-year-old woman standing on the side of the flower, and her eyes whispered: "No man in this world can stand shoulder to shoulder with the master. If he can really look at me and talk to me, I will fall into **** and have no resentment."

Such a sorrowful state, let the ink burned at the time, and suspected that the "master brother" she said was the person she wanted, but there were many monks in Taohuayuan, and there was not much exchange between them. He never I only heard the name, I didn’t see anyone, and I was embarrassed and the female disciples were listening to the gossip, so I was not sure.

"I am drinking at the Linghu Building in the West City today," Ye said. "The **** thing happened to be inside. I saw him carrying two women in his arms. It was very swaying, but others would like me." It doesn't matter to me, so I can't say anything."

Ink burned and agreed: "This is true."

"But later, the outside rushed into a female disciple under the door of a lonely moon, looking worried, looking around and looking for people."

Ink smirked: "Is looking for the ‘master brother’?”

"You also heard about the master?"

"Haha, then look at it, even the gentleman like you knows his bad luck. How can I not know if my parents are short?"

Ye forgets to glance at him silently and said: "The master is really not something. The woman who was alone on the night of the moon came to find him. It was because he exchanged the tokens with others some time ago and said that he would become a Taoist. From then on. No longer apart."

The ink burned and laughed again: "That is what I can't hear. I guess that there are seventeen or eight pieces of the master of the sentimental messenger. The same thing is the case. If you chase a girl, you will send a token. I am afraid that even the words of the vows will be No difference."

Chu Jingning, who had been quietly listening and didn’t talk, finally spoke up. He squinted at the ink and seemed to be dissatisfied and said, "You know it."

Who knows that Ye forgets the truth but stands on the side of the ink: "The ink brother said it is good, the fact is true. The woman repaired the original master, and listened to him saying so, he believed it was true, and he lost it tonight. he."

Ink burning: "Hey." Busy to go to the ears of late night.

Chu nightning does not move: "What are you doing?"

"Children can't listen to this. Listening to it is not good for practice."

Chu nightning: "..."

The ink burned the ears of Chu's late night, and immediately the eyes couldn't wait to ask: "And then?"

Ye Forgiveness is a righteous gentleman. Where is the desire to get a smoldering, this despicable villain is simply reading the narrative of his indignation as a peach-colored transcript. He is righteous and sighed: "What then? Masters are naturally reluctant to accept accounts, and are not willing to The woman repaired more entanglement. The female repair took out the Jiansui Sui, and expected that the master would hold one of the two women, and said that as long as he was a friend, he would give a sword ear, not It is to be sent to the Taoist."

"Oh, that's really shameless."

"Yeah." Ye said, "I don't understand, I talked to him."

He said here that his face is slightly different. After a while, I said: "If you are not happy, you will fight."

The ink burned and laughed: "This way."

But my heart said: I am afraid not. If the "master brother" is really the one he guessed, then the character of that person is definitely not going to be human because of this kind of thing. I am afraid that the leaves here are out of jealousy and concealed something.

However, since Ye did not want to say that the ink burned, of course, it would not be debunked, so he changed his words: "The master's skill must be good, if ordinary people, it will not hurt Ye brother."

Not to mention this is still good, once said this, Ye forgets seem to be more annoying, a pair of dark scorpions in the sparks of the fire, flashing with anger.

"Well? Good." Ye forgets the truth and says, "I have a mediocre spell, and I rely on women all the time - not something!"

"Ah? Hahahahaha." The ink burned him to say so, and fixed his eyes, only to see the leaves forget the wounds on the shoulders, there are three or four intermittent blood marks on the cheeks, apparently being scratched by a woman's nails. I can’t help but fall down with a smile. “The master is really worthy of the name, hahahaha.”

Chu Yuning did not speak. He began to think deeply when he said that he had said "when he was unhappy, he started playing."

Waiting for the leaves to return to the room to dress up the wounds, Chu night Ning said: "Ink burning."

The ink burned his head: "Tell the brother."

"..." Chu said, "I am a master, is Mei Hanxue?"

Ink burned and said: "I guess so."

Chu Xiaoning did not speak, and thought a little.

Suddenly, I figured out something, and suddenly I widened my eyes: "This leaf is forgotten, it will not be -"

"Hey! Hey!" The ink burned his fingers to his lips, stopped his words, and then squatted, kept flush with Chu Yuening, and smiled. "You are young, what do you think?" ?"

"...I heard about Mei Hanxue this time... especially unreliable, what ridiculous things have been done, I didn’t expect him to even dare the disciples of Confucianism..."

The ink burned and laughed casually: "Ha ha ha, he is quite unreliable. But other people's things we take care of. Come, the brothers continue to tie your hair. Before seeing a hairpin in West Street, it is pretty, not expensive. I bought it, I will show it to you."

Just like the burning of the ink does not like the taste of Chu Xiaoning, Chu nightning is also not flattering about the burning of the ink.

Chu nightning floated to the glamorous golden blue butterfly and fell into silence: "... Are you sure this is for me?"

"Yeah. Children will use gold and red, you see, how lively."

Chu nightning: "....."

It was very reluctant, but when I thought about it, it seemed that the first time I sent my own things, so I shut up and didn't talk. I calmed my face and let the ink burn the buckle to the top of his ponytail. Golden bluegrass and butterflies shine brightly on long black hair.

Chu nightning drops eyelashes.

Suddenly I feel that this is also very good.

Such a color, such an ink burns, such a self, if the body is restored, it will definitely not be there again.

This butterfly is like flying from a dream.

Baiyun Cang dog, the sun and the moon are like a shuttle.

The monks practiced in Taoyuan and have been in the blink of an eye for half a year.

According to the Eighteen Girls, after half a year, everyone needs to accept the test of the feathers in turn, and measure the progress of the practice.

"This is the first trial after you came here." At the rally, the 18th martyr said, "The content of the trial is divided into three major dangers according to the different methods of each of them. The sects enter the blood. In the river, the treatments entered the 'great tragedy' and the attackers entered the 'revolutionary environment'."

"The above three major dangers are based on the memories of the ghosts that have been invaded into the human world hundreds of years ago, and

they will be restored to the virtual environment. You will not have any danger in it. After you crack the crisis in the virtual territory, you will return to Taoyuan. ”

"The virtual trial can only enter two people at a time, that is to say, the trials can challenge alone. If you want to invite your companions, you can only invite one. The trial order is based on the notice."

After the gathering, the trials began slowly. The smoldering does not know the situation of defensive and healing, but the attack has already measured six or seven people. Fortunately, those people have done a good job. It seems that this trial is not too difficult.

After the first ten days, it was the turn of the ink.

It was the 18th who was in charge of attacking the monks. She smiled and asked: "Mo Xianjun can go with his companion?"

Ink burned and thought: "If I pick a person to go with me, then does he have to take another trial?"

"This is natural."

"Then I will take the younger brother to go." The ink burned the finger to the late night, "He is young, and when I am alone, I am not at ease."

When the moon was empty, they came to a black cave with the 18th, which was covered with a thin layer of red and purple smoke.

Eighteen: "Please listen to the two sages, and the scene restored by Shura is the first rupture of the ghost world two hundred years ago. At that time, because the enchantment could not be repaired in time, a large number of sorrowful ghosts fled to the world and maimed. There are countless creatures. This virtual environment is based on the memory of a survivor in Lin'an that year. When you step into the cave, you will come to the battle of Lin'an City two hundred years ago. Kill the ghost king who led the army and break the virtual world."

The ink burned and looked at the night, and turned to smile at the 18th: "Fairy, you see that my skin is thick and thick, it doesn't matter. My brother is only six years old. You said that this sword is ruthless, in case he hurts him. ....."

"You don't have to worry, all the knives in the virtual world will not really hurt the two." Eighteen said, "If you are injured, you will have the spiritual power to mark it yourself. If it is the key point, it will represent two. If the injury is serious, the challenge will fail."

This is only reassuring, and smiled and said: "It turns out that the fairy is very thoughtful, thank you very much."

Since the fear has been removed, the ink-burning and Chu-night will go to the cave to try. The cave was black, and when they stepped forward, their

bodies suddenly felt a vacant flight, followed by flashing blurred scenes, and numerous twisted faces gathered in the river to float underneath.

When the two fell to the ground and their feet were stable, they found that they had been transferred to Gu Lin'an and stood at the old road in the suburbs. At this time, it was noon, the sun was shining, and there was a strong smell in the air.

Two hundred years ago, the ancient city of Lin'an, which was the night of the ghosts, was accompanied by this rich suffocating suffocation. It was like a remnant of a yellow-colored war in the middle of the battle. In the eyes of the ink-burning and Chu-nighting, slowly and unfolding.

The author has something to say:

Small theater [several choices of Yumin illusion copy]

What is the ending of the two copies of the two people in the ink-burning and Chu-night?

No milk, fluttering the street.

What is the ending of the two copies of the two people?

No chance, the author does not let.

What is the ending of the two copies of the ink burning and Xue Meng?

Noisy in front of the boss than who is self-imposed.

What is the ending of the copy of Xue Meng and the teacher?

Normal configuration, you can win.

What is the ending of the copy of Xue Meng and Shi Zun?

On the street, a dps has been applauding another dps.

What is the ending of the copy of the two masters and the teacher?

The boss died in the ink burning hands, and there is no such copy.

Chapter 63

At that time, Lin'an City was in a state of war, and it was full of blood and blood in the eyes. Under the smog of the devil, the suburbs of the suburbs, the woods are dry.

When the ink burned and he didn't return to the gods, he heard a strange noise. He looked up and saw a fresh belly hanging on a stubble stick that was not far away. More than ten black crows were looking around for food. Blood drops and meat **** are constantly falling down.

Under the tree, the body of a middle-aged man fell, his abdomen was torn open by claws, and blood and organs flowed to the ground. No one can know whether he was blind or closed when he died. His eyes have been hollowed out.

Such a scene, ink burning is no stranger.

In his previous life, he had slaughtered the 72nd city of Confucianism. At that time, the blood was drifting, and the corpse was everywhere. It was also such a terrible situation.

I don't know why, the blood of the past life made him happy, and every flesh and blood in the body whispered. However, at this moment, I suddenly saw a similar horror. In his heart, he had a layer of Sen Han’s half-inch pity. Is it true that he has been pretending to be a long time, and he has gradually turned his mind?

I was thinking about it, and I heard a hoof sound, and there was a dust in front.

In this way, the world can still be rampant, and most of them are not good birds.

The ink burned immediately took Chu Yuning and took him behind him. However, there was no space to hide around the old road in Lin'an. In the blink of an eye, a group of light rides appeared in the dusty smoke. When I saw it, I realized that the horses were not strong. Some of them were hungry and even the ribs were clear. More than ten people sat on the horseback and pressed their heads.

Those people wore a uniform white background, and they wore red and white feathers, and they wore the double dragons to kill the ring. Although they are not very clean, they are very neat, and although they are extremely thin, they are still awkward. What is even more rare is that they all have a strong bow and a plump of arrows behind them.

In the troubled world of bonfires, the most valuable thing is two things: food, and weapons.

They are obviously not ordinary people.

The ink is burning is not known to be good or evil, is the enemy is a friend. I heard one of the fourteen-and-five-year-old teenagers shouting: "Hey! Auntie!"

The young man slammed down from the horseback, fell into the mud, and climbed up and rolled up. He stumbled and ran down the tree, slammed into the dying middle-aged man, and burst into tears: "Auntie Auntie!"

Others have also shown a pitiful look, but they have apparently seen too many lives and deaths, and even more numbness, so there is no second person to disappoint, except for the teenager who is crying and crying.

Someone noticed the ink burning and Chu Xiening not far away, and stunned, and asked the official language of Lin’s native voice: "Are you not a local?"

Ink burning: "Yes, ... we are coming from the ground."

"So far?" The man was taken aback. "This world, all night is a ghost, how did you survive?"

"...I will have some spells." The ink-burning heart will be lost, and when these people are not comfortable, they will pull out the late night and come

out. "This is my brother. We passed by here and could not walk." I want to take a break."

The people in the team saw Chu Yuning, and several of them seemed to be slightly stunned, and two of them whispered aloud.

The smoldering alert said: "What is it?"

"Nothing." The young man headed, "Speaking seriously. You have to rest in the city to go to rest. Don't look at the scene there are no monsters. If it is at night, it can be ghosts everywhere. Xiaoman's adoptive father is going out for the day. Looking for food, the result was a heavy rain yesterday. I didn't have time to come back before dark. You can't see it..." He sighed heavily and never said anything.

It turned out that Xiaoman was the boy who was crying and dying. The father who died under the tree was his adoptive father. There is always such a thing happening in troubled times. A family goes out to find food for the individual. In the morning, the end-users go out and never come back at night.

Although it is known that this happened two hundred years ago, but the young boy cried heartbreaking, a few want to cry, the ink burned in his eyes, but still could not help but swell.

However, after a slight sigh, the surge was a sudden shock.

The past murder has not seen blood, why is it gradually softened?

Immediately took Chu nightning, and bid farewell to the young man.

The person headed said: "You went to Lin'an City and found a place to live first. Lin'an immediately moved the city to Putuo, where there is plenty of aura, and it has not been attacked by ghosts. You are alone, not as good as us. Walk together."

“Citywide move?”

"Yeah." The man said this, his eyes were burning, his face was like a radiant glow. "Thanks to the good tricks of Chu Gongzi, the whole city can return to life. Don't say, don't say Now, we have to find a circle in the suburbs before dark to see if anyone who survives can bring it back to the city - hey, Xiaoman, let's go, let's go."

He called Xiaoman, but Xiaoman still cried in the body of his adoptive father, and did not look back.

The ink sighed and pulled La Chu, and whispered: "Go. Let's go to the advanced city."

Chu nightning nodded, and suddenly asked: "You said that they moved around the city, in the end has become a failure?"

The ink burns his cool, tender little hand: "Do you want to hear the truth, or is it a lie?"

"Nature listen to the truth."

"Children are better off listening to lies."

Chu night Ning said: "They didn't make it."

"Yeah." Mohburn said, "Look, you know what the truth is, but you have to ask again. It seems like asking me again, the ending can change."

Chu night Ning ignored him and continued to ask: "Do you know why they didn't make it?"

"You see me asking me again, I am not an old goblin who has lived for two hundred years. How can I know this?"

Chu nightning did not say anything. After a while, it was only gloomy: "The people of Lin'an City in the past two hundred years have almost died."

Ink burning: "..."

Chu night Ningdao: "No escape."

"No, my brother, you are young, how do you know?"

Chu night Ning white gave him a look: "Elder Yu Yu has talked about it more than once in the old history. You don't listen to class, but instead ask me why I am so clear and hateful."

The ink burned a little speechless, and my heart was on my teacher's class. He didn't yell at me. You told me what to do, but I still don't think about it with children. I am happy.

The two said as they walked, and they passed the city gate unconsciously and came to the main city of Lin'an. The ancient city that stands on the bank of the Qiantang River has been solid and clear, and the exorcism works are all over the wall and the city.

There are countless corpses piled up outside the city, all covered with evil spirits scars. If the body is not treated, it will be corpse at night.

The Taoist priests took advantage of the noon yang, and came out to take the fragrant ash. For those who were particularly deep in the scars, they were drinking with cinnabar and painting.

The city gate refused to stand in front of the two guards. The dress was exactly the same as the young man who had just seen outside the city. It was also a red piping on a white background. The double dragon smashed the forehead, armed the bow, and the arrow behind it was full.

"Stand up, who?"

The ink burned and explained again according to the previous words. The two guards did not want to stop people from letting in, but to register, so they were placed in the case and they were put in.

Before the walk, I remembered the "Chu Gongzi" mentioned by the young boy who had just been riding. Since that person said that the migration of Lin'an City is a good idea for the "Chu Gongzi", the key to cracking the virtual array should be here. Chu Gongzi.

"Sorry, I want to ask a person about you."

The guards squinted: "You come from the shackles, and there are people you know?"

The ink burned and said: "No, it is the few lords who met on the road. They mentioned a son named Chu. He said that he would take the whole city to move to Putuo two days later. I don't know who the Chu son is. In the next few spells, if you can do what you can, you want to know the top."

The guard looked back and forth at him. Xu felt that the ink could come here with a small baby, and he should have some tolerance. He said: "The Chu Gongzi is the eldest son of the old guard. The ghost king came a month ago. The sorrowful master is unfortunately killed, and after that, the son of the son is leading us to defend the enemy."

"The son of Taishou?" Mo-burning and Chu-nighting looked at each other, and the ink burned and turned. "It’s so strange, is it too common for the son to keep the sword?"

"What's so weird!" The guards squinted at the ink. "Is it allowed to repair the door, not allowing the mortal to be repaired?"

"..."

There are some scattered repairs, but it has never been a climate.

The ink burns the heart, isn't this the slap in the half of the bucket of the Chu Gongzi, and the idea of killing the people in the safe city?

But according to the guidance of the guards, went to the Taishou House, and the ink burned and immediately found that he was wrong. The son of a man who happened to be a surname to his old man, apparently not a three-legged cat.

Because he saw the enchantment of the supernatant.

The upper enchantment is a very powerful net enchantment that can block all evils in the range. As long as this enchantment is open, it is not a common ghost. Even if it is a thousand years, it is difficult to step into half of it.

However, the scope of this enchantment must be visited by the practitioner as a glimpse. And the area covered is extremely small, and even the great masters like Chu Yuning can only use the upper enchantment to quit half of the dead.

At this moment, the two hundred years ago, the Chu Gongzi created a celestial enchantment that covered the ten-mile radius of the Taishou House. Although it is far less than the late Qing Dynasty, it is by no means comparable to ordinary people.

The two went to the gate of the Taishou government. The original thought was to try their luck. Let's tell you that there is a monk who asks for help. See if the master is too willing to see his face.

Unexpectedly, just turned around a corner, I saw the gate of the Taishou House and arranged three long queues. Six women waiters dressed up as guards of cavalry put out thick wooden barrels, and hundreds of old and weak women with yellow skinny skin gathered in front of the mansion, leading the porridge rice in turn.

The person who had finished the porridge came to a tree under the bud of the palace. Under the flower tree stood a white man, a long, dark-colored hair, and a bunch of painted papers were distributed to the people, and carefully asked for attention.

He turned his back to the ink, so he could not see his appearance.

However, those who had received the paper were grateful to him: "Thank you for the greatness of the Chu Gongzi, and thank you for the greatness of the Chu Gongzi..."

It turned out that this is the son of the Shoufu son?

The ink is burning and curious, pulling the little teacher around to look around.

With a glance, the eyes burned and the eyes were rounded like a five-thunder-top

This, is this not a late night? ? ?

Mo said that it was burned, even Chu Xinning himself was stunned, and it was far away from the end of the team. The singer Chu Gongzi looked clear, the eyebrows and the eyes were very soft, so even the white clothes, Similar to yourself!

Chu nightning: "..."

Ink burning: "..."

After a long period of stiffness, the ink twitched and said: "Teacher."

"Ok."

"Do you think that this Chu Gongzi looks extraordinarily like a person?"

Chu night is dry and dry: "Like Yuheng Elder."

Ink burns a thigh: "Isn't it! What happened? Who is this person? What is the relationship with Master?"

"...you ask me, how do I know."

"Are you not serious about listening to class?"

"I won't talk about it in this class." Chu is very angry.

The two did not speak again, and they were placed in the team, slowly moving forward, and staring at the son of the public.

After careful scrutiny, in fact, Chu Gongzi and Chu Xi Ning did not look exactly the same. The face of this son is more quiet and refined, the eyes are not so long, the barren is more gentle, and the eyes are much softer than the night.

The ink burned and looked at it. Suddenly, he snorted and went down to see the younger brother.

"You make me feel good."

"Why..." Chu Xi Ning could not help but feel guilty and turned his face away.

When the ink burned, he hid, and he became more and more unwilling, and reached out to pinch his face, forcing him to look back. He looked at it for a while and suddenly realized what he was, muttering: "Oh."

Chu night Ning forced to calm down: "How, what?"

The ink burned and narrowed his eyes: "It's no wonder that the people are outside the city. When those people see you, they will whisper, and I suddenly find out that you look a little like the master."

"....."

Chu night is quite busy to break him, but his ear is sharp red: "Nonsense."

"But it’s weird, why can those guards see them at a glance, but I can’t think of them for a long time?”

Chu nightning: "....."

I was puzzled, and suddenly there was a cry, and a child’s voice shouted: "Auntie."

Chapter 64

The ink burned and screamed, and the answer suddenly appeared, and stumbled from the stone steps of the house.

It was a child of three or four years old, holding a small windmill in his hand and squatting toward the Chu Gongzi. He wore a plain little shirt, with a jasper collar, a name lock, and a red silk amulet in front of him. It was a small brother who was narrowed down.

"..." This is the reason for knowing that the cavalry is whispering.

He couldn't help but mutter: "Teacher, you and the Master are both Lin'an, and the Master is also surnamed Chu. You said that the Chu family of these two hundred years ago should not be your family. You two should not. What a distant relative? I think this may be very big."

Chu nightning did not say anything, but also stared at the two people.

He never knew his own life, and he didn't remember much when he was young.

Is this Chu Gongzi really a certain ancestor of his own...

Thinking about it, the team was discharged into the ink.

Chu Gongzi raised his cockroach and was originally going to give the ink a piece of paper. However, when he saw a face-to-face person, he couldn’t help but smile gently. “A stranger, first came here?”

His voice is mellow and refined, and it is different from the cold and cold chill of Chu.

"Ah... ah, yes."

Suddenly there was a man who looked so much like a teacher, and he talked with himself so amiably. It was really a feeling of ink burning, and he was at a loss for a moment.

Taishou Gongzi smiled a little: "In the next Chu, dare to ask your name?"

"I, my name is ink, my name is ink."

"Where did the ink son come to Lin'an?"

"Far, far away, in the hustle and bustle." Even if the Chuzi son is gentle, but the ink still feels that he has to be seen by this person.

Chu Yu Wei Wei, and then modest smile: "It is a good far." He paused, his eyes fell a few inches, and saw the night of the late night, the face of the elegant face showed a hint of surprise.

"Who is this……"

"My name is Xia Shi reverse."

The ink burned him to his side, touched his head and smiled and said: "This is my brother."

It looks like me, like you.

Perhaps the war is imminent, the situation is urgent, and Chu Yu has no idea. Or maybe because he is just a character in a illusion, it is difficult to react too strongly to things that do not belong to this illusion. In short, he frowned, and he sang for a while, then handed the two painted papers to them.

"There is a visitor in the distance, not to mention the fact that the people are not happy now. These two papers are also accepted by the two. If there is no other arrangement, it is better to live in the city for two more days."

Ink burning: "I have heard that the son is going to bring the city people to Putuo? What is the paper used for?"

"This paper is a destructive soul." Chu Yu explained, "People can hide the breath of life."

The ink burned immediately: "Oh, I know. If the breath of the living is sealed, the ghost will not be able to detect that the other person is dead or alive. So even if we walk in the face of the devil, they will not understand the mind. I don't know what to do."

Chu Yu smiled and said: "This is the case."

When the ink burned, he was busy, and he couldn't ask more questions. So he thanked the son of Chu, and took the younger brother to the side.

The two sat on the wall and burned their faces. When the younger brother was holding the piece of paper, he asked, "What are you thinking?"

"I was thinking, this is really a good way." Chu said quietly and quietly, "but I don't know why they didn't finish."

"I didn't write this book?"

Chu night Ningdao: "The disaster was robbed two hundred years ago. It is recorded in the "Lin'an Collection" as the most detailed. But it is only a few lines."

Ink burned and asked: "How do you say in the book?"

"The Lin'an siege, the scene in the city is not known. When the Yijun army breaks down, see the corpse pillow leaning on the road, ten rooms and nine empty spaces. There are hundreds of people in the Taishou government and beheaded 740 households, all dead."

"..." The ink ignited, "Is there a death cause?"

"There was no record. At that time, Lin'an City was besieged, and there were very few people who survived. Later, several survivors were rescued by the Yumin, but the Yu people often did not care about the world, and they thought differently from the mortal. In the eyes, it doesn't matter how the truth is. Even if it is clear, it will not be confessed to the world without any reason."

Chu night Ning paused and continued: "However, since they have to leave after two days. What happened at that time, it will soon be seen. We are better off walking around, maybe we can explore what Clue."

The two collected the sorcerer and were about to leave.

Suddenly heard a footstep, followed by Chu nightning's sleeves were pulled.

"Little brother."

Chu night Ning turned back, it turned out to be a little son who looks quite like himself. The little son is very young, and his voice is milky: "Little brother, Auntie said that you have no place to live here, if you don't dislike it, I can stay in our house tonight."

"This……"

Chu nightning and ink burning face.

Ink burning asked: "Is it convenient? You are already so busy."

"It doesn't matter." The little guy showed a gentle smile. "The family has lived a lot of people who have no place to stay. Everyone lives together. There are squats, no fear at night, no ghosts."

There are still many inconsistencies in his speech, but his simplicity and enthusiasm are also very painful.

Ink ignited: "Well, then we will come to the house to disturb at night, thank you, little brother."

"Oh, don't thank me, don't thank me."

Watching him jump and run away, the ink burned the hand of La Chu's late Ning, saying: "Hey, I am really saying."

"I know what you are going to say, you shut up."

"Ha ha ha. You know it?" The ink smiled and licked his hair. "When I go back to the mountain, I really have to go to the teacher to ask, you two are like big ones, one is like small." I don’t believe that there is no blood relationship with Chu Taishou."

Chu nightning: "...what is the blood?"

"what?"

Chu night Ning faintly looked at the father and son under the tree, and then said without any waves: "It is all two hundred years ago. It is dead."

Turned away and turned away.

The ink burned in place for a while, only to catch up with him, and walked and whispered: "Hey, you said this little child, how old is it, how is it so heavy? If you die, you die, and you die." The ancestors. Changed to me, I am sure to go back and give them a shackle, to make a nine-foot-high gold body, and to smoke the spices and hang the jewels, and the incense is not broken every year. I also count on the ancestors Me... Hey, don’t go so fast.”

The two walked around the city and found that each household was collecting rice straw and tying the scarecrow.

Under one question, I knew that this was also what the Chu Gongzi told the city people to do. Residents of the city, regardless of their age, need a relative scarecrow, and the grass is wrapped in paper and dripped with their own blood. Make a so-called "fake".

This principle is like the river **** wants to eat the head, some people made the hoe, wrapped in meat stuffing into the river to offer the **** of the river.

To know that some ghosts are rooted in the roots, the mind is not alert. A little bit of a blind eye can turn the group they cheated, such as Chu Yuning,

the ghost ceremonies they had contacted before, the muddy brain, extremely flickering.

In this way, Chu Wei made at least two preparations for the city people. The first priority is to destroy the soul, so that they will not be discovered by ghosts during the flight.

The second is straw bales, because once the ghosts discover that the people in the city suddenly disappeared, they will be extremely arrogant, leaving behind a cover to temporarily stabilize them and delay the migration of the city.

The more so, the heavier the doubts in the minds of the ink-burning and Chu-night.

Why are the Chuxi sons already arranged so well, and will they fall short?

With such doubts, they returned to the Taishou House. It was already dark at this time. Many of the remote people who lived were reluctant to go home, and they dragged their homes and rolled them over to cover the enchantment overnight.

The Taishou House was closed at night, leaving only the white guards seen during the day to patrol.

When the ink burned them in the past, there was no room available in the house, and people were crowded everywhere. At least three or four families in a wing were curled up and there was no place to stand.

The last two people had to pick a corridor to rest. The beggars were definitely not there. The ink burned the guards and asked for some straw. They were soft in the underground and took Chu nightning up.

"Grievated you to sleep here today."

Chu night Ningdao: "It's good."

"Is it?" The ink burned. "I think so too."

He fell to the side of Chu Ning, stretched out, and then put his arm behind his head, looking at the top of the corridor.

"Teacher, you look at the artificial dreams of those birds. It's really good. Although this dream has the memory of the surviving people as the cornerstone, it is rare to be able to refine the wood grain on the vault."

Chu night Ningdao: "The feathers are the body of the half fairy, after all, although the mana has not reached the peak, but there are always some mortal abilities."

"Also." The ink burned and blinked, turned over, and looked at Chu Ningning with his head. "I can't sleep."

"..." Chu night Ning gave him a look, "I told you a story."

He was originally a ridiculous joke, and he was so angry that he was so thick that he said, "Oh, okay. The younger brother told a story about the Seven Fairies and Dong Yong."

Chu Xiaoning didn't expect him to take it seriously, and then he turned his face away: "You think it's beautiful. It's not too shameful for such a large number of people."

Ink smirked: "Then you look at it, in fact, people, things that are not available will always be remembered, this has little to do with the age. When I was young, no one said that the story yelled at me, I always thought, I think, if you want someone to be able to marry me, then I will have no such person to appear. I have grown up and I don’t want to. But my heart always remembers."

Chu nightning: "..."

"No one told you stories when you were young?"

"Ok."

"Haha, so you don't really know what Dong Yong and the Seven Fairies tell, right?"

Chu nightning: "..... This kind of blasphemy, there is nothing to say."

"It won't be no, don't say what is wrong. When you grow up like this, you must be like a teacher, become a particularly boring person, no one cares for you."

Chu night Ning anger said: "If you don't take care of it, you will not take care of it and sleep."

Finished lying down and closing your eyes.

The ink burned and laughed straight, rolled around, rolled to the side of Chu nightning, he looked at the little teacher's eyes closed, the eyelashes black and long, very cute, so he stretched his hand and pinched the face of others.

"Is it really sleeping?"

"Fell asleep."

"Haha." The ink burned. "Then you fall asleep, let me tell you a story."

"You will tell a story?"

"Yes, just like you will talk in your sleep."

Chu nightning shut up.

The ink burned lying beside him, the two men were sleeping on the straw, and their heads and heads were very close. Ink burned for a while, seeing the younger brother ignores himself, and gradually does not laugh so exaggerated, but the eyes are still bent, looking at the top of the gallery, the tip of the nose from time to time on the rough taste of the grain, the sound is calm and peaceful.

"The story I told you was compiled by myself. No one told me about the story before. I am envious, but there is no way to lie on the bed every day, telling stories to myself. I am telling you this. It is my favorite, I gave it a name, called 'cow eating grass.'"

The author has something to say:

Small theater [sleeping story]

Feeding the fish tells the story before going to bed like this: a long time ago, there was a child...

Chu Yuening’s storytelling begins with this: Dao Dao, very Tao, telling stories. No, it’s a lecture.

Xue Meng: I don’t listen, Wang Wannian... Hey! I listen! I am listening.

Xue Meng said that the story before going to bed is like this: I told you, I am a schoolmaster. I have taken countless times since I was a child. I will tell you today how I got the 14th juvenile knives. The first place in the championship

The teacher told me that the story started like this: ... um... I am not very good at speaking, not good at speaking, don’t mind.

The story of the leaves is the beginning of the story: Do you want to hear the story? Ok, wait for me to get a book, you should lie down first, cover the quilt, don't catch cold.

Mei Hanxue tells the story like this: telling a story? Well, the master will tell the story of two male tigers, one male and one mother will also speak, which version do you want to listen to?

Chapter 65

The ink burned and smiled here, and then continued: "A long time ago, there was a child."

Chu nightning closed his eyes: "Is it not a cow to eat grass? How is a child?"

"You listen to me first." Ink burned and smiled. "There was a child who was very poor. He didn't have a mother, doing child labor in a landlord's house, washing dishes and washing clothes, and going out to put it. Cattle. The landlord’s house gives him three cakes a day to eat. The child can fill his stomach and feel satisfied.”

"One day, he went out to release cattle as usual. On the road, he encountered a dog and bitten the leg of the cow. For this reason, the child was beaten by the landlord without any accident. After the landlord finished playing, let He went to kill the evil dog. Otherwise, he would not give the child a cake."

"The child is very scared. He can only take the dog back and kill him. But after he got home, the landlord found out that the dog who had bitten his own cattle was actually the county dog."

Chu night Ning opened his eyes: "What should I do?"

"What can I do? That dog is the most favorite of the county magistrate. The **** is fascinated by the martial arts. Who knows that it was so ruined, if the county lord knows, it will not be light. So the landlord wants to The more angry, the children still did not eat the cake, but also threatened that if the county magistrate came to the door, he would send him out."

Chu nightning: "...what is messy, I don't know anything, I don't listen."

"A lot of things have no reason to talk about." Ink burned and laughed, "There is more money than anyone else, who has a hard fist and who is a big official. The next day, the county magistrate really came to find someone. The child was given Going out. Because the age is too small, the county lord is also embarrassed to shut him, beat him ten sticks, and then let him out."

Chu night Ning asked: "When the child comes out, will he escape?"

Mohburn said: "Haha, no escape, the children still returned to the landlord's home, raised the wounds, and continued to give them cattle. Every day still take three cakes to eat."

"Is he not angry?"

"He just doesn't get angry if he eats well." Ink said, "It's a fight for a meal, and it's passed. It's been like this for more than ten years. Later, the baby was grown up. With him." At the same age, there was also the son of the landlord's family. One day, the landlord's family came to a few guests. The landlord's son saw one of the guests, and brought a very beautiful agate snuff bottle. When he liked it, he stole it. ”

"The snuff bottle is ancestral and very expensive. The guest was very scared and looked for his house. The landlord’s son couldn’t help but put the snuff bottle in the hands of the cow and told him if He dared to tell the truth, he would never give him food, let him starve to death."

"..." Chu Xiaoning heard this, it is speechless, but the heart of the ink burned out of childhood, lost the orphan, but the good is grown up in Yuefu, the mother is also the governor of Yuefu, the days Although not happy, but not to suffer, how to compile is such a gloomy story.

The ink burned with gusto: "The snuff bottle was quickly found, and the cow cow was only able to confess in order to eat, and waiting for his nature was a beating. This time, they beat him. I couldn’t get out of bed for three days. When the landlord’s son escaped, he secretly sneaked it to the yak with a pork belly. The child gorged and ate, and he did not hate the person who harmed him. I haven't tasted such a delicious taste, so he held the **** and said to the landlord's son, thank you, thank you."

"Don't listen." Chu Xiaoning was really angry this time. "Why don't you hate it? A gimmick doesn't hate it? Thanks, what's the thank you!"

"No." The ink burned innocently. "You didn't listen carefully."

"How come I didn't listen carefully?"

The ink burned in the right direction: "That is a steamed bun."

Chu nightning: "..."

"Haha, look at your expression, don't understand it. The child can only eat one or two pieces of fat on New Year's Eve. He thought that he would never know what the taste of the five-flowered sandwich is. So of course you have to thank everyone."

Seeing that the younger brother was stunned by himself, the ink burned with great brilliance and continued: "This is the case anyway. He still has his three cakes and lives every day. one day……"

Chu Xiu Ning is the number of ways to understand the story of ink burning, as long as "someday" appears, there is no good thing.

Sure enough, the ink ignited: "One day, the landlord’s son has committed another crime."

"This time, he was indecent as a girl in the mill, and the girl who happened to let the unlucky cows meet."

Chu nightning: "...Is it not for the child to pack?"

"Oh." The ink burned. "That's it, congratulations, you will tell the story."

"……I am going to bed."

"Don't, it's finished soon." Ink ignited, "This is the first time I tell a story to someone else, you will appreciate your face."

Chu nightning: "..."

"This time it is necessary to let the cows pack the top. Because the girl is uncomfortable and commits suicide. But the cow is not stupid, and the dead is to pay for it. He can't beat the landlord's son." Burning, "He didn't want to, the landlord's son locked him and the dead girl in the mill, and ran to the official."

"This cow is inferior. When I was a child, I killed the dog of the county magistrate. I later stole the snuff bottle of the guest. This time, the woman is actually guilty. No one wants to hear his excuse. He was arrested and he was arrested."

Chu night Ning wide eyes: "...and then?"

"Then he stayed in prison for a few months. In the fall, he was sentenced to death and sent to Xingtai in the suburbs. He followed the execution team in the ridge and suddenly saw someone killing not far away. Niu. He looked at it at a glance, that cow, that is, the one he had been from childhood, is old, has no strength to go down. But the old cow has to graze, only eat grass and do nothing, how can the landlord be willing Raise it. They have cultivated them for a lifetime. In the end, they will kill it and eat its meat."

Speaking of such cruel things, the burning of the ink is not sad, laughing: "But the cow is grown up on the back of the cow. He told him a lot of whispers, fed it with cattle grass, when he was wronged. He cried over his neck and he regarded it as his only relative in the world."

"So, he kneels down and asks the prisoner to put himself to say goodbye to the old cow. But the prisoner naturally does not believe in the relationship between the person and the beast. He feels that he is playing a slippery head and has no permission."

"……and then?"

"And then? Then the cow was hanged. The cow was also killed. The blood flowed to the ground, watching the lively people cold and cold, the landlord's family had a beef at night, but the beef was too old. The total stuffing was broken. They ate a little, didn't like it, they fell."

Chu nightning: "..."

The ink burned over and looked at him with a smile: "It’s over. Is it nice?"

Chu night Ningdao: "Roll."

"When I first edited it for myself, I cried. You have a hard heart and no tears."

"It's too bad for you..."

Ink burned and laughed twice, took the shoulders of the younger brother and touched his hair: "There is no way, your brother is doing this. Well, the story is over, let's sleep."

Chu night Ning did not say anything, after a long time, suddenly asked: "Ink burning."

"Call the brother."

“Why do you want cows to graze?”

"Because people and cows have to eat, in order to eat, they have to do a lot of things. If one day they can't move, no one will be alive."

Chu Xiaoning did not speak.

In the hospital, it was the small sound of the refuge, and occasionally one or two ominous ghosts whistling from outside the enchantment.

"Ink burning."

"Oh, I don't know anything, call my brother."

Instead, he ignored him, but asked: "Do you really have this child?"

"No." The ink burned for a while, and suddenly laughed, and the pear vortex was very beautiful. He broke the little guy into his arms and said gently, "Of course, it was compiled to lie to you to play. Hey, sleep."

Who knows that it didn't come out for a while, and suddenly heard a lot of noise in the courtyard.

Someone yelled: "Looking for a son to find a son! The son is busy, how can I have time to take care of you? Give me the body to clear it out! Do you know that there are blue spots on the body to start the corpse!! Kill us?"

The sound was like a thunder in the dark night. When I heard the word "the corpse", everyone burst into flames. The people who slept for a while sat up and went to the noisy place.

The ink burned the younger brother behind him, took a look, frowned and whispered: "Well? Is that the noon?"

It was the boy named Xiaoman who was scorned on the ground. He still wears the strong clothes in the day, but his spirit is completely different.

The whole person is like taking the time to go out, only to slay the body of the adoptive father. The corpse nails have grown a lot. It is the precursor of the corpse. Others have seen it and have to avoid it. The management of the Taishou government is screaming at him.

"You are my colleague. I am also uncomfortable when he is killed. But what can it be? You were hungry last night, and he ran out to find food for you. You are so tired that you are dying. Are you still tired now? ?"

Xiaoman is on the ground, his hair is unkempt, his eyes are red: "No, no, I am not... Hey, aunt. I beg you, let me see the son, the son has a way to prevent me from picking up the body, I want to I’m so buried, please don’t... don’t dismember him... oh...”

When he said the word "dismemberment," he was already sobbed. The face was buried in the palm of my hand, and my lips groaned: "I beg you... let me wait for the son to come back..."

"It’s time to go, the son is outside, how can you get your things? You know that the corpses can be purified, but your blue spots and nails have changed. How can you still get back to the son?"

"Don't... Yes, Liu Shu... I beg you, I will give you a cow, I, I will find a way to repay you, I beg you, don't touch me, ask me... I please……"

Seeing that he was so begging, the middle-aged man who was in charge of the incident sighed and his eyes were red, but he still said, "Hey, you know, you have the life of all of us - come!"

"Don't! Don't!!"

But it is too late, no one will help him. Everyone knows that if the body is kept, it will be a murderous spirit when it arrives.

The body of Xiao Man’s father was forcibly dragged and smashed away, and went to the outside to tear and dismember. Xiaoman was made by a few people, blood and tears, and the face was dirty, and the mouth continued to scream like a beast, and eventually he was dragged halfway.

After such a storm, the courtyard was discussed in a small amount, and gradually calmed down.

Chu Xiaoning did not sleep, he looked down and meditated.

The burning side looked at this little teacher and asked: "What are you thinking?"

"This person has lost his loved ones and made such a confused thing. His father's body was taken away, and it is inevitable to resent others. I have a certain uncertainty. I am thinking, Linan City has failed to migrate, will it be because of him? ""

The ink burns the knot: "I think so too."

Chu Xiaoning shook his head and said: "But everything is still early, and it is not necessary to make a final decision. Pay attention to him first."

Chapter 66

On the second day, there is no difference.

Chu Yu has sent people to check whether the number of scarecrows in the city is sufficient. Every household has begun to do some poor burdens. After preparing for tonight, Ming Er will go out to the Putuo Mountain to take refuge in the early afternoon under the arrangement of Chu.

The ink burned at the entrance of the palace and looked at the crowds. He sighed: "There is a careful arrangement of Chu Yu. If no one is whispering, it is difficult to quickly identify the left behind in the city." Human. It seems that it is a leaked person. Teacher, what do you say?"

No one cares.

"Hey? Teacher?"

When the ink burned, the younger brother did not know when he went to see a row of ready-to-go cavalry. Instead, the son of Chu Gongzi came silently to him and sat down.

"Big brother……"

The ink burned was shocked by his sudden appearance: "What happened?"

The little guy pointed to an old tung tree next to it, and the kite hung on the head, and the mouth was not clear: "Mother left it for me, flew up, couldn't get it. Big brother help me?" ”

"Let's say something." The ink burned lightly and flew up the treetops. The butterfly butterfly kite was taken off, and it fell back to the ground. He handed the kite to him and smiled. "Get it, don't lose it." It is."

The little guy ignorantly nodded.

When the ink burned, he saw him swaying everywhere. When he wanted to come to Chu, he didn’t have the time to manage his son. He asked him, "What about your mother? There are so many people here, I will take you to your mother."

"A Niang? A Niang is in the back mountain."

Ink burns the road: "What to do in the back mountain?"

"Sleep." The little guy licked his round eyes and said softly, "Auntie has been sleeping there. It will bloom in spring, and Auntie often takes me to see her."

The ink burned "ah" and it was silent for a moment.

It’s the little guy who doesn’t care, it’s because he’s still young, he still doesn’t understand the so-called life and death, happily fiddles with the kite in his hand, looks up and looks at the ink, suddenly squats and succumbs: “Brother, Thank you, I will give you... I have something for you."

He said, just squatting in his pocket, oh oh yeah, licking out the small half of the cake wrapped in cilantro.

These days, people in Lin'an City are hungry, unable to eat enough, and do not know how this little thing is saved. He took the cake in half, and left the big one, and the small one gave it to the ink.

"Big brother, you eat... Hey, don't tell others, I don't have more."

The ink burned just to reach out and the little guy suddenly changed his mind. After thinking about it, he took the small one back and handed him the big one.

"It's delicious, there is bean paste."

This small move made the ink burning heart suddenly and sour, he was always used to others to treat him bad, but did not know how to deal with the sudden good. He reached for the flower cake and thanked him. The little guy was so happy that he smiled and smiled, his black lacquered eyelashes curled up.

The ink burned the flower cake, and he was not willing to eat. He went to pick a piece of paulownia on the side, wrapped the flower cake and collected it in the pot. I have to say a few words to the little guy, but the child is a child after all, a place can't stay too long, and has already turned and ran away.

At this time, Chu Ning came over and saw the ink burning standing in the original place, then raised his brow slightly and asked: "What?"

The ink burned the back of the little guy and sighed: "I was thinking, so many people are so good, they are all dead."

It is night, the sky is overcast, and from time to time there are blue-violet lightning to tear the sky. In the middle of the night, the wind was violent, and the storm was rushing.

Rain is yin, which makes the power of ghosts stronger. So this evening, Chu Yu let all the survivors of Lin'an gather near the Taishou House, and they must not step out of the Qing Dynasty enchantment.

Due to the heavy rain, many places that were barely able to sleep were abolished.

At the beginning of the smoldering, I was able to keep an eye on Xiao Man’s whereabouts, but as more and more people rushed into the rain to avoid the rain, Xiao Man’s cat waist disappeared.

Ink whispered: "Not good."

Chu night Ning was small and immediately said: "I chased it."

Among the crowds who talked about it, the dense crowd who was immediately rubbed by the shoulders could not see the back.

After a while, Chu nightning came back, his eyes were cloudy, and Sen coldly said: "Escape."

"Out of enchantment?"

"Ok."

The ink burned and did not speak, watching the pouring rain outside, and the busy Taishoufu people in the rain.

These are just two hundred years ago, and everything has become a reality.

Suddenly, I felt a bit bleak. The women and children around me had eager hopes on their faces. After thinking about breaking, Chu will take them away from this sneaky scorpion and go to Putuo to take refuge. The guards of the red and white pockets in the heavy rain are doing the final defense wholeheartedly, and are planning for the migration when the dawn arrives.

They don't know that they are living soon.

The night was deeper, and the people who were originally boiling were sleeping with each other.

Chu nightning and ink burned without sleepiness, what they have to do is to kill the ghost king after it appears. Since Xiaoman has already ran out of enchantment, it is necessary to change tonight.

The side of the burning side looked at the night of Chu, and said, "You sleep, I wake you up."

Chu night Ning said: "I am not sleepy."

The ink burned his hair: "Then eat something? I haven't eaten since I came here."

"I..." is not hungry. After seeing the flower cake that was burnt out, it was replaced by the action of silent swallowing.

The ink burned the flower cake to him: "You eat."

Chu Evening took over the cakes and became two halves. The big one gave the ink and the small one took it. The ink burned and looked at his actions, and did not know what he was thinking.

After taking a bite of the pastry, Chu Ning suddenly whispered, and then asked: "Is this bought at Taohuayuan? How is the taste different from what I used before?"

"what happened?"

"Osmanthus fragrance is very good."

The ink burned and smiled: "Is it? This is what my son gave me, about Linan."

"It is indeed Linan flavor." Chu night Ning silently went to bite the second mouth, but the lips opened a little, suddenly froze, like suddenly realized what, the face suddenly faded.

"wrong!"

Chu night, Ning, suddenly got up, the scorpion was so big, and his face was extremely ugly.

I don’t know what went wrong with the ink: "What is wrong?"

Chu night, rather than answering, but got up and came to the hospital, braved the heavy rain around to look around, picked up a sharp edge of the sharp stone, slashing a hole in his arm, smashing blood.

The ink burned him: "Are you crazy?"

Chu nighting stared at the blood on his arm and looked at it for a while. He looked up sharply, and his eyes were bright and fierce. "You still don't know what happened?" He screamed, "Someone wants us!"

The blood continued to squat down his arm and was washed away by the rain into a pale pink.

In the rainstorm, Chu, a late-night, a pale face, the darkness of the eyebrows was so deep, and the raindrops were tightly stitched, which made him wet.

With a bang, the thunder was broken, and the dark night was like a white night.

The ink burned in this thunder and suddenly reacted, and could not help but step back.

He also knows where it is wrong.

The so-called virtual world, even if it is done in real life, it is also fake.

Pastries can't really taste, and the weapon can't really hurt people. In a word, something in the virtual world cannot have any effect on them.

"Someone made the virtual reality real." Chu nightning said softly.

Virtual reality is a very difficult method to display, also known as "virtual and virtual." The one that is best at this kind of spell is the "Gone Moon Night" among the top ten sects. The purpose of this martial art is "hanging the pot and helping the world, the holy hand to heal the heart". The latter part of the sentence says that some of them specialize in virtual reality and make a real Void environment. We must know that there are many people in the world who are unable to accept the death of relatives, and through the

"virtual truth" can make the virtual environment of the survival of the dead, accompanied by the living.

However, since this real virtual environment is extremely difficult to make, usually only a small scene can be made. For example, with the old people, discretion, sleep, etc., at most one thing.

However, the virtual environment made by Yumin is huge and prosperous, and it has a long history. It is necessary to implement all these things. I am afraid that the head of the lonely moon night may not be able to do it.

Ink burning immediately thought of a person, the heart of the mind - will it be the fake hook in Jincheng Lake?

However, after thinking less, I suddenly heard the noise in the sky.

Those who are asleep wake up like a frightened bird, looking around with horrified eyes, and then they see the sky.

Half a sigh of silence, the screams are like a splash of water splashing in the oil.

The crowd fled, but found nowhere to go, screams everywhere. A slit in the sky splits, and a huge **** red eye is stunned above the enchantment.

The eyes were so close that they were almost attached to the enchantment.

A murky and chilly voice rumbling sounded: "Chu, you are so daring, the body is a child, and you want to fool this seat."

The ink burned and muttered: "It is a ghost king..."

There are nine kings in the ghost world, and the mana is far away. At this time, he has not yet appeared, and he does not know that he is the first king. There is only one **** eyeball in the sky, and it looks at the house below: "I don't care, it's ridiculous! The ridiculous mortal - you want to save them? I might not have tried the people in the city, but you have to rebel For me - I will kill the whole city! Chicken dogs don't stay!"

With a scream, the ghost eye burst into a glaring red light in the center, straight toward the upper enchantment!

In the blink of an eye, the sky is discolored, and the gold and red are connected! In the storm, the sand fluttered in the sand, and the trees in the courtyard were smashed, and the people under the enchantment made a mess, crying and crying.

The upper enchantment resisted the first attack, but then it was a red light, and the squad hit the same position again. The enchantment once again caught the heavy machine, but there was a split.

"Not self-sufficient - really hate!!!"

A bunch of red lights crashed down and burst into clusters of fireworks. Seeing that the enchantment will be split, Chu will rather not know well - since this virtual reality has been realized, then the opponent's attack is no different from that in the present world. If the move is degenerate, I am afraid that I will die in the virtual world!

Chu night thinks, the finger is already golden.

At this time, if the big move is made, the identity will be seen through the ink, but there is no other way. I am going to call out the sky to ask for a quick fix. Suddenly, a splendid Huaguang is like a fierce arrow, breaking through the clouds, and stabbing the enchantment!

When the people looked back, they saw the top of the limestone house, and Chu came to the rain.

He armed a phoenix scorpion and slammed his fingertips. The sound of the piano is as loud as a stone, and the beam of Huaguang is drawn away and gathered in the sky. Only in an instant, the original enchantment that was at stake was re-reinforced.

"It's a son!"

"The son!"

The following people are yelling, and there are more people who are so happy. Chu Yu and the ghost king's eye technique are not inferior to the wind. In the blink of an eye, the ghosts are not close to the enchantment.

The cold voice in the air became more and more gloomy.

"Chu Xi, with your ability, you can't hurt you if you escape yourself. Why do you have to do more business and be enemies with my ghosts!"

"You want to hurt my Lin'an city people, why come to me?"

"It’s ridiculous! Ghosts are always eaten by the souls of the souls, and my family swallows the soul, just like you eat meat and eat, what is the difference! When you die, you will see clearly!"

Chu Yu responded freely, and the sound of the piano was not stopped: "That will see if you have the ability to take my head."

Between the words, the more stringy the lower string, the higher the sorrow, and finally the long light is shining, reflecting the sky, and stabbing the **** eye in the rainy night!

"what--!!!"

The horrible and horrible snoring shook the world like a tremor.

The eye was burned by the Chu 洵 腥 腥 腥 腥 腥 腥 腥 灼Under the anger of the other party, a beam of light that was several times stronger than before, fell from the blood and the wind. Chu Yuzheng sleeves out of the box, but this blow is the violent temper of the ghost king. Under the two sides' countervailing, the swells of the Chu 洵 振 振 振 振 振 振 振 振 振 振。 气 气 气 气 气 气 气 气。 。 。 。 。 。 。 。 。 。 。

"The son -!"

"Crack! There are cracks! The enchantment is going to break!"

"A Niang - A Niang -"

The porridge porridge was panicked, and some relatives cried and hugged to make a group. The lonely ones shivered in the corner.

Chu Yin silver teeth bite, eyes like a torch, but do not want to give up easily. Difficult to glue, there is a light shining around the side. He looked at his eyes, seeing the burning of the ink and the late night of Chu, and the golden light and the red source of light continued to rush to merge with him, and once again sealed the enchantment.

There was a violent violent drink in the sky.

The ghost eyes have disappeared.

The three fell on the ground, and the stinky blood in the sky continued for a while before slowly returning to transparent rain.

Chu Yu was pale and greeted the two people in the ink: "Thank you for your help."

"You're welcome." The ink swayed and waved. "You take a quick break, your face is so ugly."

Chu Hao nodded, he did have consumed a lot of mana, so the ink burned him to rest under the gallery. The people who were shocked were very grateful to see that Chu Gongzi had replenished the gaps and saved them in the fire. They have been surrounded by people who have handed over water.

Someone said: "Chu Gongzi, your clothes are soaked, go to the fire and roast it."

Chu Yu had thanked them one by one, but because of the exhaustion, they really did not want to move any more, they refused the invitation of the other party. Those people were not discouraged. They simply took some pine branches and raised a fire pit beside Chu.

The surrounding area gradually calmed down, leaving only the sound of bursting between the fire. Suddenly the city people asked him: "The son, we are so well-planned, how can we still be seen by the ghost king? Hey, how is this good?"

"Yeah yeah."

"How do you know that we have to move? The son clearly said that this ghost can't distinguish between the deaf and the living. What is going on... will it be..." The voice of the speaker gradually fades and turns And stealing a sneak peek at it. Obviously I want to say if Chu is wrong, is it not clear?

This look was stunned by the white guards of the Taishou House. Someone immediately screamed and angered: "What do you think! There must be a lack of wind in the population, and the ghost king knows!"

The man shouted: "Who will go to the ghosts and leak the wind? There will be no benefit..." But the people around him are glaring at him, and they are no longer swearing.

Silent for a while, someone asked:

"The son, the old man will not be willing to give up, what should we do next?"

Chu Yu was very tired and didn't blink, but he still said in a warm voice: "It's good to stay through the sky. After dawn, you can go out of the city and you can't do it in the daytime."

"But we are so many people, there are old and young, and some have been injured. Can we get Putuo Mountain in one day?"

Chu Yuwen said: "Don't worry, let's rest. You just have to hurry the way tomorrow, I have to think about it."

All the time, the sons have been protecting them. Since he said so, everyone has promised to do so. There are children who come over and hold a small piece of hemp sugar to eat. Chu Yu shallowly opened his eyes, smiled and touched his hair, was about to say something, suddenly a guard panicked and ran over, shouting: "The son! The son is not good!"

"what happened?"

"Little son, little son - Xiaoman - outside the Chenghuang Temple -" The man was greatly stimulated, but he could not say a whole sentence. I burst into tears.

Chu Yu suddenly got up, and the original **** color disappeared, and ran toward the heavy rain.

Chapter 67

The Chenghuang Temple is the edge of Chu Yu's mana. The steps of the Chenghuang Temple can still be protected by the enchantment, but the temple itself cannot be enchanted.

In the temple, the lights are faint.

More than a dozen ghosts that have been rebuilt in the flesh are separated on both sides. A woman in red is tied up, facing away from the crowd, looking up at the statues enshrined in the case.

By her side, Xiao Mang stood up and made a young child.

Chu Yu lost the voice: "Hey!"

This child is not someone else, it is the son of Chu Yu, Chu Yu. The ink burned in the heart, and the taste of the half flower cake still seemed to be between the lips and teeth. He saw the little son controlled, and he wanted to go forward, but he was stopped by Chu.

"do not go."

"why!"

Chu nighting looked at him and whispered: "They are all dead two hundred years ago. Now this illusion has turned into reality, I am afraid you will be hurt."

"..." This is what it is like to remember this. No matter what you do, the dead people are dead, and nothing can change.

Xiao Gongzi cried outside the enchantment, ambiguously blunt: "Auntie! Auntie save me! Auntie saves the child!"

Chu Yu’s lips shivered slightly and screamed at the small one: “What are you doing? I have not treated you badly, you let him go!”

Xiaoman turned a deaf ear, and squinted his face as if he had not heard anything. He just grasped the hands of Chu Yu but could pull out his inner hesitation. His left hand was a little black, and his hands were blue and violent, and he could not shake.

At this time, the city people who had gathered in the refuge of the government had also chased them. Everyone saw the scene inside the temple, and they were both surprised and angry. They whispered:

"That is the son of the son..."

"How could this be……"

The small hand fell from the knife and loosened the rope of the woman in red. The woman returned to God and slowly turned her head. She was extremely glamorous, clear and sturdy, and she was just plain and pale, but her lips were red. Blood, looking at the smile of Chu, smiles, it is actually a big man.

The illusory candlelight illuminates the face of her eagerness to look forward to life. When she sees her face, Chu Yu is also a good old man. Some people who are older and younger in the crowd are all froze.

The woman smiled with a sigh of relief, and she softly said: "Fei Jun."

Ink burning: "!!"

Chu nightning: "..."

This woman is not someone else, it is Chu’s late wife!

Mrs. Chu’s eyes flowed and she had to take her son from Xiaoman’s hand. When she was young, she refused, but Mrs. Chu was a ghost. After she was disarmed, her strength was far better than that of her. She took the child with a little effort. It is a pity that she died of the epidemic when her child had not had a full moon. Therefore, Xiaogongzi had never seen her mother-in-law, and she was still crying for a while. She shouted in her mouth and asked Chu to save him.

"Hey children, don't cry, mother-in-law takes you to find you."

Mrs. Chu’s jade arm of Qiu Ruoqiu picked up the child, picked him up, slowly walked out of the temple door, along the bluestone steps soaked by the rain, all the way to the Qing Dynasty before the enchantment, standing in front of the Chu, eyebrows It seems like a joy, like a sorrow.

"Fu Jun, don't look at the years, you... are you doing well?"

Chu Yu was unable to say a word. His fingertips were trembled, and a pair of phoenixes looked at the woman behind the enchantment. The eyes gradually became red.

Mrs. Chu whispered: "The children are so big, you are a lot more calm, and I am different from what I think.... Let me marry you."

She said, reaching out and sticking it on the enchantment, but because of the ghostly body, can not cross, only a layer of barrier flowing through Huaguang, silently glaring at the people behind.

Chu Yu closed the eyelids, but the eyelashes were already wet.

He also raised his hand, and across the enchantment, he was attached to the palm of Mrs. Chu, and he blinked again and again.

Chu Yu pharynx: "Mrs...."

The family has been separated from each other by yin and yang many years ago, but the day of the family is also clear.

"Can I live the sea bream that I planted next year?"

Chu Yu smiled, but the eyes were tears: "The pavilions are covered."

Madame Chu seems to have a happy color, Wen said: "That's good."

Chu Yu also tried his best and said: "The dear child likes the sea buck tree most. In spring, he always plays under the tree. He likes you like Begonia every year, every year...clear every year..." He said here, However, it is no longer possible to make a happy face again. The forehead is against the edge of the enchantment, and the tears are constantly rolling down. It is already crying. "Every year, Qingming, he picks one of the best, and wants

to put it in front of the tomb." Have you seen it? Every year... Have you seen it every year?"

In the end, the choked and broken, the words weeping blood, actually burst into tears, no more gentleman.

Mrs. Chu is also red-eyed, but she is a ghost, no tears, but she looks sad, but it also makes the viewers feel awkward.

Silence for a time, no one spoke, and silently looked at the foreground, and someone was weeping.

However, at this time, there was a chilly voice in the air.

"Of course she knows, but soon, she won't know."

The burning face suddenly changed: "It is a ghost king!"

The late night of Chu is also very gloomy: "The shameless villain is not afraid to show up!"

The ghost king laughed and smiled, like a sharp nail to tear the bottom of the pot, and heard the creeps.

"Lin Xiaoer is already a ghost of my family. I didn't want to hurt her, but you have to be against me and ruin me. I have to dig your heart and make you hurt better than me!"

When the voice fell, more than ten ghosts in the temple, Sensen, opened their minds.

"The heart is dead, the dust is annihilated -"

Mrs. Chu stunned her eyes wide and shivered: "Fu Jun, nephew, took care of you!!"

"The heart is dead, the old man is annihilated-"

"Hey! Come on! Go to you there!"

Mrs. Chu shoved the child and wanted to hand him over the enchantment, but the little son was actually blocked by the film with the ghost, and it was not allowed to return.

Xiao Man stood in front of the temple bar and looked down on them from top to bottom. His face seemed to be sad and happy. The face that was still pretty handsome was almost twisted.

"It's useless. According to the command of the ghost king, I made a ghost mark on him. He is now like a ghost. He can't get into the enchantment for half a step."

The curse behind him is like a tidal wave, constantly undulating: "The heart is dead, the ignorance is annihilated-"

"French!!" Mrs. Chu is already in a panic. She squats in the arms of her child and beats outside the enchantment. "Fr., you withdraw the enchantment, you remove the enchantment, let the scorpion enter, you protect He, you protect him - I - I am going to... I..."

"The heart is dead, the compassion is annihilated-"

"Fu Jun -!!!"

Madame Chu slammed down, her eyes rounded, and she could not help but tremble. The blood red curse on her face gradually climbed up. "Children - nephew... You promised me, take care of him... Got... I beg you...removed...Falun!!"

Chu Yu has been heartbroken, and he has to raise his hand several times to apply his skills, but he will fall again and again.

Chu Hao was crying outside, tears up his head, and stretched out his hand and cried: "Auntie, don't you be a child...? Auntie, hugs... Hug... ..."

Mrs. Chu kept glaring at him, kissing the child’s cheek, and the mother and the child were squatting and crying. They were asking Chu to open the upper enchantment and let the children pass.

Suddenly someone shouted in the crowd: "The son! Can't! Can't withdraw the enchantment, the remaining hundreds of city people in Lin'an will die - this is the ghost of the ghost world! Son! You can't withdraw!"

"Yeah, the enchantment can't be withdrawn!" The desire to survive has caused one after another to squat down to Chu, and it is also a period of mourning. "The son, beg you, the enchantment cannot be withdrawn! Will die!"

"Madam, please, please..." Someone bowed to Mrs. Chu. "Madam, you are compassionate, your bodhisattva is heartfelt, we will all be grateful to Dade for a lifetime, beg you, don't let the son withdraw the enchantment, you are compassionate, Rescue and rescue, beg you..."

In an instant, except for the guards of the Taishou House and the few people who did not plead, the rest of the people cried, and the momentum immediately covered the request of Mrs. Chu and the little son outside the enchantment.

Chu Yu will stand on the tip of the cone, and if it is smashed by thousands of sharp knives, the blade will produce a reverse thorn in the flesh and blood, and smash the internal organs.

In front of him is a wife and children, behind him is the life of hundreds of people.

In such a torment, he seems to have died, swallowed by fire, and the bones are gray.

The sound of the ghosts of the ghosts kept on, but it became more and more sharp.

"The heart is dead, the seven emotions are annihilated-"

"The heart is dead, the six want to be annihilated-"

There are more and more tattoos on Mrs. Chu’s face, climbing up from her white neck and covering almost the entire face. Immersed into her eyes.

It seems that it is difficult to make a complete voice in her throat, only looking at her husband desperately, muttering in a broken way.

"If you are... I... I will... hate you... you... I will... I hate... I..."

The curse dipped, her weak body trembled, it seemed to be a painful pain, and she closed her eyes.

"I hate!!!"

Suddenly screaming, the tail sounds like a beast!

Madame Chu suddenly opened her eyes and smashed a **** sputum. In the original soft apricot eyes, four scorpions were born, and they were squatting densely, squeezing out all the white spots.

"婉儿!!"

Chu Yu was extremely sad. For a time, he forgot that the enchantment of the Qing dynasty must be settled by the cursor. He only wants to meet with his wife. However, just after he is about to take the enchantment, he suddenly breaks. The empty, squeaky sound slammed into his shoulders and slammed his movements.

It was actually a young man in the Taishou House, still maintaining the position of archery and archery.

The young people are hunting and hunting, and they are revered in the Chu Dynasty. "You son! You wake up! You teach us the people, the sentient beings, the end, are these empty words? Things fall on your shoulders." On, you have to pay for hundreds of lives for a life and death!"

Next to the youth, an old man twitched and said: "You, you are going to let go of the bow, how can you hurt the son? Everything, everything is the choice of the son, the son has done his best, and how can you... you are ungrateful!!"

However, there was no dispute here, and I heard a scream in front of me.

Madame Chu has been completely mad, she was so kindly licking her own child, but at this time it is no different from the beast. She screams in the sky, her mouth is flowing, her teeth grow sharply.

Chu Yu was already crying and dumb in her arms, but broken and choked, but intermittently shouted: "A Niang..."

Responding to him is Mrs. Chu’s **** claws, and the whole punctures his throat! ! !

There is no sound in this place between heaven and earth.

The blood is flying in a single flower.

As if that year, the sea otter blossomed, and Mrs. Chu was holding a newborn child, standing in front of the window and watching the Fangfei in the courtyard gentle and blushing.

The mother gently shook the baby in her arms and sang softly: "The Red Sea, the Yellow Sea, the wind is blowing more and more melodious. The child is in the distance, it is worrying about her mother."

Red Sea 棠... Yellow Sea 棠...

At that time, she touched the hand of Chu Yu with affection, but at the moment she was tearing the skull, limbs and flesh of Chu.

The wind is blowing more and more melodious.

The rain was pouring down, the blood was flowing, and the mother ate the belly of the child.

The child is in the distance.

The temple is in the corner of the temple, the treasure is solemn, and the law is compassionate.

In that year, the children were born, and the mother was kneeling in front of the Chenghuang Pavilion. The warm and slender hands were in ten, the bells rang, the birds were scattered, and she was squatting down in the incense, wishing her children a good life and a long life. One peace...

It is worrying about 爹 and mother.

The flesh and blood were broken, and the heart of Chu was thrown out. It was greedily chewed by Mrs. Chu, and the fresh blood slid down the corner of her mouth.

"Ah, ah!!!!" Chu Yu was finally broken. He was kneeling on the ground. He chopped his heart and cried, and he cried in the rain, lingering in the blood, kneeling in front of his wife and children, kneeling in front of the people in Lin'an City. He was kneeling under the statue of God and squatting in the mud.

He is in sin and is in holiness.

In gratitude, you are in hatred.

He plunged into the dust, and the souls were torn apart, and they were all annihilated.

With the sorrow of the ancient dust.

After a long time, someone finally trembled.

"The son..."

"The Son of the Son is sad..."

"The son of a big man, big deed, no teeth is unforgettable..."

"Chu Gongzi is righteous, it’s a good person! It’s a good person..."

Someone clung to his child and stared at the child's eyes, not letting him see this scene. At this moment, I dared to let my hand hang down. I said to Chu Yu with a pale face: "The son, our lives are all saved by you, the lady and the little son, you can... can be promoted to bliss..."

Another person retorted: "Hold your child to go far! Why don't you go into bliss with your child?!"

The man slammed back.

It’s just that these quarrels are so far apart, and Chu Yu feels that he is dead. Listening to their voices is like passing through the front of the ocean.

The man in the rainstorm was dirty, and the transparent film separated him from his wife and children. The ink burned and looked at the scene in front of me. Suddenly remembered the last life, when he killed the innocent, he gave birth to more than one Chu, more than one Chu, more than one Mrs. Chu...

He suddenly bowed his head to see his hand.

For a moment, I saw the blood full of hands.

But in a blink of an eye, it was found that it was still cold and cold, falling in the palm of the hand and gathering into a stream.

He shook a little.

The next moment, the palm of your hand was pulled.

He seems to be awakened from a nightmare, and he sees that the younger brother is looking at himself with concern. The appearance of the child is so similar to the dead Chu.

The ink burned slowly and was flush with him. It seems that the sinner pleaded with sin in front of the soul, and a pair of scorpions contaminated with rain and tears looked at him.

Chu night Ning did not speak, raised the tender little hand, touched his head.

"It’s all gone." Chu nightning said softly, "It’s all past."

"Yeah." After a long while, the ink burned and smiled. He lowered his eyes and muttered. "It’s all past."

But even the past. But he also did it. Although he did not kill Chu, but how many people with Chu Yu died because of him?

The more you burn, the more you feel, the more you think, the more painful you want.

Why is it so ruthless? Why do you want to go so far?

The author has something to say: Today, the ash machine, reply and thank you will not be timely, I am really sorry, I will make up tomorrow, thank you for your understanding (^3^) ╱~~

Chapter 68

The young Chu Yu died. The virtual world is not over.

The dawn is still far away, and the nightmare-like night has not yet passed. The lucky citymen returned to the palace and prepared to leave for Mount Putuo after the dawn of the day.

It is hard to believe that someone can continue to keep things going after such pains. In fact, Chu Yu seems to have only one body left to walk, and the soul is long gone.

The ink burned in the city and heard a lot of people worrying about it. After all, Chu Yu was so tortured, not to mention whether he would resent, even if he is still willing to take everyone out, but with this Mind, fear is also fierce.

However, not everyone has only oneself in their eyes. It is really sad for Chu, but there are not many, but at least there are.

The crowd groaned in such a hustle and waited for the dawn.

However, earlier than the Rising Sun, it was the familiar cold voice that burst open in the heavy night, and the rumble echoed at the upper end of the enchantment.

This time, the ghost king was not talking to Chu, but to the people in the city.

"The sky will soon be bright, and this seat knows that you want to take advantage of the day and leave the city. However, you really want to be clear? Putuo is far from this, and it is impossible to arrive within one day. Wait until the day. Black, you have to rely on the power of Chu, you can shelter. But can you really protect you?

"Nanny--"

Some children heard this terrible voice, scared to cry, and broke into the mother's arms. Everyone looked up at the sky.

Chu Yu stood in front of the government, but he did not hear it. He leaned back against the flowering tree and hung his eyes.

"His wife and children died because of you. Do you think that he will really protect you? I am afraid that if he plans another plan, it will make you die better than death, so that you can avenge your wife and children. This is human nature... This seat is also I have lived and been a human being. Although there are benevolent people in the world, but only for the sake of making a good name, the human nature is evil, the so-called good people

are all figured. If it is forced to a dead end, what is the life and death of others? Hanging teeth?"

The voice of the ghost king is constantly echoing.

"This seat has said before, I did not want to take your life in the city. I know that even if I am a living person, I can also work for my ghosts. If you don't believe, look at him -"

As his voice fell, a dark cloud rushed outside the enchantment, but Xiaoman stood at the top. There was a man standing beside him, the appearance of forty or fifty years old, and the kindness of his life was loyal.

Someone exclaimed: "It’s a small man!"

"It’s a small man! Isn’t he dead?”

"The body was dismembered. At that time everyone saw it. How could this be?!"

Ghost King: "This seat is one of the nine kings of the Ghosts. Although it can't control life and death like the Emperor of the Jurassic, it can also restore the dead to the front. If you work for me, you can accompany your lost relatives." If you are disobedient to me, you will see your wife killing the child, and you will be unable to return to heaven.

There is a dead inside the enchantment.

"Do you really want to believe in him? Believe that he will not harm you and avenge his wife and children?"

"Do you really believe that he can take you to escape from birth and go to Putuo?"

Someone looked at Chu, and the eyes began to leap into the gloomy luster.

Chu Yu finally looked up, he stood alone under the flower tree, and gave them a quiet look. He really didn't know what to say. After a long time, he said: "It is already here, what is the use of you?"

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha --" Ghost King's creepy shouts echoed over the enchantment. "Great, great, he won't hurt you. If you believe him, go with him. But if it is a letter I--"

His voice is getting higher and higher, almost tearing the human eardrum and straight into his heart.

"If you believe in me, you will be rewarded immediately. I can let your deceased relatives come back to you, as long as you hand over Chu, as long

as you give him - give me out! I am deeply vengeful with him. I have nothing to do with you, and I will hand over Chu, you don’t have to leave your hometown and hand over Chu, you can reunite and call him out, and everything will be over."

The ghost king is secluded.

"Before dawn, I am waiting in the city hall."

The sound has disappeared.

From the dead, the crowd slowly gave birth to a strange noise, and everyone looked to Chu Yu. And Chu Yu also looked at them, calm, and even can be said to be peaceful.

Someone began to mutter helplessly: "What to do..."

"What to do, husband, I am so scared..."

"Auntie, I am afraid, I don't want to be eaten!"

What's more, lowering the voice: "The ghost king said it is also good... The so-called good people have pictures. We have seen such a disgusting dog

officer before, Chu... Chu Gongzi did nothing at the moment, but You look at him, the soul is not guarded, who knows if he will make any madness afterwards!"

Someone heard his words, but he did not refute it. Instead, he should sneak up: "You said it is good. When he doesn't, he retaliates and swindles all of us! It's not against the water. ”

Suddenly a man rushed out and shouted: "Catch him! Grab him and we will survive!"

There was no one ringing in the air. After a long time, a young woman stood up and stopped in front of him. The voice was soft but firm: "How can a husband be able to report this to the enemy?"

"Get out of the way!" The man slammed the girl down on the ground and screamed at her face. "You stink with a man sleeping, □ no hang, there is a share of your voice? Laozi There are old and young, Lao Tzu can't let his family be wronged! Chu Gongzi, can't help it!"

I am going to go to the hustle and bustle.

Unexpectedly, I didn't take a step, and my legs were stunned. The man bowed his head and was furious: "Do you dare to stop the skunk/you? You want everyone to accompany you to die?"

The girl said indignantly: "Although I am a woman, I can also distinguish between right and wrong. Cats, dogs and dogs know how to repay, let alone people?"

"Go to your mother!"

The man was a few feet on her face and kicked the person straight. At this time, other people are also coming to the Chu, although there are a few people in the crowd who want to block like this brothel girl, but after all, they are weak. Like a floating leaf in the rapids, it was quickly washed away.

"The son - the son, you are going!"

There were also old trembles yelling at Chu: "Chu Gongzi, go! Go! Don't keep it for this group of animals! Go!"

There are also young children's voices: "You don't want to fight, Auntie, aunt, don't hurt the son, don't hurt the son-"

A crowd of people swayed and thundered.

Chu Yu stood alone in the rain, as if he saw a lot of ghosts crawling out of the depths of hell. For a moment, he wanted to leave.

But the eyes fell on the living people who were crying, watching the children who were swearing to discourage the mother, watching the girl who had stood up at the earliest, and had a swollen face, watching the old woman’s white hair shaking in the wind and rain, and More than a dozen sporadic people are facing away from him, trying to stop the city people.

I want to leave, but I stopped.

They are not wrong. If they withdraw the enchantment, these people will die.

It turns out that the most disgusting thing in the world is not the devil, but the weak beasts. They have no ability. In order to live alive, they are covered with human skin and mixed in the crowd. As long as they can survive, they will do everything and say everything. Export.

At the end, I will say: "I just want to live, I am very pitiful, very helpless, and I have any sins."

He used to think that he was sheltered by the kindness of the hand, but he was wrong.

Today, the animals have taken off their own human skin, revealing a bright red, ugly, smirkful face...

Hiding well... hiding deep.

He didn't want to shed tears for the clothes and beasts, but they were so cunning, hiding among the good people, a smile on their faces and a smile, and the powerlessness of laughing and laughing.

- You must save us. If you withdraw the enchantment, we will take the person you want to save, take the person who is grateful to you, and go to **** together.

There is no way you can die of nausea.

It is you who want to be a gentleman yourself. You must be a good person.

Since you have made such a choice, then giving your life to save everyone is what you should do. If you don't do it, you are a hypocrite, a liar. You are a fake high, and your pigs and dogs are not as good.

He seems to hear those people screaming and laughing at the loud voice:

You have no choice. You have no choice!

In the tidal quarrel of the tide, Chu Yu slowly looked up and looked at the sky in the wind and rain.

The sky is finally going to shine.

After a night of heavy rain, the blood on the stone steps of the Chenghuang Pavilion has been washed away. Chu Yu and those who guarded him were **** with their hands and feet and walked toward the temple.

This scene is really sad and ridiculous. Those people will be as strong as Chuan, and they are so complacent that they have reached such a powerful role. But I don't know, in fact, Chu can destroy these ropes into ashes with only one spell.

But he did not do that. He did not eventually remove the enchantment.

The blood of Lin'an has already been enough. He does not want to report his own enmity, and then the innocent people will die.

Then the film, the person who will be envious of the enemy, the person who really treats him, is protected. Before he came to the temple, the ghost king did not show up. Only a candle fire exudes a black smoke, and the disk twists into a human form.

"Why - do not withdraw the enchantment!" At the moment of seeing Chu, the voice was out of anger, "Remove the enchantment!!"

Chu said calmly: "Unless I die."

The black gas made a screaming scream, hoarse and mute: "Chu, you are crazy! You... killed him - killed me - otherwise, after the night, I want all of you to live!"

Dawn is coming.

The layers of white light ignited the endless night.

The ghost king couldn't support himself in the light. He fled into the darkness, and the burning candlelight slammed and ignited.

Chu Yu returned to God, and the Chenghuang Pavilion was built quite high. From afar, the river cage was in the rain and the rain, and the scars could not be seen. It was like the old wind and the spring of Jiangnan.

"Chu Gongzi, can't help."

"It’s not that we are ruthless. It’s really a ruin of the ghost king. He is too deep with you... we have to...”

"I still say so much! After a while, the whole family is waiting to live. Is it important for him alone, or is the life of the big guy important? There is a person who is headed by all beings, he is the end, he said!" ”

Chu night is standing in the distance, watching the man who doesn't know what it is, and his heart is complicated and difficult.

Suddenly his hands covered his eyes.

Chu night Ning whispered: "What?"

"Don't let you see."

"...why?"

"It will be uncomfortable."

Chu night was quiet for a while, and the eyelashes trembled in the palm of the burning heart: "No, it is said that it was two hundred years ago."

The sound of ink burned from behind, gently sighed: "...small fool, then my palm, how is it wet?"

I don't know how long it took, a scent, an hour, or a moment.

Time is ambiguous in this madness and chaos.

When the night of Ning blinked, the enchantment of the Qing dynasty had already dispersed. Chu 洵 fell in a pool of blood, surrounded by people and ghosts. It was a fascinating cloak of human skin, smelling fresh blood.

The rest of the life after the joy of robbing, the sinful heart is like a beast.

The air is filled with the smell of death.

Human, or hell.

It is not so clear.

The crowd slowly dissipated, there will be no ghosts in the white scorpion, they are anxious to go to the belly, anxious to rest, anxious to wait for the

ghost king to come again in the night, to examine the dead man in the temple, and then return them to their loved ones. The reward.

In the temple, there are only a few more living people who are weeping.

There is a woman in the brothel, the old man who is full of Huafa, a couple who are dissuaded by the child, a nephew, a scholar, a storyteller, a former rich family, a widow with a young son, and a teacher. ,farmer.

Nothing else.

However, when they were crying, the dead man in the pool of blood, but the eyelashes trembled, slowly opened his eyes.

"The son!"

"Chu Gongzi!"

The smoldering heart trembles, can't bear to say: "Useless... this is..."

This spell has been lost in the world, but it can be seen again in this virtual world.

"This is a curse. He is already dead. He applied this spell to himself before he died." Chu night Ning paused, said, "He has not done anything, and he is still worried about it in the world."

Chu Yu really looked empty, no focus, only said faintly: "Ghosts are sinister, their words are not credible, after the night, they lose the enchantment of the Qing dynasty, and they must be enchanted and smothered. They hope to be able to escape from here. Go to Putuo."

"The son..."

"I have died, I have no chance to accompany you, but I have already condensed my spiritual power, and I have cursed it in the nucleus. You take my spiritual core, and the ghosts can't be close."

The crying is even worse, almost crying.

The ink burning and the Chu nightning are even more discolored.

Spirit nuclear...

That is the crystallization of the same heart...

Business squash slowly lifts up the not yet straightened hand, and according to the business squash, I took the blade and I took it.

then--

Disposed around the "King!!!!", the voices are screaming and vomiting, soaked in blood and tears. "What do you do for the son--!"

The fingers of the dead tear open the cracks of their chests, plunge into their own flesh and blood, hold the heart that is no longer beating, slowly, one inch and one inch, pull out.

The heart is bleeding, and it is beating a golden red flame.

That is the power of Chu Ling Ling, the light that burns the candle to the end.

"Take...and..."

He lifted the burning heart and straightly handed it to the front, not repeating: "Hold...take...to..."

The blood beads rolled down, but they all became a red sea otter flower, and those flowers were burning and dazzling.

"The long road is long, the danger is unpredictable, Chu Yu's life is shallow, can't be as thin as you can, and you can hope for all the kings...

The ink burned and looked at all of this, and suddenly the thorn was on the back, cold sweat.

Scars... this scar! !

He suddenly remembered that Chu’s chest was close to the heart’s position —

There is also a yo!

That is the extremely sensitive place of Chu Xi Ning, how can he forget? Every time I linger on the bed, when he licks the faint scars, Chu’s face will show a fascinating **** desire on his cold face. The burning look feels so exciting, so I always like this. Bullying the people under him.

It was only at that time that he never cared about the past of Chu Xiaoning. He did not ask for the whereabouts of this scar.

In this life, I have to ask, and I am not qualified.

Chapter 69

Is it coincidence? still is……

Now the chest of the master is not what he wants to see. He can only recall the wound by memory. The faint crescent color should be purely a scratch of the blade, not like Chu Wei, Wu Zhiju Forced into the blood, leaving the blood of the blood.

After all, it is different.

In this way, the ink burns a little relieved. Although Chu and Chu Xiaoning are people who are very different in character, they have too many similarities, from appearance to "the way, the beings are headed, For the end, and then to the scar on the chest, coincidentally stacked together is really doubtful.

I don’t know why, maybe it’s because Chu Yu is too gentle, and it’s totally different from Chu’s temper, or maybe because Chu Yu is a wife and son, so if Chu Yu is the reincarnation of Chu Yuning, or It’s Chu’s late night, and the ink burns that he will not stand it and will collapse.

Fortunately, this is not the case.

There is no need to say much about the catastrophe that Lin’an City, which has lost the protection of Chu, will face it.

Of course, the ghost king will not keep his promise. After the night, the blood is hurricane, and the world is stunned. The moat was dyed red with blood, and the roar of the living man after the loss of wisdom rang through the night.

The city is full of zombies that are wandering around, eating fresh blood sausages and chewing brains.

The ink burned with Chu nightning to avoid being in a broken hut, the owner of the house had already died, and the furniture utensils were covered with a thick layer of gray.

The ink burns tightly closes the door, and it is tightly sealed. Only a small window in the kitchen can be left to explore the situation outside.

From time to time, there were sharp screams and ominous swallows.

The ink burned Chu nightning to the corner of the small woodpile and touched his head: "According to the 18th girl, we can leave the ghost king. So you are here, don't move."

Chu night Ning heard the words, suddenly raised his head: "You want to go out?"

"Now don't go, wait for the ghost king to show up and go out."

"But the outside is very dangerous. The virtual environment has been realized. How can you resist it with your own strength?"

"Then I can't take a kid to fight."

Chu night Ning shook his head: "I am going with you."

"Ha ha ha, the younger brother is really cute, but you are still small. Going out with me will drag me down. When you are older, I will not stop you when I encounter such a thing, but this time you have to Listen to the brothers."

"I won't drag you down."

"Generally, you will say this on the hind legs." The ink ignited, "You are jealous, don't be fooled, okay?"

"..."

Seeing that Chu Ning finally stopped talking, the ink burned a little, and his eyes looked out through the ribs of the wooden window, and the look gradually sank.

Why is this virtual reality used for trials suddenly realizable? The younger brother said it was good, and someone wanted to harm him. There are countless people who want to let him die in his life. In this life, he has not sinned any powerful role. He thought about it. The only thing that might have his life was the fake hook that he encountered at Jincheng Lake.

But who is the original body of the fake hook? Can you skillfully use the Jane Chess to this point, why didn't you have a good life in the past?

Could it be that he is born again in this world, not just him alone...

This thought made him chilling and even showing fierce light.

After the rebirth, he only wanted to bury the past. If there is a second reincarnation, it would be awkward.

His brows grew deeper and deeper, but he suddenly heard that he was late and said: "...burning, I..."

"what happened?"

Chu night Ning secretly gritted his teeth, after weighing the pros and cons, he put his heart in a hurry and wanted to tell the truth to him.

"You listen to me, actually I can help you, I am..."

I can hear "I can help you", only that the younger brother wants to struggle with himself again, so he interrupted his words and said, "Okay, let's not let you go out, it won't Will let you go out. Don't be reluctant and obedient."

"No, you listen to me -"

The ink burned up, and said: "Do not listen, do not listen, Wang Ba Nian Jing."

"..."

Seeing that the night of the night is ugly, the ink burns about that he feels a little worse, and he pokes his eyebrows with his fingers. He laughs again and again: "You are so young, how so hard, and not love." Listen to the words of the elders. Then, I told you, since you called me a brother, let's get out of the same door. When I encounter such danger, I have to protect you, can you understand?"

Chu night Ning closed his eyes and whispered: "... understand."

"I understand it, then you -"

"But I am worried about you."

The ink burned, and the tip of the finger hanging in front of his forehead seemed to tremble slightly, but it was impossible to speak for a while. He has lived for two lifetimes, and the words "I am worried about you" have never been heard. Even though the teacher is waiting for him to be gentle, he has never said so much about his concern.

He looked at the little child on the woodpile in front of him, and his heart mixed.

After a long time, his eyes gradually became very gentle, and then he poked Chu nighting's fingertips gently to the top, fell to the soft top of the other side, smashed.

"Don't worry, the brothers promise you, you will come back and forth."

"Ink burning, can you listen to me to finish the words first..."

The ink burned and smiled: "Well, what are you going to say?"

"Actually, I am --"

"Oh!", the door was knocked open.

A man with a shawl screamed and rushed in. He was covered in blood, and a thigh had been smashed and smashed, followed by a group of corpses that had been smothered by blood.

The man dragged his rotten leg into the room, copied everything that could be caught next to the roaring zombie, and threw it away: "Go away! Don't come over! Get it! Get it! ”

The ink burned and slammed, and the night was stopped behind him, the red light in his hand lit up, and the ghost was held in front of him, halfway through the face:

"Teacher, you are hiding, don't come over!"

Saying that Titan will go up and kill them with the corpses that broke into the house. Although the ghost is similar to the heavenly question, the movement of Chu Yuning is not completely taught in the ink, and the

weapon of the last generation is the knife. It is not suitable for the soft weapon. Therefore, although it does not fall into the wind at the beginning, it can gradually Some power is not enough.

I was going to confuse the ghost dance, and I heard the sound of the child behind me, and it was crisp and cold: "The left side is wound around the wrist three times, then it vacates and wanders around."

When the ink burned for a while, he thought about it. He hit a set according to his instructions. Liu Teng smoked on a zombie on the left. Only the zombie was beaten by the gods. The ordinary people would never be bored until again. It is pumped twice more. But since the younger brother said it, then it’s okay to try it out, and immediately hit the zombie twice, then squatted up, his back softened, and turned straight to the back of the vine whip—

brush!

It was not too late or late, just in time for the next wave of corpses, and accumulating three strengths, the smoldering smoldering of a burning flame, rushing toward them, the corpse was suddenly violent Shenwu stopped his waist, and the zombies were in the same position. The head that fell on the ground was still smoking black smoke.

The ink burned and stunned, and looked at the little teacher who was sitting on the firewood.

This guy... can you?

"How do you fight next?" The ink burned hard and was ecstatic.

Chu night Ning no expression: "Next... take your left hand and take a picture of your right side."

"Oh, this road is unpredictable, what is it?"

Chu night Ning faintly said: "There is nothing inscrutable, you just swung too proud, your sleeves were shackled by weapons."

The ink burned "ah" and looked down. Sure enough, I quickly smashed the fire that had been smashed out. This man's face is also really thick, actually not at all, but also raised his head with a smile, said to the other side: "My family is very good, I like it."

Chu night Ning lightly coughed, silently turned his face away, facing the gray and bare walls, the ears were a little red.

At this time, there were only six zombies that could still be moved in the house. Chu Yuning was not willing to smother the ink again. He still twisted his head and directed against the wall: "When the wrist is relaxed, the cane will swing to the top of the sky and rotate. After six times of accumulating power, the word is awkward."

The ink burned according to the words, but when I turned to the fifth lap, I suddenly remembered: "How is the word?"

"...what do you want to do with your sword on weekdays."

"Ah, it turns out!" The ink burned and realized, a blow, a fire, and the soft vines seemed to be instantly tempered into an indestructible long knife, brushing six zombies across the board!

"Wow--"

The eyes of this smoldering eyes were rounded up.

"Where did you learn? How do I feel that you use the rattan whip, you must be familiar with my teacher? No, you are better than him. You taught me, he never told me."

"..."

The ink burned and smiled: "It's so good, it's great, I don't have to look at the teacher's face anymore, I will learn from you, isn't it happy?"

Chu night Ning gave him a look: "Do you think that the elders of Yu Heng give you a look? Why don't you give me a look at your face?"

The ink burned the rattan whip, re-blocked the door, and dragged the table over the entrance. He smiled and said: "You give me a face, that is also good for me. Let's both, this is also an adversity and a total, you are waiting The brothers are good, the brothers can remember, I will take you as a younger brother to hurt you later. Do not say that you are licking my face, that is, I am not happy to beat me twice, I am not angry."

Chu night Ning black face: "Who wants to be your brother."

Speaking of jumping off the woodpile, I don't want to pay attention to the burning of the ink, but to see the injury of the man who came in.

Under the circumstance, Chu Xining was slightly wide-eyed: "...how is he?"

"who's that?"

The ink burned his head and looked at it. He was also stunned: "That... that little?"

Lying in a pool of blood, □ 啜 啜 正是

正是 正是 正是 正是 正是 正是 正是 正是 正是 正是 正是 正是 小 小 小 小 小 小 小 小 小 血 血 血 血 血 血 血 血 血This person is really..."

Ink ignited: "Sin deserves it."

Chu nighting looked at him. The ink burned a haha, and suddenly there was some guilty conscience. To say that sin deserves it, should the person who should be retributed the most should not be himself?

The ink burned the subject and asked: "Yes, what did you just want to tell me? What are you actually?"

Chu Xiaoning dropped his eyelashes and paused. He whispered: "In fact, I am --"

When the words were not exported, I suddenly felt the wind behind. Chu night Ning was shocked and turned back to meet, but he was a child’s body after all, and his strength was far less than that of adults. He was unable to escape and was locked by the other side!

I don’t know when I was struggling, and I got up from the pool of blood in one breath!

His hand with a blue-stretched violent death stuck to the neck of Chu’s late night, and the other hand reversed the arms of Chu’s late night. The dirty face had a crazy flame burning, and he wanted to make him whole. Distorted, like a waxed statue, deformed under hot flame baking.

He was full of blood and sighed at the ink: "Take me... leave here..."

"You let him go!"

"Take me out of here!!" Xiaoman screamed, and witnessed it. "Otherwise, I have his life! Go!"

"You want me to save you, I will save you, what do you do with a child? You put him first-"

"You say that I will kill him now!! Anyway, I have done a bad thing, no shortage of this! You can't go!"

Chu Xiaoning was stunned by his voice, and a delicate little face rose red. The smoldering is in a hurry, although at the moment, a small full life can be achieved in the past, but in this virtual reality, if the small full is really angry, I am afraid that the other party may have been seriously injured before killing himself. Teacher.

Ink ignited: "Well, I listen to you, don't be excited, you loose some hands, I will..."

The voice is not falling, the blood is splashing!

The author has something to say: ink burning: the younger brother is good to me, the younger brother is smart and cute *^o^* is completely different from the teacher!

Chu nightning: Oh. blind.

Chapter 70

Where is the late night of Chu, the soft persimmon that can be subject to people at will, only seeing the golden light flashing, the ink burns vaguely to see that there is a certain weapon in his hand, but the weapon is very fast, only in an instant, it will be small Strangled with both hands, even the wrist is cut off!

Xiaoman screamed and went backwards. This time, except for one foot, he even abandoned his hands.

The hand that cursed Chu Xiaoning fell to the ground, and Chu Ning stood up. It seemed to be angry. His face was as ugly as ever. He seemed to want to say something at a time, but his lips moved and he seemed to be angry. Silent, only the iron blue face, turned around.

The ink burned and quickly picked him up: "Teacher, how are you? Are there any injuries?"

Chu Xiaoning shook his head in his arms, and he did not say anything. He was disgusted and could not speak.

But how to say it again, this Xiaoman is also alive more than two hundred years ago, and this is just a derivative of it. Chu nighting wiped the blood stains on his face, and whispered to the ink: "You have also seen it, I am staying here, not necessarily comprehensive, it is better to go out with you to fight. With my technique, it will not drag Your hind legs."

The ability of the younger brother, before the ink burned, only heard Xue Meng said, did not see. However, the change of the genius actually opened his eyes.

"You are amazing, but..."

Chu Xiaoning said: "I am familiar with the use of various weapons, but I can also point you at the side."

"but……"

Chu Xiaoning raised his eyes: "You believe me this time."

"..."

"Brother."

Chu late Ning Yuan intended to deepen the tone of the sincere, unexpectedly the child's crisp voice of the voice, actually soft and lovely, as if to be spoiled, I heard that Chu Ning himself was somewhat surprised.

When the ink burned, it was also a glimpse. Then I squinted and squinted my head. After burying my face in my palm for a long time, I said, "This, mainly I am afraid... what are you..."

Lived for two lifetimes, the first time I was so softly called by a little guy, so that the ink burned really felt that this person was with him, like a brother.

If Mo Xianjun wants to hate a person, he will hate the bones, but he is especially soft to the people who cherish it. Therefore, he scratches his hair for a long time, then raises his eyes and looks at the night, and the silent ear is red.

If you really have a younger brother, you will never be so lonely.

Partially born in the late night, I saw the ink reaction, hesitated for a while, and tried to whisper: "Master."

The brother is not the same as the brother, it is more cordial.

I burned my forehead and felt that I couldn’t help myself: "..."

Chu night Ning looked at him meaningfully, and he was weak in this person. Anyway, he is now a child, and he does not know who his deity is, and he is not too shameful. Called: "Brother."

"....."

"brother."

"....."

"Ink burning brother."

"Ahhhh

Originally, I saw the thing of Chu, and Chu’s mood was very bad, but at this time he felt that the haze in his chest was gradually faded. I heard the ink burned and asked: "Oh, yes, what did the younger brother just tell me?"

Chu nightning turned around and said very calmly: "Ah. That."

"Ok?"

"I forgot."

"..."

"When I think about it later, I will talk to my brother who burns..."

"Ah, ah, don't! Don't call! Just call the brothers! It's enough to call the brothers!"

Chu night Ning eyes like a deep pool, with a smile on his lips, faintly said: "That's good. Brother, the time is almost, this illusion is formed by the memory of the surviving people, now those people have left Linan, I think this The illusion can't be supported for too long. The ghost king should come out soon."

"Also... beat him, you can go out? I have to check it out to see who is actually realizing the illusion, to take our lives!"

Chu Xiaoning nodded. "Fortunately, before the ghost king and Chu Yu, it is obvious that this ghost king is not a very powerful character. It may be the weakest of the nine ghost kings. Although it has been solidified here. But I think that the opponent may have treated me as a normal six-year-old child. He did not expect that I could help to settle this illusion."

The ink burned and nodded, saying: "Not bad."

Chu night Ning said: "So it is better to say that people behind the scenes want to harm us, he did not count me from the beginning. The person he wants to harm is actually only one of you."

Ink burning is nodding like garlic: "You said it makes sense."

"After going out, the brothers must make this matter clear with Xue Meng. There may be sinister things in this peach blossom source. Everything should be taken care of. Well, let's not say this, let's go, I don't drag my brother's hind legs, still Please ask my brother to take me out of trouble."

Chu nightning is expected to be good.

When the time comes, the massacre in the city has come to an end.

The edge of the sky suddenly split a **** gap, and the blue smoke broke into the market and became a sly man.

The man's eyes were red, his skin was white, half of his body was covered with flesh and blood, and half of it was all white bones. He dragged the black shackles and walked through the ancient city of Lin'an, where the corpse was everywhere, absorbing the grievances and pains of the new dead along the way.

The ink burned away from the dark and saw his appearance.

"It's him?"

There is a hint of luck in the voice.

Chu Xiuning understands why this is fortunate, but since he does not intend to show his identity at the moment, as a six-year-old child, he can’t know too much.

Then he did not know, looked up and asked: "What?"

"You guessed it is very reliable, the ghost king is nine kings, the strength is disparity, the weakest of which should be this one." The side of the burning

side stood by the Xuan window, watching the figure from far and near, whisper, " We are not bad luck."

“How many chances does the brother have?”

"90%, then, you can't always say too much."

Chu nightning smiled.

Of course, he knows that there are nine ghost kings in the ghost world. The "骷髅皇" is the weakest, but the strength is relative. In this year of experience, even if there is a martial art on the side, it is still a little more difficult to deal with it alone.

Only those who want to conceal the ink burning, countless calculations, or not counted to accompany the ink burning side is not a deadly sorrow, just a casual child, but Chu nightning.

"help me……"

The two were about to break out of the door, killing each other and being caught off guard, but they heard a faint sigh behind them.

"Ah, is he still alive?" The ink burned his eyes wide open and looked back at the small manchus curled up into a ball.

"I don't want to die... Auntie... I don't want to..."

Chu Xiu Ning looked at the boy who was like a rag of rags and shook his head. "In that year, this person should die when he entered the house, but in this illusion, he is still alive, probably because of us. Hiding here, removing the zombies who chased him, changed things in the illusion."

"Oh... if he hasn’t rebelled, you said that two hundred years ago, will Chu Yu not die? Linan may not be a ruin..."

"Maybe."

But both of them understand that no matter what they say, the past has passed. At this moment, it is important to defeat the king and escape from the illusion. No need to worry again, the ink burning and Chu Yuning swept out of the hiding place, killing all the way, never showing weakness.

It is easier to get out of the virtual world than they think.

The target of ink burning was clear, and he soon made a fortune with the king. But looking at the two men fighting hard, Chu nightning is faintly uneasy.

The uneasiness is not because the ink has fallen from the wind. In fact, the ink burns under his guidance and has always been stable, but Chu Jingning is more and more clearly aware of it -

The person hiding in the dark controls the situation too accurately.

That is to say, the person clearly calculated that if the illusion is only ink-burning and another person with moderate qualifications is trapped here, it is extremely difficult to escape. However, the other party did not use more powerful means to smother the ink, and apparently did not want to let people know that this was a murder case. Instead, I want to create a kind of smoldering because of the illusion of an accident in the trial and the death of the illusion.

Who is so carefully arranged to go to the end of life?

Was it really the fake hook of Jincheng Lake?

Chu nightning looked at the battle between the ink and the ghost king. As time went by, the ink burned at this time. The sky will gradually light up, and the ghost king's mana will gradually weaken, and soon it will not be able to hold it. The outcome is already divided.

But at this moment, Chu Xi Ning suddenly saw a face belonging to a living person in the ghost zombie that was blocked by the ink burning spell!

"Who!!"

The man was far away, mixed in the corpse, wearing a hooded hood, half a face caged in the shadows, only a pointed chin, sweet lips, and a soft curved nose.

At a glance, Chu Xiening would have noticed that this person’s behavior is not like the illusory scene two hundred years ago. This person did not make any attack, but only secluded under the hood, facing the night With the direction of ink burning. Seeing the late night, he noticed him, he smiled a little, then raised his hand and pulled it around his neck and neck, making a movement similar to "killing."

Chu nightning slammed and slammed over, to hold on to this person.

But the man still smiled, under the hood, his lips were red, and his white teeth were stunned. He looked at him with a mouth shape and looked like a "declaration."

Did not go.

"stop!"

It is useless, the sky is bright, and the layers of fish belly are white and white.

The smoldering of the smoldering and the ghost king has ended in the final blow. When the head of the ghost king was smashed by the smoldering in the hands of the ink, the blood was raging, and the scene in front of him quickly swept away. The body was suddenly thrown up, and the sunrise and broken walls of Lin'an two hundred years ago became a illusory illusion.

"Hey!"

When Chu Xiaoning fell back to the ground, he returned to the trial cave.

The ink burned has also come back, and is falling beside him, all of which are the mottled blood left behind during the fight. But he was injured but not heavy, lying on the ground with his face on his face, apparently still unable to get up, only a pair of dark eyes looking at the side of the night.

After a while, raise your hand and touch your forehead with your fingertips.

"Come out."

Chu night, a voice, but his face is very difficult to see: "... I just saw a person inside."

"what?"

"It's suspicious, it should be the man who casts the spell."

The ink burned and climbed up, wide-eyed: "You saw it? You saw it! Then you see who he is? What does it look like?"

Chu night Ning frowned and said: "He wears a hood, I don't see it clearly, but the body shape should be a famous man. The age is not big, he is thin, his chin is very sharp..."

There is still a half sentence that has not been said.

He felt that this half of his face looked faintly familiar and seemed to have seen him a long time ago. However, I feel that it is just my own illusion. After all, it is only the lower half of the face. The similar people have gone more, and he is difficult to judge for a while.

I was sinking, and I felt that the ink burned his shoulder.

"Younger brother."

"what happened?"

"...you look over there."

The sound of the ink burned was a bit low, with a slight coolness.

Chu nightning looked up and looked in the direction he pointed.

It is eighteen.

At the entrance of the trial cave, the eighteen girls violently hang over the top of the cave, and a pair of feet wearing silk satin embroidered shoes swayed in the air.

She is already dead. There is no wind here. Seeing the extent of her shaking, the person who killed her should have just left.

But the most letting the night of Ning and the ink burned, it was the weapon that was tightly tied between her neck.

It is a willow.

The leaves are like a knife, and the whole body is flowing with red light. From time to time, there is a fire tongue bursting, and the sparks and blood flowers splash together.

Hell.

Strangled eighteen, and hung her at the top of the cave, it is actually a ghost!

The author has something to say: vest: Hey? Are you still eager to take off my last chapter? Now I will take you off...

Chu nightning: I haven’t lived in this village, you are waiting for me (indifferent face)

Chapter 71

The ink burned pale, incredulously summoning the weapon that had just been gathered, watching a cluster of fire light up in his palm, and the ghost was called out, lying in his palm.

In comparison, the weapon that killed the eighteenth, except for the one without the handle, is exactly the same as the ghost. It is like a twist from the ghost. Is there a second **** in this world? !

Not as deep as thinking, suddenly footsteps from far and near, flying at a very fast speed. Chu night Ning is quieter than the ink, slightly indulgent, his eyes suddenly awkward: "Ink burning, first collect the ghosts!"

"what--?"

That's too late.

A group of people have already plundered to the entrance of the trial cave. There are feathers, there are monks who practice in Taohuayuan, and there are even Xue Meng, Ye Xijun, and Shi’s figure in the crowd... It seems that some people are aware of the trial cave. The stranger here, gathered almost everyone, came here.

So when the people arrived one after another, they saw the 18th outside the hole of the tragic death, and the willows were pulled around the neck and squeezed into the flesh and blood. The ink burned and the half-children were so embarrassed that they had experienced a bit of fighting, and the ink burned into the blood, and the hand held in it was the scream of dangerous fire.

The bird is silent.

I do not know who suddenly shouted: "fierce, murderer!"

The crowd slowly became noisy, panicked, angry, whispering into a stream, and the earthquake shook the periosteum. "Killing", "murderer", "Where is the heart", "sadness and madness", "crazy" broken words are repeated repeatedly, and the crowds are like the corpse in the illusion, which gives the ink a illusion, just like a fantasy It is not over yet, and the nightmare is still going on.

The blood of Lin'an City two hundred years ago seems to be still flowing.

"No..." He dried his throat and took a step back. "Not me..."

A footstep, someone pulled his clothes.

In the smoldering chaos, he bowed his head and saw a pair of clear eyes.

He muttered unconsciously: "Not me..."

Chu Xiaoning nodded and wanted to protect him behind him. But what can he do with a small child at the moment?

Being anxious, suddenly felt the ink burned and took a step forward.

More and more people are shouting: "Catch him! And the child! Grab it! The murderer!"

"Can't let them escape, it's too dangerous! Get it!"

The ink burned back and moved to Chu, and brought him behind him, blocking him, then lowered his head for a while and gradually calmed down.

"The 18 girls are not killed by me. You listen to me."

The faces in the crowd are so vague that they overlap with some of the past life when he couldn't bear to remember. He barely saw Xue Meng in those figures, Xue Meng looked incredulous, then he saw the teacher, the

teacher's eyes widened, his face white and terrible, could not help but shake his head.

The ink burned and closed his eyes, Shen Sheng said: "People are not killing me, but I have no plans to escape. You should always listen to me before you arrest me?"

However, even if the ink burns so, no one will listen to him. Unrest and anger are permeated in the crowd, and there is a female crown. "You, your murder has been caught, what is arguable!"

"Yes!"

"Get them both up anyway! If you really yell at them, it’s not too late to release them!"

"Catch it! Grab it!"

Xue Meng recovered from the initial horror. He came out of the crowd and faced the angry and distorted face, facing away from the ink, and said loudly: "Please calm down and listen to me."

"Who are you!"

"Why listen to you!"

"Wait, this seems to be a phoenix?"

"Phoenix? The pride of the sky? Is that Xuemeng?"

"It's him..."

Xue Meng's face was very ugly, almost pale, he sighed and said slowly: "Please listen to me. These two are my disciples, I believe that they will never do it. Let’s kill the innocent things. Please calm down first, so let’s listen to their explanations first.”

"..."

After a moment of silence, some people shouted: "Why do we believe in you? What about the disciples of the dead and the dead, you must know them well, know them well?"

"That is, the human heart is separated from the belly, even if it is the same door, how much can you know!"

Xue Meng's face is getting worse and worse, her lips are close, and her fingers are unknowingly clenched into fists.

Behind him, the ink burned and held the night, and he actually felt a little surprised when he came out from Xue Meng. The past life and the cousin did not have deep friendship, and they always couldn’t look at each other. Later he became a human being. The emperor respected, burned and looted and ransom, and naturally entered the two camps incompatible with the "Phoenix".

Therefore, he did not expect that, in the circumstances of such a thousand people, Xue Meng would actually be facing away from him and facing others.

The ink burned my heart and said: "Xue Meng, you... believe me?"

"Hey! Dog stuff, who believes in you?" Xue Meng half-faced, no good air. "Look at what you are doing! I am still one year older than me, but I want to give it to me." You clean up the mess!"

"..."

After the smashing, I turned to the more fierce voice and said to those people: "What? I don't know them? One of them is my younger brother, the other is my cousin! Do you understand, or do I understand? ”

"Xue Meng..."

"Do you listen to a few sentences that will die? So many people look at it, can it be delayed for a while, can they just fly their wings and fly?"

At this time, the teacher also came out, but he did not appear to be more imposing, soft and weak, and stunned: "You can also protect the two of them, the eighteen girls must not be hurt by them. Please listen to the explanation, thank you..."

Ye forgets that he has come forward too. Although he does not guarantee the two, he is much more calm than those who are smoldering.

Ye forgets: "Even if you want to temporarily detain them, you should give them a chance to argue. If not, isn't it cheaper for the real murderer, and what if the person is hiding in you and me?"

He said that other people suddenly looked at each other and had a little more vigilance in their eyes.

"...all! Then let me explain!"

"But still catch it! Be cautious!"

"It's better to catch the mistake, can't let go!"

The ink sighed and raised his hand. After a long while, he laughed.

"I didn't expect to be surrounded by all the songs. Some people even wanted to believe in me. Ok, good, even if you are caught, you will be rushing to three of you, and I am not angry."

He simply said the virtual environment, what happened in the country, and after seeing it, he saw the eighteen victims.

It is a pity that after the destruction of Shura, it is completely new illusion for others to go in, so it is impossible to test whether the smoldering is true or false, but if he fabricates it, he will piece together such a story in a short time. It is also really difficult.

Therefore, after he finished speaking, there are already a large number of people in the crowd, which seems to be somewhat shaken.

A relatively noble feather whisper and subordinates whispered a few words, and then said: "Ink burning, Xia Shi reverse, although you have two words, but after all, there is no evidence. Before everything is checked, in order to complete the peach blossom source, Still have to be wronged that you have been detained for some time."

I don’t want to laugh at it: "I know that it will be like this. You give me food and drink, and I will not say anything."

"This is natural." Yumin paused and said: "From now on, the monks in Taoyuan need to be strictly guarded to avoid regenerative accidents. The monks who did not arrive in time, I will send people one by one to ask questions. I will sue the suspects. In addition, I will inform the heads of the factions about this matter, especially the most deadly life, and if so, I would like to ask the two teachers to come to the scene."

"Master!?" When the ink burns, the face changes.

There is no snoring in the silence of Chu.

"I don't want to ask the teacher to come! Can't I change my uncle?"

"The disciples have awkwardness and should be clear about their divisions. This is the rule of the realm of comprehension since ancient times. Is it true that your life and death are different?"

"not me……"

The ink burned and shook his head, sighing again and again, and I don’t know what to say.

There are rumors of disciples, and there is nothing wrong with this.

But I thought of the late face of the night, the cold and cold eyes. In the case of ink burning, he felt that even if he came, he would definitely be indiscriminate. If he had to teach himself a lesson, it would be better not to see each other.

But no matter what he said, things are hard to change.

He was shut down with the younger brother.

The imprisoned land of Taohuayuan is a small cave. The ancient thorns of the mouth of the mouth are only heard by the feathers. The inside is dark all day long. Fortunately, there is a fire pond, which is burning a flame that will not be extinguished.

Everything in the cave is simple, only a large and rough stone bed, covered with gold-red cushions woven by wings, a stone table, four stone benches, a bronze mirror, several sets of dishes and tea sets.

The ink-burning and Chu-nighting were placed under house arrest.

Although the matter has not been finalized, the Yumin who is responsible for supervising the two seems to have a good relationship with the eighteen. She has lost her life without any death. The feathers have angered and burned two people, so she has made some scorpions in her daily life.

On the first night, the people knew that they would send some meals. The dishes were not good, but they were enough. However, on the second day, I just left some raw meat and vegetables in the hole, and the rice noodles were salted. I said that I had no time to take care of their food and let them want to eat and take care of themselves.

"If you take care of yourself, you can take care of yourself and cook. Who will not?"

When the ink burned, he slammed on the ground and picked up the delicious ingredients.

"What do younger brothers want to eat?"

"...all."

"Hey, the most difficult dish in the world is called 'all can'. Let me see, there are pork belly, cabbage... Hey, this bird can be really a trick, the cabbage is all scorpion. Give some flour and There are a lot of glutinous rice, and I don’t know how many days it is.” He counted it, and looked up and asked if he wanted to eat or eat noodles?

Chu night Ning was resting on a stone bed, heard a little thought, and then said: "face."

After a pause, I added another sentence: "The ribs."

"...haha, haha, this is hard for me, where is the ribs?"

"That's just fine, you can."

The ink burned his legs sitting on the ground, his hands on his knees, dragging his shackles, and he thought for a while and said, "There is not much material here. Can I make a bowl of rice dumplings for you?"

"saozi noodles?"

"Like it?"

"Alright, is it hot?"

The ink burned and smiled: "Look, there isn't even a shadow of the pepper in the bird's gift."

Now that we have negotiated what to eat, the ink will start to work. Chu night is short and the strength is not enough. He is too lazy to help, just kneeling on the bed, lazily watching the ink burning with soft white dough, and gradually his eyes are soft.

Suddenly I feel that this is also very good. I don’t know who he is. He can always stay in the ink-burning side. When cooking, he will ask him what he wants to eat. It’s really good.

Even some uneasiness, I feel that I have gotten too much, like stealing from a child named "Xia Si Kong".

The ink is cooked and the fried meat is coded. Yumin gave a poor amount of condiments, and he couldn’t do anything that was full of flavors and flavors, but the noodles were very strong, and the hardness was just right. Pork belly cut a layer of fat and simmered pork, Zla slammed hot on the surface, and it was very fragrant.

"Teacher, eat..." He looked up and saw that Chu Ning had fallen asleep, still in a squatting posture, his head was in his arms, his face was sideways, his eyelashes were long and his face was peaceful.

"Meal..." He muttered the last half of the story, then walked over to the bed and touched the hair of Ning Moyu.

"It seems that you are really quite like a teacher. I don't know what you and the teacher respect, what is the origin of the Linan Chu family, and I don't know who is going to harm us, oh... I don't know the master. What are you doing, knowing what is going on here, will you blame me for not knowing what to do?"

Speaking of this, the darkness of the smoldering of the ink is dim, and the tip of the finger is curled up with a black hair of Chu Yuning, and sighs with a sigh.

"You don't know him. Whenever there is something, it always counts me... He doesn't particularly like me."

It is a pity that Chu sleeps asleep. This sentence is like past and present. They have entangled decades of misunderstandings. They floated silently and silently, no one answered.

The smoldering and other noodles are almost cooler, and when they are not hot, they will be called up.

"Teacher, eat."

Chu night Ning yawned and yawned, sleepy for a while.

"Oh, eat..."

The ink burns the noodles. He loves to cook, but he doesn't like to wash the dishes. In order to wash a small dish, he simply puts the noodles in the pot that has just been fried.

Chu nightning was a little surprised at the unconventional meal, so wide-eyed, and looked at the big pot of noodles incredulously: "This... how to eat?"

"Let's eat together." Mo-burning handed him a pair of chopsticks, and he folded his hands together and smiled. "Beyond who is fishing fast, start right away! Who can eat more? Let us wait and see." ”

"..."

The ink burned and finished, and smiled more happily. Chu Yuening stared at him for a while and said: "You seem to eat as much as you can."

“Specially happy, right?”

"Ok."

"Haha, the people are eating for the sky."

The ink burned and said, you are welcome, first fished a large chopsticks noodles, sucking and sipping the gangsters straight to the sac: "The ugly is ugly, but the taste is still cool and good."

"..." Chu Evening's face is not good-looking, "Dinner, don't suck."

"Ha ha ha!" The ink burned his thigh and smiled. "You, this child, is too much like my teacher. He also let me not suck, but guess what? I once ate with him, deliberately stunned. The bones are in his bowl, so angry that he is jealous, hahahahaha-"

Chu nightning bites his teeth and cuts his teeth: "You are really arrogant!"

"Right right! This is the reaction, how do you know? I still learn a lot. I think you may be a distant relative, really, wait for the teacher to come here, you can ask him to ask." Hey - don't grab the half omelette with me -"

The author has something to say:

Feeding fish: Does the younger brother want to eat or eat noodles?

Big white cat: It’s cold, it’s better to eat dog meat (sneer)

Chapter 72

It was night, two people lying on the spacious stone bed, the time under house arrest was really difficult, the work was also practiced, the rice was eaten, and nothing else could be done.

Walking around, it is such a large cave, Chu Jingning is quiet, but it is still good, but the ink is not the same, he really feels like a year.

"Oh, bored, bored, what to play? What to play?"

Chu night Ning closed his eyes: "Sleep."

"It’s still very early." The ink burned a drip and shook his head. "It’s very early."

Chu night Ning ignored him.

The ink burned a few rolls on the bed and suddenly pulled his face.

"Younger brother."

"..."

"Teacher~"

"..."

"Teacher!!"

Chu night Ning slammed his eyes and angered: "What to do!"

The ink burned and brazenly pulled his hand and swayed back and forth: "Play with me."

"...In the end, are you a younger brother or I am a younger brother?" Chu night was so unbearable, he opened his hand. "Who is accompanying you!"

The ink burned sweetly, and it was very shameless. He said: "Of course you are accompanying me. Otherwise, who else?"

Chu nightning: "..."

The hair band is removed from the ink burner. The narrow red one is tied at both ends and stretched between the fingers to form a unique knot.

In the end, Chu Jingning still sat up from the bed. Nothing tempered to ask: "What is this? How to play?"

"This is a flower rope. Girls play more, boys usually don't play this, but I didn't grow up in Lefang before? There are so many girls there, so I learned."

"..."

"In fact, it's quite interesting. You look at it, you come to hook this line to your finger... No, it's not this, it's a little finger, um, that's it. Then the thumb and forefinger hook the two lines over there... ..." The ink burned slowly and whispered, very patient and very peaceful.

The candlelight slammed, the warm yellow halo reflected their figure, big and small, bowed down around the red line that was wrapped around the hairline, and each other's expression could not withstand the gentleness.

Chu Xiaoning's hand stretched the line. He walked around the pattern under the smoldering fingertips. The cold line was not wrong. When the red line

changed hands, it did not pull out the new style as expected, but it was again turned into a prototype. Simple and simple.

He looked at it, his hand still in the air, but he muttered inconspicuously: "How is it scattered? How can this be..."

"Haha, you are wrong again."

"... come again."

"If you don't come, you can't come." The ink burned and laughed. "It's always boring to play, change something else."

"No." This time, I wouldn't be happy to change the night, "I will come again."

"..."

The two stayed in the cave for three days. On the fourth night, the smoldering was routinely prepared to give Chu Yuning something delicious. In these few days, he has already figured out some doorways. His younger brother and master are really fellow countrymen, and the joy of eating is exactly the same.

Tonight, the feathers are sent by a hen and a few mushrooms. Ink burning is going to cook a pot of fresh mushroom chicken soup, plus some of the noodles that you have made, the taste will not be too bad.

"Drinking chicken soup at night?"

"Yeah." The ink burned and he went to see the night. Although this child has a talent in martial arts, but he is completely unable to find the doorway of the flower rope, but a rib is particularly dead-hearted. If you have nothing, take the root rope on your hand and the stubborn look is also I can’t help but laugh.

Ink burned and said: "You sit and play slowly, but I am afraid that my soup is stewed, but you have not studied the rope."

Chu night Ning coldly slammed, paused, faintly said: "There are ingredients left in the left, can have ginger?"

"I look at...hey, some, especially, I gave a bunch of **** yesterday."

Chu Xiuning said with satisfaction: "Let's put some more in and go."

The ink burned his chin: "Oh... wouldn't you have to put some dice?"

Chu night Ning shines: "Is there?"

"Oh. Of course not. I just think that you are really like the taste of the master. He also loves to put **** on the soup and let it go."

"...Do you remember what he loves?"

"Haha, yeah yeah, I am smart." The ink is too lazy to explain. I can't talk to the younger brother about past and present life. Then I followed the pole and said, "I am a twenty-four filial piety brother. Unfortunately, the master can't see my heart, and I admire it."

When the ink burned, he began to deal with poultry meat, so he missed the look of Chu Yuening perfectly. He pulled the hair out of the organ and was preparing to boil water to the blood. At this time, he heard the younger brother whisper: "He may not know it."

"What?"

Chu night, seeing the ink burned his head, suddenly the red tip of the ear, turned his head and coughed a few times, said: "I said that you are waiting for the elders of Yu Heng, he may not know."

"Oh, this is okay, it doesn't matter. Anyway, I am used to it, although sometimes I have thought that he can talk to me like someone else's master,

or occasionally like me know what he likes to eat. Just like, knowing what I like is fine. But that's all in the past. When I first got started, I was blinded by his beautiful skin and thought he was a gentle person. Now think about it... oh, His old man is unattainable, and I dare to enter his eyes, haha, hahaha."

Chu night Ning heard the words, this is a bit angry, but think carefully, although he is concerned about the ink burning on weekdays, but he always puts on an alienation posture, and he is angered and becomes embarrassed, and he silently whispers. After a while, jumping off the bed, silently went to the side of the ink.

"doing what?"

"You have been doing it for a few days, and today's is simple, let me do it for you."

When the ink burned, he smiled and said: "How come suddenly? You are a little man, how do you cook? Even the stove is not enough. Not to mention I am your brother, since you have called me like this, a few What is the meal?"

Chu Xiaoning moved over the bench and stood on the stool without any sound, looking at him stubbornly.

Ink burns: "...what do you want me to do?"

"You see that I am not enough to get the stove."

"..."

"The elders of Yuheng don't know what you like to eat, but I don't have the same conscience as he is." Chu night Ning no expression, "Let's take a break, I will cook for you."

Busy for a long time, Chu nightning does not let the ink burn hands, but the momentum of the eyes of the corpse of the knives of the knives of the knives, the expression of the hens, the method of rigidity, the scene is unbearable.

I still want to take the handle, but the younger brother’s stench and temper are also very similar. When I concentrate on doing things, I hate people’s interruptions. After a few hours of self-deprecation, the smoldering has to scratch my head and lie in bed. It is.

The chicken finally got out of the pot, and Chu Yuning put on the mud cover of the soup pot, and turned around and just wanted to say something to the ink, and suddenly heard a soft voice from the door of the hole.

"A burning, Xia Shidi, are you there?"

When the ink burned and heard the sound, if it was struck by lightning, he jumped out of bed and rushed to the door. Through the gap, he first saw a feathery person standing outside, but his eyes turned slightly and he saw behind her. The teacher was white, and stood sullenly, and couldn’t help but overjoyed: "Yi! You... how come you?"

"I have something to say to you." Shi said, "The Lord has received a singer and came to Taohuayuan. At the moment, he is negotiating with the Yu people. How are you, can these days suffer?"

"I am so good, I can eat and drink and jump." The ink burned and asked, "What about the Master? Where are others?"

"I said that I am still in the process of retreating and not coming."

"Oh..." The smoldering eyes flashed, and he sighed at random, muttering to himself, "If you don't come... don't come."

"But when the elders arrived, they said that they were to guarantee Xia Shidi." Shi Yan asked, "Is Xia Shidi sleeping?"

Ink burning: "No, he is stewing. Teacher - you are coming over!"

Chu Xiaoning put down the small bamboo fan of the campfire, went to the door, looked at the two people outside, and there was no unexpected

expression, faintly said: "What happened?"

When the teacher did not speak, he listened to the first snoring and asked: "It’s not the people who died in your life. Your master said that you want to protect you, and we are doing business with our sages."

"...I am Master?"

"Hey elders."

"Oh." Chu night Ning paused, no expression, "very good."

The pop-up mouth said, "You two come out, everyone has been gathered in the drinking hall, waiting to listen to the two explanations."

Chu Xiaoning looked back at the stewed chicken soup and said, "I don't go, the soup is half cooked, I can't walk. The ink burns, you say it for me."

The people heard that the heart was really a child who was still stinking. The speech was so unreliable, so he sneered and scared him: "If you don't go, you will miss the opportunity to defend. If you sentenced you to kill the 18 girls, That is to kill people and save their lives."

Unexpectedly, Chu Jingning listened a little bit not afraid. Instead, he looked indifferent, and gave him a cold look. He turned and left.

The teacher was waiting to stop him, but the ink burned and smiled and shook his head: "Let him, I will go."

"But the elders came from afar. He didn't greet him. He lost the number of gifts..."

When the ink burned was not yet opened, I heard that the night of Ning was far away: "Mr. Brother, you will say hello to the Master on my behalf."

"..." The whispering of his own words was actually heard by him. The teacher couldn’t help but feel awkward, clearing the scorpion, and when the feathers opened the thorns outside the prison hole, they pulled the ink and prepared to leave.

At this time, Chu nightning turned back and called him: "Brother."

"The younger brother changed his mind and wanted to go with me?" asked the ink.

Chu night Ning small short hand waved the sleeves of the dress: "I don't want to go. Come over and scream at you, remember to come back earlier, the soup is cold late, not good."

The ink burned for a moment, and laughed and said: "Okay, then you wait for me."

"Yeah." Chu Yuening stopped talking, but the ink burned away, and the figure disappeared at the corner. He turned his head and concentrated on the soup.

The drink and the pavilion are not far from the prison hole. On the way to the past, the teacher asked the intentionally or unintentionally: "A fire, you seem to be familiar with Xia Shidi these days?"

The ink burned and laughed: "Yes, I am also suffering with him. How can the teacher not eat the vinegar of the child?"

"……nonsense."

"Ha ha ha, the teacher does not have to worry, my favorite, or the teacher, will not change."

"...no more nonsense, I just think that Xia Shidi is a bit strange..."

"Strange? Oh..." The ink burned and thought, nodded. "He is very strange."

"Do you think too?"

"Yeah." Ink smirked. "Small age speeches are like the adults, and the mana is not to be underestimated. In addition, the things I encountered in the illusion are even more bizarre. I haven't had time to tell you. Do you know?" I suspect that he and our teachers are distant relatives."

The teacher twitched and asked, "How do you say this?"

"We saw a person in the illusion. It was the son of the Guardian of Lin'an City two hundred years ago. It is also surnamed Chu. It looks like a special statue. He has a son and looks like..."

I was about to talk about the key points. Suddenly I heard the sound of a curse in front of me. I looked up and saw that Xue Meng’s face was full of anger and struggling. The mouth kept cursing: “The beast! The beast! Dog stuff!"

The author has something to say:

Feeding the fish: Why is the Master still not falling off? I want to restore the master version to the adult version.

Meat package: He can return to the adult version of the body type, can I still carry out the plot? I am keeping you and him in a small black house, and he is a shell of Zhengtai. Otherwise, wouldn't I have to simmer Nima's 10,000 words of meat? You still want to eat meat in this performance? Dream of you, spicy chicken.

Chapter 73

Cold did not collide with the ink, Xue Meng stunned, this is still the first time the two people face after the ink is burned.

Thinking of Xue Meng’s return to himself in front of everyone, the ink could not help but reveal a smile to him, but Xue Meng was shocked by this smile, showing a disgusting expression, and said, “What are you doing? Look at what! What's so good! Smile! What's funny!"

"...I will say hello to you."

"nausea!"

Ink burning: "..."

He came here and interrupted the words of ink burning. The teacher sneaked thoughtfully for a while, but did not ask for more. Instead, he smiled and smiled at Xue Xue: "There are few masters, who is provoking you?"

"Who else can there? Who else can be!! Smelly shameless! Oh shameless! Wretched and mean, shameless!"

Ink sighed: "Not enough rhymes."

"You control me! You have the ability to come!"

"I didn't have the skills, not a cultural person." The ink burned and laughed. "Let's say, who has provoked you?"

The teacher smiled and said: "I guess it is a master."

"What **** master! Beast! Dengzizi! He is so casual, how can he not get sick with flowers?! My mother is willing to spend ten years of life wishing him a sore on his head, pus under his feet, rotten nose and rotten eyes. I can't help him, this shameless, stinking, shameless..."

Ink burning: "....."

Seeing that Xue Meng was going to be in an endless loop of incessant, the teacher rushed to stop him and pointed at the back and shouted: "Hey, look, the ladies who love the masters are coming -"

"Scared!" Xue Meng was shocked. The face of the arrogant arrogance actually appeared a bit stunned. He whispered a sigh of "□□ dirty", and he even smashed his head and did not return to the ground. At the end, I still have to say something in a face: "I think of something else to do, take the first step!"

The smoldering watched him sneak out of the smoke and screamed, "Wow, ah, this master, can actually make him afraid of this."

Shi Yan smiled and said: "From the day before yesterday he accidentally bumped into the restaurant in the restaurant and started some conflicts. He came back like this, and he met the nemesis."

"I admire and admire, I have to have a chance to see it." Although he said this on his mouth, there is probably a few accounts in his heart, which can make Xue Meng hide like this. Presumably this "master" is his guess. That person is right.

But at this time, it was not when Xuemeng was busy. In the drinking hall, Xue Zhengxuan and He has already arrived. They are talking with the owner of Taohuayuan, Yumin’s singer, about the 18th murder case.

Yumin is close to the fairy body, surrounded by Yingying Lingguang. Although she looks like a girl with a cardamom, God knows how old she is.

She is slowly talking to Xue Zhengxuan about the cause of the matter, and she walked in to a nearby waiter, whispering: "On the fairy, people brought

it."

"Please come in."

The ink burned along with the division and entered the warming room. After looking around, I saw Xue Zhengyi shaking the famous literati fan and talking with people. He immediately shouted: "Uncle!"

"Child, child." Xue Zhengyi turned his head and his eyes lit up. He greeted him and patted him on the shoulder. "Come, sit down next to his uncle..."

"People are not killing me..."

"Of course it won't be you, of course it won't be you." Xue Zhengyi sighed again and again. "I don't know how to give birth to a misunderstanding. I just said it to me. I came here, I want to prove that you are innocent. Hey, see you poorly, look at your face."

He pulled the ink, and the feathers did not stop the fairy, only faintly glaring at the two.

The elders burned and greeted the elders, and immediately sat next to Xue Zhengxuan. But what makes the ink burnt strange is that he didn't immediately notice that his apprentice, Xia Shi, was not in the air, only naturally and nodded with ink.

On the contrary, Yumin Shangxian asked: "Hey? Another child? That name is Xia."

"Ah, yeah." Hey, this is the time to come back, "...What about my apprentice?"

When I saw that he was not satisfied with Xia Si, he was dissatisfied and said: "My younger brother is still in Dharma. He asked me to say hello to him on his behalf."

"This way." He nodded. "How can he not come?"

There is no good air in the ink: "cooking."

"..."

Xue Zheng stunned a bit, haha smiled: "It is more important to cook than to clarify yourself?"

He also said, "I am really arrogant, I will go to marry him after the meeting."

"No, we have to eat after it has been scattered." Mo-burn said, "How do you want to judge, and quickly review it."

Xue Zhengyi said: "On the immortal, we followed the words of the party. You see this, there is another elder in this house. Before I came here, I specially asked him to refine several red pills."

"Xiazi Pills?" Shangxian heard a slight glimpse of the words, dyed the fingers of the cardamom Danxia and tapped his lips. "Is that the Dan Pill that allows the mortal to spit out the truth?"

"exactly."

Shang Xian was slightly surprised: "The material required for this Dan is complicated and extremely difficult to refine. It is in my peach blossom source that it takes less than half a month to make this Dan. I don’t think there is such a drug in the door of Xianjun. How can I not take him? Come together?"

"His temper is lonely, and he doesn't like to walk with people." Xue Zheng said, "Dan medicine has been refining, and pigeons can be sent to Peach Blossoms within 10 days. When you go to Xian, you can use the efficacy of the drug. Give the little ones the truth, and the truth will be white."

"..." On the first thought of Xian Si, the first time, "this law is feasible."

Xue Zhengyi sighed and smiled. "In that case, I will go to the prison and pick up another disciple."

"Slow."

"what happened?"

Shang Xiandao: "Before the matter was not identified, the ink rain and the Xia Shi reversed the suspicion. Even if there is a sovereign guarantee, this seat can not let him free."

Xue Zhengyi heard the words, and the slamming sound was combined with a folding fan. Although his face was smiling, his eyes were cold. "There is something wrong with Shangxian doing things like this."

Yumin Shangxian raised his eyes and a pair of red-red scorpions stared at him: "Shu Zunzhu is dissatisfied with the resolution of this seat?"

"Yeah, since the two men under my door have not been convicted, and I have a guardianship with the elders of the elders, it is justified that Shangxian will insist on holding them."

"I can't talk about it." On the cold, "I have not treated them badly, and the daily food has not been broken. It is only limited to the activities of the two of them. It is not excessive."

Xue Zhengyi is still laughing at this time, but it is already sneer.

"Not too much? As far as I know, the hole does not see the sun and the moon. It is the place where the prisoner is confined. It is really terrible to go to the upper lip and touch the lips."

Immediately next to the feather guards screamed: "Xue Zunzhu, please pay attention to words!"

"What's wrong, is there anything wrong with my words? I haven't insulted your family, and the things that are said are true, but they are less respectful and not too much."

The folks listened to Xue Zhengyi saying so, can not help but be more angry: "You -!"

A plain white jade hand extended and stopped him. Shang Xian raised his head and smiled at Xue Zhengxuan: "I have heard the rumors of the world. The Xue Zun, the singer of death and death, is a dagger. Although the mana is strong, the knowledge is slightly lacking, and it is even less fun to play. When I saw it today, I felt that the rumor had deceived myself. Xue Zunzhu, it makes sense."

Xue Zhengyi also smiled at her, but there was no smile in her eyes: "There is a rough person, and I don't mind the fairy."

The fisherman, the fairy, lifted his hand and took an orange. He peeled it off and handed it to Xue Zhengxuan: "Then you and I will take a step back. It is impossible for him to be free, but he will live in prison." It’s really not right. This seat immediately brings people out of the summer, the ink rain and the summer reversal in the Lingxiao Pavilion, that is the place to entertain guests. I just have to send someone to stare, can not let him two out Half step. How is this?"

Xue Zhengyi was silent for a few moments, raised his hand, and smothered in midair, eventually taking over the orange.

Although Lingxiaoge is a place of hospitality, Taohuayuan does not always have guests. Therefore, the pavilion has been deserted for a long time. Since Shang Xian was willing to let them move here first, Mo-burning plans to clean up the house first. Wait for the cleaning, and then go to pick up the night.

Xue Zhengxuan and He also had something to talk about. The ink burned under the stalks of several feather people, and went to Lingxiaoge together with Shiyi.

Lingxiaoge is located in the northwest of Taohuayuan. The outside is full of flowers, and the haze is like a brocade.

"Good place, so staying in this way is not wronged."

The teacher sighed: "How can you not be wronged? People are obviously not killed by you, but they are good people. Unfortunately, the master can't come. If he comes, use the day to ask for a trial, and there is no need for a red pill. The truth is It’s clear that it’s revealed.”

"Haha, the teacher thinks too simple. Heaven is a god, although there is a role in the truth, but the play does not work, all depends on whether the practitioner has a heart to interrogate. You think those birds will be willing to let my master Come to judge me? Will they believe?"

"...this is also true."

Seeing that the sun was coming, the ink burned and began to clean up the house, and the teacher helped me.

It is strange to say that when the ink burned the house, sat down and drank a little bit of tea, he suddenly realized that he was not stunned by being able to get along with his sister alone, and he did not give birth to any thoughts.

This cognition did not cause the ink to burn, and the tea almost did not spurt out.

Shimei was shocked: "What happened?"

"No, nothing." The ink burned and waved again and again, but my heart was bitter.

Did you follow Chu nightning for a long time and become a Liu Xiahui?瞧瞧 霄 霄 霄 , , ,

Sitting for a while, the idea of ink burning and hollowing out talked to him again, but found that there were fewer days to meet, and there was nothing to mention.

Raising his eyes, he suddenly saw the fine sweat that he had pulled out to help him manage the house. He couldn’t bear it, and took the piece from his arms and handed it to him.

"Scratch the sweat."

"..." The teacher glanced down and saw the ink-squeezing handkerchief, and couldn't help but smile, "Thank you."

Then he took the handkerchief and gently wiped his forehead.

Napa is soft and soft to the touch. It is an excellent silk weaving. After the teacher used it, he said: "I will take it back, wash it and return it to you."

"Good." The ink burned a stack of sounds. His welcoming to the teacher’s singer went deep into the bone marrow and became an instinct. "If you like it, you will not be able to."

Shi Yan smiled and said: "That's not right, you see how good this pup is..." He said as he unfolded his handkerchief and prepared to smooth the pleats and re-stack.

However, the slender and tender fingers wiped the body that had just been unfolded, and the teacher shook it, and gently slammed it.

"what happened?"

The teacher paused and raised his eyes and smiled: "Is it really necessary to give this parch to me?"

"You like to take it. Mys is yours." The ink burned very generously.

The smile of the teacher’s eyes is faint: “By giving flowers to the Buddha, you are not afraid that the master knows to smoke you.”

“Hey?” This time it’s time for the ink to burn. “What is the use of flowers to offer Buddha? What does this have to do with the Master?”

"You see it yourself." There is something in the teacher's voice that can't tell the truth. "A big sea bream flower, when did the master give you his own parcel?"

Chapter 74

"..."

The ink burns like a chicken.

After a long time, he scratched his face and squinted back and forth, and waved his hand again and again. "No, that, I don't know. This is not my handkerchief. Where did my handkerchief go?... I, I, 唉I really jumped into the Yellow River and couldn’t wash it..."

He stared at the silk handkerchief embroidered with a hint of jellyfish, but he couldn't remember how he would have such an object. Anxious to get angry for a long time, suddenly patted his head.

"what!"

"……what happened……"

"I remembered!" The ink sighed and took the handkerchief from the teacher's hand and smiled. "Sorry, this is really not mine, can't give it to

you."

Teacher: "..."

I didn't say anything.

"But this is not a teacher's respect. Don't see the sea otter is the master." The ink-burning handles are folded, and they are back in their arms. Obviously, they feel very relaxed and relieved because they have not mistakenly taken the teacher's sacred. "This is a summer teacher."

The teacher is thoughtful: "Xia Shidi?"

"Yeah, I live with him these days, maybe it is a wash, I took it wrong in the morning, haha, I am embarrassed."

"... um, it doesn't matter." The teacher still smiled softly and then got up. "It's not early, let's go, let's pick up the summer brother."

The two went out of the house and went straight to the prison.

However, it was not too far away, but the footsteps of the teacher’s sister gradually slowed down. At the beginning, it was not obvious. However, it

was cold and it was a fall of a piece of gravel. It was a slammed drop. Fortunately, the ink burned away and caught it in time. he.

When the ink burned, he was pale and bloodless, and he couldn’t help but be surprised: "What happened to you?"

"It's a good thing." The teacher relieved his temper. "It's less to eat at lunch, no effort, rest for a while."

The more he wants to mix and confuse, the more he cares about the ink, the more he thinks about it, the lesser he is, the more difficult it is to eat, the consumption of this peach flower source needs to be replaced by feathers. He was given to him, and he was shut down these days. Xue Meng didn’t have a brain and didn’t know the caretaker...

The more I want to burn, the more I don’t feel at ease, I said, “You used to be in the martial art, and you often didn’t eat lunch, but you never saw you.” Where are you eating a meal? Tell me the truth, how long have you been hungry? ?"

"I……"

Seeing him swearing, the burning face is getting more and more gloomy, pulling him and going in the opposite direction.

The teacher hurriedly said: "A burning, where are you going?"

"Take you something to eat!" The ink burns badly. When you look back, your eyes are very distressed. "I am not here, will you not take care of yourself? Every time you remember others, do something first!" What about you? Have you considered yourself?"

"A burning..."

All the way dragged the division to the wine cellar, and it is reasonable to say that the teacher is attached to the healing system. Without the token, it is impossible to come to the place where the invading department is used. However, since the 18th accident, people are worried. In order to cope with the unexpected situation, Yumin has long cancelled the prohibition between the departments.

"What to eat? Tell yourself."

"You can eat whatever you want." The teacher looked a little guilty. "I'm sorry, I thought it was to help, and finally dragged your hind legs..."

"I am sorry for you and me." The ink burned his hand and bounced his forehead, slowing down the tone. "A la carte, I will pay the money after you finish it. You sit and eat well."

The teacher said: "What about you?"

"I have to pick up the summer brother, the murderer has not caught it. Although there are guards near the prison, I am still not at ease."

Hearing the smoldering to leave, there seems to be a flash of light in the division, but he quickly said: "Buy two buns, I will go with you and eat while walking."

Ink burning is trying to discourage, and suddenly heard a burst of snoring in the wine cellar, more than a dozen young female repairers dressed up in a slap in the haha.

"The treasurer, I am asking you something." A woman headed and asked with a smile, "Master brother... Did you set the banquet for this restaurant tonight?"

"Yeah, yeah." The shopkeeper's eyebrows opened his eyes and smiled. These feathers have been clarified these days. The masters love to drink and love to listen to the music. Every night, they will find a wine cellar to open a feast. As long as the "master brother" is in the place, there will be a group of awkward female practitioners flocking in advance.

Sure enough, those female practitioners became more and more excited at once, and they were too busy to set the table. From time to time, there were three or two sentences floating into the ear.

What are you talking about? "Xiaofang, look at my eyebrows today, can you look good? Will the masters be happy?" "Good-looking, then you look at my eye makeup, but he will not be more beautiful. I feel that I am thin?", and what "you are so beautiful, the master will like you, I saw him licking you a few eyes yesterday." "Oh, hate, how is it possible, or the sister is temperament, the master likes it." It’s a talented woman with a poem in her sister.”

"..."

In such an extraordinary period, these people can still be intoxicated by a man like a haze. The ink burns the mouth of the mouth and turns to the teacher. "The buns are buns. We buy and leave, leaving you alone in this tiger wolf's cave. I am also not at ease."

The teacher looked at his expression and couldn't help but smiled and shook his head.

The best taste in this building is that I can't stop the big meat bag, and I bought ten cigarettes in one breath, all of them gave the teacher a sigh. Walking on the road, from time to time glanced at the sweet teacher, the ink burned finally relaxed.

But no one thought that it was this buns that hurt the teacher.

He had a weak stomach and stomach. The grain rice was not long, and the stomach was empty. He suddenly ate this heavy oil bag, and soon the stomach could not stand the pain.

This ink burned completely unable to pick up the late night, and quickly rushed the painful face of the sweaty shouting back to Ling Xiaoge, placed on the bed of the newly packed bedroom, went to the outside to ask the doctor.

I opened the medicine, fed the warm water, and burned it on the side of the couch. I looked at the teacher’s appearance and blamed myself: "I still hurt? I will help you."

The voice of the teacher is very soft and weak: "Don't...it's a good thing..."

However, the slender, slender hand of the burnt bones has been taken over, pressed against his stomach by the bedding, and gently pressed.

Xu is that he is just right, it is very comfortable, after all, the teacher did not say anything, he gradually relaxed his breath under the body's own care, and fell asleep.

The ink burned until he sank, and he was ready to leave.

However, he has not yet got up, but his hand has been caught.

The ink-burning scorpion is suddenly big, and the black light flashes with a faint glow: "Shi...?"

"Pain... don't go..."

The beauty on the couch is still closed, it seems to be a nightmare.

The ink burns in a dull position, and the teacher never asks someone to help him with anything. He has always helped others without paying attention, and only when he is asleep, will he be so soft and not burned.

Then he sat back on the couch and looked at the face of the nightmare with a focus on his face, while continuing to help him slowly lick his stomach. Outside the open window, the peach blossoms fell, and the sky was dark.

When I remembered that the ink burned and I finally agreed to the dinner of the younger brother, it was already midnight.

"It’s over!" The ink burned and jumped up, and patted his head. "It’s over!!"

At this time, the teacher also had a deep sleep, and the ink burned a step and went outside to want to go to the prison hole. In the sky, a blue light suddenly appeared, and the elders held a child in their arms. The children

were carrying a small crock in their arms, and the two descended from the sky.

"Elders!"

I slightly blamed the ink and glanced at it: "What happened? Didn't you say that you picked him up? If I didn't feel relieved, I looked at it in the past, jade... cough, I am afraid I will be in prison. Wait until tomorrow is bright."

"It is the disciple's fault." The ink burned his head down. After a while, he couldn't help but look up at Chu Yuning. "Teacher..."

放 Put Chu nightning down, Chu nighting holding a crock, quietly glanced at the ink: "Have you ever had dinner?"

Why didn’t he expect that the first sentence he opened was actually this, and the ink burned: “No, not yet...”

Chu night Ning came over and gave him the earthen jar. He said plainly: "It's still hot, drink some."

The ink burned in place, and it didn't move for a long time. When he reacted to himself, he had already hugged the little guy and the earthen jar and hugged it in his arms.

"Okay, I drink."

The silly boy was afraid that the soup was cold, and he put the robe out of the can, so the little body was slightly colder.

The ink burned against his forehead, and he snorted gently. The truth that had never been said in his life blurted out: "I'm sorry, I am not good."

Say goodbye to the two, the two returned to the house.

The robe has been rumpled and can no longer be worn. The ink burns the child cold, and goes to the inner room to turn a small blanket to the night. Chu night Ning yawned, holding a small crock to climb to the bench, is preparing to take two small bowls of soup. Suddenly my eyes narrowed twice, and my eyes fell on the meat bag left by the teacher.

"..."

Jumping off the stool, Chu night Ning squatted into the bedroom, looking at the beautiful woman lying on the couch with no expression, no anger or snoring, just feel that the bones in the seams are a little bit of coldness, so that the party is still warm A heart diameter freezes directly to the cold and waves.

When the ink burned back to the kitchen, Chu nightning still sat by the window by the window, one foot on the bench, one foot hanging down, and the arm was free to sit on the window.

Hearing the movement, he faintly turned back to his face and glanced at the ink.

"Come on, find a piece of firefox blanket, you are draped first, cool at night."

Chu nightning did not speak.

The ink burned away and handed the blanket to him. Chu did not pick up the night, but just shook his head and slowly closed the scorpion.

"What's wrong? Don't you like it?"

"..."

"Then I will look for you again and see if there is anything else."

The ink burned and laughed, and licked the hair of the late night, turned and prepared to find another piece, but suddenly found the crock on the table

disappeared. Can not help but sighed: "My soup?"

"Who said it is yours." Chu Yuening finally spoke, the voice is cold, "my."

The ink burned the mouth of the mouth, thinking that he had a childish temper: "Well, yours is yours, then your soup?"

Chu night Ning indifferently said: "Throw it."

"Throw, throw...?"

Chu nightning ignored him again, leaping down the bench lightly and turned to push the door out.

"Hey? Teacher? Brother, where are you going?" The ink didn't take the blanket, the murderer was unclear, and the outside was not safe. He quickly followed.

But under the peach tree, the small crock with the stew was still stupidly stuttered and not thrown away. The ink burned a sigh of relief, and I thought that it was always wrong to do it myself. The younger brother who was just not angry might be forbearing. He couldn’t help but find that he couldn’t help but anger.

So I walked over and sat next to the night.

Chu Yuning was under the peach tree, picked up his small crock, and ignored the ink. A person opened the cover and took a spoon larger than his face. He wanted to reach into the soup and found that he could not stretch. Going in, I couldn't help but be more angry. I smashed the spoon and smashed it, sitting there holding the jar in a daze.

The ink burned his cheeks and his side was on his side to give him an idea: "You are drinking directly. Anyway, we are here, we are not shameful."

"..."

"Don't drink? Don't drink me, this is the first time that my brother gave me soup, not to waste." He teased him and said that he would go to win the jar with a smile.

Unexpectedly, Chu Xi Ning slaps his hand and slaps his hand: "Go away."

"..." The ink burned his eyes and always felt that the feeling of this conversation was familiar, but then he smiled and smiled. "Teacher, I am not good, don't be angry. I originally wanted to come." Pick you up, but your Ming brother suddenly became unwell, so I was delayed. I didn't mean to keep you waiting."

Chu nightning is still holding his head down and not talking.

"Then look, I am busy till now, I haven't eaten dinner. I am really hungry." The ink burned his sleeves poorly. "Teacher, kind brother, my good teacher, beg you, just Appreciate your brother's soup and drink it."

"..."

Chu night Ning moved a bit, finally put the soup jar on the ground, slightly raised the head slightly biased, still turn away. It means letting the ink burn to take it.

The ink burned and laughed: "Thank you, my brother."

The small crocks filled with the fullness of the coffin, only a glance at the younger brother to eat very little, but left most of the meat to him, so much meat, soup is rare.

The ink burned for a while, the eyebrows bent, and Wen said: "Where is the soup, it is clearly a pot of stew. The younger brother is kind."

"..."

Not much to gossip about, gossip to take care of the teacher for a long time, is really hungry, not to mention the younger brother of the mind, but can not be wasted. He folded the twigs of the two peach trees, and gathered the gas to trim the rough branches neatly, filling them into chopsticks and stuffing a piece of chicken into his mouth.

"Wow, it's so sweet."

The ink burned with chicken and the eyes were stained with mist. He smiled and said: "It's delicious. My family can really do it."

In fact, this canned soup is not delicious, too salty, but for the sake of the younger brother, the ink is still very hard to squat, and soon eats most of the chicken, and Chu Yuning did not go to see him from beginning to end. At a glance, sit next to me in silence.

He snorted and drank a large soup. The soup was salty than the meat. The entrance was even bitter, but it could be tolerated.

The ink burned and picked up a chicken leg, and was about to put it in his mouth. He suddenly slammed it: "How many legs does a chicken have?"

Naturally nobody cares about him.

The ink burned itself and replied: "Two."

Then he looked at the chicken legs sandwiched by chopsticks and looked at the remaining bones that he had just eaten.

"..."

The dull man finally looked up and asked Chu Yuning: "Teacher, you... is it..." The second half of the sentence did not have the courage to ask for an exit.

Are you waiting for me, not having dinner?

This can of soup is meat. Are you waiting for me? When the soup is almost dry, there is only meat left. After playing it, it is only a little bit pitiful, and I thought...

I thought you had eaten it... I left some for it... I thought it was your craftsmanship, and made a good chicken soup and made a stewed chicken...

The ink burned down the crock.

But he found it too late, there is no more meat left in the jar.

Chu nightning finally spoke.

The sound is still calm and nice, with some tenderness and clarity.

"You said, I want to come back to eat. So I waited." He slowly said, no joy or no sorrow, "If you don't eat, at least ask someone to bring a letter, don't let me be a fool." ."

"Younger brother..."

Chu nightning still does not go to see him, sideways, ink burned and did not see his look.

"You bring someone a letter to me, tell me that you are going to accompany the teacher... Tell me that you are going to accompany Ming Jing brother. Is it difficult?"

"..."

"You take my crock, before you drink the soup, you talk so much, you ask me if I have eaten. Is it difficult?"

"..."

"Before you eat, you can see that there are several chicken legs in this jar. Is it difficult?" The last sentence is a bit funny. It sounds ashamed and still can't help. However, the burnt pear vortex has not yet melted, and it will condense.

Little teacher, crying.

If it is an adult form, he will not shed tears because of such small things, but everyone does not know that picking the heart will cause him to become smaller, but his mind will not be greatly affected, but it will eventually spread. If the qi is physically weak, it is more accessible to the child's heart.

This hidden nature is extremely difficult to detect, so neither Mrs. Wang nor the elders of the wolf were found.

"I will be hungry, and I will be uncomfortable. I am also a human being..." Even though the child’s heart has prevailed, Chu’s lateness is still suppressed. He silently whispers, but his shoulders tremble, tears. The cockroach rolled down and the eyes were wet red.

So many years, when the elders of Yuheng are forbearing, no one loves them, no one is accompanying them, they always do not care, and walk away in a desperate crowd.

However, only when the heart is infected with a few children's ideas, will the truth be told, then it will collapse, and the stagnation that has accumulated for so long will be spoken.

He is not not good to others, but many things are done silently.

But silently, no one saw, no one cares, time is long, it is also suffering.

The smoldering saw the little brother's shoulder tremble slightly, his heart was uncomfortable, and he reached out and touched it, but he was unconsciously opened by the other party without touching it.

"Younger brother..."

"Don't touch me." Chu Yuening is strong after all. Whether he is old or young, he wipes his tears and suddenly stands up. "I went to sleep, and you will accompany your younger brother. Give me a little further."

"....."

When he was angry, even the teacher was actually more forgotten than the age of the ink.

The ink burned open his mouth and wanted to say something, but Chu Xiaoning had already left his hand and quickly entered another bedroom, and slammed the door.

But in this Lingxiao Pavilion, there are only two bedrooms in one courtyard.

The original intention of the smoldering was to let the teacher sleep with himself, and he and the younger brother squeezed one, but the younger brother was so angry and lost the lock. It seems that the younger brother’s room could not go.

He is not willing to sleep on the bed of the teacher. What's more, he was accused by Chu Ningning, and he cried the other party. He was in a chaotic mood. He didn’t have the heart to think about those winds and snows. He just sat in the courtyard full of peach blossoms, holding the Chu in his hands. The night can bring the earthen jars to yourself. After a long time, he sighed and raised his hand to give himself a slap in the face, whispering: "Not something."

So this night, the ink burned simply with the sky as the cover, the ground as a seat, lying on the ground covered with peach blossoms, staring at the sky.

The younger brother... the teacher... the teacher... Xue Meng... The fake hook of Jin Chengchi, the murderer who has never appeared... The Chu and his sons in the fantasy...

Many vague shadows crossed his eyes, and he vaguely felt that something was wrong, but the feeling was too weak, and even if he had not noticed himself, it disappeared.

Recipe, Shining.

Raised his hand to catch a fallen peach blossom, and the ink burned against the moonlight and looked at the dark soul.

For a moment, it seems to be back to the end of the previous life, and I lie in the shackles that I had built before, and that day the flowers of the mountains are fading and dying.

It’s just the sea otter.

Sea otter...

Why he clearly knows that in the past and present, he loves the teacher, but before he died, he made a difference, buried himself under the jellyfish tree, buried in the tower of the Tongtian Tower, and buried it in the place where he met with Chu. .

Many things that I have done in my previous life, now I want to be shocked, live alive, and live longer, the more I can't understand why I was so cruel.

The massacre, the bully, the sorcerer... also forced Chu tonight and himself to do such things...

The ink burned away the peach blossoms, and covered his hands with his hands, slowly closing his eyes.

The younger brother just said, "I will be hungry, I will be sad, I am also a human." This sentence has been lingering in my ear. The person who spoke is a younger brother, but for a moment, the other person’s mind is reflected in the mind. Figure.

It was a man in a snow-colored coat. In a blink of an eye, the white robes turned into a twilight phoenix robe, like a ghostly ceremonial illusion with his worship.

"I am also a human..."

It will be sad and it will hurt.

Ink burning...

I will also hurt.

The smoldering suddenly felt a violent sorrow in the heart. It seemed that something was going to come out, and the forehead oozing fine cold sweat.

He closed his eyes and gasped slowly.

Muttered: "...sorry..."

I don't know who to apologize to, the younger brother, or the old man of the robes and robes...

In the bedroom, the teacher sat up.

He didn't light up, and the crystal-clear feet came quietly to the window, through the window slits, and looked far away from the petals lying on the outside, one hand still holding the ink of the earthen jar, the twilight was dull, I don't know Think about something.

The next morning, the ink lying between the flowers and the wrinkles wrinkled the nose, breathed a swig of fresh air, stretched out and prepared to get up.

However, the lazy waist did not stretch half, and the steep scream screamed through the silence of Ling Xiaoge.

"what--!!!"

The ink burned and blinked, and when he got up, the sight in front of him was so cold that he was cold and stunned!

The fifteen feather elites who were in charge of the Lingxiaoge were all strangled overnight, and the death method was the same as that of the 18th. Each person had a red vine in the neck.

- Hell!

The fifteen people were hung in the peach blossom forest in the Lingxiaoge. The red sleeves fluttered, the long skirts and the ground, and the body swayed with the wind blowing through the forest. It looked like fifteen dried flowers. It is 凄 诡谲 诡谲, yin and exquisite.

It was the low-ranking feathers who sent the breakfast. She was trembling with trepidation. The bamboo basket in her hand had already fallen to the ground, and the porridge noodles spilled over the ground.

Seeing the burning in the yard, the people shook even more, and slammed their hands and squatted something behind them.

The ink burned subconsciously: "No, you listen to me..."

It was too late, and the feathers touched the bruises on his back. The collapse of the curse is the first important way of communication for the Yu people. It is almost a moment, and the feathers of the peach blossom forest have turned their fiery wings down from the sky and black.

Everything in front of me made everyone stunned.

"A sister!!"

"sister--!"

After the death, there were screams and crying in the feathers. This vast movement has brought the monks of Taohuayuan to one after another. Exclaimed and questioned, anger and jealousy, and soon surrounded the entire Lingxiao Pavilion.

"Ink burning! What do you have to say now!"

"The murderer! The heart is mad!"

Those feathers are already angry and rushing to the crown, and they screamed sharply and screamed: "Kill the man! Kill him! Kill him!"

The smoldering of the ink is really a hundred words. He said: "If I am a murderer, I can kill them all, and why should I stay in this ridge? Don't you wait for you to catch?"

A feathery red feathered man screamed in a row: "Hey! All, it’s already like this, you actually, you actually have a face..."

Some people also angered: "If you are not a murderer, why did the murderer kill all the defensive, but not kill you?"

"Yes!"

"It’s really a matter of knowing people and knowing what to do!"

"If the murderer is not you, it is definitely someone who has something to do with you! Otherwise why he doesn't kill you! You say it!"

"eye for eye!"

The ink is really angry.

In the past life, he killed people like numb, and few of them dared to ask him "blood debts to pay for blood". In this life, he was not killed by him. Instead, he was smashed. This world is really... he closed his eyes and was What to say, suddenly a red glow of the sky flew over.

The feathers of the people fell from the clouds, and they looked around and looked very ugly.

"Ink rain."

"On the fairy."

Yumin Shangxian stared at him for a while, and went to one of the dead bodies, picking up the willows with blood-stained neck and neck.

"What about your weapon? Take it out and see."

"..."

"You don't want it?"

The ink sighed and his sword was a ghost. During this period of cultivation, I did not know how many people had seen it. When there were 18 incidents, there were a large number of people glimpsed. At this time, I took it out and compared the ghosts with the wickers on the neck of the dead feathers, which undoubtedly added another hammer to his guilt. But if you don't take it, then it is even more guilty.

The sound of "嗖", a fiery red light appeared in his palm, and the ghosts turned out from his bones, and the red brilliance bursting with smashing bursts. "Look at the fairy, then let's see."

Chapter 75

Everyone stared at the hell, and then looked at the flaming vines on the neck of the dead feathers, and they were more and more excited.

"It's you! It's exactly the same as when you killed 18!"

"Why are you going to take this hand?"

"kill him!"

Yumin Shangxian seems to be so troubled by such noises. She held the forehead and said coldly: "Mini rain, I finally asked you again, man, are you killing?"

"No."

"Good." Yumin nodded on the fairy, and the original burning thought that she would let go of herself, was relieved, and prepared to thank her for her deep understanding. Unexpectedly, the next moment, the feathers on the immortal will be lightly lifted, cold and cold.

"This person is also wicked and wants to argue and arrest."

The priest was dressed and neatly dressed from the house. When he came out, he saw that the ink was burned by more than a dozen high-ranking feathers. Some people were tying the sacred ropes to his wrist.

"What are you doing?!"

The color of the teacher was lost, and he rushed to the front of the ink: "What happened?"

No one answered him, but the corpse fluttering in the forest of Taolin had told him the answer accurately and silently. The teacher took a breath of air and took a step back and was hitting the ink chest.

"A burning..."

"Don't worry, calm down." The ink stared at the feathers and the fairy, and lowered the voice and said to the teacher, "Go to the uncle and the elders."

At present, these feathers may not be able to maintain their senses. If the Yu people do not care to tear him apart, he has no chance of winning with his

current strength. He must drag Xue Zhengyi and Yan to rescue the field as soon as possible.

After the sergeant left, the ink burned and stood still, and his eyes swept over the anger-distorted faces one by one.

"Pooh!"

Suddenly a spit of spit from the crowd, the ink burned sideways to avoid flashing, but the feathers who spit at him were very close, and he was still inevitably splashed.

He slowly turned back and stared at the pair of red eyes.

"You killed so many people, but also want to rescue the soldiers? I am going to kill you now!!"

Speaking of the palm of the hand suddenly gathered a burst of yang fire, throwing away toward the ink burning!

The ink burned to the back side, and the hot flame burned through his horns and squatted on a peach tree behind him, instantly burning the thick trunks.

boom--

The peach tree fell, and the flowers fell like snow and snow.

The ink burned and looked at the fallen tree, and turned to look at the feather people: "I will say it again, people are not killed by me. After 10 days, the red fruit is refined. If you want to seek revenge, then you will not late."

"After ten days? I am afraid that the whole peach blossom source will be killed by you after waiting for ten days!" The man roared, "You change my life!"

Once again, the ink burned away from his attack, but his eyes fell to the feathers of the feathers who stood by and watched. The other side did not mean to help. Ink burning is a sigh of anger in my heart, shouting loudly at him: "Hey! Old birds! You are the one who manages you!"

"..."

"Mom." The ink burned and she still couldn't move. She couldn't help but swear. "In this section, you are pretending to be dumb. Do you want to see if I am burned to death? I know that you are a bit of a stinking bird." I don’t have any ability, I don’t come to any **** peach blossom cultivation! I have to be wronged for no reason!”

Shangxian listened to these words, and moved slightly, only to see her lift her sleeves, and the clothes swayed like a color, and she slammed and slammed.

But it was drawn on the face.

Although the feathers are similar in appearance to mortals, they are still different in thought.

In the realm of comprehension, it is said that the head of a family, even if it is a small martial art, its head will not make a final conclusion when everything has not yet been conclusive evidence. However, after half of the feathers, the blood is a beast, and there is still a strong animality in the bones.

I saw that the black hair on the fairy had become red, and the roots were like the hot air that radiated, and she looked beautiful and said:

"Who is your master? I have taught such an unscrupulous apprentice! And put my mouth clean!"

She said that other feathers have screamed high-pitched, a pair of scarlet eyes filled with murderousness, approaching the ink.

A bang!

An orange arrow smashed into a flame broke through the air and stabbed the ink to burn the heart.

The ink does not dare to scorn, shakes the fire and smashes the ghosts, but the arrow is actually just a shackle. When he is biased to resist, a fat man who crosses the sword is out. Jianguang is like water. Go hand in the back of the ink!

There was an arrow in front and a long sword in the back. It was originally decided that I could not escape.

The people who know these half-beasts are finally killing their hearts, and they have a heart-thinking mind. They think of Chu’s previous use of the script of the day, and raise their hands.

The ghost was smashed in the air, and then slammed tightly. The blood-red willow was danced with a vague shadow, forming a powerful air mass with lightning speed, and the willow on the rattan became a sharp turn. A sharp sharp knife that inhales and splits the surrounding air and objects.

One of the tricks of Chu Xiaoning - "Wind!"

Take the vine as the wind blade, and absorb all things around you with spiritual power.

Involved in the wind, all are powdered, buried in the wind, the wreck is hard to leave!

"Ah!!!" The screaming of the people, the arrow that had been thrown before had already been smashed into slag, and her long sword was swept in because it was too close to the ink.

"Hey!" The sound of the metal break was sharp and harsh, and it was not reflected. She was sucked to the scarlet edge of the "wind". She screamed: "Let me go! Crazy! You crazy!"

Seeing the suffering of the people of their own people, the feathers of the people were furious, and the red clothes were on display.

In her palm, she had a very pure crimson crystal, and her sleeves were agitated, and the spiritual power poured into it. The peach blossoms suddenly surged and the vegetation fell.

A vain fire phoenix is faintly behind her, and the scorpion of the sacred sacred red is like a drip, and the original bright and unparalleled face is even distorted.

"The beast," she muttered. "I still can't stop?"

"You have summoned the phoenix virtual shadow. I am waiting to die now?" The burning face was reflected in the shadow of the fire and the phoenix. "You stop and stop me!"

"you--"

The feathers of the people rose slowly to the air.

"No--"

She sang a word, **** staring at the ink.

"qualifications--"

"with me--"

"On the request!"

As her voice fell, a loud bang broke out in the air, and the phoenix illusion cleared and screamed, circling toward the ink and swooping away!

"boom!!"

Another roar, more terrible than just now, as if a dragon has ended its sleep since ancient times, and broke through the depths of the earth.

A golden light and a fire phoenix violently struck each other, and set off a layer of horrible storms. The ordinary feathers with weak strengths screamed and fell to the ground by this storm. Some of them directly vomited blood and were thrown out dozens of feet away.

Ling Xiaoge once flew in the sand, and the wind was raging, and the tree planting in the house was razed to the ground!

When the dust smoke spreads out, a familiar slender back appears in midair, blocking the front of the ink.

"Master, teacher respect...?!"

The man smashed the snow in the white, the wide sleeves rolled in the wind, and the sound was slightly over half of the cool and clear face, and a pair of phoenixes swept over the ink burning.

The sound of the late Qing dynasty is so cool, like the clear water in the ancient well in the midsummer.

"Can you hurt?"

The ink burned and widened his eyes, but he couldn’t react for a long time. He just kept his mouth open: "....."

Chu nightning looked back and forth around him and saw that there was no obvious scar on his body. He turned his head and said to the feathers: "You just asked him who his master is?"

He lowered his powerful spiritual power and slowly fell to the ground.

He is even lazy to say a word, only icy and extremely simple: "The dead and the dead are late, ask your boss."

"What, what?"

Chu night, Ning, raised his eyebrows, and looked like Shen Yu.

It seems that the birds can't listen to them if they are polite. That's right. Anyway, his patience is running low.

"I said that his master is me." Suddenly, "You hurt my apprentice, can you get my approval?"

Although Yumin Shangxian is respected as a fairy, but because of its noble lineage, it is far from the true immortal. Under this attack, the phoenix illusion was crushed by Chu Xiening, and his arm was also scratched by Tian. She licked the wound, and could not see the thick black blood in her fingers. The face was very ugly.

"You, your mortal in the district, dare to be so arrogant! Also, who allows you to privately peach the flower source! How come you come in!!" She is a little crazy, "You don't know how to be tall and thick -"

"brush!"

The day asked to come out and smacked on her face, and she suddenly ruptured her mouth and blood.

"I don't know what is high in the sky?" Chu Xiaoning sneered, and the square was only slightly messy sleeves when he swallowed Liu Teng. Then he slammed the ink collar with one hand and stood up with his eyes, but his eyes never left the feather. The people are half an inch. "You said, I am not knowing what is so high?"

"You, you dare to do this, you -"

"Why don't I dare." Chu night Ning looked at her faintly. "I don't dare." After a pause, he passed the ink burning next to him. "You listen, this person is mine, I took it away." ""

The ink burned has not been reacted from the horror of Chu Xiaoning suddenly descended on the gods, and it was smashed by "this person and me".

"Teacher... Master..."

"Close your dog's mouth." Although Chu Evening still has no expression, but the ink can clearly see that his eyes are full of anger, "There is more than enough to make things worse, give me a mess."

Speaking of a slap in the back of his head, with him vacated, and then a few tens of feet away, when the ink burned back, he and Chu nightning have come to the suburbs of Taohuayuan.

"Master! My brother is still there -"

Chu night Ning gave him a look, seeing him look anxious, coldly said: "Teacher? The name of the summer?"

"Right right, he is still in Lingxiaoge, I am going to save him..."

Chu night Ning raised his hand and interrupted him: "I have already cast a spell to pass him to you, you don't have to worry."

Listening to him, the ink burned, and he lifted his black and white eyes and looked at Chu Xiening: "How do you respect the teacher... Come here?"

When Chu was born in Ningyuan, he was awakened by the shackles outside the house. When he saw the situation, he swallowed a medicinal medicine given to him by the greedy wolf and was temporarily restored. But at this moment, he was inconvenient and explained with ink, only coldly said: "How can I not come." Then he raised his fingertips and gathered a golden sea otter.

“The west floor curtain is full of flowers and thin, and the spring breeze goes to Qiantang.”

The eyelashes are drooping, and Chu Yuning gently blows at the sea otter that is to be placed, and the bones bloom in an instant. Chu night Ning's slender and cold white fingertips, whispered: "Go to explore."

The jellyfish flower drifted away with the wind and quickly disappeared between the mountains and forests.

Ink burned curiously: "Master, what is this spell?"

"Throwing flowers."

"What?"

"Throwing flowers." Chu night Ning looked solemn, not at all joking, "There is no name, you ask me, I took it."

Ink burning: "..."

This person is lazy, isn’t it like this?

"Your thing, the Lord has said to me." Chu nightning looked at the direction of the sea otter, the sound is as cold as the pebbles of the river, "this matter should be the same person with Jincheng Lake at the time. This In the peach blossom source, I am afraid that I have already laid out the chess game."

“How is it possible?” The ink burned.

The Zhenqi chess game is the spell that he used to make his peak in the past. After the 18th accident, he has tried to perceive whether there is any trace of this spell. Because this ban is often accompanied by the killing of blood, once launched, it is inevitable. Killing, so if you look closely at the inexplicable grievances, you will know if anyone has a chess game around

you. If the mysterious man really uses the ban again, unless he does the ultimate, there is no reason for the ignitance to be unaware.

Seeing the late night, the sceptical eyes of Ning slightly swept over, and the ink burned and explained: "I mean... This is a half-scented scent in the peach blossom source. How can people easily set up a ban on it without knowing it. ”

Chu nightning shook his head: "At that time, at the bottom of Jincheng Pool, the mysterious man manipulated all the ancient spirit beasts. Although the combat power of the ancient spirit beasts could not be compared with the beasts, it was not much better than the scattered fairy. Since it was possible to control Jinchengchi at that time, it is very likely that it will be re-applied in Taohuayuan."

"such……"

"Ok."

The ink burned up and smiled quite shyly, revealing a deep dimple: "Master, don't you want to let it mean?"

Chu nightning: "....."

The author has something to say:

System Tip: Hello, your friend [Xia Si Xiao Xiao Zheng Tai] has been offline, your friend [Beidou Xianzun Chu Yu Ning] is online, you have any difficulties, need any help, you can summon it to come around If you need to fight, the site damage fee is not responsible for the late night, please call in an open space, and ensure that there are no dangerous elements in the vicinity that will make the Beidou Xianzun scrapped [Tian Xianjun ink rain], I wish you a happy call!

Big white cat: Crab and crab "Pear" "咻咻" "I want to name the real trouble" "Do not spit the dead star" "Frozen fish" "Lin Feng" "Xback" throwing mine ~

Chapter 76

Chu Xi Ning has always been a kind of master who is very tempting and seductive. The ink is not a five- or six-year-old Kai Mengzi. Asking this kind of juggling problem, Chu Xi Ning is too lazy to take care of him, coveting and whispering.

The jellyfish flower he threw out exerted a blast spell and quickly explored the entire peach blossom source. Not a moment, a golden spell descended from the sky and fell into his hands.

"The ancestor abyss?"

The ancestor abyss is the place where the roaring out every day and the monks rushing to pluck the hair. Yumin said earlier that the abyss is an endless red flame. In addition to the roars that have lived in the abyss since ancient times, no matter who loses and falls, they will be melted and not even left.

Chu Yuening applied an enchantment to himself and his burning body to hide the traces and prevent the feathers from being aware.

The two went to the abyss of the ancestors, and they saw that there was no bottom in the bottom, and there was a red light. The cliffs were densely packed with thousands of different birds. At this time, these birds and beasts were sleeping, and their heads were buried in their wings. From a distance, it has become a myriad of intensive dots.

According to the meaning of Chu Yuning, if the Zhenqi chess game is set in the abyss, then what the feathers of the Yumin said, if they fall into it, they will burn even the gray, and they should all be compiled.

"How can you be sure that the fire below will not burn people?" The ink stared at the crouching light underneath, muttering. "How to look like it is true."

"First throw something down."

"Then I am going to play a rabbit."

"No need." Chu night Ning got up and flew, the white dress exhibition room was far away in the Taolin next to it, not a moment, he floated back like a nine-day 谪 immortal, with a peach in his hand.

The ink burns it. The peach blossom is naturally more delicate than the rabbit. If the peach blossom can withstand the so-called "flame", it is obviously no danger to enter the living.

Chu night Ning pointed to the peach branch, silently cursing, only to see that the burning peach was covered by a layer of soft blue light, he clicked on the abyss, whispered: "Go."

The peach blossoms slowly fall, one foot, two feet, ten feet, and one hundred feet.

The shadow of the flower branch is long gone, but the curse of the night of Ning Shi can make him feel the peach blossom situation. He stares at the eyes. After a while, the eyelashes reopen their eyes.

"Peach blossoms are innocent and feasible."

Since Chu Xiaoning was so sure, there was nothing to say. The ink burned with him and flew to the abyss of the ancestors. Both of them were not bad, and they went all the way to the bottom. When I saw the situation under the Great Abyss, even though the mind was prepared, the ink burned still felt a bit cold.

He knows what the red light in the abyss is.

I saw only a large number of wooden frames in the depths of the abyss. Each wooden frame was hung with a feather. The feathers were naked and bare, and the body was bloody. Each of them has a lingering red fruit with a glaring red light in his mouth. Thousands of red lights come together and look down from above. It is easy to believe that this is the red flame under the abyss.

Chu’s face is very unsightly. He knows widely about it. Naturally, this red fruit is the forbidden fruit of the color change in the realm of comprehension. Put it in the mouth of the dying person and you can take the last breath. Extended for 365 days.

That is to say, people who can be liberated in an instant can experience extremely long deaths. The original heart blinking will become endless torture, which is called Ling Chi.

The ink burned and stared at the jungle-like layers of feathers and dead people, muttering: "...lock the soul."

Taking the living thing as a human column, the grievances are forbidden. Even if the tens of thousands of dead souls are trapped in the chess game, they will not leak out!

It is no wonder that he has explored all kinds of things, but he is not aware of the swearing grievances of a few chess games.

The ink can't help but grow up, he is thinking, the fake hook in the last time in Jin Chengchi, and the behind-the-scenes black hand of Taohuayuan is the same person?

From the experience of Jin Chengchi, it seems that the fake hook can only use the Jane chess game to simply control the essence of the water. It should

only learn some fur, but this time the fake feathers outside the peach blossom source, except for the stupidity, the intelligence is not High, and the deity is no different, and even the performance of the feathers of the people, the level of the ban is completely high in the middle, is it true that the fake hook Chen Jing is so fast?

Chu Xiaoning came to the center of the lock soul array, where there was a stone pillar made of spar.

There is also a feathered man tied to the stone pillar, but this feather is dead. The lingering fruit contained in her mouth has already shrunk and the body has begun to rot. However, from her bright yellow gold silk embroidered robes, as well as her eyebrows with a star-shaped curse, can see her previous identity.

"this is……"

The ink burned and said: "This is the real feather people!"

"Not bad." Chu night Ning looked at the untidy column of people, and the thin lips whispered. "There are not a thousand people who have been arrested to make the soul locks. If the feathers are still alive, then How can I endure such a **** sea enmity. Not to mention that I only played against the outside of the fairy, but I feel that her strength is not as good as that of the colorful butterfly town. If I did not guess wrong... I am afraid that the plum people of Taohuayuan have already been destroyed, and those outside are It was a corpse controlled by the Jane Chess Board."

"!" Sure enough! Chu night would rather coincide with him! When the ink burns, he will return. Chu night, a wide-sleeve wave, stopped him.

"where are you going?"

"I want to tell my uncle about this. If it is, it would be too dangerous."

"I don't want to act rashly." Chu nightning shook his head. "Now people are in the dark, I am in the clear. There are many monks in Taohuayuan. We don't know who the people behind are. It will only make the situation more difficult." ""

"Hey. For a long time, Chu Zongshi is still so cautious."

A smirk with a few traces of playfulness came from the air, but it blew in the abyss of the ancestors like a thunder. The two changed their heads, and a fleshy, feathery young child swayed his legs and sat on a branch of the cliff. Seeing them turning back, the dead child passed his head, and a pair of eyes with blood and tears turned a few laps, and the corner of his mouth showed a smile.

The ink burned and said: "Zhenzhen chess game!"

Chu Xiaoning snorted, and said: "It is a white child."

"Oh, yes, it’s a white child." The child’s child smirked. "Otherwise, do you think I will be here with my true body? I am not stupid."

Ink burning: "You really are the fake hook of Jincheng Lake! You crazy, what do you want to do?"

"Hey, what are you, a minor repair in the district, and asked me about it? Ask your master to ask."

"you--!"

Chu night Ning wide sleeves light swing, stretched out long fingers, smothered the gas burning of the head of the smoke. Lifting his eyes, he asked coldly: "What is your dream?"

The people swayed their legs, obviously a dead person, but because of the control of the ban, like a marionette, they could not make all kinds of tricks.

"What I am trying to do is not a big deal."

Chu Yuning’s voice is even cooler: “Why did you sing three times to take my life?”

"Although it is not a big deal, it may happen that you need to complete the spiritual core of your little apprentice." The child smiled and said, "It’s weird, blame him for being very good. Even better than the master. You are in Jincheng Lake. I know that he is a wonderful essence of wood spirit. If not, I am afraid that I am more interested in the master."

His speech was greasy, so young and tender, and the words were adult accents. He couldn't help but make the ink burned disgustingly. He said: "I have to pour eight years of blood mold and you are caught by it. Nuclear, don't even think about touching me!"

"I didn't want to touch you." The child is still the sweet voice of the mad man. "I am also forced to chase you. The men in the world love beauty, and your teacher looks better than you. I am more willing to touch." he."

"You!!!" The ink is going to be blown up. "You don't dare to show up in a face, you will take the white ugly ugly thing all day, you also touch my master?"

But the little boy gave him a blank look. It seemed that he was too lazy to take care of him again. He turned his head and stared at Chu Yuning:

"Chu Zongshi, when I was at Jincheng Lake, I advised the Master not to pursue it again. But the Master did not listen, and told me to be so sad."

"Since I know this, even if you no longer burn the ink, I will investigate it and never tolerate it."

"Hey, I know you will say that." The child was silent for a while, smiled. "How do you guys, such a big master, have such a rib?... Well, since the master of Chu is not listening, then let me go, I In fact, I also want to see if your day is so powerful, or if my ban is strong."

Chu night Ning Jianmei angered, sullenly said: "Your picture, really have to kill innocents to this?"

"The people of the world are like the top of Huainan."

"what for?"

"Sour." The little child giggled. "Sick and dead, these dead and smashing people, one is sour, I hate it, I can't pinch it, I smash it all."

Ink burning: "....."

The sound of Chu Xiaoning is full of murderousness: "You are serious, no medicine can be saved."

"The master thinks that I have no medicine to save. I still think that the master can't be treated. The original morality is different, why bother to hang on it." The child shook his head and shook his head. "The master will be playing with me in the next game, and Jincheng Lake will count you." Win, Taohuayuan this game, the master has already found the abyss of the ancestor, I saw this white child, I am also a poor man, can not get the little apprentice around you, naturally you still win."

He paused, his eyes screamed, and he was laughing, but he squeezed out more plasma.

"However, you can protect him. I want to see if the master can protect him for a while, but can protect him for a lifetime."

"..."

"As for the secrets of this ancestor's abyss, it is best not to miss the two." The child said that the fingertips did not know when to pull out a golden and red wing.

The ink burned and said: "This is the golden feather of Taohuayuan as a currency?"

"Not bad." He smiled. "This kind of golden feather has been scattered throughout the peach blossoms. If the two secret secrets, they will leave on their own. Everyone in Taoyuan can be safe, but if the two are not guilty, take my trail. Public to the public, these feathers are attached to the

grievances of the feathers. Although they cannot be ordered by the monks, they can also dissipate them.

The ink burned and angered: "You designed it from the beginning?!"

"Is that not the case?" the child said with amazement. "Do you think everyone is as stupid as you are?"

Ink burning: "..."

Really, really mad at him! ! He admits that he does not know how to do things, and he does not understand the truth of so many advances and withdrawals. He can be said by this small animal. He would like to call out the ghosts and let the other side see. What is really stupid and rude.

"Chu Zongshi, if you say or not, you should be very clear in your heart. Even if they know the truth, but at that time they will be greatly damaged, I am afraid that they will not be grateful to Chu Zongshi in addition to the magic guard."

Chu night Ning cold and cold road: "You only heard it, I did not intend to disturb them now."

"Now? Haha, it seems that the guru was going to say it later, but it would be useless later." The child smiled and said, "When the monks leave, Peach

Blossoms will be completely destroyed by me like Jincheng Lake." When there is no evidence of death, you see who believes you."

Chu night Ning eyes cold and cold: "You are doing this, what is the face, saying that the ink is rude and ignorant."

The child did not care about the sneer of the late night, and turned up a few laps in the same place, suddenly a blast of flames under his feet, slowly burning the flesh and blood.

"When you catch me, tell me this sentence again. Chu Zongshi, I respect you as a gentleman, and today I will finally mention you, don't want to intervene again, you have to listen, let's... Will see you again..."

With a bang, the flame burst into bursts.

The kidnapped child was burned out, and a crystal clear white piece fell in the sky, rolling twice on the ground and stopped.

For a long time, I am dead.

"..." Mo-burn knows that the mysterious man behind the scenes is not vocal, but he is really reluctant to ask, "Master, really just go so? Can you have other ideas?"

"Be cautious, first leave the peach blossom source." Chu Yuning's face is also not good-looking, Yu Yudao, "Since that person has worked hard to make a lock-up, in order to prevent others from detecting that he is controlling the chess game, At least he can tell that he doesn't want to make things happen to everyone. I will pass on to him, and let him try to bring Xue Meng and Shi Shi to leave as soon as possible. Don't be amazed. As for you..."

Chu night Ning paused and continued: "Golden Lake and Taohuayuan two incidents, he is directed at you. This time he designed to plant you, it is hoped that you can get into isolation. This thing you Do not care, the Lord is the master of a faction, it is better to mediate him."

"What can I do?" said the ink. "You can't always push things to others, and you can do nothing."

"What can you do at this time? The purpose of the mysterious person is very clear. After Jin Chengchi's **** wood fell, he was always looking for the essence of the spirit to replace. You are the essence of Muling, the most suitable, but if you have not been able to get you He will also retreat to the next best, to find other alternative top spirits." Chu night Ning paused, said, "If he was found, I am afraid it is a **** hurricane, you have to stop him. ""

"It is true that the words are correct, but the master, the essence of the spirit is not so easy to be found, even if he wants to find a substitute, he must also..."

When the ink burned here, suddenly suddenly stopped, and suddenly raised his head, a pair of silky black eyes glared at the night, and said: "The little animal wants to find out who is the essence of the spirit, you have to Go to each sect to explore, and the monks will not release their own spiritual roots for no reason, only when they choose weapons or refined stones, they will perceive with the roots. So the easiest way to test the spirit is to sell weapons and spirits. Stone. We only need to observe more of the weapons market in front of the major mountain gates in recent days, and it is possible to discover the traces of the animals."

After saying this, he saw that Chu Ning was staring at himself with a thoughtful look, and he could not help but feel guilty.

"Oh... I guess."

"You guessed it well." Chu night said slowly, after a while, suddenly felt that he knew something more, so he narrowed his eyes and asked, "Ink burn. Do you have anything to me?"

"I, I can have something to swear to the Master." Having said that, the ink burns but the cold hair behind it is erected. I only think that the nightly glazed glazed scorpion seems to be separated by myself. A reborn skin that locks the true soul that curls inside.

Fortunately, the silence of Chu night is a moment, there is no more to say.

He faintly hangs his eyes, Shen Sheng said: "From now on, you will go with me to scrutinize the major sects. Not to return to life."

The author has something to say: Taohuayuan boss: I look at the face of this person, your teacher looks better than you, so I have a better attitude toward him.

Ink burning: mmp, does the author say that I am the best looking?

Meat package: Yes, but ah, first, you are still a young person, no long open. Second, although the boss is a straight man, but if he is a foundation, the attributes are the same as you, do you think he will look at you this pleasing to the eye, or the master is pleasing to the eye?

Ink burning: Is there a boss full of gas?

Meat package: Yes.

Meat bag (turned head): Xue Mengmeng, your cousin invites you to be a boss! ! !

Next, the main line of the teacher’s dog is about to start~~

There are no knives for the time being, but you should be careful when you see the memories. Anyway, there are only two possibilities for recalling the killings:

The first one, flying knife.

Second, pick up the car.

I will not make any early warnings in the past life. It is good to see the past life in these two places. 23333

Everyday thanks to all the big brothers who chased the text (/≧▽≦)/~

Chapter 77

After Chu Ning and Mo-burn left the Peach Blossom Spring, they went around to explore when the market of the big and small sects opened, and after a few days, they fell in a small town inn.

From Taoyuan, I finally got a rest, and the ink burned back to my room. Chu Ning was sitting at the table, lit up the candle, and carefully looked at the bright yellow halo. a porcelain bottle.

In the white jade porcelain bottle, there are more than 30 pieces of golden pills.

Fortunately, when he came, he brought the bottle of medicine to him, otherwise he really didn't know where to live with the ink.

"This is a new medicine for the greedy wolf. There are about thirty." At that time, in the Taoyuan cave, he said this to Chu Xiening. "He checked the books and changed some ingredients. One can support you to recover." On the 7th, the normal body, this bottle of medicine is enough for you to use for a long time, hold it."

"Thank you for the greedy wolf."

"Don't say thank you." He waved his hand and smiled. "I see the seriousness of the greedy wolf's face. I can't tell you how much you are curious about your condition. Right, he told me to swear you, this medicinal drug is not yet Stable, don't be overjoyed, or it's easy to fail, you can remember."

Chu night Ning was thinking about what he said, and suddenly heard that the door of the inn was slammed, and immediately closed the porcelain bottle and extinguished the incense that was burning in the celadon furnace. This slowly said: "Come in."

The ink burned just after the shower, draped in a fine robes, and wiped a black jade-like hair into the room of Chu's late night.

"..." Chu night Ning coughed, but fortunately his face is still faint, "What?"

"My room is not good, I don't like it. Master, can I make a floor shop for you tonight?"

Seeing the smoldering words vague, Chu Yuning is not stupid, naturally feels embarrassed, asks: "What do you like?"

"Reverse, anyway, it is... it is not good." He said that he secretly took a look at Chu’s night, and said, "The sound insulation is too bad."

Chu late Ning has always been used to high purity, frowning actually do not understand what is meant by ink burning. He draped himself in his robe and went to the ink-burning room with bare feet. He couldn't stop the ink, and he had to follow him.

"Although it is simple, but it is not easy to sleep." After seeing a circle in the house, Chu Xiaoning blamed, "How are you so delicate?"

The voice did not fall, and suddenly there was a fierce percussion from the wall. It seemed that it fell heavily on the ground.

The ink burned without face, and the matter was not worse. I took the Chu Ning's sleeve corner and said: "Master, let's go soon."

Chu night Ning raised his eyebrows: "What happened to you? Is there anything wrong?"

The ink burned open his mouth, but before he finished his wording, he heard a smile from the next door: "The Changgong is so annoying, I will deceive others, um, don't, don't do this... ah!"

"Hey, baby, the peony on your chest is so beautiful, let me smell it and smell it."

The wall panels are really thin, and even the ragged voices are clearly audible. The rough breathing of the man and the sweetness of the woman are mixed together and it is simply unbearable.

Chu Xiaoning didn't understand it at first. After a while, he reacted. A pair of beautiful eyes were widened, and then his face turned from white to red, from red to green. Finally, Tieqing said with a sigh: "I don't know how to be shameful!"

"puff."

The ink burned and did not hold back, and the low voice laughed behind him. Fortunately, the late night of Ning was very embarrassing, and even the same walks were the same, and did not hear the sneer of ink burning.

When he got back to the room, he quietly finished a cup of tea, which was barely pretentious, and nodded to the ink: "So swearing is really bad for practice. You will stay with me tonight."

"Oh." In fact, when Taohuayuan suddenly saw Chu Xiaoning appear, and the other party did not doubt him, he still protected him in a hundred ways. The ink burned was a surprise. At this time, he settled down and could not help but feel good. It seems that the cold face seems to be a lot more cute.

The ink burned his eyes, sitting cross-legged on the ground, holding his chin and looking up at the night.

"...what do you see?"

"I haven't seen the Master for a long time. I want to see more." The voice of the boy was full of smiles and his eyes were warm.

Carefully, Chu nightning... really looks like Xia Shidi.

Chu night Ning slammed him: "If you have time to look at me, it is better to wipe your hair, how to sleep when you are wet."

"The towel is forgotten next door." The ink burned and laughed, "Wang Shibang help me?"

"..."

Xue Meng had suffered an injury before, and his arm could not be lifted for a few days. During that time, he washed his head and all the helpers wiped it. The master wiped his hair very quickly, because he can control the spiritual power very well. The towel in the handle is quickly evaporated to dryness.

Chu night Ning coveted a look at the all-embracing ink, coldly said: "No disease, no pain, why should I help you?"

But still beckoning to let him come.

The candlelight is warm at night, reflecting the innocent young face of the ink.

The ink burned on the bed and was reborn for almost a year. It was the time when the boy was a child. In the past few months, he has grown up a lot without knowing it. Few.

This height makes it impossible for Chu Yuning to wipe his hair for him, so the ink burns his hands back, short and short, and Chu Ning is standing on the edge of the bed and staring at him. Long hair.

The ink burned with satisfaction and yawned and squinted to enjoy this rare peace.

There are occasional frogs in the window.

"Master."

"Ok."

"Do you know that I am in the illusion of the Yumin, I returned to Lin'an two hundred years ago and saw a man named Chu."

The action of wiping does not stop: "How can I know."

The ink burned his nose and smiled: "He looks like you."

"...there are more people in the world who are similar in appearance. What is so strange."

"No." The ink burned seriously. "He was almost a model carved out with you. Master, you said he would be your ancestor?"

Chu night Ning faintly said: "It is also possible. However, this is more than two hundred years ago, and whoever said it."

"He still has a son." The ink burned himself. "It looks like the younger brother of Xia, I think this is too coincidental. Master, do you say that Xia Shidi will be your lost relative?"

"I don't have a loved one."

"All said that it is lost..." The ink burned, he relied on Chu night rather close, can smell the reassuring jellyfish flowers.

It’s so good, no matter the life or the whole life, the breath of Chu’s body seems to have a calming effect on him. In his previous life, he returned in the **** hurricane, only to bury his face in the neck of the master. In order to earn that moment, let's breathe.

Whether he wants to admit it or not, he has become addicted to the atmosphere of Chu Xiaoning, and he can’t stop it.

He closed his eyes, and in such a familiar silence, he gradually let go of the gods, and some did not know what day and night.

In the last life, in the empty Wushan Temple, he killed the people back, drenched the rain, it is so sinful, but it is a homeless abandoned dog.

At that time, he sat down and hugged Chu's waist, buried his face in the other's abdomen, and asked him to caress his hair over and over again. Only in this way could he barely keep his inner madness.

Those old dreams have been separated from the front, and the past is like the sea.

It can be combined with the scorpion, and it seems to be yesterday.

Chu nightning sees this guy who has been chanting not talking, so he looks down and sees a quiet face in a dimly lit candle.

Although there are still some lush and tender children in the eyebrows, they are not childish, but the five senses have been opened and can see the handsome figure. It is like a flower bone that is vaguely revealed in the cloud steaming Xia Wei, with the freshness and vitality of young people.

Chu Xiaoning’s hand was slightly stunned, and the heartbeat seemed to be a little faster.

The ghost made a difference, he screamed softly: "Ink burns."

"Ok……"

The fascination of the ink is also vague, it seems a little tired, put the face over, and the same as the last life, leaning against the waist of the night.

Chu nightning: "..."

Boom. Boom. Boom.

The intensive heartbeat was like a drum on the battlefield, which made him feel dizzy.

Chu night Ning licked his lips, I do not know how to be good, but have to continue to wipe the ink burning hair, the last bit of steam evaporated.

After a long time, he lost his towel and smashed the smashed pieces in front of the burning amount. He said, "Okay. Go to sleep."

The ink burned open his eyes, and the black and purple scorpion had a shackle, and then gradually became clear.

He finally recovered, remembering that he had just relied on Chu’s waist in inertia, and Chu Yuning did not push him away. He couldn’t help but be surprised, his eyes widened like a Just a stupid dog.

Chu late Ning originally had some uncomfortable feelings. Seeing him like this, he couldn’t help but smile.

When the ink burned, he actually laughed. Although his smile was light, he really laughed. He couldn’t help but his eyes were more rounded. He sat up straight, with a slightly messy hair, and suddenly he was very serious. Say: "Master, you have a scent on your body, very good smell."

"..."

When he paused, he suddenly frowned. He seemed to be trying to think about something. Then he thought of it. He looked a little blank and muttered: "It’s so strange, Xia Shi is against him... How do you have this taste?"

Chu Xiaoning’s face suddenly changed.

Before waiting for the ink to react, he put the towel on the burning head and dropped the person directly to the bed. He said coldly: "I am tired, go down and sleep."

The ink burned cold and was not lost. He was lying on the floor for a long time, only to sit up, licking his nose, not angry, and got up and hit the floor.

The author has something to say: Small theater:

Tian Q: What happens when Xue Meng and the owner sleep in a room?

Meat package: Xue Meng can't sleep, he will spend the night, waiting for the morning to ask your host 2333

Tian Q: What happens when the teacher and the owner sleep in a room?

Meat Pack: Ink Burning Club Inn.

Tian Q: What happens when the ink burns 1.0 and the owner sleeps in a room?

Meat package: as shown.

Tian Q: What happens when the ink burns 0.5 and the owner sleeps in a room?

Meat package: This question is still used? Your master sleeps on the bed, and the ink burns on your master.

Tian Q: What happens when the ink burns 2.0 and the owner sleeps in a room?

Meat package: Oh, I want to make it spoiler.

Tian asked:? ? ? Say, can I put out the truth in the world? ? ?

Chapter 78

This evening, Chu nightning and ink burned together in a room, the ink burned heartless, and soon fell asleep on the ground, but Chu Evening could not help but some of his mind drifting over and over for a long time before he barely slept.

Closing your eyes, there seems to be a whistling sound of strong winds blowing snow.

Chu night Ning opened his throat and found himself lying in the snow.

……dream?

But why is it so real, as if I have experienced it at some point?

This is a winter season, the sky is lead-gray, the clouds are thick and heavy, coming from the distant mountains, all the way into the earth. The snow has accumulated a lot of feet, enough to have no ankles, cold in the cold, even though he is wearing a big cockroach, still stunned by the chill of the cheekbones.

Chu nightning looked down at the azure crepe, embroidered with delicate silky lines on the silver thread. He felt that this big cockroach was familiar, but this familiarity was fleeting and could not be captured very quickly.

"..."

I don't understand why I would do such a dream of living a sin. Chu nighting is ready to stand up, but the body is not like her own. He is still squatting on the ground until the frost and snow fall on his shoulders, and the eyelashes are condensed with ice. Still did not mean to get up.

"Chu Zongshi, the sun is dark, I won't see you tonight, let's go back."

There was a trembling old voice that sounded behind him.

The self in the dream did not look back, the footsteps sounded after themselves, and some people stepped on the snow and hit the umbrella around him.

Chu nightning heard himself saying: "Thank you Liu Gong. When you are old, you should go back to the water and rest, I will stay."

"Gentle..."

The old voice still wants to say something again, Chu said lately: "Go back."

The faint voice sighed, dragging heavy steps, and learned how to take a few steps, and then folded back, holding a umbrella for the night.

"The old slave is with the master."

Chu Xiaoning felt that he was blind in his dreams and stopped talking.

He couldn't help but be more and more strange. This is really a very absurd dream. Both the self and the old man are talking about an incomprehensible conversation.

What is "Kneeling", what "Liu Gong" is not the familiar comprehension world, it is like the deep palace courtyard.

He tried hard to look through the body and look at the scene in this dream from the eyes of the drooping. It seems to be like a dead or alive, but it is a little different.

The house is still almost the same, just adding a lot of extravagant little things. The cloister around the courtyard is filled with snow-blue embroidered stars, and the beasts are covered with octagonal bells. The

wind blows like a ring, and the ringing sounds seem to come from Hongmeng.

He faced the main hall and squatted. There was a row of guards in front of the temple. It was also a dress he had never seen before. I don’t know which martial art person.

The sky is getting darker and darker. The fishermen go out to a row of high-pitched palace ladies. They are fine-handed, and they ignite the two left and right bronze lamps. The lampstands are one person high, a total of nine floors, each floor spreads out. Seventy-seven forty-nine 盏盏铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜铜七七七七七七七七七七七七七七七七七七七七七七

When I lit the light, the head of the Omiya woman took a look at Chu’s night, and the yin and yang sneered in a sneer: "This big night is freezing cold, and who is so bitter? Who is the next time, you are enjoying yourself, even if you are in the wild, No one sympathizes with you."

How to let it go!

Chu Xiaoning lived to the present, who would dare to talk to him like this, could not help but anger, but opened his mouth, the voice is his own voice, but he could not help but say something else.

"I came here this time, but to stir up his Yaxing, there is something to talk about, and I want the girl to be wanted."

"Who are you, what do I want to do for you?" The majestic woman said, "When you are under the sorrows of the majesty, who would dare to disturb them? If you want to see your majesty, you will continue to squat, tomorrow. Get up, maybe you can still look at you with your heart, hehe."

The old slaves behind Chu’s night can’t listen, and trembled: “Knowing that your mother is a pet, but you don’t look at who is speaking with you? Is there no three-point German?”

"Who am I talking to? Who is the life and death? Who knows the most annoying thing about him is him? I need to be respectful when I talk to him! You have the courage to teach me this old thing!" , angry, "come!"

"What are you going to do!" The old man couldn't help but step forward in the first two steps, squatting in front of the night.

The lady of the palace gave him a look, and she sighed: "Turn out the two pots of charcoal fire outside."

"Yes!"

Someone immediately came over and poured out the charcoal pot that was born in the courtyard.

Chu night Ning thought, although this palace girl is hard, but it is not a stupid person. This day, the ice is strong, she does not need to directly interact with the other side, falling into the tongue. As long as the two pots of charcoal are destroyed, the yard is the same as the ice cave. Even the good body bones may not be able to withstand half a night.

The night is deeper, and the temple is warm and spring, and the songs are bursting.

Chu nightning is still squatting, legs and feet have been numb.

"Guru... Go back..."

The voice of the old slaves has been brought to the crying.

"Go back, your body is tight, you know the sire. If you are frozen, I am afraid that you will not send a medical officer to take a trip. You should treasure it yourself."

Chu night Ning whispered: "There is a residual body, why not hang it. If you can stop him from entering the Kunlun Snow Palace, I am not enough to die."

"Guru! You, why are you suffering..."

Chu nightning in the dream has been extremely weak. He coughed a few times, but his eyes were still clear: "He has today, I have been. I... cough."

The words were not finished, but it was a shocking cough. Chu nighting covered his sleeves and licked his throat. When he put down his sleeves, he saw blood and blood.

"Chu Zongshi!"

"I……"

Chu night Ning still wants to say something more, but the front is black, can no longer support, plops fall in the snow.

There was no confusion in the ears, like a sudden squad, and like a sea of water across the layers, so that he could not hear the hustle and bustle around him.

He only vaguely heard the old slave shouting in panic, a few words floating into his ears.

"Your Majesty! Your Majesty - I beg you..."

"Chu Zongshi, Chu Zongshi, he is going to die, ask you to see him, the old slave is willing to die-"

In the four times, the set was gradually messed up, the steps were complicated, and the lights were bright.

The sound of drums and the sweet voice of the woman suddenly stopped. It seemed that the temple door was wide open, and a burst of warm air wrapped in the warmth of the room rushed out. Chu Xiaoning felt that someone had picked him up and took him to the warm palace. A big hand touched his forehead and only probed it, and he was stabbed and plucked back.

Then, a familiar low male voice was in danger.

"Why not take this seat?"

No one answered.

The man was suddenly furious, and the screaming seemed to smash a heavy object. He groaned angrily and accumulated the thunder of the thunder.

"Are you against it? He is the master of the Honglian otter, the master of this seat! He is here, you have no one to come to this house? Why not!!"

Some people slammed down and shivered. It was the big maid who used to glory.

"The slaves are guilty of death, and the slaves see the majesty and the maidens, and they dare not bother..."

The man stalked back and forth for a few laps, but the fire did not increase. His black gilded robes swayed on the ground like a black cloud, and finally stopped, and the voice was twisted to the extreme.

"He is not good, afraid of cold. You don't come to report me, let him wait in the snow, you still... you also extinguished the charcoal fire in the courtyard..."

His voice shook with too much anger, and finally he took a deep breath and rumbling in his throat.

The sound of that sentence is not loud, and the killing of it is full of cold.

"You want to let him die."

The palace woman was so scared that she was eclipsed by the head, grabbed the ground with her head, and the front of her face was blue and purple, shaking her lips and screaming: "No! No! How can the slaves have such a mind! Your Majesty! Your Majesty!" ”

"Take it down. There are great crimes in the good and evil."

"Your Majesty! Your Majesty -"

The sharp voice was like a **** nail scraping across the auricle, and the dream began to sway and disintegrate in her screams, and the surrounding scenes were scattered like snow flakes.

"How much thought spent on this seat, only to take him back from the gate of the ghost. In addition to this seat, no one can hurt him even a finger..."

The hoarse voice is very cold, but it is because of the extreme coldness, which gives rise to some crazy madness.

Chu Xiaoning felt that the man was approaching and stopped before him.

One hand pinched his chin.

He opened his eyes in confusion, trying to see the person's appearance. In the dazzling light and shadow, he saw a vague face, the man had dark black eyebrows, his nose was straight, his eyes were black. Such as satin, the candle in the vaguely revealing silky purple.

"...ink burning?"

"Master!"

The sound suddenly became clear.

Chu night Ning倏 suddenly opened his eyes and saw that he was still lying in the inn's room, the sky was still dark, and a solitary lamp trembled on the candlestick.

The ink burned on the side of the couch, one hand was covering his forehead, one hand was on the bed, and he looked at him anxiously.

"how do I……"

For a time, it was awkward, and the dream was too real, so that he could not return to God.

"You have a nightmare, and you have been shaking." The ink burned for him. "I see you look very cold, afraid that you have a fever, but fortunately."

Chu night Ning snorted and turned to look at the slightly open window. The sky outside is still heavy and dark, and the night is still heavy.

"I had a dream, and there was heavy snow in my dreams."

He muttered a word and said nothing.

Chu Xiaoning sat up and buried his face in the palm of his hand. After a while, he sighed and said: "It’s about tired."

"I am going to cook the bowl of **** tea for the master." The ink burned his pale face with a worried look. "Master, your face is so bad."

"..."

Seeing that the night of the night is not snoring, the ink sighed and did not think much, habitually taking his forehead against his cold and sweaty forehead.

"If you don't talk, I will be willing to do it."

Chu nightning was slightly shocked by such a sudden relative, and leaned back subconsciously: "... um."

The smoldering was also a fool of sleep. He licked his hair like a previous life, and then he ran his coat and went downstairs to borrow the kitchen. Not a moment, I came up with a coffin tray.

The ink burns is not the heart of the people, Chu night Ning came to Taohuayuan to save him, but also protect him Zhou, no matter how much resentment he had before this person, but at this moment, always grateful.

There is a pot of steaming **** tea in the tray, and a small jar with Tujia brown sugar inside. He remembers that Chu night would rather not eat something that gargles, but he likes sweetness.

In addition to **** tea, he also asked for a white noodle with the kitchen. The taro is sliced, soaked in fresh milk and fried in a frying pan, sprinkled with a layer of frosting, which is a simple but tasteless snack.

Chu Evening held the **** tea slowly, and his face gradually became bloody. The white fingertips of the porcelain tires picked up the milky fragrant hoe, and looked at it for a while. "What is this?"

"I don't have a name when I do it." The ink burned and scratched his head. "Teacher tastes it, sweet."

Chu night Ning did not like the fried food, tired of greasy, but heard the word "sweet", hesitated a bit, took a piece close to the lips, took a bite.

"Well……"

“Is it delicious?” The ink burned and asked.

Chu night Ning looked at him, did not speak, and then took a piece of **** tea slowly eating.

A pot of tea and a dish of snacks soon saw the bottom, and the nightmare was also like this in the warmth of the snow. Chu nighting yawned and lay back on the bed: "Sleep."

"Wait a minute." The ink burned and suddenly raised his hand, and his fingers licked the lips of Chu’s late night, "Dessert residue."

"..."

Looking at the young man in front of him, he smiled openly, and Chu night couldn’t help but some of his ears were hot. He turned his face and said "Hm", he no longer cares for him.

The ink burned the dishes, went downstairs and fell off, and when I came up, I saw the night, and I fell asleep on the wall, and I didn't know if I was asleep.

He stepped forward and let go of the gauze with a light hand. He suddenly heard that he was late and said, "It’s cool at night, don’t sleep on the ground."

"that……"

Chu night Ning has a long, narrow eye, and wants to let him stay with him, but "sleep next to it" tangled for a long time and can not say, the tip of the ear is getting hotter.

Distressed, he didn't want him to sleep on the floor, he liked him not wanting him to leave.

However, a thin face is so thin that it is clear that even if it is open, the other party will only refuse himself. When the face is completely lost, it is only sad to imagine.

It is better when the summer is reversed. The appearance of the child is always more arrogant.

——But it’s not bad to burn him today. I even remember that when he was drinking **** tea, he liked to put on brown sugar. Can he think that it is actually his care?

This kind of thought made Chu Wanning unable to hold back some of his heart was hot, his head was dizzy and blurted out.

"You come up to sleep."

"Then I went to see if I stopped at the next door. I stopped going back to my room."

Almost at the same time, I said this sentence. After the ink burned, I realized what Chu Yuning said and slightly widened her eyes.

"That's better."

Chu Xiaoning almost answered without hesitation, as if he was in a hurry to cover up the previous sentence.

"Go back."

"Master respects you..."

"I am lacking, let's go."

"...well, the Master will rest earlier."

The youth left, and the door slammed open and closed.

Chu nightning opened his eyes in the dark night, his heartbeat was fast, his palms were sweaty, and he couldn’t help but scream for his own gaffe.

If you are alone for a long time, someone else cares a little bit, and he will make him think that it is a rare warmth.

Just like a fool.

He turned over annoyedly, buried his face in the pillow, and fell into a deep self-abandonment. I know that the ink burns like Shi Mingjing, and he is just a teacher and apprentice who is a colder, but...

The person in the dream seems to be clearly in front of me.

The same five senses, just more than the current ink burning seems to be older.

When I looked at myself, my expression was paranoid, and the water was so deep that it was unclear.

"Oh," the door opened again.

Chu nightning instantly froze, his back stretched tight, like a corner bow pulled to the extreme.

When a person walks to the bed and feels silent, he feels that the man is sitting down on the couch and returning to the place with some unique breath.

"Master, are you sleeping?"

No one cares about him.

The ink burned and he said it himself. The voice was very calm. It was like a family: "The next door is still screaming." He smiled softly, leaning over

his side and lying on the side of Chu’s night, his eyes. Passing over the person's obviously stiff and stiff back.

"Master has just let me sleep, do you still count?"

"..."

"Masters don't always care for people. If you don't talk, I will be a teacher and I will."

"……Humph."

Hearing the depths of the bed, the man’s cold voice was not light, the ink burned his eyes, and the black-eyed eyes were full of smiles.

If it is a habit to pamper the teacher, then it is a game that he is not tired of.

For the feelings of Chu’s late life, there is never a clear definition of ink burning. However, when I see this person from time to time, I will tickle my heart. I want to show my teeth, licking my teeth and licking it. I can’t help but cry or endure. I don’t want to laugh - although most of this time it’s just a vain wish.

But as long as the cold and snowy face, there is such a slight change in emotion, it is because of their own, the ink will feel extra excitement and excitement.

"Master."

"Ok."

"Nothing, I will call you."

"..."

"Master."

"There is something to say, nothing to roll."

"Ha ha ha." Ink burned up, suddenly thought of something, half is a joke and half seriously asked, "I just thought about it, I think Xia Shidi and the teacher are too much like, Master, is he your son? ?"

"....."

Chu nightning is probably too much mood for a night, and it is full of anger. I was so angry that I was so angry that I couldn’t help but feel angry.

"Hey, I am a master, I don’t have to be a master."

"Yes." Chu night Ning responded coldly. "He is my son."

The ink burned and smiled: "Oh, I said, it turned out to be a son - wait! Son??!"

When it was struck by lightning, the ink burned his eyes sharply and opened his mouth in disbelief.

"Children and children - son?"

"Yeah." Chu night Ning simply turned to the side, turned to look at the ink burning, a face is serious and fierce, not like a fake.

There are too many wrong things to do tonight, which may be suspicious. Since the ink burns to make this joke, it is better to make a bad thing. Anyway, the decision cannot make the ink burn to see that he likes him.

Thinking this way, Chu Xi Ning calmly picked up the dignity that he had just dropped, and Sen Ran said: "Xia Si is my illegitimate child. This matter is even in his own way. As you know today, you know me. Know, if a third person knows, see if I don't want your dog."

Ink burning: "....."

The author has something to say: 咩QAQz is really cold recently, don’t worry about the package.

Then let's see how everyone is warming up~

Ink burning 0.5: Chu nightning, you come to this seat for a while.

Chu Xiaoning: Do you have a queen?

Ink burns 0.5: Come, drag the queen down and blow it up.

Chu nightning:...

Ink burns 0.5: Now you are only here, to warm your seat.

Chu nightning: cold blood devil, roll it.

Ink burning 1.0: It’s so cold, I want to warm up, no one cares about me... then I still drink more hot water.

Feeding Fish 2.0: Nothing, I can bear it.

Xue Meng: Cold? I don't exist, I am young and strong.

Teacher: It’s so cold... You don’t wear a little more, you call...

Chu nightning: [This person is afraid of cold, nest in the quilt refused to come out] ... said what to do under the heating, liar, shameless!

Chapter 79

If it wasn’t for Chu’s late arrival, and looking at his serious appearance, he felt that he would really believe his nonsense.

Xia Shi is the son of Chu Ningning?

What kind of joke, is he really stupid?

However, the face of the master is always unsatisfactory, so in the following days, from time to time, the ink will be accompanied by Chu Xiening’s acting, making a pair of “Scorpio” and “this is actually the case”. “I don’t think that the master is so bohemian. Man", such a reaction.

I have to say that although I don't know what Chu Ningning wants to do, this experience is quite interesting.

The ink burned him three times, and he teased him. The sun was in the teahouse, and the ink burned it, screaming at the round and clear eyes: "The teacher respects the master."

Chu night Ning swallowed a Yangshuo tea and squinted at him: "Well?"

"Why don't you recognize Xia Shidi?"

Chu night Ning said: "It is not recognized, the fate has not arrived."

"When is it time to get the fate?"

"Look at him for creation."

The smoldering look of his inscrutable appearance, the ribs of the smirk are hurting, and he has to make a pity: "Xia Shidi is really pitiful."

For example, when the road is hurrying, the ink burns and folds a branch of willow. On the way, the cat is ridiculed and beaten, and it is boring, and it calls the night.

"Master respects Master."

"What is it?"

"I quietly ask you something." Smacked and said with a smile, "Women...who are you? Are you beautiful?"

Chu night Ning stunned, and immediately covered the past with a light cough.

"Yes."

"Hey? Can you only get it?" The ink burned and surprised. "I thought that I could make the teacher's eyes clear, and it would definitely be a beautiful woman."

"..."

The ink burned according to the hoe, and the dark horse of his own was close to the white horse of the late night, and he slammed it and asked: "Is there a relationship between Shizun and Shishen?"

"...What is the exchange?" Chu night Ning Yin glanced at him coldly, touched the upper and lower lips, and said, "Your teacher is dead."

Did you kill your wife and children in two sentences? The ink burned almost by the saliva: "Dead, dead?... How did you die?"

Chu night Ning no expression: "Difficult to produce."

"..." Hey, hahahaha.

If it is not the case, the ink burns that he must laugh and fall from the horse back to the ground.

This is an interesting topic, and the burning of the ink will not be easily let go. The next day, before the road, I washed a bag of fresh and full cherries, and I packed it in the hustle and bustle to eat on the night road in Chu, and then I talked to myself again.

"Master, can I know who the teacher is, what is the name?"

Chu Xiaoning picked up a syrup cherries and ate it quietly, then chilled: "The deceased has been stunned, knowing what her name is."

The ink burns from the goodness of acting: "The monarch has passed the path of filial piety, and the teacher-in-law is even more ruthless. When the apprentice should also remember his surname, the winter solstice is clear and clear, and worship is required."

Chu nightning continued to eat his cherries, faintly said: "No. Your teacher is not such a laity, do not like incense."

The ink burned and licked, and turned a big white eye. My heart said: It is obvious that you can't arrange the life of your own lady for a while. Actually, there is still a face that says that the teacher is floating out of the dust and not eating the fireworks. The face is still smiling: "The teacher is so refined, presumably also the person who cultivates the fairy?"

Chu night Ning paused, white-like frost snow fingertips took another cherry, chewed slowly, and said: "Good."

The ink burns with curiosity: "Which martial art is it?"

Chu Xiaoning estimated the age of Xia Shi’s rebellion. When he was still in Linyi, he did not waver: “The Confucianist Gate.”

"Oh..." The ink burned slightly. This is to give Chu latening a hole, Confucianism has always been respected by male disciples, although the female disciple has no ill-treatment on the martial arts professor, but never has the opportunity to show up, and never leave a name, so Although the Confucianism women's training is quite capable, but the rivers and lakes only know the four words of "Confucianism and female repairs", but no one knows their respective names, so they are not made to be verified by the late night. .

However, the smoldering is a person who is easily abolished. Immediately reorganize the spirit and perseverely ask: "When did the Master and the Master know each other, and how did they know?"

"This……"

Chu Xiaoning could not be compiled for a while, hesitating, his eyes touching the bright and sparkling eyes, suddenly realized that he did not have to answer his questions, immediately licked his lips, wide sleeves, cold voice, " For the private affairs of the teacher, have you ever asked so much?"

Speaking of the engine, the white clothes went away, and the ink burned far behind.

The two wandered outside for more than ten days, ran several small fairy doors in succession, and searched around the market's weapons and spirit stone stalls, but did not find any clues.

On this day, Chu Evening used the letter to send a letter to Xue Zheng, and after communicating with Xue Zhengxuan, he and the ink burned out of the inn, and went to the market under the gate of the lonely moon to check the situation.

Solitary Moon Night is the world's largest drug sect, and is also the teacher's door to Mrs. Xue Mengsheng's mother.

This fairy gate was built on an island called "Lingling Island", but in fact Lin Lingyu is not a real island, but a giant basaltic back. The Xuanwu Shou,

a million years old, had set a **** deed with the elders of the ancestors of the Lonely Moon Night, and humped the whole fairy to swim the sea, with its unique scent to nourish the island's tens of thousands of flowers.

The disciples of the lonely moon night have always been mysterious and uncontested. The martial art itself communicates with the outside world very often. Only in the first fifteenth of each month, the Xuanwu will be hugged around the Yangzhou port. At this time, other sects will come to the island to purchase drugs, and there will be businessmen. They sell weapons and stone, as well as some goods that are not available on the island.

However, the most famous one on Linling Island is not the lonely moon night, but the “Xuanyuan Pavilion”. Xuanyuan Pavilion belongs to the lonely moon night gate. It is a well-known business firm in the realm of repairing.

The firm opened twice a month, selling the top drugs on a lonely night, as well as the rare treasures of various sellers. Although commodities often touch the taboo of the comprehension, no one will eat empty and lonely moon nights. After all, the whole spiritual medicine of the whole comprehension is produced from this martial art. From some perspectives, the strength of the lonely moon night Not less than today's first big school "Confucianism."

"There are a lot of people here, you put on the cloak."

More and more people came to Linling Island, and Chu Ning himself lowered the hood of the cloak and whispered the ink.

Although Xuanyuan Pavilion respects the table, it has set up a box for each major martial art in the bidding market. However, since it is a trading place for selling and selling gray, in most cases, the monks often do not show the true face, lest people find out Some of the bottom, or plain white to get rid of the disaster.

The ink-burning and Chu-night-nine entered the Xuanyuan Pavilion. The pavilion is divided into three floors. The center of the first floor stands a nine-petal lotus white jade platform, covering the indestructible protective enchantment of Jiuzhong. This is where the exhibition will be shipped.

With Baiyutai as the core, hundreds of benches made of red rosewood are extended in four directions to the southeast and northwest. It is the most common seat.

The second floor is a compartment, each with a golden nanmu window in front of the compartment. There is a layer of gauze in front of the window. The curtain is woven by silver moon yarn. It is clear from the inside, but outside. I can't see the scene inside, which protects the privacy of the guests. It's just expensive, nine thousand gold each time.

Chu nightning does not like to be crowded with people, holding the golden leaves sent by Xue Zhengyi, the flowers are not a little bit sad.

The servants of Xuanyuan Pavilion serving the guests are all set aside with the owner of the house. They will not leak a little bit of private affairs, but even then, Chu Ningning is still not assured that he wants the best position

in the compartment and let the servant end Two pots of snow and cold fragrance, eight fresh fruit and eight candied fruit, four cakes and four sweets, and then people let go.

In the compartment, only he and the two were burned. Chu night Ning raised his hand and fell into the cloak. He stood at the window and looked at the moving head below.

"Listen to the Lord, this time Xuanyuan will sell the same weapon, the name is called back."

"Return?" The ink swayed and shook his head. "I have never heard of it."

"It is a god."

The ink burned and was shocked: "Shenwu? But Jinchengchi is not already-"

"I know what you mean. But it is said that this return was discovered in an unknown tomb in Wanshenling. It should be that when the predecessor of his predecessor died, there would be no children to pass, so that Shenwu would be buried."

"...It turned out to be the case."

However, Shenwu only recognizes the name of the Lord. When the name-giving Lord dies, Shenwu will recognize his son. Even if other people get the martial arts, it is difficult to exert their strength. In the case of ink burning, it does not make much sense to buy such weapons.

Chu Xiu Ning saw the thoughts of ink burning, and said: "Although Shenwu does not recognize the Lord, he can not exert his true strength, but in any case, the power will still be several times stronger than the ordinary weapons. These people will still be eager."

The ink burned my heart: "I understand the meaning of the teacher. Ordinary people rarely see a **** in a lifetime. Since it is said that this 'return' was discovered in the unknown tomb, and it is a long time, then everyone Most of them will lead to their own spiritual temptations, in case they are descendants of the original master? Try it and it won't be."

"It is true."

Insinctive thoughts: "There is a hard time seeing God, but at this time there is an unowned out bidding. How do you look like the number of fake hooks, take a high imitation fake to deceive everyone to release spiritual power, so that he can I know that everyone in the room has the essence of what he is looking for."

Chu night Ning Shi Shiran sat down on a soft chair, took a sip of cold snow, and slowly finished drinking. He looked at the crowd of people below,

whispered: "It is true. Whether this martial art is true or false, is it a fake bureau, it is always wrong to explore."

The voice fell, and I heard the next generation.

Chu nightning and ink burning down, all are slightly怔

I saw the Golden Gate of Xuanyuan Pavilion, a bonnet-covered monk, two rows of blue clothes flying, the young boy with the head of the jade crown came down, the head of the man was slender, the heroic and handsome, not for the black market. The path is covered.

The ink burned and wondered: "Leaves forget?"

The author has something to say: The small theater "Welcome to the Sotheby's auction, what do you most want to see at the auction?》

Ink burning: a medicine that can make people no longer dream.

Chu Xiaoning: I don't have anything I want. I heard that there is a famous black gold knife next door next door, which can be used to give Xue Meng a god, then the black gold knife. (Oh, I know that you are Zhang Qiling’s wrong place, the next one.)

Xue Meng: Black gold ancient knife (Zhang Qiling, you can't go!!)

Teacher: Black...

Meat bag: Shut up! !

Teacher: Black pot eliminator, I haven't finished yet.

Meat pack: ...oh.

Mei Hanxue: Selling beauty? Since the ancient black market trading line will sell a variety of beautiful people, I have to look good, take it back and put it in the palace as an ornament.

Ye Forgiveness: (Tuen Mun) ... all against the wall, kneel down. Policemen.

Chapter 80

The comer was the sorrowful gentleman who had lived in the same hospital in the past.

Today, he wore a crane with a blue silk embroidered in the blue of Confucianism, with a blue-brown hair band and a silver bead with a beast and a bead. Perhaps because of the unloading of the armor, although the British eye is still in the eyebrows, Added a bit of elegant meaning.

The general manager of Xuanyuan Pavilion will come up and bow down and say: "Ye Xianjun."

Ye forgets to nod and said: "I came to bid for the same thing in the life of the righteous father, and the troublesome general led me upstairs."

"The owner of the cabinet knows that Xianjun is here, and the private room of the Confucianist Gate has already been prepared, and this will take you up."

The leaves of the past took the ten disciples of the Confucianism to go upstairs, leaving a crowd of people in the hall whispering.

"The Confucianist people are here today?"

"Who is that fairy? I have never seen it before..."

The ink burns one side of the heart. You have never seen him. Naturally, there are reasons for not seeing it. I couldn't help but wonder, all the way to see the back of the leaf disappeared at the corner, this said to Chu night Ning: "Master, you used to wait for the Confucianism, know this Ye Xianjun?"

"I don't know." Chu Xiaoning frowned slightly. "But I always feel that there are some good things..." He paused, closed his eyes and thought for a while, still shaking his head. "I can't think of it."

The ink burned and screamed: "This Ye Xianjun was in the same hospital with me in Taohuayuan. The strength is not bad. Now I am replacing the Confucianism to bid for things. I want to be in the martial art. The teacher does not know him?"

"The Confucianism Gate has a total of seventy-two cities, and the staff is scattered. I don't like to move around, and I don't bother to ask about things inside the door, so it's not surprising that I don't know him."

The two are talking, the third floor of the Confucianism door box lit up the bright yellow candlelight, presumably the Ye forgets the pedestrian has

already entered the seat. The highest level of this Xuanyuan Pavilion is reserved for the major sects, but there are very few times when it is used on weekdays. Therefore, everyone has looked up and looked very strange.

With the open participation of Confucianism, everyone’s expectations for this bidding conference have been raised several times. After the scene of a cup of tea, the central white jade lotus table suddenly shines brightly. The Xuanyuan Pavilion has a red satin on the top of the dome, a snow-colored crepe, and a pretty girl with only eleven or two years old. With bare feet, pulling the ribbon from the air, it fell lightly on the cool white jade lotus platform.

"You have been waiting for a long time, I am the second cabinet owner of Xuanyuan Pavilion." The pretty little girl smiled and said, "Because the people can see it, they have come to the meeting from all corners of the country. Xuanyuan Pavilion has always adhered to the convention, the best treasures. Give back to you."

The ink-burning ear is good. I heard someone talking about it below: "The second cabinet owner of Xuanyuan Pavilion turned out to be a little girl who was not stinky?"

"Hey, brother, you really haven't seen it. How many years old do you know this little girl?"

"Ten?15? There can't be twenty years old."

"Oh, silly eyes, you are more than a hundred people, you call her too grandma is almost the same, but also a little girl."

"What?! Liu brother, are you teasing me? How can this little thing be a hundred years old!"

"This is a lonely moon night, the world's first drug, what is impossible, but it is a young man who is always young."

"Wow--"

The low-pitched person must have come for the first time. After listening to these words, he excitedly stretched his neck and couldn’t help but carry his purse. He couldn’t wait to know that Xuanyuan Pavilion would come up with something. What medicine treasures are available for sale.

The second cabinet owner did not disappoint everyone. With one of her fingers, the center of Shilian cracked a hole, and a small piece of rosette slowly rose, with five palm-sized velvet boxes on each, each box They are all opened in a broad manner, revealing pills with a mother-of-pearl glow inside.

Someone immediately shouted with a smile: "Is this not an infatuation? What is unusual?"

"That is, even if the first one is sold out, it is not a rare treasure, and you can't use the infatuation pills to make up the number."

The second cabinet owner heard the following embarrassment, and he was not angry. Instead, he smiled and bent his eyes. Lang said: "You are really good eyesight. This is indeed a good love. But as everyone knows, the infatuation is difficult, but it is not what. Very rare things, it is impossible for my Xuanyuan Pavilion to take ordinary items to entertain guests."

She said, picked up one of the boxes, held it in the palm of her hand and slammed the box off.

Although the distance between the people was far and near, but the mirror was prepared in front of them, the details of the treasures could be seen in the autumn, and then the snake-shaped coat of arms on the lid was noticed.

"The cold scale holy hand?!" Someone took a breath of air.

The second cabinet owner smiled and said: "Yes, these five boxes of infatuation pills, each box is out of the self-study elders - the cold stove sage in the Dan furnace. The ordinary infatuation pills can confuse people, so that the users are obsessed with themselves, but the utility It can only last for half a year, and it is very easy to prepare the corresponding antidote. But these five..." Her delicate fingertips will hold up the box and be careful. "It can be used for ten years and there is no medicine to solve." ""

"what?"

"Scorpio, how is this possible..."

"The cold scales are really terrible..."

The second cabinet owner waited for the following snoring to calm down a little, and then smiled again: "In order to distinguish it from the ordinary infatuation pill, the cold scale sage hand will name these five medicinal herbs to love the pill. Just buy the next one and integrate it into the water to persuade people. Drink, for ten years, keep the other side in love with you, and never waver."

A female repairer asked in a loud voice below: "Is there really no antidote after this meal can be solved? I don't like him after ten thousand years, I don't want him to keep entangled me. ?"

Everyone was eating and laughing. The second cabinet owner also smiled politely and said: "The girl said very much, so Xuanyuange reminded everyone here that there is no medicine in the world, unless the ten-year period expires, otherwise it can be broken. If not It’s not hard to get along with it, or you have to give the other person a good medicine."

After the introduction of the book, it began to bid for price. The people who burned and looked at the price of the following ones were mostly women, and they couldn’t help but swear.

"It's terrible."

"Not bad. The feelings earned so much are really boring."

Hearing the response of Chu Yuening, the ink burned back and looked at him back and forth. He smiled and said: "You must be careful when you are respected. You are so good-looking. I am afraid that there is a woman who has mixed up in the dead, buy it and sneak it down. You want to love her in the water you drink. But you are a married woman, but you can't be better with others."

"..."

This person said a joke to him, Chu nightning wants to be angry, but for the first time in his life, he heard that he was good-looking, and he could not get angry. He then turned his lips into a cold line, and he was too lazy to take care of him.

"But I really ate this medicine for the other party. I definitely liked the other person's disappointment." The ink burned, and the five boxes of medicinal herbs were quickly bought. They sighed and shook their heads. "It's pitiful." ”

Chu Yuening stared at the white wall for a while, then calmly said: "If you really like each other, how can you bear to give him such a medicine. You are still small, some things, you do not understand."

I'm still young?

The ink burned over the head and smiled deeply. "I don't understand, the Master understands it. Is the Master still planning to talk to me about the teacher?"

"Go away."

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha."

In the middle of the laugh, the second item was placed on the booth.

“貘香露.” The second cabinet owner introduced it to the cold. “It’s still from the furnace of the cold scale sage. This is the latest medicine made by the cold scale. The disciples of the lonely moon have tried it, very easy to use.”

The monk is quite cultural: "Ink fragrance?"

Monk B is a little hungry: "馍香露?"

The monk is fascinated by the cyan: "Touch the dew?"

Chu night Ning slightly thought, the eyelashes trembled, and went to the five porcelain bottles on the stage: "Xiangxianglu... What are you eating?"

The second cabinet owner did not deliberately drop the meaning of everyone's appetite. When everyone saw it confused, he immediately explained with a smile: "The reason why it is called 貘香露 is because the medicinal material uses the claw-tip blood of the nightmare of the exotic animal food. Drinking in the tea can last for seven days, and it is a good dream for the day. This is of little significance to ordinary monks, but because of the influence of the mind and the cultivation, some of the fairy dreams are constant and rare, and it is easy to stay in bed. It’s a fire, so this fragrance is the best choice.”

Chu Xiaoning listened, and suddenly thought of the realistic dream that he had done before. Although it was not a nightmare, it did make him vaguely uneasy...

The second cabinet owner is still sparing no effort to push her medicine: "In addition, this scented scented scent also has the effect of conditioning the aura and helping the practice."

Chu nightning is still thinking deeply, not moving.

"If there are children in the family who are practicing, the fragrant dew is also very good for them. The cold scale sage thinks that there should be a teacher to buy for the child repair, and the five bottles of musk dew are made into five flavors. The red bottle is Lychee flavor, yellow bottle is orange flavor, white bottle is lactose flavor, purple bottle is grape flavor, black bottle is mulberry flavor. These sweet taste is very pure, tastes better than ordinary candy, and once, the taste can stay between the lips and teeth It was wonderful all day long."

The voice just fell, and a silver sign was placed on the second floor.

Because the second floor and the third floor are far away, the price is inconvenient. Therefore, the price is written on the silver sign, and then the sign is thrown away. Those silver marks are covered with the spell and will be accurately floated in front of the owner.

The two cabinet owners seized the floating sign and took a look: "....."

At the same time, in the room, Chu nightning casually put the used brush off, sipping tea leisurely, the ink burning next to him, could not help but pumping the mouth.

The voice of the second cabinet downstairs sounded up: "The second floor of the Tianzihaoya seat, bidding for 500,000 gold, is there a fare increase?"

This statement came out, and it’s all four.

This fragrant scent is good, but obviously there is no popular love. The five boxes of love have sold a total of 300,000 gold, and the five bottles of dew have to be 500,000. This price is already high.

"Which is the little son of the little son who wants to buy it." Someone shouted.

"It must be bought for the rich family to cultivate."

Some of the crowds who have suffered from the ravages of the fire have stunned their hearts: "The five bottles are packed, I am out of 550,000."

"Xiang Xianglu, the price is now 550,000, and there is not -"

The words of the second cabinet owner were not finished, and a silver sign was floated in the air, which was still left on the second floor of the Tianzi. She glanced at it and couldn't help but widen her eyes.

"Sorry, I have misunderstood it before. Correct it here. The guest on the second floor of the party said that a bottle of him out of 500,000, a total of 2.5 million..."

This price will not be robbed with Chu after the fool, watching the attendant send five bottles of fragrant dew, and I feel that the whole person is not very good.

Two hundred and fifty thousand...

Chu night, he bought a dessert...

Feeling smoldering in a ghostly look, Chu night never asked quietly: "What?"

"Ah, haha, nothing, just think that Master will like this kind of thing."

"How can I like children's toys?" Chu night Ning An Ran said, "Buy to Xia Shi reverse."

"..."

Installed.

I burned my eyebrows and I saw how you can hold it.

The items sold are taken out one by one, and the latter is a rare elixir or treasure, but it has no value for both the ink and the Chu Ning. The two will drink tea while waiting for Shenwu. The appearance of "return".

The ink burned against the window, and the black shirt wrapped around his thin waist. He looked more shoulder-length and long-legged. He looked at the lively situation below and looked up at the Confucian door box on the upper floor.

"To the Master, how is the uncle of Peach Blossoms settled? You haven't told me carefully yet."

"It's not a flat. It can't be too big, it's going to be a stunned snake. The Lord knows the truth but can't stretch it, but he and Yumin turned their faces and brought the teacher and Xue Meng back to the dead." Noisy, a few disciples of the disciples are in the eyes, some people think that the peach blossom source is not reliable, has left. This leaf must have been like this." Chu nightning finished eating a piece of Dan Guihua cake, and reached out Go and get the second one. "The Lord said that you have made a fuss, and you are closing your door after the death, so you can cover up your whereabouts for a while."

The ink burned and scratched his head: "It sounds very troublesome, it’s really hard uncle..."

Just squatting, the Xuanyuan Pavilion on the nine-fold lotus platform suddenly cleared the scorpion with amplifying sound, and the sound of Kunshan's jade-like sound spread instantly through every inch of the gap.

“The next sale is an extremely rare top prize, and it can be ranked in the top ten of the three-year auction illustrations.”

Only this sentence, four dead.

After a long while, like pouring a spoonful of water into the hot oil pan, the sizzling sound will blow up. Almost everyone is exposed to the light and whispering.

Xuanyuan Pavilion can be ranked in the top ten in three years of sales. How is this level of baby? This kind of thing is not to say that it is bought. For many people, it is a great fortune to see it once in a lifetime. Buyers are getting more and more excited, and the tension in the air is even within reach.

The following people are looking forward to the eagerly awaiting, and the people in the box have also squinted and gaze at the lotus platform.

Ink burns and whispers: "Is it a return?"

Chu Xiaoning did not speak.

As the center of Shitai was cracked again, the clear voice of Xuanyuange’s second cabinet reverberated.

"Please take this treasure, the skeletal beauty seat."

"what?"

The ink burned and shook the window with a hand: "Not a god?!"

Chu nightning did not expect that it would be like this. He suddenly got up and came to the side of the ink, and looked downstairs with him. I saw a stone couch slowly rising from the center of the lotus platform. On the couch, there were eight thick wrist chains that locked in a struggling living thing. But the living thing was covered with felt. No one could see what was going on underneath.

But this does not affect the atmosphere of boiling and excitement.

"Butterfly Beauty Seat", regardless of appearance, has already become famous in the world.

During the period of Hongmeng, the heavens and the earth were not divided, and the Mozu and the Terran lived together on the continent of comprehension. At that time, there was a demon called "Sphenoidal", and their strength was not high, but the body contained a great aura. Directly

eating the flesh and blood of the 蝶骨族, or with them, can help people to cultivate greatly, people without roots can build the foundation in an instant, and people with roots can even advance to the master. Because of this, the sphenoid bones were devastated in the early days of the war between the heavens and the earth. They were not arrested as slaves, but directly killed meat and blood.

Nowadays, there is no real sphenoid bone in the world, but there are still squats in the sea, and most of them have no effect on bone blood, which is no different from ordinary monks. However, there are still very few people who will return to their ancestors. The flesh and blood of those people are not as strong as the ancestors of the flood, but they can still greatly enhance the monk's endowment.

These people are called "Sphenoid Beauty", and this "seat" has two meanings.

pillow mat. Or a banquet.

It means that you can put them in the pillows, or eat them lively. The former, the latter, depends on the buyer's good.

Those who have returned to the ancestors of the sacred bones do not regard them as "people". Although they are no different from ordinary people, they are defined as "commodities" by the realm of self-cultivation. Therefore, although the sale of the skeletal beauty seat is horrible, it has not violated any taboos.

It’s just a master who is as clear as Chu’s late night, and his face is hard to read.

"This sphenoidal beauty seat is not a lunar month, but it is commissioned for sale. Therefore, Xuanyuan Pavilion will charge 30% of the transaction price as a commission. Please count the amount when you are bidding, and do your best."

After the second cabinet owner said, he made a crisp finger and the felt cloth covering the couch fell.

In the pavilion, the moment is silent.

Everyone was staring at the body locked by the chain on the stone couch, the large Xuanyuan Pavilion, and even the breath and heartbeat were almost audible.

It was a young woman with a satin and a skinny snow. She wore silky long hair, covered in red/naked, wrapped in a layer of transparent crepe, and the full-bodied body shivered slightly, like a frozen new snow, soaked in jelly, shining in the light. luster.

The eight-way chain clasped her delicate body, and as she struggled, she squeaked, but it was easy to locate the beasts/desires of men. Even if you

read countless people, you will not hesitate to admit that this woman is a wonderful man in the world.

"Excellent top grade. It is the female sphenoidal beauty seat of the cardamom." The second cabinet owner smiled and laughed, stepped forward to unlock a chain, and before the woman resisted, she flashed her wrist and lifted it into the air. "The ceremonial sand under the cold scale sacred hand is good to teach you to see. She is a virgin."

The girl’s mouth was covered with white cloth, and the poor voice of the sly voice could not be said. Only the big tears rolled down the corner of the eye. The golden tears undoubtedly showed her sphenoid Return to the ancestry.

Some people are snoring and some are swallowing hunger and thirst. This kind of atmosphere makes Xuanyuan Pavilion not so full of monks, but like a hungry wolf, swearing, greedily Staring at the prey.

"啪".

Chu night, the cold eyes of the cold back, fell to the ink burning body.

But seeing the ink burning pale, nails fell into the raft, actually broke the corner of the window sill.

"what happened?"

"No, ... nothing." The ink burned a deep breath, only barely calmed down, and shook his head at the night of Chu, "I feel so good at buying and selling people... very disgusting."

He did not tell the truth.

Yu Guang quietly returned to the skeletal beauty couch.

This woman is the first beauty in the comprehension of the world after his predecessor, the emperor.

Song Qiutong!

The author has something to say:

Meat package: Xuanyuan Pavilion has a slap in the cat, give you a bunch of small pills ~

Feeding fish: But this medicine is not a dream.

Meat package: Xuanyuan Pavilion has the ambiguity to be a cat, give you the black gold knife you want.

Chu nightning: What about the knife? Nothing to see.

Meat package: Xuanyuan Pavilion has the ambition to be a cat, to give you the best beauty you want.

Mei Hanxue: She is the ex-wife of the man, are you teasing me?

Meat package: The auction is over.

Ye Forgetting: Too good, a bunch of people who are obstructing the social order, sealed Xuanyuange to me... huh? Secretary, are you also?

Chapter 81

At the same time, in the box of the Confucianism in the third floor, the leaves are forgotten and stand in front of the carved plaque of the paulownia pattern, and the brows are tightly locked and the lips are thin.

"Ye Gongzi, Xu Elder let us buy the martial arts. If you really want to price the skeletal beauty, I am afraid that the time is not enough..."

"No problem, I am out."

Left and right, seeing the leaves, forgetting to do so, secretly look at each other, they will no longer be angry.

The director of the Xuanyuange Second Pavilion is very glorious: "The skeletal beauty seats are 10 million gold, and you can buy a price."

"One million one million."

"One million two million."

The hustle and bustle of the first floor was higher than a while, and the price soared.

"19 million!"

"I am twenty-five million!"

The six million that was pulled up in an instant made many monks sigh and sighed and shook their heads. At this time, the silver medals of several elegant seats on the second floor fell to the front of the Xuanyuan Pavilion. She quickly picked them one by one, and then sandwiched them between the fingers. It was like opening a folding fan and opened the silver medals that wrote the price.

"The highest in the world." After reading the second cabinet, he said clearly and clearly, "Xuanzi No. 1 seat, bid for 35 million."

"35 million?!"

Everyone took a sigh of relief and went back to see the second floor of the Xuanzi No., but when they saw the lights, the silver yarn fluttered, but they couldn’t see who was sitting inside.

"Three thousand five thousand are enough to buy a palace on Xiandao."

"Who is out of the price, this is too outrageous..."

"With such money, it must be the top ten sects. I don't know which one?"

Chu night Ning squinted and heard the offer, he asked the ink: "You can bring enough money on your body?"

"I didn't bring enough!" I don't think I will see Song Qiutong here. The ink is extremely shocked. When I listen to him, I will call him, and I will be eager to return to God. I am alert, "What do you want to do?"

"Buy her."

The ink burned with big eyes and waved again and again: "You can't buy it, you can't buy it. This woman is a burden. I bought her. Where do we put her in? I have to rent a horse in the future, and I have to book a room for sleep. No, don't buy."

"Who said that he wants to hurry with her? After she bought it, she was free." Chu Yuning opened his eyes and looked at him indifferently. "Get money."

The ink burned tightly on the purse: "No, no!"

"Go back to me and return you."

"This is the money to buy Shenwu!"

"You are not a ghost? What do you want to do with God? Take money!"

"....."

The ink burns is just the first two big, this Song Qiutong, when he saw her for the first time in her previous life, she had worshipped under the Confucianism. At that time, she burned the massacre, and she looked quite like a teacher. After a move, she spared her life. Later, she saw her well-being and smoothness. The temper was also very similar to the teacher, and she finally sealed her.

However, this is one of the last regrets of ink burning.

At the moment, Chu, a gentleman who is cold-hearted, wants to buy her, which makes how the ink can be promised. This woman does not say 40 million, even if the four copper plates are burned.

wrong! It’s not rare to post him 40 million!

The two are deadlocked, and suddenly they see a sign on the third floor, but it is golden.

The top sign!

The highest price tag of Xuanyuan Pavilion is this kind of gold sign. There is no need to write on it. One is equivalent to 50 million gold. Once this price is reported, it is almost impossible for someone to have the strength to compete again. So it is also called “capped”. sign".

Everyone stunned and stunned.

"The Confucian Gate!"

"The Confucianist Gate has a seal sign!"

Chu nightning is no longer going to take care of the ink burning of the money bag, but turns his head and squats to the outside. From his point of view, I can see the first compartment on the third floor. Ye forgets that he is a lazy person. He used the Xuanyuan Pavilion to ensure that the private snowy yarn is bundled up. On the side of the carved bar.

He looked calm and had no superfluous expression on his handsome face. He looked at the noisy scene below and seemed to be speechless. He turned and walked into the depths of the box.

The ink burned a sigh of relief, and said to the late sister of the Chu: "The master can rest assured that this Ye Gongzi lived with me in Taohuayuan. I know a little about him. He is kind, and the skeletal beauty is bought by him. He can't do anything that is devastating."

On the third floor of the Confucianist Room, the leaves were forgotten to sit on the table with gold and silver leaf embroidered satin, and sipped a cup of fragrant tea. When the tea was finished, the sound of the door came from outside.

The leaves are gentle and correct in the past: "Please come in."

"Ye Xianjun, the sphenoidal beauty seat brought you, please check."

"I have to work for you, let's go."

The Xuanyuange maid retired and the room was quiet. The skeletal beauty hands and feet were bound by the curse, squatting on the ground, showing panic, shivering, a pair of peach eyes, because of the crying miserable, the tail tip dyed a faint blush, it is heart-warming.

However, Ye had for a moment to look at her, and there was no distracting thought in the clear and clear eyes.

"The ground is cold, the girl is shocked. Sit down and have a cup of hot tea."

"..." The skeletal beauty trembled, glaring at the twin-glazed crystal eyebrows, still squatting, not daring to speak, not even dare to move.

Ye forgets the sigh, let the left and right attendants take a cloak, and handed it to her in the past.

"The girl has to worry, Yemou redeemed the girl, not for cultivation. You wear this dress first, what will happen and say."

"you you……"

Ye forgets to see her still does not move, looking up and looking very pitiful, so he smiled and shook his head, kneeling down, kneeling with her.

"My name is Ye Forgive, dare to ask the girl's name?"

"I... my name is Song." She hesitated and looked at the leaves for a moment, and screamed, and was very wronged. "Little girl Song Qiutong, thanked Ye Gongzi..."

Downstairs, the ink burned in the dark.

When she saw Song Qiutong in her previous life, she was already a disciple of Confucianism. She wanted to come to her and was saved by Ye Xie in this Xuanyuan Pavilion bidding.

The sphenoidal beauty seat will not be treated as a normal person, but once you enter a certain fairy school and become a disciple, it is another matter.

The ink sighed in his heart, and his understanding of Ye Yexi was not too deep. He only knew that this person was very clear, and he was the most powerful person in the whole world except Chu Jingning. When the ink burned the seventy-two cities of Confucianism, there was a fight with Ye Yexi, and the imposing swordsmanship and the graceful appearance of the clouds were truly unforgettable.

The mighty city of the seventy-two cities, the rest of the city of the city of the burning of the effortless effort, those long and famous, the legendary city of Confucianism in his eyes is not a mustard.

Only this leaf has been forgotten. Only this leaf has forgotten the past, and the seven cities he guarded have been burned for a long time. Even if the

last city was broken, this person was **** in the bones of his body, and his eyes were clear, and his heart did not change.

At that time, the head of the Nangong Palace of the Confucianist Gates fled, and many people were asking for mercy in the gimmicks, asking for ink to put them alive.

But the leaves are forgotten, but they have long eyebrows and shackles. They look at each other and look cold.

I still remember that before I killed him, I had a heartfelt question: "Can you drop?"

"No drop."

The ink burned and laughed, sitting on the chair of the Confucius Gate Lord's 鎏金龙凤, the eyelashes trembled, the eyes swept over the black crowd, and the ordinary disciples did not say, six or seven city owners, more than ten guardians, they all 匍匐In the dust, the trepidation shook.

In the lead-gray sky, there are jackdaws in the hoarseness, blood-red flags, hunting, and the ink burned and raised their hands, saying: "All kill."

Before the death of Ye Ye, he said a word: "There are no one in the seventy cities of the Confucianism."

Blood is bullying.

In the ink-burning arms, holding the new beauty Song Qiutong, the generation of beautiful women like gold paper, looking at the Shura **** in front of him, the soft body can not hold the chill.

"Oh, don't be afraid. Don't be afraid. Later, you will follow this seat." The ink burned her hair and smiled. "Come, tell me again, what is your name? What was originally done in this Confucianist door?" I only listened once, but I didn’t remember it."

"Little girl... Song Qiutong." She stunned. "It was originally... it was under the door of Ye Xianjun... the maid..."

The leaves are the maids under the door. At that time, she answered the ink burning.

However, as a sphenoidal beauty seat, Song Qiutong is due to the opportunity to enter the door of the Confucianism, and how it was accepted as a maid by Ye Xing, and the ink burned did not know. Until today, after the rebirth, I went to Xuanyuan Pavilion, and the ink burned it. I realized that it was originally Ye Ye’s fortune, and she saved her from the tiger’s wolf.

It can be seen that the leaf forgetting was eventually defeated by the ink knife, and a large part of the reason was actually given by Song Qiutong.

Thinking about this festival, the ink can't help but frown. For Song Qiutong's disgust, it is a bit more. I was probably a ghost in my heart, and I felt that this woman was like a teacher.

"The last trade item of this bidding meeting is a godless martial art." The second cabinet owner screamed and interrupted the thoughts of ink burning. "This is not a single moon night, but also a consignment." ”

The finale of each bidding meeting will reveal some winds before the start of the conference. Therefore, compared with the fierce reaction that just heard the "Butterfly Beauty Seat", the following monks are eager to try, but calm down a lot.

The white jade lotus flower opened again, and Shitai held a sun and moon mountain river pattern silver satin box to slowly float.

The brocade box is long and narrow, and the surface embroidered is very fine. The person who knows how to understand can see that the gold line totem above is the most famous embroidered square in Gusu. Open the **** of the gods, only this box has been worth a hundred dollars.

"This is the discovery of Shenwu in the mass grave of Junshan. The master of his first generation has been defamed. After my Xuanyuange certification, Shenwu did not recognize the new master." The second cabinet chief paused and continued. "As everyone knows, Shenwu There are engraved inscriptions on the body. But this one has been worn for many years because of the owner, and the words on the weapon have been worn out. The only thing that can be distinguished is a word."

Someone is yelling: "Say so much, don't open the box first."

"Oh, let's get used to it. Habitually, Xuanyuange's consistent style is not like this. Let's talk a few words, then show it to everyone."

"makes sense."

The ink burned and felt funny. He turned to think about a few words with Chu Yuning. However, he turned around and saw that Chu’s Ning Jianmei was tight, and the cold jade-like slender fingers supported the forehead, and his face was pale like a frost. He was shocked and asked: "Master, what happened to you?"

"Suddenly... I feel uncomfortable."

"How can it be uncomfortable, is it cold again?" The ink burned in and touched his forehead. "There is no heat."

"..." Chu Xiaoning shook his head but did not speak, and looked awkward.

I don’t know how to burn, but I have to say: "I will pour a cup of tea for you." He said that he was full of hot tea, thought about it, and poured a little of the fragrant dew that had just been photographed inside.

The medicine of this cold-scale sacred hand is famous all over the world. After Chu Xiaoning finished drinking the tea mixed with fragrant dew, it was better, and his face was not so ugly. He raised his eyes and went back to the bidding downstairs. The ink burned the tea set next to him and gave him a second cup.

“Xuanyuan Pavilion could not know the full name of the **** Wu, but because of its coincidence, it returned to the world, and there is a word in its inscription. Therefore, it was temporarily drafted as a ‘return’.”

Finally, people who are in a hurry can't stand it. They shouted at the following: "The owner said that there are so many, you also hang on our appetite, open the box, let us look at the appearance of this god."

Xuanyuange second cabinet owner smiled slightly: "Xianjun Moxue. According to the rules of the repairing realm, after the death of the **** Wuyuan, the weapons should be separated according to the blood, and then belong to the rest. 'Return' was discovered in the mass grave, the cabinet I can't know the original identity of the original. But after the box is opened, you can release the spiritual power to perceive it. If there is a sympathy with the gods, it is the blood of the original owner of the weapon. Then there is no need to bid, and 'return' is owned by Angelica."

"Ha ha ha, there are such wonderful things in the world."

Most of the monks on the court laughed.

"Yeah, this is almost impossible."

"But don't try it, don't try it, it's good to try your luck."

The two cabinet owners smiled and looked at the people under the stage. They said: "Yes, it’s always good to try luck. Please seduce the gods, this will open the cover."

She made a snap, and the two disciples who were on the left and right nights were all fifteen or sixteen-year-old girls. They were flying on the lotus platform, and the tender and lush-like hand was put on the sun and moon box. There is a crystal exquisite key in the hand, carefully inserted into the keyhole in the box.

I only heard the sound of "咔" and "咔", and the lock buckle fell.

When the smoldering saw this unlocking, he inexplicably thought of the scene of ‘happiness’ in Jin Chengchi. At that time, it was clearly said that

"only the people who love the world" can play a long-term love, and I don't know why the final box will be opened in the hands of Chu.

The people around me were holding their breath, and countless pairs of eyes hidden under the hood were staring at the narrow box. The lid of the silk thread is slowly opened, and the tense atmosphere in the air is stretched to the extreme, like a full string. In the pavilion where thousands of people gather, the sound of even the hair can be heard.

Everyone was staring at the old edge of the box. Or greedy, curious, or appreciate...

Only the ink burned, and when he saw the weapon inside the box, he slammed his eyes wide, and the blood color was faded.

He has lived for two generations. He has had two martial arts in his previous life and has played with more than ten Shenwu masters. For the Xuanyuan Pavilion to take out the bidding, he thought he would have no waves.

But he was wrong.

"The return of the gods." The quiet voice of the second cabinet broke the silence. "The shape of the knife is four feet long and three inches wide. There is no sheath, the whole body is dark, and there is no reflection during the day."

The fingertips of the smoldering are shaking slightly, and the two words are almost blurted out between the lips.

"Not return……"

Not return……

When Biye Zhuqiao was in the past, he would not return for another year.

——

"Ink burns, you got the gods, but why should I let it cover its spirit, don't give it a name?"

"禀师尊, the disciple has no knowledge, this name can only be used once. I am afraid of hearing, and I will not use it in the future."

"A fire, your strange knife, why haven't you thought of the name yet? You can't always call it ‘knife’, ‘knife’.”

"Nothing, think about it slowly. This is the **** Wu, I want to give it the title of the world's first good, this is worthy of it, hahaha."

Later, the teacher died.

Mo-burning wanted to let Chu Xiening unravel the seal, and wanted to give his own **** Wuming the name "Mingjing."

But at that time, Chu nightning said that he was competing with the ghost world, and his spiritual power was detrimental. There was really no spare power to loosen the curse on the blade, so this thing was gone.

Later, the ink burned and Chu Yuening completely broke, and the ink burned unwilling to ask him to unblock, so the one was dyed with blood and a knife, so many years of vertical and horizontal, but has been no name. But this is no longer important. At that time, no one in the world knew the slightest rain, and no one knew the Shura knife in his hands.

To the end.

Chu nightning is also dead.

Dissipated with him is the forbidden mantra that has been locked in the blade of ink for more than ten years.

That night, the ink burned a lot of pears and whites, some drunk, and stroked the cold blade, I do not know whether it is comfort or sadness. He played the blade and listened to the drums in it, and the sea otters were cold. He was lying on the roof of the Wushan Temple, laughing and laughing, from the pain to the madness.

He didn't remember whether he had tears in the night, but when he woke up in the morning, he had engraved two cold words on the strange knife that had been unknown for more than ten years.

"Not return."

Jun does not return.

No longer return.

However, this weapon that has been used in his life to become a magic weapon, why will it appear in the world after rebirth, and why will it appear in the bidding meeting of Xuanyuan Pavilion? !

Not many people have thought about it, and thousands of monks in the field have released their own spiritual streams, rushing to and from each other.

Ink burning: "....."

It’s useless, since it’s not returning, then since the ink burns here, there is absolutely no second person in the world who can call this strange knife.

But does it appear to be related to the little animal that has been hiding behind the scenes? If there is a relationship, the person will not release it at this time. It is clear that knowing that Mo-burn and Chu-Linning are tracing his traces, then his purpose is not to test who is the essence of the spirit.

What exactly does he want to do? !

Also, is this true? Still like the fakes of Jin Chengchi, just a bait?

With such doubts, the ink burned a little bit of spiritual flow.

If it is not forgery, then it will definitely produce some echo with yourself. This response should not be too obvious, otherwise it will be perceived by people, as long as it is a little...

However, he had just released a very weak sense of spiritual power, and he suddenly heard a slight sigh.

"...Master!?"

The ink burned back, seeing Chu night, his eyes were tight, his lips were blue, and he fell on the table. His snow-colored clothes were covered with smoke, and a handsome face was paler than frost and snow. Falling down, his eyes closed, it seems that there was a dysentery episode, and he was in a coma.

I didn’t expect such a thing to happen, but I couldn’t help but be shocked. I took back the spiritual power of the temptation and ran back to the side of Chu’s lateness and picked him up: “Master, what happened to you?!”

The author has something to say:

Leaf forget

Word: None

Nickname: none

Occupation: Confucius Gate first elder close disciple

Say something simple: after the support

Social appearance: the right arm of the head, the reliable Confucian

Say something simple: errands

Current favorite: Confucianism Master

Favorite food: grilled fish

Hate: coward

Height: 176

Chapter 82

Outside the Luxiang Inn of Linling Island, the proprietress wears red and green, the snowy wrists are on the wrists, and the waist is like a willow.

Every time Xuanyuange auctions, the people who come to her shop are always the most, because she looks smart and will come, and the black and white eyes will be able to guess what the guests want.

At this time, the sun was high. After the noon, the boss took a sip of melon seeds. It is estimated that the bidding will end after another hour. The price of Lin Lingyu is high, and the general monks will not stay more. Not too much. However, it is a matter of course, the heroes of Xianjun always have to eat dinner and then go, and the meal can be used for another.

The proprietress licked the stained dandruff on the skirt and shouted back to the guy in the store: "Two blessings, rubbing the tables and chairs in the lobby again, and then taking out the basket of the old-fashioned snake-like melon seeds, each table Put a plate on it. Let's prepare for the evening business."

"Well, let's get the treasurer." The buddy ran away.

The proprietress smiled with satisfaction, her sun was enough, and the melon seeds were finished. I wanted to go back to the store to supervise the work. I suddenly saw a black and white shadow coming from the end of the road. It was close, and I found it to be a handsome face. The black sinjun, holding her own in her arms, rushed into her inn.

"Stay in the store, stay in the store and stay in the store!"

"..."

It’s about his awkwardness and his behavior is strange. The second child in the store was shocked, and his mouth was closed for a long time.

Ink angered: "Stay in the store! Is it smashed? The treasurer!!"

"哎哟仙君." The voice of a young woman rang behind him, three-pointed smile and apologize, it sounded like people couldn’t make a fire, and the ink burned and turned, facing the boss’s slick smile. “No. I am so sorry, I am slowing you. My second is new, you have something to find me, I am the treasurer."

The ink burned the dark and handsome eyebrows, and hurriedly said: "Stay in the store!"

The proprietress looked at him quickly and quietly. Seeing this man wearing a cloak, he wanted to come to the Xianjun of the Xuanyuan Club, but because he was very anxious, the hood had fallen, revealing a jug. The handsome and handsome face of the boy, but this is not the most important thing. The most important thing is that he has a brocade bag embroidered with Xuanwu totem on his wrist. It is the sacred bag that Xuanyuange sells to the guests and sells the goods.

rich.

The boss’s eyes flashed in the eye.

Very rich.

Another look at the person in his arms, because the outside is covered with a big cockroach, his face is leaning against the inside, and can not teach people to see the appearance, but the boss's eyes are so poisonous, she quickly swept the snow 绡The gauze robes, the eyes fell on the hand that fell from the wide-sleeved cuffs.

It is even and thin, and if the skin is porcelain, the fingertips are sharp and the bones are distinct.

beauty.

The boss is suddenly at heart.

Although it is a handsome man, it is not uncommon for a man to repair in the real world. It is nothing strange.

"Dafu, open the house." The proprietress reacted quickly, and there was not much to ask. He gave a loud finger and told him, "The most comfortable day and month."

Chu nightning this disease is coming, no warning. Fortunately, here is the boundary of the lonely moon night, the good hand of the good medicine grabs a large number, and the ink burns to the doctor to give the letter to the late night.

The doctor who had been repaired for a long time closed his eyes, and his fine fingers were on the wrist of the night, and he didn’t say anything.

I can't help but burn: "Doctor, how is my teacher respecting him?"

"The problem is not big, but..."

The most annoying thing is this kind of person who speaks nine bends and eighteen bends. The ink burns with big eyes: "How about?"

"But the old man thinks it is strange, so that the teacher is a high-strength, rare in the world. But only after careful diagnosis, his spiritual core is very fragile, even the little monks who just built the foundation are better than that."

If the repair is compared to water, the nucleus is the container for carrying water.

The spiritual nucleus is innate, and cultivation is slowly cultivated the day after tomorrow. Therefore, the stronger the congenital nucleus, the easier it will be to cultivate. However, when it is repaired to reach a certain realm, it will feed back the spiritual core, so usually the two are complementary.

For a master like Chu Yuning, the spiritual core must be very powerful, so the general practitioner will not pay special attention to this when he is diagnosed.

The ink burned and said: "How is this possible?!"

"The old man also feels impossible. Therefore, he has been repeatedly diagnosed many times, but this time."

"I have a spiritual core that is even more than a foundation. This is how it is possible, it is a joke! The doctor will take a closer look, will it be wrong?"

"Old doctors have always been cautious, and if they export, they must have a 10% grasp. If Xiaoxianjun does not believe it. Seeking someone to come to see a doctor's nucleus, the result is the same."

The ink burned.

The doctor said: "It is precisely because the teacher's spiritual core is very fragile that he should be perceived by some powerful weapon. The weapon attribute should be somewhat echoed with him, but not by him. So he was countered, spirit. The nuclear is unbearable, and this is unconscious. The old man gave him some soup, and after taking it, he rested a lot and soon became innocent."

The doctor was sent away, and the ink burned sitting on the bedside of the bed in the night, holding the squatting ground, and he couldn’t return to God for a long time.

Is the core weak?

How is this possible?

However, the old man did not know what happened at Xuanyuan, but he could accurately say that Chu Lingning had encountered a powerful weapon before, and it was not like saying something in Zhangkou.

In addition, there is also "no return", only at the Xuanyuanhui, ink burning only released a little spiritual power, Chu night Ning suddenly emerged, coma. Therefore, he did not have time to judge whether the knives were really the martial arts of their past lives. If so, why does "no return" react with Chu Xiaoning? Will there be a counter-attack on Chu Wanning?

He thought about it in a chaotic manner, and looked at Chu Yuning on the sidelines. I don't know how long it took. The people on the bed seemed to be stunned by nightmares, and they set off a good-looking brow, and the eyelashes did not tremble.

The ghost made the difference, even I didn’t know why, the ink burned out and gently stroked his eyebrows: "Master..."

"..."

"Master...I am a late night... I have lived for two lifetimes. Is it a secret that you don't know?"

The treasurer quickly took the medicine in the kitchen and gave it to the ink.

I tasted it, and it’s really bitter, it’s the most hateful taste of Chu’s late night. The ink sighed and screamed at the woman who was about to leave.

"The treasurer, is there candy?"

"Oh... the sugar in the store is now smashed, and today's has been used up. But if Xianjun wants it, I will go to the street to buy it."

The ink burned and looked at the hot soup, and shook his head. "That's it. When the medicine is cold for a long time, it doesn't work. It's thank you."

"Ah, Xianjun is not polite, what is it to call me again."

When the treasurer finished speaking, he left the room with enthusiasm and took the door.

Put the medicine end to the bed, put the ink on the back of the bed, put one hand on the knee, and go to Fuchu to get up in one hand: "Shi Zun, take medicine."

Feeding him to drink medicine is also a matter of familiarity in the past life. He burned him up, let Chu Yuning lean in his arms, took a spoonful of medicine, put it on his lips and blow it cool, and then slowly handed it over. Chu night Ning mouth.

It is already the second time after he was born again to take care of Chu Yuning. I don’t know how to do it. Although I hate this person, I still feel so nervous when I see him sick.

"bitter……"

Although the people in the arms are not awake, they also have perceptions. They are half-awake and frowning, turning their faces away and not drinking.

The ink burning is simply familiar and can no longer be familiar. He lifted him back with a spoon and said with patience: "There is a bite, just drink it, come."

Said and handed a spoonful.

Chu Xiaoning had half coughed half of his drink, but his brow was wrinkled even tighter.

"so bitter……"

"Sweet sweet, the next spoon is sweet, come and come."

"Uh……"

"The next spoon! Guarantee! Sweet to your unbelievable! The world's first sweet sugar juice found in this block!" I don't know who I am, and I swear by the words of the past life. Pulled out and sneaked around. "It's very tasty. If you don't open your mouth, you will regret it."

In this way, even the scams scammed the whole bowl, and the last spoon was fed. The ink burned out and was ready to get up and clean up. Suddenly, the white shadow flashed, and the face was "squeaky". A slap in the face.

"Cheat, you roll!"

Chu nightning screamed and said this sentence, the first one was partial, and went to sleep. Leaving a blank slap in the face without any reason, half a mouth screamed and screamed at the cheek. Just wanting to attack, the person in his arms snorted, it should be something that was particularly uncomfortable, and his face became more and more ugly.

When the ink burned him, he did not have any temper. There was no candy on the left and right. When he saw the Qiankun sac still resting on the bed, his heart moved and took a bottle of musk. He patted Chu’s cheeks, not light or heavy, and he was revenge.

"A person lays for a while, I go to the water and give you sweet sweet dew."

"..."

Seeing that the night is quiet, the ink burns him, and he intends to let him back on his pillow. Who was close, but he heard his low-pitched and vague breath, and then muttered: "Yes...thin you..."

Ink burns: "What?"

Chu night Ning double eyes closed, fan-like eyelashes can not help but tremble, it seems to press the great pain, the blood color faded clean. He apparently fell into another dream, another horrible, more awkward dream, he shook his head slightly, and it was rare to have a sad face.

"I am me……"

For a moment, the smoldering suddenly felt the heartbeat stall, a strange feeling rushed to the chest, as if a secret was in front of me, only the last layer of tulle covered, he will immediately penetrate. He couldn't help but stare at Chu Xinning, whispering: "What are you?"

"It's me...thin...you..."

I don’t know if the candle is too bleak, and I’m misunderstood.

I am thin you.

These four words, the mouth of the monarch, light smog, into his ear, shocked if thunder.

The ink burned from the bed and the whole person froze instantly! His pupils contracted, and he incredulously stared at the face of the Qingren on the couch. His face was suddenly shocked, and his heart was shocked like a thousand horses rushing past, his hands were pinched into fists, and the blood seemed to be boiling on the eve of the night. In the evening, it was condensed into mysterious ice.

"What are you talking about?...you..."

Shocked for a long while, the ink burned fiercely to the throat of Chu's late night, the twilight tyranny, the childish innocence after the rebirth was gone, "Chu Ning, what did you say?"

"You say it again! You can tell me again!!"

It’s me who is thin, and I don’t complain.

This is a curse that he never forgets in his life. It is a nightmare that has suffered for his two generations.

How many times he closed his eyes, the four words with sighs in his ears, but the people who spoke were no longer in the world.

But this sentence is clearly that the past life Chu was rather dying to speak out, why now he will - why he will -

Could it be that the late night is also born again? !

The author has something to say: I updated it earlier today, because I found that I accidentally wrote a branch bug when I saved the manuscript. It is better to change the text before changing the text, so I have to fix the previous article. I usually don't have the habit of revising texts during non-update times. I am afraid that jumping out of the update will bother everyone, so it is better to change 23333 earlier. The modified content is not important. It is just a small detail. You don't have to look back, it does not affect reading. Zha~

Chapter 83

Crazy thoughts make the ink burn a blood red. He trembled, lost his senses, and clutched the throat of Chu’s late night, screaming and asking himself.

As long as he speaks the second sentence, as long as he says the phrase "death and no complaints." That must be... sure it is...

"Well!"

A sigh of suffocation sounded in his ear, Chu nightning could not breathe, his face rose red, and his struggle ended in faintness.

The ink burned for a moment, the red scorpion smashed, and the madness and the clearness were flashing inside. Suddenly he reacted, and he loosened his hand. Chu night Ning fell heavily on the couch, and the neck and neck were scarred. Gradually call back the soul of the ink burning.

"..." He opened his mouth and wanted to call a teacher, but he couldn't call it. He wanted to call Chu Yuning, but he couldn't make a sound. He was hesitant and hoarse, "You..."

The throat is thirsty like a fire, and the ink burns hard to swallow the saliva, slightly slowing down the consciousness. Everything is swept in front of the eyes yesterday. In this life, Chu Ning has never been different, and will never be born again.

Then why did he say at this moment, the sentence before the death of the previous life, "I am thin you."

Isn't this sentence originally a sin of the late Qing Dynasty to save Xuemeng, in order to keep the monks who are false and false, to be forced to say something to him?

He has never believed, and he has never been willing to believe that Chu Ning will really admit his mistakes and speak soft words to himself. Anyway, Chu Yuening must be cheating on himself and must not like himself. Anyway, this master has always looked down on him, and he has never really been to him.

Yanshi, he does not regret it at all.

not at all……

Don't let your face burn, and slowly close your eyes.

He didn't want to stay here for a while, and Chu Ning was born and died, and had something to do with him!

He turned and wanted to go.

I want to go.

But how can you not move your footsteps.

I am thin you.

The cold-blooded face of the blood in the memory, in the end, seems to be somewhat gentle. On the edge of the Kunlun Tianchi, the man was in the pool of blood, slowly raised his hand, and his fingertips had his own forehead. The finger was already cold, but there was some temperature in the phoenix. But at the time, the ink burned that he should have read it wrong.

Nothing to complain about.

Chu night Ning whispered, blood and tears slowly squat down the eyelids.

"Ink burning..."

The man on the couch whispered in his dream, and the slight two sounds made the person being called trembled. When he returned to his own eyes, the ink burned and stood by the bed, holding the bed wall with one hand, leaning over and staring at the pale face of Chu.

The thin, watery lips, slightly open and close, are again in the ear.

"Ink burning..."

At the same time, the ink burns and locks the long eyebrows, and the fingertips snap into the hard and cold pear plate, which seems to be pressing hard. In the end, I still couldn’t help it, hoarsely said: "Chu night, are you really sincere?"

"What are you talking about, are you really..."

The chest seems to be hurting and bursting. Since Chu will never be born again, then he will say this now, only because he feels that he is not thick and hearty from this time.

Is it true?

Chu night Ning is a nightmare, naturally he will not answer him, but the ink burns still wants to wait for an answer.

"..."

After waiting for a long while with his eyes closed, there was still no movement, and the ink sighed and sighed, and some unwillingly lifted the curtain.

But I was caught off guard, and I was on the top of a pair of smoke and rain.

Half a mile and a half, will wake up.

Chu nightning did not know when to open his eyes, but from his expression he could see that his consciousness was not clear, but he was temporarily awake in the torment, and the eyes of the night were still empty and empty. Chitose.

On the evening of the night, Yu Heng is always as sharp as a thunder, and there are few times when it is so bleak.

Less to the usual edge, the person lying there is so beautiful, the end of the eye is smashed, dyed with some thin red, so he looked at him undefended.

The heart trembled a bit, and the smoldering felt that the throat was a little tight, whispering: "You..."

This kind of scene is too much like the past life and his love. The smoldering thoughts are shaking. For a time, I seem to feel that I am still in the Wushan Temple. Chu Xiening is his prisoner. It is his imprisoned male pet. Thinking, I couldn't help but dry my mouth and my breathing gradually became heavy.

I can not……

I do not like him.

Don't touch him anymore.

The embarrassment of the past has passed. This world is just a mentor.

The ink burned like this, holding the bed board with one hand, looking down at the late night of Chu, and forbearing it. The long hair that he bundled into a ponytail hangs down his shoulders, and the end is on the other side of the pillow.

Chu night Ninghe was lying down, long hair scattered, and his expression was still numb at first. After a while, his eyes gradually reflected the reflection of the ink burning. Chu night Ning slightly stunned, and then it

seems that the nightmare has not disappeared. I don't know what time this evening. He slowly reached out and stopped in the air for a moment, and finally touched the burning eyebrows.

"I am thin you..."

When he said this, as in previous life, it was rare to be gentle.

The ink burned only a bang, and there was something in my mind that suddenly collapsed.

The heart surged and the mind was hot. The gods that he couldn't easily recall fell apart. Nothing could be thought of. The familiar desire had made him lean over and pressed on the night, and kissed the lips that were slightly open. The hand trembled and uncontrollably tore his clothes. In an instant, the past is like a sea of waves, everything around it seems to be melting snow. It seems that in the Wushan Temple where the soft red is a thousand feet, the dragon and the phoenix are red and the candle is shining. This person is struggling with roar under him, breathing and being humiliated.

"Well……"

The hot and humid glue, the suffocating scent of Chu Yuning makes the ink burn more and more crazy. What doesn't like it, what hate it, what doesn't touch him anymore, it's all broken.

The smoldering only felt that he had not died, and the body that was slightly trembling under him was still his.

I want to kiss him, I want to hold him, I want to tear it through him, let this unattainable, cold and celestial person whimper under him and ask for mercy, and he will go to the climax.

"Chu Ning..." he murmured hoarsely.

The thrill of the topping has washed away the soul, and even the fingertips are hot.

Retaining the slightly cool and soft lips again, the bitterness of the medicinal juice is still between the teeth, but it makes him feel like a drum and a heart. He is too familiar with this person. After reborn, because of resentment, I have been reluctant to go to be intimate with him. But when he kissed him, only the ink burned himself to know that it was such a kind of ecstasy and comfortable, as if the deserted traveler would taste the nectar, like the cold night, wrapped in the fire pond. Hot clothes.

Originally thought to be alive, I should be cut off from him.

Unexpectedly, after all, it is still difficult to control himself. He was so stunned that he could not hold it, so he kissed him without permission.

If it wasn’t for a long time, the clothes of Chu’s body would not tear open, and something that suddenly fell out of the clothes hangs into the ink. Maybe his mind is faint, and he will directly ask his own master. Not known.

"When it is!"

The metal that burned the finger and the metal that fell on the pillow rolled twice, and stopped in the same place.

The ink burned on the head, and I didn't care about this little injury. I only glared at the thing with anger and continued to go back to the hard clothes of Chu Ning. If you don’t hold it, it’s okay, and the feeling of the last life is back. Just recalling the slender and tight touch on the waist of the night, he has a kind of excitement.

But the night of the velvet white clothes on the body of Chu, like the curse, even if it was pulled for a long time, it could not be opened!

The ink slammed into the bed and got out of the bed. He got up and went to take the blade and cut the three waistbands.

When I sat up, Yu Guang swept the metal object that fell next to it. At the beginning of the smoldering, I didn’t care, but suddenly there was a glimmer of clearness in my mind.

He glanced and jerked back to see the thing.

It was a radiant golden blue butterfly hairpin. When he was at the peach blossom source, he spent a few days buying feathers for Xia Shi.

At that time, he personally buckled the hairpin to the top of the ponytail bundle of Xia Shi, and the younger brother who was unhappy, said: "Children will use gold and red, you see, how lively."

The ink burned the hairpin and only felt that the pocket was splashed with cold water. The whole person was shocked.

No... What is the situation?

What did he give to Xia Shi, how could it appear in the night of Ning Huai? !

Could it be that……

A terrible thought gradually emerged in the ink-burning brain. He slowly turned his head back, and the gaze of lust/desire fell to the body of Chu, and the master was already faint, and his ink stared at his face. The lips that were kissed by myself were a little red, and my heart skipped a few beats.

Impossible, never possible.

He felt that he was going crazy...

Didn't Chu latenight lie to him?

Is it not, ... Xia Shi reverse - really is the son of Chu nightning?

This conjecture made the ink chilling, only to feel that his scalp had to be blasted!

The author has something to say: feeding the fish: (lifting hands) can not be all-base? I protest.

Chu Xiaoning: The protest is invalid, let your dreams go.

Xue Meng: The protest is invalid, let your dreams go.

Meat Pack: The protest is invalid, let your dreams go.

Jinjiang Auditor: The protest is invalid, let's go to your dreams.

Chapter 84

When Chu Ning wakes up, he sees the ink burning and sitting on the table in a daze, a bean lamp is reflected in his dark eyes, and some hollow.

"..."

I want to sit up, but I have no strength, and Chu Ning has to give up.

The snow-blue back-printed curtains fluttered gently. He leaned over and stared silently at the ink, but the two fools were still immersed in self, and did not find that their masters had woken up.

This does not blame him, whoever knows his lover, has long had a son with other women, the stimulation will not be small.

Is Xia Shi’s rebellion really an illegitimate child? How is this possible... Chu nightning, he is so high-spirited, which woman in the world can get his eyes?

What's more, if the illegitimate child is true, the last generation of the child, Chu Ning, certainly has this child, but they have been with each other for so many years. Whether it is the words and deeds of the weekdays, or the bed affair / things, they are all with the "four husbands" The word is completely untouched.

But what is this Kingdee hairpin?

The ink burned his forehead and hit the table with his forehead, and it was mad!

He was not smart at all, and he was the least good at thinking about this kind of swaying. The more he thought about it, the more he finally held his head and squatted on the table.

"Ink burning, what to do?"

A Kunshan jade-like sound of good voice sounded in the house, with a bit hoarse.

Bounced and slammed, and the ink burned and said: "Master, are you awake?"

"Yeah." Chu night Ning lightly coughed a few times, raised his eyelids and looked at him. "Is this in Linluyu's inn?"

"Yes, yes." The ink burned up and walked over to the bed. Suddenly, it seemed that Chu’s lower lip seemed to be a little bit broken. Wrong, the face brush will be red.

Seeing that he is not a god, Chu said: "What happened?"

"Nothing is nothing." The ink burned and waved again and again, and opened the subject. "This is the case. The teacher suddenly fainted in Xuanyuan Pavilion. I hugged... cough, took you to rest here. I went to Langzhong to prescribe medicine, and then ....."

I heard you talking in my sleep, thinking about the past, I couldn’t help but kiss you.

But where can these words be spoken, the burning sound is gradually getting lighter, and the eyes are rarely confused, and it seems more and more embarrassing.

Chu Xiaoning heard him look for Langzhong, and he saw him look different, his heart snorted, fearing that he already knew that he was poisoned and his body would become smaller. Can not help but quietly pinched the beggar, mute asked:

"What does the doctor say?"

"The doctor said that the master was affected by the gods, so he could not support it." The ink burned hesitant for a while and continued, "Master, your spiritual core..."

"It's fine, it's more fragile than ordinary people."

When the ink burned, he was still thinking about the fact that Chu Yu and Chu Xiaoning had scars on their chests. They speculated that there was a connection between the two, but it was not like this. He couldn't help but ask: "How can this be? The master is so powerful, the spiritual core will certainly not be born weak, when did it start?"

"It’s been a long time. It’s been like this since it was hurt a few years ago.” Chu Xi’s casually waved his hand, and he didn’t care about it – “Does the doctor say anything else?”

The ink burned and shook his head: "Nothing else."

After the candlelight, Chu nightning looked at him deeply and said, "Where are you, what do you do when you hit the table?"

"..." The ink burned for a while, and couldn't hold it anymore. He simply went out and took out the Kingdee hairpin from the sleeve and spread it in his palm.

"I found this."

"..."

"On yourself."

The hairpin flashed with golden light, but Chu Xinning’s heart continued to sink.

Sure enough, he still knew it. In the end, he still couldn’t hide it.

Sigh a sigh, silence for a long time, neither of them talked. In the end, Chu Jingning closed his eyes and was about to tell the truth, but he heard the sigh of silence: "Master, Xia Shidi... Is it really your son?"

Chu nightning: "..."

When you open your eyes, the blood that freezes into ice seems to flow again. For a moment, Chu Nighting only stared silently at the bedside with a complex face of ink and rain, and his eyes gradually became two clear words: "idiot."

"Yes." Chu Xiaoning raised his hand indifferently, and waited for the reaction of the ink to take the gold butterfly out of the buckle. "I haven’t told you about it before, why ask again."

The ink burned and said: "I am just... sure again..."

Although Chu Xiaoning acknowledged that Xia Shi reversed his flesh and blood several times, but the ink burned after all, he was still skeptical. He endured a strong discomfort and secretly made up his mind. When he saw the Xia Shi reverse, he must interrogate the other side. Don't give them a **** kiss, he will not believe in death!

After a while, Chu’s physical strength gradually recovered and he got up from the couch.

"my clothes……"

He stroked his clothes, rubbed it and frowned. "How can it be so messy?"

Ink burning: "Cough."

I was afraid that he remembered some sporadic clips before, and the ink burned to talk: "Master, are you hungry? The dishes in this store have been heard well, and the text of Tofu is especially delicious. Let's go on and taste it? I treat you. ""

Chu night Ning coldly glanced at him: "Not my money for you?"

Even so, but still wide-sleeved, pushed the door down the stairs.

Lin Lingyu's dishes are similar to Yangzhou. They are fresh and chic, and the taste is quite sweet. This is the combination of Chu and Ning.

At this time, the Xuanyuan Club has ended, and most of the monks have left. They asked for a box, but they didn't have to deliberately put on the cloak to hide their identity. After the two were seated, the store gave two cups of Biluochun, and the menu was retired.

"The teacher will look at it first."

"You pick, the food in the Jiangnan area, I have gotten into the mouth." Chu night Ning said, pick up the cup and drink a cup of tea.

However, as soon as the tea touched his lips, he frowned slightly: "..."

Ink burning: "What's wrong? Is it hot?"

"...no problem. Xu is the weather is too dry, the mouth is a little chapped." Chu night Ning said, some doubts touched his lips.

Strange, when is it broken?

"..."

The ink burned and immediately lowered his head.

It takes a while for the dishes to be cooked. Chu and Ning will talk about the Xuanyuan Pavilion with the ink burning. The two leave the scene early, and they don’t know who the gods are, but this is not in the way. When you go out to inquire about it. All right.

Between the chats, the table gradually filled with a variety of Yangzhou dishes, Chu nightning felt that there would be no more information when asked again, so I stopped talking about it. His eyes swept over the bowl of cups and saucers at the table. After a while, his eyes lifted a few inches, and his eyes fell on the face of the young man who smiled a little.

Chu night Ning asked: "Have you been to Jiangnan before?"

Before the reburning, it was natural to go through the apricot flower and rain, but he did not forget that he was only seventeen years old, and he

entered the life and death for two years, so he immediately shook his head: "I have never been here before."

Chu Xiaoning squinted, his face was dull, his voice was clear, and he said, "But you ordered a good dish."

"...!"

He said that the smoldering of the ink was swiftly reflected, and his own cuisine was based on the preference of Chu Yuning. It was originally intended to make him eat better, to restore his physical strength, but he forgot that he should not know Huaiyang cuisine so well.

“When I was a child, I used to cook in the back kitchen of the Lefang. Many dishes have not been tasted, but I have heard it.”

Chu night Ning did not pay attention to it: "Eat."

Jiangnan draughts, Linling Island is a crab in the basket, shrimp in the bamboo cage, and fish in the wicker. Therefore, the coffin is on the square table, and the river seafood is everywhere. Liangxi crispy, fried, sour sauce, sweet and sour squirrel squid, squid prawn, chrysanthemum conch, split squid head fragrant four.

As for fresh vegetable meat and cold dish desserts, it is also a delicate and meticulous study. It is very elegant.

Stewed crab powder lion head, crystal meat, chicken juice boiled silk, soup dumplings, Wensi tofu, too many to mention.

The ink burned and dragged, and the second one put the last dish of sweet-scented osmanthus cake on the table, and then quietly looked at the night. Mind: I don't know how many dishes he will eat today?

After thinking about it, I secretly bet with myself:

It must be a crab lion head.

This is Chu's favorite Yangzhou dish, and it is not a problem. When the dishes are well prepared, his chopsticks first explored there without any suspense.

The ink burned in my heart and sighed, this person, always so good to guess, eat and do things, all are not...

Hey. A rounded and lovely lion head fell into a burning bowl.

……change?

The ink burned up, and the face gradually had some flattering look: "Master, Master."

"I have been ill for a few days, and I am bothered to take care of you."

Did he not hear it wrong? ? The ink burns more and more.

Chu night Ning actually told him - tired of your care? ?

This sentence has never been spoken in his life! !

Chu nightning sees the face of the young man slowly rising red, his eyebrows stretched, his eyes slowly curled up, his hair on his forehead curled, shaking twitching. There was no way to help, but the face was still necessary, and Chu Zong Shi took a sip of tea.

The lips are sore...

In fact, in the days when Xia Si rebelled with him, Chu Jingning had already vaguely had some self-blame. In the middle of the night reflection, I will feel that I am too harsh, and it is not a false statement. Since then, he

has told himself that if he is to recover, he must not do anything more, and he must change some.

When he came to Peach Blossom Spring, Chu nightned and coughed for a long time, barely asked him, how to make the apprentice not so afraid of himself.

After a moment of sighing, he said: "First of all, you should properly express your love for the apprentice."

Express care...

Chu nightning thought of ink burning may have never eaten crab lion head, so faintly open, swearing: "clear stewed crab powder lion head, the above-mentioned pork belly finely chopped, and shrimp seeds, crab meat, crab yellow, full Rolling round. Pinch the fat and thin lion's head, squatting in the clear soup, floating in the soup, emerald green vegetables, in the red mud casserole, the color is very beautiful."

"..."

The ink burned.

Eat and eat, what do you do with the recipe?

However, Chu Ning felt that this was a patient introduction and a kind of care for the apprentice. So after a meal, the ink burned a dish and tasted it all over the place. He also listened to a bunch of sounds like "Jianghuai food." The story of the dish on the back.

If it’s not the late night, the sound of Ning’s voice is so cold and sound, I’m afraid that the ink will burn off the table.

"Hey, have you heard that? The last lot of Xuanyuange was taken by the people of Linyi Confucianism!"

The curtains were separated by bamboo curtains, and the slamming door that was talking next to them rang, and they were stunned by the ink.

Chu night Ning suddenly stopped the introduction of "crystal meat", and looked at each other with ink and burned.

A rough man is talking: "How have you not heard? Is it a god? The price of 300 million gold is paid off on the spot. It is really a high price. I have never seen so much money in my life."

"Oh, your point of interest, don't you know, except for this **** Wu, the Confucianism Gate also spent 50 million to buy a sphenoidal beauty seat!"

"God, isn't the skeletal beauty seat used for raw food or double repair? This is a sacred practice, and the world's first big faction is so arrogant, it's too ugly!"

"Su brother said that the sphenoid bones are a reasonable method of cultivation, not a ban. The beauty seats are similar to me, but they are not mortal. It is like eating the fruit to help the fine, nothing. A good place to get sick."

"Oh, I can't agree with each other..."

The other is ridiculously said: "It seems that a beautiful disciple who is a Confucianist is a young disciple who is a simple disciple. It is called a leaf. It’s a long time to hear that it’s quite a human dog. I didn’t expect it to be a sleepy woman. People. I see that the Confucianist Gate is also at dusk."

Someone next to me laughed and said: "What is there, there is something for everyone who loves beauty."

The neighbors argued around ethical morality and are not worth listening to.

Chu Xi Ning whispered repeatedly: "Shen Wu was bought by Confucianism?"

"It sounds like this."

Chu nightning is not to be sorrowful by the ground: "It is difficult. If this matter is followed, it is necessary to go to the Confucianism Gate to check what..."

He said that the ink burned and he remembered it. "Ah," he said softly, "The teacher is the person who is the Confucianist."

"Ok."

"Don't want to go back?"

When it comes back to the Confucianism, Chu’s lateness is tired and his eyebrows are drawn. He said: “This is a big school in the upper class, but I used to...”

He said half of it. Suddenly there was a crowd of people in the hall. Someone shouted: "The boss, give you five hundred gold, and immediately clear the scene. These guests are all driven out! Today, our little son wants to be a gift!"

The author has something to say: the crabs in the basket, the shrimp in the bamboo cage, and the fish in the wicker. This description comes from Zheng Banqiao, because it is not a special public's excerpts, in order to avoid misunderstanding, affirmation of non-original, and attach the source.

Soup" throwing grenades~

Attached to the favorite and most annoying foods of the kings:

Chu Xiaoning

Favorite: Crab powder lion head, lotus cake

Hate: spicy hot pot

Ink burning

Favorite: Red oil

Hate: salty bean flower

Xue Meng

Favorite: Spicy Hot Pot

Hate: salty bean flower

Teacher

Favorite: 臊子面

Hate: candied haw

Leaf forget

Favorite: sweet and sour squid

Hate: pancakes wrapped with green onions

Mei Hanxue

Favorite: Folding ears

Hate: Pork (this is good, it is very halal)

The next chapter of the Confucianism

Favorite: all kinds of meat, especially pork (this is very bad, this is not true)

Hate: Wensi Tofu

So hungry... slipped away

Oh, no, slip back, everyday, thank you for your chase, oh~

Chapter 85

The voice of the proprietress was lost and laughed: "Hey, Dao is very lavish, and the shot is five hundred gold. You can really call the slaves happy and dead. But when the shop opens to do business, it is necessary to talk about it. How can you catch up?" Are you leaving? You see it is so good, the biggest one in the fog is the special room for the nobles like Dao. I quote you in the past-"

There is also a "瞧" that has not yet been exported, and the sound of the bench and chair is screaming.

"What are you doing! I am in charge of whether you are a foggy house or a turtle house - your grandmother's, this name is getting worse. Don't, don't, give you a thousand dollars, drive them away!"

"Don't give a problem to the slave family. If you look at it, it is the person who knows the truth." The boss did not hesitate to blink and talk, and she smiled crisply. "There are customers, you or not. Satisfied with the return to the fog, I can also give you another room, the place is smaller, but elegant and beautiful, and then send you a song and dance for free, can you see this?"

"Not good! Not good! One thousand five! Let people roll!" The rough voice roared, "Don't grind! After a while, my son has come to be angry!"

"Wow -" Qianjin may be more for others, but for the ink burning of the emperor, it is really funny to listen. It is necessary to know that he used to send some songs to Song Qiutong in his previous life. It is worth the price. Therefore, he bit his chopsticks, his eyes rolled round and swaying, and he whispered and smirked at night. "The teacher respects the master, you listen to this person, and you want to drive us away in the next thousand."

Chu night Ning looked at him, opened the elegant bamboo curtain, and looked downstairs.

I saw a large group of people in the hall of the dining hall. Although they were dressed in uniforms, they couldn’t see which martial art, but each person’s waist was accompanied by a cold-colored top-grade knives. Only a snarling demon wolf. The value of the sword may not be judged well, but the demon wolf is priceless and there is no market. It is not easy to get one of the ordinary comprehension factions, but they all have one, obviously apparently born very prominent.

The guests who were originally eating were all horrified at these people, and the hall was silent.

Suddenly, a white snow flew into the inn. After everyone saw it, it was a glimpse. Then all the bangs were shrunk. There was a timid and screaming: "There are big demon, big demon." !"

The leap forward comes from a snow-white wolf demon with three feet high. The twilight is red and bloody, the hair shines like silk, and the pair of wolf teeth are cold and sturdy. It is as long as an adult man's arm.

However, on the huge body of this beast, there is a handsome and eye-opening young man who is sitting on his legs and leisurely. The young hunting squad is a bright red dress under the armor, and the cuffs are embroidered with a strict gold thread. He wore a pocket, a soft red scorpion fell from the top of the silver lion's crown, and a jasper bow on his lap should be his weapon.

When the monks who were arrogant and arrogant saw him, they kneeled down on one knee and hammered their hands on the chest. They said, "Welcome to the son!"

"Okay." The young man looked impatient and waved his hand. "I want you to do something to grind, and welcome, welcome your dog!"

"Hey." The ink burned and laughed, and the voice was low and Chu said. "He said that they are welcoming the dog's head. Doesn't he become a dog's head?"

"..."

The young man sat in the soft neck of the demon wolf, and looked at him: "Where is this shopkeeper's shopkeeper? Who is it?"

Although the proprietress was afraid, she still took the battle calmly and stepped forward, and said with a smile: "There is a disgrace to the immortal, the shopkeeper of this shop is a slave."

"Oh." The young man looked at her. "This son wants to live in the store, but he is not used to people. You talk to them, I will pay for the loss."

"But Xianjun..."

"Knowing that you are embarrassed, this is for you, apologizing for my desk. If you really refuse, then forget it." The youth threw a gift to the proprietress, and it was a pile of golden nine-turned yuan. pill. This ball can be repaired in the first ten days of the increase, the market will have more than two thousand gold, the boss took over, first because of the width of the other side, and then quietly relieved.

No monk will refuse such a good thing, so please let people go, always say the past.

The proprietress apologized for the gift, and the young man yawned. He looked down on the group and said: "It’s all waste, it’s not for me to come."

I looked at each other from the left and right, and even said: "...the son is wise, the son is mighty."

The people quickly dispersed, except for the late night, and the burning of the ink did not care about money and medicinal herbs. Others took things and left the inn without complaints and went to live in other places.

The proprietress said: "The son, they are gone, but two guests said that the night is deep, one of them is physically hugged, and they don't want to find another place, you see..."

"Forget it, don't worry about sickness." The youth waved his hand, "Don't bother me."

Sick child, late night, ":....."

The proprietress immediately smiled and said with enthusiasm: "The son is really a good person. When the time is late, does the son want to rest or eat something first?"

The young man said: "Hungry. Don't rest, I want to eat."

"The son wants to eat, the shop must have the best dishes to treat, our cooks are best at making crab powder lion head, crystal meat..."

“Breaking the lion head?” The youth is obviously not a southerner, nor does he like to eat southern dishes. He listened to the name of the dish and then frowned and waved his hand. “No, I don’t understand. What is messy.”

Originally thought to be a child of the family, it seems that it may be an outbreak of wealthy businessmen.

The proprietress: "...the son wants to use something, as long as the store will do it, you can do it."

"Good to say." The youth pointed out that he was following the class. "Give them five pounds of beef, and give me ten pounds of beef, one kilogram of shochu, two leg of lamb. It’s almost like this. It’s too late. Eat too much and put a little bit on your stomach."

Ink burning: "Wow..."

Looking back and trying to laugh at this young man's barrel-like meal, but seeing the late night, he stared at the young man, and his eyes looked like some unpredictable thin smoke.

The ink burned and asked: "Master seems to know him?"

"Ok."

He was just asking about it. He didn't expect Chu Ning to really know it. He couldn't help but be shocked: "What? Then, what is he?"

"The Confucianist door is the only son." Chu night Ning whispered, "Nan Gong Temple."

"..." Ink burns the heart, it is no wonder that Chu will rather know, and later, after the night, is the guest of the Linyi Confucianism, the son of the head, he must have seen it. It is no wonder that he did not know that when he was a **** Confucianist in his previous life, this Nangong Temple had already died of illness.

At that time, he still said that the son of this head was a sick and half-dead. I didn't expect to see it today. It turned out to be such a sturdy young man who was alive and kicking.

...how did you die? Turkic disease?

Nangong Temple was happy to eat downstairs. In a short while, the two sheep legs and ten pounds of beef were smashed in the light, and they drank a few bowls of wine, and they couldn’t help but sigh.

"Master, is the Confucian style not the most elegant? What is this lesser? It looks like we are not in tune with Xue Mengmeng."

Chu nightning turned his head back, and he still leaned his face and stared at the following scene: "You can't give you the same name."

I laughed twice, and I was trying to say something, but because of the lateness of Chu’s fingertips, his sleeves were falling on his face. The fabric was light and sinuous, like satin non-satin. The touch is warm and cool like water. I didn’t think of anything for a moment, and I stumbled.

Only in the house, I was in a hurry to pull the night clothes, and I didn’t pull it apart for a long time. He thought it was the strictness of Chu’s wearing.

But at this moment, looking at the material of the clothes, the ink burned and suddenly recognized that this is the "ice smog" produced by Kunlun.

The Kunlun Snow Palace is the most chilly sect of the Shangxian family. Every disciple, who is five years old, must enter the Kunlun Holy Land to retreat after one year, until he can produce his own spiritual core. Although the nucleus itself is self-contained, practice is only to summon it. But this time is very long, often for ten to fifteen years, and no one has to wait for it to enter. Therefore, the disciple's eating and wearing has become a nuisance, and it is okay to eat, because the Kunlun Holy Land is adjacent to Wangmu Lake. The disciples of the Snow Palace can eat in the lake every day, but the clothes can't be woven by themselves?

Ever since, "ice smog" came into being.

The clothes cut out of this kind of scorpion are not only soft as smoke, but also attached to the dust-proof curse. The dust is not contaminated. Unless it is stained with blood and water, it does not need to be cleaned.

But the most wonderful thing is that the "ice smog" will change with the change of the body shape of the master. This is indispensable for the disciples of the Snow Palace. When they enter the forbidden land at the age of five, they may have to be fifteen or twenty. After the long period of time, from the coveted children to the Yuli youth, the clothes woven by the ice and fog can grow with them, eliminating the embarrassment of the clothes.

——Would it be better to wear clothes made of this kind of material?

The ink burned and narrowed his eyes, and suddenly there was a cluster of sparks in his mind. He suddenly felt that something was wrong. It seemed that something had been wrong from the beginning. What is it...

"Is it disturbing, what is the treasurer?"

A sigh of anger, but the sultry youth of the singer interrupted the thoughts of ink burning.

Looking down, it was actually the group of Confucian disciples who appeared in Xuanyuan Pavilion during the day. The headed crane fluttered and held the sword. The sword handle opened the curtain and explored half of the body.

"Isn't this the follow-up of the leaves?"

Confucianism has seventy-two cities, and disciples usually do not know each other. As for Nangong Temple, he sat alone in an elegant room and turned his back to the door. Therefore, the group of teenagers swept their eyes at the in-house disciple wearing uniforms and did not recognize Zhang’s face.

The leaves are forgotten to the Shangnan Palace, which can be seen.

"It's really unstoppable, and the store was wrapped up tonight." The proprietress hurriedly greeted the past, while secretly swearing that she had forgotten to close the door. "Several sages go to other places to see it, sorry." ,I'm really sorry about it."

The young boy who was headed showed a difficult face: "Hey, how can this be? Other stores have only seen it. The blacks are all people. We have a skinny girl here. She has not rested for a long time, thinking about looking for it. A better place to let her sleep. The treasurer, trouble you to ask the uncle of the private field, can you give up a few rooms?"

"This... I am afraid that people are not willing."

The teenager made a courtesy and politely pleaded: "Just ask the boss to ask, if he doesn't want it, then forget it."

The proprietress also had time to talk in the future. The table at the door suddenly had a table of Nangong’s entourage standing up, and angered: "Why ask! Go out, go out! Don't bother my family to eat!"

"Yes! The clothes on the body of Confucianism are so good to bring a girl to sleep, and I don't want to send a shame to myself!"

The teenager didn't expect them to be so misunderstood. When they were stunned, their faces rose red and they said: "Why does this friend have blood-sucking people? My Confucian style is just right, and naturally I will not do this. This girl is my son. I am saved by kindness, and you are so gibberish?"

"Your son?" Nan Gongyi's entourage glanced at the elegant room. Seeing that the young master still casually sipping shochu, he seemed to default to his own rushing behavior, so he relaxed his heart and sneered. "All people know Confucianism." The son of the damper is one, who is your family?"

"In the lower Confucian style leaves forget." A gentle voice rang from the curtain.

The teenagers turned back: "Ye Gongzi-"

The leaves are in black, and the handsome face is a little more delicate in the candlelight. He enters the inn with his hand, followed by a veil wearing

a veil, revealing a woman who is uneasy and soft, is Song Qiutong.

"..." The ink burned and saw her, and suddenly the forehead violently jumped twice.

The road is narrow, how is it her...

The people who saw the Nangong Temple’s entourage were the leaves of the past, first of all, and then there were a few unsettled, and the face showed a disgusting color.

This leaf is the adopted son of the first elder of the Confucianism, and belongs to the "dark city" of the 72nd city of Confucianism. As the name suggests, the dark city is bred to the dark guard, and the head of the Confucianism Gate originally taught him to become the next leader of the dark guard. However, because the leaves of the roots are not suitable for the defense of the mind, they gradually turn to the main city and become the honor. The right arm of the Lord.

Because Ye had forgotten his identity as an early guardian, he acted in a low-key manner, and there were very few people who knew his name. However, the Lord is very important to him. In these years, the faction has even spread that the leaves are the rumors of the illegitimate children. Perhaps because of this reason, the original card is not the mainstay of the South Palace.

The Lord does not like him, and where can the following followers have a good impression of Ye Gongzi?

Originally as a junior, they could not offend Ye Gongzi, but this group of people are all confessed by Nangong, directly ordered by Nangong, so the atmosphere is stagnant for a long time, or the savage person sneer twice, opening: " Ye Gongzi still please come back. Today, in this inn, I am afraid I will not be able to give you a place."

"The son, since they said that there is no space, then, let's find another place." Song Qiutong stretched out the slender jade fingers, and took the leaves of the forgotten clothes, and said, "What's more expensive here, I really don't." Dare to teach the son to spend more..."

The ink burned upstairs and heard these two words, and rolled his eyes. The heart of this guy was really a weak and pitiful tone. When he pitted him, he now came to the pit.

The leaf was forgotten to talk. Suddenly, a huge white shadow came out from the inside and slammed into the back of the leaf.

Song Qiutong lost his voice and said: "The son is careful!!"

"Hey! Hey!!"

With the bright hustle and bustle, a white-faced demon wolf rushed wildly, and circling around the leaves for a moment.

"....."

In the silence of everyone.

The leaf forgets to hang down the eyelids, and there are three people who are high in the foot. At this moment, the white-haired demon wolf sticking to the ground is different: "Nau Platinum?"

This demon wolf is the mount of Nangong Temple, because it is like a red agate, white hair is like snow, and the tip of the claw is a touch of gold, hence the name Naobai.

Since Nauru Platinum is here, Nangong Temple must have been here. Ye forgets to raise his hand and touched the white velvet brain door that Naobai Platinum came over, and looked around.

sand--

The bamboo curtain was opened by one hand, the sleeves were bright red, and the gold wire was wrapped around the mouth.

Half of the impenetrable face was exposed. Nangong squatted with his arms in his arms and rested in the elegant room. He still had a pot of shochu in his palm. He looked at the leaves and said, "Fun, How can I meet you everywhere? You are so close to me, if you are screaming others about the gossip, where do you let my face go?"

The author has something to say: Wolf Scorpion: Give you five hundred, go.

Dog scorpion: Do not go.

Wolf Scorpion: Give you a thousand, go!

Dog scorpion: Don't go!

Wolf Scorpion: Give you one thousand five! You can't walk away!

Dog scorpion: This world is the seat of the whole life, you can shut up the dead ghost!

Wolf Scorpion: You dare to curse me! *! &*嗷呜呜呜! ! ! !

Dog scorpion: Wang Wanghao! !

Boss: What? Wildlife Epidemic Prevention Station? There are two mad dogs in my store, quarreling, yes, one is Husky and the other is Alaska... Right, that Alaska also carries a Samoyed called Naobaijin... Yes, it looks like three It’s dangerous to get a vaccine...

Chapter 86

"..." Ye forgets what he said is obvious, but he is not angry, and he forbears a moment, "You misunderstood. I don't want to follow you, but the life of the Lord, come to Xuanyuange to buy something." go back."

Moeburn and Chu Xiening heard this and looked at each other.

- Shenwu.

Nangong swayed the red clay jug in his hand, and his face was more gloomy: "My father wants to buy something, what trouble do you do? Is it that I have no hands and no feet, will not do it for him?"

"...Auntie, I don't mean this."

"Who told you to call me like this?" Nangong Emei Yu was extremely low pressure, his eyes were like electricity. "Ye Gongzi, don't think that his father blinked and kissed you, you can be unscrupulous in front of me... Do you want to be yourself?" Not disgusting?"

"I call you this, it is the meaning of the Lord. If you dislike, you can tell him by yourself." Ye said that he was silent and said, "What is the use of anger?"

"Don't take my father to pressure me!"

Nangong sighed and took a sigh of relief. The black scorpion was very cold, just like the silver moon hanging high and the wolf smoke filled.

"Ye Gongzi." He seems to have lengthened these three words. "My father asked you to call me aunt. I am afraid that he will be wrong with your position in the party, but you have to be a little self-aware in your heart. Don't give If you are three-point color, you will start the dyeing house. You know, even if you are dyed in a big red and purple, you can't stand with me if you are born here."

On the face of the wind, the face of the gentleman seems to have flashed a faintness. His scorpion-like eyelashes hang down and quietly said: "The young master said, but Yemou... never thought about it. Lesser than the Lord."

The switch on the title made Nangong a little more comfortable. He raised his hand and drank a few spicy shochu, but he was not drunk, and stared at the leaves for a while, snoring from his nose and waving his hand. : "You don't dare to measure, you yell at you like this, where can you be..."

He suddenly realized that there were many people here, and he almost said something he shouldn’t say, and he licked his lips and stopped talking.

"..."

In contrast, Ye forgets the past, even if he is so humiliated, he still looks down. No one can see whether his eyes are angry or humiliating. He only gives everyone a flat and gentle face, three-pointed, Seven points are restrained.

The atmosphere was at its peak.

Nan Gongyi looked awkwardly for a while, and his eyes fell on the woman behind the leaves. It seemed that in order to cover up the mistakes that had been made, he coughed and chin rushed to the woman and asked Ye Yexiu: "You Saved?"

"Ok."

"Where is she from the original? If the road is unknown, don't save it."

"Nothing, it was taken by Xuanyuan Pavilion."

Nangong Yu did not care about the bidding of Xuanyuan Pavilion, and did not bother to ask, but he was shocked when he heard that Song Qiutong was actually photographed. The original lazy and perfunctory eyes suddenly sharpened and stared at Song Qiutong’s face. He said halfway: "Is this thing a slave bone, or a sphenoidal beauty seat?"

There are only two kinds of people in the comprehension continent that can be publicly sold. In addition to the skeletal beauty seats, there is also a slave bone.

The slave bones are the sons of the human race and the demon. Because people are afraid of the demon nature of such aliens, once they are aware, they will destroy their true elements and put a slave curse on their cheekbones to make them a servant.

However, the price of the slave bones is not high, and there is nothing unusual. Usually, the tea is poured into the door, or it is bought by the wealthy merchants to play home. Since it was sold by Xuanyuan Pavilion, it should not be such a grade.

Sure enough, Ye forgets to say: "It is a sphenoidal beauty seat."

Nangong Temple became very interested, bypassing the leaves, and went to Song Qiutong to see the goods around her for a circle. Then he frowned and said: "How is this thing licking? Product?"

"...when she was caught, she was injured and coated. It was not so good." Ye forgets the news. "So we are not far away and want to stay here for one night."

Nangong was undecided, and narrowed his eyes. Suddenly, he sniffed at the neck of Song Qiutong and screamed like a wild untamed wolf. Song Qiutong was frightened by his act like a disciple, squatting in the same place, crumbling.

"It doesn't matter if it smells like an ordinary person." He licked his nose and sneezed. "There is also a powdery powder..."

Putting a wave, Nangong asked casually: "How much?"

"Fifty million."

"silver?"

"gold."

Nangong squats with big eyes: "Leaves the past, you are crazy? Five million gold, do you know how many top grindstones are enough to be tempered? Does the mother buy me a woman back? You are not the money of my Confucianism? ”

"I don't have the money to spend the martial art." Ye forgets to stop for a moment, then goes on, "I don't buy it for you."

"You-!" The fire that just descended came up again. The Nangong 驷 目 目 , , , , , , , , , , 南How to see how uncomfortable, immediately ordered, "You, the rag on the face, take it off!"

Song Qiutong was frightened, clutching the sleeves of Ye’s forgotten, and shrinking a little behind him. His voice was extremely pathetic: "Ye Gongzi, I... I don’t want to..."

The leaves are rejuvenated and slender, but they are not as strong as Nangong. But when they look at Nangong, they are not afraid: "She is not willing, and the Lord will not force her."

"Luo Luozhen, she is yours to save, that is to owe me a life of Confucianism, must listen to me. Pick it up!"

"She was saved by me. From the time I saved her, she was still free." Ye forgets, "Please also ask the Lord, it is difficult to be strong."

"Ye is a forgotten! You are a good thing!" Nangong sighed and slammed the doorframe. "What do you think of me? Today I am still on the line with

you. I said that she would pick her up. I picked up the veil and let you live here. If you don’t pick it, my mother will roll it for me!"

Ye forgets that the sigh is slightly undetectable, turning to Song Qiu Tong said: "Let's go."

This time, it was not only the Nangong who was picked up, but Ye Hao’s body was carrying Shenwu. He said that he could not let him go. Chu night would immediately say: "Go and stop him."

"Good." The ink burned also had this intention, but for a long time, suddenly a glimpse, "Master, stop to let him live, but people want to stay in the store to rest."

"Give us half of our room."

"...hey." I don’t know why, but suddenly the look has become awkward. "I’m afraid this is not appropriate."

Chu nightning raised his eyelids slightly: "What's wrong?"

"The Master does not know, we are best not to stay in a room with him, and he will not agree, because this leaves forget, he is actually a..."

When I heard the key, I heard the following Nangong smashing the table, the cup and the bowl smashed, and slammed the bench, with a tripod on it, angered: "Who allowed you to say Just leave?! I think you are the opposite! You are going to roll me back!"

"..." This is even awkward on the faces of Nangong's relatives.

This is not... little master, do you let people roll quickly?

Ye Yexi seems to have been accustomed to Nangong’s unreasonable troubles. He planned to sing and did not hear his roar. He shot Song Qiutong’s shoulder and motioned her not to go to the back of the heart.

"Leaves forget!"

"..."

"Leaves forget!!"

"..."

"Leaf - forget - the past!!!"

Ye Forget the forehead of the forehead, the blue ribs couldn't help but jumped twice, and finally couldn't help but look back. It was a sip of a jug, and the pupils shrank, and the leaves were forgotten, and suddenly the white shadow flashed.

"what--!"

A delicate pain called everyone to be surprised at the place, and Ye Yexi and Nangong were even more discolored.

Originally, between the electric and the Flint, Song Qiutong was in front of the leaf forgotten. The heavy red clay jug was smashing her forehead, and her blood was rushing, and her pair of white jade hands trembled. After the blood, I immediately fell into tears.

"Don't touch, I look at the injury."

"I'm fine, I don't hurt the son..."

"When you talk, you talk, what kind of bottle are you throwing?" Ye said that he was so angry that he looked at Nangong with a sigh of relief and immediately followed his own servant. "Get the medicine."

"The son, the golden drug is used up." The waiter whispered, "If you don't want me, I will go outside and buy some more."

Nangong Yu did not think that there would be this out. Although the work was calm, there was still a apology in his eyes. He squinted his face: "I, I have it here.... Alan, take my sachet."

Ye Yexi was a little angry, licking his lips and not taking care of him.

Holding a small pill bottle, it was stiff for a long time in the same place. I couldn’t see the leaves and looked back at myself. Nangong’s face couldn’t pass, and the bottle was rudely smuggled to Song Qiutong: “Give it to you, love it.”

Song Qiutong is like a frightened deer. He trembles toward the leaves and forgets that he has never stopped. He is only silent. This is why he has taken the gold medicine and he has lowered his head and hurt his own. He whispered: Thank you, Nangong Gongzi."

I didn't expect that the girl who was almost opened by herself would be thankful. The Nangong sneaked a sigh, and then I turned back to sway and coughed: "It doesn't matter."

It’s the night, and the leaves of the party are finally staying here.

An inn, a few candlelights, clearly extinguished, and the stars are chaotic.

The ink-burning squatting sits by the window, quite a bit absent-minded. Rebirth has been nearly two years, and the progress of many things is very different from that of previous lives. It is always subtle to see the same people doing different things.

Song Qiutong, Ye forgets, does not return...

These people and things that were familiar to the past are appearing in his life again as time goes by. Only in this life, he will never marry Song Qiutong as a wife. As for Ye Zhixi, this person will soon become famous in the world, becoming the second master of the comprehension world after only Chu Yuning.

There is still no return.

When he thought of this strange knife with his previous life, he was in a state of turmoil.

"Master."

"What is it?"

"You have been painting this charm for half an hour, why haven't you finished painting?"

"It's just fine." Chu Yuening said, by a solitary lamp, carefully took the last few strokes of the cinnabar's nib, an extremely complicated Tenglong jumped on the paper.

The ink burned in the past.

"what is this?"

"Chenglong enchantment."

"What do you do?"

"You can see all the traces of the spells around you. If the mysterious man wants to test the essence of the spirit with the gods, he must print on the weapon. Whether the weapon appears coincidentally or his design, you will know immediately. It is."

"Wow, there is such a good thing, why is the Master not used in the Xuanyuan Pavilion?"

"...I wake up the Ascension of the Dragon, you will understand it when you look at it."

I saw that Chu Ning pierced his fingertips and smeared it on one of the dragon scales. The little yellow dragon on the paper overflowed with golden light, and the eyes and tail began to swing flexibly.

Chu night Ningdao: "You are a real dragon?"

There was a sharp scream on the paper: "Yes, yes, this seat is a real dragon."

"How come you can see."

"Stupid mortal! How do you not believe!"

"If you can jump out of the paper, I will recognize you as a real dragon."

"What is the difficulty! You are waiting for this seat! Hey!"

The golden light flashed, and a slap-sized mighty dragon leaped out of the paper, shaking his head and swaying his tail, screaming and clawing, triumphantly flying around the night of Chu, and screaming: "Ha ha ha, ha

ha ha, I am a I only have big dragons, big dragons, I have many small secrets, little secrets. I have many secrets, I will not tell you, I will not tell them, I will not tell you, complain, you!"

Chu nightning used the eyes of the pair of Qingruo icy lake to glance at the little muddy coldly, covered it with his hands and covered it on the table, and said to the inkless expression: "Do you understand?"

"understood……"

"Let me go! You stupid mortal! You have to mess with this seat!"

Chu Xiaoning raised his hand and took a look at its reverse scale, which was the blood-stained scale: "Shut up, work."

The author has something to say: Xiaoqinglong bgm exposed childhood hahahaha~ This young song of the childhood songs I don’t know if I’ve heard it, I’m face~

Update character card stickers:

Nangong Temple

Word: no detention

Nickname: none

Occupation: Confucianism

Say something simple: the second generation

Social outlook: the young masters of the upper-repairing community who have led many fans

To put it simply: there is a group of younger brothers.

Currently favorite: Naobaijin

Favorite food: meat bones

Hate: vegetables

Height: 185

Chapter 87

Xiaolong came to the wind like a wind, only a cup of tea kung fu, he slammed back from the window, his mouth shouted: "Check it, find it, there are many spell marks in this inn, wow hahaha."

"Small loach, you shout so loudly, are you not afraid that you can't hear what you are talking about next door?" The ink burned to the table and stretched out his fingers to lick the dragon's body. The dragon tail sneaked and patted on the back of his hand. But after all, it is made of paper, not only does it hurt, but it is itchy.

"You are annoying little white face, don't touch this seat, this seat is not yet married, let you touch it, how do you do the dragon in the future?"

The ink burned and laughed: "What? You have a dragon made of paper, but also a wedding?"

"Wow-! Hey! You are the one doing it! Dog stuff!"

"How come you also call me a dog thing, you should not be the surname Xue?"

"This family name is Xue? 哼, the boy is ignorant, this seat is the dragon of the title that is unprecedented in the world. It is the day of the eye, the eyes are closed for the night, the breath is for the summer, and the breath is for the winter. , the candle nine yin is also!"

"...I don't understand."

"Wow, yeah!" Xiaolong gasped straight, took his two-finger wide head to hit the candlestick, hit the lights, and the red tears swayed. The ink burned and helped, and the partial hand was stretched over by the dragon. Unfortunately, the paper teeth were not painful, and the candle was thrown aside by the ink and the tail was slammed into the night. , hoes and brains.

"Chu Ning Ning." Xiaolong softly lifted a whisker, and poked the poem of Chu Yuning with anger. "The dog thief beat me."

Chu night Ning was too lazy to talk nonsense with him, took him down and took it on the table: "What are the enchantments outside?"

"Hey, can you dare to call the three-headed dragon prince? You call this seat-"

Chu night Ning stared at him coldly: "said."

"..."

The dragon was slain, the body of the gas swelled, the dragon had to rush to the sky, and a pair of mung bean eyes stunned and scorned Chu, and the noble dragon mouth was half-opened, screaming out, and after a while, wow spit out A big mouthful of ink comes.

Chu nightning narrowed his eyes: "You have to waste your pen and ink, I will burn you." Then he went to mention its tail, and made a move to bring it to the fire, "Let you become a real candle dragon."

"Good! You are amazing! You are amazing! I said! I said that it is not enough? Really!"

The dragon screamed for a few times, and spit out some ink stars, and did not whisper: "It’s murderous, it’s no wonder that for so many years, every time I see you, there is no wife!"

"Hey?" The ink burned and blinked, and I stole to see the night of Ning, and smirked with a bad intention. "Isn't the Master respected a teacher?"

"..." Chu nightning does not blame him, the sword eyebrows sink, yelled at Xiaolong, "I have more words, not fast!"

"Hey! Stinky man!"

On the rice paper that had been laid out long ago, Xiaolong used the ink to condense the ink on the claws, and smashed the dog crawler on the paper end.

No wonder he can't directly dictate which spells he saw, because the paper mind bag has limited intelligence, and it is impossible to distinguish the original curse by just the remaining marks. He has to wipe out what he saw by the gourd painting. Fortunately, Chu will be able to recognize and discern, and sighs and squints, and slowly names the name of each spell.

Xiaolong painted a crescent moon.

Chu nightning: "Anzheng. There is insomnia here."

Xiaolong painted a seven-star array.

"Star Yu. Here someone has set up a guardianship defense."

Xiaolong drew a rouge box.

"...rejuvenate."

The ink screamed and laughed. "I know this, the little curse of the little girl's beauty at night, is that sphenoidal beauty seat?"

Chu late rather did not comment, it seems that because even a few paintings are so indifferent to the traces of the curse and some heart, his slender fingers smashed twice on the wooden table, squinting: "Draw the next one."

Xiaolong painted another heart.

Ink burns: "What is this?"

"Clear heart." Chu night Ning annoyed, "useless, someone is meditating. Next."

Xiaolong painted another dog's head.

".....Tame of the beast..." Chu nightning held his forehead. "You, pick an important painting, this kind of face, teasing, sleeping, don't draw. Next ""

Xiaolong looked up and said, "You are really picky!"

"painting!"

Afraid to be thrown into the candlestick to become a real "candle dragon", the paper-headed dragon was only arrogantly holding two small soft claws and smeared it on the paper. This time, he painted a very complicated formation, and at first glance People feel very mysterious and profound.

"It looks like two circles, then another fork, and then another vertical bar straight down. A little yin and yang gossip." The ink burns his eyes, "Master, this will not be a mysterious person to stay." On the weapon..."

"No." Chu Xiaoning only glanced at it, and the forehead had some pain, "transmission."

"Oh? What?"

"Someone is naturally dissatisfied with their voice, or for other needs, want to change their voice, the sound can be done, it is not a very difficult technique." Chu night Ning paused, said, "but The use of transliteration for a long time is detrimental to the throat, and it is often difficult to revert to the original voice... This spell is awkward and I don't know who is using it."

The ink burned, but he smiled: "This way, that's not surprising."

Chu night Ning sighed, just want to say the next one, suddenly a glimpse, seems to think of something, the fog in the eyelids, suddenly suddenly went to see the ink.

"Why not strange... Do you know anything?"

"I can know what, I just feel that someone is dissatisfied with his voice. This is normal. Maybe it is the Song girl. Maybe she was originally hoarse, especially ugly, want to be pleasing to the ear?"

"....." Chu night Ning squats, "I think about it all day." Turning head and said to Xiaolong: "Look at the next one."

Xiaolong drew another heart.

Ink ignited: "Oh, the Master does not say that the heart is not painted?"

"Hey, little kids, what do you know?" Xiaolong glanced at him with anger, took a sharp shot of his tail, took an ink print on his heart, and then grinded it, turning the whole heart Blackened.

"What is this? Black heart?"

Chu night is rather awkward, silent for a while: "No. It should be love."

"what is that?"

"It’s similar to the kind of love that will be sold by Xuanyuan." Chu said, "I am tempted by people, and they make people feel love for themselves, and so on. They are generally used by women."

The ink burned his eyes sharply: "No? It won't be Song Qiutong..."

"How do I know this kind of thing." Chu Xiaoning looked very embarrassed, and looked at the wide sleeves. "Those things about other people’s feelings, how to do so, they have to mess, they have to go."

"But it’s late in the night, is this love you really not interested?" Xiaolong said with a happy tail. "I think this spell is interesting. If you are willing to call me three dragons, I will..."

Chu Xiaoning lowered his eyes and murdered his breath: "Shut up and draw the next one."

"Hey! You will regret it!"

"Do you draw or not?"

The dragon did not draw, and sat down and scratched his belly with short claws.

Chu night Ningyin cold road: "Why, is it not ink?"

"Stupid, no more." Xiaolong rolled his eyes. "I have painted so many spells. You are not enough. Nothing is gone. It’s so much. In addition to these, this inn is clean, what? There are no spells."

Listening to it, Chu nightning and ink burning look are slightly changed, ink burning: "This is gone?"

"Nothing."

Chu night Ningdao: "There is no curse to measure the roots?"

"No."

The mentor and the teacher looked at each other and had an unbelievable look on each other's faces. You must know that if the mysterious person wants to find a new spiritual essence through Xuanyuan, he must leave a measurement curse on Shenwu. But now it seems that the **** is clean and there is no curse. Attachment - Could it be that they misunderstood from the beginning, and the emergence of this strange knife, in fact, has nothing to do with the mysterious people?

Xiaolong saw that the two were silent, and they slammed into the air, and circled left and right. They said, "Hey, you are the reasoning of this seat. The paintings are very tired. Does anyone give this seat a hand?"

Xu is a late night in the heart of Chu, and he is so annoyed, seeing it is so noisy, simply swinging his sleeves and raising his hand, the volley calls out a yellow charm, Xiaolong sees it, screams, shouting again and again: "I don't want me not to want me not to I don't want to!!" But in the blink of an eye, I was sucked in by the spirits and became a picture on paper. Chu night, the tip of the finger was clicked again, and the dragon on the painting slowly disappeared.

Before it disappeared, it succumbed to the humiliation of Chu.

Chu night Ningdao: "I will call you again."

Xiaolong burst into tears and said: "There is nothing to do with the clock, no matter what summer Yingchun, Chu nightning, Chu nightning, you are so sweet..."

"Go back to you!" Chu Jingning, who was still talking to it, heard the words, the black-browed anger was vertical, and the slamming of the spell was folded flat and the sleeves were retracted.

At night, Chu night is sleeping in bed, and the ink burns to sleep.

Both of them have some problems.

I didn't think that there was no spell on the gods. It was the mysterious person who mastered the method of measuring the roots that they did not know, or was the man not in a hurry, and did not intend to find all the most powerful people now?

"Ink burning."

In the dark night, he called him.

The ink burned naturally and said: "Well?"

"We will return to the top of life tomorrow."

I suddenly opened my eyes.

"what?"

"That people can even miss the Xuanyuan meeting. It should be another way to find it. This will not lead to a result. We will return to the top of life,

and I will let the Lord’s secret letter to the other nine sects. Check if there is any spiritual essence under your own door. If it is, then it will be protected first. It is better to wait for the rabbit."

"How is this going? In case the mysterious person is one of the top ten sects?"

"It may be very small. Even if it doesn't matter, he already knew that we were tracing him, not bad."

"How can the Master teach those heads to listen to the uncle's words?" The ink burned and said, "Is it difficult, the Master must tell them everything?"

"This is not necessary, and they may not believe." Chu night Ning faintly said, "I have his own law."

Ink burned curiously: "What method?"

"Accepted."

"!!"

"I will tell the Lord that I will tell the other nine sects. There are often gaps in the ecstasy of the ghost world, which is harmful to the Quartet. Yu Yuheng of the dead will receive up to five disciples and teach the enchantment and killing. Enchantment and other methods." Chu night quietly, "Those sects have repeatedly invited me to the singer, for these enchantments. If I go out and are willing to teach, I am not afraid that they will not come. I only In order to pick up talents, those who are in charge of the selection of talents will inevitably have to test the roots of all the disciples under the door. Our goal is achieved."

The ink burned but did not agree. In the darkness, the face was green: "You, are you going to accept the apprentice?"

"Follow the edge."

Chu night Ning turned over, it seems that finally a little sleepy, the voice went down.

"I asked them to report their names first, and then let them practice ordinary enchantment. After three years, if some of them can persist, then accept it..."

In the darkness, I heard the words of the person on the couch gradually getting confused. The ink burned only when the chest turned over a vinegar jar, so his heart hurt.

Also accepting?

You only received three in the past life, and you are very picky. Why didn’t you pick this life? How can I collect it?

I wanted to talk to him several times, but when I got to my lips, I became silent.

Chu night Ning suddenly did not know the flaming vinegar sea waves, and finally fell asleep.

It was very cold at night, and the smoldering cloak got up and called him three or two times. When he saw that he did not respond, he quietly pushed the door out of the bedroom.

The inn's walkway was quiet, only a few red silk lanterns were quietly shimmering, reflected on the wooden floor, a round rim-like orange reflection.

Although Chu Evening has already experienced Shenwu.

But the ink burned, but he has not yet tested his return.

You must know that if you are within a hundred feet of the master, you can cast a spell to recall yourself. At that time, there was no time in the

Xuanyuan Pavilion to perceive whether this was a weapon of his past life. At this time, how can I miss this opportunity?

A layer of blood red light floats on your fingertips.

Slowly, the ink burns low: "No return, call!"

A few blessings, a dull squeaking sound rang in the distance, the sound was extremely light, but it was a direct shock to the eardrum, like a heavy hammer licking his heart.

The ink burned openly and squinted: "No return!"

It is not returning, the knives are arguing, crying in the blood, and the low-pitched drinking is like a heavy **** wave, rolling red dust, running toward him. He could hear no crying, screaming in hoarseness, it was trapped, and was banned by something that was not known to burn.

It can feel that the master is calling him, but he can't come, he has something missing, and he is connected with it.

However, they once had a contract. They had seen the high mountains and rivers embroidered together, and they had waited together to die, and heard the last temperature of the Wushan Temple.

The human and the gods are broken, and the flesh and blood are torn apart by some kind of force, but the veins are still connected.

The ink burns his eyes wet red, muttering: "No return..."

It's you.

Why can't you come back.

Who is blocking you.

Yes……

"Oh,"

Gently push the sound.

But in this unstoppable darkness, it is like a thunderstorm.

The author has something to say: Master: I wish you all a happy Christmas Eve.

Dog: The Year of the Rooster!

Peacock: What is upstairs! I am here to give you a good old age!

Teacher: I haven’t arrived yet, let’s say Merry Christmas first~

Wolf Scorpion: With the same white gold, I wish you a happy Year of the Dog!

Ye Forgiveness: How do I feel that the Year of the Dog is pleasant to sound like a monk...

Mei Hanxue: I wish you all the best every day. ^_^

Little Paper Dragon: There is nothing to do with the fact that there is nothing to do with Xia Yingchun! Chu night, you are a thin lover! You will let me out! ! !

Chapter 88

Look up and look at the sound.

A man in a black brocade with a golden cloak appeared at the end. He was tall and tall, covered in cloth, and even his face was covered with black gauze, revealing only a pair of eyes that could not be seen too clearly in the dark.

The man’s hand holds a knife.

The narrow-cut blade is dark and unacceptable.

Not return.

"Who!"

"Who I am, it doesn't matter." The man said coldly, the voice was very weird, like a deliberately distorted one. "You just know that I know you."

The ink burns, but still calms and squats.

"I am just a disciple of death and death. Do you know what I am doing, is it interesting?"

"Don't be a disciple of death and death? Oh, yes, but you have forgotten, you are also stepping on the immortal king, the emperor of the human world, the devil who killed the teacher, and the soul of the escape from Huangquan."

Every time he says a word, the blood that burns his body is even more ice-inch.

The whole person is like falling into an ice cave.

Step on the fairy.

Slaughtered in the 72 cities of Confucianism.

The Emperor of the People.

He married the most beautiful woman in the world, killing the teacher and killing the pro, and reaching the top.

The man said coldly: "You are, ink is raining."

Light rain.

Ten evils, eternal death can not be super-born.

In the light rain, the corpse will be smashed in the dead and dying, and you will dig your eyes and die.

"who are you!!"

The ink-burning eyes are red, and the childishness of the face is gone. The only remaining evil spirits are like the evil spirits. The man at the end of the walkway is screaming, and the next moment will lock the other’s throat. Shred the names that he never wants to hear, in the throat!

The man lifted the hand wrapped in black crepe, the long walkway, and the layers of ice crystals were condensed in a moment, completely separating the space between them.

"You can't summon this knife now." The man slowly walked over and stopped in front of him for more than ten steps. "The emperor of the

world... Maybe it’s better to call you now? It’s ridiculous, you can Have you seen yourself now?"

"A heart is no longer as cold as iron, and it is really good for him to follow him."

"Rebirth, rebirth, the person who said in the past to protect, where is he?"

The smoldering face changes: "What is your teacher?! What did you do to the teacher?!"

The man did not answer, just sneered: "Know why you can't recall it?" His fingertips slowly stroked the thick blade. "Only, your soul will change, hate, will dissipate...you Before you die, you can't keep your life innocent, and you can't help him if you have a future.

The pair of sharp eyes suddenly lifted up.

"Ink burn, have you done it?!"

"I--"

"The ghost world will be broken. In the past, you have to repeat the same mistakes. You have to look at him again and again, and then ask for a late night." You are living the opportunity to return to this world. You don't deserve to return."

"You don't have to say it!" Ink angered, "I am not involved with the teacher, I can't take it by others! You know that I am the body of rebirth, who are you? Falsely Chen? Or which one is as dead as I am? Old ghost!"

"Oh..." The man chuckled, "The old ghost who died and resurrected... Yes, I am the old ghost who died and resurrected. Otherwise, you think that nowadays this world, you have to be the one who cares about the rebirth, is there only one?" ?"

who is it!

There was a faint face in the brain.

Those who died before his death in his previous life.

Xue Zhengyi, Mrs. Wang, Chu Xinning, Song Qiutong, Ye Forget...

Or the people who forced him to bury the Wushan Temple in the past.

Xue Meng, Mei Hanxue, the dagger of the top ten sects...

Who is it... who is it! ! !

Who knows his secrets and grabs his seven inches. These are separated by a life-and-death disenchantment. Who is going through Huang Quan and is going to push him to the road! who is it!

It was only in a moment that the moment was suddenly moved, and the man’s clothes fluttered and flew to him. After this person was born again, the strength was still so strong, and the ink was suddenly shocked.

The blade that does not return is already on his chest, and a little force can pierce the flesh and blood and damage the heart.

"Ink rain, I thought you were a kind of infatuation, but maybe you are a good brother, you are alive, you still haven't put him in your eyes."

Ink burns the teeth: "nonsense."

"I gibberish?" The man sneered, sneering into the burning throat, slowly sliding down and falling to his chest. "How much position can you leave for him in your heart? You miss it a little, I am afraid It’s already gone, is there any left?”

Ink burned and said: "Who is in my heart, can't I know more than you? If you have so many words, why don't you take the veil and see it!"

"If you want to see me, you are not in a hurry." The voice of the man was like a smoke, and his eyes were very ethereal. He seemed to be ridiculed with some ignorance. "When you are going to die in this life, I will Give you something."

"You are going to die, you -"

When the words were not finished, I suddenly felt a bit of cold and biting. When the ink burned down, the man’s ice thorn did not know when he had climbed his body.

Ice curse, ice thorn...water attribute...

Who is it, who in the past will apply such a spell...

There are too many opponents, and when I am anxious to remember, my mind is a mess.

Xue Meng, fire.

Chu night, gold, wood.

Leaves forget, earth.

Xue Zhengyi, soil.

Who is it, how can you not think of who has such a powerful force to control the ice.

"You said it is good, I am also dying. However, the ink is raining, it must be a long time and a long time."

Xuan Bing quickly frozen the whole body.

The strength of this man is terrible. The ink burns a little bit of spiritual power against the ice, and he feels a arrogant force rushing toward him.

In front of this person, the strength is not even under the night of the night! !

Water properties.

Who! !

Between the electric and the flint, it seems to have flashed a vague face, but he still has to think about it, and the throat is caught by the man.

The tip of the finger covered with black yarn rubbed his throat, and the person's eyes were dark and not bright.

"My life count, I will not worry about the Emperor," he said slowly. "Or let me call you back some life and friendship, lest you not do business, bad me."

"Well--!"

Slamming.

Not sorrowful and sorrow cut through the flesh and blood of the former master.

"The wound is not deep, just take your blood and make a seal."

The man really only had some blood on his wound, and then he clicked on his eyebrows and muttered.

The ink burns only feels a sharp pain in the head, and swears loudly: "Fuck, you, mother! Have you been stuffed with me for the rest of your life or was your mother killed me by the ancestors? You are awkward, what are you going to do!" ”

"Oh, don't move. Good heart curse."

"I am a mother who is a good mantra or a disgusting mantra. Can you not disgust me? Go away!!"

"The ink burns." The man slowly sighed in his eyebrows and sighed softly. "How can you bear to let me go away." After a pause, he muttered the curse. "The heart is not water, meaning Can't stop, the heart...opens."

Sudden cramps in the chest!

"you……"

The ice curse is lifted, the ink burns and is unstable, and the face is white and slowly squatting on the ground.

"You still don't thank me." The black man lowered his eyes and looked indifferent. He glared at him for a while, faintly said, "I will expand your heart's emotions and expand them. If you love it, you will be more distinct. So, you Can you always see your heart? If you don’t know how to do it for you, you can’t stop, then you...it’s really useless, but just abandon!”

It turns out that this kind of charity is to make the love and hate in the heart stronger and more vivid.

Why is this person so bothered to save his life?

Water properties...

This is the last few confusing thoughts that flashed in his mind before his consciousness returned.

"Plop", the ink fell to the ground, and the two curtains were thick and deep. The black man looked at him coldly for a while, then slowly leaned over, first explored his pulse, and after a moment of indifference, he raised his hand again, and his palms condensed a blue glow.

"All forget."

The black man whispered out these two words. The blue light is even worse, and the ink-burning eyebrows are slowly loosened.

When he wakes up, he will only remember to go out and summon the gods, but the gods will not come. The rest of the matter will never be remembered. He will not know that there is another person born again in the world.

The utility of the Charity Mantra can only last for a few days, but it can well point the way to the people in the confusion.

"Emotions are expanding. I am afraid that when you wake up, you will find yourself more and more like Shi Mingjing. I like to want to dig out my heart and give it to him." The black man said coolly.

"See you, step on the emperor."

After a night of turmoil, everything was fixed. On the second morning, the ink burned open and found that he was still lying on the bedside of the night. He turned his head and the window of the room seemed to be blown away by the wind in the middle of the night. It was half-opened and half-closed. As the morning breeze gently opened and closed, the slap on the wooden edge.

The room was very quiet, and the ink did not look into the bed, but I knew that Chu Ning should not wake up yet.

Outside the window, it is the sky of crab blue, the sun has not broken the clouds, the morning is often pale and lack of blood, the sun has never given it too much warmth, there are not many people getting up early, she is too lazy to dress, lazy My own tiredness is heated.

In the wind that blows in, there is a little bit of grass and dew.

The ink burned for a while, let the consciousness return, and then sat up, but there was a pain in the shoulder.

Strange, when the clothes broke a hole, there was some dry blood underneath.

He stayed for a long while.

Didn't you go out to find out last night? Just remember that no return does not respond, it should be a fake. Later, it seems like...

Oh, I can't think of it.

Look around, the dark brown floor highlights a thick nail, Xu is the nail that is drawn, do you sleep so hard? Actually unaware.

The cloak got up and looked at the bed.

Chu night Ning is still high lying, although he has long been accustomed to his high, enjoying a good position, he can only pick the rest of him, such as the bed floor, and will be one night. But today it is inexplicably very hot, taking advantage of the person's silhouette, some teeth itching.

"Why do I always sleep on the floor and sleep in the bed, respecting the teacher is correct, but there is no child to say?"

The ink burn is very unpleasant.

I thought that there was a protruding nail on the floor, and I was even more unscrupulous when I scratched myself without any reason.

When the time is still early, he does not want to grieve again on his own ground, and simply lie down on the bed, close his eyes and sleep.

Two people, one facing left and one facing right, the big bed, will not touch each other.

Once I was in a dream, I now sleep.

It is clear that the skin of the last generation is separated by limbs. In the most crazy days, even after he loves him every night, he is not willing to quit. And the two people who have been relatives, now lay at the very end of a big bed, so sleep.

Chapter 89

When the ink burns again, it is already a great day, and the sun is very high.

The ink burned over and blinked, and I saw that Chu Ning was still asleep.

Perhaps it is the reason for drinking the scented dew, or maybe he is not very good recently, always dreaming, and this time is gone, but he still dreams of deep, he is facing his back, a long dark hair, hooligans Between the pillows, a good night's color.

Ink burning: "....."

Since the master can't get out of bed, when the apprentice is no longer necessary to work hard, the bed is very comfortable, not as high.

But lying and boring, the ink burned in the past and played the night hair of Chu.

There is always a touch of floral fragrance in the hair of the teacher. It is soft and smokey, and it is one of the things that the ink burns most like.

The fingers passed through the smog and thin stream, and the silky and delicate touch felt around the fingers to scratch the heart.

The ink-colored back bed curtain oscillates slightly as the window leaks into the wind.

Picking up your eyes, the energy in the morning is always a bit strong, not to mention the taste of the fingertips is so good, so cooked, then...

He plucked a long hair from Chu’s late night and sniffed.

This soft long hair will take the past and slowly come over from past lives.

Although he was born again, he tried to remember as much as possible that he had been too fragrant with the scent of the night, but I don’t know why.

There seems to be some thirst in the throat.

I don't want to touch the body of the predecessors, but the hair is always OK. He closes his eyes and gently kisses the ink between his fingers.

This ink color...

The Wushan Temple, which is the root of life and death, is also such an ink color. It hangs down inexplicably and burns the ink in it. He holds the man's thin waist, and there is a thin layer of muscle under his fingertips, which is completely different from the woman's touch.

The ink burns with the status of the winner, so that he is ruthless, and he commands him all maliciously.

"Move it faster."

"..."

"So slow, are you not working?"

(There is a car flying, there is no time to explain it.)

"You are really kinky/swinging." The ink whispered, "I knew that when you were an apprentice, you should be engaged."

He is a blind man, he is not knowledgeable, and he is not influxed.

Such a rough sentence is like a knife blade, tied to the heart of Chu Yuning.

He suddenly looked up and closed his eyes, and the hoarse voice rang for the first time.

He says:

"The ink burns, you kill me."

The man holding the hand on his waist trembled inconspicuously.

Then the ink burned, the smile is still sweet and lovely, and the pear nest is deep.

"Okay."

Chu night Ning Yi suddenly opened his eyes.

The ink burned in the wet scorpion that made him want/fire, and saw some distorted smiles.

"You ask to die, I don't stop. It's just that you can't choose the law of death. I want you to be riddled by thousands of people in front of your good teacher Xue Meng. Oh, it is best to let Xue Meng also participate." You said, is it good enough?"

"you--!"

The slender and cold fingers grabbed the ground, but they couldn’t catch anything.

Chu nightning is ultimately helpless, and he can only be left at his mercy, and the light in his eyes gradually dissipates.

Suddenly, he raised his hand and covered his eyes.

Chu nightning gently said: "Ink burning..."

"Ink burn, if you have a little bit of love... there is a little bit of conscience..."

His eyelashes trembled slightly under the back of his hand.

"Just ask you... don't do it again..."

"Ink burning..."

The voice whimpered.

It was burned, the past life, the first time I heard him cry.

"The ink burns, I can't stand it..."

"pain……"

Suddenly, Chu nightning turned over and stunned the ink from the sweet memories. The past was like a bird, but only the heart.

The long hair between the fingers had slipped away, but the man slept sideways, and his face was close at hand, and the ink burned and even cleared the long eyelashes.

So lovely. he thinks.

In all fairness, Chu Xi Ning is not the kind of feminine appearance. His five senses are quite good, and he has a strong knife and axe. In fact, he is more masculine than ordinary people.

The more you can be biased, the more it is itchy.

The ink burns too much to see this iron skeleton, the unspeakable man under his body, ecstasy.

The heartbeat is getting faster and faster.

He stared at the face of Chu Xiaoning, his eyes moving in an inch, falling to the light color, because he was asleep and slightly opened his lips.

Involuntarily approaching.

As long as you are closer, you will be able to meet.

A nectar-like taste.

The ink burns the throat and feels endless thirst. Closer, a little closer... I’m about to run into it.

Suddenly, there was a glimmer of clearness in the mind of the desire/fire, and he froze and his face was white.

What is he doing! !

Squatting up, the man smoldering and staring at the man on the bed—Chu Yuning, Chu Yuning, and getting used to lingering with him, it's all in the past! What is this for yourself? crazy?

Do you really like him?

Suddenly, I was shocked by this thought. The ink burned and the face was blue and white.

In the end, he took a deep breath and buried his face in his palm, snoring, and fleeing like a cloak.

The author has something to say:

Boss: I am going to open my mind to you. I haven't thought of the teacher at all. Is it all about you and your little theater? I see that I am a Santa Claus, come here to give you this fool to send the car keys! Angry!

In the past, there was a car that was bound to accompany the glass slag. I didn’t warn the past knife. I said that it’s all the turning tool, the knife, haha, and seeing the number of words is not afraid 23333

In fact, it is because the important content has been deleted~

A car, make it look good, after all, remember to kill, the car is still waiting for this life to open again~

Weibo [Muscle big devil], at 10 o'clock in the evening, can't see refreshing, maybe I will be slower to operate, slow down for a minute or two, hey, I wake up and delete the next day. I don't know when I wake up, I need to pay attention to my own screenshots. Low-key, low-key, low-key, important things say three times~

Don't worry if you miss something tonight. At 9 o'clock tomorrow night, Weibo will reopen the second ship and put it at 10:30. After one and a half hours, you can delete it. Don't forget the boarding time 21.00-22.30.

Chapter 90

When Chu Yuning finally wakes up, it is already noon.

Musk dew is really a good thing. I slept last night and had no nightmare. He yawned and sat up slowly.

"Ink burning?"

The apprentice who has always loved bed more than he did not even sleep in the night last night.

No one cares.

He got up, rectified the dress, and smoggy long hair, while walking to the compartment of the wing. The Su embroidery screen depicting Yunyan Mountain is steamed with thin water vapor, and it seems that someone is bathing in the back.

"...burning."

Chu night was standing outside, and it was called again.

Still not responding.

Undoubtedly suspicious, Chu night Ning smashed the edge of the screen, after many times without fruit, he frowned and turned to the back of the screen.

This is the place where the head of the room is specially used for bathing, and there is a big eucalyptus bath in the middle. Chu night Ning glanced at the inside, the water inside was full of heat, but also sprinkled the traditional Chinese medicine flowers and plants already set up in the store, but only those who did not see the bath.

Can be left and right again, the ink burning the guy's clothes is off the stack on the wooden frame.

Shouldn't he take a shower and run out without clothes?

Chu nightning's forehead was pumped, and the horrible thoughts were smashed down, and the lips were thin, and his face was quite ugly.

I was turning around and I was going to hear the sound of "snapping" behind me.

Chu Xiaoning turned back and saw only a few bubbles in the large wooden barrel covered by petal herbs.

- Is there someone inside?

When the singer came out, he heard the sound of "哗". A red/naked youth, like a dragon, came out of the bucket and was shocked by the late two steps.

The young man seemed to be suffocating under the water, so he didn’t hear the outsider’s call to him. He couldn’t stand it until he stood up, revealing the upper body, slamming the water on his hair, like a dog on the shore. The splash of water splashed on the night clothes of Chu.

"Ink burning!"

"Ah!" The man with his head squinted and squinted his eyes. He did not expect to see him when he came out. He was shocked. "Master!"

"you……"

The line of sight sweeps through the youth's well-prepared body shape. The shoulders that have gradually opened up are already wide, the lines are fluent and tight, and the young tension is very strong. The water drops gather along the muscles of his chest and muscles, and slowly squat down. The sun shines with dazzling luster.

He is like those beautiful monks, half floating on the water, hair and eyes are wet, and even a few petals are spread between the hair.

The ink burned a pair of waterdrops on his face, laughing and smashing toward the night of Chu, and his hands were stacked on the side of the bucket. The shoulder blade was as relaxed as a leopard, looking up at him.

Chu nightning felt dizzy and hot, and subconsciously said: "What are you doing?"

"Bathing."

"morning?"

"Oh." Some guilty. In fact, I started to suppress the evil fire, so I wanted to make a cold. Later, the fire was suppressed, but I felt that the clothes were off. It would be better to take a shower. After washing and washing, I sneaked into the bottom of the water to practice the breath, and I was forced to hit the night.

"What a smirk?" Chu nightning frowned, his tone gradually became cold, and he used his picture to cover up his brain heat. "I don't know how to wake me up early, I am here in a mess, and I throw a piece of West in the clothes." One piece, fit together -"

"Master. You... there is water here."

He slammed his hand and went to the side of Chu’s late face.

"Unification."

The ink burned, he forgot that his hand was wet, and he wiped his face with the night, only the more he wiped.

Chu nightning is standing in the same place, the air around it is cool, the face is very close, and the lips are slightly squatting, only the eyelashes may tremble.

It felt like I was training a hound, but I was lifted up by the sly dog scorpion and arched.

"...dress and get out. We have to prepare to go back to the door."

In the end, Chu’s cold face was so cold that he left his face and went away.

It was just a place where there was no glimpse of ink, and his ears were red.

Just like where he didn't see, there was also a pair of wet, complicated, but still eager eyes that couldn't make him go home until the corner disappeared.

The cute smile on the face of the burning face disappeared, but it turned into an annoyance.

He shot the water in anger and picked up a face.

It’s a hell.

What is going on today?

I only saw him in the bath, just raised his hand and touched his face.

It’s hard to press the desire to go down, it’s harder...

"How did your clothes last so long?"

By the window, Chu night Ning returned to his face, his clothes fluttering, the fine hair shattered through the jade cheeks, and blamed for being impatient.

The smoldering cough is a few times, and it is vague: "I use steam to dry my hair, use it, use it, and slow down. Master does not blame."

It’s rare to see him speak so well, and Chu Evening looked at him unexpectedly and said: “When it’s been groomed, I’m going to pack things up. We’ll rent a fairy boat back later. I don’t want the sword, the horse is also tired. Walk the water, it’s quiet.”

"Oh, okay." The ink burned, didn't dare to look at him, and coughed a few times.

Chu night Ning frowned: "What happened to your throat?"

"……It's nothing."

Turned to the whole baggage, the two bought some dry food snacks in the store, and then went to the dock to rent a boat.

When the boat took the Yangtze River and went to the place where it could not work, it started the wooden wing and took the magic as a reference. Although not fast, but the victory is comfortable and secluded.

Eight days later, the two arrived at the death and death, and the boat stopped in front of the mountain gate.

The ink burned and opened the bamboo curtain, so that Chu Yuning first came out of the cabin, and then followed him. At this time, the moon was high, it was late at night, and the elders of Yu Heng had written in the letter that Xue Zhengyi did not have to send people. Ying, so the two climbed up the ranks, and at the entrance to the main entrance, they met four disciples.

"Yuheng Elder!"

"Ink son!"

The four disciples saw them, and somehow they flashed a glimpse of their faces. When the two of them reacted, these people slammed down and screamed: "Elders, sons, and people in the eyes are looking for Two enemies! The deity sent a flying pigeon to pass the book and let the two evade. It seems that this fat pigeon is still flying slowly, but it has not been sent! Elders, son, you go to the impermanent town to hide the limelight, you can Never go in!"

Chu night Ning narrowed his eyes and asked: "What happened to this?"

"It’s the people who are in the upper bounds, saying that the elders want to repair evil spirits, they will take you to Tianyin Pavilion for a trial!"

“Tian Yin Ge?” The ink burned and said, “Isn’t that the prison of the ten sects formed together to judge the unscrupulous?”

"Yeah! They rushed to the scene of Choi Butterfly Town!" One of the female disciples said, "Is the elders still remembering? It was the time you were blamed by the rod!"

"That is the most abused sorcerer and mortal. The Master has been punished. How can I suddenly turn up the old account and actually alarm the Tianyin Pavilion." The ink burned and frowned. "And, the evil is what happened?"

"The specifics are not clear to us, but the people who heard it said that the townspeople of Choi Die Town died in the evening, and the murder was a half-sex and half-ghost thing, as if instigated by someone. The ghost fairy is so strong that ordinary sporadicity can never drive her, so those who are in the upper cult are suspected... suspect that this is what the elders Yuheng did!"

Chu nightning: "..."

"Hey." The ink burned. "I am still what it is. This misunderstanding is just fine. Why do you hide?" Except for a mob, you say that you and the younger generation are in the limelight. You are a big demon, and you suspect that you are practicing evil spirits and raising ghosts to hurt people. Then let’s not do it, learn to concentrate on meditating at home. It is best to cultivate the immortals."

Chu Xiaoning did not laugh, he looked ugly, silent for a while, asked: "The people in Caidie Town are dead?"

"It is said that this is the case, no one is alive."

"..."

Chu nightning closed his eyes.

The female disciple saw him look different, and he was uneasy: "Elder?"

"This incident is not what I did, but it may be caused by my incomprehension. I am responsible, I can avoid it." Chu nightning slowly opened his eyes, "burning, follow me."

In the Wushan Hall, twelve entangled bronze lamps are lined up on both sides. Each of them is ten feet high. The nine layers of copper branches are stretched out. From top to bottom, from short to long, a total of 356 candles

are fired. The lights of the halls of the dead and the dying are bright, like white.

On the temple, Xue Zhengyi was installed, and the leopard looked like a ring. Like a statue of iron, he was staring at the people below.

"Li Zhuangzhu, I will tell you the last time. The elders of Yu Heng are not in the party at the moment, and Xue Mou can be guaranteed by the head of the people. The matter of Choi Diezhen is not his deliberate. You are not convinced... That one……"

Mrs. Wang covered her sleeves and whispered something: "Yellow."

"Cough, you don't trust the mouth of the female that yellow!" Xue Zhengyi waved his hand, and the momentum was awkward.

Mrs. Wang: "....."

In addition to the guardian disciples of the dead, there are more than 30 people standing under the temple. Almost all of them are dressed in bi-colored robes, arm-armed and dusty, and wearing silkworms into the sacred crown. It is the new beginning of the past years. The disciple of the show "Bi Tan Zhuang". The headed man is about fifty years old. Two beard-shaped squid, floating in the wind, isn’t Bitan Zhuang’s owner Li Wuxin?

Li Wuxin took a long beard and sneered: "Xue Zhangmen, my honourable faction is also the right way, so I will reason with you. Choi Butterfly Town is amazed after the elders of your party Yuheng and his disciples have demonized the demon." In addition to the three of them, Chen’s family has not had any dealings with any of the people who have cultivated the immortals. The evidence of the person’s identity is there. You must recognize it and you will recognize it if you don’t recognize it.”

Xue Meng, who was standing beside his father, couldn’t help himself. He shouted and said: "You **** and having a face? How many times have you been in the process of repairing the world? I watched one by one and watched myself ascended to heaven, and planted me when something happened. Master respects, where is the truth!"

"Xue Gongzi." Li Wuxin did not anger, but looked at him with a deep look. He smiled. "I heard the son of the phoenix being outside, and the person who called the phoenix was seen today. Oh, it was so conceived. I really let the old man open his eyes."

"you--!"

Li Wuxin leaped over his eyelids and turned to Xue Zhengxuan: "Xue Zhangmen, I am a stricter in the practice of the world. Once I intervene in this matter, I will thoroughly investigate it. If you insist on surrendering Yuheng, ink burning Waiting, the old man had to go to the world's largest school of Confucianism, to come to preside over justice!"

Xue Zhengyi's temper is fierce. Listening to him, he is quite arrogant: "Hey. I know that you are in good contact with the Confucianism, but even if Nangong Liu himself stands in front of me, I still have that sentence - no Paying people, this matter has nothing to do with Yu Heng."

Xue Meng also said: "Li Zhuang Lord please return. Go well and do not send."

"Is it a glimpse? I have seen it! They are so unreasonable and filthy!" The crowd suddenly burst into a man’s trembling voice. "At the time, the surnamed ink, stole my friend, we are polite. Gas up the mountain to find a saying, they also ruthlessly let us go! Li Zhuang, you have seen it? If it is continued by the dead and the death, the next revision can be finished!"

As soon as his voice fell, he heard a soft laugh at the entrance.

When the people turned back, they saw the darkness of the light and shadow. A young man with a scornful blue dress leaned against the lacquer carving door, and looked at the scene in the temple lazily.

The young man is very handsome, and the skin is still tight and delicate under such a candle, as if it will shine.

"Changgongzi, when did I steal your friend's things?" The young man smiled softly and lovelyly. "You told me that the three are... No, maybe Rongji, I can't remember. In short, the wonderful person, is it your friend, or your hoe? You are so honest, he is afraid to be sad."

It wasn’t someone else who cried over there. It’s the Yizhou rich businessman who said that he had to end up with the dead and dead.

Chang Gongzi jerked back and saw the ink burned out. The first thing was that the look changed, and then the light flashed in the eyes, and then suddenly screamed:

"Ink rain, you are a beast, nine children and I are the singer, and I am clear and white, and now he is poisoned by your group of demons, and you are dying to death. You - actually squirting blood, framing him!"

"What?" The ink burned and the eyes were slightly enlarged. "Is the nine dead?"

Chang Gongzi was angrily, and his eyes were tearful: "He is also a man in the town of Caidie. He went back to his hometown to visit relatives a few days ago. If he didn't go, how can I know that you and your teacher are respectful? These evils! I will not go to Li Zhuang to seek justice!"

However, the ink burned against Rongji. He was surprised and then waved his hand with impatience: "What is the friendship, you are jealous, he is jealous? Hey, where are you innocent?"

"Ink, ink burning!" Chang Gongzi did not expect him to say this, horrified, "You, you do not know the turbulence of the big words! You, you -"

"Cough..." Mrs. Wang’s face could not be hanged.

However, Xue Zhengba’s eyes didn’t say anything. Hey, it’s not a good word to listen to. He thinks that the nephew said it is very reasonable, and there is nothing wrong with it.

Suddenly a sigh in the night, the sound is like Kunshan jade, the ice lake begins to solve, the indescribable low-pitched, and then a long bone, the line of beautiful hands...

Uncertainly fanned on the face.

"Spoofed slang, the singer's confession is the public Shamu Wuyou no matter how poor friendship." Chu nightning black face appeared at the door, not very angry, "will give me a shame, squat at the door Even, don't roll in!"

"Master!"

"Master!"

Xue Meng and the teacher were cold and could not see him. They were all shocked and happy, and they came to meet each other.

Xue Zhengxuan has wide eyes, but is annoyed and helpless: "Yu Heng, how come you suddenly came back?"

"If I don't return, how long do you plan to stay alone?" Chu late Ning step into the Wushan Hall, a graceful face in the candlelight more like a fairy-like elegant and innocent. He stood in front of the Golden Temple in the main hall, nodded with Xue Zhengxuan, and then turned around, wide sleeves and scorn.

"The death of the dead, the night of Ning, the residence of the elders of Yu Heng, I heard that you have something to ask, but it is disrespectful." On the eyes of Li Wuxin’s shocked, the night of Ning Feng’s eyes was like a smoke, passing by, faint .

"Teach me to see you."

The author has something to say: Yesterday, if you didn't get on the boat, you can board the ship today. Weibo [Muscle is the big devil], delete the ticket tomorrow morning~

I don't know if anyone has forgotten Rong Jiu and Chang Gongzi, that is, the little donkey who bullied after the fish was born again, and the little girl who was bullied.

Small theater [review of each character]

Chu Xiaoning: I heard that everyone thinks that I am not attacking enough, huh, huh, ask for a high opinion.

Feeding the fish: I heard that everyone feels that my technique is not good, huh, huh, ask for a high opinion.

Xue Meng: I heard that everyone thinks that I am not straight enough, huh, huh, ask for a high opinion.

Teacher: I heard that everyone thinks that I am a black-hearted lotus, hehe, ask for a high opinion.

Ye Forgiveness: I heard that everyone thinks that I am a girl, huh, huh, ask for a high opinion.

Mei Hanxue: I heard that everyone feels that I have already appeared, huh, huh, ask for a high opinion.

Meat package: The last brother named Mei, no one thinks you have already appeared, huh, huh, not convinced me.

Everyday, I would like to thank all the small companions who are chasing the text.

Chapter 91

On the main hall, this person is dressed in snow, holding hands, crepe like clouds, wide sleeves and ground. The look looks dignified and cautious, but the eyes are slightly lifted, the eyelashes are drooping, and the three-pointed and thin, three-point arrogance.

Li Wuxin did not think that the elders of Yu Heng turned out to be him, and he suddenly changed: "Chu, Chu..."

Chu night Ning Anran said: "Li Zhuang, don't come innocent."

"How is it!" Li Xiaoxin, who was so clever, couldn't speak for a long time. The face was like a wax. "You have no news after you leave the Confucianism. We still say that you are going to the Four Seas. Who is going? Knowing that you are actually, you are actually casting a bright pearl!"

Chu night smiled and smiled, his eyes were very cold: "Because you can afford it, I feel that I am a pearl."

"..."

"Well, gossip doesn't have to talk too much, let's talk about business. I heard that you think that I am practicing sorcerer and killing 500 households in Caidie Town. This fact is not what I did, but Li Zhuang has come from here, must have Misunderstandings. I still have something to do, Tianyin Pavilion will not accompany the owner, and the owner has something to ask, just ask here."

He said that he was too lazy to stand, wave his sleeves and seat himself on the elders. Wushan Temple has a special seat for each elder. Chu Xiuning’s seat is on the left side of Xue Zhengyi, with a fine bamboo basket and a half-rolled bamboo curtain. It is filled with fresh and sturdy flowers. The seats in the flowers are too low.

Although these years, Chu Ning did not deliberately hide his name, but it was indeed low-key. Therefore, although the young people of Bitanzhuang heard it, they did not know how powerful he was. However, Li is not the same. He has been in the rivers and lakes for many years. I don’t know the name of the late night Yuheng.

His fists were pinched in his sleeves, and the light could not help sweeping the Changzi.

If I have not collected the money from my family, why bother to take this hardship. The elders of Yuheng who thought that they were dead and dead were just an unknown monk. Who knows that it will be a long-lasting Chu nightning!

If you know that it is him, you will not be able to come here to take advantage of this beach. You can’t advance or retreat, how can you ride a tiger?

Li Wu has no change in his heart, but his heart is bitter.

However, a pro-disciple disciple is unclear, and he thinks that this elder is too unreasonable. Therefore, Master did not know how to deal with it. He actually made his own cleverness: "Chu elder, you have been to the butterfly town in the past." ?"

Chu night Ning squinted and looked at him: "Not bad."

"So, the ghost bride, is the evil of your town?"

"What are you talking about?"

"I..." The boy was aphasia. He only knew that the evil charm of the butterfly town was a ghost bride, but he didn't know more. Therefore, Chu Xiaoning asked him a little, he couldn't answer it, only red face equator, " In short, it’s a female ghost! You ask so much to do? Very young, fifteen or six years old, how many can you marry a new bride in a town?"

Chu night Ning sneer: "The color of the butterfly town is a vulgar marriage, the ghost bride does not have a hundred and fifty, I really don't know which

one you are talking about."

"you--"

"What are you, me, no rules. The anti-subjects are not going back!"

Li Wuxin changed his face and looked forward to Yan Yue’s face. He said to Chu, the master of Chu, the first time I went out of the mountain, I don’t know the rules. Don’t be surprised. He said the ghost bride really It’s that it’s fierce.”

Chu nightning slightly frowned: "Luo's fierce scorpion has gone away?"

"Yeah." Li Wuxin sighed. "The female ghost lost her mind, killed Chen's door and said nothing, and then slaughtered in the town. When I went to suppress the disciples, there was almost no color butterfly town. Live people."

Chu night Ning whispered: "How can it be..."

"I have heard that the elders who have been involved in this matter are the elders of Yu Heng who lived in the dead, so they came to the door. In addition, in the town of Choi Die, I also got two things. Chu Zongshi, I hope you look carefully. Look, is it related to you."

He said, first take a piece of blood-stained yellow silk scorpion from the sleeve, and want to hand it to Chu.

Unexpectedly Xue Meng stepped in front of him, no good air: "Give me!"

"This……"

"My teacher has a cleansing, and the things that outsiders have touched don't touch him!"

Xue Meng said that it is really exaggerated. In fact, Chu Xi Ning is nothing more than a thing that people who don’t want to touch the disgusting people, but it’s really nothing clean. However, Chu night Ning had to see Li Wuxin is not pleasing to the eye, so it is also because of Xue Meng's troubles, not much to say, only coveted a hot tea served by the teacher.

Li Wuxin was sulking, but there was no way. He had to sneer and give Huang Wei to Xue Meng.

Under the candlelight, the public witnessed.

Chu night Ning shakes open, only a glance, his face changed.

"Transfer curse..."

"This is exactly the case. Chu Zongshi, according to my investigation, Luo Fijian soul has been temporarily sealed by you. Before you leave, you handed a curse to the Chen family's only daughter, let them copy the daily copy. , reciprocating ten years, is it not?"

"Not bad."

"That is the sentiment curse, it is the handwriting of Chu Zongshi, is it right?"

"...this is true."

"But Chu Zongshi, you have a curse for this, and there is a curse rune at the end of each chapter. What does that mean, you won't understand it!" Li Wuxin's voice suddenly screamed.

"Wan Tao's return to the wave pattern is a curse! - Everyone who has a copy of the curse of the Chen family will draw a counter-curse symbol, which will become a curse of the victim. The seal was broken, and Luo was fierce and fierce! The Chen family was full of people who knew nothing. In addition to handing over the shackles to their Yuheng elders, the old man couldn’t think of the second person and could teach them to draw such a powerful spell!"

"The old man is going to have blood-sucking people!" Xue Meng was furious. "If my master wants to kill them, why should I wrap around such a big bend! What is the curse of the curse, can't the handwriting be imitated? You suspect that it is my teacher." Respecting the painting, I still suspect that your turtle son is stealing and painting on the side, used to frame people!"

Li Wuxin's skin smiles and laughs: "Xue Menggongzi, the elders talk, what is your junior's mouth?"

Xue Zhengxuan spoke up: "Li Zhuangzhu, you just said that Yu Heng is doing this at the same time, and it is biased. The child said yes, the handwriting can be imitated, in case anyone wants to plant jade Heng, painting his runes several times, it is very similar."

"Then, ask, where is the Chu Zongshi’s enemies, and he has spent so much thought to kill him."

The ink burned for a long time, and suddenly I laughed twice.

Li Wuxin looked at him and thought of the rough remarks he had just made, and he frowned. "What are you laughing at?"

"I laughed and you talked for a long time, but forgot one thing."

Xue Zhengqi said: "What? What did you think of burning?"

"Although I don't have a lot of books, I happen to have some understanding of Wan Tao's return to the waves. I just want to paint." The ink burned and laughed. "Hey, look, this is not."

He said, his fingertips condensed a touch of red-lighted spiritual power, leisurely leaning against the pillars, volley smeared, and in a short while, a subtle Wan Tao back wave curse was reflected in the air, fireworks Generally good looking.

Xue Meng was shocked: "Dog things, great, when did you learn?"

Ink burned and laughed: "There is a book on Master's book. I feel fun and write it down."

Say casually click on the bright red spell, let it slowly rise to the sky, over the top of everyone. The red echoes are blurred and flashing with a little bit of shatter.

"How about it, it's better to compare it with you. Look at the symbol I painted, and whether it is also the structure of the gesture, it is exactly the same."

The disciples of the dead and the dead are the least afraid of the excitement. Seeing the night of the night, the face of the night is thrown at the table with a blank expression. It is the default of the practice of ink burning, and immediately rushed to the past and carefully compare them in a circle.

The people in Bitanzhuang were still stretched at first, and later they couldn’t help but be curious, or hold a picky attitude and look around.

So many people squatted for a long time and finally came to a conclusion.

The ink-painted paintings and the cursing spells on the skull are not bad, almost from the hands of one person.

The only unscrupulous idiot of Li was open again. He pointed to the smoldering, and he was shocked and said: "Okay! Ok! Don't make a move! It seems that you are killing you!"

Ink burning: "....."

Chu night Ning suddenly said: "This little brother, what is it called?"

"Well? You ask me?" The stupid glimpse, and immediately stood up, and all proud, "I have no intention of sitting down to the thirteenth disciple, Yu Ming."

Ink burning: "Hey."

Chu nightning is a faint reaction to "true cleverness". After all, he also has a name called "Frighten You", only indifferent: "When the elders speak, the juniors must learn to shut up."

This sentence is obviously ridiculing the criticism of Li Wuxin's previous ink burning. Li Wuxin listened, his face rose into pig liver color, he was very annoyed but he couldn't do anything about it. He had to pay attention to him, "哼" one voice: "Chu The disciple's disciple is really a hero, and he is very capable. This curse is actually painted like a master."

"Li Zhuang, it’s me, if you paint this spell, it must be like the one I painted."

Li Wuxin screamed at the ink: "What do you mean by this?!"

Ink burned and laughed: "Wan Tao returns to the waves, the brushwork is complicated, the strength is deep, the ink is dark, and there is no difference in half-day. So no matter who draws it, it will be no different from the founder. This has nothing to do with the handwriting. If there is a little difference in the painting, this curse will not take effect."

"A nonsense!" was a late mention of such a public opinion, Li Wuxin could not help but be angry and angry, and the beard was blown four times. "Which curse in the world is required to be so smashed! Although the old

man has never learned this technique, he knows that this is nonsense. Talk, you guys don’t want to make a fool!"

"He has no rumors."

Li Wuxin had some towns at this time, and he said: "Chu nights, you can't say anything! How can you know! How can you know that the characteristic weakness of a curse is often only the most obvious, you Do you dare to say that you are the founder of Wan Tao's return to the waves?!"

Chu night Ning picked up his eyelids and looked at him with no expression. He took another sip of tea, which was slow.

"Why don't you dare. I will tell you now."

Li Wuxin: "???"

"Wan Tao's return to the curse is what I created."

Li Wuxin: "....."

The author has something to say: [with the role of the snake essence trumpet]

Chu Wanning: Xia Shi reverse

Ink Burning: Zhong Quangong

Xue Meng: Step Purple Lotus

Teacher: Yan Bailian

Ye Forgiveness: Nanhai

Mei Hanxue: Steps

Dog: Thank you, "I will send love to the moon", "Mr. Fan Soup" throwing mines~

Chapter 92

When this statement came out, it was full of surprises.

In particular, the disciples of Bitan Village are like thunder and look very different!

Need to know in the realm of comprehension, the three-way warlock's death spell, the second-rate warlock's enlightenment spell, the first-class warlock transformation spell.

But there is another kind of person who is not in contact with this second and third stream. The kind of people are often out of reach. They don’t need to memorize, they have already realized, they are not satisfied with the transformation, but they have mastered the last step:

Create a living.

They are either good at refining the unique elixir, or growing up to make a peerless armor, or able to draw a map of the ancient curse of the ancients.

These masters, for the minors of Xianmen, are often the ones that live on the scrolls, or one of the coats of arms on the treasure. The young disciples of Bitanzhuang thought about the people who did not know that they wanted to arrest the Tianyin Pavilion for sin.

Li Wuxin’s forehead has been covered with cold sweat, but as a master of the village, the hard support will continue. He barely squeezed a smile, and the face of the husk-like sallow was a shine.

"I didn't expect it to be so clever. This Wan Tao's return to the waves was actually created by the master. The old man is really...hehe, it is a misunderstanding of the master of Chu. However, when the town of Caidie and Luo Sui smashed the soul, the old man got another Something, this thing, I don’t know if it has anything to do with Chu Zongshi."

Chu night Ning frowned: "What?"

Li Wuxin waved his hand, and "True Smart" immediately took a box.

"It's a weapon."

Chu night Ning did not speak, looked at the box, after a while, suddenly said: "Is it a willow?"

"!!"

This time, I don’t even say that other people have even opened their eyes and are unbelievable.

Li Wuxi trembled: "How do you, how do you know - is it really you, no... what the **** is going on here?"

A golden light shines in the palm of the night, and the inch is spread, coiled on the ground, and as the light softens, a piece of wicker with branches and leaves is in front of everyone.

Chu nightning is not shocking. He has already made sure that the scene of Choi Die Town is inevitably the same as that of "Jincheng Lake" and "Peach Blossom Spring". It is said by one person: "Li Zhuangzhu, in the box, is this weapon. Wrong?"

"Positive, exactly." Li Wuxin was almost dumb.

The box was opened, and it turned out to be a bunch of identical veins.

Chu night Ning narrowed his eyes.

At the time of the peach blossoms, the "devil" that killed the feathers and planted the ink burned him, and it seemed to be true.

"Li Zhuang, this willow, can you let me see?"

Li Wuxin thought for a moment, wondering if the situation is not good today, or not to offend the late night, so he said: "Chu Zongshi is polite, I was here to ask a situation, you are willing to look carefully, the old man is too happy to come. And how can there be a stop?"

Next to the Chang Gongzi, I was not happy. He spared no expense to ask Bitan Zhuang to support himself and find a place. Seeing that the situation is not good, this old thing is the rhythm of going to the reverse?

Li Xiaoxin repeatedly glared at him and glared at him.

Where is Li Wuxin still willing to take care of it, but it is clearly seen by the side of the ink, and the fun is said: "Changgongzi, are you uncomfortable eyes? What are you squeezing?"

Over there, Chu Yuning took the willow in the brocade box and looked at it carefully.

Sure enough, Liu Teng and the "Heavenly Question" and "Hell" are the same in appearance, but the breath is very weak. Unlike the confession of the master, it is obviously a "dead."

"Extreme heart willow..."

Xue Meng pointed the ear, heard these three words, a glimpse: "What?"

"This willow branch, as well as the section that killed the feathers in Taohuayuan, was all folded from the top of the heart."

"Ah!" the teacher screamed. "Is this the case?"

"At the beginning of Jincheng Lake, before the death of the old dragon, a certain spell of the fake hook Chen needs to be maintained with a strong wooden spirit. Presumably, before the destruction of Jincheng Lake, he left a few sections of the willow. After the wood fell, although the spirit The force is weakened, but it can also last for a while."

Chu nighting's slender fingers stroking the golden leaves.

"And if this spiritual power is exhausted, he will not waste it. If he can frame it, he will use it to frame it. If he can give it to his men, he will use it as a weapon."

He said, suddenly a fire came from the fire, and the willow that looked like "Tian Wen" was spotted, and the flame immediately burned up, and it was reflected in the eyes of everyone or in fear or stunned eyes.

"This thing is not my weapon." Chu nighting burned a little branch, and annihilated the fire, throwing Liuteng, faintly said, "Heaven is full of spiritual power, not to say ordinary curse, even if it is Sancha is really a fire, and he can't burn him."

Li Wuxin opened his mouth and closed it. After a while, he was unwilling and reopened.

"The peach blossoms, the old man also heard a little, I heard that the dead son of Mo Gongzi accidentally killed Yumin Xianjun..."

"Hey, I haven't killed it." The ink burned again and again.

Xue Zhengxuan’s face is not pleasing, and his attitude is even more determined: “I have explained this matter to the public, not what I did. Li Zhuangzhu, if you mention it again, I’m welcome you.”

When I saw him like this, I didn’t know what touched my heart, and suddenly I saw a thing that seemed to have something deep in my eyes. He murmured: "Uncle..."

Chu night Ningdao: "Peach flower source, the original conspiracy misunderstood. But at that time, I could not argue for my disciples. But today, everyone came to the door to ask for it. I am willing to tell the story to Bitan. Zhuang Zhujun."

The light shadows, Chu nightning will be Jin Chengchi, Taohuayuan's things are deleted and simply said again. When he finished speaking, the disciples of Bitanzhuang were already stunned. Li Wuxin was sweaty and heavy, and he was awkward. He said: "The meaning of Chu Zongshi is that there is one person in the world who has almost mastered the three majors. One of the banned 'Zhuo chess games'?"

"Not bad."

"How is this possible! That is forbidden! Even the Confucianism Gate of the world’s largest school, their heads are impossible to get a forbidden scroll-"

Chu night Ningdao: "I am not imaginary in this sentence, but believe and not believe, by the princes themselves."

"Impossible." Li Wuxin's face was white, shaking his lips and laughing. It seems that as long as this is a joke, he can convince himself. "If someone can really master the game, the world is not going to mess, up and down. Do not rewrite everything in the world of revision!"

As a predecessor of the Emperor, the ink burned a little unhappy: "The guy is just a ‘will,' and it’s not a 'proficient.' If he is really proficient, can this world still be so peaceful?”

Li Wuxin had to shake and wait for something to say. Suddenly a sword flashed through the doorway. A disciple of Bitaozhuang, who was covered in blood, rolled off the sword. Wow spit a big mouthful of scarlet, then lifted it up. The face of the tears shouted to Li Wuxin: "Zhuangzhu, it’s not good, it’s not good. Your enchantment above the town of Choi Die is broken! The fierce spirits are pouring out, the brothers and sisters are building with the flesh and blood, temporarily I was able to keep the ghosts from fleeing in the town, but... I have 30 brothers and sisters in Bitao Village who have all died. I will survive and come to report..."

He gasped a few breaths and suddenly lost his voice.

"Zhuangzhu! Quickly quoted all the martial art in the revision circle! All the dead people in the town were controlled, it was forbidden, it was forbidden!"

"what!!"

Li Wuxin slammed back and slammed into the wallpost. The whole person was as pale and dry as the body that had just been poured out of the coffin.

"Let's not hold on to us..." The disciples' faces were smothered with tears and bloody, "the owner!"

Suddenly saw Xue Zhengyi, and Xue Zhengqi again and again.

"Xue Zhangmen, please go with you! My brothers... I... can't live..." He said incoherently for a while, then suddenly closed his eyes and looked up.

"They are all...all dead!!"

The hall was dead for a moment, and suddenly it was awkward.

Xue Zhengyi was in danger. Immediately, Mrs. Wang went to the letter to inform the remaining eight sects of the Shang Dynasty, and asked Xue Meng to gather the elders.

"Chu night?"

"There is no time to delay, I will go first."

"But you can't be a sword..."

I didn’t wait for Chu’s reply, and the ink burned over. He really wanted to know the guy who “mastered” the chess game.

"The uncle doesn't have to worry, I control the sword and the master."

Chu night Ning looked at him, did not speak, it is acquiescence.

When the two of them came out of the hall, the teacher squinted in the spot for a while, and suddenly returned to Shinto: "I, I also..."

But they ran out of the Wushan Temple, and they were already far away from the sword. It happened that Xue Zhengyi called him back at this time. Don't run alone. The teacher had to return to find Xue Meng, waiting for Xue Meng to go with them.

Looking at that Bitanzhuang, Li Wuxin’s pampering has been good for a long time. He once had such a big event, but the old man had to face his face and took a sigh of relief. He immediately told people to take care of the messenger and the other elders of the school. At the point, I am going to go to the town of Caidie to do a great job and save the majesty.

A group of people walked out of the dead, such as a hundred miles of meteors, flying to the town of Choi Die. Li Wuxin stood in the head of the sword and walked in the clouds. He couldn’t help but use his left eye to quietly look at the disciples of the first big school in the next round.

He couldn't expect it. He would fight one day and fight with him. It would be a complicated time with the "Uhwa people" that he couldn't miss.

However, the swords are thousands of miles away, only in the blink of an eye, the current party is breaking through the clouds, and a blood red evil

light is flying in the sky. Li Wuxin will no longer have to worry about what is going on in the Xiujie world.

In the sky, a red light array with the size of the whole color butterfly town is constantly shining. The giant array is divided into neat checkerboard grids by the light beam. On the chessboard, the shadows of the dead townspeople are like woodcarving clay sculptures. Five hundred families, thousands of residents, looking over the past with a lush human jungle.

Li Wuxin lost his voice: "This, this is really... Jane Chess!"

Xue Zhengxuan's face is also extremely ugly. He said to Li: "Li Zhuangzhu, I am taking people to the southeast, and I am bothering you to go to the northwest. The other eight sects have not yet come. The butterfly town has to rely on us first. A while."

Li Wuxin also really did not care about this "we" and he nodded. "Good, good."

Xue Zhengyi shook his fists toward him, and the sword fell. The people descended from the sky and fell to the southeast of Choi Ting Town. The protective enchantment of the disciples of Bitan Zhuang Township with flesh and blood was at stake at this time. Weak, through the translucent enchantment barrier, you can see the riots inside.

"Chu night Ning!"

Seeing a man in white flying and a blue-silky young man standing in front, Xue Zhengyi shouted: "What? This enchantment can't make up?"

Chu nightning has been coming for a long time, the world's first enchantment master is here, but this array is still a state of damage, so Xue Zhengzhen is completely puzzled.

Unexpectedly, Chu Xiening ignored him, Xue Zhengyi was about to call again, but the ink burned and turned back, and he gestured toward him.

"Hey, my uncle doesn't say anything. Come over."

Xue Zhengyi passed: "How do you say?"

"Don't disturb him."

Ink burning refers to the late night of Chu.

I saw that although he stood, he did close his eyes, his lips were pale, and there was no blood.

Xue Zhengyi was shocked. He took his finger and explored his neck. He said: "Divorce?"

"Yes, there are ghosts inside, a few thousand, but I don't see Luo Fibre, it should be in the innermost. Things have not been ascertained. He doesn't know what the people behind him want to do this time, so he wants to go to Luo in person. Fibre interrogation."

"It’s all ghosts, what are you asking!” Xue Zheng’s slap in the thigh, “Strengthen the enchantment!”

"Never!" The ink burned out loudly. "The teacher respected the soul and separated the soul for a while, and entered it because it was all dead, so that it would not be a stunned snake. If it is reinforced at this time, it will kill the murderer. Respect!"

"What?!" Xue Zhengyi was busy, "Hey, you are here, I am going to talk to Li Wuxin!"

The ink ignited nodded and said: "If the teacher respects the soul, I will immediately ignite in the air with the blue spell. By then, the northeast and the north will be sealed together. But if I don't ignite, my uncle will not let them mend. Enchantment, otherwise the ghosts are swallowed up, and the Master is only a soul in it, and there is no possibility of self-protection."

"I know I know!" Xue Zhengyi's voice has not yet fallen, and people are plucking out.

The ink burns up the eyelids and looks at the enchantment that will collapse.

"The time is almost up, Master, you should also find Luo Fibre."

He turned his face and naturally held the hand of Chu Xiaoning's cold because of his worries, but he did not notice it. He stared at Chu Yuning and whispered.

"Soon……"

At this time, Shi Yi and Xue Meng and others descended around and stood in the crowd. Whoever expected to look up, they saw the two hands clasped before the enchantment. He was stunned first, and then his face gradually paled, then he clenched his lips and slowly twisted his head.

The author has something to say:

Hey, early warning!

The following content will unravel the first wave of past truths, and will also launch an important high/tide story in this article. The two protagonists will face an important turning point in life in this life. Weaknesses hints, the

last wave of knives The first wave of knives that have been abused by dogs has come. In order not to affect the compactness of the plot, until the end of this episode, the small theater is basically no more.

Promise me, no matter what story I see next, don't show dangerous programs to swallow meat bags, thank you! Thank you! If you have any dissatisfaction, please vent your QAQ on the dog 1.0 or make a dog squad with Meng Meng... The meat package is innocent ==

Thank you, the president! ! ! Worried and stunned...

Chapter 93

The soul of Chu Xiaoning is now walking through the enchantment.

Everything you go through is ghostly, wandering. But what is embarrassing is the fleshy body. Everyone is dug out before death. Their chest is empty, or there are blood vessels hanging outside, and some can see Baisensen's ribs. .

Chu night Ning knows differently, but the defensive boundary around the colorful butterfly town is getting weaker and weaker. He can't stay more, only quickly rushing to Chen's house.

Going outside Chen Zhai, but seeing the four directions of the southeast and northwest, each with a half-man high. Four tripods, each of which is drifting away with more and more smoke. But the smoke is not pure white, but the colors are red, blue, brown and gold.

Ding down the fire, filled with blood, but recently looked, but found that the tumbling blood under the pile of red meat piled up.

People!

The four mouths of the furnace, each mouth is full of stuff, is the heart of the lost people in the town!

“Gathering sand into a tower...”

Chu nightning muttered.

He suddenly understood why he and the ink burned for many days, but he did not see that the mysterious man continued to pursue the essence of the spirit - the heartbreaking guy, he could do this trick!

The so-called poly sand into a tower is to dig up the heart of the same attribute, hundreds of piles together, although not as powerful as the essence of the spirit, but because of the sorrow of the people who swear, the short-term can also stimulate the power of extraordinary.

Why is it the color butterfly town?

Why is it that it is a slender fiber...

In the hall of Chenjia, where the table fell into the chair, in the hall, Chen Yuanwai and Mrs. Chen had both succumbed to Liang. Their hearts were also smashed out, but they did not have a corpse like the outside town.

Below the waist, they were torn into pieces by some powerful force. They could not see the original appearance of the legs.

In the hall, I patrolled the circle, but I didn’t see Luo’s figure. Then I went into the brothel and saw a bowl of meat mud in front of Chen’s ancestral tablets. Finely smashed, half of the eyeballs in the meat, a finger...

Chu Xiaoning saw a nausea and was about to leave. Suddenly, he heard a burst of laughter from his head.

Squatting, the white paper lanterns fluttering, and the extinguished candlelights light up in turn.

Luo Fibri sat on the beam, wearing a pair of white feet like jade, wearing a big red wedding dress, swaying sideways, while hoeing to the night.

"Oh, find me."

She smiled, although it was the appearance of the memory, but the eyebrows danced in the dance, but it was quite different from the shy soul that Chu Jingning saw at the time. She is arrogant, the flames are generally hot, her eyes are round and round, but she is shining with a demon blood.

Luo is fibrillated and demonized.

There is only one chance to ask the ghost. When Chu Ningning came to Fudie Town in the past, she had already tried her with the day, and this law could not be done for the second time. The only way is to suppress her magical spirit, call back her heart, and then cross-examine.

Chu night Ningdao: "Luo Fibre, why are you here?"

The sleeves are already dark and the pattern is ready to go.

"Hey." The petite and delicate girl is crisp and said, "I am happy, I want you to manage."

Chu night Ning shook his head, his brows were deeper, and there was a trace between the eyebrows, like it was engraved.

"The one in the bowl is the brother of Chen Bojun?"

"Oh, you said him." Luo was too tired to talk about it. "The one on the left is the one on the right. It is the little lady who is surnamed Yao."

"...!"

"Who wants her to die, not to look at other people, but she is a county magistrate, and she must rob her husband with her old lady. It should be good!"

At this time, Luo Fibres was completely demented, and the temperament and the two were stunned during his lifetime. He even couldn’t recognize the "Jiro brother" who had already sang for himself.

Chu Xiaoning heard that Chen Yao’s was also divided, and his heart was colder. He asked: “That... Chen Jiaxiaomei...”

"She treats me well, I don't thin her."

Luo Sui said, smiled, and his lips were delicate and bright, like blood stained.

She touched her stomach and said:

"So she is here."

"I ate her in. If the little girl is with me, she won't be bullied."

"...you are really crazy."

The voice did not fall, the flames of the hands were light, and the golden fronts were full of bright eyes. Chu night Ning flew up and shot a curse on her forehead in the scream of Luo.

Screaming!

The soldiers are very fast, and Chu Ningning has a fierce hand. Only in a moment, he has drawn ten golden chains, which will bind Luo.

He had a long, cold white tip and pointed her eyebrows. The flash of light in the eyes is like a smoldering electricity, and the face is gloomy and cold, sinking like a thundercloud.

The water is thin and the lips are light, and the spell is silent.

Luo's fibrillation eyes burst, the mouth is flowing, and a beautifully beautiful face becomes distorted in the mourning: "Stop, let me go! I have blood debts, what's wrong!"

Chu nightning does not pay attention to it, a pair of cold scorpions fall, the fingertips shine even more.

"Ah-!" Luo screamed hysterically, "Let me go! Let me go!! My head hurts! I can't stand it!!!"

She screamed and screamed, and suddenly the shout stopped, her eyes filled with blood, and her mouth curled up.

Two sly smiles shook.

"You want me to call this? This fairy?"

"!"

At the end of the night, Ning Feng’s eyes were stunned, almost at the end of his hand.

The white shadow is swift, and it is easy to avoid the broken soul of Luo Fibre, standing on the veranda, and between the white clouds.

Luo Fibre slowly straightened up, and the pain of the work disappeared. She did not suffer the influence of the curse of the night, but the spiritual power was even worse than before!

"I want to hurt me by the curse of district purification."

Luo is sneer.

"The old lady has swallowed up the thousands of living people in this town. The refining of the mortal body is only on the last night. At that time, I can save Chen Lang from the land, and we will stay away from the red dust. How can I? It may be a loss, and it will be destroyed in your hands!"

Her nature is annihilated, and the only obsession in her heart is that she is not separated from Chen Bozhen forever.

Chu night, Ning Xin moved, Shen Sheng asked: "Who is talking to you, so that you can refine the mortal body?"

"What to do with you!"

Chu night Ning coldly said: "This person has a nonsense, your original body has been smouldering, and you have to rebuild the tires, you must re-enter the reincarnation. What can be learned from the thousands of living people can regenerate the truth. He lied to you Everyone in the town is killed, just to get together, to get together and do what you want to do."

"...!" Luo fiercely widened his eyes. "Impossible! He won't lie to me!"

"'Who is he?"

"He...he is..." A few Shen Ning, Luo fierce and screaming, holding his head and shouting, "I don't know! I don't know! I want to be physically! I want to live! I don't want to die!!!! He didn't lie to me... he didn't lie to me... you lied to me... yes, it's you!!!"

Hung Hom, the female ghost screamed and stretched out his claws.

At the same time, an ominous thunder came suddenly in the sky. Chu nightning avoided the attack of Luo Fibrin and raised his eyes. However, seeing the defensive enchantment has been torn open by a smashing sigh of the butterfly town. The atmosphere of the living people is coming in, the four fields, the zombies!

The enchantment is going to break.

That's too late!

If you can't call back the scorpion, you can only choose to kill it.

Then all the clues are broken...

Outside the enchantment, Li Wuxin looked at the crack in the air, and Xue Zheng screamed: "Isn't it enough? Make up! If the world breaks, thousands of dead bodies flock out, you and me Do you live?"

"Let's wait!" Xue Zhengxi's face is also not good-looking, and the sweat on the forehead is soaked out. "Don't make up, Yuheng is still inside. Wait a second."

Li Wuxin snorted and saw that the enchantment had broken the chicken eggs. The heart slammed and angered: "If the enchantment is damaged later, it must be a fight, bloody, I See how you explain to the whole comprehension community!" Yan Bi turned to the disciples and asked aloud, "Is the fuze sent? When will the other eight factions arrive?"

The disciples who were in charge of the communication were anxiously sweaty: "The eight sects said that they are important at this time, and they must first play their respective heads. After the elders negotiated a referendum, they can come to the chaos."

"..." Li Wuxin suddenly turned black as the bottom of the pot. "What about Confucianism? Nangong Xianchang has always been amazing, how can he be so a mother?"

"This..." The disciple did not know how to respond. Suddenly, the sound of the melody flashed. After reading it, he was overjoyed and even heard. "The Confucianist door is coming! The Confucianist door only communicated, saying that the disciples would immediately send the disciples to the evil! ”

Sure enough, not a slap in the tea, the horizon suddenly burst into a cloud of clouds, close, where is the cloud, but the black pressure on thousands of people, all blue and blue cranes, uniform, such as the empty geese Yu Jian came.

For the first two people, it is the Nangong Temple and the Ye Forget.

Nan Gongyi rode his demon wolf white gold, arm-armed jade bow, backed the quiver, prestige, and the young man's arrogance was written on his face.

The leaves are still in the black, wrapped in a shawl embroidered with the crane totem of the Confucianist, with a handsome seven-pointer and a beautiful three-pointer.

"What is this?!"

When Nangongyi saw the ruined defensive enchantment, it exploded, and took a glimpse of the crowd in the circle of sight, directly skipping the group of people who died in the world. It fell to the only Bitan Zhuang owner who was also associated with him.

"Li Wuxin! This enchantment has broken into this way. You are stupid, don't you know how to make up?!"

Although Li Wuxin is far older than Nangong, but the family is the only son of the world's largest head of the world, the old face that was trained is red, but hard to squat, and smiles.

"The South Palace is the Lord, you don't know, don't make up the knot, it is the meaning of Xue Zhangmen..."

In a word, the hot potato was thrown to Xue Zhengyi.

"What is the life and death?"

Nan Gongyi looked at Xue Zhengyi and snorted. I don’t know if it’s sneer or something else.

Then he waved his hand and said to himself: "Go to his mother to make up the broken pot, and he thought it was a little more."

Ye Forgive wants to stop him: "Little Master -"

Nangong驷 did not look at him at all. What is even more strange is that Song Qiutong also came. But today she did not stand in the leaves of the past, but served in the South Palace, left and right, still white gauze cover, low and sturdy, extremely smooth.

The disciples of Confucianism did not drag on the water, and only listened to the instructions of the sects of their own sects. Especially the relatives of the wild horses of Nangong Temple, the ones did not listen to dissuasion and explanation, and they began to print out before they brushed.

"stop!"

Xue Zhengxuan only interrupted the moves of four or five people. When he turned back, he saw another disciple who had already made a patch of repairs. A blue light hit the crack in the enchantment.

Xue Zhengyi suddenly lost color and shouted: "Yu Heng!!"

"Oh!", the fire splattered.

At the beginning of the millennium, suddenly there was a **** red thunder, and the hard-pressed man killed the patch of the seal in front of the crack!

Everyone looked up and saw a young man holding Liu Teng Yu Jian standing in the air, guarding the position of the enchantment. The youth eyebrows were originally very bright and radiant, like being born with warmth, but at this time his eyes were sharp, his eyes were like a torch, and the willows in his hands were bloody, and every leaf was splashed with flames.

The ink burned the eyebrows at a very low pressure. In the air, Sen Ran said: "I said, my mother said, no one is allowed to move this enchantment. Are you new to this? Are you ignorant?!"

Although he is disgusted with the late night, but how to say it is the personal grievances of both of them.

Regardless of the past and present, except for himself, whoever wants to move a night with a hair, the ink will want the life of that person.

He said that he hates people, he can only kill, he comes to destroy, he comes to bully.

Under his anger, he couldn't help but reveal a few violent temperament in his life. What is the whole popular field? What is the usual slap in the face?

Do not say that the Confucianist door, even Xue Zhengxuan, Xue Meng, and even the teacher, are watching this kind of ink burning, and temporarily stunned.

The author has something to say:

At the end of this chapter, the dog 1.0 was simply the upper body of the dog 0.5, and picked up his king's anger, hahahaha, then he is a dog 0.75~

Chapter 94

Nangong is not happy, his eyes are rustling, like rolling iron.

His gaze patrolled and stopped for a moment on the fiery red martial arts, and then moved away.

"Who is this?"

Ye forgets the truth: "He is the son of a dead child, surnamed ink."

"Ink?" Nangong creased and frowned. "The one who just came back a few years ago?"

"Ok."

Nangong stunned Ye Yexi Shi: "Do you know him?"

“Tahuayuan once lived in the same hospital.”

Nangong sneer, I don't know what it means. It’s just that Ye forgets to see him react like this. Qing Jun’s face is pale and a few points, the eyelashes fall, and then the lips are not spoken.

"Since he has to wait, buy him a face." Nangong said, "The young age is the master of the gods, I would like to see what he can do."

The ink burned but did not care about the Confucianism, he turned back, and the robes hunted in the wind. The enchantment has broken and the rest of the time will not be too much -

Chu, late, are you still not good?

Hey! Luo's filigree claws broke the gauze, the white fluttering, the plain satin was shocked into thousands of pieces of snow.

Chu nightning only felt a very familiar atmosphere, and reacted with a big look: "Heaven?!"

Do not.

It’s not a question.

He played against her, and she had a kind of spiritual power that seemed to be extremely heavenly.

The accounts in the Chen family's house are like a thin, locked in a soul, a devil. Candidly fight more than ten strokes, Chu night Ning heart mystery group gradually clouded and scattered, suddenly think of a section, 醍醐 醍醐 top, suddenly understand.

"Extreme heart willow..."

Luo Fibre had already died, and it was ignited into ash. At that time, it was only possible to rely on Mrs. Chen’s body. There is no reason to turn it out now.

The mysterious man took a section of the vine that picked the heart and gave her a temporary home for the sake of the soul.

The heart of the person cooked outside, the smog of smoke. Gold, water, fire, and soil are waiting for the "wood" of Luo Fibre.

What the man is going to do!

Did he try his best, just to let Luo Fi Fi able to regain the flesh, killing the ghost world and Chen Bojun double flying? Who can do this for her?

Her relatives have long since died.

Relatives...

Loved ones! !

Chu night Ning's heart moved, blood surged. He suddenly thought of a passage she had said to herself when she saw Luo Fibre.

She has a brother who lost a lot of years ago...

is it him?

"Block me, don't live!"

Luo Fibre is an entity, and Chu Yuning is a soul. Although her spiritual power is far less than that of him, it is difficult to distinguish it.

In the blink of an eye, her bright red finger claws stabbed straight into his heart chamber, fearing that the soul was damaged, and Chu nightly shunned away, and the backhand was at her forehead.

"It's useless, how many times you try it! The purging spell can't hurt me!" She sneered, and shouted in the sky, calling for the corpse of the colorful butterfly town in all directions.

"Well, wait for the ghosts, why don't you listen to me! Salt is here, drink blood and kill!"

The terrible humming sound suddenly sounded, and the colorful butterfly town was chaotic, and the unintentional zombies who ran into turmoil heard her call and rushed toward Chen Zhai.

Zombies are like tidal waters, one after another, like a storm, quenching in the wind. This chilling scream is like a shout in the sand, and it can be heard all the time, no matter inside or outside the enchantment.

Outside the world, the fairies are all in vain.

In the world, Chu nightning is alone.

He only shadows one person, the soul, and a white dress stands opposite the fiber. She is laughing and laughing, her eyes are crazy and fierce. His

gentleman is like a bamboo, and he smells a hundred ghosts without changing his color, but his eyebrows are very low pressure, and there is a haze in the day.

"Roofy, do you remember some words that you said to me?"

"Well?" She didn't seem to think that he would ask this question, and couldn't help it.

In the night of her ecstasy, Chu Yuning was already in white, and plunged into the top of Chen Zhai's courtyard. A pair of dusty silks fell on the edge of Tanhewa.

"You said that you never thought about being a devil. You also said that you didn't want to harm anyone."

After the sound falls, the four wild winds linger.

Chu night steadily looked up, the black pressure of the corpse surged from all directions. He raised his eyebrows slightly, and suddenly he swung his sleeves, and the wind blew the sorrow of the soul.

Between his hands, he lit a golden glow.

"excuse me."

Suddenly, Wan Dao Liu Teng got up! !

The color of the butterfly town is flowing, the ground of the dead body is smashed, and the cracks of the worms are instantaneously cracked, and one and a thick willow tree breaks out! They all overflowed with dazzling golden light, like thousands of chains, smashing the corpses that rushed!

Chu nightning eyes are sturdy, and long hair blows in front of the cold snow-like face of the creek.

He whispered: "God asks, people are jealous."

I looked up and looked like a flame.

The row of golden weeping willows, suddenly bright and blazing, numerous dense branches and leaves were born, trapping the zombies who were still roaring and struggling, and then each willow tree cracked a gap, with cracks open, trees Wrap all the dead in it and seal it.

Mass graves.

The largest weeping willow, pulled up from the center of the Chenjia House, is like a wind and arrow, chasing the fluffy Luo fiber.

But Na Luo's fibrillation is the body of the topping of the willow, the heart of the willow, the heavens, the hell, the one, is the tree that the Chen Shanggong brought to the mortal world from the gods, and the people who have been asked for a time I can't catch up with Luo Wei's petite and quick-minded figure.

Her bright red embroidered golden robes are rolling in the wind, and the giant willows are getting higher and higher, piercing the enchantment and rushing to the Han.

The people outside the enchantment were stunned by the cracked wood, and they were weak and weak, and they could not support it. They were so strong that they were weakened by the master's level and they threw their knees.

As the willow tree grows taller and taller, it can be connected to the moon. The spiritual power of Chu-nighting has been released to an unprecedented level. Some monks around the town of Caidie have already bleed, even Such a cultivation of Nangong Temple is difficult to breathe, and the chest is stuffy and flustered.

Nangong licked his teeth: "There is such a character in the dying of life and death? Yuheng elder?"

Li Wuxin set his heart beside him. After all, he was the master of a village, but he was able to support it. He said: "Nangong Gongzi, this person is Chu Yuning!"

"what?!"

Under such a strong pressure, Nangong was suddenly shocked and spit out a blood.

"Is it Chu...master?"

"Less Lord, don't say anything more."

Seeing that he was injured, Ye forgets to raise his hand, points to the two points of Nangong, and loses a little spiritual power with him.

Unexpectedly, Nangong弧 did not appreciate, violently broke him, licking the blood on his lips and said: "Don't touch me."

"..."

"Ye Gongzi, or I am coming." Song Qiutong is a sphenoidal beauty seat, but the impact is not big, she is full of profit, a pair of scorpions look at the leaves and forget the past, whispered.

Ye Yexi was not as friendly as she was when she first saw it, and she did not care about her.

Song Qiutong touched the nails here, and turned his head to look at the Nangong Temple. Nangong’s attitude towards her was much better than that of the beginning, but he also said: “I don’t need your help. I just haven’t seen it for many years. I was surprised at the moment. Not so weak, you have to have leisure and take care of others."

Here, Song Qiutong and the Confucian scholars did not notice the ink.

He has fallen back to the body of Chu Yuning, and looked up at the soul of the late night, and the fierceness of Luo’s fierceness. Then look at the corpse that was temporarily sealed by thousands of willow trees, and could not help but be scared.

It is necessary to know that such a spell, even under normal conditions, is extremely consuming. What's more, Chu Ning is still in the soul?

How strong is this person’s strength?

When I didn't finish it, I heard a burst of exclamation.

The vines of the topping willow are the enemy, but the silk is tied by the willow under the high moon. The lush foliage quickly swallows her to the

invisible, and the giant trees wrap her in the cracked tree hole. Then, the ancient Liu Liu, who was directly in the sky, slowly descended and slowly descended, eventually reaching the ordinary ancient wood trees.

At this point, the enchantment has been broken, but the tens of thousands of people who have turned into a shackle are locked with the zombie, so there is no danger for a while.

Xue Zhengyi did not dare to relax, and the rest of the people who commanded the death of the dead were kept in front of each willow, just in case. Others went straight to the Chen Zhai compound. Because of the urgency of the situation, I didn’t think much about it. I hugged the body of Chu’s cold and cold, and went over there.

When the crowd arrived, the ancient Liuliu, which locked Luo’s fiber, had become a real coffin. She lay in it, her face was sometimes embarrassing, sometimes mournful, her eyes were sometimes fierce and sometimes sad.

There are two kinds of voices in her mouth, one is crazy, shouting: "Why stop me!! Why stop me! You should die! Damn!!"

One is weak and helpless: "Jero brother, is that you... Is the person coming from you? Please... save me... I don't want to hurt... I beg you..."

The two voices alternated alternately. After a long time, the inside of the scorpion was dead.

At this time, the spiritual power of the soul of the late night of Chu was near the limit and could not be supported, but he relied on his mind and finally went to the woman's eyebrows.

"Who is it?"

The ghosts of the female ghosts slowly opened, and there was still a scarlet inside.

Li Wuxin lost his voice: "Not good!!"

Just wanting to squat on the body, took the life of Qingqing, but was emptied by the night of Chu, and a thunder fell, blocking his way.

"Chu night, you -!"

Chu nightning did not care for him, staring at the delicate girl who was sitting slowly in the middle of the squat.

She opened her eyes and blood, but there was no half-inch murder inside. Instead, she was flustered and whispered: "It’s all over, it’s fierce."

Chu Xiaoning heard her answer, and finally she was relieved, her eyelashes fell, and her soul went away.

After a while, the man in the ink-burning arms flicked a little, and the ink burned him down, letting him lean against the pillar, kneeling on one knee, and aligning with him, saying: "Master, you are back. ?"

Chu Fengning's Fengmu had an instant loss of consciousness. After a while, he slowly gathered the focus.

He glanced at the ink, and the spiritual power was much more. He was a thin man with a spiritual core, so he looked a little weak, his face was not much better than when he was born, but still so pale.

"Well..." Chu was rather okay, and it took a while to get up, and this slowly helped the colonnade to get up.

He walked slowly to the front of Luo Fibre and looked down at her.

Luo fidelity slightly opened his mouth and looked at him slyly: "Jero brother... How can I be here? Send, what happened?"

"It’s not too much to say." Although Chu Yuening was a little weak, but his eyes were sharp and sharp, he asked straightforwardly. "Tell me, who is this

person who gave you this body? This matter is very important, you can still remember?"

"I……"

Chu nightning waited, nails because of tension, and almost cut off on the stone pillar.

"Not very clear, but some impressions..." Luo fieryly muttered. "It's a man, he...he..."

Xue Meng on the other side is also anxious: "Think about it!"

Luo fiber fiercely recalled: "I was confused at the time, I really didn't see his face, but I heard his voice, a bit of a northern tone... It seems... it seems..."

"Ah!!" She suddenly exclaimed, showing the color of fear, "I remembered! It is him! It is him!!! Orange!! Steal orange!"

"What oranges steal oranges, messy..." Xue Meng said.

But Chu Xiaoning immediately understood - she said that she was the madman who cut the orange tree when she was a child!

There are men in Linyi, and twenty hearts are dead.

who is it……

Linyi, is it difficult to be a Confucianist?

Yes……

However, at this time, the sky suddenly burst into a thunder, and the chess game that was hovering over the town of Choi Butterfly suddenly burst into red.

Xue Zhengxuan said: "Not good!" immediately shouted high. "I look close to the masses around me!! It is fear that the people in the chess game have already discovered that they must move!"

When the town of Caidie was flying, the sand was flying and the smoke was everywhere.

The monks are waiting in a row, with their backs and long swords.

Chu night Ning was dark and dark, and he said: "Get up! There is a white person left by the person in your body. You have to be restrained by him again. I will drive you out. The reincarnation of the local government must never stay in the mortal world forever!"

Speaking of the palm of my heart, I shot it at the volley of Luo.

However, the spiritual power did not feel the power of the white game.

Chu night, a sigh of relief, suddenly a chill came to my heart, between the electric and the flint, he was almost subconsciously aware of the danger, Chao Luo fiber said: "Go!"

That's too late.

"what!!!!"

Only heard a sharp scream.

The treasures of the sky are in the heart of the game, and a **** shot down, with the thunder of the body on the body made of Luo Sui Liu Liu.

"boom!"

Fire and bully!

"Roofy!"

The figure of the girl quickly became distorted in the sea of fire, and suddenly, the incense soul rose to the sky and mixed with the smelly smoke.

The soul and the smoke tremble, and the smoke and the soul condense.

Originally, Luo’s position stood suddenly, and suddenly a blue light array emerged.

"Mu Ling Essence?!"

At the end of the night, the blood was faded and clean, and his eyes were extremely fierce. He thought wrong - he was wrong! ! Presumably, Luo Fibre must be a person with a high spirit of wood. The behind-the-scenes pusher is not in the heart of the golden fire and water, but is waiting for the grievances to become a thunder, smashing on the slender body and let her complain. Soul, become the source of temporary living and picking the heart!

Jinmu water and fire, all five.

What he has to do, can do it now...

Chu night Ning looked up at the sky, everyone looked at the top, the leaves were bleak, and the time was calm and terrible.

Then, suddenly, between.

Great earthquake! !

It is almost the same as the ancient city of Lin'an that they once saw in the fantasy of Taohuayuan.

Above the butterfly town, a huge purple-black split was torn open. The inside was like a hurricane wrapped in countless blood and rain. It was like a devil's eye and slowly opened.

Li Wuxin pointed at the crack and shouted: "Infernal **** - the enchantment of hell! - broken, broken!!!!"

"The sky above the town of Choi Butterfly has been cracked, and the door of the ghost world has opened!!"

The author has something to say:

Chapter 95

The film of the yin and yang circles has not been stable as in the ancient times. Small breaks and small leaks are common things, and will not cause the monks to panic.

However, at this time, a **** slanted across the sky, and the world changed in a flash, and the sand flew away.

It was a vast expanse in a hundred years!

All the people present, except the ink-burning, did not really experience such innocent disasters. Therefore, whether it is Li Wuxin, the head of the sky, or Xue Zhengyi of the Baijing battlefield, it is the Confucianism gate of the Shang Xiu Jie, or the death and death of the Xiu Bianjie, thousands of people in the porridge porridge, all of them are at a loss, I do not know how to respond.

And the ink burning is like a thunder, a thick **** suffocating seems to have come from his previous life, grinding blood, killing people like 麻 -

It is this day!

In the past life, the teacher was killed in this crack. He was with the late night of the Chu Dynasty, but because of the lack of spiritual power, the ghosts swarmed out and rebelled, falling from the sky...

But that is clearly what happened three years later! The smoldering is so clear that the snowy night, the New Year's Eve, the air is still filled with a touch of smoke, and there are still shredded firecrackers on the snow. He stayed with everyone for the night before and drank the Tosu wine.

The ink burned and drunk, and raised his eyes.

Under the warm candle, the eyes of the teacher seem to be full of Ying Ying Chun Shui, no matter from which angle, it is affectionate.

The hustle and bustle of life and death is so lively, staggering, laughing and cheering.

At that time, he thought, this is really great, even if you don’t disturb the people you like, it’s good to watch it all the time.

Hua Tuo dispersed, and the disciples brought home. He and Meng Shi went to Meng Po Tang to go back. The frost and the snow were flowing through the moon. He saw that the teacher was a little cold, so he took off his robe and could not help but say that he was on the other side. With a little drink, he carefully looked at him.

Beauty is like a new snow.

"A burning."

"Ok."

"You drink a lot today."

"Haha, is there?" The ink burned and laughed, and there were no more than two laughs. Suddenly, I couldn’t laugh.

The gentleman's hands were gently holding his face, so the hot cheeks became hotter, the ink burned and widened, and there was some tremor at that moment.

The teacher smiled and said to him, "Why didn't you, you see you, three cups of hot wine into the throat, and the face is red."

"Yes, it's hot."

The ink burned awkwardly, but his face burned even harder.

At that time, how satisfied he was, like a person, don't have to get it, don't dare to think about it.

The man just touched his face, and he felt that he was already favored by God. He couldn’t say more words, only he was embarrassed.

The darkness of the black ink is full of surprises and gratitude.

The two did not pass before the bed, when the priest's cloak left, he slammed against the snow, and smiled at him.

"A burning."

He had wanted to leave, and the words were like a gyro. The warehouse was hurriedly turned around, lest he missed something.

"Yes, I am!"

"Thank you for your clothes."

"Nothing! Anyway, I am hot!"

"There is still." The teacher's eyes became more and more gentle, almost the kind of warmth that could make the winter go. "A burning, actually me..."

Oh.

There is a fireworks in the distance.

The ink burned did not hear what he said, or maybe the teacher did not say it at the time.

When the silence was around, the teacher had already pushed the threshold of his bedroom.

The ink was burning, and he was busy yelling at him: "Wait, what did you just say?"

The other party was hard to tease, and blinked: "Tell me only once."

"Teacher--"

However, the person who took the photo of the soul was still ignoring the wish, leaving only half of the beautiful face exposed under the warm curtain.

There is also a smile that makes ink burn for a lifetime.

"Not too early, I went to sleep. Wake up tomorrow morning, if I still want to tell you."

He paused and the soft eyelashes fell like a mimosa.

"I will tell you again..."

Unexpectedly, the sky cracks and the dawn comes one after another.

After all, the ink burned still did not wait for the teacher's words, the softest old dream of his life, was dyed scarlet.

How many times to dream back at midnight, he still remembers the smiling face of the teacher after half a roll of warm curtains, so good-looking, so gentle, he does not know whether it is his own illusion, and even think that it is infinitely affectionate.

He continued the long dream in the rest of his pain.

The dream teacher said to him, he woke up with a smile, very happy, even happy to forget the teacher died, forgot to go back in a hurry.

He smiled so happily, thinking that from now on, to do something good for the beloved, what is so important is that it is worth worrying about.

But always, laughing and laughing, tears are falling.

He buried his face in his palm.

That year's New Year's Eve snow night, scattered in the wind, he will never know again.

Thousands of miles are broken, and **** is infinite.

Numerous evil spirits rushed out of the cracks, like a thousand troops rushing to the city. The screams around him stunned the ink from the memories.

He was almost mad, and he shouted anxiously in the chaotic and chaotic crowds.

"Teacher!!"

"Shi Yan -!! Shi Mingjing!!"

"Where are you? Where are you?"

I don't know why the crack in the three years will suddenly come ahead.

I don't know if I can protect you now.

But I can't see you hurt again, can't see you die again...

I beg you to live...

It’s not good for me. I am not strong enough to shelter you. It’s too stupid, I don’t think about everything, where are you...

"A burning..."

In the overlapping of the soldiers, there was a vague voice, and it was heard.

"Teacher!!"

He saw him, and beside Xue Meng, he was using the water spirit as a screen to stop the evil spirits from culling. The smoldering almost went to him indiscriminately, and his voice whimpered and his eyes were red.

"Dog stuff you, you come over and take the handle!" Xue Meng took ten, but the wave of corpses was like a stream of water, his forehead gradually oozing sweat, silver teeth biting, "Come on!"

Why did he say that the ink burned and the red light flashed, and the ghost was called.

The hand fell from the vine, and a row of ghosts in front of him was smashed by the gods, and it was broken into powder. The ink burned and turned to the teacher and shouted: "You don't go far, come behind me!"

"I want to help the teacher..."

"Don't go!!!" The ink burned the words, almost stunned!

He must not let the sergeant approach the late night in this melee.

The images of past lives are constantly overlapping with the scenes in front of them.

- In the same year, it was the same sentence.

"I want to help the teacher..."

"Well, you are going to pass, the Master will be safer, don't leave him, let him protect you."

How ridiculous...

Let him protect you.

Chu nightning, Chu nightning, ink burned everything, but forgot that the person is Chu nightning!

Ruthless, cold-blooded.

The world full of hearts is full of life, but his disciples are dead but they don’t care!

"Don't go to him! He can handle it himself!"

The overlap of the two worlds made his scalp numb, his eyes burning red, and he yelled at the teacher. "Where you don't leave, leave!"

"But just the master's mana loss is so big..."

"Can't die! Take care of yourself!"

He said, his eyes were raging, and the zombies that were coming in the roll were slamming. Suddenly flesh and blood, the brain is splashing.

Although the spiritual power is not as good as the previous life, but one stroke and one style is all skillful. This body of battle has once confronted the masters of Ye Shixiu and Chu Wanning. Even if the murderer is a million, there is no fear.

The cracks in the sky are getting bigger and bigger.

In the hell, the ghosts that have been floating for hundreds of years will be like the torrential rains, and they will be mixed into the colorful butterfly towns and zombies that have broken the willows. The scene is getting more and more crazy and more and more horrible. . It seems that the water is poured into the oil, and the pot is boiling in the sky, so it is not lively. It is also like a locust rushing to the valley, and the evil spirits are holding on to the living, and the people who are dying of life are still able to cope with the small troubles of the past. However, Confucianism and Bitanzhuang were completely ravaged. How many monks screamed and screamed, and the blood was a few feet high!

Chu nightning is far away, and the ink burns temporarily cannot see his condition.

However, I accidentally saw Ye Jingxi and Nangong Temple in the rolling sea. Although the two men did not match the dishes, they were astonishingly struggling.

I saw that Ye had forgotten the long sword, and the blue light came from the hand, and a long bow was called. The Nangong Temple was also the arm of the month. The two looked at each other and walked over to each other. At the most dense place, take the arrow and stretch the string.

Hey!

The two men almost fell at the same time, the white feathers were cracked, and the sound was like a geese.

The arrow smashed the spirit, and the wind blade was scattered all over the place. Wherever they passed, the evil spirits were torn and strangled...

Nangong’s face was smug, and the backhand went to the back of the arrow to draw arrows.

The food was touched.

"Gone?"

"Here."

Before he was annoyed, Ye had forgotten to give him a bunch of white feather arrows.

"You don't want to bring more."

"……Humph!"

Nangong snorted, but the situation was critical. He did not have this thought and leaves to forget the score, took the arrow, and they sank into their own fights.

Half an hour has passed, and the evil spirits have repelled much, but more from the ghosts.

Li Wuxin killed more than ten souls with a sword, and turned to Xue Zhengxuan and shouted: "Nothing like this, you can't stand it. People make up the world!"

Xue Zhengyi glanced at the distant place of Caidie Town, with four golden lights in each of the four directions.

He gasped and angered: "It's easy to say, can you make up this enchantment? Are there any people left in the world?"

"I--" Li Wuxin said with a black face. "The enchantment is a technique, and I am not the leader."

"Then you **** shut up! Do you have a few jade balances? Chu nightning is guarding the four positions, otherwise these dead ghosts will rush out of the encirclement, and will soon kill the whole squat, the cultivation of the immortals can not support If you don’t cultivate the immortal, don’t you just finish it?”

"It’s better to finish the battle than to repair the real world. You won’t let people come to make up the cracks. I’m afraid this will be difficult to end!”

Xue Zhengyi heard the anger, the iron fan slammed, and when the hurricane slammed into the ghost, it also seemed to unscrupulously smashed Li’s cheek: “If you are in the upper class, it’s natural for you to be in the world. Dead?"

"You don't want to talk nonsense! I am talking about abandoning the car and protecting the car! If this crack occurs in my Bitanzhuang, I will sacrifice the whole door to protect the world!"

"A big tone, Li Zhuang is really standing and talking without back pain." Xue Zhengyi's tiger eyes are round and angry, and he laughs aloud. "The entrance to the ghost world is in my mind, and the world will not move to your Bitan Village." Going, it seems that the shackles of death can be destroyed thousands of times, to protect a world of peace! Li Zhuang, you can really say."

The two men were fighting and fighting, and when they couldn’t hold on, they suddenly saw a radiance of snow shining from the western horizon.

I didn’t see what the enemy was, but I heard the sounds of the wind and the showers, the dense and compact sounds of the sounds, the quarrels, the strings, the shadows, like the heavens and the waves, and the likes of the arrows, clearly I didn’t see the blade, but I felt that the sword was everywhere, and the iron rider was raging.

“Kunlun Snow Palace!”

Xue Zhengxuan looked up and looked at the snow that was rolling in. It was close to it. It was a group of swords, dressed in snow and fog, and the fairy with the petals of peach blossoms. They are extremely feminine in both men and women, and for the sake of their own methods, their appearances are still in their early twenties.

The people who walked in the snow palace were standing or sitting, half of them were holding their cockroaches in their arms, and half of them were squatting in front of the guqin. The music that was cut and slashed and clear was so sloppy, so that the zombies in the land could not help but Sending pain and sorrow, but if you are caged by the sky, you can't get out.

For the first man, light blonde, jasper, and five senses are profound. He was wearing a snow coat, lined with a drop of water, and a slender neck was found in his collar, like Fang Fei in the porcelain bottle. Cool by Kunlun, there is a fox in the outside of Suyi, which is more calm and graceful.

This person also holds an exquisite sly in his arms, rubbing his brows, sharpening his fingers and picking up the strings, and numerous burning peaches dance around him in his piano.

"The four seas are swayed by the wind, the millennium is clear, and the clothes are even worse. Today is a great achievement."

The sound of the piano was slight, and he coveted Xue Zhengyi and others. He wanted to speak a little. He heard a distant man yelling: "Mei Xuexue! How is this dog thing!"

The person who shouted was Xue Meng. While sulking, he plunged under the plum-bearing sword, and looked up and said: "How did Kunlun's Snow Palace send you such an unreliable thing to help?"

Ye Yexiong heard the sound and turned back, and saw the man who was flying the snow, and there was also a thin anger.

"……It's him?"

Nangong said: "What? You know this?"

"I don't know." Ye Hao was not happy when he met Mei Hanxue, but Xue Meng was rushing to swear. He turned his head and left, just throwing a sentence, "I have only played one."

Nangong has some interest: "Oh, how is his skill?"

"Oh." Ye forgets the sneer, "He fights by women, how do you say."

Nangong Temple: "..."

The author has something to say: Come on!

In the past, the dog was turned from an ordinary person into a battle of the gods of the stepping king. The dog sticks his head out! Falling knife!

Chapter 96

No wonder the leaves are forgotten, this plum snow is at that time in Taohuayuan, the "master brother" who attracted countless women to fight for jealousy.

I thought it was awesome. Who knows that it was a small white face that relied on skin to eat. Nangong suddenly lost interest and turned around and killed the enemy.

Mei Hanxue glanced at Xue Meng, his eyes were full of helplessness, but he did not pay attention to him. Instead, he lowered his eyebrows and shook the strings several times. He walked through the snow palace and heard the sound of the piano, and then spread out— -

"The piano department, playing Yao Guangqu; the crotch, breaking the dance."

With his orders, those who swayed the strings of the piano instantly changed their movements, and countless rushing sounds of the golden stone gathered in the air and resounded through the clouds.

For a time, the ghosts were fascinated, and they all stopped to kill. They stretched their necks in the same place and looked forward.

Li Wuxin saw this situation. People who think of Kunlun’s Snow Palace are not only good at music, but also understand the way of enchantment repair. They are very happy, and they yelled: “May Yin, can you make up this day?”

Mei Hanxue also did not care about his "May Yin Seng" calling for disgusting, and only replied: "There is no time for hell, but my strength can be completed."

"Ah, this..." Li Wuxin’s face was white and white, and he finally sighed, "Oh!"

"With snow, Choi Die Town is surrounded by four sides, can you live in harmony?"

The person who spoke was Xue Zhengxuan. Because of the goodness of life and the marriage of the Snow Palace, Mei Hanxue met the familiar elders, first holding a ritual, and then said: "You can try."

"Great!" Xue Zheng slammed the knot. "You are going to guard the enchantment of the four sides, don't let the ghosts go outside. Call the jade back again -"

"Yuheng Elder?"

"Ah, oh my memory, I forgot that you have never seen Yuheng. But it doesn't matter, you know it in the past, that is the one who is guarding the enchantment."

"Good." Mei Hanxue is quite calm, and the sword is biased, just like stepping on a meteor and flying to the edge of Caidie Town.

Nangong 驷 搭 三 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 南 南 南

Although the soul of the dead on the ground was stagnant due to the sound of the piano in the snow palace, there were more fierce spurts in the eyes of the ghost world. All the people in the Snow Palace are standing in the air, and they can't separate their hands from the protection when they play music. Therefore, those evil spirits have rushed to the square of the clouds and the ancient music array.

The people in the Snow Palace had to split a part and play the music of the Royal Array. Therefore, the songs of the repulsed exorcism were weakened a lot, and the fierce spirit on the ground suddenly surged like an ant.

What is even more frightening is that as the door of the ghost world grows bigger and bigger, some of the high-ranking ghosts who wear shackles, because they have absorbed a large number of people, Yuanyang, actually broke the barriers and rushed into the mortal world.

These ghosts are different from the previous ones. Their corpses are united with resentment. They are more violent and more spiritual. The ordinary monks can't block them alone. The disciples who are single are turned over by them. The fingers of the bones are fierce. Insert live human chest lungs -

A bang!

The blood of the monk splashed, and the monk's aura-filled heart was chewed by these high-ranking spirits, and the blood and water ran down the face of the evil spirits.

The mouth is full of broken meat and blood, and the strength of the evil spirits is even worse. It slams into the crowd and looks like a cheetah to find new prey to bite.

Time is a mess!

Xue Zhengxuan shouted: "Stop the group, don't run around, don't order!"

But there were still panicked people crying and fleeing. The blood smell in the air is getting heavier and heavier, the tide-like evils, the tides of the dead...

Nangong Temple was opening the bow and pulling the string smoothly. Suddenly there was a hanged ghost spitting blood red tongue, stalking his waist and slamming his claws.

The leaves are far away, and when they look back, they always have a quiet face, and when they turn, they become pale.

"Auntie!!"

"The son!"

At a critical juncture, Song Qiutong took the sword and plunged into the arm of the hanged ghost. But she didn't even kill anyone before, not to mention such a ghost. When a sword stabbed, she could loose her hand and the long sword fell to the ground.

Under the wrath of the savage ghost, she slammed a blow at her. Nangong smashed her sword and changed her sword. She blocked her and shouted at her: "You hide away, go quickly."

Song Qiutong’s tears and Yingying said: “The fate of Qiu Tong was saved by the Confucianism, how can he leave at this time...”

Nangong is not good at dealing with women, but she is weak in her body, her eyes are firm, and her heart is moving, but she can’t help but scream, “Leaves forget!!”

"Leaves forget! You roll me over! Give her care!"

The leaves were forgotten, and the handsome face was stained. He grabbed Song Qiutong’s arm and said harshly: "Look for Qin brother, don't run around."

"I don't want to go, I can still help." She pleaded, "Lord, I want to stay with you."

"Leave the past, you protect her!"

When the face of the forgotten face is ugly, it becomes very difficult to see. The person with such a gentleman's posture will have such an angry look.

"Nan Gong Temple." Every word between the teeth is trembling, broken, "I see you are faint."

After that, they ignored the two of them, and they took the sword and plucked it, hiding in the rushing corpse.

There are more and more high-level fierce spirits, they are mixed in the crowd, like a sharp knife cut through the fish belly, peeling off the scales, sticky and shiny scales dyed with red blood, floating and sinking.

Everyone has become self-satisfied, evil spirits surround the living, want to take each of them into the belly, dragged into hell. The three people, such as ink-burning, Xuemeng, and Shishi, resisted each other and resisted the Quartet. However, the circle became narrower and narrower. The Xueman smashed a fierce arm and the blood was high.

The sneaky sneaks of this attack saw this person tyrannical, and they circumnavigated past, and they all rushed to the side of the priest, and the priests and their hands were sealed, but because of the weakening of the spirit, the light and light were dark and clear...

Seeing it is hard to resist, and the ink burns the heart, saying: "Sir, you open a guard, Xue Meng hides."

"What?" Xue Meng heard a big anger, "Do you want me to be a shrinking head?"

"Listen to me to hide in! When are you still struggling, so many ghosts we killed?"

The teacher said: "What do you want to do?"

"Don't ask, do what I said." The ink burned in a slow tone. "It's okay."

The encirclement is gradually squeezing, and the ink burns and urges: "Hurry up, it will be too late."

The teacher had to transform the mantra, raised a blue defensive light array, and caged himself and Xue Meng. When the ink burned, he saw him bursting out, and suddenly he pulled out his sleeves and arrow, and wiped the palm of his hand and sprinkled blood on the line to leave his own spiritual power. Then he looked down and sighed: "Not working yet?!"

Seeing the ghosts, the flames are flourishing, and each piece of willow is wrapped in a **** red aura, like a sharp knife falling on the vine. The whole section of the willows suddenly grows out of the captain, and the ink

burns closes the eyes. Several times to make the appearance of the killing move, and then blink of an eye, the face reflected in countless enchanting faces.

He took a hit with a sneaky volley, Mars burst, and splashed.

The ink burned and raised, and the clothes hunted.

At that moment, his figure seemed to overlap with the figure of Chu Ningning in his mind. The movements of the two people were almost the same, no different.

"wind."

Destroy the dead! Clouds are low!

The two people behind the ink burned, only saw a huge scarlet light array like the **** red lotus burning, strong winds across the ground, like a million pieces of shadowless knife, the ghost in the ink burning hands into a virtual shadow, the Over the place, flying sand and gravel, countless evil spirits were wrapped in the air of this cracking shore, and instantly twisted into pieces of minced meat! !

Chu night Ning Tian asked the group to kill the "wind."

The ink burned has been learned nine points similar...

The wind is fading, and there is nowhere to be seen.

Looking back, Xue Meng and Shi Yan’s face are full of horror, and the ink is too late to be happy. I only feel that I have learned far enough in the weekdays. If I can immediately respond to the repairs in the past, the ghosts in this area will be missing, and where will they be? Let them be so stretched.

"Look over there!"

Suddenly someone shouted in the distance.

Everyone looked up, but saw several directions in the sky, each with different clothes, and several swords of different auras came.

The Heavenly Crack of Infernal Hell finally alerted all the martial art of the upper martial arts. With the stalk of the light sword landing, or the Lin Lingyu people are beautiful and beautiful, or the masters of the sorrowful temple are solemn... all these kinds, Should not be overwhelmed.

The people of the top ten sects have finally arrived.

More powerful evil spirits are still being born, and the tide is endless, but as the monks suddenly increase, the scene is no longer at a disadvantage.

At the same time, the spiritual power of Mei Hanxue and Chu Xinning was finally completed, and the enchantment in the four directions of the southeast and northwest changed from gold to blue.

The edge is handed over by Mei Hanxue, and the night is swaying by the wind, and it floats to the core of the fierce battle.

He looked up at the scorpion rip that had been fully opened, and there was some kind of huge, sinister power behind it.

Chu nightning can almost feel the power of the madness, like drinking thousands of plasma, drinking the brains of hundreds of millions of souls...

I will not seal the enchantment again, I am afraid that some kind of super evil spirits that are suppressed in **** will break free from the crowd and come to the world!

Chu night can't help but think, is it that the people behind the scenes are struggling with hardships, and want to put a giant in the purgatory in the red dust?

But what about him?

"Master!"

The teacher shouted at him anxiously.

Chu Xiaoning heard the sound and turned his face.

The scenes of past lives have coincided.

"Master!"

At that time, the teacher also called him.

Chu Xiaoning heard the sound and turned his face.

工具 pleated in the gaze of the gaze: sturdy look is very strong?

"Ok."

"But this... This is not a general day mark. This is a crack in hell. How can the Master respect you?"

"..."

"I came to help the teacher to give up the strength. I am so eager to learn the defensive skills in Taohuayuan, will not drag the teacher to respect the hind legs ..."

After two years ago, the two decided to talk about life and death as if they were in the ear.

The ink burned and stunned, and the scalp was numb. He slammed the teacher behind him and slammed it to Xue Meng. The loud voice: "Xue Ziming, you look at him! Look at him!"

Xue Meng's eyes wide open: "Where is the dog thing you are going to?"

"I……"

The wind is rising, and the four fields are sweet.

There is no snow in the sky, and everything is different from the past.

The smoldering eyes fell on the ignorant teacher, and there was a sore relief in my heart.

This enchantment, it is impossible to make up for it alone.

But apart from a few of their apprentices, no one knows that the late night is so good to be able to work with him to be seamless, so this robbery must have someone to go.

The hurricane is angry and smashes.

The ink burned and swayed the heart, and took over the teacher. For the first time, he held him directly into his arms, paused and shook, and then suddenly pushed away.

Teacher.

This dead person is probably me.

"I went to the assistant to seal the seal and enchantment." The ink burned, and there was an irresistible refusal in the tone. He narrowed his eyes and looked at the teacher.

Suddenly, he didn't want to care about what other people think. He didn't care if Xue Meng was there. He didn't care if he would be rejected. He waited for two lifetimes and loved his two life. Now he has to go, maybe he can't come back. He stood in the wind and wanted to say a few words with the person he loved.

"Sister, actually, I..."

However, when he opened his mouth, the roar of the evil spirits and the beasts covered his voice.

The impulse of the lava-like tumbling chills in this stagnation, and finally stops.

"A burning, what do you want to say?"

The ink burned before the eyes suddenly passed the reflection of the past life, under the half-roll warm curtain, is the gentle smile of the face.

Cruel.

He remembered his life, from birth to death, and fell to Huang Quan.

The ink-burning eyes were slightly red, but they laughed.

"Nothing, don't talk about the second time."

Teacher: "You..."

"I am going to help the Master, after I come back... If I still want to tell you." He was deep and gaze, "I will tell you again..."

After that, he turned and rushed toward the night.

The teacher will not die.

At least not in front of him.

The ink burned and felt that the sky was wide and wide, and the white figure flying in front of him was the end of this life.

His master, has always been the world.

When the teacher died, in order to complete the final vacancies, in order to eliminate those sorrows, Chu Yuening chose to leave.

This time, people who have been cultivating the world have changed themselves. Chu nightning is so inferior to himself, hates himself, and will not let his own Beidou Xianzun's reputation not to come to fulfill the life and death of an insignificant little person.

"Master."

He stood before him. Ghosts in your hands.

"This is hard to make up, I will help you."

The situation was at stake, and Chu Yuning looked at him. It was the default.

He flew up to the sky and stood in the corner of Chen’s head. The ink burned and jumped up.

Chu night Ningdao: "Looking, watching."

The ink burned according to his intentions, and he raised his hand at the same time. The two men left and right, and the fingertips condensed on the curse of the enchantment and slowly lifted up.

"Array open!"

The spiritual power of the two men rushed out of the body with this low voice. They stood in their positions and joined hands to form a golden and red enchantment.

The enchantment touched the fierce spirit that had just emerged. The fierce spirit was like being burnt by the fire. It was screaming and returning to the eyes of the ghost world. The enchantment became more and more clear, and the light ray became more and more glaring. At the foot of each of them, two dragons were erected, and the two men were dragged to the top of the sky.

The ghost eyes slowly closed under the pressure of the golden red light array, but they seemed unwilling, and the grievances were even worse.

Every time I closed an inch, the suffocating suffocating inside became more and more intense. When the two men were only a few miles away from the enchantment, the evil spirits in the area were almost as solid.

The body after the re-emergence of the smoldering gradually felt like a million weight on the shoulder, and the chest was better like a thousand boulder.

On the other hand, Chu Lingning's spiritual power is steady and powerful, and it is continuously exported.

One inch, another inch.

The evil wind between heaven and earth has been brought together, turned into a sharp knife blade, and Ling is every bit of his skin.

"Master respect..."

As the consciousness gradually blurred, he seemed to see the scene of the year.

Shi Yan and Chu Wanning worked together to repair the squad. The yin and yang were closed only in the shackles. Those who could not return to the yang had weak strengths, and they all gathered in one place and rushed toward the sergeant.

"Hey!"

Just in an instant, you will try your best to maintain the balance of the enchantment!

Replaying in general, almost nothing has changed.

Only this time, the people who are sorrowful are changing their ink.

At the crack of the sky, the black evil smashed through the heavy clouds, and in a moment passed through the ink-burning chest. The ink burned only felt a blush in front of the eyes, and returned to God to understand that it was the blood of his chest.

In such a boring airflow, he leaned over his face in a difficult way, but he saw that the night of Ning was like a snow, and his face was cold, but he was not given to himself.

There are countless resentments in the chest.

In the end, it is hateful.

He fell from the dragon on the platform, the bleeding of the lips and the redness of the chest.

It is very quick to fall, but suddenly it feels so long, it is like a dying person gradually sinking into the sea, and then can't hear the whispers of the world.

Chu nightning, did not raise their hands.

No block.

Even, there was no distraction to look at him.

When he fell, the red spiritual power suddenly disappeared. As soon as he was a past life, Chu Jingning chose to use all the spells to burn the enchantment that had never been completed.

Blastly sealed!

But the evils left in the human world have lost the nourishment of the ghosts of the ghost world. The instinct feels anxious, more and more violent, and angers the monks to fight against each other. The body of the flesh and blood is only in the blink of an eye, and the array of many sects must be defeated.

Chu nightning fell from the sky. When the ink burned down, the bottom of the dragon column was covered with a layer of light to protect him, and fell to the ground without breaking the bones.

But the entire chest was penetrated by evil spirits, and the blood flowed to the ground, but it was no different from that of the teacher.

Chu nightning strikes and retreats toward the evil spirits that come from the ink. The backhand falls down an enchantment and burns the ink in it.

"Master respect..."

The person behind him seems to mutter like this slightly.

"Do you want to go..."

The ink burns and coughs blood, but the face is smiling.

"Do you want to go again?"

Excited by the golden glory of the enchantment, the figure of the man is still standing against him, the ink burns open his mouth, but the throat suddenly rushes into a big mouthful of sweetness.

"Chu Ningning, are you a wood man? You will not be sad, not selfish, right?"

"Chu Ning..."

"Chu Ning..."

He felt more and more blurred in front of him. When he was in a fierce battle, he had already suffered from injuries. His forehead didn’t know where to smash, and the blood flowed down into his eyes. As he smiled and smiled, he almost laughed wildly. In the blood, tears are falling.

He choked: "Chu Ning, you look back! Look at me... you still have to go..."

Look at me again.

I am going to die.

In the same year, you were so embarrassed, and finally married him again.

you……

Is it real……

Don't like me at all? Don't look at me at all?

Otherwise why don't you even look at me at the last glance, why are you no longer willing to look back?

"Master respect..."

Blood and tears are full.

In the final impression, outside the golden enchantment, the man was white and stunned.

He went to town.

It turned out that in his heart, anyone in the world... is more important than the light rain.

Chapter 97

"Ink burning, ink burning."

It seems that someone is calling him.

He opened his eyes in confusion, reflecting a white shadow in the faint field of vision. He vaguely felt that this person was very similar to Chu, but could not believe it. He only thought that the man folded his hands on his chest and kept going to him. The blood flows across the stream.

So warm...

who is it?

He tried to look at the shadow that was too vague.

"Ink burning..."

"Master, Master?"

He swallowed his throat and asked him.

There were warm drops of water dripping on his cheeks. Gradually, he cleared his eyes. The people in front of him had a pair of phoenixes like Jiangnan apricot flowers. Their faces were pale and blood stained. The ink looked at him steadily, and he never saw such a look on the face of Chu.

His master has always been meager, but the people in front of him are crying.

The ink burns out and wants to touch, wanting to know if this is true, or the illusion of seeing the dead. But the fingertips were a few inches away from the man's cheeks and stopped again.

Sometimes hating a person is a habit. If you shouldn’t hate him suddenly, you will become very upset.

He didn't dare to run into it.

I am afraid that it is true.

I am afraid that it is a fake.

He saw that after the night of Chu, he was full of blood and sea. I don’t know if it was the town of Choi Butterfly after the war, or he was already in Shura. He knows that he is doing a lot of evil, and he has a lingering death.

Can be late in Nanjing...

He is a good person.

How can I come with myself and sleep forever?

"There is one last point." Chu Yuening's voice is like coming from the deep sea, so hey, "You can't sleep, otherwise..."

He saw blood leaking from the corner of Chu’s mouth.

The golden light was growing more and more, and suddenly the person in front of him was caged by the halo, and turned into a child.

"Otherwise, if I am under the jade, I will not have your apprentice."

"Xia Shidi!"

I saw that Chu Ning became a Xia Shi reverse, and the smoldering was extremely shocked. The wound suddenly became very painful, and I couldn’t think too much. I was faint again.

"Ink burning."

The gentle, almost sighing voice, I don’t know the illusion of the past, but the whisper that he left in his ear.

"Sorry, it is Master's fault..."

This is another sentence! This is another sentence!

Chu night, I don't want you to admit mistakes, I want you -

how?

Suddenly, I didn’t know what I was thinking.

Don't admit his mistakes, what about him?

Suddenly opened his eyes and gasped fiercely. The ink burned sweaty heavy shirt, looked up and saw a neat and clean room, not too much decoration.

He is already lying in the dorm room of the dead.

He is still alive...

I looked around incredulously, raised a slightly cold hand, and touched the place where my heart hurt. There was a thick bandage wrapped there, and the blood stained through the gauze. It hurts a bit, but under the gauze, the heart is still beating, so powerful, surging the ecstasy of the rest of the robbery.

He is still alive.

He is still alive! !

The blood flow rushed wildly in the young body, shaking his soul and shaking his fingertips.

Suddenly I heard the sound of the warm curtain rolling, the ink burned on the couch and looked up, facing a beautiful woman who came in the curtain, or a little cold outside, he was wearing a white robe, black hair hanging With a slight soft eye, the tail is self-stained with three-point thin red, but it wins a lot of rouge.

The teacher didn't expect the ink to wake up, and he was shocked, and then he said: "A burning? You, you..."

"Teacher! Teacher!"

The ink burned him several times, his eyes were very bright, and the black stone shone like a light. He jumped out of bed, and he did not care for the pain of the wound. He licked his mouth and smacked his mouth. He rushed over and took the teacher’s head full of happiness. From the resort one channel.

"Great! You are not dead! I am not dead! It has passed, it has passed!"

This cleavage was a catastrophe in his previous life. The sorrowful sorrows from the sky, took away the sergeant, and pushed the ink to the abyss of sin.

After he was born again, he was uneasy. This is the chaos. He will repeat the same mistakes. In the end, he will once again be alone, stepping on the beloved bones and walking alone to the empty Wushan Temple.

But God did not thin him. When he stood up and was willing to die for the teacher, everything changed.

He will not be alone, he will not be rebellious, he will not be forced to rush to Liangshan at night, and become a loyalist. From now on, evil will be broken.

He really got rid of the nightmare of his past life, he really reborn.

The ink burned with the teacher, and it took a long time to separate. The fireworks in the eyes overflowed, so bright, like the twinkling stars.

The teacher still stood in the same place until the ink burned his shoulders, and looked at him with a low smile. After watching it for a long time, he gradually returned to his forehead and explored his forehead. Chin.

"A burning."

"Hmm."

When the teacher raised his face again, with a light smile, his eyes were a little wet.

"Fortunately, you are still alive."

Ink smirked and grabbed his head, grabbed his hand and said, "A fool, how can I have something? I..."

I want to say more, and suddenly there is another smashing curtain outside, big stepping.

"Xue Meng?"

"..." Xue Meng was really a careful eye. It was about to be robbed of the limelight when the film was exorcist. His face was gloomy and his lips were tight. Seeing that the ink was awake, it was just a pause, and then turned to the teacher and shouted, "When did he wake up?"

The teacher was hesitant to speak for a moment, and there was some worry in his tone: "Just."

"... um." Xue Meng responded, still not willing to see the ink.

The child who burns the heart is a child. When compared to the limelight, he is robbed of candy. He has no good face for a long time.

However, he was in a good mood, and he did not want to compare with Xue Meng. He smiled and said: "It seems that I have been sleeping for a long time. Who brought me back?"

"Who can still be there." Xue Meng's sleeves are hand-bearing and his face is very poor. "Isn't it a master?"

"what."

It’s a glimpse of the burning of the ink. When the coma was a little fragmented, it flashed from the front, but after waking up, I was shocked and happy. The things I saw at that time became more and more uncertain. It was true or false.

He meditated: "The teacher respects... Xia Shidi..."

Listening to him, Xue Meng’s body couldn’t be checked for an earthquake, and then he said: “Are you glimpsed?”

"what?"

"Xia Shidi is a teacher."

The smoldering was originally a guess. At this time, I suddenly felt shocked and could not help but eclipse: "What!!"

Xue Meng turned his head and looked strange. It seemed to be trying to swear: "What? I thought you already knew it."

The ink screamed and shouted: "How can I know! I was just in a coma... blurry as if the two of them were alternated... I..."

Thinking of Xia Shi and his own companionship in Taohuayuan, the two sleep together, and think of their own feelings when they are in Linling, and the golden hairpin that falls out of his clothes when he is entangled with Chu.

Jellyfish handkerchief.

Will change the size of the clothes with the shape.

Clay soup in the hands of Xia Shi counter.

He turned his head and shouted at his brother, and he touched his head and smiled and said that we are brothers in the future, and the brothers hurt you.

The piles were scattered like smoke in front of the eyes. For a moment, it was the face of Chu Xiaoning who was too faint, and in a moment it was the appearance of Xia Si’s lips.

He once said that he was not good at the late Xia Si, and he did not like him.

He also patiently combed Changsha for Changsha.

The hair is so soft that it flows like a piece of ink between the fingers.

Think about it, it’s really like it...

The ink burned only felt that the head was going to be blown up. He made a few laps in the same place and muttered: "The teacher is the Xia Shidi... The teacher is the Xia Shidi... The teacher is..."

He slammed down, almost madly.

"What a joke! How can the Master be a Xia Shi!!"

"A burning..."

The ink burned and cried: "He, although they have a lot of places, but ... but they are always different. What about the good people of Xia Shidi, how?"

"What do you mean."

Xue Meng suddenly interrupted the words of ink burning, and a pair of sharp eyes fixed on the other's face.

"A good person like Xia Shidi? Why, then a good person will not be a teacher?"

Ink ignited: "I naturally don't say that the teacher is not good. It's just that Xia Shi's brother is sincere to me. I have already taken him as a younger brother. You suddenly told me that he is a teacher, how can you let me? accept……"

Xue Meng angered: "Xia Shidi is sincere, the teacher is on vacation?"

Hearing the smell of rain and tear in his voice, the teacher was busy pulling his sleeves.

"Less Lord, you think about what your uncle has said! Ah, he just woke up, still..."

Xue Meng slammed the hand of the teacher, and the brown eyeballs were still staring at the burning face. The blue veins of the neck even shook like it because of anger. It was like a vomiting letter, ready to bite the prey and quench it. Very poisonous snake.

"Ink rain, you made me clear today, how can the master not be Xia Shi reversed? How can he not match the word of sincerity, eh? You tell me how he faked in your heart. ?!"

The ink burned by his brain's persuasion made some troubles, Xue Mengtian anger and resentment, he is not the first time to see, in his life he became a fairy emperor, and later every time I saw Xue Meng, every time it is such a I ate a temper like a peony.

Involuntarily and annoyed, squinting: "I am with him, you do so much."

"What about you and him?" Xue Meng said, "Do you have him in your heart?"

The ink burned and laughed: "You are sick, Xue Ziming, I have nothing to do with your madness. After leaving the teacher, we went to Danxin Hall to find the uncle and the teacher to ask clearly." Then he pulled the teacher and Xue. I am wrong and want to go outside.

Xue Meng stood there for a while, and seemed to be trying to suppress what he was doing. He couldn’t hold back, and he still couldn’t hold back. He turned back and said: “In the rain, do you have his master in your heart?!”

"..."

The ink burned by him was not upset by a burst of distraction. He paused, and the original stretch of the eyebrows gradually faded.

The teacher squeezed his palm and whispered uneasily: "Don't ignore him, he has a bad temper these days. Let's go."

"……Ok."

The hand touched the warm curtain, but it didn't open yet. Xue Meng's voice rang, and the boring, hot and hot, like coming out of the flame.

"Ink rain, you fucking, really not a thing."

The "sand" sounded and the curtain fell.

The ink burned closed and closed, then opened.

"A burning..."

The teacher wanted to hold him, but he was gently blocked.

He turned his face and turned around. The two young people are of average age, but their physical strength is already high. The chilly look of this person is really horrible.

The ink burned and suddenly smiled, but the black eyes were heavy and there was no smile.

He said: "A good one is not something."

"Xue Ziming, I have never despised the Master in the weekdays. I didn't stand by and watched when I was in the sky. He was leaked in the hell. He couldn't fix it. I asked him to help him. I asked you, as his apprentice, I made a mistake. What?"

"..."

"I have a great disparity with him. I can't support the enchantment. I fell from the dragon column, but he never even looked at me. I will leave you alone. I will ask you again, you are not chilling. ?"

"Ink burning..."

The two worlds, when it comes to the pain, the burning of the handsome five senses is inevitably somewhat distorted. He said one word at a time: "I think I have done my best, and I am innocent. I don't know what face you are standing in front of me, saying that I am not something.... Xue Meng, do you think I have never cared about him? You are wrong. I have cared about it."

"But this person is made of stone." The ink burns low, every word is like a machete in my heart, bloody, "Xue Meng. You listen to me, I don't care how good he is in the eyes of the world." Daochang, a powerful master, is the night of Yufeng Beidou Xianzun, these are not important."

"The important thing is that when the sky breaks, my life is hard to protect. Ask him to look back, but he doesn't even give it to me."

It is so cold, so angry.

But when he said it, he was calm, but his eyes were a little red.

"And, Xue Meng, I can tell you. No matter who is falling from the dragon column, it is not me, it is you, or a teacher. He will not save you."

Because I have seen it with my own eyes.

In the heavy snow, he turned and left his apprentice's bones cold.

"Nothing is more precious than the good name of his Beidou Xianzun." The ink sneered, I don't know if the light is dim, his smile is a little bit bleak.

"Life is a big life, life is thin, and death."

The last word has not been received, and suddenly the light and shadow are moving, and the wind is coming.

The room was narrow, but the smoldering was already noticed, but because the teacher was behind him, at this time, the flashing would hurt the innocent, and he stood in the same place, and he was hard to stop him.

Xuemeng cheetah rushed over and slammed the smoldering robes, only to hear a bang, and Xue Meng had a slap in the face.

The ink burned and was beaten, and it was also burned in anger. The backhand grabbed the violent youth, and the silver teeth shattered: "Xue Ziming! What are you doing?!"

Xue Meng did not answer, only roared: "Ink rain, you are a beast!"

He is unreasonable, and he doesn't know what medicine he has taken wrong. He has no sense of wisdom at all. He fights with ink in this empty hut. It is like two trapped beasts. He wants to tear the skin of the other body and put bones and blood. Chew and remove it into the abdomen. A bean solitary lamp swayed and swayed the silhouette of their fury on the stone wall, like a shadow play of a ruthless blood, like a ghost totem.

Suddenly, the ink burned and heard Xue Meng’s whimper.

Not too loud, he felt that he was probably wrong.

Just after thinking about it, a few drops of tears fell on the back of his hand.

Xue Meng suddenly let go of the ink, and violently pushed him back, so he hugged his knees and sat down on the ground, unable to burst into tears.

The smoldering cheeks were still red and swollen, but he was ruined by this. I thought that I didn’t have any killings. I didn’t make him so painful. Besides, he was also the cousin who first shot him. How suddenly...

When I didn't finish it, I heard Xue Meng crying and groaning, groaning.

"How can you say that he will not save you! How can you say that he will not save you!"

Tears rolled down and it was hard to breathe.

When the teacher saw Xue Meng, it was difficult to temporarily suspend the matter, and he could not help but sigh, and he was still coveted.

Xue Meng whispered: "You said this, he heard how sad it was in the underground..."

This sentence came out too abruptly, and the ink did not react for a while, only slammed the ground: "What?"

Xue Meng just cried, his fangs were quenched into the neck of the ink, but he also injured himself.

He cried so sadly that Ai Ai was broken, and he could not help but wipe his face, his eyes, and his eyes were sometimes fierce and sometimes mournful.

He is not on the ground.

The face was buried in the arm for a long time.

The smoldering gradually felt a numbness from the bottom of the foot and gradually cooled the whole body.

He felt his lips moving and heard himself asking.

"Xue Meng, what do you say..."

Xue Meng cried for a long time, but it may not be that long. It was just that the smoldering felt that he had waited for the thunderous answer and waited for too long.

"Master..." Xue Meng finally snarled. "He is gone."

The ink burned for a moment, but it was silent, and it was cold, only listening to it, and did not seem to understand what he meant.

Not there?

What is gone?

Where are you going?

Who is gone... Who is not there! !

Who is gone! ! !

Xue Meng slowly raised his head, and his eyes seemed to have hate, ridicule, and deepest sorrow.

"Do you know why he didn't look back at that time?"

"..."

"I said, after the completion of the crack, he has been mentally exhausted. Do you think that the suffocation of the ghost world is only on one of you? The enchantment is a twin! How much damage you suffered, he also suffered the same Only he supported it, and he didn’t say it."

The ink burns only feels a "squeaky" in the brain.

Didn't he save the teacher in the past life, it is also...

I don’t dare to think about it anymore, and my fingertips are shaking slightly.

"Impossible... he is so self-confident..."

"When was he not pretending to be in front of people?" Xue Meng said, his eyes were red and his tears fell. "After he came down, he was already exhausted and gave you a defensive charm. He left you, not watching." You, what do you think is because?"

Xue Meng’s words are sobbing blood.

"Shi Zun knows that he can't hold it for too long. He has a high spirit. Once he reveals a flaw, it will lead to a lot of evil spirits... ink burning, ink burning... You think he is leaving, don't you?"

Ink burning: "..."

"He is going to not bother you! In the rain! He is afraid of dragging you!"

"The innocent **** is closed after the corpse violently walks away, the top ten sects are **** to the dusk, and there are countless deaths and injuries. Who can care for you? I am all with the seriously injured elders who have returned to the dead, and found that you have disappeared. Xuemeng gasped for a while, groaning, "Mini rain, you brought him back... It was he

who took the medicine to restore his body shape, then dragged you out and climbed out of the blood of the corpse, it was his body." Injury, I also gave you the last spiritual power..."

"impossible……"

"I brought you home. At that time, you still didn't wake up. He was so fascinated that he was no different from mortals. He couldn't use the spells any more. He couldn't pass the sound. He could only carry you and step by step to climb the dead. The steps..."

"Do not……"

"Three thousand-level long-order...he is one...a person who is exhausted by spirit..."

The ink burns and closes the eyes.

He saw that under the moonlight, the still-lived Chu-Ningning carrying his dying self, crawling slowly on the endless stage, bloody, white mottled.

That person, once was so unattainable and unclean.

Beidou Xianzun, late night Yuheng.

The ink burns the throat and whispers, "I can't...how...do it..."

"Yeah." Xue Meng said here, but also stunned, red eyes.

"When I saw him, I felt that I was crazy. I saw the illusion. Because I was thinking too." He was almost sighed. "How... can you get it..."

"Impossible..." The ink sighed and whimpered, hugged his head, muttered helplessly, "Impossible..."

"The long-term blood is not exhausted, that is the way he takes you home." Xue Meng was extremely cruel because of hate, "Go look, ink burns. Go see."

"impossible!!!"

Extremely stunned and uncontrollable, the ink burned suddenly and angered. He slammed Xue Meng, picked people up from the ground, and reached the wall, and the face changed.

"Impossible, never possible! How can he save me? He never loves me, can't look down on me!"

"..."

Xue Meng did not speak, and he was quiet, and suddenly smiled.

"Ink rain, not that he looks down on you."

In the flowing candlelight, Xue Meng's wet eyelashes lifted up, and he looked at him with all his hate.

"I missed you."

Ink burning: "..."

"I look down on you, the elders look down on you, the elders of the greedy wolf look down on you... what are you?" Xue Meng almost shredded and smothered these words into his face, "贱."

"you--!"

Xue Meng suddenly smiled, he looked up at the dark roof: "Incinenation, this life and death, to say that someone who can best see you, is him. But you will repay him."

He smiled and smiled, and suddenly closed his eyes, and tears fell.

This time it was a soft choked.

"Ink burned, your Xia Shidi, my master, died."

The smoldering was really bitten by the most vicious snake in the world. He was burned and stunned and slammed his hands. He stepped back two steps, as if he had understood this sentence for the first time.

He started to shake his body.

Xue Meng suddenly called him: "Brother."

The ink burned back, but the back slammed into the cold wall, and there was no way to escape.

Xue Meng finally stopped crying.

It’s just a tone, like a dead, calm and waveless.

"Brother, we have no masters anymore."

The author has something to say:

Two dogs: "..."

Forget it, the second dog 1.0 is now facing a collapse, the 1.0 system is completely disordered, let him digest the truth alone. Meng Meng, you come.

Xue Mengmeng: Thank you, "Zhou Fang Li", "Little Black", "Ukrainian Ukrainian", "Frost One Sword", "Thinking of Really Trouble", "Jinnian", "Lin Feng" Throwing Landmines, "Zz Cool Life" Throwing Grenade~

Chapter 98

There is a peak in the life and death, and the name is quite funny, called "ah."

Regarding the origin of this name, there are many kinds of sayings in the martial art. The most common one is that because this peak is steep and steep, people often fall down accidentally, so they are named "ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

But the ink burns knows not.

The peak is soaring into the clouds, and the mountains are covered with snow all the year round. It is extremely cold. If someone is dead, you will stop here and wait for the funeral.

I have only been here once in my life.

That time, it was not much different from the situation today. It was also after the infernal hell, a **** battle took away countless lives, and the teachers also lost their lives. He did not want to accept this reality, so he was kneeling on the side of the teacher and watching the face of the man in the hail. It was a lot of days...

"The reason why it is called ah, it is because that year, you went." Former life, Xue Zhengyi accompanied him, in the cold frosty temple, said to him.

"I only have one brother, the dead and the sorrow is created by the two of us together, but you are... he is like you, is a very self-willed person. Qing Fu enjoyed a few days, about tired, in one time and evil I lost my hand in the confrontation and left."

Frost Temple was too cold, Xue Zhengyi took a pot of shochu, and he smothered himself, and handed the sheepskin wine sac to the ink.

"Give you a drink, but don't tell your aunt."

The ink burned did not pick up and did not move.

Xue Zhengyi sighed: "This peak, ah, ah, because of that time, I am also very uncomfortable, my heart is like being dug out, the whole person is watching you in the mountains, thinking of sadness, I couldn't help but cry loudly. I cried hard, always ah, ah, so I have the name."

He glanced at the ink and patted the other's shoulder.

"Uncle has not read a few books, but I also know that life is like a dew, and there is no shadow in a blink of an eye. You should be a step ahead and be a brother again in your next life."

The ink burns slowly and closes your eyes.

Xue Zhengxuan said: "There is nothing in empty talks. If you want to be sad, you will cry. If you don't want to go, just stay with him here. But eat rice, drink water. Go to Mengpotang for something to eat." Come back. After that, you have to swear, I won’t stop you."

Frosty Temple is silent and silent, and the white room is gently floating in the cold room, like a gentle finger licking the forehead.

The ink burns slowly and opens your eyes.

It is still the kind of hail in memory, Kunlun Xuanxue casts into it, and it is crystal clear and sleek.

Just the person lying inside, changed to a late night.

Ink burned and said nothing, in this life, in this day, the dead will be Chu nightning.

He was too late to defend, and he couldn't even react.

In the face of this man's cold body, there is not much fluctuation, no joy of death of the enemy, no sorrow of the master.

The smoldering is almost a little doubtful. The mouth of the night is long and cold. The face of that person is cooler than usual. Now it is covered with a layer of frost. Even the tight eyelashes are condensed with ice, and the lips are The white, the skin is almost transparent, can see the light blue blood vessels, like the tiny cracks on the white porcelain.

How can someone who is walking be him?

The ink burned his hands and touched the cheeks of Chu’s late night. The tentacles were very cool.

All the way down, throat, neck, no pulsation.

Get it again.

He held his hand and the knuckles were already stiff, but the feeling was rough.

The burning of the ink is strange. Although Chu Xiaoning has a small flaw in his fingertips, his palm is always soft and delicate. He can't help but look at it. The glimpse is the broken and broken scar, although it has been wiped, but The wound will never heal again, and the flesh will still open.

He remembered Xue Meng said.

"He has lost his spiritual power and has nothing to do with mortals. He can't use his spells any more. He can't pass the sound. He can only carry you and step by step to climb the steps of life and death..."

Can not support, can not stand up, kneeling on the ground, squatting, dragging, until the fingers are worn, full of blood.

Also take him home.

The ink snorted: "Is you carrying me back?"

"..."

"Chu Ning, is that you..."

"..."

"If you don't nod yourself, I won't believe it." The ink burned to the people in the scorpion and said that the face was calm, as if the person in front of him would wake up. "Chu Ning, you nod. Nod. I will believe you, I don't hate you... you nod your head, okay."

But Chu Ning still lie like that, his expression is faint, his eyebrows are cold, it seems that he does not hate him, he does not care, he asks for a clear conscience, leaving others uneasy in the world.

This person, living or dying, is annoying, far better than teaching people to hurt.

The ink sneered and laughed: "Yes." He said, "When did you hear me?"

He looked at Chu Ningning and suddenly felt ridiculous.

For a long time, he was hated because he was not able to marry him at the end of the night, because Chu Yuning had not saved his teacher and hated it.

Going around, this kind of hate has lasted for more than ten years, but one day, someone told him that

"Chu Ningning turned and left at the time, I don't want to drag you down."

Someone told him that -

"Viewing enchantment is twin, you have suffered multiple injuries, and he is the same."

He is exhausted, he can't help himself, he...

Ok, it’s really great. Chu nightning is right, then what about him?

In the dark, like a fool, I don’t know anything. I’m like a harlequin. I’m being smacked and screaming for a long time.

What kind of? !

Misunderstanding this kind of thing, if it is short-lived, it is like a stain on the wound when it is healed. It is better to find it in time, wash it off and re-apply the plaster.

However, if it is a misunderstanding, and continued for ten or twenty years, the people trapped in the net have invested a long hate in this misunderstanding, devoted a long time to care, and invested a long embarrassment, even a fate.

These emotions have been crusted, and they have grown into new flesh and skin, and they are completely combined with the body.

Suddenly someone said: "Not like this, everything is wrong."

What should I do then? The dirt of the year has been growing under the skin and growing into the blood.

That is to tear off the intact flesh to release the suspicion.

A misunderstanding of one year is a misunderstanding.

The misunderstanding of ten years is embarrassing.

From birth to death, misunderstanding for a lifetime, that is life.

They are thin in their lives.

The heavy stone door of the Frost Heaven Hall slowly opened.

Like the past life, Xue Zhengyi carried a sheepskin wine bag full of shochu, and walked heavily to the side of the ink, sitting on the ground and shouldering with him.

"Listen to people saying that you are here, uncle to accompany you."

Xue Zhengyi, a pair of leopards, was also red, showing that he had just cried a while ago.

"Come to accompany him."

When the ink burned, he did not speak. Xue Zhengyi unscrewed the jug and sipped a few mouthfuls. Then he slammed down and smeared his face. He made a strong laugh: "I used to drink, Yuheng saw it. I’m always upset, now... oh, stop, don’t say, don’t say it. My age is not big, but the old people who sent them are one by one. Burning, do you know what it feels like?”

"..."

The ink burned down the curtain.

In the past life, Xue Zhengyi also asked him this question.

At that time, he only had the flesh and blood of his teacher, and what was the life and death of other people? He doesn't understand and doesn't want to understand.

But now, how can he not understand?

Before the rebirth, the only Wushan Temple was left alone.

One day, he woke up from the shallow sorrow, dreamed of the situation under the old Yuwen door. When he woke up, he intended to return to his own bedroom and look at it. He could push the door in. The narrow disciple room was deserted for a long time. Dust.

He saw a small smoker knocking over the ground, but he didn't know who overturned it and when it was overturned. He picked up the smoker and subconsciously wanted to put it back in its original position.

But the years were in a hurry, he held the small stove and suddenly caught it.

"This stove, where was it originally placed?"

He doesn't remember.

The eagle-like gaze passed over the fans behind him, but those people had a vague face, and he couldn't even tell who was called Zhang San.

And they naturally don't know where the incense burner of the emperor was in the room.

"This stove, where was it originally placed?"

He does not remember, but those who can remember such past events are dead and scattered.

How can you not understand the feelings of Xue Zhengyi at this time?

“Sometimes I suddenly think of a joke when I was young, and I didn’t consciously say that I’m exporting, but I’ve found that people who can understand this joke are gone.”

Xue Zhengyi took another drink and smiled.

"You see, those old robes... you are respected..."

He shattered and asked, "Well, do you know why this peak is called?"

Ink burns what he wants to say, but he is upset now, and he is not willing to listen to Xue Zhengyi talking about his father, so he said: "Know. Uncle is crying here."

"Ah..." Xue Zhengyi squinted, slowly blinking, and the tail tip was deep, "Is your aunt telling you?"

"Ok."

Xue Zhengxi wiped his tears and took a deep breath: "Good, good, then you know, the uncle wants to tell you that if you are uncomfortable, you will cry, it doesn't matter. The man has tears for the bullet, not shameful."

The ink burns but never sheds tears. Perhaps it is because the two worlds have passed, and the heart is as hard as iron. Compared with the heartbreaking of the teacher, the present is so calm. Calm until he even felt horrified for his numbness. He didn't know that he was so cool.

After drinking the wine, sitting for a while, Xue Zhengqi got up, I don’t know because it’s been a little numb for a long time, or it’s a little bit too much.

His wide hand was shot on the shoulder of the ink: "The sky cracks it, but the people behind the scenes are still not coming out. Maybe this is the

case, and maybe there will be a second battle soon. Burning, almost go down the mountain to eat something, don't be hungry."

He said, turned and went.

At this time, it was at night, and there was a round of remnant moons outside the frosty day. Xue Zhengyi stepped on the snow that was not going to be used all the year round. He took half a pot of turbid wine, and the rough and squeaky sounds began to sing. A short song.

"I worship the deceased half-ghost, but now I can get a lot of fun in the drunk. The total angle is hidden under the laurel tree, and the smoldering of the drinking surface has been spotted. The skylight dreams are broken and the people are far away, and I am abandoning my old body." With Zhou Gong, let the king hold the wine and go back."

In the end, it is not the same as the previous life. It is not the teacher who died, but the night of the night, so Xue Zhengyi will have more emotions.

The ink burned back against the door opened by the frosty temple, listening to the hoarse throat and screaming, the man was awkward, but the road was desolate. The sound of the song is like a eagle, and it is gradually swallowed up by the wind and snow.

The heavens and the earth are stunned, the moon is high, and everything is washed away very lightly and lightly, leaving only one sentence to reciprocate.

"Abandoning my old body, tears and tears... abandoning my old body and tears..."

I don't know how long it took, and the ink burned slowly down the frosty temple.

The uncle said yes, although the sky cracks, but things may not stop. Chu Xiaoning is no longer there. If there is another battle, he will resist himself.

When I came to Mengpotang, it was already late, except for the old man who cooked the night, no one.

The ink burned a bowl of noodles and found a place to eat slowly by the corner. The surface is spicy, and it is very warm to eat into the stomach. He is looking up and swaying, and in the hot air, Meng Potang is dimly lit and the image is blurred.

I remembered that after the death of the teacher of the previous generation, he was far more self-willed, and he refused to leave for three days and three nights, nor did he eat.

Later, I was finally persuaded to leave the Frost Heaven Hall and go to eat something, but I saw a busy back in the kitchen. The man's hands and feet were awkwardly licking the dough, and the stuffing, the case was covered with flour and water, and there were a few rows of hand-picked hands.

"Dangdang."

The things on the case were swept down, and the tyrannical voice passed through the dust. It is difficult to cast the current ink burning, and the food can not be swallowed.

At that time, he felt that Chu was rather mocking him, and he was not willing to sting him.

But at the moment, I want to come. Maybe Chu Jingning was really just thinking about the dying teacher, and then cooking a bowl for him.

"What are you doing? Are you also equipped with what he has used? Is it also a dish he has done? The teacher is dead, are you satisfied? Do you have to kill all your apprentices, you are only Willingness? Chu nightning! No one in the world can make that bowl of hand-written, you can imitate, and can't seem to be him!"

Word cone heart.

He did not want to think again, he ate his face.

But how can he win him? Memories will not light him.

He recalled Chu's face more clearly than ever, without joy or sadness. He recalled every detail more clearly than ever before.

I remembered a slight tremor on the tip of my finger, a little bit of flour on the cheek.

I remembered that the full-bodied hand was rolled over the floor.

I remembered that Chu Ning dropped his eyes, leaned over and slowly picked up the food that could no longer be eaten, and then dumped it by hand.

Drop it by yourself.

There are still half of the bowls left in the groats.

The ink burned and could no longer be eaten. He pushed the noodle bowl away and fled away from the place that would drive him crazy. He rushed to the road of death and death, like to leave behind the misunderstanding of more than ten years, like to recover this ridiculous rolling years, catch up with the man who left Meng Potang alone.

Catch up with him and say a word.

"Sorry, I hate you wrong."

The ink burned in the darkness without any order, running... but there is a broken figure of Chu nightning. Good and evil, teach him literacy, practice swords. Naihe Bridge, with him umbrella, peer. Qingtian Temple, who is responsible for the rod, is far away.

He became more and more embarrassed at night and became more and more helpless.

Suddenly, I ran to a cheerful place, and suddenly I saw the clouds smog and the moon was high.

The ink burned and stopped.

Tower of Babel……

The place where he died in the past, the place where he met with Chu Jingning for the first time.

His heart was like a drum, and his eyes were chaotic. He was chased by the tides of the past, and he couldn’t do it. He finally forced it here.

The white wind was clear and the time was met with Jun.

The ink burned no longer ran. He knew that he could never escape from birth. In his life, he was destined to owe Chu Ningning.

He slowly walked up the steps and walked under the swaying sea bracts. Reaching out, stroking the dry tree, the hard state is like a heart.

At this time, it was nearly three days away from the death of Chu.

The ink burns up and suddenly sees the flower trees gentle and vague. It was not until this time that there was an endless sorrow. He put his forehead on the trunk and finally burst into tears and tears.

"Master, Master..." He whimpered and whispered in his mouth. It was the first time when he saw Chu Ning, "You reasoned me, okay... you reasoned me..."

But things are human beings. Before the tower, only one person left, no one cares about him, no one will come.

Although the ink burning after the rebirth is a young figure, the shell is carrying the soul of the 32-year-old stepping fairy. He has seen too many

lives and deaths, tasted the sweet and sour in the world, since the resurrection, he The joys, sorrows and sorrows in my heart are not so vivid and vivid, always like a layer of false covering.

But at this moment, his face suddenly showed such confusion and pain, red/naked, tender, pure, and green.

Only at this moment, he really looks like an ordinary boy who has lost his master, like a child who has been abandoned, like a lonely dog who has lost his home and can no longer return.

He said, you reason about me.

You reason about me...

However, in response to his, after all, only the mother-in-law leaves, lush flowers and shadows.

The man who had a good eyebrow under the sea otter did not, and could not raise his head again, to see him, even the last glance.

The author has something to say:

The white cat of the murderer: Thank you, "Zhou Fang Li" for throwing grenades, "Yu Yong", "I will send lovesickness to the moon", "I want to name the real trouble", "Flesh fan soup", "Frost one sword", "Jiayan", "Jailbreak rabbit" "Xingning Xiaogongju" "Winter Song" throwing mines~

Two dogs: "QAQ"

When the two dog programs continued to collapse, the white cat glanced at him and sighed and took the manuscript in his hand.

Chapter 99

This evening, the ink burned against the sea otter tree.

There are many places in the life and death, and there are traces of life in the night. If you want to hang it, you can go to the Honglian otter, but he only relies on this flower tree, and the heart is not so painful. A little bit of human atmosphere.

Once he thought that it was a great misfortune for him to be a teacher at night, and this worship was wrong from the beginning.

But today he realized that the unfortunate person was not his drizzle, but he stood in the flower garden and bowed his head and thought about it.

"Xianjun, Xianjun, you rationalize me."

He vaguely remembers the first sentence he said with the master. It seems like this. Maybe there are some deviations in the words. It takes too long, and he remembers not to be so clear.

But he can clearly recall the sudden and faint face of Chu’s evening when he raised his eyelashes.

Between the eyebrows, it is very gentle.

Nowadays, the ink is lying under the flower tree. He thinks that if the time can be returned to the day of choosing a teacher, he should not entangle him in any case, let him accept himself.

Because the moment of the embarrassment, the price to be sent, is the endless entanglement after the death, is the life of Chu Yuning.

For two lifetimes.

He is ruined in his own hands.

For two lifetimes...

His throat was twitching, he choked and closed his eyes. He spent a long, long time in the pain of the ants.

Then, since the rebirth, he never dared to touch the memory, he broke his shackles in his sleep, held a knife and dug his heart.

At that time, he had already reached the top of the people, and Chu Ningning had already been abolished, and the house of imprisonment was not free.

He has been subjected to several assassinations in succession. The last assassination was even the combination of Xue Meng and Mei Hanxue. Although the ink was forced by the mana, there was no fate on the spot, but he was also seriously injured. He raised a full foot in the palace. More than a month, this has restored energy.

It was rainy in the middle of the day, and it was a long time.

The ink burned with thick robes, the jade-colored five fingers pinched the robe, stood under the porch and looked at the outside, the sky was dark, the look on his face was a little bit mad and he was mad, he didn’t say anything, but anyone could feel his body twisted. Human nature, he clearly has a very handsome face, but the light in his eyes is often sullen and violent, without a little warmth.

The longer he sits in the high position, the more obvious this gloom.

There was a footstep behind him. He didn't look back and said, "Come on?"

"You are going to kill the Kunlun Snow Palace?" The sound of Chu Xiaoning sounded in the hall.

Ink burns: "What is it."

"...you forgot what you promised me? You said that you will not hurt Xuemeng."

The ink burns the heart and calmly: "The teacher is coming, don't ask me how the injury is, standing here blowing the cold and not cold, just care about who I kill, who will not kill?"

"Ink rain, I am here to tell you, I have to do something that I regret."

"Oh, regret? The person who regrets is the teacher, you are the master. When I was a fan of the Confucianism, you and I were killed and killed. Now that I am going to kill the Snow Palace, you are no different from the mortal. The ability to confront is no longer there. Do you regret your own nosy?

After the ink burned, I turned my face and looked back. There was a cruel smile on the corner of my mouth. The bottom of my eyes flashed with fine light. "Chu Ningning, you are now a waste, can you take anything to stop me?"

Perhaps it is because there is nothing left, and Chu Ning has been unable to speak for a long time.

A thunderous thunder burst, heavy rain, and leaked down the beam of the roof.

Chu Yuening finally closed his eyes and then opened his mouth and whispered a sentence: "Don't go."

The black robe flew and the ink burned.

Behind him is a lead-gray day, it is a hurricane, he looks at the night in the temple, and then says, "Why don't you go? I gave Xuemen a chance, that year you are willing to be under me for him. Female, I kept my promise, and asked your people to let him go. Now he wants to kill me. You said, why should I not go?"

"..."

"How? Can you say nothing?" The ink sneered, "Reprimand me, insult me, Chu nightning, are you not very resistant? I know that Xue Meng is your heart, you are the most proud." Disciple, you think he is the heart of the heart, I am a piece of mud on his sole."

"Enough." Chu Evening was pale and his eyebrows were tight, as if he was pressing hard.

"Not enough! How is it enough?" When the ink burned, the cruelty of the heart was more and more successful, anger, ecstasy, hatred, jealousy, all kinds of fierce emotions like the fire cooking oil, suffering his heart.

His eyes are very bright, revealing the light, and he paces back and forth.

"There is no second chance. Chu Jingning, he has no second chance. I want to kill him, peel off his skin and step on his feet, take his skull and drink it! I will take his liver. , smashed his flesh and blood to stew! You can't stop me! - Chu nightning, you can't stop me!"

His eyes are red, and the more he talks, the more he is happy.

Suddenly one hand grabbed his robes and a slap in the face.

"Is it crazy enough?"

Chu’s face was so close, he saw the other’s eyelashes tremble and tears in his eyes.

"Inflamm... you wake up, you wake up..."

"I am awake!" The burning pain in his cheeks made him more and more crazy. He looked at the face of Chu Xiaoning, and suddenly he was angry. "I am awake! The person who sleeps is you! Are you jealous?"

He pushed open the other side and pulled open his robes, revealing the gauze that was **** underneath.

"You are 瞎 楚 晚 晚 晚 宁 ”!" He roared, poked his chest, and felt that it was not enough, actually made a slap to tear the gauze down, picking up a vague flesh...

"Who did this? Your good apprentice! Xue Meng! His Dragon City is a little bit worse, I am dead! You tell me, I let him go!"

"In your eyes, only his life is life, my is not, right?!" Under the hate, the ink burned and grabbed the hand of Chu Yuning, and posted it on his **** wound. "You Don't you want to stop me? Well, I will give you the opportunity to take my heart out! - Chu nightning, you **** has the ability to pull out my heart!!"

"..." Chu Xiaoning's fingertips are shaking, so ice, so cold.

The ink burned staring at him, furious, violent, and the blue veins of the neck could not keep shaking.

He said dumbly: "You are jealous."

It’s raining outside, knocking on the tile, it’s crazy.

Dead.

No one is moving.

I don't know how long it took, the ink burned and finally released the hand of Chu Yuning, gasping low and sinking, "Shu Ziming and Mei Hanxue's life, I have to fix it."

"..."

"You hate me, Master." Ink said, "In any case, my life is like this. In our life, it is like this. We can't go back, then the black light goes on fire. On Huangquan Road, I am dragging some of my old companions."

That day, Chu Xiaoning looked at the black back of his far away and finally said a word.

He said: "Ink burning, if you destroy the snow palace and kill Xue Meng, I will die in front of you, I have nothing to exchange with you, but I can at

least choose to die."

The ink burned, and paused, then crossed half of the handsome face, and smiled in the gloom.

"There is a seat, you can't die."

"..."

"If you run out of blood, I can take you back from the temple of Jurassic. If you are disgusting in my life, you have to go with me." After the release of the madness, the face gradually recovered from the cold. Calmly, he said, "My good teacher, you will be waiting for death, waiting for me to catch Xue Meng back, I let him take a good look, the **** he cares about day and night, what is under me now? It’s a slutty look. It’s a good time to have a door, I should always let him die clearly and clearly.”

However, the ink burned did not think of it, Chu Zongshi is still Chu Zongshi.

A month later, the ink burned the rhetoric that he had said. He stood proudly in front of the Kunlun Mountains and in front of Tianchi Lake. Mei Hanxue and Xue Meng had been shackled by him, and they were tied to the icicles. Then they were controlled by the Jane Chess to go to the Snow Palace for thousands of people, and let them kill themselves in front of Mei and Xue.

The white snow-capped mountains are dyed as Xiahong, and the blood is stained with red sky and soaked in the mountains.

The ink burned and sat in front of the palace gate of the Snow Palace. While eating the grapes handed by the servants, he smiled and looked at the foreground.

He asked Xue Meng, who was almost out of focus, and he said, "Meng Meng, can't you look good?"

"..." Xue Meng did not react, as if he had lost his hearing.

Mo was very satisfied with this, and he smiled more and more relatives. He asked: "Do you like the performance of the cousin? Do you like it?"

"...you let go of the snow palace."

Suddenly I heard such a faint whisper, and my eyes burned and asked, "What?"

"You let go of the snow palace." Xue Meng's burning eyes no longer have light. "Let them pass, let go of Mei Xuexue... That assassination, the person

who wants you to kill is me, you killed me. Don't even connect with others."

The ink burned and laughed: "Are you talking about conditions with me?"

"No." Xue Meng glared at the eyes, he said, "I am asking you."

The pride of the sky said, I am asking for you.

The demon in the heart was violently pleased, and the smoldering eyes were radiant. It seemed to be interested. He pinched Xue Meng’s chin, forcing the other person to look up at himself, what he was trying to say, and suddenly he saw the sky lit up. From the bluish brilliance.

"what happened?"

The entourage he brought has not yet had time to answer, and he saw the top of Cui Wei Xuefeng, a Huaguang overflowing array of thousands of miles, covering the entire Kunlun Mountains.

Above the array, the night of the night, the white clothes are like snow, and the clothes are flying, standing in the clouds.

In front of him, a strange guqin was hung in his body. The whole body was black and black, and the tail of the piano was rolled up and rolled up, and the branches and leaves were scattered. The sea was soaking and the brilliance was scattered.

——The third martial arts of Chu Yuning, “Nine Songs”.

The author has something to say:

Although the dog is devoid of heart disease and can't be saved, but the inexplicable is very fond of writing 0.5 related story, hahahaha~

Fraud

Chapter 100

The ink burns.

In this life, he only saw the nine songs of Chu Xiening once, that is, the life and death confrontation that one time, Chu night Ning summoned the Guqin nine songs, the sound of the piano cracked empty, the sound into the cloud.

The living creatures controlled by the Zhenqi chess game, the strange beasts, were recalled to the gods in the sound of the nine singers, a long song, and a mess of millions of chess pieces.

It can summon Shenwu to mobilize the nucleus, which requires a lot of spiritual power.

Chu night Ning even his usual days of questioning can no longer be recalled, how can he suddenly summon a "nine songs" that are even stronger than Tianwen?

The fierce battle above the Tianchi was no less than the match between the mentor and the disciples of the year.

But the ink burned but he didn't remember so much detail. After the **** battle, his side finally had no more people to talk to.

In fact, before the death of the previous world, he did not understand why Chu nightning can use his own soul to summon nine songs.

This is any tie that neither the gods nor the masters will have, but Chu Ning did it.

On that day, the cherished pieces made by the ink-burning smashed into ash in the sound of the piano. The power of the nine songs was more pure and powerful than that he had seen for the first time many years ago, and he was so strong that he even suspected the nucleus of the late night. It’s not broken at all. So for many years, it’s all Chu’s dressing, and it’s a shame to bear the burden of shame.

He couldn't even think about it later, if that's the case. If Chu Xiaoning is really loaded, then maybe things will not go to the last step.

that would be nice.

The nine songs destroyed the ban on ink burning, and the monks who were killed in mutual killing suddenly woke up and even shattered the icicles of Xueman and Mei Hanxue.

The ink burned to the clouds, the robes hunted, and the eyes were filled with anger and joy. He wanted to see how many astounding moves were made in the late night.

He stepped on the upper end of the enchantment, approached, and stood in front of Chu.

He saw the pale, slender hands slow down, stroked the strings of the nine songs, and the piano stopped.

Chu night Ning raised his head, his face white like the snow and ice under the sunlight.

He said: "Ink burns. Come over."

When the ghost made a difference, he walked over to him.

Chu nightning fingertips lightly moving, a few 缕 缕 华 华 华 朝着 朝着 朝着 华

But that Guanghua is not painful, it lingers on his chest, slowly infiltrating into the skin texture, it is unspeakable warmth.

"Xue Meng hurts your sword, I am treating you for it." Chu night Ning sighed softly. "Let him go, burn, if he is not there, you will find someone to talk about the past. Who else can I find..."

What is the meaning of this sentence when the ink burns have not yet reacted, the enchantment of the strong sole of the foot suddenly disappears, and the one that is not seen together is the nine-song guqin that Chu Ning called.

He immediately raised his hand and called for a strange knife to return, this is standing in the clouds, but Chu nightning is falling like a leaf, like a piece of music, has exhausted the last strength of his life.

"Late Ning!"

He was discolored, and the sword plunged down, and he was robbed in his arms before the man would fall into the cold Tianchi.

"Chu Ning! You - you..."

Chu nightning closed his eyes, nose and mouth, eyes, and blood in his ears could not be seen.

Dignity is extremely important to him. Even if he is imprisoned in Wushan Temple, he still has a backbone that is not bent. He will rarely show himself embarrassing appearance, but at the moment he is bleeding, and the appearance of the Qing Dynasty is so embarrassing. Loss.

Chu night Ning swallowed a **** foam, hoarsely said: "You said ... dead life can not help me ... but you see, ink burning ... you are still a small smack of your master, if I am determined to go, you are blocking... ...can't stop it..."

"... Master... Master..." The ink burned at him, only to feel a chill in his heart, and the scalp was numb, and he was so shouted.

Chu Xiaoning smiled and looked a little bit happy: "The original has been alive, there is a hint of unwillingness, always thinking, thinking about to accompany you for a few years, to teach you... don't commit more sins... ...but now...now..."

The ink trembled and held the man in his arms. He suddenly felt very scared.

Scared.

This kind of sentiment has not belonged to him for more than ten years. Now it has suddenly come, ruined and ruined, and almost dug his heart.

"Now I know that only if I die, can I change you... no longer evil..."

He said that it seems to be painful. Forced to call out the nine songs, so that his body can not be loaded at all, the body is broken, and the blood of the big mouth is coming out, the ink is burning and he is falling on the edge of the Tianchi, his face is crazy and painful, and he keeps sending it to his chest. Spiritual power.

However, the strength of the majestic force came to the body of Chu, but it was like a mud cow, and it would not go back.

The smoldering is really panic, and the people who are in the arms of Xianjun are screaming and dying, failing again and again, but trying again and again to give him the spiritual flow.

"Useless... ink burning, I finally summoned nine songs with my life, life and death have been fixed, if you... there is still a clear line in your heart... I will ask you... let go..."

Who passed it?

Xue Meng, Mei Han Xue?

Kunlun Snow Palace, or the entire real world?

Yes, yes... he can let them go! As long as Chu is rather alive, as long as this person hates people, don't die like this.

Chu night Ning trembled and raised his hand, the cold fingertips seemed to be merciful, and it seemed to be relatives. In front of the burning of the ink, he gently positioned a little.

He said: "Just ask you... let go... let go of yourself..."

The cockroaches on the face of the ink burned in this moment.

Who let it go...

Who was hanging before he died?

Let go of... yourself...

Did he say this?

Teng Xianjun holding him, seems to be a bit stunned, and some comfort, seems to be a pain, but also seems satisfied.

"Let me let go of yourself? Your last wish is to let me let go of myself?"

The smoldering murmur, his eyes filled with bloodshot eyes, he suddenly laughed, the laughter was like a fierce fire, piercing the clouds, burning all the reason and the gods.

"Ha ha ha - ha ha ha ha ha - let go of myself? Chu night, you are crazy than me! Hello naive - hahahahaha -"

The entire Kunlun Mountains echoed his sneer and sneer, distorted, unrecognizable, and chilling.

Chu nightning in the crazy laughter, swallowing blood, if he still has strength, look is extremely painful, but he does not even have the strength of frowning, only a pair of Fengmu... that pair It used to be sharp, or decisive, or severe, or gentle, and full of sadness.

Pure as snow in the sky, like a frost on the tile.

Chu Yuning's nephew gradually lost focus, and gradually dissipated. The eyes that once had the essence and the sharpness of electricity, gradually nothing is really true.

He finally whispered to the ink and said: "You don't laugh, you are like this, my heart is very uncomfortable..."

"..."

"Ink burning, this life, no matter what happened later... I didn't teach you at first. I said that you are inferior... I am thin, you don't blame..." Chu nightning's pale face On the top, there is no more blood color. His lips are all white. He tries to look up and look at the burning face. He is licking his throat. He wants to shed tears, but the eyes are slowly overflowing. It’s blood, running down the cheeks.

Chu nightning cried, he said: "But you... really hate me... to the end... for a moment of peace, don't want to give it to me..."

"Ink burning... Ink burning... Don't do this anymore, wake up, go back... you look back..."

You wake up...

He let him wake up, but he himself, but stared blankly, so he slept.

The ink burned and did not believe, he did not want to believe that Chu Xiening would die like this.

A generation of masters, the mountains are up, their own masters, and those who hate them very much, so they die.

Lying in his arms, in the blood of the Tianshan Tianchi.

Little by little, the cold became frost and snow, and it became ice.

Chu night Ning's face is blood, and the ink burns down for a while, lifts up the sleeves, and wipes it cleanly.

But the blood flow is too much, the more he rubs, the dirtier and cleaner the face is. The ink burned his lips and rubbed it hard.

But got a **** face.

The five senses can no longer be seen too seriously.

He finally didn't smile.

He closed his eyes and said softly: "This time you won, Chu nightning. I can't stop you from dying."

After a pause, he had to open his throat, where the head looked dark and cold, but burned the fire of the Great Abyss.

He said: "But you are too small to look at me. You don't want to live, I can't stop, but if I want you not to die, you can't stop me."

Moeburn did not announce the life and death of Chu Yuning, he brought people back to the death and death.

At that time, he had a magical spell that could protect the body from immortality. He saved Chu Lingning’s body in the red lotus water, and he forced him to be "live".

It is too difficult for him to admit that he killed the last person in the world who missed him.

As long as Chu’s body is not ashamed, he can see him every day.

He can think that Chu is rather not dead.

Whether he is crazy or hateful, there is still a place where he can vent, and where he can be pinned.

Stepping on the fairy, finally getting mad at the end.

After the late night of Chu, he went to Honglian Water to see his corpse every day. In the first day, his eyes flashed with a vicious scent. Before the corpse, he kept screaming. He said, "Chu Ning, you deserve it." ”

"You do not cross the world, but you are not hypocritical."

"What kind of master are you? I just blinked and worshipped you as a teacher!

Later, he would bother to ask every day: "How do you sleep for so long? When do you wake up?"

"Xue Meng, I have already let go, you can almost, give me up."

Every time he said this, the servant around him would think that he was irrational and crazy.

His wife Song Qiutong also felt that he was crazy. She was very scared, so after a rare joy, she said to him at his pillow: "A burning, people can't resurrect, I know you are sad, but you..."

"Who is sad?"

"..."

Song Qiutong is a person who will thoroughly observe and observe the color. In these years, he is carefully watched as thin ice. When he sees his face is not good, he immediately shuts his mouth and swears: "It is a mistake."

"Don't." The ink burned this time but did not let her go easily. He narrowed his eyes. "You spit it out, swallow it and do it? You tell me, who is sad?"

"His Majesty……"

In the dark black scorpion, there was a backlog of thunder. He suddenly sat up and grabbed the slender neck of Song Qiutong, and picked up the woman who was still lingering with himself, and squatted down the bed.

His face turned leopard, a face of a hot, wolf and tiger leopard.

"Who can't be resurrected, who is dead? Who wants to resurrect?" The ink burns a word and bites, so hey, then force, "No one is dead, no one wants to live, no one is sad!"

Song Qiutong’s lips trembled and wanted to struggle, but she just said “Red Lotus Water...” This half of the words, the ink burned and the eyes were red and violent.

"The red lotus otter has only one sleepy Chu Xinning, what do you want to say! What do you want to mention in this seat! 孽 动物!"

Song Qiutong saw that his anger was out of bondage, and he was so sorrowful that he would do something crazy, so he would go out and make a high-pitched voice. People, you are indulging in this, all over the world... How can you not worry?"

She said ingeniously, in order not to blame the blame, and finally to say that her own **** is a concern for ink burning.

The ink burned on her, and the breathing gradually stabilized. It seemed that she had listened to it and no longer yelled at her.

He slowed for a while and said, "It will make you feel worried."

Song Qiutong sighed with relief and said: "Being in a hurry to be healthy, you can ignore life and death. Your love is deep, but you should not be so depressed."

"So what do you say about this seat?"

"There is a lot of words, all of which are meant to be good. According to the whole body, the Japanese will be Chu... Chu Zongshi is buried.... Others are gone, the body is kept empty, and it will only teach you to look down. pain."

"What else? You can't say it, don't say it today."

Song Qiutong saw him look slower and his heart was slightly wider.

She put down her half-fold eyelids and turned her head slightly. She knew that she was the most like the teacher.

She believes that the teacher is the soft underbelly of the ink, although she does not understand why she finely embellishes the details of the teacher's appearance, but she can't afford the interest of ink.

Although this sultry man loves to accompany himself, he will be able to touch himself unless he is extremely depressed or drunk. Song Qiutong

thinks that it may be because the ink burning is not so much a favorite of women, in short, it is obviously not related to Shi Mingjing.

Not to mention her, the whole life and death knows that the man who died many years ago is the love of the emperor.

What is the night of Chu?

Song Qiutong thinks that it is just a man who is used to vent his **** desires and is fucked. Although Chu Xiuning exchanged his life for the death of the ink after the death, day and night, but she understood that this is just a temporary embarrassment, a moment of not used to.

She is confident that with a face like a teacher, the living dead in the red lotus water will not be his opponent.

But the ink can no longer be so crazy, such as today's chaos, the soldiers are all four, she is afraid to follow the wrong master, if the ink is burning, she is no longer young and young, and she can no longer find the trees that can be attached. Therefore, she sincerely hopes that the smoldering will rekindle the spirit and stop being so crazy.

Therefore, she thought about it, weighed the pros and cons, and still braved the courage, saying: "After the departure of Chu Zongshi, there is no more matching red lotus water."

Ink burning: "Yes. You go on."

"I think, in this case, if you go down to the water, you will only touch the scene, it is worse than..."

“Not as good as?” The ink burned and narrowed his eyes.

"It’s better to seal the red lotus otter. It’s a good story to live alone."

The author has something to say: Song girl is a big death.

Song girl's graduation thesis "On the miserable nature of death through the phenomenon"

Chapter 101

The ink burned without talking, and after a long time, he smiled.

"A good one can only live one master. It's a good story."

He applied his bare feet to his feet, stepped on the cold stone surface, and concealed his insteps and stopped in front of Song Qiutong.

Then the ink burned up one foot and used the toe to point Song Qiutong's chin, so that she looked up at herself.

"These words, you are in your heart, have been squatting for a long time?"

He looked at her panicked face and smiled: "The Queen of Songs, there are many things in the past, I haven’t asked you well yet, since you said something to me today, I’m not as good as we are. To be honest, come, I will talk to you."

"Let's talk about it from the recent events. On the day of going to the Snow Palace, I obviously locked Chu Yuning in the palace. You told me how he

would appear in Kunlun Mountain? Who gave him a ban, let He came to me?"

Song Qiutong suddenly trembled and said, "I don't know!"

She was too anxious to justify, even forgot to say that she was covered, but used "I".

The ink burned and he laughed. He said, "Well, you don't know this one. Then I will ask you the next one. That year, I will seal you up, let you associate with the dead, then I will go to Yinshan and go. At that time, Chu Yuening was being held in the dungeon because of disobedience..."

He mentioned this matter, Song Qiutong's face could not help but white, and his lips couldn't help but scream.

"You went to visit him by exploring the prison. But he was innocent by him..."

"Yes, yes." Song Qiutong was busy. "But my Majesty... Ah, I told you about this incident. Chu Zongshi let me get out of the dungeon, and there are many insults in words. He is not only jealous." I, I still scolded with my majesty, I was angry at the time...I..."

"This seat knows." The ink smiled slightly. "You were not angry at the time, but Chu Ningning is a felony. You can't punish you without your permission. So you will punish and punish you." Pulled out his ten nails and nailed the thorns at each of his fingertips."

Song Qiutong was full of horror and arguing: "You are coming back, you are boasting that I am doing well!"

Ink burning smile: "Oh... is it?"

"You...you said that people who are not doing anything right, just treat it like this. At that time, you said that you said that the penalty was lighter. If he is not rude next time, he can be broken... His ten fingers..." The more she said the lighter the voice, the last she looked at the smile of the smoldering man, and she fell softly on the floor, tears in her eyes, "A burning..."

The ink burned and sighed softly. He smiled and said: "Qiu Tong, the days have passed, and what I said in the past, I have forgotten what I said."

"..." The woman clearly guessed the burning mind, but when she heard this sentence, the body still violently shakes.

"This seat has always been a dream for these days. I dreamed that the day I came back from Yinshan and entered the dungeon. I saw his hands festering and bloody..." The ink burned slowly, and finally, the voice slammed Tighten, the eyes are lit with cold light. "This seat is not happy."

Song Qiutong did not take care of it: "Your Majesty, Your Majesty... No, Ah Burning... You listen to me... You calm down and listen to me..."

"This seat is not happy."

The ink burned as if nothing was heard, and the face was lowered with a blank expression, and the woman who was huddled on the ground was coldly looked at.

"You marry me, okay?"

His frosty look, coupled with such an arrogant beggar, even though Song Qiutong accompanied the king with the tiger for so many years, could not help but straighten the goose bumps, even the scalp is hemp. She smelled the squally shower, lifted the dark brown scorpion, and looked up at him in the low low. She climbed over and fell on the ankle of the ink.

"Well, Ah Burn said everything is good. Ah, I want to be happy when I want to do something? I must be good... well..."

The ink burned over, grabbed her chin and lifted her face.

He smiled, very cute and innocent.

It was as if he first saw her at the Confucianist Gate, and he barely revealed two deep dimples, pulling her sleeves and the central channel: "Little sister, what is your name?... Oh, don't be afraid, I don't. I hurt you, you talk to me, okay?"

shudder.

After a long period of time, he almost used the same look, the same tone, but said something else.

He said sweetly and softly: "Qiu Tong, this seat knows that you are sincere, and in order to be happy, you are willing to do anything..."

His fingertips rubbed her soft lips.

Her whole face, the place where the teacher is very clean.

The ink burned the eyelashes and trembled, looking at the two petals of the lips, and finally said: "Then, go to Huangquan Road, wait for the first seat."

"!"

He asked all the questions slowly: "Well?"

Song Qiutong's tears suddenly overflowed his eyes, not because of sorrow, but because of fear. She knew that Mo-burning now mentions that she had abused Chu’s night, and she would never have any good end, but she could only think of her at most, and she thought that she had exhausted all her courage and could not think of ink. Burning will actually...

He will! He has a heart!

He He……

madman.

Crazy... crazy...

The ink burned his head and smiled low. He smiled more and more arrogantly and became more and more arrogant. He smiled and kicked the threshold of the palace and smiled and strode outside the hall.

He stalked the wind, stepping on the lives of thousands of people, and now it is her turn.

Crazy... crazy! !

Ink rain is crazy!

Song Qiutong fell on the icy golden brick stone. The enthusiasm of Yaner in the palace was not dissipated. The fire of **** had already burned up. She opened her mouth and looked up, struggling to see the skylight from the temple. .

When dawn dawns, the sky is blood red.

Dyeed her with red eyes.

She heard a sigh of relief and sighed, casually as if to order what to use for today's dinner.

"Come, pull the queen out."

"Your Majesty -!" Outside is the reaction of the panic-stricken people, "Your Majesty, this..."

"Throw it into the stove, fry it and cook it."

Song Qiutong suddenly couldn’t hear anything. The whole person was like sinking into the ocean and couldn’t hear anything.

"Lively cooked, cooked and lively, cooked and cooked, haha... hahaha..."

As he goes farther and farther, only laughter and drink are like eagle eagle, coiled in the shackles of life and death.

The Chaoyang dragged his shadow for a long, lonely trace, squatting on the ground, and he walked slowly and slowly.

At first it seemed to be standing next to the shadow of two young Hummers, and a tall, tall white man.

Later, the two ghosts disappeared, leaving only the white dress to accompany him.

Going back, the white man disappeared into the golden morning.

The rising sun is pure and holy, taking away the same pure and holy people, leaving him alone in hell, in the **** sea, sinking in the enchantment.

Only one person left, he went more and more lonely, and went colder and colder.

At the end of the day, he suddenly felt as if he was dead. He was already dead...

The more you go crazy.

Remember, the last year before he squandered himself, sometimes looking at the bronze mirror, he would not recognize what a monster was reflected there.

He even remembered the night before his death, he leaned on the bamboo pavilion in the red lotus, next to an old slave.

He asked the old slave and said lazily: "Liu Gong, you talked to this seat, what kind of person was this seat?"

Before he waited for the other party to answer, he looked at the reflection in the pool and took care of himself.

"When I was young, it seems that I have never had such a hairpin. So I haven’t touched it. You said it right?"

Liu Gong sighed and replied: "Your Majesty said it is good. This is awkward and worrying. After you ascended the throne, Song Niangniang will give you some thoughts."

"Oh, you said Song Qiutong." The ink burned and laughed. He looked up and sipped his pear. "Is it actually I heard her instructing?"

Perhaps it is not much time, not afraid of Jane in the emperor's heart, a little unsatisfactory will have his own head, and the old man is also telling the truth.

Liu Gong’s squatting sleeves said: “Yes, when her first time in the emperor’s position, the Song Niangniang was greatly favored. For a while, what did the goddess say, what did the majesty do, what do you want to do?

"Forget?" The ink burned and laughed. "I haven't forgotten, how can I forget it..."

After I married Song Qiutong, I did not know who was exposed to the wind and told her that she was favored by her, only because her appearance was similar to that of Shi Ming, who was deceased.

She is a clever person, and she will always behave in the manner of the teacher's demeanor. If there is nothing in the husband's life, it seems to be the old man.

How can I forget it?

The ink burned and smiled, and suddenly he took off the sputum and looked at it. He threw it into the pool and stunned a piece of koi, and the figure in the lake became more and more twisted.

In this piece of scorpion, he took off his hair and smeared his hair, and slanted his side to the lake, letting the water shine his face.

"Well, the crown is lost, the hair is also scattered, Lao Liu, you can help me think about it, what else is worse, can this seat return to the appearance before the throne?"

"This……"

"Is it a hair band?" The ink burned and looked at the reflection, saying, "The most common kind of blue hair band for a disciple of death. Is there still in the palace?"

"Yes, when you took the first year of the throne, you took down the old slaves when you took off the disciples of the dead and sorrow. If you want to kneel down, the old slaves will help you get them."

"Great, let's go, except for the hair band, the other ones are also taken together."

Liu Gong went back and returned, holding a stack of old clothes in his hand, and the ink burned and sat up, his fingertips touched the texture of cotton and linen, and the flickering past turned up, like a dead leaf, falling on a sore The heart of the hundred holes. He was on the rise, picking up a robe at random and trying to put it on his body.

However, the clothes of a teenager are already too small, and no matter how he plays, he will never wear it again.

Suddenly angry.

"Why can't I wear it! Why can't I go back!!"

He is like a trapped beast in a circle in his cage, his face is crazy, his eyes are shining.

"This is the clothes of this seat! Is this the clothes of this seat??!! You have been wrong! If it is the clothes of this seat, why can't you wear it! Why can't you wear it~!!"

The old slave has become accustomed to the appearance of the master crazy.

I used to think that this is very horrible, but today I have no reason to think that this man is very pitiful.

Where is he looking for clothes, he is clearly looking for himself who can never come back.

"Your Majesty." The old man sighed sighingly. "Let's go, you are no longer a young man yesterday."

"..." The ink was burning with the anger of the sky, and he turned back and stared at the dead face of the old man, but he was like being shackled. He couldn’t say anything, but his eyes were red and he couldn’t stop breathing. I was angry, and I said after a long time, "No longer...?"

"Is no longer."

"……Can not go back?"

"Can not go back."

The face of the 32-year-old man first appeared when he was a child. He closed his eyes, his throat was swaying, and the old slave who stood beside him thought he was opening his eyes. Will violently expose the caries and fangs, tearing everything in front of you.

But when the ink burned and the scorpion was opened, the eyelids were a little moist.

Perhaps it was such a moist, quenching the fire of his heart.

The ink burns the opening, and the voice is hoarse and tired: "Good... good... can't go back... can't go back..."

He put down his robes indefinitely, sat down at the stone table, and buried his face in his palm.

After a long time, he said: "Take a hair band."

"...Your Majesty... Why are you here again..."

"This life is already a must. When you die, you don't want to be too lonely." When the ink burned this sentence, he still didn't put down his palm. No one could see the look on his face. "I want to change my body and feel that I still have There are old people to accompany."

Liu Gong sighed: "That is fake."

"Fake is good."

The ink burned.

"Fake, it is better than nothing."

Long hair bundled up and wrap around, then he picked up a faded hairpin from the pile of old clothes. He wanted to buckle on the hair side as a teenager, but looked at the reflection in the water, his hand The action stopped again.

Is it left or right?

I haven't used this hairpin for too long, the memory has become so vague, and the ink has closed my eyes. He said, "Old Liu, do you know how my hair was combed?"

"Back, the old slave is the second year after you step into the throne, only to come to the palace to serve, the old slaves do not know."

The ink burned: "But I can't remember, I want someone to tell me."

"..."

"You said, there is such a person, you can tell me." The smoldering muttered, "Who can tell me what I looked like..."

Old Liu Chang sighed, but couldn't say anyone's name. In fact, the ink burned that the old man had no answer to give him. He doubtfully held the black hairpin, left, right, and finally buckled. On the left.

"It seems like this." Ink said, "I will ask him."

He went to the depths of the otter and came to the edge of the Honglian Pool. The corpse of Chu Yuning lay there, and there was no difference between sleeping and sleeping.

Sitting on the ground, he held a squat and said, "Master."

The wind sent the lotus, he looked at the pool full of red and drunk, the man who closed his eyes, suddenly felt that there are many words to say, but did not know what to say.

For Chu Xiaoning, he always seems to have a very full emotion, but the emotion is too mixed, so much sour and bitter, he can't taste that he hates this person a little more, or other feelings a little more, he really I don't know how to treat this person.

He once told himself that he stayed with him late, just to vent his hatred, in order to satisfy his lust, but later he died, but he left behind the body that could not be entangled with it. The tombs have been established. Ok, but not willing to bury.

In fact, what is the use of this cold, non-moving, non-speaking body?

He is not aware of himself.

Too much experience, the first little clean thing, has been completely overwhelmed.

When Chu Xiaoning was alive, he and his two had very little peace of mind and stay together.

Now Chu is rather dead, and there is some cruel gentleness between the dead and the living. The ink often comes to visit him, holding a pot of pear white, just watching, not much.

At this moment, the Yijun Waishan, he knows that his life will be exhausted, and the body of Chu Xiaoning is the life and death of the human being, the only old man who is always with him.

Suddenly, I really want to chat with this cold body. Anyway, Chu Ningning is already a dead body. I can’t resist it. I can’t blame it. No matter what I

say, he has to listen.

But he moved his mouth and his throat whimpered.

At the end, I only said one sentence.

"Master, you rationalize me."

The author has something to say: heart disease and madness 0.5, daily madness, face... Who dragged this dog down to fight a rabies vaccine 233333

Chapter 102

Master, you rationalize me.

This is the first sentence that they burned when they first saw the Tongtian Tower.

At that time, Chu nightning closed his eyes, ink burned him, he picked up the eyelash curtain.

This is also the last sentence of the ink burning when they are separated from the red lotus.

At that time, Chu nightning closed his eyes and ink burned him, but he never looked up again.

In a word, from the Tongtian Tower drifted for half a lifetime, floated to the lotus pond, and finally the dust settled.

These years of hate or love, they are all gone, they are all cold.

The ink burned the last altar of pears, and walked down the Nanfeng of the dead and dying, and went to his last days. On the second day, the Rebels attacked the Wushan Temple, but found that the elders who had been in trouble for ten years were self-destructive and died at the age of thirty-two.

Until now, two generations have passed.

The ink burns open your eyes.

He slept for a night under the flower tree in front of the Tongtian Tower. When he woke up, the whole person was still at a loss, and he did not know what time it was.

He just muttered subconsciously: "Master... you justify me..."

Then he remembered that this life, Chu Yuning, is no longer there.

He used to live a hard life in the past life. Chu nighting was the one who accompanied him to the end. In this life, he did not want to be a wicked person again, but Chu Ning could not see it.

Probably the gods are also unbearable in their hearts, or they may have their own self-containedness in the past. The past life, Chu Ning, has already

been distasteful to him, so in this life, he made the first person to leave.

The ink burns his arms to cover his eyes and endures the throat of the throat.

He heard an anxious shout from Xue Zhengxuan in the distance, and the uncle was looking for him. The uncle was shouting: "The burning child - where are you? Burning!"

The teacher is also calling him: "A burning, where are you... you are coming out..."

"Fire, you come back to accompany Yu Heng! You don't want to do anything stupid, burn!"

Accompanied Yu Heng.

Stay with him...

The ink burned from the ground, squatting, and stumbled.

He can't get rid of it, he can't get rid of it - he still has a lot of things to do, and he hasn't done anything behind the scenes, and he doesn't say that the

change of the sky may be repeated again at any time, and he said that it was a disaster, and the loss of life and death was heavy. Everything is going to happen... Xue Meng has lost his mind and hurts, and he can’t climb again. He can’t get rid of it.

He endured and groaned.

He told himself that it was painless and not painful.

The death of Chu Xiaoning, he experienced more than once, no pain.

No pain……

But how can it not hurt!

More than 3,000-level long-term, he carried him back and crawled back, how could it not hurt...

Exhausting the last little spiritual power, giving the whole body the spiritual flow to himself, how can it not hurt...

Obviously, I have suffered the same injury. In order not to drag the apprentice, I will make a look of desperate feelings and leave on my own...

How can I not hurt?

There is also the past life, the injury suffered by Chu Xi Ning is actually the same as that of the teacher, but he does not say it. He does not say that the ink will not know.

He still screamed at the night of Chu, and vented his endless hatred towards Chu, and he turned the chasing of his bag to the ground when he was injured.

Chu night Ning stumbled in front of him, bowed his head, went to pick it up one by one, and all lost.

How... maybe... no pain...

How could it not hurt? !

He dug the heart of Chu nightning! How could it not hurt? ! how is this possible……

The ink could not go down. He had endured for a long time in the same place. He had been calm for a long time, and his body was shaking and he was shuddering.

it hurts.

He buried his face in his palm, clenched his lips, and swallowed the crying and dripping blood.

After a long, long time, he barely smoothed his mind.

He looked up, his eyes flushed, and then took a deep breath, slowly, and walked down the endless long steps.

Can't fall.

"uncle."

"Fire, where have you been? You have to die in eagerness. If you have three long and two short, what will you see in the next nine springs?"

"I am not good." Ink burned, "I am fine, let my uncle worry."

Xue Zhengxuan shook his head, I didn't know what to say, only patted the shoulders of the ink, and said after a long while: "Do not blame you, don't blame you, you are much stronger than Menger... oh..."

The ink burned hoarsely and asked: "What about Xue Meng?"

"Sick, high fever does not retreat, just took a medicine to sleep, but fortunately, I fell asleep, he cried and cried, how to persuade can not persuade." Xue Zhengyi looked very tired, "infernal hell, crack in the real world The uprising was stirred up. The Shang Xiu community also began to send people to pick up the matter, but the people behind the scenes were extremely clean. The color butterfly town was almost flattened in the **** battle, and it was not a half-point clue."

When I heard the news, the ink burned did not feel anything strange. The person’s ability was obviously beyond the expectations of the people, even outside his expectations.

Those who can have a good life in the late Qing Dynasty will easily drop their handles when doing things.

"Upper practice, what are they going to do?"

Xue Zhengxuan said: "For this matter, they decided to set a good example and negotiated at Lingshan. I will start tomorrow... But Menger looks like this, I really can't worry..."

He said that it is a good thing, the color of the town of the butterfly, even the world's first great master, Chu, Ning, all of them are in the midst of life,

even if the upper repair world is indifferent, it is impossible to sit idly by.

"Who is the person who opened the enchantment by the law?"

"Why is he doing this."

"What is this person's next move?"

These three questions are as if they are in the hearts of everyone. Everyone wants to know the answer. But after a long period of investigation, it is still impossible to do anything. There is no way, only to join hands.

Ink ignited: "Uncle, don't worry, send everything, I will help my aunt to take care of it."

"That's good, then it's good... oh... you have suffered."

Xue Zhengxuan left, and Xue Meng was not obsessed with the whole day. The backlog of the backlogs all fell on the shoulders of the ink.

The ink burned all over the body, and did not dare to have a moment of burnout, because as long as he stopped to think and stopped to take a break, the intense pain and regret would drag him down the abyss and torture him

to be broken. The soul of the soul. He hates to go to the front of the day and night before, so as to get rid of the heart and endless shackles and torture.

When there is no hell, the yin is full of yin. Many of the sorrowful demons have returned to the rivers and lakes by the East Wind, which is harmful to the Quartet. These days, the letter of request for help from the dead and the dead has piled up into a hill. The ink burns busy, sleepless nights, often rushed to Danxin Temple at dawn, and went back to rest in the middle of the night.

However, even in this way, he will still be in the sea of Wang Yangshu, cold and unprotected, by the pieces left by the late night of Chu.

"... Qing Zhuangxing makes waves, and Fengling Village has 82 families who are old and weak. They are fortunate to have the armor of the Elders of the Elders, and they can temporarily slay evil. But it is not a long-term policy, please also... ..."

The tears of the candle slowly slipped, and the lamp core burst into a string of fireworks.

When the ink burned back to God, I was shocked that I had already stayed in this book for a long time, and my fingers rubbed the words "night tour god". I remembered that the red lotus water 榭 榭 楚 晚 晚 晚 晚 晚 , , , , With a sickle, focus on the appearance of the tung oil on the mech.

The ink burned and sighed, and the fingertips were placed on the forehead and gently licked.

I heard someone knocking at the door.

"What is the teacher?"

The beautiful young man in the pale white dress came in, put the tray in his hand down next to the ink burning case, curled up the candle, and then sighed: "A burning, busy for a day, eat something."

"...just fine."

The ink burned and smiled, put the file down, and pinched the faint painful eyebrows.

"I stewed a bowl of ginseng chicken soup and fry a few dishes and stir-fried." The teacher sifted the dishes and tried the temperature across the bowl. "Fortunately, they are still warm."

The two of them ate the meal, and the teacher saw his forehead smashed and scattered, lining up a handsome face quite a bit, and then reached out and licked for him.

"A burning."

"Ok?"

"Last... what do you want to say to me?"

The ink burned in the head, and I didn’t respond. I looked at him and asked, "Which day?"

"..." The teacher licked his lips and hanged his way. "It was the day of the day."

"..."

"You said that you are going to help... the helper respects the sky, there is a saying, if you wait for you to come back, I want to tell me, then..." The voice gradually went down and the head went down.

In the bonnet of the lamp, the earrings that are crystal clear like snow seem to be a little red.

The ink burned for a long time, but he couldn’t speak for a long time.

For the teacher, he feels that he is undoubtedly deeply loved, but he really does not have this mind at the moment, not at all.

He is indeed stinky and shameless. He does not care about the world's criticism. He does not know what the number of gifts is.

But this does not mean that he has no heart.

"I can't help it." After a long silence, the ink burned softly. "I feel bad in my heart. I think... It's not the time to talk about it, so I will tell you later, okay?"

The teacher raised his face, and a pair of beautiful eyes were full of sorrow.

The ink burned and smiled, reaching out, hesitating for a moment, and licking the hair of the teacher: "I am always stupid, and there are so many things to deal with these days, I... I don’t know when I can be quiet. Let's make everything clear. I am afraid I am too hasty."

Rao is warm with candlelight, and can't cover the teacher's face and gradually pale.

"Sloppy?"

After a pause, he suddenly laughed.

"A fire, when life and death parting, life is critical, I thought you have to say, is a well-thought-out thing."

"Yes." The ink burned and frowned. "I have been in my heart for a long time. I have never changed it, but..."

"can?"

"...but not now."

The hand squeezed into a fist between the sleeves, and the ink burned.

"Not now, Shi Yan. You don't know, that's a very important thing. I don't want to tell you in such a difficult situation, I..."

"Little Lord!"

Suddenly a subordinate sneaked in and found that the person who handled the martial art in the Danxin Hall was smoldering, and he was busy bowing

his head and saying: "Ah, Mo Gongzi."

Suddenly interrupted, the thin red on the face of the teacher also retired, and the sleeves were folded, and the body that leaned forward sat back again. The whole person became faint and looked very plain.

The ink burned did not notice his emotional changes, and raised his eyes: "What?"

"There are VIPs visiting outside the mountain gate, special and special to play."

“Guest?” said Mohburn, “The top ten sects have face-faced figures who are now in Lingshan. Where are the guests?”

The disciple seemed to be afraid of fear, and the whole person was incoherent. After a long while, he blushes and says, "Yes, is the master of nostalgia!!"

"what?!"

Even when he stepped on the emperor, the ink burned and stood up, and the teacher was shocked.

"Master of guilty?"

No wonder that the ink is so shocking, this master of guilty conscience is a person like a legend in the realm of comprehension.

This person has already been cultivated as a positive result and should be promoted. However, when the door of the day was opened to him, he stood up and said that he could not break the red dust, and he couldn’t put his life to obscurity and could not clean the sins of his early years. Eventually the skylight disappeared, the lotus blossoms withered, and the master of sinfulness smashed the old, and the awnings were light, and they drifted away, and they never became immortals.

After he refused to fly, he went to the Wushou Temple to retreat and meditate. It has been a hundred years since the eyes turned.

A hundred years later, the realm of comprehension only heard its name and did not see anyone. He has seen his predecessors on the rivers and lakes, and there are only a handful of them.

In the last generation, the smoldering of the world has made a lot of troubles in the world, but it has nothing to do with the master of sin. Because the crime of sin is really too old and too old, the year before the end of the burning of the extreme, he has been in a spring rain, no one knows that he enjoys the birthday.

After the rebirth was born, the master of guilty crimes would visit in the middle of the night.

For a time, there were countless thoughts flashing through my mind, though I don’t know what he was going to do. But for a time, the ink burned back to those rumors about the master of crime.

I am guilty... I am guilty!

How did he forget the master of guilty!

When the former teacher lost his life, he was so shallow that he did not know that there was such a thorough predecessor in the realm of comprehension. After he went to the throne, he listened to the following people’s reports and learned that one of the three major bans was reborn. There are people practicing in the world.

That person is guilty.

He was anxious to go to the Temple of Nostalgia and invited people to come back. He wanted to return to the soul for the teacher. But when the returning person returned, he told him that the master had already passed away. He missed the last chance to make the teacher reborn.

But this legendary figure is still alive! Still alive! !

How did he forget it! How can I forget?

The smoldering heart trembled, and the whole person started to shake. He slammed up and his eyes lit up. He said, "Come on, please come in!"

The disciples who came to the pipa had not had time to promise, and the ink burned again: "No, I still go outside to meet him." Without taking two steps, I suddenly saw a yellow flash outside.

The candle did not move and the fire did not move.

The wind did not rise.

No one saw it, and even his eyesight was like a smoldering, and he did not see how he came in. A monk wearing a brawl, a pipa, and a half old man was standing in the Danqing Hall.

He is like a thunderbolt, and the stop position is just in front of the ink, and the distance is a bit awkward.

"Late the night, don't try to move the donor."

A low and gentle voice slowly came out from the bamboo mouth, and the ink burned and the teacher heard it. They were all shocked.

This voice, where is it like a centenarian?

When I was not thinking about it, I saw that the monk was in addition to the greenery. In the lights of the hall, I saw that it was a man who was about thirty years old. His life was clear and clean, his eyes were burning, his eyes were burning, but he was not forced, but he was peaceful. Clear, as if the river is condensed.

"……you are……"

The monks clasped their hands together and bowed a low ceremony: "Amitabha, poor and guilty."

No one expected that the guilty master was at least a hundred years old, and he was even younger than Xue Zhengyi, and he was dumb.

But ink burning and practice are not stupid. He thought that the crime of sin is to give up the people who are flying up and keeping the mortal. Except for the last birth and catastrophe, this is no different from the gods, so my heart is slightly slower. But the eyes are even more unable to move away from him.

I don’t want to disturb more people, so only three of them sat in the Dan Heart Hall. Ink burning personally gave the master a hot tea, took over the guilty, thanked, but did not drink, only put the tea on the rosewood small, and then slowly looked up.

Although he is very gentle and polite, he does not bend around, but he goes straight into the road:

"Ink donors, please forgive me, but the poor are coming today for an old man."

The ink burned heartbeat quickly, and he felt dizzy in front of him, and the knuckles snapped the corner of the case. The strength was so big that he almost crushed the table.

He stared at the face of the master of sin, and the words of his predecessors came again like snowflakes.

"It is said that only one person in the world has succeeded in making the rebirth of the three major bans, but the rumors are rumors after all, and I don't know if it is true or false..."

"Where is the master of crimes? Even if I pay more, I will save the teacher and come back!"

"I don't know, I don't know, I have been guilty... I have lost my mind many years ago. He hasn't written anything in his life. About rebirth, he only left a sentence of "reverse life, sinister." Words are not saved..."

Those piecemeal words rushed through the auricle.

"The master of guilty sins knows how to reincarnate."

"In the rumor, he can communicate with the ghost world. If he is still in the world, the Mingjing brother may be able to repay the soul, but unfortunately, hehe..."

"The master of guilty crimes is the ghost that is still in the sun, and the yin and yang things are not around."

The ink burned a deep breath, and I was shocked to see that my voice was a little trembling.

"The old man...the old man..."

He muttered, his eyes squinting at the clear eyes of the master of guilty.

When the ink burns lightly, the mosquitoes lick and even ooze out the fine sweat. He whispers: "Who is the old man?"

The monk slowly stood up, and there was no shadow under his feet in the dim candlelight.

The thin yellow robe sleeves hang down, the clothes are half old, but there are no folds, and it is like a ghost in the wind. This master really taught people to look down on the road.

The ink burned can hear his own heartbeat, and he couldn't help but stand up with the guilty sin. The two looked at each other.

"Master." If there is a mirror hanging high at this moment, he can see his own eyebrows, but he does not consciously give birth to a little extravagant hope, and because of this extravagant hope, he again asks, "Who...for the sake of..."

is it him?

is it him?

Suddenly, I lay down my eyelashes and sighed in a sigh: "The little girl is late in the night, and he is seven days ago. Tonight is his night of returning to the soul. The poor can't bear the white hair to send the black hair,

especially to the death of the dead, and seek the mercy of the donor. I still have a child."

The author has something to say:

Xue Mengmeng: "..."

Xue Mengmeng can't afford to be seriously ill.

Can only pick up the two dogs in the system crash: crabs and crabs "there are joys in the world" "no prajna" "erya" "I will send love to the moon" "big white cat's boyfriend" "every day want to eat meat package "Xie Shenyan" "Music fan soup" "high-cold alpaca" "Shen Xuan" throwing mines ~ "氪金不氪金" throwing grenades~

Today, Weibo has an illustration of doublesaya little cute and frosty one sword 捅 meat package~

There are cute puppies and handsome masters, mentoring and four groups~ Welcome to step on ~ crabs and two big babies! What?

Chapter 103

Actually...so...

Disciple...

I didn’t think of the smoldering of the smoldering. The sorghum that was indifferent to this person’s ghost would be the teacher of Chu’s late life. I couldn’t say anything at the moment.

On the contrary, the teacher responded quickly. He immediately made a solemn gift and said: "I didn't think that the master had this trace with the first division. The younger generation had seen the sinner."

The master of guilty crimes said: "The ancestors do not have to say that Chu Xi Ning has already been expelled from the poor by the poor."

"Ah!" The teacher was slightly surprised, but he was surprised. "This..." He was cautious, though he was very surprised, but he saw that the master of the crime of guilty was thin and sorrowful, and he knew that people did not want to mention more, so he Did not ask any more.

But the mind of ink burning is not here, his heart is like a fire, and he is anxious: "Master, you only said that you are coming for the teacher, then you...you have a way to let the master return to the soul?! ”

"A burning..."

"Do you have a way to let him return to the soul! You don't want to marry me! Are you...is it..." He was so excited, and he was tired all the time. He was dizzy for a while, half a sentence squatting in his throat. I can’t say it anymore, but my eyes are red.

The master of guilty sighed: "Mr. Shi’s cherished his own importance, yes, the old man did come for this."

The burning face was pale and like a piece of paper. He smelled a layer of blood. He looked straight at the master of sin, his lips were white and shivering for a moment, and he said: "You... you can... seriously... ”

“The old lady’s late night visit is not always to tease the two donors.”

What the ink burns wants to say, the throat is agitated, but only hoarse and choked.

Silence for a long time, the master of guilty sin: "The technique of rebirth, change the life against the sky, extremely hard, if the old man owes a lot of

Chu Zongshi, it will not be rash. Visiting the dead and the sorrow is also a lot of thoughts." Make a choice."

"Reversely change your life...?" The smoldering muttered, chewing these four words between the lips and teeth, and then stunned, "Reversely change the life... Like me, the wicked, have the opportunity to change their lives." How can he be a good person like him?"

At this time, he was almost half-mad, so he said that he had changed his life from the sky. Fortunately, his words were vague, and no one heard that he had the meaning of "self-rebirth".

Shi Shudao said: "Since the ancestors, since it is a change of life, and the technique of rebirth is a forbidden surgery, it is very difficult to display it. It may not be successful... right?"

"Not bad." He said, "This technique involves not only the operator and the deceased, but also the individual, to find the soul of the dead. It is difficult to be born again. If you are not careful, it will be ruined. The soul flies."

Teacher: "..."

"So the old man came here, and the other people don't need to be disturbed. They only ask the three disciples of Chu Zongshi. If you are not willing to go through the fire for him, and if you are exposed to this risk, then even if the old man starts the rebirth, Chu Yuning is not going back. Come."

In fact, before the guilty of sin has not been said before, the smoldering has already guessed the eighty-nine.

The reason why the three bans are forbidden is that you need to sacrifice something that is not needed for ordinary spells, and take the risk of taking some unusual spells.

He has long been clear in his heart. In the past, he could not kill his own life for the sake of his teacher. In this life, he would not hesitate to report his lateness.

The smoldering is intentional, but in the last life, he never gave up his heart and gave him a little bit of a late night.

Under the candlelight, he looked at the face of the master of guilty sins and said: "The master does not have to ask Xue Meng anymore. The master will die because of me. This matter does not have to involve others. If there is any danger in the operation, the ink will be burned. Force to bear."

"A burning..." the teacher murmured, and then turned to ask for sin. "The teacher and the ancestors are heavy, I don't know what the so-called disaster, what would it be?"

I am guilty: "Although the Mohist is willing to bear it, the first step in this technique is that the more people are willing to dedicate themselves, the

easier it is to succeed. Still waiting for Xue Shizhu, the old man will tell you clearly. Well, when Dad was on the mountain, he was already going to invite him."

He paused and smiled at the teacher.

"In addition, remember that if you want to call the old man a teacher, you have already said that the old man is no longer in the position of the master of Chuzong."

At the moment, the ink burned down a little, and asked: "Why did the masters go out of my way?"

The teacher said without words: "A burning..."

"It's no problem, it's something that can't be said." Sigh with sighs. "When the barren is young, I have been taken care of by the benefactors. However, the benefactors are short-lived, and in a big robbery, the souls of the others are lost. In the past 100 years, the poor are thinking. This is still uneasy. Therefore, there is a commandment under my door. The most important one is that the disciple must concentrate on spiritual practice.

The ink burned for a long while and said: "The teacher can't do it."

"Yeah." He smiled bitterly. "My little singer, and my kindness, a temper. He grew up in the temple to young age, and the world is not deep and the talent is extremely high. He could have been repaired to the ascent. It was only the weak crown that year. He went to the mountain to collect the ore and happened to bump into the refugees who had taken refuge..."

The teacher sighed: "If this is the case, the Master will not stand by."

Nostalgia for nostalgia: "But instead of watching, after setting up the refugees, I left the mountain without permission and went to the lower circle to see."

"..."

At that time, the dying of life and death was just beginning to open the mountain. The Xiu Xiu boundary was far more chaotic than this moment. Chu night would rather see what I don’t have to say.

"After returning, he told me that I want to finish the repairs for the time being, and go to the red dust to help the wounded."

The teacher asked: "Are you promised?"

"No."

"..."

"He was only fifteen years old at the time, his nature was pure, his temper was fierce, and it was very easy for people to lie. How can I promise that he would go out of the mountain without authorization? Moreover, although he was repaired as high, his constitution was weak, and the world was sinister. The master is like a cloud, and being poor as his master is really unreliable."

Ink ignited: "But he still didn't listen to you in the end."

"Yes, after he heard it, he had a big fight with me. It is said that the suffering of the world is in front of him. Why does the master sit taller and close his eyes?"

"Ah!" The teacher was shocked.

This is even if other people are guilty of sin, it is also extremely mean, let alone Chu Ning was his close disciple, it is simply a big mistake.

I feel a little guilty, but there is some sadness in my eyebrows. "In the midst of poverty, the mood was not empty. When I was angry, I said to the little ones, you can’t do it yourself, how can you treat people?"

"What did the Master say?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know how to spend, how to spend myself."

As soon as this statement came out, the hall was quiet.

Because these eight words are not from the mouth of sin, but the smoldering light. Hearing that he suddenly said the sentence that Chu Yuning had said in the past, the master of guilty sinful eyes, silently looking at the young man in front of him, only a long sigh.

"He still teaches you this way? He... Hey, he really is... no change, no regrets."

The guilty conscience is complicated, but the ink is not much quieter than him.

It should be noted that he had always sneered at the eight words of Chu Yuning, and felt that it was a false morality and a big talk. But now I can say it again, but I feel like I’m burning and suffering.

After a long time, the voice of guilty sin was re-emerged in the Dan Heart Hall.

"Speaking of it, on the same day, I was also mad, and I said to him, if he is stubborn and stepped out of the temple door, I will end up with his master and apprentice." He paused and seemed to be past. He stunned his throat, wanted to elaborate, and didn't want to talk about it. After hesitating, he shook his head.

"Now you are also clear, Chu Xi Ning finally broke off the righteousness. Over the years, I have been different from him. Although I am in this red dust, I never see each other again."

The teacher said: "This is not a teacher... This is not the fault of the master."

I am guilty of sin: "Yes, right and wrong, it is Yefiye. This is not something that can easily be taught. But Chu Yuening and I have a teacher and a teacher. He is poor and smells that he died in the **** battle on the eve, remembering the past. I can't be jealous day and night. So I want to come here, do my best, try my luck and see if I can save my master's life-"

"Dangdang."

The lacquer carving door was pushed hard.

Xue Meng is outside, I don’t know when it came, but he has heard the most important sentences thoroughly. He only heard that the master of sin has come. He doesn’t know what the old monk is going to do, so he only Holding a pot of Chinese medicine, I slowly walked over while drinking.

At this point, he heard the words of guilty, the utensils in his hand had been smashed, and the hot soup was splashed.

Phoenix did not feel hot, lost the voice: "Save back? Save it back? Master can still - can come back?!"

He rushed into the house and succumbed to sin.

"Vulture, what are you talking about? Are you kidding?"

The teacher is busy: "Lord, he is..."

"No... It’s me who is out of order. It’s my state of disobedience.” Xue Meng didn’t know that the person in front of him was the teacher of Chu’s late life, but he thought that this person was coming to save the teacher’s life, and he hurriedly loosened his hand. “Master, as long as you Can let the master respect. If there is a need in the future, Xue Meng goes to the fire, and he will die. Just ask you... just ask you not to marry me."

I am guilty: "There is no need for Xue Shizhu. If you visit in the middle of the night, it will be a special trip for your master."

He turned his face and smashed the moonlight outside the window: "The hour is almost the same. Since the three small donors have come together, it will be poor, and you will elaborate on the method of rebirth, and it is difficult." ”

The teacher said: "The master of the cut is clear."

Xue Meng was anxious: "There is nothing to talk about! Save people! Save people first!"

I am guilty of sin: "Xue Shi is anxious, but you need to know that if there is a difference in the pool, but the main loss of life, I am afraid that the soul of the night will be overflowing. When the six reincarnations can not enter, can you bear it?"

"I..." Xue Mengqi's time rose to his face, and he tightened his sleeves. After a while, he slowly loosened and said, "Okay, I heard the master say it..."

In the sin of crime, three white silk lamps were taken out from the storage sac. The silk lamp was fused with fine gold thread, and the center was embroidered with a plethora of scented lines with thirteen colored silk threads. The spider's net, to catch the soul who left.

"This is the soul-collecting lamp." The master of guilty guilty gave three silk bags to three young people. "Get this, and if you are poor, then you must remember."

The ink burned the lantern and held it in his hand.

"There are three souls and seven souls. The three souls are the soul of the earth, the soul of the soul, and the soul of the soul. After the death, the three souls fall into the yellow spring, and each is separated. This is clear to you, but after the death, every soul goes where, I guess You don't know."

The teacher said: "Please also tell the master."

"The soul of the earth, the soul of the soul into the government, the soul remains in the body. The first seven souls of the mortal world, in fact, can reunite with the sun and the soul, but only the soul of the soul. People come back, often have a wish However, when it is a wish, it will be combined with the remaining souls in the body, and then return to the land, reunite the soul, waiting for reincarnation. Many people know half of the solution, seeking the method of rebirth, but the last resort is only Half a skeleton, the nature will soon dissipate."

After the death of the former teacher, the ink has also tried to seduce the soul. However, as the guilty words are said, only the thin shadow of the man in the shadow of the moon is instantly turned into a little bit of fire.

The ink burned and muttered: "This is actually the case..."

I am guilty: "The soul of Chu Yuning is still in his body. The donors don't have to worry about it. It is important to find his soul and soul."

Xue Meng was busy asking: "How to find?"

I am guilty: "Use this to illuminate the light. This light can only be illuminated by the spiritual power. After you infuse each of the spiritual streams, take it to the death of the dead. If the night is not resisting the three donors, this is not the case." The light of the Spiritual Light can reveal his soul."

The ink burned the words, and it was a cold heart: "Where, if the Master does not want to see us?"

"This is the first difficulty, and why the more people are willing to find him, the easier it is to succeed. It is necessary to know that if he is unintentional, he will decide to go." He can't take care of his figure. Therefore, if you want to display the technique of rebirth, you will be indispensable. If you go to find someone, the dead will not fall in love, and you will not return to the red dust. No one can force it."

"..." The ink can't help but clench the soul lamp in his hand.

Xue Meng hurriedly said: "The teacher is the most distressed of us, how can I not want to come back? Master, after using this soul-light to find the master, how to do it?"

"After finding the soul, you need to go to a place."

"Where?" Xue Meng asked.

"Ground house."

None of the three people thought that they would really go to the government, and they were shocked.

The teacher slammed "ah" with a sigh of relief, and asked in a low voice. "How can a living person go to hell?"

"This is my own way, the donor does not have to worry."

I was guilty of sin and looked at him and continued: "But the three of you, no matter who first found the soul of Chu Yuning, must be eagerly looking forward to returning to Yang, wishing for it. Bilu, down to Huangquan. If the mind is not determined, the soul of the night will be scattered, and no longer can be gathered."

Teacher: "This..."

Xue Mengdao: "The teacher respects me and is very important. Even if I want to go to **** in the hell, I have nothing to say."

"...Shi Zun died because of me." The ink burned his eyes and said, "I owe him a lot, and there is nothing to say."

I am guilty: "Okay. Then you will remember that after the first person was found by the first person, the other people could not see him again even if they went. And the person who found him needs It is necessary to ensure that the soul-lighting lights are not extinguished before the dawn, and have been following his soul."

Xue Mengdao: "How difficult is this?"

"Difficult." He said, "After the separation of the three souls, each soul will often lose something. It may be hearing, it may be the mind, it may be the memory... In short, if the luck is not good, the master you see is not I will listen to you so easily, and I have to think about him."

Xue Meng: "..."

The ink is burning in the heart, and it is very uneasy: "... want to marry him? But what if you say something wrong? It is hard to guess his mind when he is a human being, not to be a ghost."

He was originally a sincere concern. Xue Meng and him did not stay for a long time. He thought that the smoldering was ridiculing Chu and later, so he glared at him and then turned his head and said: "What is difficult, anyway, clearly, no Let the Master leave the Spirit Light around."

The teacher asked: "After the dawn?"

"After dawn, the soul of Chu Xiening will float into the soul-lighting. At that time, the barren will prepare the bamboo poles and wait for the two at the bridge. It is located at the entrance of the ghost town, and the water flowing under the bridge is just connected with Huang Quan. The bamboo raft will carry the person who has found the remnant soul and go to the ghost world."

Xue Meng: "Sit on the bamboo to go to the ghost world?"

The teacher asked: "Can only go alone? Can anyone else help me?"

"No, so whoever found the soul of Chu Yuning, whoever is going to go into the ghost world to find his soul. If the person is half-way, or retreating, the soul of Chu-night will be swallowed up by the soul-sounding light. It is no longer possible to reincarnate."

Xue Meng was shocked and almost immediately turned to the ink and said: "You don't go, I believe you!"

The ink burned silently, only he questioned it and did not go to dispute.

The teacher saw him and advised: "The Lord, Ah, he is not the kind of person who escapes, you..."

"Not what?!" Xue Meng Li said. "He has killed the Master once. Why do I believe that he will not kill Master for the second time? He is a god!"

The teacher whispered: "The master is still here, how can you say that?"

"How can I not say it? Isn't it? How many times the teacher is injured because of him! Every time he is there, there is no good thing." Xue Meng said, his eyes were red, his lips were groaning and his hair was shining. Shaking, suddenly there is some out of control, reaching out to smother the light of the soul in the hand, "Give me the light, don't look for the teacher to look up."

"..."

"give me!"

Xue Meng squatted, and the ink burned without paying back. For the first time in his life, Xue Meng said it was right.

In front of the ghost ceremonies, Jin Chengchi Lake bottom is also good, which time Chu nightning is not because of his injury, how many scars on the body of Chu Xiaoning, is left for him?

God.

Ah……

Yes, that’s right.

Even so, even if he knows that he is a master, even if he knows that he is not worthy to ask the teacher to return from Huang Quan, he still does not want to put down the light of the soul in his hands, so stubbornly, holding the pale lantern. By Xue Meng retorted himself and tore himself. The back of the hand was caught with blood marks, still holding his head down and not moving.

In the end, Xue Meng gasped and finally let go of him, his eyes reddened: "Ink rain, when do you want to harm him..."

The ink burned did not go to see him, just lowered his head and looked at the empty lights, silent.

When he was silent and everyone thought he would not answer again, he suddenly said softly: "I want to take him home."

His voice is too low.

Being shackled and shy is so low, so humble.

So Xue Meng didn't hear it at first. After a while, he suddenly realized what the ink burned. He sneered at the "hehe".

"You take him home?"

"..." The ink burns and closes the eyes.

Xue Meng smashed out, and every word was torn apart between the teeth: "How do you have a face?"

"Little Lord--"

"Don't pull me, let go!" Xue Meng violently pulled the sleeve out of the teacher's hand, his eyes flashed with sorrow and resentment. He stared at the ink and hoarse, "How do you match?"

The ink-burning hand seemed to tremble slightly, and his eyelashes hang down.

At that moment, suddenly a subtle illusion was born, as if Chu Ning was still alive, Chu will rather say the next moment: "Xue Meng, don't mess around."

It turned out that he has been sheltering himself from the wind.

It was his own temptation to think that it was justified.

I don’t know what to say, just holding the soul-light, like holding the last straw.

He lowered his head and repeated: "I want to take him home."

"Do you only say this sentence, you! I see you -"

"Okay, Xue Shizhu."

The master of guilty crime finally couldn’t stand it anymore. He sighed and said, “The ink donor has the heart, and you let him do it. If it’s really

embarrassing, then it’s not too late. Now there’s no fixed number, why should Xue Shizhu be aggressive. ”

Xue Mengyu calmed his face, wanted to say something, and finally looked at the face of guilty, and held back.

I have to bear the burden and drop another sentence.

"If the Master is awkward, I will kill you to sacrifice him."

Sigh with sighs: "The grievances of the two donors, count again in the future, there is not much time, and it is important to find people."

Ink burning: "Please also cast a master spell."

"The spell of the soul of the soul has been applied." When the sin sees the ink, it will pour into the spirit of the soul light, raising his hand to stop him, "the donor is slow."

Xue Meng hurriedly said: "What else?"

"The poor want to say it again, if someone finds the soul of the late night, then the person has no way to retreat, and must go to the land. Although the

poor will lay a curse on that person, but the living person will enter the dead. The land is extremely dangerous. After a little carelessness, I am afraid that it will be difficult to survive." The master of crimes looked at the faces of the three people in a meaningful way.

"The so-called sinister, is not an empty talk. It may not be difficult to find the soul of the late night in the land, but it is difficult to go to **** alone, facing the unknown. If luck is good, the soul will soon find it, if luck is not Ok, if something goes wrong, it will..."

"Is it going to die?" asked the teacher.

"Death is light, I am afraid that when the time is late, the Ning is good, the donor is good, it will be smouldering, and there will be no reincarnation."

I am guilty: "So, if the three donors hesitate, they will return this soul lamp to me. There is no one in this world who is sure to pay for death, and it is not a shame to pledge. ,You still have time."

"I don't regret it." Xue Meng is the youngest and most enthusiasm, and he is even more passionate. He immediately said, "Whoever regrets his grandson."

But after all, he didn't understand the smoldering. His cousin was not the same as him. Perhaps it was because of the humiliation of the small, the burning love and hate was ground into sharp fingers, if anyone If he hurts

him, he will dig the man's intestines, but if someone treats him well, even if he only has a little bit of affection, he will never forget.

The ink burned his eyes and Xue Meng, and he looked back and sinned: "I don't regret it either."

Nostalgia for nostalgia, and then said: "Well, after the ghost world, find his lost 'land soul' as soon as possible. When the soul and soul of the soul merge into the light, the soul light will light up. Yangzhi Road. The next thing, it will be good to be old."

He seems to be fairly easy to say, but everyone knows this series of things, every link is very easy to change, extremely sinister, especially after the land, if you can not find the soul of the late night, or because of the soul Without a mind or a memory, if you don't want to be integrated, then those who are afraid of looking for him will have to pay for it.

Therefore, before the three people lit up the soul-lighting lights, they finally asked them again.

"If the light is on, there will be no more time to turn back. This is not a child's play. If you ask me poorly, can you have remorse?"

Three people answered: "No regrets."

"Well...good..." The crime of slowly opening a smile, half bitter, half is gratifying, "Chu Ning, you, you are better than my teacher..."

He silently cursed the curse, the soul lamp flickered twice and faintly lit up, only to see the lantern in the hands of Xue Meng, burning almost two red flames at the same time, immersing the white silk lantern in red. After a while, the lamp of the division’s men’s hand was also faintly lit, and the light of the watery stream was blue.

"Go."

I am guilty.

"The success or failure, whether it returns or not, is visible tonight, if it is not tonight... that... oh..."

The smoldering thought of Chu’s good life before his death, his heart faintly hurts, but he couldn’t bear to listen to his sins and said: “The master does not have to say much, I am squatting, crawling, liver and brain, and also the teacher. Respect to bring back to the world."

As long as he is willing.

As long as... he is willing to come back with me.

The three radiances were separated from the Danxin Temple, and soon they were swallowed up by the vast nights, and disappeared.

The author has something to say: Today, there are so many people in the hospital, I will be home at 6 o'clock in the evening, and my face will be...

It’s often a couple of hours to comment back recently, and I’m busy with work, so sometimes I can’t come back. Please don’t feel that I’m perfunctory, hehe.

In addition, when I reply, some things can't be said, so it will be very difficult to return. I just want to say one sentence. Although I have limited level, I still don't want to write silly white sweet text, so the process seems to be a bit painful. I am so sorry 23333

In short, some of the truths in this article are buried very deeply. Some characters also wear more than one mask. When everyone thinks that "thickness, the true face of this little rabbit's nephew has finally come out," he may have revealed it. Two masks. Therefore, I hope that all of your friends will have the patience to wait for each character to wash off the oil on their faces, revealing the final appearance of each person and restoring every secret~

Then at the end of the year, if there is a time when I didn't comment back, it should be that I am really busy but TT or that I wrote a key turning point in the following text, I am afraid that I will be emotionally infected in the

comment area, so I will not do it at that time. Reply, please bear with me! thank!

The second thing is yesterday, the comment area seems to have a cold wood to understand why the dog still likes the teacher. it's actually really easy.

First, the death of the Master has nothing to do with the teacher.

Second, the dog only knows how to treat himself, and I don’t know that the teacher respects himself.

Third, no matter how the teacher is actually, at least the dog does not feel that he has any changes.

Think carefully, with his people, in the case of maintaining the above three conditions, he will have doubts about the feelings of the teacher? The answer is obviously no.

If this is handled as a dog because the master is dead and falls in love with the master, then the character is completely collapsed and becomes a character who loves whoever dies. What is the dog's heart? It is a sorrow and regret, it is a late respect and love, anything can be there, but there will be no love at this stage.

In other words, his love for the teacher can not be awakened because of the death of the master. If so, who is not dead for him, will he love who? That is actually an insult to the teacher.

The dog is obsessed with thinking that he likes the teacher. How can he understand that he is not in love with the teacher when there is no change in the teacher's school and there is no other reference?

The variables brought about by the death of Master will affect his three views and future actions, and will make him regard the Master as the closest person, but will not let him think of love. At this moment, he feels that his life’s house arrests and other things are extremely disgusting. Therefore, at this time, he wants him to associate the teacher with love and love. He is not willing to, without knowing the true love of the teacher.肖肖肖

In the case of the new mourning of the teacher, the three views are broken, and the self-blame can not be pulled out, how can he think of love so easily, whether the teacher respects him or not, and Xiao thinks that "Master died for me, it must be Because I secretly love me, I only want to think that "Master is dead for me, he is the best master, I am sorry for him."

As for the teacher and the teacher, it will not, the teacher has done a good job of standing outside the contradictory vortex in this matter, no matter how it is seen from the perspective of God, the death of the teacher in the text is not directly or indirectly with him. The relationship, this matter can not be affected by him, in other words, the ink is burning now and then regret it, it is the matter of him and Chu nightning, and does not involve the third person.

"Because the master is dead, the ink burns and suddenly finds that he loves the master, and he wants to wave with the teacher." This is simply poisonous == hahahaha. If this is done, it is entirely from the perspective of God. Write a character, the role is no longer a self, but a shackle of standing outside the acting.

So I know that some of my friends are very angry, but I also have a way to do it. Respecting readers and comments is very important, but respecting the role is the first thing that people in the codeword should do. QAQ Sorry, sorry.

Today's ink rain, his other ideas have been broken, but his love concept still needs a blow.

This is the reaction that I try to stand in the direction of the ink rain, so that this explanation can not satisfy all the small partners, but ... the explanation is still to explain, snoring.

patient! patient! patient!

This article is full of face!

How many people stood up for crimes and masters yesterday? Was beaten 23333333, guilty is the poorest person who is the easiest to guess and reverses the lead of the full-text card, and the row of the protagonist's supporting column, each person has more than one card in his hand, waiting for Hit hahahaha

Ok, I’m done... Thanks to the old aunt’s broken scorpion, quietly sneak away and continue to go to the code.

Chapter 104

A gust of wind faintly wanders around the dead, looking for the half-bone soul that comes back.

After the soul-lighting lights are on, the living person will never see the ink burning again. He seems to have become a half-ghost. He walked through the small steps of the bluestone and walked through the corridors and looked at Zhang.

Honglian Water Margin, Frost Heaven Hall, Sanshengtai...

I have traveled all over the place, but I can’t see him.

I can't help thinking about it. Will it be that the teacher is exhausted before he is alive, and he will never want to see him again after his death?

This thought made him fall like an ice cave. The more urgent his feet were, the clothes slid across the grass, and the cold did not prevent the glimpse of the bridge. There was a person standing on the bridge. It was cold and cold, and he was sweating, his heart was like a drum, and he was anxious to The man ran.

"Master -"

Looking back is a soul that is not known, and is also a disciple who lost his life in the crack of the sky. He is half-faced, bloody, and staring at the ink.

"...I'm sorry, I admit it." The ink burned and hurried past him. The soul of the dead lost his mind, and only slammed the ink and burned him in front of him. There was no movement. The body of the corpse was condensed in the same place, like the cocoon left in the world.

The ink can't help but feel tighter.

If the soul of the master is like him, become a corpse, what is it? Even if he finds him, can he keep him until dawn?

In the heart of the Jin Ge Tie Ma Cang Huang stepped over, the footsteps are getting faster and faster.

Raised his eyes and suddenly realized that he did not know when he had already reached the door of Meng Potang.

The ignorance of the ignorance of the mind, the master respects the diet has no obsession, after wanting to come back to his soul, will not deliberately

come to this kitchen.

I was about to turn away, but I heard a sigh in Meng Potang.

The voice was very thin, but it was like a thundering explosion in the ink skull.

He almost slammed into the door and trembled to raise the light in his hand. The light of the soul lamp is like a newborn sun, but the warmth is subtle, showing a silhouette of a white coat.

The joints are dead and the nails are almost out of the palm.

The smoldering mutter: "Master respects..."

The late night of the Chu Dynasty was solitary and lonely, standing alone in the vast kitchen. The figure is lighter, like the ink marks that have been eclipsed for a long time, but it is his appearance.

He wore a smoky white dress when he was dead, and his clothes were stained with large blood stains. He was extremely radiant, so he even said that his skin was pale and smoky. It seemed that only a gust of wind was blowing, and his soul would disappear. .

The ink burned the lamp and looked at the mirror in front of the eyes.

I want to go faster, I am afraid that it will be late, and he will leave.

I want to go slower, and I am afraid of urgency, and the dream will be broken.

Wan Nian intertwined, but the eyelids could not help but slightly reddened, how much rushed to the heart, he only felt that he owed him, standing near him, the end is nowhere.

The lantern swayed gently.

It was close, and I saw him busy, seemingly anxious, so clumsy.

What is Chu nightning doing?

He came behind him and wanted to help the poor soul. But when he saw the scene, he was like a thunder. After the huge horror dissipated, he burst into a **** mouth. He bit his neck.

The ink burned back two steps and slowly shook his head, but he couldn't say half a word.

At this moment, it is to take the awl into the chest, throwing out the heart, and even the blood vessels together, it will not hurt more.

He saw that Chu Xi Ning had two hands, because he had dragged himself before his death, and the hands that had climbed over 3,000 steps, the hands that had already been skinned and bloody, were slowly smashing on the case.

In the case, there are flour, seasonings and stuffing.

Next to a pot of boiling water, the water has already boiled, Chu night Ning this fool does not know that the fire is extinguished weaker, the mist of the mist soaked everything around it very vague...

Or maybe it’s not the steam that blurs the eyes of the spectator, but the ink that burns one's own eyes is moist.

Chu Yuning’s soul is slowly picking up the handkerchief. He used to have a pair of extremely dexterous hands. The weapon of the gods went down from his slender fingers, and the enchantment began from his palms.

But now the hands are broken, shivering, carefully wrapped one after another rounded hand.

"..."

The ink burned his arms violently, struggling to rub the red eyes, but still couldn't say a word.

Chu Yuning turned his back to him. It seemed that he finally remembered the water in the pot for too long. If he didn't care, he would have to dry up, so he went to the pot.

He is stunned.

Yes, he is stunned.

The ink burned back in the pain that could kill him. He walked quickly and walked around the master.

He is clear.

After the separation of the three souls, each will have something missing. Or memory, or wisdom, or flesh and blood.

And this soul that returns from the underworld loses part of the perception.

The late return of the land of Chu, the eyes are blurred, the hearing does not seem so good, knocked out things, and even can not tell where it is. But even so, he still worked hard to make this bowl of ordinary, ordinary hand-to-hand. As if this was his favorite thing to do during his lifetime, he could get a moment of gentleness in this vague water vapor.

Looking at the ink, I only felt distressed and cracked. I only felt that I couldn’t think about it. I just couldn’t think about it. I just stood still and looked at everything in front of me.

"Dangdang."

The eyes of the eyes have been near, because they can not see clearly, accidentally knocked down the salt pot of Meng Po Tang.

Chu night Ning seems to be shocked, silently withdrawing his hand, the face stained with mottled blood reveals such an uneasy look.

"What are you going to take..."

A hoarse voice rang on his side, almost choked, stunned, and the liver was inseparable.

"I help you, okay?"

Chu nightning is slightly amazed, but perhaps because the soul is incomplete, the mood will not be too turbulent, and soon it will be quiet again.

Every time the ink burns, it is almost difficult and almost pleading.

"Master, let me help you, okay..."

The water is boiling in the pot, the dead things in the kitchen are warm, lively, but the living people are awkward and silent.

After a long time, I finally heard the familiar voice of Chu Xi Ning, Kunshan jade, slow and steady.

"You came?"

"……Yes."

"When you come, just wait a moment, wait a moment. Wait until the pot is cooked, and the ink is burned."

"...!"

The ink burned, and I didn’t understand what Chu Ning was saying.

However, I saw that the night of the night, I would rather put a dragon with a full snow jade in the pot, and the face faded in the water vapor, which was extraordinarily soft. Then he said: "I was so severely punished yesterday that I hate me. Listening to Xue Meng said that he has been reluctant to eat. When you send it to him, don't say that I did it. He wants to know, I am afraid I will not be willing to eat."

There is a chaos in the mind of the ink, and there seems to be some hidden shackles of half life, and it is about to move out of the ground.

"Master respect..."

Chu night smiled bitterly: "I am afraid that it is too strict with him. But he always wants to do what he wants to do, and he always has to change it.... No, don't say it, you can help me find it. The bowl is coming, it must be thicker. The outside is cold, and the end is not cold."

Will break the ground and will break the ground.

As if I heard the slight broken sound in my mind, a certain memory finally broke the shell with its sharp claws, screaming and screaming to the smoldering!

Time is faint and dark.

Copy your hand.

Teacher.

Master.

.....

That was the first time he had eaten the handcuffs that the teacher had done. On that day, he was blamed by Chu’s lateness for the misappropriation of the famous flower planted by Mrs. Wang, and he asked him to play with his skin, and his heart was ashamed.

He refused to get up when he was lying in bed. He only thought that he had to pick up the flowers. He wanted to give him a respect, but he was unwillingly whipped. He felt that he had just blinked before he would see Chu’s late night. The heart will feel that Chu is rather gentle, and I feel that Chu Ning cares about him.

That is, the day, the teacher took a bowl of steaming red oil and handed it into his room, soft voice, warm tone, and hot-hearted dragon slapstick, let him disappointed with the master. All of them have become a good feeling for the teacher.

Who knows...

Who knows! !

The soul of the dead is standing beside him, and the souls of every deceased are different when they return. Some, such as Luo Sui, are to see a story that I don’t know after death. Some people who are just like the bridges are not involved, but only go to the place where they lived before they lived.

Chu Yuning, the soul of this singer, lost his eyes, and could not discern the voices of the people around him, not even knowing what night.

He returned to the mortal world. He felt that one thing was not good when he was alive. He did something wrong and felt sorry.

Want to make up.

Therefore, Chu Yuening finally made a decision that was no longer the same as before.

The hand was put out and placed in a bowl. Green onion, milk soup, red oil toppings.

He handed the bowl to the "teacher", but suddenly stopped at the end.

"I am waiting for him, too unpopular." Chu nightning muttered.

A few silences.

"But. Don't send it to you. I went to marry him and apologize to him."

The ink burned and looked at, and his face was as pale as the soul.

Originally thought that the teacher is too cold, cold as cold iron, so that his heart is frozen into ice. But whoever had expected the Master to be good to himself...

The regret that he can't put it down in the world is actually himself.

- Again with him, apologize.

It became ice and became a sea.

Slowly raise your hand and bury your face in your palm.

The shoulders are slightly trembled.

Hard as iron? Hard as iron?

no……

The ink burned his throat and choked, and he cried again. He knelt down. He squatted in front of the soul that couldn’t see himself. The soul-light was on his feet. He interrupted Ai’s period. He screamed and screamed, and he finally returned. Can't help but scream.

He was kneeling in front of Chu.

no……

He leaned into the dust, and he caught Chu's **** clothes.

Jun is not like a cold iron, I am also difficult to be a stone. It’s just that the mistakes are wrong, there are so many mistakes... just...

"Master, Master..." He was mournful and curled up. "I can't help you. I beg you... I beg you to go back with me..."

"Master... Please come back with me, I am wrong, it is not good for me. I don't blame you, I don't hate you, I am not right, always make you angry, you will beat me later, I also Never give up, Master, as long as you come back, I will listen to you everything...respect you, hurt you, treat you well..."

However, Chu’s clothes were so sloppy as they were, and they were pinched in their hands at any time.

Ink and hate can't cut his chest and exchange his heart for him, as long as he can hear his heartbeat again. Hate can't run out of blood, rushing to his blood, as long as he can see the color on his face.

He hates not doing everything to make up for the mistakes he has made.

"Master." He was finally crying.

"We have come over again, okay..."

In front of the Tongtian Tower, under the sea otter tree.

Gentle as a white cat's master raised his head, the phoenix eyes slightly wide, the branches humming three or two, the teenager in front of him was laughing.

"Xianjun Xianjun, I have been watching you for a long time. You are not paying attention to me."

In the blink of an eye, twenty years, two lifetimes.

It's in the past.

The end is brazen, wolf ambition, but also to say this sentence -

Master, we have come back.

good or not.

Please, you reason about me, okay...

Chapter 105

The lights are stunned and shine as a double.

At this moment, it is not in Meng Po Tang, and Chu Yuning has already burned to the ink. He couldn't figure out the way, and the ink burned his hand and took him away.

The second soul of Chu, Ning, has been lost. I don’t know who is on the eve of this evening. I don’t know who is the person who has been detained with her fingers. She is led by him, and he burns him into the house and wipes the tears on his face. Closed the door.

Chu nightning put the bowl of the hand down. I groped and came to the bed and asked softly:

"Ink burning still asleep?"

"..."

When Chu Jingning saw no response, he was still asleep when he was still burning. He sighed and seemed to be a bit stunned.

The ink burned in the heart, and he was afraid that he would leave. He sat down at the bed and said, "Master, I woke up."

Hearing him calling himself, Chu night Ning's brow slightly moved, and then "hmm", he hesitated, did not speak again.

Mo-burning knows that his face is thin, if he feels that the teacher is present, he can't say more than two sentences, so he picks up a hairpin on the table, volleys on the door, and makes a teacher to cover the door. After the movement, then the following: "How did the Master come? Who brought you?"

Sure enough, Chu Xiuning under the half-soul is more deceiving than usual. He took a moment and said: "When Shi Ming took me, did he go?"

"gone."

"Ok……"

After a moment of silence, Chu nightning finally said: "The injury on your back..."

"The injury on the back, don't blame the master." The ink burned softly. "I am good at folding the grass, and the teacher should punish me."

I didn't think he would say that, Chu night Ning Wei had a sigh, and the last two soft eyelashes trembled and sighed: "Is it still hurt?"

"It doesn't hurt."

Chu night Ning raised his hand, the cold fingertips groped, touched his ink and burned his face, and said: "Sorry, don't you hate the Master."

At that time, he could never say such soft words, but after he died, the soul of the dead floated in the sinister house, and looked back on the past. He only felt that the rest had no regrets, but the apprentice was too inhuman. Therefore, once again, the opportunity to reproduce the old scene, which once ruined the face can not be said, so naturally whispered out.

The smoldering felt that the heart was like a warm spring water. The hatred that had survived since the birth, the old wounds of the years, the unwillingness of the dying, was originally broken into powder, and was now washed away in this sincere apology. Do not have any remaining.

In the light of the soul, he stared at the face of the master, the blood was like a glimpse, and the pale face seemed to be angry again. He seems to have seen the soft face of the first time in his life when he saw the night.

The ink can't help but raise his hand, and the warm hand covers his cold hand.

"I don't hate you," he said. "Master, you treat me well. I don't hate you."

Chu nightning, the gods must be embarrassed, and suddenly laughed.

Even the dead person, even if his face is mottled and dirty, he laughs is still the beginning of the ice spring, full of spring, his eyes are closed, but there seems to be beads, shining between the eyelashes. It was a smile that put aside the wish after death. Pride is not vertical, bright and not demon, like the most luxuriant and stable one, the sea otter has opened flowers, branches and treetops, solemn and cautiously put on thousands of gentle and thin colors, 璀璨芳菲, stars like leaves between.

The ink burned it and couldn’t help but watch it...

This is the first time in his life, the first time I saw Chu Xiening so relaxed and bright. The ink burned stupidly, and suddenly thought of "smile like a flower", and felt unsuitable, and then thought of "a smile and a hundred students", I feel even more absurd.

In the end, he racked his brains and couldn't think of a half-word to describe the beauty of his glimpse.

I only know that I repeat and sigh, look good.

So good-looking people, how did you ever... never found out?

Blessed to the soul, the ink burned and whispered: "Master, there is something I want to tell you."

"Ok?"

"Mr. Wang’s sea otter, I didn’t know it was so expensive. I picked it up that day and wanted to give it to you.”

Chu nightning seems to be a little surprised. The smoldering sound is light, some stunned, and even some isolated and repeated: "Yes... is for you."

"What do you give me a fold?"

The burning face can't help but red: "I don't know me, I just think it looks good. I..."

He didn't say anything more, but his heart was faintly surprised. It turned out that he remembered the feeling of picking up flowers for the late night.

Chu Xi Ning, who lost the rest of the two souls, was really gentle, just like the cat lost its nails, leaving only the delicate and soft skin belly, and the full snow claw print.

He touched the burning head and smiled: "It's stupid."

"... um." The ink burned and the eyes were hot. He looked up at him and sucked his nose. "It's stupid."

"Don't commit it again next time."

"No more crimes next time."

Ink burned and thought about it. After recalling his past life and self-destruction, he was guilty of all things, bullying men and women, and he was not too light in the night, until the last teacher was disheartened, and he was thrown to him for a lifetime. The verdict of "the character is inferior, the quality is difficult," and the heart is even more mixed. Said: "Master, I promise you, will not teach you to be disappointed in the future. To be good, not to do bad."

He didn't read much, and he couldn't say too many powerful promises, but he only felt a burst of blood in his chest. The soul that was once simple and simple at a young age seemed to finally wake up from sleep.

"The teacher is respectful, and the disciples are dull. Even today, I know that you are waiting for me."

His eyes were burning, he climbed up from the bed, kneeling in front of the night, and squatting down.

When raised again, the youth eyebrows are solemn and solemn.

"From now on, ink burns no longer teaches you to be embarrassed."

The mentor and the apprentice talked about each other, but most of them were talking about ink. When he had a heart to be distressed, it was actually very cute. He listened quietly and quietly, shaking his head and smiling from time to time. Unconsciously, the fish belly white gradually appeared outside the window, as if the thick Huizhou ink was diluted.

Long night will be central.

The master of guilty sin was standing by the stone bridge, and the rushing river splashed the clothes of his coat, but he was unaware of it and waited only silently.

A round of the rising sun slowly rises to the east, and the light shines through the leaves of the forest, shining on the rushing yellow spring water. In an instant, the river became golden, and the waves were just like the fine scales on the dragon's body. The waves were radiant and overflowing.

At this time, he is already in a state of nothingness. Only when he finds someone who has lost his soul in the late night, can he see him. Both Shi Yi and Xue Meng have been here, but they have not seen the old man on the river. He does not seem to be in a hurry, but the rosary in his hand is not getting faster and faster.

"哗-"

Suddenly, the rosary coils that have been encircled by countless rounds are scattered. The stars and moons bodhi fall like rain, and the hustle and bustle is scattered all over the floor.

Sinful eyes, lips, eclipse.

So ominous. He rubbed the broken lines of the beads with his hands, and the beads in the river splashed on the shore. The beads on the shore rolled into the river... It was a long time, and his face was pale.

"Grandmaster!"

Suddenly someone called him.

"Grandmaster!!"

Capable, warm.

I was guilty of sin and immediately followed the precepts. I saw the smoldering lights of the golden light and the red light, flying in the distance.

The dawn of the morning is dazzling, but the young man’s nephew is brighter than the first yang, and the crystal is shining. He ran to the face of sin, his cheeks were reddish, he gasped slightly, but he could not help but be excited.

"Found it." The ink burned and broke the hair on the forehead, and held the lantern carrying the soul of the late night, in his arms. "He didn't want to see me, he was here...here." The light in my arms seemed to be unwilling, hesitated for a moment, and wanted to hand the light to the sin, but the hand stretched out a few inches and received it back.

I was relieved to sigh and sighed. I looked at him up and down. He laughed and said: "Since you found him, you can hold it, don't give it to me."

The ink burned carefully and continued to hold.

I was guilty of picking up the sticks that leaned against the trees, and gently swayed into the river. A bamboo raft with a green body and a white line on the squat appeared on the shore.

"If you don't want to be late, please ask the donor to board the ship."

The spring water of the dead and the dead passes through the ghost world. This is a well-known thing, but because of the enchantment, it does not mean that you can successfully go to the underworld along the river.

The bamboo scorpion of the master of sin has applied a spell to make it pass through the yin and yang, so the boat is thousands of miles away, and the one who sits alone is sitting on top of it, not half a day.

Huangquan Waterfall.

This waterfall is on the side of the hustle and bustle, and the next is the nine secluded, it is boundless, vast and vast. A roll of bead curtains flows down, and the water mist splashes like a thin smoke.

The ink burned was not carefully seen, and the bamboo raft carried him straight and swooped toward the huge curtain of the prehistoric behemoth. Not responding to him, the powerful water column in an instant like

countless sharp knives seems to tear the flesh and blood of the living! breakdown!

"Master -!"

At the time of the crisis, the ink burned only in the heart of the soul, he held the soul lamp in his arms, letting the whirlpool whirl, the sky was dark, and never released...

I don't know how long it took, and the deafening waterfall sounded suddenly.

The sudden rain of the same time suddenly took over.

The ink burned slowly and opened his eyes. It was only a relief when the soul-lighting lamp was safe and sound. Looking up, it was shocked by the prospect of the eye.

The waterfall that traversed the yin and yang of the two worlds disappeared. A bamboo raft floated on the vast and tranquil lake. The lake was dark blue, with a little bit of starlight, and countless faint souls were like fish, swaying through it. The reeds on both sides of the strait are surrounded by the reeds that linger on the glory of Huaihua.

At the left and right ends, deep in the leaves, there is a male and female singer dreams floating in the air, seemingly mourning, but also like peace.

"I am in Leiyuan, my limbs are all muddy. I am crying in the world, my eyes are dry and dusty. I am eating my heart, red ants are brilliant. My stomach, oh... the soul comes back... The soul is coming back..."

Huang Quan Bishui flows eastward, and all kinds of things in front of him cannot be chased.

The ink burned on the bamboo raft for a long time. Suddenly, a tower that towered into the darkness appeared in the heavy night.

Closer, he saw that the archway was a huge, grand and magnificent. But the small places are awesome, flying gold and color. It is like a beast covered with beeswax beads, a golden stone jade piece, brilliant but sullen, it squats in the darkness, open the stinking blood, waiting for the numerous ghosts and ghosts sent to the stomach.

Closer, I saw the corner of the building, such as the fangs wearing the sun, the animal head is majestic, like listening to the world.

Closer. The remnant of Chu’s lateness seems to be uneasy, and the golden brilliance of the lanterns is dark and swaying.

"Nothing." The smoldering felt his uneasiness, holding the lamp, his lips close to the paper, whispering comfort, and sending his spiritual power to accompany him more.

"Master, don't be afraid, have me."

The lamp was trembled, and after a while, it was quiet.

The ink burned down the deep eyelashes, glanced at the lamp, couldn't help but smile, reached out and touched the edge of the lamp, and then hugged it tighter.

In the dark night of the black scorpion, the three characters of "Ghost Gate" slammed into it, and it was bright and dazzling, as if it had just been written with the blood of a living person.

The bamboo poles were docked, and the ink burned on the road of Huangquan, where the soil was full of blood and smell.

He walked forward, and there were more and more people around him. The male and female, the old and the young, and the dead infants who died shortly after birth, were crying and crying. They all drifted to the depths of the land.

Whether it is the emperor's life before the birth, wealth and prosperity, or the cloth dagger, one is poor. No matter how many windings, with funeral.

At this point, I am here. This road, only their own hard-headed singly walked alone.

The ink burns along with the bustling souls and comes to the entrance of the ghost world.

There was a man sitting there, shaking the fan in his hand and looking at the clothes like a soldier. When he died, his stomach was cut open, so the intestines would flow out from time to time.

The goalkeeper soldier impatiently used his fan handle to pick up his belly and lift his eyes and ask the new dead ghost lazily.

"What is your name?"

"Sun 25."

"How come to die?"

"Hey, you are old."

The goalkeeper took a big poke and casually put a stamp on the ghost world to stamp "old death" and handed it to Sun 25: "Do not throw away the brand, lost it to go to the 17th Hall to reissue, go, the next ""

Sun Erwu is very nervous. About every person who just died, Rao is more heroic and more versatile during his lifetime. "Would you like to go to trial?" Hey, he is a good person. Even before he was a chicken, he was stupid. Can you steal a good baby from a cup of tea? At least you have a room for a wife. ”

The old man is not finished, he is uneasy.

The goalkeeper listened to his ears and waved his hand and said: "Judgement? Didn't go to the sun? There are so many souls in the ghost world. You have to wait for ten or eight years to queue up for a tire. When you are not your turn, you are in the ghost world." Waiting, there is not much difference between Yang and Yang. When it is your turn, you will go to the judge and tell you that you killed the chicken before you died, and you haven’t married the wife. Next.”

Sun Erwu was stunned, stunned, and a local accent: "Ten years and eight years?"

I was surprised to see that the ink was not far away: "What? It will take so long to be retrialed?"

"Of course, but if the sin is extremely evil, or the soul is not quite right, then another thing." The goalkeeper heard it, smiled reluctantly, he smiled, the intestines flowed out again, and he stuffed it again. Going back, "It’s never been a long time to enter the 18th floor of Purgatory."

Ink burning: "..."

Sun Erwu’s two or five eyes, I still want to ask again, but the patience of the officers and men seems to have come to an end, and they can’t help but say: “Go away, the soul goes. Everyone is rushing to reincarnate, you don’t block the old man, One, the next one."

Sun Erwu was driven by his fan.

The next one is a young woman with a face powder and a face. It is still beautiful. When she opens her mouth, she has a certain kind of self-confidence and style in her eyes. She said: "Grandfather, little girl, Jinhuaer, is Killed by bullies..."

Everyone has a way to die, everyone has the mind of everyone.

All kinds of chaos are frozen here. Nothing is more lively and more mixed than this. But the ink burned only the light in his arms.

He owes him a master, and he doesn't care about anything.

He only needs to find the lonely soul left by his master.

"first name?"

The goalkeeper yawned and looked up at the ink.

The ink burned and wanted to open, but the guard suddenly looked at it. It seemed that he was not quite right. He suddenly stood up and stared at his face.

"..."

The darkness of the darkness is not good, and he does not say that he is a dead person. I don’t know if there is any eccentricity in his soul. Even if he doesn’t, he has another person’s remnant in his arms, which is also worthy of interrogation. There is no second entrance to the ghost world, which is destined to escape.

So I had to bite my head and look at the guard.

The guards narrowed their eyes.

The ink burns and calms, and self-reported the door: "Ink burning."

The guard does not say anything.

The ink is burning like a drum, but the surface is not moving: "The monk is ruined, so it is dead. Please ask the official to send me a photo."

Chapter 106

"Going into the dead..." The guard slowly repeated his words and then snorted, "Do you practice?"

"Ok."

"The age of the monk is here, you are so embarrassed."

Guarding the skin and laughing at the meat, many people in the mortal media did not have Huigen, can not bear the good fortune, ridicule the Taoist priests, there are always some people who can not eat grapes to say sour.

"I am jealous of you, the soul is not right, not pure."

The master of guilty crimes cast a spell on the burning body, let him cover the living atmosphere, and can contact with the soul, so the guard can not see him, but how much is always uncomfortable, so Shiran sat down again, tilting the legs I found a black ruler from the drawer.

"The sin rule." He said triumphantly, although he did not know what he was proud of, the ruler was not his, but the smaller the official, the more he loved to play, the guards slammed the ruler to the table, and rolled up the eyelids. Staring at the ink, "Hands out, let the official test your merits."

Ink burning: "..."

The merits of his yang?

Will it be measured directly to the side of the great gods to be crushed into slag?

But in full view, he had nowhere to escape. He only had to sigh and hold the light of the soul in one hand and stretched out.

The guard put a ruler on his veins, almost just hit it, and the sinister screamed and screamed, and the black body appeared with blood, accompanied by thousands of people crying.

"I don't know what to do..."

"Ink rain, you can't live forever!!"

"Auntie! Nianga!! Dog stuff why you!! Why!!!"

"Don't kill me... beg you, don't kill me-"

The ink burned his hand back suddenly, and his face was pale as paper.

The ghost in that circle was looking at him in a secluded position. The guard's gaze was particularly embarrassing. He and the tiger wolf stared at the ink, and after a while, he looked down at the ruler.

The red light on the ruler disappeared, and the blood seemed to be the illusion of the genius. I didn't know where it was going, the table was clean, and only the ruler gradually floated a line.

——

There is nothing wrong with sin, escorting the first...

The first few layers of hell?

Because the ink burned before the measurement of the ruler was finished, the upper end did not finish.

The guard slammed his arm, and he was fierce and awkward, staring at him with sinister anger. It was like a boring hunter who finally caught a rare bird. His nose flickered, his eyes flashed with strange light, and the intestines almost flowed out, but this time he was too lazy to plug back.

"Don't move, you give me another test."

He is impatient, greedy, and almost has been asking for the face of Miluo.

His ghost claws smothered the ink-burning wrist and forced him to come over, and ruthlessly poked his sin.

If he is allowed to catch a ghost who can go to the 18th floor of hell, that is a great credit. He can at least sit on the ground and rise to the third level, and no longer need to write every lonely at the gate of the city every day. The soul is coming.

"Measure! Good test!"

The rule of sin is bright again.

Still bloody, crying and shouting.

The smoldering people, the shackles that have been created, seem to have been squeezed into the narrow black ruler, and the swearing blame almost broke the ruler.

"Good hate..."

"Ink rain, I will not let you die..."

The smoldering face is getting more and more ugly. He hangs his eyes, his lips are close, and he doesn't know what color it is.

"You have no conscience!! You turn the world into purgatory!"

"I will not let you go to ghosts!"

"Ah, ah-!"

Weeping, groaning, cursing, resentment.

Suddenly in so many voices, I heard a faint sigh.

"Sorry, it’s Master’s fault..."

The ink burned fiercely and the eyes were sorrowful.

He heard the voice of the past life of the late Qing Dynasty, so soft, so sad, but like a sharp knife into his skull, almost to open his soul.

The voices are getting weaker and the sinfulness is calm.

The above line of small characters reappears:

There is nothing wrong with sin, escorting to the first...

This time, the ink burned without the handle removed in advance, but this line still has not been written!

Guarding a slap, patted the black ruler: "Bad?"

Under the slap of the shot, the black ruler trembled slightly. After a while, the line of words actually dissipated on its own, and a thin scent of scent fluttered on the ruler, and the infinite brilliant glow flashed out.

There was no crying in this ruler, but a hundred birds rushing to the phoenix, and the sound of the sound into the clouds, as if the sound of the nine heavens was coming to the land, the enchantment was full of Taoran, and even the guards could not help but follow the spirit.

When the fairy sounds stop, the guards will return to God.

Looking at it again, six characters have been dropped on the rule of sin -

Ordinary soul, feasible.

The guard lost the voice: "This is impossible!"

Isn’t it just sin? Why are you so ordinary?

He was unwilling, and he took the ruler many times, but each time he had the same result: first, screaming, then good news, and finally, no exceptions, all written with ordinary soul, feasible.

The guard was extremely disappointed, and there was no reason for him to stop an ordinary soul from entering the government.

He began to smother his intestines again, and said, "Well, I think you are really dying."

The smoldering was quite unexpected. I didn't know why. He thought about it. He guessed that the curse of the master of sin was confused with the ruler and he was relieved.

"Get it, take it with you, and delay your grandfather for a long time, don't roll it!"

"..." The ink can't be burnt, and is holding the soul-lighting light to go, suddenly guarding the eyes, and screaming at him -

"stop!"

The ink burned heartbeat quickly, but his face was still calm, seemingly helpless: "What happened?"

The guard lifted his chin: "What is in your arms?"

"Oh, this is ah..." The ink burned the soul light, and the thoughts in his heart flashed quickly, and turned to smile. "It's my funeral."

"With funeral?"

"Yes, it's a device."

"Oh. Something." The guard pointed to the table, and the light flashed in his eyes. "Take your burial here and test it again. I am afraid that this is your instrument and confuses the sin."

"..."

The smoldering heart has already smashed this scorpion all over again, but there is nothing to be done. He has to put down the soul lamp and stretch his wrist again and again.

The guard seems to have a well-thought-out, and can't wait to get the ruler up again.

.....

The result is still the same.

It is still six words, clear and clear: ordinary soul, feasible.

Don't say guards, even the ink is burning, I don't know why, but this way, the other party is completely dead, and I am too lazy to wave his hand in.

The ink does not dare to stay for a long time, picking up the soul-light, passing through the long ramp, until the end, the light changes.

The ghost world is in full swing before his eyes.

This is the first layer of hell, and you can't see the end at all. The sky is scarlet, like a burning glow. Chitose rises from the ground, and the house is close to the roof, and the palace is far from the far side. At the entrance of a huge stone, the book "Er Caopi is dust, the soul is returned to Nanke Township". Next to it stands the red-painted archway, and Jinshui melts the three characters of “Nan Kexiang”, each of which is as tall as an adult male.

It turns out that the first layer of **** is called Nanke Township. If the dead are not different, they will all stay here for ten or eight years, waiting for the judge to call themselves, and then go to the second level of trial and fall.

The ink burns and takes the lead light, and walks side by side.

In the eye, there is not much difference between the layout and the human world. The streets, the residents, the corrugated, a total of 18 streets, nine horizontal and nine vertical. Ghost men, ghost girls, and ghost children walked through the line, laughing and whispering, crying and mourning,

and the end is the group of devil dances, and the hundred ghosts walked at night.

The east side heard a new woman twitching: "What to do, what to do, said that the remarried woman has to be cut in half, head and feet, each of the two dead ghost men, this is true Who can tell me, is this true?"

There was also a cloak around her, and the messy girl was tearing her tears: "I don't want to be the secret door. It is really life. Before I died, I went to the temple to donate a threshold and wanted thousands of people to step on the tens of thousands of people. I made a redemption for me. But the village chief said that I had to pay him four hundred gold to allow me to put the threshold on. I have to have so much money, why bother to do the flesh business..."

There are also men in the west who count: "400 days, 420 days, 403 days... I said, let me go, she will go, I will be lyrical, how can I stay here four? After a hundred and four days, she still did not follow. Hey, she is so weak, it will not be lost on the road in Huangquan, if it is really lost, how should it be?"

The newly-dead sneaks, all three or five in groups, are gathered at the gate of Nanke Township. They are still unwilling and unable to go.

But going forward, they are all old ghosts who have already returned to the soul and recognized their lives.

They are more calm, more calm, some of their own business, poor life, taking advantage of that long time, waiting for the trial.

When you get to the third street, you can see the downtown area, not the red dust.

In the end, there are no ghosts that have broken the meat and bones. Meng Po Tang did not drink, and it is still a ghost. During his lifetime, he was a pear garden. He still played juggling on the streets. He lived as a embroidered mother. When he died, he also pulled the clouds of **** to weave clothes. The butcher does not dare to kill any more, but he can always pick up some knives and scissors to make a living.

Selling sounds, screaming, one after another, bustling.

The ink burned to a ghost who sold the calligraphy and painting. The ghost was probably not sold before the painting, and starved to death. Therefore, the face was yellow and thin, the cheekbone was high, and the ribs were sunken.

Seeing someone sitting in front of his stall, the thin scholar raised his dim eyes, but his expression was eager: "The son, buy a painting?"

"I want you to draw an image for me."

Scholars seem to have some regrets: "The characters are more than the landscape, the total lack of artistic conception, you see this Taishan cloud map..."

Ink burning: "I don't like landscape painting, just work for you to paint me."

"I don't like mountains and rivers?" The scholar looked at him with his eyes. He was not very happy. "The benevolent Leshan, the wise man is happy, the son is young, and he should cultivate the sentiment, and smell more Danqing fragrance. My pair of Taishan smoke clouds, originally I am reluctant to sell it, but you have asked me before I come to the booth. I don’t want to come to Huijin, so I am cheaper with you-"

"I want to paint a person."

Scholar: "..."

The two eyes looked at each other, and the scholar was his opponent. He was later stunned, but after he was stunned, he was quite angry. A dead ghost face seemed to have some angry blood.

"I don't paint people. I want to paint, ten times the price."

Ink burning: "Do you want money in the ghost world?"

"Family friends, there are always money," the scholar said coldly. "There is money to make the ghosts grind. Although I don't like the smell of copper, but the gentleman loves money, it is a good way. You I am not a relative or friend, and I have no knowledge of the period of my son. Why am I being involved for you for no reason?"

He said a bunch, but he couldn't help but burn a few people who read a lot. Immediately, he frowned. "I just came, no one has burned me."

The book says: "No money, no selling."

When I thought about it for a moment, I thought of an idea and pointed to the Taishan cloud. "Well, I don't sell it without selling it. But I am idle and idle, can you listen to me telling me about this landscape painting?"

The scholar gave a glimpse and turned to be happy: "Do you want to hear this?"

The ink ignited nodded: "Listen to your knowledge, don't you pay?"

"No." The scholar is very proud, and his face has some ridiculous and pitiful brilliance. "If you don't speak money, you will be dirty. If you read a book, you can't get cheesy."

The ink burned and nodded, and he thought that he was starving to death. Although I feel funny, but my heart is somewhat unbearable, but unfortunately, I am ashamed of it, or I really want to give him some silver.

The scholars rushed to take the good paintings from the shelf, set the posture, clear the ghosts and throats, and said with pride: "Then I started."

Seeing the small bookworm hooked up, the ink burned and laughed: "Teach me to see."

The author has something to say: This chapter has many settings and lines. It pays tribute to the young man of the middle class, Lu Xun, who is arrogant and arrogant. The prototypes of the ghost women and ghost scholars and some of the prototypes are from Xianglin and Kong. B, here, marked, to avoid misunderstanding.

Chapter 107

When the scholars say that it is two hours, the person who is also Confucius and Meng Zeng Zhu, who is so dizzy and tired to sleep, has to make a deep interest, but also hard.

For the listening class, there is a set of ink burning.

At the beginning, I heard a "Oh?", frowning, seemingly puzzled and doubtful.

Waiting for the other party to talk for a while, then another "Oh...", the eyebrows are slightly extended, as if slightly slightly, and gradually understand.

In the end, remember to keep your eyes wide open, your eyes burning, and a "oh~" is essential. What you want is to let the person who speaks understand that he is open to the top after he has taught him.

Three "Oh", he did not use it in the evening class.

It is a pity that Chu would rather not eat this set, always look at him coldly and let him shut up.

Where can the little bookworm be treated like this, when it comes to the back, the two eyes are shining, and the leaps and bounds are overwhelming, and there is a sense of hatefulness with the ink burning, and there is still a little bit of arrogance.

"I understand." The ink burned and laughed. "Listen to your reading, and then look at this landscape map, you will know that Danqing is valuable, and the money is not changed."

If the bookworm is still a living person, he must be red-faced, but now he is blushing, but the other excitement is not bad. He is happy to know how to put it, just like a child, laughing, thin face It is light.

The first time I saw the ghost, I was so happy.

Almost, he got up and bowed to the other side and said, "It's not early, I will go around and find a place to stay. If you have time tomorrow, I will come back to you."

The scholar is cold and can’t be called Mr., but it’s a happy expression. Half of it’s fear is half bliss: “No, no, no, dare not, I’ve been tested many times, even a show is not allowed, I...hey...”

The ink burned and laughed: "The quality of learning is not in Lilu, but in the heart."

The scholar was greatly surprised: "You, did you say such a thing?"

"This is what my teacher said, and it’s just a matter of picking up people."

Scholar: "... pick up the teeth."

"Is it? Hahahaha." The ink smirked and scratched his head. "I remember it wrong."

When the scholars saw that the time was not early, no one would come to ask the painting again today, and they would pick up the basket and said: "There is nothing left to do, and it is rare to meet someone who can talk. Although the gentleman’s friendship is as light as water, but also pay attention to it. I have a thousand cups of wine, I see..."

Seeing that he started to sorrow off his schoolbag, and inked and laughed and cut off his words, said: "Do you want to say, I don't think it's early, why don't we find a place to have a drink?"

"Ah, yes, yes, drink, love, okay?"

"Good." The ink nodded, "Mr. pay."

Scholar: "....."

On the greasy little table, there is a plate of peanuts, pieces of ten pieces, two small wines, and a half cup full. There was only one candle in the wine cellar, and it was burning with sorrow. The boss of the pointed monkey licked a bowl of mouth after the cabinet.

"The place is broken." The scholar seems to be a little uneasy. "But I haven't received any paper money. I have been to a few stores before, and this is a good place to go..."

"It's very good." The ink burned the wine cellar and carefully licked it. "Ghost still eats?"

"It's all imaginary, it's the same as the sacrifice." The scholar gave a sip of peanuts, but the peanuts did not disappear. He said, "Look, like this. Try it."

The ink burned down the wine cellar. He was not a dead person, and eating would reveal flaws.

The scholar’s wine was over thirty years old, and the mood of depression and sorrow seemed to be better. He chatted with the ink for a while. He

asked: “Before Mo Gongzi asked Xiaosheng to help draw a character, is it the right person?”

The ink is burning and waving: "No, it is my master."

"Ah." The scholar gave a glimpse. "I have been standing in the underworld for many years. I have seen the pictures of Somé, but I have never seen my artist respect. Is it good for you to treat you?"

The ink sighed and said: "Good, especially good."

"No wonder." The scholar nodded. "Draw what he does?"

"Find people."

The scholar also screamed and was surprised: "He is also in the land?"

"Yeah." Ink burned, "I heard that the dead person has to stay in Nanke Township for ten or eight years. I can't worry about him, I want to find him and be a companion with him."

The scholars are suspicious, and even a little moved, indulge in a long while, and finally sigh: "It’s rare to see Tao Li. Deep! Mo Gongzi, I will

help you this busy!" Then he got up and went out of the box, take Painting tools.

The ink burned overjoyed, and thanked him again and again, and asked his name and surname, secretly remembering it in his heart. He wanted to focus on returning to the sun and he would definitely burn more gold and silver to the poor brother.

The two of you are feeling, I am excited, and I am busy making paper and ink.

After the start of the project, there were no more than two sentences.

"My teacher respects him...he..." The ink burned his hand into a fist, and after knocking on the lap, he still didn't knock it out. So for a long time, the poor man finally said, "He In short, it is a beauty, you draw."

The scholar is staring at him.

Ink burning: "Drawing."

"...How is a beautiful child?"

"It's not very simple, it's beautiful, look good."

"I know to paint in good looks, but... forget it, you said, what is his face?"

"What face?" The ink burned and shouted, "...the face is the face."

The scholar was a little annoyed: "Papaya almond wood word goose egg, do you say one?"

"I don't know if there is something that is not there, but it is quite good."

Scholar: "....."

Ink burning: "Forget it, you don't know how to paint according to my face, and the face is not too much."

Scholar: "....."

Then there is the eye.

"What eyes?"

Seeing the burning of ink, suddenly stopped him, added.

"Don't say that the eyes are the eyes."

The ink burns the hand: "I know what you mean, his eyes are growing... This, how do you say it? It’s fierce...mei? Indifferent and gentle."

The scholar fell off the pen and angered: "I don't paint! You please ask Gao Ming!"

"Don't!" The ink burned and pulled him. "No one else painted."

The scholar endured forbearance and stared at him, but when he saw his face burned with sincerity, he would hardly say: "Then you say it well, what do I ask, what do you answer."

The ink burned and he was wronged. He thought that he had not answered well yet. Isn't it also asking people what he answered? But there was something to be soft, so I had no choice but to nod, and pitifully hugged the light of the soul in my arms.

The book said: "It's still the eyes. Is he a leopard? Three white eyes? Apricot eyes? Eyes? Or..."

The ink burned and fainted, shaking his head: "Sewed eyes? That's not very small, no, his eyes are picking up, I don't know what to call, in short... oh, it's flying up, it's pretty good. of……"

"That is the eye of the eye."

The ink burned open the mouth, but the book was unhappy, so he closed his mouth again: "Well, you can seam your eyes."

The scholar then asked: "Is the nose high and short?"

"high."

"Is the lips thin and thick?"

"thin."

"Is the eyebrows thick or light?"

"concentrated."

"Thickness?"

"Fortunately... I know that I should be a sword eyebrow."

"Okay." The scholar added a few more questions and asked, "Can there be a seal on the face?"

The ink burned his head and thought about it. Thinking about it, his face was red, and he said: "There is..."

"where is it?"

"Left to the ear." The ink burned slowly. "Small, the color is very light, then..."

Then when you kiss him here, it will be extra sensitive.

The scholar raised an eyebrow: "And then?"

"No." The ink burner shook like a rattle, and his face was redder. "No then."

The scholar looked at him quite strangely. Fortunately, the light was dim, and he could not see the blood on his face. The tip of the pen runs on the ink, and asks: "Continue to wear the dress?"

"He likes to wear white clothes. A bunch of blue jade crowns, or a high ponytail." The ink burned and thought, added the road, "sometimes also draped, when draped, especially..."

"Don't say goodbye!" The scholars can't stand it.

"Well, then it’s pretty."

Scholar: "....."

It’s hard to grind for a long time, and it’s finally finished. The ink burned and blown the ink, and when I looked up, I felt that although it was not as good as Chu, I was not very similar, but I couldn’t use it very much, but I laughed and said: "Thank you, Mr. It’s good."

"I only painted Pan Anfan, Xizi."

"Ha ha ha." The ink burned and said, "When I find the teacher, I must thank you again."

I also accompanied the scholars to drink some wine, and chatted for a while, until the sky was darker. The two separated in front of the wine cellar, and the ink burned the portrait of Chu Yuning. According to the scholar, there is a building on the fifth street of Nanke Township. It is called "Shunfeng Building" and is dedicated to the new ghosts and ghosts to inquire about various news.

He is going to see it.

The red plaque outside the SF building is faintly floating, with a black serpentine totem on the top. The ink burned the door and saw the long counter in the hall. The ghost behind the counter was wearing a blushing robe, and they all wore a wooden paint mask with a rushing crown. They could not see the true appearance. These masks are in front of each other, each with a long queue, and they are all dead people who have different looks and do not ask for anything.

Hundreds of white candles floated on the top of the building, and the overlapping lights reflected the overlapping of the dead. The ghost is coming to the ghost, and the end is busy.

"Little Master, can you help me find out where my brother is? He is Zhang Yiyi, Gusu, twenty-one years old when he died..."

“Can there be a portrait?”

"No, no."

“You can find it without a portrait, and the cost is ten times more expensive.”

"Big Brother -"

The mask coughed and the sound was crisp.

"Ah, I can't help it. It turned out to be a big sister. The big sister, this is the case. When I was dying, the head of the family said that she would never remarriage, but I always looked at her brother and brother for a long time. You can't swallow this breath, you can help me check it out, see if she is really ruthless in the Yang, or with her brother!"

"Chayang affairs, the price is this, you are squatting first."

"I’m disturbed, Xiaosheng liked a girl in her life, but she was so precious that she couldn’t get a lesser reader. She was timid and never showed her heart. Later she married, and Xiaoshengyuan also replaced She is happy. Whoever expects her to be a non-person, is a man who has become a pro.... Hey, later, she changed... She is one step ahead of Xiaosheng. So Xiaosheng wants to check two things. The first is this. Where is the girl now, the second is... want to know the fate of my next life..."

"If you want to make a living, you can check it, but you don't collect the money. You need to exchange for life. As for where the girl is, I am tired of the name of the son and the portrait."

"Oh, good, good. The portrait is there, here. The girl surnamed Yao, the single name is a blue..."

In front of each cabinet is a slang word, the body is rotted, but the obsession is still not allowed.

The ink burned the lamp, walked around and looked around and found out what was asked. The people in the downwind building either collected money or collected Yangshou.

He has no money. If he is allowed to receive Yangshou, he will be aware that he is a surviving person who is mixed into the Yin Cao government. For a moment, I don’t want to be a guilty master. I don’t know how to put some paper money ingots in my pocket.

But looking at the price, it doesn't seem expensive to ask the individual. The ink burned the heart and ran back to the vicinity of the wine cellar. It was hard to catch up with the scholar. Say, I said that I borrowed some meager silver and returned to the Shunfeng Building.

After a long day of teaming, it was hard to turn him.

The ink burned and said: "I am looking for people. This is a portrait."

He handed the portrait of Chu Xiaoning to the other party and was about to go down. After the man looked at it, he even chuckled and asked the picture to be combined. "What do you want him to do?"

"Ah?" The ink burned. "Look at the painting, you know where he is?"

"Yeah. But tell me first, what do you want him to do?"

"He is an old man."

The other person gave him another look and said: "You wait." Then he leaned over and whispered a whisper with a colleague. When he turned back, he had a lot of tone and goodness.

"Since it is the old man of Mr. Chu, the money will not be collected." The man got up and waved at him. "You go upstairs with me."

The author has something to say: the deposit box is wrong, today only. . . Two more. . . . . cry. . . .

The first three oh, from the rotten stalks of the bib segments and pieces, non-original stalks, but because of too much use, I want to find the origin, can not find. . . . At first, it seems to be appearing in the Spring Festival Evening essays? Stunned, is this kind of local interest? To avoid misunderstanding, hereby declare QAQ

Chapter 108

The ink burned up and followed him upstairs, and his feet groaned on the wooden ladder that was in disrepair. He couldn't help but ask: "Do you call him Mr. Chu?"

"Yeah, he was sent by the Jurassic to take care of this building. It is our honor."

"..."

There was no snoring in the ink, but my heart was a little surprised.

"Come on." The mask man stopped and stopped in front of a half-moon-shaped arch on the second floor, gently slamming the sinister red-carved door. "Mr. Chu, have your old man to find you."

The first thing was to calm down, and then I thought of a gentle voice, like a warm wine on the stove, and a soft hair between the pillows.

"The old man? Is it him? I said, I don't want to see him again. You let him go."

The mask man coughed softly: "No, Mr. Chu misunderstood, this time is not him."

"Who can it be?" Silently inside, said, "But, please come."

The warm interior is very light and elegant, and the table and chair furnishings are even simple and somewhat cold. But the ground is covered with rich soft felt, and the ink burns in. Half of the feet are immediately immersed in it, and there are some smells of wild beasts in the air. What is incompatible with this breath is the man who is trimming the flower branches by the Xuan window.

He was covered in long black hair, white sleeves, and scarlet buds twitching at his sharp fingers. Perhaps because of the consistent rules of the SF Building, he also wore a navy face mask on his face, and his teeth were violent. Even if such a mask is worn on his face, it is also inexplicably gentle.

He cut off the excess sticks, gathered them in one place and then turned them around.

The smoldering felt that the throat was dry, and the dialogue between the mask man and Chu Yuning made him feel puzzled and vaguely worried. He didn't know what the soul lost. If Chu night would not remember him...

Just thinking like this, the man put a flower cut and walked toward him.

I was not afraid of the burning of the ink, I felt a little flustered, and the vest had a thin sweat.

"Master."

The man stopped and the distance was a little closer. The ink burned and he seemed to laugh.

"What teacher?" He said, "Can the little son admit the wrong person?"

really……

I am afraid of what comes.

There was a bang in the burning heart, and there seemed to be a huge stone in the chest that drove him into the endless abyss. He looked at the man in front of him and didn't know what to say for a while.

When the man saw that he did not respond, he covered the long white hand on the mask and gently picked up the thick and colorful face to reveal the face of Zhang Qingjun.

The smoldering felt that the huge boulders disappeared.

He was surprised, but looked at the man with the mask without any doubt, blurted out: "Chu?"

No wonder the little master downstairs will mistake the portrait. Chu Yu and Chu Xi Ning grew up with eight points similar, but Chu Yu is soft, Chu night Ning cold. But only people who are extremely familiar can distinguish the difference between them.

Such as ink burning.

The man in front of him is the son of Lin’an, who was seen in the illusion of more than two hundred years ago, so he gave his name without thinking.

But the real Chu Yu did not see him, so he was a little surprised and smiled: "...Do you really know me?"

The ink burned and waved: "No, I am looking for the wrong person. But I do know you..." He said, looking at the other side with curiosity, Chu is a

person who died a hundred years ago, but now there is no In the past, it was apparent that Jurassic had tasked him and let him take off his reincarnation.

Unexpectedly, I can still see the ancestors of Chu Yuning, and the ink is only very mysterious.

Chu Hao nodded: "It turned out to be like this." And laughed again, "Who is the person that Xiaogongzi is looking for? Since there is a fate on the floor, I will help you find it. Otherwise, Minnan Kexiang, thousands of ghosts, I don't know what time to go to find the horse."

The ink burning original intends to explain two sentences and go downstairs to find someone again. Who knows that Chu is so enthusiastic, did not change the ghost, and was willing to help him personally, could not help but be very happy, said: "That is really too Ok, there is Mr. Lao Chu!"

When he said it, he handed the portrait to Chu Yu.

Chu Yan took a look and smiled: "It is no wonder that the people underneath will make a mistake. It really looks like me. What is his name?"

"Chu night Ning." Ink ignited, "He called Chu Yuning."

"Is it also Chu?? It is a coincidence."

The ink burned in the heart and asked: "Is it a gentleman's relative?"

"It's not good. If you want to see the temperament of the sun, you need to go to the ninth king of the ghost world. I...have life and death with the Nine Kings. I don't want to ask him, the red dust has not been asked again."

What he said was naturally the ghost king who broke the enchantment of Linan and killed his family. Poke to the scab, even if he is such a self-sufficient person, his look is not only awkward.

In this case, the original burning of the ink can confirm the connection between Chu Yuning and Chu Yu, but it was unexpectedly like this. He just shook his head: "It is a pity."

Chu Xiao smiled, did not speak again, went to the museum to take a sheet of gold and yin-yang compass, please burn the seat.

"With this, I can know where he is?"

"Ten eight or nine."

"What is the situation?"

"Some people's soul power will always be a little strange, it is possible to find it." Chu said, "but not common, the young son should not be so unlucky."

Bu settled, the golden needle in the compass pointed to the north, but after a while, turned to the south, then suddenly to the east, and then to the west, and finally turned up and down.

Chu Wei: "..."

The ink burned carefully: "How?"

"Cough." Chu Yu lightly coughed, and his look was awkward. "The little son...is really unlucky."

Ink burning: "..."

In fact, the burning of luck is often not good, you know that it will not be so smooth. He sighed, thanked Chu, and prepared to re-enter the sea and continue to find the whereabouts of Chu.

At this moment, the crazy rotation of the compass suddenly stopped, the pointer pointed in a certain direction, and the twitching seemed to be not so

certain. After a while, it pointed to a certain position.

Chu Hao busy calling him: "Little son, you wait."

The ink burned immediately, and at the table, I watched the compass and the pointer swung left and right. It didn't stop, but it pointed out a direction.

Chu Yu frowned: "What is going on..."

"Does this represent a vision?"

"The vision is not, but it is very strange." Chu Yu looked at the compass, his eyebrows deeper and deeper, "I seem to have his figure in both directions?"

The ink burned and stunned.

how is this possible?

Now that the soul of the soul is in the body of Chu Ningning, the soul of the soul is in the soul-collecting light. The rest of the ghost world should have only one soul. How can Chu Xiaoning appear in two places at the same time?

Chu Yudao: "In short, one southeast, one northeast, the younger son is looking for a search. If you look at it, you may be affected by some spells. It is not easy to say."

The ink burned very hearty, thanked Chu Hao, and hurriedly went out to the windy building and ran to the east.

After running for a long time, I suddenly encountered a fork in the road, and the ink burned and stopped.

Southeast or Northeast?

He took the lead light and was in a hurry, but after a while, he looked at the lantern that gathered the soul in his hand, and suddenly there was a vague and strange feeling in his heart.

Following this kind of detached feeling, he walked in a narrow street that was staggered and staggered.

The more you go forward, the more obvious this feeling is.

He even thought that the soul of the late night, in the invisible call, summoned the light of the soul in his hand, or summoned him to go to a

place.

The ink burned in front of a two-storey old wooden building.

"Sick Soul Hall."

He looked up and his eyes swept over the huge heavy hang. The plaque was blown out by the sun all day, and the black lacquer had been peeled off. The red embossed text on it was a large piece of color, revealing the mottled wood underneath.

The ink burned and frowned, and my heart was so sad that I felt very uneasy about these three words.

Sick soul... What do you mean?

The failure of Chu's compass is not because of this reason?

He pushed the door open, crossed the high threshold and walked in.

He soon knew the answer.

There are hundreds of beds in the sick soul hall, and there are some unconscious souls lying on them. More than a dozen ghosts with white masks shuttled through them to deliver aura to the sickbed.

The so-called sick soul hall is the medical hall of the ghost world.

The smoldering found the ghost doctor in the middle of the overall situation, and arched his hand, saying: "Doctor, I think..."

The doctor was very busy and quite impatient: "Pick up the second floor and diagnose the left side of the queue."

"What about finding people?"

“Looking for people...?? Looking for people?”

The ink burned the picture to him: "Did the doctor ever see this fairy?"

The ghost medical officer took the picture and smashed it. He looked up and looked at the ink. The black hole was under the hole of the mask. The eyes seemed to have some pity: "Your relatives?"

"Oh, yes."

"He has a terrible soul." The ghost medical officer pointed to the stairs. "Let's lie down in the uppermost compartment of the upstairs. This kind of illness is not good for us, we can only drag and drag, you go find him."

The ink burned: "The soul is damaged? How can it be damaged?"

"Who knows? The six reincarnations are extremely painful. Maybe the soul is damaged when he reincarnation in the previous few times, but he has been practicing the Tao in his life, and he may have gone to the magic to hurt the soul. In short, it is not complete. You Ask me who I ask."

The ink burned anxiously: "So... what harm will the earth's soul affect?"

"Impact?" Ghost medical officer thought for a moment, "It's okay, after all, it's just that one of the three souls is incomplete, and it doesn't affect his reincarnation. What do you really have... probably the next life is short Some, luck is worse, or the body is weaker."

"..." The ink burned, although it was quite unwilling, but it was hard to do anything, but had to thank the ghost medical officer first, then went upstairs.

The top layout is not as compact as the one below, and it is breathless.

Perhaps because the parked are the remnants of the soul museum can not be awake, do not need too much care. Only one medical officer slept quietly in the cane chair in the foyer.

The ink burned did not wake him up, and went straight inside.

In the vast empty space, only ten sheets of 20 sick beds were placed, and a red rosewood window was used to pull a plain screen between each other.

Four silences.

The foot on the floor made a squeaky sound, and the burning gaze fell on the innermost compartment. There was a half-moon arch, and the arch outside was an open-air platform. The thin gauze curtain came in and the breeze swayed.

It is clear that there are more than 20 sick souls here, but there is a strong perception of the eclipse of the ink.

Perhaps the sorcerer's lamp led him all the way forward, and he had no side to her, and went to the innermost one, and went to the pure moonlight.

He raised his hand and opened the curtain.

The last lone soul of Chu Xiaoning was lying there. He closed his eyes and his face was very pale. It was so similar to the body parked in the Frost Heaven Hall.

Rao is finding him, Rao is born again, and seeing such a bloody, cold and thin figure, still can't help but feel pain in his heart, his nose is sour.

He walked over and put the lead light on the bed.

Then I sat down on the bed of the soul of the night, and wanted to gently hold the cold hand of the other party.

But this remnant soul is different from the previous person's soul, perhaps because of the loss of power, his spirit is actually nothing, the ink-burning fingertips can't touch him, then it passes through the emptiness of the soul of the late night. Shadow, fell to the white bed.

Because of this nothingness, the ink burned some bitter and unbearable loss.

If there is a slight difference in the pool, if the master of guilty sin does not appear, if the soul of Chu Yuning is broken more, if the teacher is disheartened, the heavens will not meet each other...

He lowered his body and knew that he couldn't resist Chu's forehead, but he couldn't help it. He shared his voice, as if he wanted to hold the earthly

soul, and leaned over the banquet.

"Master."

He overlaps with his dead soul, and the moon shines, regardless of you or me.

The ink burned and sighed, and he sighed with a sigh of relief, but his heart was bitter and heavy.

He has seen the body of Chu Xinning, and has seen the soul of Chu Yuning. Now he has seen the soul of this disease. Every time he sees one, the feelings are different. He squats in front of the corpse, and sin and jealousy almost tears him apart. He repents in front of the human soul, holding hands and pleading for a late night.

And the soul of the earth.

He tried to get together, but he couldn't catch anything. He couldn't touch anything. He suddenly felt a boundless innocence in his heart. He thought that this was the ending he deserved to have.

He is full of grievances and **** hands. He can't be with him, can he stay with him?

The ink burns together, and the eyelashes seem to be a little moist, soaking the thin pillow.

I thought that I was too thin to treat him, but now it seems like a joke. It turned out that this was not the case. It turned out that he was very thick, but his heart was too thin to see what was dark.

It is not good for him.

He was shocked that he had gone so far, and he wanted to go back. He wanted to use the rest of his life to make up, and he would use it for the rest of his life. I don’t know if I can do this, but I can’t get back to the original point.

What step immortal, what is the deity of the people.

Don't want it anymore.

He just wants to come here and be a correct person who has always wanted him to do it.

Some people say that knowing the mistake can improve Mo Dawei.

But his fault is too deep.

He didn't know how long it would take to pay back. Maybe on the day of his death, he still couldn't get rid of this endless remorse. After all, the traces drawn in the water can return to calm, and the wounds that are tied into the wood are always three-pointed.

"Master." After a long time, he was immersed in the moonlight, immersed in the soul of Chu’s almost transparent, he said, the voice is like a child, "Go, we go back."

He straightened up and brought up the soul light.

Cursing meditation, the soul of the soul into the light, the thin shadow, quickly sank into the lamp core and disappeared.

The ink burns waiting.

But after waiting for a long while, the local soul and the soul of the soul are completely integrated, and after a long time, there is still no movement.

The burning face was pale and pale.

what happened? !

Isn't it true that after the soul of the earth and the soul of the human being merged, can he return to the world with Chu Xianning?

Isn’t the spell of the master of sinfulness invalid? !

The author has something to say:

Chapter 109

There was a chaos in the brain, and the cockroaches were numb. The ink burned only felt cold in the hands and feet, and hugged the soul of the late night, and went downstairs.

"doctor……"

"Is it you? What happened?"

"You are sure that the one upstairs... is the soul of my master, is there anything wrong?"

Some of the ghosts are intolerant: "Of course, can I still be wrong?"

I was not willing to burn, and asked: "Will it be a soul, or..."

"Or what?" The ghost snorted. "One person has three souls, earth, knowledge, people. I have been here for 150 years. These three souls are unclear." Didn't you let me go back early?"

The ink burned his lips and suddenly gave birth to an uncertain thought.

"Doctor, you have been practicing medicine for 150 years. Have you ever seen a person... There will be two souls?"

"You are sick!" said the man in the anger. "I don't think your brain is good. If you don't stay, let me give you the number!"

Of course, he can't let the ghosts give himself a pulse. Although the master of sinfulness has applied a spell, if he is not careful, he will probably be embarrassed. The ink burns and apologizes, holding the soul and the soul. Lanterns rushed out of the sick hall.

The sky in the ghost world has always been dim, to distinguish the morning faint, only to look up at the sky. If the red cloud is behind a half-temperature and a half-cool sun, it is awkward. If the cold moon is high, it is night.

It was already night, and the road was getting colder.

Ink burning with the soul of the light, head down, walking alone in the street. The more you walk, the more you feel overwhelmed. The more you walk, the more you feel isolated.

This helplessness and sorrow have always been with him when he was very young, which makes him very bad. He even remembered some people who knew him while he was still in the sky. When the drunken building was a big fire, people were dead, only he survived...

Calculating the age, in addition to his mother, other people should not have a reincarnation, he does not know who to go on like this, who may meet.

Then he thought of Xue Meng.

He remembered that Xue Meng was dying to take the light of the soul in his hand. He yelled at him: "God!"

- "How do you match, how do you have a face."

The ink burned the soul lamp, the slower and slower, and finally stopped at the wall, the eyelids could not help but red, and he looked down at the gentle golden light, whispered:

"Master, are you... don't you really want to go back with me?"

The lights didn't answer, but they burned silently.

He stood there for a long time before he gradually calmed down.

This place, he did not know where to find someone he knew, suddenly remembered Chu Yu, as if he had caught the straw, and hurriedly ran to the SF building.

When I ran there, it was just that the SF Building was going to fight. The ghost wearing a mask was about to close the door and lock it. The ink burned and stopped him. He said, "Sorry, please wait!"

"It's you?"

The mask man was the one who led him upstairs. He stumbled and said, "How come you are here?"

"I am in a hurry, I am bothering you..." The ink burned and rushed, panting, his eyes bright and anxious, and he swallowed and hoarse. "I want to see Mr. Chu Hao again."

In the pavilion, Chu Yu was stunned by a sea bream flower inserted in a small white porcelain bottle, and it was very surprised to see that the ink burned and returned.

"How did the little son come back? But can't find anyone?"

Ink burning: "Looking for it, but I... I..."

When Chu Yu saw him in a hurry, he seemed to have a hard time saying that he would enter the house and cover the door. He said, "Sit down and talk."

Because of the fear that the ecstasy lamp is in the hand, the ink will be seen by the Chu, and it will be included in the sac.

He does not think that Chu is a evil spirit, but it is not a last resort to let people live in the land, or let the ghosts here know better.

“Does the little son go southeast?”

"Ok."

"..." Chu Yu said slightly, said, "Is it in the sick hall?"

The ink nodded and thought for a while. "Mr. I saw him in the sick soul hall, but it is an incomplete soul. It will not move, nor will it speak. It is even different from other ghosts. It is translucent. You can't see it, but you can't touch it."

"The soul of the earth is detrimental, and it will be like this." Chu Yu’s look is a bit bleak. "Some of the stunned undead will also be separated, and it will be difficult to reunite."

The ink burned and bite the lip and squinted at the opening: "The medical officer of the Earth Soul Museum said that people who are incompletely insulted will have some weaknesses in their reincarnation. But the person I am looking for...the ones that are clear before the end, so I I wonder if there will be something wrong."

He said here, for a while, looked up at Chu.

"Mr. Chu, will there be someone in this world who has two souls?"

A glimpse of Chu: "Two souls?"

"Ok."

He did not immediately go to the medical hall of the Soul Pavilion to swear by the ink, but he pondered and thought for a moment, saying: "I don't think it is impossible."

The ink burned and jerked up, his eyes brightening in the faint candlelight of the room.

"Mr. seriously?!"

Chu Yushou: "Ordinary people have only three souls and seven scorpions, but I used to be a woman, she has two souls."

"Appreciate further details."

Chu Yu shook his head, the eyelashes fell and shivered. He calmed for a while before he said, "The things that have been going on for a long time, I don't want to mention them again. Now the woman has sunk into the seventh layer of **** and suffers from suffering. Those who have a sorrowful soul, once discovered by Jurassic, are sent to the seventh prison and slowly stripped."

Listening to him, the ink burns more heart and the light is dim. He did not find that there was a pain in Chu Yu. He asked: "Why is that woman more than a soul? Three souls and seven scorpions, if someone has more souls, is it necessary to gather the four souls together, then that is useful?"

"It should be."

"The girl that Mr. said..."

"After she died, she was forced to go to the sun because she was used by the Nine Kings." Chu Yu paused, and the slender fingers resting on the knees slowly became a fist. "Going to the sun, eating raw children."

"!" The ink burned up to the old things in Lin'an that I saw in the peach blossom source. Only then did I realize that the "woman" in Chu's mouth was actually his wife, which should be the most painful part of Chu's heart.

Then Chu Yu is now staying in Nanke Township, not going to reincarnation. Isn’t he waiting to send his wife to strip away the extra souls, returning from the seventh floor, reuniting with them, and going to reincarnation?

When the ink burned, I couldn't bear to ask again.

Chu Yu did not say any more, "The raw food of the child of the child" is a short sentence, and after two hundred years, it is also an understatement. Rao is the ghost body, and the throat can not suppress the trembling.

He closed his eyes.

"The woman's soul disorder is torn apart, and it is integrated with the child's soul." After a long time, he slowly said, "So what she got out is actually the child's soul, stuck in her three souls. Between the seven scorpions, slowly

assimilated with her, and finally completely derived from her appearance, difficult to separate."

This person will always endure pain and try his best to help others, no matter how many people ask for help after he dies.

It’s even more uncomfortable to see the ink burnt. He’s not good at it. He only said: “Mr. I don’t have to elaborate, I’m already clear.”

"I mean to say these words, I want to tell you, if the Chu Gongzi you are looking for really has two souls, there is one, it is not his."

Insufficient thoughts for a while, asked: "I can't be a soul, divided into two?"

"Possibly, but you can't do this."

"why?"

Chu Yudao: "A soul is divided into two halves. I have seen this kind of thing. That is another story. This kind of person is often guilty of sin and killing people. If the three souls cannot bear it, they will be broken. But In this case, the shattering is the soul of the humanity, and it is impossible to be the soul or the soul."

"...It turned out to be like this."

Hearing sin and sin, killing people like numbness, ink burning feels that he has no relationship with Chu night, but he is himself, he thought, waiting for this life to be really dead, come to the land, will not be split For the second, get the due retribution?

Chu said again: "Not to mention, if it is really a soul, then the other half of the soul can certainly not walk, it will be sent to the sick soul hall. Since the young son only saw a damage in the soul museum The soul of the earth, I think, the other one should be a complete soul, there will be no embarrassment."

The ink burned him so much, and he felt that he was squatting and busy: "Thank you Mr. Chu! Then I... then I will look for it again!"

"Well, only in the direction of the sick soul museum, but also in the direction of the northeast of the disease, Xiaonanzi is better to go to the northeast to see, but Minnan Kexiang, come and go, bustling, are waiting for the death of the soul... ”

Chu Yan sighed.

The ink burned in his gentle eyes, revealing compassion, and he knew what he wanted to say.

In the south of Kexiang, thousands of people are separated from ghosts.

Even if you know that you want to go northeast, it is so easy to find a soul.

If people don't have a chance, they will be brightly lit. They will not pass the night, and the two will pass by, one to the east and one to the west. They will not see each other and look at each other.

It’s easier to talk about silence now.

However, Chu Yu was still gentle after all. He raised his hand and patted the shoulder of the ink-burning shoulder: "The heart of the small son is sincere and will reunite with it."

His appearance is very similar to that of Chu, and when he said this, the tears of the candle flowed and the candle swayed, and his face was even more blurred.

In this ambiguity, the ink burned like a glimpse of the face of Chu’s gentleness when he was gentle, as if he heard Chu’s saying to him, he would meet again.

The ink burned for a while, and the eyelids were covered with a layer of moisturizing water vapor.

He was busy bowing his head and muttering, "Mr. Thank you."

Chu Yu did not make a sound, until the ink turned and left, and covered the door for him, he was still standing in the same place, the bottom of the phoenix flashed a trace of gloom.

He... just saw the boy’s eyes... seems to have tears?

The ghost is not going to cry, is he wrong? still is……

He looked back and looked at the bunch of quietly blooming Begonia flowers in the vase. It was extremely difficult to press the **** of the mortal flowers. Even though he was carefully cared for, he still floated a petal and landed on the ancient wooden case.

Chu Yu walked over and picked up the fragrant Philippine. The leaves quickly shattered, and they fell into mud, which was crushed into powder and scattered from his fingertips.

"Come on."

"Mr. Chu." Immediately, a masked person pushed the door in and stood on the side.

Chu Yu did not look back. He looked at the sea bream and asked softly: "Is that person, have you recently come to SF Building?"

"No, it's still the same, once in ten days, with a sea bream flower. He didn't dare to enter the SF building, he was only sent from far away."

"..."

"Sir, what's wrong? Is there something wrong with the son who came to the party? If the person dares to send someone to disturb Mr., Mr. can go to Jurassic..."

"No." Chu Yu returned to God, interrupted his words, turned his head and smiled a little, and sighed. "Nothing, he should not be sent by that person, even if that child only Looking for someone is not related to me."

"But if he is sent to the ghost world, why should he--"

"Sin is not tiring with others." Chu Yu is like a snow, standing quietly on the branches of flowers, "Go by him."

The streets were clear, and the ink burned out of the SF Building. He went northeast. He took the portrait of Chu Yuning and asked him from house to house, but he couldn’t ask why.

Most of those who saw the portraits waved their hands, and even some of them didn’t want to be jealous, they avoided him.

"This portrait is this person? I have never seen it."

"I have never seen it before, don't bother me to do business."

"Don't stop! I'm sick! I didn't see it so late! Get out and get out! What portrait? Don't want to see it! Take it and take it away!"

Although Nanke Township is a ghost, these ghosts have never been broken, and they have lived together, and most of them have gradually returned to the human world. They will also find some friends and relatives during the long wait in this decade and eight years. If you don't want to raise a dead cat, you will be alive. Therefore, although they do not need to sleep, they will lie back on the bed when they are on the willow.

As night falls, no one is willing to take care of him, and no one can give him a message, a clear road.

On the long and endless streets in the northeast, he visited the house by door, and bowed his head, losing his smile...

"I said it!! I got it wrong! I thought about it for a moment and didn't seem to paint this person at all. Can you not bother!"

This bearded man is ready to rest with the wife and children of the ghost world.

He had come back from the outside and met him on the street. He asked if he had seen the person on the portrait. He thought for a while and said that he had seen it near the east market a few days ago, but his wife gave it. He gave a wink, and he immediately stopped his mouth, as if he realized something, immediately waved his hand and said no.

Mo-burning felt that he was clear, so he was unwilling to give up, asking him all the way and coming to the door with him.

The man violently put him outside the door, pulling the wooden bolt, and the ink burned anxiously: "Can you think about it again? Where is the East Market? The person who painted, where did you go later? Please, please..."

"I do not know!"

A group of ghosts around heard the noise, looked at it here, and the man roared with a thick scorpion, and regardless of the burning hand, he was still on the door frame, violently closing the door.

The five fingers were caught by the sputum, and the heart of the heart was broken. But he couldn’t help it, he only stayed dead, and he didn’t want to pull his fingers out of the gradually sloping door, but tried to push it again, then go to it.

"Excuse me, please think about it again, I just want to know where he went after..."

However, the man opened the door violently, did not notice that the fingers of the burning fingers were pinched out of the blood, and pushed the people heavily, and then shouted: "I don't know if I don't know, I don't know! Roll!"

Chapter 110

The ink burned alone on the street, there are still ghosts on the road, fluttering, and sorrowful resentment. At the foot of the bluestone steps, I gave birth to some lonely green scorpions, stepping on the soles of the feet and getting wet and slippery...

After fierce disputes, calm down, only to find that the fingers have been worn out, the door frame is made rough, a lot of burrs, tied in the flesh and blood, a blur, fortunately, the surrounding is dim, not detected by ghosts.

He looked at his eyelashes silently for a while, probably because his heart was uncomfortable, so he didn't feel pain.

He looked back at the closed courtyard door and knew that the man behind the door would not say a word to him again.

This kind of rejection, he is actually no stranger. Ink burning is a person who is accustomed to malice, which allows him to know whether his request is useful from one other's eyes and two or three words.

In fact, when a man changed his mouth and said to him that he had "not seen", the ink burned instinctively understood that this person would not tell

me even half of the truth, but it was only about the soul of the night, so he did not Be willing to be pushed out of the door until the door is closed.

He has not been so rudely rejected for a long time, but sometimes, the length of time can not determine what, when the machine can not change the fundamentals, some things are engraved into the skeleton.

Xue Meng once scolded him and planted it.

It’s funny to say that the two toxic words of the arrogant son of the sky do not hurt his self-esteem.

Yes, he was originally a kind of cockroach among the people. He was more irritated than this, and he was not used to it.

He finally looked back at the tight wooden door and slowly walked away from the ghostly eating and laughing.

Laughing, humming, standing, and hanging.

It’s rare that it’s such a helpless scene, and it’s overlapped with the childhood memories of the middle-aged, and the old-fashioned memories of the middle ages. The ink burns and walks. It’s because the situation is too much, so he can’t help but slowly think of himself and his mother. The days that depend on each other...

During those days, they were still not in the music house, but they were on the streets of Linyi, and they were near the Confucianism Gate.

During that time, he had at least a mother.

The mother loves him and is unwilling to let such a small child go out for food. He always settles him in the abandoned wood house and goes to the streets to sell art and sing.

She has a good foundation. With a bamboo pole, she can do the dance on the squat. Every day, she can always earn some copper plates, buy a cake, two bowls of porridge, and the mother and the son are divided. The mother-in-law always wants to let the children eat more, but the ink burns always bite a few mouthfuls and says that the cake is too hard, the porridge has no taste, and the stomach is filled, and refuses to eat.

But she didn't know, in fact, every time she sighed and ate the half-cake and half bowl of porridge that burned the "leftover", the young child who curled up next to her sleep would squint at her. Seeing that she was full after eating, he finally felt relieved, even if he was hungry, his heart was stable.

She did not know, in fact, every day she left, after going to Linyi East City to sell art, her children would climb out of the firewood pile and secretly go to the place where they were separated by two streets.

The mother sang in the street, singing ten feet high, and the thin body was on her head. The following is covered with gravel and porcelain. If it falls accidentally, these tiles will be tied to her flesh and blood, but the people who see it feel stimulated and feel fresh. She used a commandment and tried her best to win a smile that was too wide and too wide.

On the two-street fare, her children begged along the street, grinning in front of each household, grinning face, saying auspicious words, want to discuss something to eat. But there is no, not often.

One day, a rich family and a younger grandmother were pregnant, boring, and in a bad mood, they strolled on the street and saw the mother of the burning flame dancing.

She felt interesting. After a while, let the followers say to the woman who danced: "There are some gravel on the ground, broken porcelain, which is actually a look, not sincere. My wife Say, if you are willing to replace these broken stone and porcelain into knives, erect on the ground, and then you jump again, my wife will reward you with twelve gold."

Faced with such harshness, it is almost a request for the lives of the poor.

The mother’s reaction was just saying: "But I don't have money, I can't afford a knife to shop."

Mrs. Fu Jia laughed happily, and immediately ordered people to go to the iron shop to buy a hundred sharp knives, standing on the ground.

"Jump."

The jeweled woman caressed her own belly and said with great interest.

Soon after, a group of people watched the hustle and bustle of the hustle and bustle. The brilliance of silk and pearls blazed in the sunlight. They smelled the **** smell like the corpse of the corpse, so they stretched their necks and their eyes were shining.

"Jump, jump."

"It’s good to jump and reward you."

"Give money, give money."

The land of the Confucianism Gate, the most indispensable is the rich, the most lacking, is the stimulation and excitement of such a life.

Those silk satin, gold and silver beads surround, will be surrounded by mothers holding bamboo poles. Surrounded by this impoverished, ragged woman.

The woman who was like a mustard, she smiled like this, and made a blessing to the succulent scorpions, thanked them for their support, and then, with the poles, the swallows generally leaped lightly.

On the tip of the knife, use your life to make a song and dance.

Use your life to please you.

However, although she had a good time, when she landed, she looked down at the row of knives and looked amazed. So the bamboo poles were a few inches away, and as the crowd exclaimed, she fell –

I avoided the blade and the secret, but still rubbed the edge, scratched the leg, and the blood splashed in an instant, causing a lot of exclamation.

The woman refused to take pain, and she stood up in a hurry, lost her smile and bowed her head.

Those who watched the excitement laughed: "The woman’s hard work is not at home, and she needs to work harder."

"Yeah, come out to eat and eat, there must be two brushes, the ability of the three-legged cat will be a good thing."

There are a few people who are kind, with tears in their eyes, and they can't bear it: "Hey, let's not say it, look at this, this poor girl, hurt so badly, go to the medicine shop and get some medicine, put it on."

The woman shouted: "I don't have... no money to buy medicine..."

Those people sighed, some sighed, and some raised their hands and touched their own bead, but did not speak, and some wiped their eyes, it seems to be a lot of feelings.

"It's pitiful."

"Yeah yeah."

"Look at your life so sad, I will give you some money." A old woman with a big belly said, she found her own bulging purse, took out a golden leaf from it, pinched it in her hand, and then continued to the purse. Underneath, I took out three copper plates, smashed them in my hands, put them back in two, and solemnly placed a copper plate in the hands of women.

The old woman gave her money, and she uttered two lines of tears in a proper way. She said with all mercy: "Girl, this is what you deserve, and it will be collected soon."

The woman took a copper plate that she had exchanged for her life and muttered: "Thank you..."

Thank you...

And the one who said that she would give her ten gold? Already roaring away.

The woman with **** legs and legs squatted and tried to catch up and ask her for money, but she was pushed down by the accompanying ones she was carrying, and the sound of her voice could be heard across a street.

"It’s awkward!"

"When the wife wants to have a baby, how can she see the **** disaster, so that the master can hear it, can't feel bad?"

"You are still very embarrassed to ask for money. What is the thing you jumped? It is also because your blood has not splashed on your wife, otherwise - you can't eat it!"

"roll!"

The woman was pushed to the ground, because that family was a big copy of Linyi, and no one was willing to give her a head. Her pain twitched on the ground, and the mean ants squirmed.

No one wants to help her...

No one wants to help again...

She danced her life and exchanged only a cold, stinky copper plate.

The good woman who gave her the copper plate said that this is what she deserves.

She is not wronged for herself, but today she only earns a copper plate. What can I buy? I can only change to a cake without stuffing. I can't afford to eat more bowls of porridge. I can't afford to dance with my legs. I can't dance tomorrow. What should her child do? He is still so small, so thin, he has to Hungry...

When she thought of it, she couldn't stand it anymore. She screamed and screamed in the mud, her voice sneered and hoarse, and listened to people who couldn't bear to listen. The people around me sighed and they were all ready to disperse.

At this time, the crowd suddenly rushed over to a dirty, scented child.

The ink burned over and cried like a sleepy animal: "A Niang! A Niang!!"

He hugged her.

Despicable child, hug the despicable mother.

Like the ants cuddling the grass mustard, the dog hugged the duckweed.

The woman saw him, his eyes flashed with horror and surprise, the woman was weak, and the mother was just, she didn’t cry anymore, the days were too hard, she slept like **** in the day, woke up in purgatory, She did not want to show a weak and helpless appearance in front of her children.

The tears on her face were not dry, but she hurriedly made a smile and said, "Oh, look at you, how come you? Auntie is fine, a little bit hurt... you see..."

She gave him the sweaty copper plate in his heart.

The ink couldn't help but shook his head, and the small face was washed out of the watermark.

"Enough you buy a cake, go... you buy it, A Niang is waiting for you here, let's go home."

Family?

Where is the home?

That run-down firewood house?

Still a sheepfold that was driven out after two days of sleep...

The ink burned and swallowed, and there was a hot flash in his eyes. He said, "A mother, you are sitting, you are waiting."

"What are you going to do - don't mess around -"

The ink burned to the side, picked up the knife, and the tender voice shouted loudly and loudly, attracting everyone who was about to disperse.

"Everyone, my uncle, Miss Gongzi, please don't leave! Please don't go! There is also a unique skill. Please ask your nobles to appreciate your face and take a look -"

He has aura from his childhood. Although he has never practiced, he is much stronger than ordinary people who are not qualified.

The ink burned the strong and sharp blade in his hand, and his hands were strong. With a low drink, he folded the knife in half and threw it on the ground.

The people around him were shocked. Some monks in the onlookers felt strange.

"This kid can be."

"One more!"

The ink burned, and this time I took two of them. It was also done in the same way, and the two blades were cut off together.

"Good!!" Someone applauded.

"Three!"

The children are stacked one by one, the blade is getting thicker and thicker, and it is more and more difficult to break, so the crowd is full of fun.

"Let you, my uncle, my sister, give me a reward, and I will go up."

Those who want to watch the fun, throw the least valuable copper plate to the ground in front of him.

The ink burns for these copper plates, adding a knife with one handle and another handle. At the end, the blood is full and can't be folded anymore. The rotted scorpions smashed the black lacquered wings and dispersed them.

The ink burned all the money, and carefully held it with dirty hands, and walked to the mother with tears.

He smiled: "A mother, enough to buy medicine for you."

The tears of the woman can no longer be restrained, rolling down: "Children... Good boy... Let A-Nan look at your hand..."

"I'm fine..." His smile was brilliant, pure, and it hurt her heart.

She held him in her arms and groaned: "It is Auntie who has no ability to take care of you... so that you are so small, you will suffer and suffer..."

"It doesn't matter." In the mother's arms, quietly said, "Auntie, with you, I don't feel bitter... I will accompany Auntie well, and when I grow up, let A Mother has a good life."

The woman smiled and wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes: "It doesn't matter if you have a good life. As long as you grow up in Ankang, that's fine... enough."

The ink burned his nod and suddenly said softly: "Auntie, if I have a future, you will no longer have to be wronged. No one can bully you. Only those people, I have to let them come. Apologize to each other one by one, if they refuse, I will let them dance on the knife, I..."

"Stupid child, don't think so." This kind and gentle woman touched his hair and murmured, "Don't think so, don't hate anyone, Auntie wants you to be a good boy, promise A Mother, be a good person, okay?"

At that time, the ink burned too small, like a seedling of young and young, with only a little bit of external force, he would pour in that direction. His literary knowledge was not deep, but the mother of the heart was his first lighthouse, so the little ink burned at that time, ignorantly thought for a while, and finally said seriously: "Good."

He said: "Aunt, I promise you."

"That, then, if later, I... I can make some money, I will make a lot of houses, I will live for those who have no family, and I will plant a lot of food, and I will eat it for those who have no food..." He said to his mother, "A mother, then there will be no more people, like we are today."

The woman came out of the meeting, and finally she sighed and said, "That's good."

The child also nodded and said, "That's good."

They didn't think of it at that time, the people who said such words, in the end will be full of blood, stepping on the bones of the earth, walking in the hurricane of the black crows hovering in the sky, becoming the emperor of the evil.

There is very little, and even will not be willing to go back to this past event, he will never go to the mother’s arms, use the tender voice, clear eyes, and seriously Promise of.

At that time, the ink burned because of the mother's persuasion, even if it was hard to live, there was never hatred, but how much, there will always be some unwillingness.

The days are still so day by day, juggling and selling, watching once is lively, watching twice is boring, the third time, it is tired. They gradually

couldn't get a copper plate, and they could only rely on begging for a living.

I remember that there is a rich and sturdy child who is about the same age as him. There is a huge black scorpion in the corner of his mouth. The child is sitting at the door of the courtyard, holding a bowl in his hand. It is about chopsticks, so it is not good. Take the golden crispy fried dumplings inside. The child is very picky, picking up the dumpling stuffing inside, then spitting out the skin and throwing it on the floor to play with the dog.

He walked carefully and stood by and looked.

The child was stunned by the stench and dirt of his body and shouted: "Who?!"

The ink burned and asked him gently: "Little son, this dumpling skin... can you give me?"

"Give you? Why should I give it to you?"

"You...you don't eat, so I want to ask..."

"I don't eat, we have to eat in the family." The child pointed to the two furs on the ground, a fat dog, and screamed, "Does the dogs live, how can you give it?!"

The ink burned as much as possible and sold a smile, saying: "If the dog can't eat..."

"How can I not eat it! They don't have enough braised pork every day, just dumplings, and the two are gone, without your share, walk around."

The ink burned the braised pork, and the eyes fell on the two dogs. Suddenly, the dog that felt so fat, if it was cooked and eaten, it must...

He couldn't help but lick his mouth at the two dogs.

This move fell into the eyes of the child. The child was first stunned and then shocked: "What is your idea?"

"I don't have... I just..."

"Do you want to eat Wangcai and Wangfu?"

The ink burned and said: "No, no, I am just too hungry, can't help but think about it, sorry..."

Where did the little son tell him what he said, and when he heard "can't help but think about it," he changed his face.

How can a child of such a wealthy family understand that someone will be watching a cute puppy at the door, can you think of food? He was so upset that he only screamed and shouted when he felt that the person in front of him was perverted and terrible.

"Come on! Come on! Get him away!"

The servant gathered around and couldn’t help but say that he would burn his fists and kicks. He tried to grab a few pieces of fried dumplings on the ground in those hands that were not light and heavy, and held them in his hands, letting others kick and catch. Also did not loosen.

Xiaogongzi is astonished, and the rest of the dumplings in his hands are not needed. They are thrown together on the floor with bamboo sticks and then run away.

The ink burned and climbed hard. The thin body was beaten purple, and one eye was kicked. The pain could not be opened, but when he reached out and grabbed the remaining dumplings, he smiled happily. .

There are two left.

It is wrapped in stuff...

Eat oneself, one to the mother...

Or both of them give birth to a mother, and it’s good to eat dumplings...

However, he had no time to take the dumplings. In the chaos, there was a foot of the family, and the dumplings on his bamboo sticks were crushed. The meringue was broken and the meat was melted into mud.

He was holding the dirty and broken sign, and the rain-like fist fell on him. He didn't feel pain, but when he looked at the dumplings, he couldn't eat it. His tears flowed down from the swelling. In the eyelids, I found the dirty face that could not see the facial features.

He just wants to eat some other children to eat the rest, what you don't want.

Why waste it, break it, become mud, and can't belong to him.

Later, the ink burned into the son of a dead child. Many people in the martial art greeted him and pursued him. Even at the birthday, there were people who couldn’t talk a few words to give gifts and congratulations.

The children who once smashed the dumplings on the ground finally harvested the heavy praise and beauty. Before he stood in front of a bunch of carefully selected gifts, he gave birth to a vague fear.

He is afraid that these gifts will soon disappear, fearing that they will be smashed. I am afraid that I will not be able to fly a disaster. Everything in front of me will be the same as the dumplings I held in my hand. Stepped on the rotten. So he quickly used all the things in that pile of things, and they could eat them. They couldn’t eat them. They couldn’t eat them. He dug a small dark room in the disciple’s room and put those beautiful The gifts are carefully hidden, counted once a day, and counted again.

Xue Meng also pointed at him at that time and laughed at him. He laughed at him and said, "Ha ha ha, but a box of Linan Qingfengge snack shop is just a waste of food. If you waste it, you will be wasted. You are jealous, just like a hungry ghost. If you have a meal, you will be in your stomach. Who will grab it with you?"

At that time, he had just come to the bottom of his life. In fact, there was a great uneasiness in his heart.

So in the face of the cousin's ridicule, he just licked his mouth, licked the corners of his mouth, and then buried his head to continue to take another box of cakes to eat.

Xue Meng was very surprised: "Do you have a big appetite, don't you support it?"

He only cares about eating.

"...I don’t want to eat if I can’t eat it. I can get a lot of cakes every year, and I can eat a lot of cakes...”

The smoldering cheeks were bulging, and he ate too fast. In fact, some of them were stunned. The dark, dark eyes looked at the opposite teenager.

At that moment, he suddenly thought of the little son he had met when he was young. He could be unscrupulously picky, eat the stuffing of fried dumplings, and take the skin to feed the dog.

Xue Meng is also growing up like this, so you can understate the words "I can't eat it and throw it away" "No one is robbing you."

He is real, really, really envious of them.

Nowadays, he has finally become a famous son who can be a jade food, and he should be comfortable and squandered.

But he didn't dare.

What he did last was just grabbing the water cup next to him, snoring and drinking a few mouthfuls of water, swallowing the sipping snack into his stomach and continuing to hold on.

Later, he became the emperor.

The four wilderness of Shenzhou is his bag.

At that time, beauty, wine, food, gold and silver beads, Hua Cui treasures, there will be people from all over the world, and they will be sent to him.

One day, Linyi came to a copper mine giant, saying that when he was digging, he got a very rare Wannian Xuanyu, which was presented to the Emperor.

There are so many ordinary people who hold treasures to seek an official and a half-rank, or ask for a shade, and there is nothing to be interested in.

But that day, it happened that I was sick and late, cold syndrome. The ink burns and frowns, thinking that the fire Xuanyu is the best to dispel the cold, it is better to save the sick scorpion as soon as possible, save the day lying in bed, look at the suffocating eyes... So the ghost is so bad, met The rich businessman who came to send treasures.

The businessman was almost the same age as him, and he was born with a little fat, and there was a huge black scorpion under his mouth and hair.

The ink burned on the throne of the Wushan Temple. The long hands overlapped, and the fingertips pointed to the chin. He glared at him silently, and looked at the fat businessman with his legs and feet soft and sweaty vest.

After a while, my lips twitched, my lips shook, and I suddenly slammed down and slammed my head, screaming: "The emperor squats, the small people... the small people..."

He was a small man for a long time, but he didn’t know what to say. The fat body was swaying under the shirt made of gold thread.

The ink burned and suddenly laughed.

Even if he has only one side to this person, he will not forget.

In the glory of the rich mansion that year, the child with a black skull in his mouth, with a kind of ink, thought that he could not have the luxury of his life, eating the golden dumplings that the bamboo sticks were poked. Oily mouth, oily meringue.

He smiled and said: "Do you know that your family's fried dumplings are especially delicious."

Although he did not taste it at all, he missed his life.

The ink burned on the throne, and looked at the man from the horror to the horror, from the horror to the stunned, and from the stunned to the flattering, and sighed in the mouth to please himself, saying that he would immediately bring his own chef to death. After that, donate to the emperor.

At that moment, the ink burned more clearly than ever before, and there were many people in the world who would rather go to the sturdy uppers and refuse to bow their heads to give the weak a little pity and goodwill.

The ink swayed and shook his head, trying to get rid of these past events in his mind.

In fact, he has rarely returned to recall these things in the past. It is his weakness. He does not want to want it again.

However, the door-to-door inquiry asked that the situation in which the door-to-house was rejected was as it was in the past, and the shackles in the depths of the mind were untied, and he was temporarily buried in the dark past.

He stayed a little for a while.

He thought that when he was young, he had promised his mother, "I will not remember to hate", and promised her, "And you have a lot of people in the world, and you are all in the world."

He did not do it.

In the end, the world was killed, and the last person who was good to him killed Chu Lingning and killed his master.

Chu nightning...

When I think of him, the bottom of my heart is a pain. He subconsciously touches the thin paper that depicts the night of Ning Xiao. The paper was a little wrinkled. He licked his lips and raised his hand silently. He wanted to smooth the paper, but when the hand touched it, the blood stuck to the top.

He almost immediately took his hand, fearing that the portrait would be dirty and would not dare to touch it again.

From Fifth Street to Third Street, he continued to be unwilling to ask one by one, but those ghosts said "I have never seen such a man in the portrait."

He walked alone in the endless night, the night was so thick, so long, as if he tried to walk hard, and he could never go to dawn. The ink burned finally got a little tired. He didn't drip in the water, and the grain didn't eat. It was really unsupportable. When I was rushed to see the mouth of the tooth, there was a Wonton stall. When someone was selling it late at night, he went to buy a bowl, and the monks did not pay attention to sneak into the stomach.

The food in the ghost world is cold, and even the swallow does not take the heat.

The ink burns out the sacred light, takes a spoon, and sends it to the ecstasy lamp: "Do you eat or not?"

Of course, the Master will not respond.

When you burn yourself, you eat it and eat it: "But you always don't like wonton, you love sweet. Go back and find you, let's go back, I will make you a pastry every day."

In the silent night, a person sitting in front of the lonely nightingale stall with a lamp, the evening wind and sand, occasionally a few pieces of dead leaves chasing and passing, the land is actually very peaceful at this time.

"Peach blossom cake, sweet-scented osmanthus sugar, walnut cake, cloud cake cake..." He is the same as the soul lamp, as if Chu heard it, he will be

willing to take care of him, count for a while, ink burns, "Master, your other soul, where is it?"

The young slender hand stretched out and gently touched the silk surface of the soul-lighting lamp. Just like when he was thirty years old, Chu night was rather dead. He hugged the body in his arms, and he was embarrassed. He said, "Chu Ning, I hate you," but bowed his head and kissed his face.

"Wa, have you been here?"

Suddenly, a broken cockroach sounded. The old man who sells the old man is dizzy, groping and sitting next to him, he should be dead at the end of his life, and a dark face like the poplar wood in the desert is dry and shrinking. He took a cigarette from his shroud and bit it in his mouth. Then he took the old-fashioned kindness and affair with the old man and chatted with him.

The ink burned and sucked the nose, and smiled back: "Well, the first day."

"Yeah, you are very angry. Ask, how do you leave at a young age?"

"Get out of the fire."

"Oh..." The old man was licking the smoke without fire. "It’s a fairy."

"Yeah." The ink nodded and looked at him. He didn't have much hope, but he still took out the picture in his arms and said, "Old man, I want to find someone, this is my master, and it is not long ago. I don't know if you have seen him?"

The old man took the picture, squatting under the lamp, licking the eyes of the haze, and slowly looked at it for a long time.

The ink sighed and tried to take back the painting: "Nothing, I asked a lot of people, you don't know it doesn't matter, anyway, everyone is like this..."

"I have seen him."

"!" The ink was shocked, and the blood rushed almost instantly, and he was busy pulling him. "Old man, have you seen him?!? You, are you not mistaken?"

"No mistakes." The old man sat on the bench cross-legged and slammed his feet. "Looking like this, I can’t see a few in a year. I can’t run, it’s your master.”

The ink burned up and stood up. He felt awkward and bowed to the old man. He looked up and said: "The old man pointed me."

"Oh, little dolls don't have to be so polite. Everyone made a ghost, and they have to go to reincarnation in a blink of an eye. The memories that can last in life can be left for only ten or eight years. The old man’s son went early, seeing your dolls are distressed. "He wiped his tears and licked his nose with his sleeves. This is the way: "The first street in front, the special style palace, have you seen it?"

"See you, where is the master?"

"Yes, it is there."

"What is that place?"

"It is the fourth house of the fourth ghost king." The old man sighed. "The four ghost kings do not live here, but they deliberately let their men repair a palace in Nanke Township. Nothing else, just to collect the beauty of the Yin Cao government. They are under house arrest. The four kings are sexually kinky. After a while, he will come to the palace to pick the acolytes, and men and women will not be jealous. The selected ones will be taken directly to the fourth floor of Hell. If they are not selected, they are said to be rewarded for their hands. Hey, you said this world-"

When he didn't finish his words, he saw that Xiaoxianjun, who was next to him, was holding the lantern next to him, like a wolf dog.

The old man stunned, and then he was envious. He whispered slowly: "Young is good, running really fast..."

Chapter 111

There is only one entrance to the Four Ghost Palace, and there are guards outside. Ink burning naturally will not be stupid to go to the main entrance, he plundered the beam, and worried that the light of the sacred light would attract unnecessary attention, so the lights were hidden in the sacs of the shackles, flying over the top of the criss-cross roof tiles The figure is as fast as a black lightning.

This palace looks very grand from the outside, and it is a corridor of the courtyard, overlapping. The ink burned and flew to the top of a tower, gently squatting down, blending with the ochre bricks. He looked up and looked down. The whole palace was like a small town, but it was hard to see.

In the burning heart, there is infinite anxiety.

He finally knows why the former man refused to tell his master the place to go, and he was afraid to offend the ghost king. But at this moment, although he knows that Chu is rather in this palace, he still has nothing to do -

There are no more than one thousand and nine hundred in the palace here. Where is the night of Nanjing?

He seems to be a person who is about to find a treasure, and his heart and hands are more tremble than the first time.

Master respect...

where are you?

Thinking about it, I suddenly saw a group of people carrying a red wind lamp at the corner, kicking and kicking. They are all dressed in golden armor and boots. One of them took a trip from the East Gate to the main trail, and after a bend and a turn, he came to a room that was not eye-catching.

There was a towering old man in the partial chamber, which just covered the sight of the ink burning. He could only see half of the courtyard, and half of it was hidden behind the prosperous foliage.

The sinister soldiers entered the inside, first came a table and chairs ping pong, screaming and drinking, messing up. Suddenly, a screaming screaming through the sky, a woman with a sloppy head was thrown into the yard, her robes were half-open, and most of them fell in the rough push of the sinister, revealing the snowy skin.

"Let you escape! I let you **** escape!"

The whip is sucked on the woman. It should be the torture tool of the ghost world. Even the ghosts will be so painful that they will die and die.

The woman crawled on the ground and shook. She seemed to want to run, but there were officers and soldiers everywhere. She had no place to go.

"Smelly girl, into the four royal palaces, you still want to go out?"

"I am clear when I am alive! I am not guilty! Why are you doing this to me!" The woman screamed. "Let me go out, I am going to reincarnation, I don't want to stay here!!"

It was another whip, and she screamed again and again.

"Serving the four kings can avoid suffering from reincarnation! You can really shame your face!"

"He didn't miss me! Why can't I go? I-----"

Another whip greeted her face, and the woman burst into tears, but she still wanted to climb outside.

Her beastly sleep seems to be more pleasing to the sinister soldiers of the four kings, and the men are laughing. The "tributes" in the indoors were smashed one after another.

The sinister soldier who led the head: "The hard work of all of you is the same. The four kings in this yard are all left and left. I know that you are uncomfortable on weekdays, picking up some favorite ones to play with. I want to have a special favorite, come to me. Register here and bring back to your home."

The **** ghosts under the four kings screamed and smiled arrogantly, picking up the very beautiful things in the room. The woman outside was naturally not spared. She was surrounded by several people under the tree. The hungry wolf generally rushed to her, as if she wanted to chew her soul.

There was a wave of breathing in the room, some people were crying, some were calling, and some were begging for mercy.

Some people really can't stand the torture like this. If they want to be free, they will open up the soul to go to the music and welcome it. The ugliness of all beings, whether in **** or in the world, is the same.

The ink burned lightly from the tower, and dive to the roof of the temple through the night. His heart said, according to the old man's statement, Chu night Ning just came, should not have been chosen by the ghost king, and will not be here, but still a little worried, then open a small half of the tile, quietly looking down.

The desires in the house are steaming Xia Wei, and there is a mess in the image. He sees a person's face.

Rong Jiu.

He was quite fond of the past life, but he counted him through his favor, and he wanted to take the little sister he had cultivated.

He is the most intelligent, and knows how to die.

Many people in this house are struggling and are unwilling to get along. Some dead people are in the confusion of chaos, and the mouth also calls the name of Yang Shi’s own lover, while others are taking care of the famous festival and constantly resent. But Rong Ji is different. The ink burns this person clearly. He loves money and loves life. Of course, he can live without love after he dies, but he also cherishes his own soul and does not want to be abused again.

On the messy and spacious bed, the unsuccessful "tributes" around him were almost screaming, struggling, but he stared at him, letting the man gallop, the soft call in the mouth and the cat were generally soft.

The ink burned his face full of spring tide, and he couldn't help himself from the bottom of his heart.

He thought of the late night of Chu.

Rong Jiu is around the finger, and the night is rather a hundred steel.

At first glance, as if the black iron is generally chilly, no one can destroy him. However, under such circumstances, Rong Jiu will be pleased, will meet, will be willing to lean down and use his softness to build an indestructible battle for himself.

Can Chu be late?

I don’t have to think about it, I can know what the person will be, I would rather be a ghost, and would rather fall into the 18th floor of hell. Who can move him?

The running water never breaks, only the steel knife is folded.

"boom!"

The end is a shock, so that people in the house and people on the roof are in vain.

The ink burned his face and looked white.

The raging woman was stabbed in the chest by the sinister, her soul gradually became transparent, and tears flowed down her eyes.

Then, the need to smear.

Suddenly scattered into a little dust.

The soul flies.

The sinister cursed who ruined her soul stood up and had a whip mark on his face. He thought that the woman had just taken his town's soul whip and took it on him. The insidious soldier said: "It’s really his mother’s, suffocating! I’ve done ghosts, I still can’t think of it, oh! Smelly old ladies!”

The ink burns like an ice cave.

He felt that he was not the woman who had never met before. He seemed to see the choice that Chu will rather make.

Rong Jiu is still bumping down with the **** ghosts. This is the unique life of his survival.

The tributes in the house gradually began to succumb, and the scent of the smog was so tight that the throat was tight and he was vomiting.

I don't know how long it took, a slap in the face of a big show.

Rong Jiuguo really taught people to reluctantly. When officers and men put on their clothes, they went to the head to register. When the four kings passed their eyes, they could take people back to their homes.

These people are the ghosts of the four kings. They are not in the reincarnation. It is better to follow them than the four kings, but they are always a place to avoid humiliation and to live comfortably.

Rong Jiu is very lame for this.

The sinister who was going to take him back and laughed at him again. It was not early, but he had to change his post, so he left. The demon in the line gradually went far, and the hall was clear and messy. It was like a feast, and the residual wine and human feelings were spilled on the ground, slowly and coolly.

He sat up lazily, being a man, but it was the most calm of these people.

After finishing the dressing, I looked at the bronze mirror and felt that my face was stunned after death. It was not as white as alive, not lining his

eyebrows.

So Rong Ji ignored those women who were sobbing, in a daze, and shivering, and he happily put together the dress, put on the silk, and went to the yard.

In the hell, the rouge is also opened, even more brilliant than the mortal. He folded a string of fine fingertips with a flower juice, smudged at the tip of his lips, and wiped it off.

Everyone cares about something different. He is hard to come when he is born. In his opinion, the so-called friendship is something that can only be pursued by the expensive people who are full of food. He is the kind of dirty soil in the earth. He can't care what kind of ritual and shame. He only has his own life in his arms. If his life is gone, he will take his own soul.

Suddenly there was a slight squeak behind him, and it seemed that someone had encountered the mosaic.

He thought that he was going to return with the official who was happy with him, so he donated the spring love in his eyes, and it was all expensive. Only spring did not want money.

He suddenly looked back, and the end is the genius of the wind, the male and female.

Just when you know the people standing in the cold of the flowers, Rong Jiu suddenly stepped back, the scorpion is big, the lips are light, and it seems to have been thundered.

"It's you?!"

"It's me."

Rong Jiu, a soft face, changed his attitude, surprised, hesitant, gloating, angry, jealous, pretentious relaxation.

Finally set in a cold and cold look.

He is used to smiling people, the kind of arrogance that is too arrogant, wearing on his face is too heavy, he does not want to be too out.

"How did the ink son come?" The last time they met was very unpleasant. Rongji stood up straight and looked very indifferent.

Ink burning: "Looking for people."

Rong Ji seems to have snorted: "I can't think of the likes of Mo Gongzi. I can't put it in the ghost world."

Mo-burn does not want to talk too much to him, take out the picture and hand it to Rong Jiu: "Have you seen him?"

Rong Jiuyan looked at Mei Xing, glanced at him, and sneered: "But it’s so beautiful, who is the nephew?"

The ink burned and frowned: "Whatever you don't want, you said you have seen him."

"No." Rong Ji faintly said, "I don't want to tell you."

"..."

"I am lacking, go back to rest. Where does the ink son go to go, don't send it."

The ink burned and shouted at him: "Rong Jiu!"

The slender figure was paused, and I was half-faced with a flattering face, with some pride: "What?"

"I want to save him. If you want, I will save you. There is no way, you can't really mix with those sinisters." Mo burned, "Go back early."

Rong Ji has missed more than half of his face, and he said: "There is no way to say that there is no way in this place. Which one has a way? Rong Ji’s life is hard, and the world is twenty years old. I feel no different from here. , but the difference between being a guest and being a ghost, and not having a reincarnation, what is the difference?"

"...you are here at the tip of the knife."

Rong Jiu really laughed this time. He smiled and looked back, and looked at the ink: "When I am not at the tip of the knife to discuss the day? People are slashing me for the fish, meet some good people, can enjoy more silver. If you meet the ink son 'Great people', money is not a small matter, rolled up some soft and ran, and turned around and didn't know me. Mo Gongzi, you first stabbed me, then turned back and advised me to be careful about the knife, you are really kind."

The author has something to say: Today's bib has a cute little "dogs play big white cat" illustration ~ knocking Meng, a face of blood!

There is also a frosty sword, a sword, a meat bag (...), a little cute "dogs want to kiss the mother", I see crying... grip the day, I feel that I am being patched, the following content is not written by me, is frost Written in a sword and a meat package! ! The text on the illustrations I am going to play again here~ for the inconvenient to go to the small partner service on the bib -

"Mother, mother-in-law! Ah-burn today ate a lot of pastries that I couldn't eat before! Super happy!!

I also worshipped a master! He looks so beautiful! There are two brothers~ Oh, no, one of them is not, it is a cousin!

A little boring! But Ah Burn will get along with him!

Mother-in-law...

A burning wants you to eat pastries that you can't usually eat.

I want you to see the beauty of the Master.

I want you to burn.

Ah Burning wants to be with her mother (love)"

——Cream a sword and a meat package

QAQ Mom, God fills the knife, is losing.

When he was young, the dog was determined to be a person who did not hate and hated the world, but this person, and finally became the devil of the **** sin. If the dog's mother-in-law has not reincarnation, the spring knows that it is very sad.

And yesterday's update looks pitiful, but it's not too pitiful, because it is actually the best period of the dog's first fifteen years.

He said when he first remembered, at that time, at least there were mothers.

Later, the mother was gone.

In fact, I hope that I don’t want to distinguish between right and wrong, to argue against good and evil, and to change from good to sinister. Some people will climb back to **** from hell. A person will have his cuteness, hatefulness, pity, and awkwardness. Only then can there be flesh and blood, a world will be missed, there will be repentance, there will be injustice, there will be justice, and it will become complete. .

If a story is full of good people, all three colors, no feelings hesitate, characters confrontation, morality, all the way to sing (cough) leather spring breeze blowing, the world people can be happy, do not pick up the night is not closed, I After spending a year on the roadside for five cents, it is better to turn on the TV at 7:30, and watch the 18,000-sequence series "News Network" on time, so that you are satisfied...

Chapter 112

What he said was the first day of ink-burning and resurgence, and what he did under his grievances.

I want to come at this time, although Rong Jiu’s past life is sorry for himself, and he has to work with Chang Gongzi to make his own life, but that is the last thing in his life. Rong Ji of this life has not yet done this with Chang Gongzi. It is unclear to explain that he was taking silver at the time.

"I am not good." Under such circumstances, the ink is not willing to fight with him, just said, "I took yours at that time and will come back to you later."

“How do you pay me back?” Rong Ji asked. “Furthermore, what is the use of gold and silver jewelry for me now?”

Ink burning: "..."

"Those pearls are handcuffs, can you give it back to me, then what about my life?"

"What?" The ink burns, "Your life?"

"Yes, my life." Rong Ji seems to have touched a certain pain in his heart, and his expression gradually sinks.

"You know, how did I die?"

"..."

He was suppressed for a long time. At this time, he suddenly uncovered it. The steam that was underneath was madly coming out. He couldn’t hold it anymore. When he didn’t burn his ink, he continued to scream and the look suddenly changed. I was so angry that I became more and more distorted.

"The surname is often poisonous. When he sees that you no longer like me, I feel that I am not worth anything. I lied to me - he treats me to be sincere, but he has no choice but to be a person in the restaurant. It’s clean, and it’s better to come and go in the future. I was blind and thought that he was very affectionate. The decision was only forced by his parents and forced to help... Hey! I believe his nonsense!”

Ink ignited: "Then you should also complain about the surname, complaining about what I do."

Rong Jiu got a three-point anger: "How can you not blame you? The money that I originally saved is enough for my own redemption. But I have taught you to take it away. I was disheartened and didn't want to continue in the restaurant. Waiting, but without money, you can't go straight, you have to sneak out. If you don't take me, why am I so embarrassed!"

"...had you escaped?"

"Yes, I fled, I fled to his house." Rong Ji hated, "But the surname often refused to open the door for me, and the people in the restaurant chased it up. Finally I struggled with uselessness, or they were brought with them. Go back, torture and turn it off again."

The ink burned and said: "But the surname often says that when you go to the town of Choi Butterfly to visit relatives, you will be killed when you encounter a ghost."

"Ha!" Rong Jiu yin and yang are inextricably smeared with a sneer. "He can really say something. Relatives? I am in the town of Choi Butterfly, what are the relatives!"

"..."

"You are not telling me, is this living under the knife? I am going to tell you what is the real life under the knife!" Rong Ji is getting more and more excited, the facial features are almost distorted, he is really like some ghosts

at the moment. "I will tell you how I died! You are these friends! Haha - Enke!"

"I stayed in the restaurant for so long, I was locked, I didn't eat, I suffered. No one came to take care of me. After many days, I was desperate. The surname was suddenly found back, crying. Tell me that the reason why he didn't open the door that day was because his aunt was losing his temper, and he was afraid that when I entered, I would be killed by his family's servant!"

Such a lie, the ink burned and shook his head: "You will never believe."

"No." There was a radiance in the eyes of Rong Jiu. "I believe."

Ink burning: "..."

"I believe it." Rong Jiu grievances in the sky, a smile came out, and the corner of his mouth was distorted. "Why don't I believe it? Believe it or not, someone who has a retreat can talk. What am I? A person who sells flesh, others throws What do I believe in, or not even a lifeline."

He slowed down and continued.

"The surname often tells me that he will honor his promise and take me into his house. But he said that his parents can't accept me at the moment, let me

go to a nearby town to stay with him."

"Color Butterfly Town?"

"Yes. Choi Butterfly Town."

The ink burned has faintly guessed what happened, and the look sank.

Sure enough, Rong Jiudao said: "I am packing things with joy and joy, oh yes, there is nothing to clean up. The money I have sold for selling meat and meat these years has been stolen by you for a while. But it doesn't matter, I At that time, I thought, I have a good son."

"...hehe." He was a little quieter, twitching like a smile, and chewing these three words between the lips and teeth, "every son."

"Is he cheating you to the town of Choi Butterfly, where did you kill you?"

"...No." Rong Jiuxiao smiled and looked sad and resentful. "Not that he killed me. You are one of the roads that blocked me. I am with the thief boat on him. It is you, it is yours." I am dead."

Rong Ji took a breath and continued: "After arriving at Choi Die Town, I followed the surname and entered a big house, but the inside was cold and cold, and there was no servant. He told me that he had not come to the office. Let me rest in the house, he went out to buy something. I stayed there and waited. After a while, I saw him walk into the courtyard with a man-"

The ink burned here, and the color changed: "Can you see the man's appearance?"

"No." Rong Jiudao, "The man is wearing a mask and a cloak. I can't see anything.... Then I saw the surname often squatting in front of the man, and a face smiled more than me. It was still charming. He should have looked at his appearance at that time and taught people to be disgusting. He told the man that there was a remnant of the essence of Muling in me, saying that I had been intimate with you before - it was a good sacrifice. Who knows, I don’t want to cultivate immortals, I don’t want to cultivate immortals, I don’t understand what they are saying.”

The ink burns but the scalp is numb.

He is clear that he is close to Rong Jiu, and there are some wood spirits in his body. The fake hook Chen has been looking for a suitable substitute. Although the aura of Rong Jiu’s body is very small, it is pure and clear, and it is really suitable for casting.

"There is nothing to say about the later things." Rong Ji’s frivolous face was a rare coldness. "As the son of the ink, I am dead."

If it is the burning of past life, or the burning of the newly born, it must be scornful and ridiculed: "When you die, what is the relationship with me?"

But at this moment, the ink burned but some laughed.

He is a disgusting nine, and Rong Jiu does not do anything. His past life even wanted to find his life. However, although he had a physical joy with Rong Ji, he never had a candid speech. Suddenly, in this yin and sect, I heard Rong Ji’s confession, but the ink burned with some mixed feelings.

After thinking about it, I feel that it is innumerable, so I don’t think so.

He sighed and said: "Rong Jiu, this thing, can't help."

Rong Ji lived for a lifetime. No one ever said to him that he couldn’t hold it. He suddenly felt like he was totally ignorant. He looked at him back and forth, and then said: "Even if you say so, I I won't tell you where the person is on the portrait."

Ink burning: "It has nothing to do with portraits."

Rong Jiu lowered his head and paused for a while. Suddenly he said: "Mu Gongzi, do you know that Chang Gongzi was calculating with me before,

saying that he wants to kill you and win you?"

"I know."

"You... you know?"

The ink nodded: "I know."

Rong Ji has a good time, hate and hate: "It must be the missing message of the surname!"

He looked up again and his eyes flashed with resentment: "I know that I am better than listening to him and killing you. There are still some good days to pass, not so bad."

Ink burned at him: "What do people ask you to do, what do you do?"

"How can that be?" Rong Jiudao, "I only want to live a good life. For example, if I sell my body, is it wrong? Just like selling fish and selling meat, I want to eat it. I know that you guys can’t look down on me. I don't care if I look at it, self-respect, face, what's the use? It's not like a good wine, a piece of meat. So if you kill you, I will survive, why don't I do it for you?"

The ink burned his lips and it was refuted, but he suddenly remembered what he had done in his previous life. He couldn’t say the words of denial.

Rong Ji said with indignation: "Why can't people kill people in order to live and kill birds and eat meat?"

The ink sighed and muttered, "Is it interesting to be alive?"

It’s like asking for nine.

It is also like a red dust, to ask the self on the upper seat of the last generation.

"I don't know. I don't know what is interesting." Rong Jiu said indifferently, "I was sold to the restaurant from the age of sixteen. The first guest was an old Taoist in his fifties. You asked me what is interesting. I don't know. When I am alive, I want to have money. If I have money, I can redeem my body. I don't have to smile and serve others. But I have no free body when I die, and all of you are harmed by these animals."

I didn't talk, and after a long time, I asked him: "Give you another chance. You choose to join the surname, kill me?"

"Not bad."

Ink burning: "Okay, give me another chance, I will still look back, roll all your money, so that you have no good fruit to eat."

"you--!"

Rong Jiu was indignant, and the thin red dyed on the face of the rouge flower seemed to be more beautiful. He staggered for a while, and then slowly stabilized.

After a little bit, he knew that he was dying. He raised his hand and rubbed his hair over his forehead. He reluctantly re-attached his usual soft smile, but his eyes still flashed with anger.

"What do you say? I am nine, there is a living method that I have nine."

"I hope that you can live happily in the ghost world."

Rong Jiu narrowed his eyes: "That must be very comfortable. As long as you lie down on the bed, you can exchange for the reincarnation, no longer suffer, I am more clear than the idiots in the house, I am very willing."

Ink burned and smiled and said: "But Rong Jiu, these people are under the hands of the four ghost kings. You are dead or alive, you are going to stay,

in fact, you have to rely on the above sentence."

Rong Jiuzhen shocked, random vigilance, a pair of eyes staring at him.

"What do you mean."

If this is not the case, the ink-burning is really reluctant to tear it apart with him. However, although the nine-sexual temper is weak, the hate is not the oil and salt, but he has to sink into the air and say to him: "You think that on the portrait. People are just like this, but I think he is very good. Everyone has different eyes. No one can say that the ghost king will not hit him."

"Who can look like him in such a cold look?"

"That may not be." Ink burns, "If the ghost king likes soft people, why didn't you pick you up?"

"..." Rong Ji does not say anything, but the look is a bit ugly.

The ink burns hot and hits the iron: "He is a man, his temper is fierce. If he is chosen, I am afraid that this ghost world will be ruined. When the time comes to sin, the four ghost kings can’t escape, killing a few sinisters. That's something that didn't run. You have to be silky, you have to set it up safely. If you just wrap it up for a few days, the tree will fall, no dependence

is a trivial matter, even if you pick up the vines and vines, then It’s the ending of the soul.”

Rong Ji’s pale face seemed to be getting paler.

But he still said with all his flirtatiousness and viciousness: "I don't believe in this evil."

Ink burning: "..."

"Ink son, I bet, I can't live without you, I am better than me."

A few silences, the ink burned suddenly, and he stared at Rong Ji’s face: "I don’t gamble with you. Rong Jiu, I must save this person, you have to play like this, I will play with you."

Rong Jiu looked up, his eyes burned, and his snakes licked his hand and burned his chest: "Who is you? How long have you been with you? Have you been a long time? He is in bed, is there me? Is it a trick?" More, or is it better to listen?" He paused, and the eyelashes fell down. "Ink son, you are not the kind of infatuation that will kill people. You are not in love at the bottom of my heart, but I am not."

The voice did not fall, and the cheeks were burned by the ink.

The ink burned him open, the black eyebrows stood upright, and the fireworks jumped in the middle of the fire: "There was no heart in the past, now there is."

Rong Jiu raised his eyes sharply and confronted his face. He suddenly found this person to be hot and even strange.

People seem to be the light and rainy screaming, but the soul seems to be different.

He seemed to be burned by such an ink, and he could not help but tremble. He wanted to turn around and run away, but he was stunned by the other party.

"There is still." The ink burned, "I am with him... from now on, clear and innocent, I respect him and love him, no mourning. You must humiliate him."

He said, this only pushed Rong Jiuyi, and Rong Ji hit the column, looking incredibly at the people in front of him. I didn’t even ponder how this eccentric expression was “from now on, clear and white”. If he is clear-minded, he will be able to figure out the subtleties.

From today's innocence, that is to say, it has never been clear, and there is love and color.

But Rong Ji did not think about it.

"He is not yours... not yours..."

Ink burning: "No, he is my teacher."

Rong Jiu will not scream, but people like him can always sniff out some subtle friendships from the lines of the word. The kind of friendship may not be noticed, but Rong Jiu can smell it.

He can almost certainly confirm that the smoldering is the one who loves the portrait. This thought makes him unable to get any love, and can not help but give birth to a bitter and comfortable.

The most popular is the son of the ink, and it will also be a fire for a person.

He suddenly thought, if the original heart of the ink son is really awkward, what is the true heart, will the ink burn? Will it reveal some pure love for himself?

However, he didn't have time to finish it. He listened to the ink and burned it again. His voice was cold and cold. It was not a joke: "Rong Jiu, I finally asked where he was, if you still don't know. I am a monk. It’s still clear how

to administer a drug or a spell to confuse a person’s mind. Believe it or not, I will go out and see the ghost king myself.”

This is a complete stunned: "You..."

"I have been working for a lifetime. Now I want to come here. But if no one is fulfilling me, I will still be the rain." He whispered, "Rong Jiu, you want to be clear, I am not afraid of death, not afraid. The soul is flying. You have to be so absolutely, I can do whatever."

Neither of them talked anymore.

Just looking at each other, resolutely grievances. Perseverance is unwilling. It’s cold and it’s cold.

After the ice in the nine eyes, he was almost defeated under the gaze of such a ruthlessness. His hatred is deep, and the obstinacy of ink burning is not shallow. The two are relatively embarrassing, he will not be the opponent of the emperor.

If the face is dead, even if the rouge is delicate, it can't cover the face, such as the broken wall.

"Why are you doing this for him?"

"He treats me the best, but I bully him as the most hated person. I owe him."

"..."

"I did, I have never seen this person." After a long while, Rong Ji whispered, but seeing the ink and burning, and slowly added a sentence, "I did not lie to you. However, the newly caught ghosts are locked in the east. The one in the temple. One person, a small room, is no different from a cage, with a lock. There is a squad guarding the patrol. You should be able to find it when you go there."

Where can I wait for the ink to burn, he will turn to the night. Rong Jiuyi stood in the same place and looked at it. I don’t know what kind of bitter emotions rushed into my heart. He suddenly couldn’t stop shouting toward the back of the ink-burning: “Mini rain, you – you want to come here? Who can come here! We are all people who have been soaked in the mud! No one can come again!"

"Ink rain! You are squatting, I am convinced that I want to live a good life. It is better to die than to live. I sell my body and sell my soul. I am ruined. I have to wear gold and silver! You are squatting. Do you think that you can wipe the smell off by rubbing your mouth in the dirt? You think beautiful! You are good from you, I am my beggar, see who can live well! !"

He groaned until the back of the burning ink disappeared, and he suddenly raised his hand and slammed his face, squatting and choking.

"Why can you come back, why are you so bad people, and some people are waiting for you... Why?"

The author has something to say:

Know that you want to be respected, Master will go online tomorrow 2333

Then there is... the name has been spit out more than once, and the face seems to have its own effect? Does it seem to be inconsistent with the style of the article?

So I would like to ask everyone's opinion, I want to change back to "This seat has been good", or simply called "Congliang", please give a road to a wastewood that will not name, thank you! Lying flat...

Story prompt:

The dying of life is a cat cafe with a leopard cat Xue Mengmeng, a puppet cat teacher, and a white cat master. One day, the owner’s brother raised his two dogs to the cat coffee house...

Fried chicken sprouted chicken cute sweet text! The nest was cured! Crab and crabs! ! The nest has already turned to the collar. I don’t know if the bib

is hanging again. “The meat is big devil.” It’s not a meat bag, no meat. Welcome to play~ What?

Everyday thanks to the chasing friends~~

Chapter 113

The first courtyard in the east, as if it were the words of the nine, the upper and lower floors, each floor is a room next to the room, although the field is the largest, but also the most messy, an old tree in the courtyard, Sui Tang, surrounded by countless dead crows Each crow has an eyeball in his mouth, squirming and screaming, sweeping the four abnormalities.

The two teams of squadrons shuttled back and forth, kicking and kicking, guarding the "tributes" that were prepared for the four ghost kings.

The side of the burning side is hidden behind the corner, while counting the roads of these ghosts, while looking at the dead corner of the palace.

The small rooms in the plaid are lit with lights. From time to time, there are ghosts crying, sighing, vomiting and taunting, and the night is like a cockroach from the ancient times. It makes people erect and shudder.

There are more than three hundred rooms in the head here. The next patrol is repeated for each round of tea. He can’t easily find Chu’s night in the tea, especially the stairs. There is also a ghost guard, holding a broken whip, with a stern whistle on his neck.

The darkness of the ink burned out. At this time, I saw a ghost in the distance alone. He had a red-red token on his waist and wore the same clothes as the guards. The ink burned in the dark, and watched him walk from himself to the step.

The ghost and the guard at the side of the ladder nodded. The night was very quiet, so the ink burned their conversations with ease.

"Seven brother, are you coming to the third officer's post?"

"Yeah. You are too fast."

"I have to wait a little longer, people haven't come yet. When he comes, I will rest."

The servant who changed the post went to the upstairs. The guard on the first floor yawned and yawned and continued to stay in the wind.

Seeing that they were so handed over, the ink burned suddenly and they thought of a somewhat dangerous idea...

There were three or two squeaks in the distance, hehe.

The branch crow "wow-wow-" shouted twice and seemed to have noticed something changed.

The guards who guarded the entrance were awake, looking around, glimpsing the thin night fog and walking slowly to a figure.

Closer, I found out that he was a young man he had never seen before, and the guards became more vigilant.

"who?"

"To change the job," the man said.

The red clouds drifted past, revealing a moonlight in the sky, illuminating his face, a handsome ghost guard.

But his five senses are straight and straight, and the eyebrows are full of love. This "ghost" who is changing jobs is not a smoldering person. Who is it?

He didn't know where to get a sinister armor, and put it on his body. The black and red tokens on his waist couldn't sway, and the stern whistle was hung on his chest, emitting cold and cool silver.

The guard said: "I have never seen you before."

"newcomer."

The guard will raise his hand in disbelief: "The brand?"

The ink burned the sign and handed it to him. The face is not moving, but the heart has been stretched to the extreme.

Fortunately, the guard turned the token over and over and looked at it many times. When he didn't notice what was wrong, he was too lazy to take another shot and patted his shoulder: "The second half of the house depends on you, I went home."

"Predecessors are good."

This predecessor called Shu Tan, the ghost screamed and laughed twice, and waved his hand: "Good boy, will meet again."

"Hey... seniors, wait a minute!"

"What?" The guard turned back.

The ink burned and smiled. It was natural to ask: "In this tribute, how many surnames are Chu?"

Ghost guards are wary: "What do you ask for this?"

“Mr. Chu from Shunfenglou asked.” Ink burning, “He has a distant relative, saying that he is also down. But Shunfenglou can’t find him, I don’t know if it’s here.”

Sure enough, Chu's reputation was still a bit shocking. The guard hesitated a bit and pointed to the second floor: "The three most in the middle, the three are all surnamed Chu. You can go and see."

The ink burned and smiled and said: "Thank you for your guidance."

"You're welcome." The predecessors were very stupid, "should be."

When the guard finished, he took a leisurely walk with Xiaoqu, and when he passed the corner, he did not find that the true colleague who was supposed to change his post had been **** with a forbidden spell and was thrown into the gutter. The poor ghosts were all lighted up, revealing a thin single, full of anger, but the mouth was blocked completely, but it was not stunned, only sulking.

Ink burning is not reassuring, although those who have lost the "tribute" have been turned into a group in the partial hall, no one is watching, only the outside of the curse enchantment, but it is not good to have squad patrol. With Rong Ji’s dislike of himself, he will inevitably take his own whereabouts.

Without further ado, you must make a quick decision.

The ink burned in place for a while, and the wave of soldiers who walked back and forth immediately went straight to the second floor. On the second floor, there was also a guard standing, crossing the □ to stop the ink.

"Stand up, what?"

"I am new to change the job today, on the first floor."

The guard frowned. "Then you are waiting on the first floor, what are you doing on this floor?"

The ink burned or lifted Chu to come to knock on the door bricks. Unexpectedly, this guard not only did not buy his account, but sternly said: "Even if Mr. Chu of Shunfeng Building is doing it? As long as he enters the palace, he will be owned by the four kings. If he wants to save his relatives, he will go and find the four kings. I can't take it!"

The ink burned secretly, and this guy was more intelligent than the one downstairs. He had to swear by his head: "I don't have to take him away today. But I have to take a look at whether I have found it wrong. People?"

"This is not easy? You told me the name, I will help you check. Why do you need to go in."

"..." The smoldering felt anxious, screaming with anger, and said, "Chu Ning. He is called Chu Ningning."

The guards were supposed to check the roster. When they heard the three words, they dropped the roster.

When the ink burned him, he suddenly felt a bunch of uneasiness in his heart and asked, "What's wrong? What's the problem?"

"What's the problem?" The guard sneered and asked, and then said, "You are really new and don't know how to be high. The four kings are coming to the palace today to enjoy the beauty. I have already seen this Chu Xianjun. If it is not the first seven people, The three souls have not yet gathered, and can't be brought to the fourth floor of Hell. I am afraid that he will be offered to the Ghost King this evening. You want him with me? You have any questions."

When the ink burned half of the time, he was already stunned. When the guards finished speaking, he said for a long time: "Is the four ghost kings watching him?"

"how?"

"...nothing. Then forget it, harass." The ink burned and turned over, and went downstairs for two steps. Then when the other party did not react, the martial arts had already condensed in the palm of his hand and suddenly turned over. Guard the neck!

Red light glare, flashing past.

The so-called Shenwu, can hurt the ghost can kill God, the guard only had time to see the scarlet willow leaves in front of the eyes, heard this newcomer all resentfully said: "You really do not dare to rob people with the ghost king! "There is a sudden loss of wisdom and coma."

The ink burned his hands and cast the method, and tied him tightly. The mouth was sealed and kicked to the side, and he rushed to the end of the walkway.

At the end of the three, each is a solitary soul of Chu.

But I don’t know why, but I don’t know why it’s in my heart. I don’t even know how it feels like he has such a strange feeling. He slams open the door because he runs too fast and gasps. Standing in front of the second small pavilion.

He gasped, and a long, shattered ink hangs in front of his eyes. He forgot to open it, only to lie inside -

Rong Jiu said it was good.

This is a single room of the same size as the animal cage. The walls are clear and everything is dead gray.

The man in Wei Litou looked very warm, like the flame in the cold white.

Not every "tribute" is locked, at least not late. Perhaps because he has been seen by the four kings, the guards did not dare to offend. On the ground of his room, there was even a white fur felt, thick and soft, like a new snow in the winter.

Chu nightning is lying on the felt and sleeping. This person seems to kill and dare. In fact, there is always some restlessness in the heart. This is most obvious when he is asleep. He is always used to squatting and shrinking himself very small.

It seems that I am warming myself, and I seem to be afraid of who owns the empty space. The thin person seems to be pitiful.

This soul is different from the human soul. There is no blood on his face. The clothes on the body were also changed. They wore a red silk dress with a brocade, a wide robe, a large sleeve, a dragon and a phoenix, and a golden butterfly.

The smoldering was almost squatting forward, falling beside him, stretching his trembling hand, and stroking the face of Chu.

"Late Ning..."

It’s not the teacher’s respect that comes out of it, but the last time he used to call him.

Hate the blood of the sea, into the bones.

Chu Xiaoning was picked up by him, faint, and only woke up for a long time.

Open your eyes, but I saw that I was leaning against my ink, and the young, childish face in front of me had such concerns. He thought it might be a dream, so he frowned, half sighed, and closed his eyes again.

"Master!"

Someone called him in the ear.

This is not a late call.

"Master! Master!"

Chu night, Ning 蓦 睁 open the eyes, although the face has not changed, but the fingertips have betrayed him, shivering slightly.

In the next moment, the ink burned his hand and put it on his face. He was crying and laughing. The handsome five senses became so embarrassing and rude.

"Master," he whimpered, his eyes staring at him as if he couldn't say anything, and he couldn't stop repeating it. "Master..."

Chu nightning was held tightly by him, and finally he came back to the gods. He felt uncomfortable in the subconscious, so he broke his ink and got up and stared at him.

For a long time, I don’t speak a word.

Suddenly angry.

The ink burned and did not react. Chu’s hand was taken away, and then the backhand was slap in the face of the ink, and the black-browed anger was vertical and the sword was arrogant.

"Bick, how are you dead?!"

The ink burned open his mouth, just want to explain, but suddenly saw the moonlight, Chu night Ning angry but Sheng, but the eyes under the long eyelashes are forbearing, sad, seems unwilling, there seems to be a touch It’s the endless water color. After he finished, he bit his lower lip and locked the choking that made him feel humiliated and embarrassed.

Some people broke a hole, and they wanted to let the whole world know that he was injured.

However, some people are arrogant and arrogant. Those who suffer from grievances and pains, even if they will be full of throat and blood, will also be swallowed up and not told.

He did not say that the ink burned was not known before.

I know it now, I only feel very distressed.

He wants to hold the night.

But Chu Xiaoning pushed him away, hoarsely: "Roll."

Chu night Ning side face, a layer of chills to cover the heartache.

"You died at a young age, what face to see me."

"Master respect..."

"Get out." Chu nightning turned his face even more. "You and my mentoring have been broken. I am under the jade, not to accept the waste of the dead."

In the prime of life...

I was saddened by the burning of the ink. I listened to him so seriously and reprimanded himself. Suddenly, I felt that my heart was warm, and it seemed that there was spring water flowing out. He took a picture of his forehead and then covered his eyes. He couldn't help but bitter and sweet, and smiled sourly.

Chu Xiaoning heard his chuckle, but he was very angry. He turned back and said: "What are you laughing at, you--" He was angry and went to fan and slap, but his hand was caught by ink.

The young, warm eyes slowly groaned, did not speak, but took his hand and solemnly covered his chest.

Chapter 114

thumping. thumping. thumping.

The heartbeat is both heavy and slow.

Chu Evening also blinked and blinked, his eyes surprised and delighted, and the shackles and flashes passed. The elders of Yu Heng are really elders of Yu Heng. They have been cold for ten years. It is more calm than anyone else to clean up their faces. Soon they will accumulate too much emotion. It seems that the person who is disappointed by the disappointment is not him.

"You are not dead, what to do down."

When I asked for the export, Chu Jingning regretted it.

It’s true that you are burning yourself like this. However, if the ink burned his mouth and said this to himself, Chu Xi Ning felt that he would be afraid of a heartbeat stall.

Under his nervousness, he forgot that he was dead and could have a heart.

I can burn it straight and stare at him, but I don’t speak like this.

He probably understood that if he said "I am coming for you", it would make Chu late and feel helpless.

So he was slightly indulged, and finally licked his lips, but instead hangs his eyelashes and gently asks: "What do you think me do?"

"...you can't find yourself down."

"When did the teacher change his name and he was uncomfortable?" The ink smiled. "I don't tell me."

Chu night Ning seems to have been tempered by the gentleness he has never had before, and he quickly took another hand and was very angry and angered: "The nonsense is really arrogant."

Ink burning finally found a secret.

He found that the anger of Chu Xiaoning was a mask of his. This person is too awkward, and is willing to cover the face of this tooth dance with the oil mask on the face, covering all the waves, whether it is gentle, happy, open, shy, sad.

So stupid.

Chu night Ning silly, fake face wearing a lifetime, not too tired.

I am also stupid, and I have lived for two lifetimes from the beginning.

But when you say something like this, the atmosphere is no longer as dignified as it is. The four souls of Chu, Ning, have been found, and they are born again.

The ink burns in a good mood, and pulls the night, but he doesn’t let go. He tells me why he came to the local government and talked about the master of sin. When he talked about some things, he couldn’t help but stop. The throat whimpered and dissipated, and then red eyes, continue to say. In his explanation, the three most words appearing inside are "not right."

Chu night Ning really does not know what to say.

He treats people well, not because he wants to take this kind of good in exchange for anything, but also that others have received his good, and he is uneasy.

In fact, he was afraid that he would be passionate about himself, offering a steaming heart and lungs, but he was left behind by the other side.

Therefore, although he is bright and upright, he is hiding from the festival of human beings.

He wore a mask for a lifetime.

But one day, the person he liked reached out and straightened the anger of his face, as if he had taken off his crab shell.

He stood in the same place and suddenly did not know what to do.

In the midst of ecstasy, the ink burned down before him, and one hand still held his hand, as if he was afraid that he would disappear.

Chu nightning has a moment of ridiculous and shameful thoughts.

His apprentice has always been timid, and he does not follow the common sense. He is suddenly treated with ink and his hands are treated like this. He actually feels that the other person seems to want to do something.

"..." He was a little bit stunned by his own thoughts, his face became more and more gloomy, he didn't know what face to face, he had to habitually cold.

But the ink did not do anything, he just took him, like the treasure that was lost.

That was the man who had been abandoned in his previous life.

"Master."

All hatred is behind, he is kneeling before him, sincere, respectful, and even hot.

"I used to be wrong. I said that I will go east in the future. If you say West, I will go west. I just want you to be good." Xu is deep in love. Although the ink is still laughing, his eyes are a little moist. "You go back with me. Okay?"

Chu night Ning did not speak, his face was as light as water, and his heart was smoldering.

"Master."

The voice of the youth is soft, soft, with some youthful charm.

When ink burns a person, it is true hate.

But to be a good person, it is good to be attentive.

He has always been paranoid and has always been extreme.

"Go back with me, you promise me, okay?"

Chu night Ning still did not move, only faintly looked at him, I do not know what to think.

I was afraid that he was not happy, so I was saddened in my heart, but my face was still laughing, trying not to make myself too embarrassed, and to add to the teacher. He took his hand and shook it, teasing him and yelling at him: "If the teacher is willing, he will nod."

"..."

I was afraid that he would never nod, and thought again: "I count three times, can I?"

"..."

"If you don't talk to the teacher, I will promise you." The ink burned softly and said softly, and he slowly counted.

"one two Three."

But Chu Jingning is like a person who has been frozen for a long time. He suddenly put him in warm water. He doesn't feel warm, but hurts.

He used to be a rare person, so he didn't feel uncomfortable when he was frozen. Once someone was waiting for him, and wrapped him warmly, he seemed to have finally had a painful power. Suddenly every inch of flesh and blood hurts. Every inch of skin is splitting.

I feel so painful.

His fingertips shook slightly in the palm of his burning sweat.

When the ink burned, he didn’t say anything, and he became more and more nervous. He was afraid that he would be disheartened and didn’t want to go back to the sun.

But he did not dare to move, afraid of a move, Chu will rather abandon him. He maintained a happy smile and said: "The number is too fast, you should not be ready, I will count it again."

"one two Three."

Chu nightning: "..."

The ink burns his throat and he is shaking. He almost smiled and pleaded: "Master, have you heard that?"

The phoenix of the late night of Chu seems to have finally had some gods, but it still looks stunned and looks at the burning face without any indication.

"I will count it again and again, I am afraid that you can't hear it." The ink burned, "One, two, three."

"..."

"I will count the last time..."

"one two Three."

"It’s really the last time."

"one two Three……"

Chu night Ning seems to be ruthlessly squatting in front of him, over and over again, and fools generally count the number one, two, three, two, three, as if this time again and again, can make time back, Let the dead wood bloom, so people resurrect.

The apprentice in front of him, stubbornly and forcefully counted, clumsy and stubbornly counted, he seems to be counting his sin, counting the master to treat him well.

In the end, the sound is trembling, and the smile is awe.

"Master."

The ink burned his head and his eyes were red, but he had already suffered from the lateness of Chu, and he didn't want to cry in front of the conscious Cu Yuening, and then he was saddened.

So he endured, still laughing, negotiating a relaxed tone.

"I will count it again, you rationalize me, okay?"

Chu night Ning was suddenly pleaded by him, stabbing his heart like a knife.

He was almost stunned, and he had to pull his hand out of the fingertips.

But this time the smoldering gripped him and said nothing to let go.

The young man is firm, slow, and his eyes are staring at him, like a dog's attachment.

He said: "One, two, ..."

Suddenly, the outside came a rush of footsteps, shouting, cursing, and Chu Ning suddenly looked up and looked down to the downstairs like a sea. The mighty squadron chased over and rushed to where they were.

After all, Rong Ji still caught the opportunity to inform.

"Where! Upstairs! Upstairs!"

"Catch the little thief!"

"It’s the opposite of the sky!"

The rushing and rushing, the torches and the ghost imagery are rolling from a distance, and they are going to be swallowed up and killed by two of them.

The ink burned but did not look back. At that moment, he held the hand of Chu Xiaoning, and suddenly it was very quiet.

Although Chu Xiaoning is not his lover, but he is loved, respected people, who love him, treat him well. He looked at him and his heart was steady.

Chu night reprimanded him: "Are you fainting?! What are you doing?"

He said, holding back the ink-burning hand and picking him up from the ground. His eyes were burning in the light of the lights, and he was no different from the time of life. Chu night Ning frowned and said: "Go!"

The ink burned a bit: "Are we?"

Chu night Ning is extremely annoyed: "Who can be?!"

When the ink burned, he shuddered and closed his eyes, and then he opened it again, and then he smiled. The smile was very good, and the eyes were still stained with water, like the flowers of the dewdrops, and the splendor.

Finally, he finally breathed a sigh of relief and clasped Chu’s fingers.

Ten fingers are handed over.

He resisted the forehead of Chu Yuning, whispered and solemnly said: "Three."

"Three three! Go!"

There was no end to the end of the devil, and the ink burned back. I was a little anxious: "Master, first open an enchantment block! Then I will take you to the soul-light!"

"will not."

“...啥?!” The ink burns like a chicken.

Chu night Ning cold face, but still a little embarrassed, angry and angry: "If I still have mana, can you be trapped in this broken cage?"

"..."

Got it.

The soul of Chu Xiaoning, the missing is "repair".

Because the soul is in the soul of the soul, you need to sing a curse undisturbed, although it is not long, but this situation is absolutely impossible, the ink can only pull the night run.

Fortunately, the late night of Ning Xiu was lost, but his skills are still there, and he will not drag his legs. The two men took the road and ran, followed by a savage savage savage, ran to the entrance of the main hall, Chu night Ning asked: "Do you recognize the road?"

Ink burning: "I don't know."

Chu nightning: "..."

The ink burned but not discouraged, referring to the towering palace wall: "Go above and see clearly."

Fortunately, the late night of Ning was light and solid, and even if it was not repaired, the flying raft was still not a problem. He floated on the tile and looked down at the corpse and roared and smothered it. He said to the ink: "You will see the ghost!"

The ink burned according to the words, the palms rubbed together, and a glaring scarlet radiance was like a snake screaming, and suddenly slammed out, the red willow leaves twirled, and the sacred willow was coiled around his feet.

"Aura is over five miles, enter the pool, gather Shangyang, and pump down."

brush!

Chu night Ning seems to suddenly think of something, added: "Less less spiritual power."

The ink burned and heard a word, and it was too late to wait for the news.

Only heard the loud noise of the bang, the snake smashed at the moment of the smashing, like a dragon that swallowed the flame, and roared from the ink to the palm of the hand. The flames of the flaming raccoon almost wiped out the entire corridor, with the fire moving to the stars, and the clouds rose out of Dinghu. In the blink of an eye, dozens of soldiers who will bite at the forefront will be attached to the bricks and trees, and they will be burned clean!

Chu nightning: "..."

Ink burning: "..."

"It's not for you to inject less spiritual power!"

"When you said, I have already..." Suddenly I thought that I couldn’t talk to the Master, I would respect it, and I would shut up my voice. "The teacher respects the lesson."

"But it." Chu night Ning a smack of sleeves, "I am too late to say."

Ink burns a glimpse - the original teacher must be soft, just take the trouble to take it over yourself?

He blinked and smiled.

Chu night Ning slammed him: "What a smirk, still not going?"

Chapter 115

"Walk away." The ink burned, and suddenly thought of something, the face was sorrowful, "Master, I killed so many sinisters, the ghost world is afraid to play with us."

"No problem." Chu said that "the trick is not to make the opponents fly away. They just broke the soul, and they will gather again in a few days."

The ink burned the words and looked at it carefully. Sure enough, I saw a little bit of soul and shattering in the smoldering smoldering, floating like a firefly. Not too many, Chu nightning has already pulled him and said: "Run."

After the wreckage of the wall was a group of more violent rags, and the night of the dynasty and the burning of the ink on the Biva scorpion, the ink ran while asking: "Master, since they will not die, Can't offend the ghost world, why don't you let me inject more spiritual power to knock them back?"

Chu night Ning said coldly: "You can only try again."

Although the ink burned did not know why he said this, but still tried it. Unexpectedly, this time it was only a small cluster of fireworks. It seems that the ghosts are very tired, and there is still the momentum of the towns and rivers.

"The more you have the energy, the longer you need to rest." Chu said, "I can't pass it. Can you remember?"

"remembered."

After a pause, the ink burned.

"Master. I suddenly remembered one thing, guess what I thought of?"

"what?"

"I think in the Taoyuan illusion, you also taught me to make the vine whip. At that time you were particularly short." The ink burned and grinned, and he took a hand and gestured. "I can't even get my waist."

Chu night Ning heard the words, suddenly was stunned.

"Be careful!"

"Get out of the way." If he is still alive, Chu's ear roots should be red, and he is angry and angry. "You will be so good, and you are taller than Xia Shi, why not compare with me?"

He burned and laughed. He didn't compare with him. Now he is taller than his body. It is no longer as high as the color of the butterfly town, but it is just a flat.

He Yu Guang took the teacher's respect and secretly wrote down a note. After a few years, his heart was completely finished, and he must compare and compare the nights.

Here, the emperor is playing a small abacus, and the jade balance is complicated in the evening.

Although he probably guessed that the ink was already clear that he was the subject of Xia Si, he listened to him and said that he still felt a big face and had no place to rest.

After all... he was screaming at his head and shouting at the "Shi Ge".

The more I want to be more and more sorrowful, the more I want to be more angry, Chu nightning runs faster, and burns the ink behind.

The ink burns his mind, and he is not in a hurry to chase. He only keeps half a step away and firmly follows him. They fled against the whistling night wind, watching the man who was close at hand, red clothes bullying, such as 堕枫流霞, the gold jewels on the robes embroidered vividly, with the robe swaying more and more colorful.

There was a bitter bitter and sweet lame in his heart.

At this moment, he was grateful. He could still see Chu Yuning, and he was also taught by Chu Xiening as he used to.

In a few years, if he is smooth, he can still lower his head, smile and sigh with sorrow and sigh: "The disciple is taller than the teacher, and the disciple stands, and the master can step on the foot."

His heart is very warm and hot, just thinking that God really wants him not to be thin.

Not everyone has made a mistake, can have the opportunity to start all over again, and not everyone is hurt, can be tolerant and forgiving.

His master is a cold-hearted person, and it took him so long to know.

It also drove two chasing soldiers, and the front entrance of the palace was in sight.

Looking back, the soldiers were far away and could not catch up with them. The ink burned a little loosely, and then the tone was not loose, so I heard a thunder in front.

In the thunderstorm, there was a huge shoulder, and the eight muscles entangled in the shoulders were sturdy. A little fat man wrapped in a white beast, with long hair and lazy behavior, lay on his head, and there was a beautiful woman on the left and right. One was giving him a shoulder and the other was feeding him cherry fruit.

Although this man with a big belly is a soul, but has been cultivated in the flesh, so the fruit is actually eaten with the living, not just to go through and taste.

The man licked his lips, grabbed the beautiful chin, and kissed him with a grin. Then he narrowed his eyes and looked at the night and sighed with a sigh of relief.

"This is really not good. The baby in this king's phase has actually robbed him."

He said, leisurely.

"Xiao Xianjun, who gave you the courage?"

Chu nightning face is blue and green, and his look is extremely ugly.

In fact, he was called "baby" by such a greasy slut. If his mana is still there, he would probably have smashed the scum into a slag.

The burning face is also not good-looking, but knowing that he is now cultivated is not enough to protect the Chu-Lingning while fighting the Ghost King, so he can only talk.

He stepped forward and hugged his fist: "Wang Ye, I can't help but ruin so many of your palace roof tiles, but this person, I want to take it away."

"Oh, what do you take with you when you take it away?" The four ghost kings smiled. "What do you wear on him? I teach you a beggar, that one, called the robe of marriage, in other words, The costumes of our ghosts. He wore my kimono, the ghost of my men, he is not going to the door of the palace, do not believe you try."

After a pause, add a sentence: "If you take him out, I am afraid that the spirit of the robes will be smashed in the ceremonial ceremonies, but you have to think clearly."

The ink burned this and suddenly understood why Rong Jiu said that everyone was tied in the main hall, but Chu Xiening did not. It turned out that this red dress on his body...

Pinching into a fist, ink ignited: "I want to take him away, naturally I can't let the prince suffer. What Wang wants, I try my best."

"This king only wants beautiful people. And recently, the gentle and smooth food is tired, and the king still likes you next to it. It doesn't like to care for people, so it has a taste."

"..."

Seeing the burning of the ink and the late night of the color, the four ghost kings also found it interesting. They sat up slowly and said: "However, to be honest, the king has been in the government for so many years. The first time I saw someone, I will break into me. There is some meaning in the palace. It is a bit interesting. Can you ask curiosity, who are you?"

Ink burning: "He is my teacher."

"The teacher is respected." Ghost Wang spread his hand and smiled. "I thought it was a relationship to die."

Ink ignited: "...he doesn't like you, what is your use?"

The ghost king is lazy and waving: "Childish, like not to like, how important it is. The king is in his flesh and does not want his heart."

"..."

"There is another one." Ghost Wang smiled. "He doesn't like me. Do you like you? If he is your person, I really have no interest. Although the king loves beauty, he really doesn't love it." It’s a drink, but it’s a pity that he’s just your master.”

In this case, the ink burned and heard it first, then suddenly laughed.

"Wang Ye is serious?"

"The Lord of the fourth floor of the king's palace, lie to you a little devil to do."

"Then I ask one more question, if the master has a wedding license, and then put on the prince, this can still be used effectively?"

"Nature is useless. The king never likes to play with people, husbands, and wives." The four ghost kings frowned. "But what do you ask for this? Are you a master?"

Chu night Ning wants a face and says: "No."

The ink burned a shameless face and said: "It is."

Four ghost kings: "..."

When he was not late, he said more, and the ink burned his hand suddenly. He took him and went to the main entrance. While walking, I turned back to the four ghost kings: "Wang Ye, you don't care about him, my teacher is not good at remembering. You see that you just said, if he becomes a pro, this Jifu will not work. We don't grind the skin. I brought him out. If I walked out smoothly, I asked the prince to let us live a path. If I lie, it is life and death."

Chu night Ningdao: "Ink burned - you are crazy? At the beginning of the butterfly town, but it is a play, not at all -"

"How can it be counted?" The ink-burning resolutely decided, but it was very calm. "The wine is also drunk, and the head is also smashed. There is a back soil under the high hall. Why not?"

"Ink burning...!"

The Ghost King has been in the land for thousands of years, and he has been a bit tired. He suddenly saw such a dispute and felt very funny. He sat

down and held it up. He patted the beautiful woman's thigh next to her, let her feed her own fruit, and chewed and said: "Cheng, you go. If you go out, I will stop you. If it is dead, it is also ask for it."

Ink burning: "Thank you."

The main entrance of the palace is covered with a layer of enchantment that flashes a faint purple light. It is obviously used by the ghosts. The closer Zhou Chuning is to the enchantment, the more reluctant it is. How can the half-brieze marriage be done...

But the ink burned near him at this time, and whispered to him: "The teacher must be worried, you and my marriage, it will work."

"How is it working?!"

"You listen to me once. I have a lot of things in this matter." He said, the backhand clasped the fingers of Chu's late night, and there was sweat in his palm.

"If it is unfortunate, I will accompany the Master."

Chu night Ning was shocked, and his eyes widened, and he stared at him, as if he had never cleared his eyes.

The ink burned and smiled at him, and the pear vortex melted: "I owe a lot to the Master. This time, I will not stay in the Master."

"..." Chu Xi Ning is silent for a long time, whispering, "Why."

"What about the Master? Why?"

Chu night is stunned, and then sighs gently, and finally no longer pushes. The two joined hands in the enchantment of the purple current ,, behind them are sitting and watching the lively charm.

"go?"

"go."

I don't know who first tightened the hand, then the force, the cold stack of hot, sweaty wrapped in dry, pale against the wheat.

The skyfire is on the rush, and the thunder and lightning are lingering.

The enchantment is like a huge torrent of water and a waterfall. They are almost at the same time. The electric phoenix flutters down and smashes the mountains and rivers like bamboo. It seems that the next two seconds will tear the two people who dare to step on the dead door and smash them into pieces. , burned to ash.

The thunder burst into flames, dazzling to almost white.

When I see it, I will fall on the two people. Although the ink burns before this, my heart always thinks that I should respect the teacher and love the teacher from now on. I can’t rebel, and I can’t have any mourning and defilement.

However, at this moment of extinction, he suddenly turned his head, and suddenly he would like to see the face of Chu Yuning again.

However, it was discovered that in the turbulent rain formed by the enchantment, Chu Nighting was also looking at himself.

The eyes of the two phoenixes have been fierce, decisive, deplorable, hateful, and forbearing... and this moment seems to have the tranquility that everything will go out.

Also, I don't know if it is his illusion.

There is also deep feelings.

The smoldering has never seen the eyes of Chu Xiening, his head screaming and screaming, and the buildings in the city are all collapsed. There is a burning love in his chest, and a solid gray rock formation is opened. , broke out of the ground. He didn't even have time to think about what kind of feelings it was. He only felt that the heart was hot and the blood was boiling.

Thunder and lightning, he reached out without thinking, holding Chu night Ning tightly in his arms.

The frantic heartbeat slammed into the trembling soul.

The chest hit the chest.

Before he was in the ghost world, he did not have the idea of dying with Chu Jingning. He always felt that the person he loved was a teacher, and he would die with his life, and he would only be a teacher.

But when the robbery really fell.

He couldn't help thinking, and put him in his arms. He seemed to want to smother the flesh and blood of his opponent into his flesh and blood and hide his soul into his own soul.

Chu nightning.

I'll be with you.

I……

"Oh, I didn't expect it to be a bitter life." Suddenly there was a screaming sound in the ear. "Is this king actually caught the wrong ghost? This Xianjun is actually the soul of the Lord who has been married and worshipped." ?"

The ink burns and blinks.

The lightning that should have shattered them did not know when it turned into thousands of dandelions, and they fluttered around them and floated back to the snow.

The four ghost kings stood up and smiled, standing still not far from the palace gate, and clap their hands slowly: "It’s boring for hundreds of years, but today I saw a good show."

Chu nightning: "..."

The ink has not returned to God, and his head is still faint. Look at the four ghost kings and turn to look at the people in your arms. Suddenly realized that he was holding a teacher like this, he took over his hand. Chu nightning also returned from the shackles, he turned his face, I do not know how it looks.

After a while, I rectified the dress and stood aside without saying a word.

In order to break the shackles, the ink burned and asked the four ghost kings: "How, never swindle the prince."

"No, never."

The four ghost kings shook their heads like a smile.

"One day after another, how long have you not seen such a hustle and bustle. After all, I will let you watch a good show and go on your own. There are so many beautiful people in Wang, and there is no shortage of souls that have already become married." ""

The ink burned immediately and the heart was cheerful. I thought: These four kings can be more frank than the nine kings that had been met by Chu. Although it is a **** demon, but a good rumor is a must, there is a prince looks like.

He thought so, pulling Chu will rather go.

At this time, the clouds in the sky were scattered, and the moonlight was burning on the body, and it was quietly cast a dark shadow.

The four kings did not react at the beginning, but they were still smiling. Because they looked at a rare and lively self-satisfaction, he turned and gestured to the beauty next to him and fed him a grape.

The beauty fingertips peeled off the purple purple peel, and handed the sweet and sweet flesh to the lips of the four kings. The four kings wanted to open their mouths and suddenly felt that they were wrong. They suddenly turned back and said: "Stop!"

His eyes fixed on the shadow of the ground, his eyes lifted one inch and one inch, and finally fell to the face.

"...you look, what is on the ground?"

The ink burned coveted, and this suddenly found that there was still a vague shadow in his feet!

The four kings’ playful expressions were swept away, and he picked up his narrow eyes, which shimmered with the luster before the food.

"You have a living flesh and blood, can you get hell?"

Chapter 116

Chu Xiu Ning saw the ghosts in the hands of the ghost king, immediately pushed a piece of ink, said: "Run!"

Where is the use of him to talk about the second time, the ink burned the arms of the late night, and the two rushed to the palace gate.

The direct sigh of ink gas: "The curse of the Master of Sin is really not meticulous. How can I leave a shadow for me and teach people to see the handle!"

When I heard my apprentice yelling at my master, Chu Evening did not know why there was not much reaction. Only Yu Guang took a look at the ink and wanted to say something, but he did not say it.

"Want to escape?" The four kings yelled at the back. "Which is so easy."

Both of them were very good at both, and they saw that the palace gates would be completely closed. The two men stepped on the wall and swayed. At the same time, the four kings summoned the thunder. He waved his hand and thundered in the sky and landed at the palace gate. On the top, in the

meantime, the palace wall, which was originally only a few tens of feet high, suddenly rose up and seemed to be connected to the sky.

The palace gate was also closed at a very fast speed, and it was sealed down.

The ink slammed and slammed, and pulled the night of the night, and turned around, and couldn’t get out of the palace door. It’s just not caught by the four ghost kings.

This can be counted as he is beating, the kings of the ghosts have their own strengths, each has its own shortness. Although the four ghost kings are powerful, they are probably ridiculous for thousands of years. The body bones are really no stronger than other kings. Don’t let him run one mile. Let him run fifty steps, he can snoring and panting.

Upholding the ability to sit and never sit, can sit and never stand to enjoy the iron, the four ghosts lazy for thousands of years, lazy to become a light work waste.

He saw that Chu Ning and the ink burned farther and farther, and could not help but be furious, but because this goods often searched the beauty of other kings in hell, the relationship with other eight kings was not too good, so something went out. Not willing to inform the kings to join forces.

"There is nothing to run fast, this king is full! But you can't escape the palm of your hand!" The four ghost kings touched their own intestines, and some

of the grievances were aggrieved, and they looked back and shouldered for themselves. The eight brave husbands are still unmoving and even more unhappy. "What are you standing on? The king's legs are noble and inconvenient to chase. Don't you chase?"

"..."

These four ghost kings are said to be a beautiful man when they are thin. Because they haven’t tasted the deliciousness of the human body for a long time, they are overeating after eating the body, sitting and eating, lying down, eating, eating and eating, even if the land is the busiest time. It’s too late to write, and it’s too late to write. It’s not about being responsible for grinding the paper, but for giving him fresh fruit and feeding the cake.

In this way, a good-looking man, a beautiful man, is hard to make himself a fat man. Although he has a good foundation, how to eat it will not be too fat, but it always goes away. After that, the four ghost kings threw all the mirrors in the palace. The most unhappy to hear on weekdays was the words "fat" and "fat". It is said that there was a pretty acolyte who sang a little song to him. The sentence is "month and a half, half moon, half moon..."

The last bend has not been said yet, and he was smashed out by the four ghost kings. He also said: "Fat fat! It is not enough to bear your two fats, but also to sing a third one. Don't think that you have opened it. The king can't hear you being derogatory and derogatory, and daring!"

Therefore, although these ghosts who carried the sedan chair were brave, they did not dare to chase after the night and the ink burned. They bowed their heads one by one, complained by the four ghost kings, and finally one of them was smart. They said: "Wang Ye is strong, Wang Ye Those who can't catch up, where can we catch up?"

The four ghost kings took a breath and simply did not chase them. They turned their heads to accompany the servant: "Well, this is a bit sensible... you have a self-knowledge. If you do, just go, pass the king, and go to the palace." The gates are all closed, the palace walls are covered with the curse of the ban, and no flies should be released."

He snorted and spit out the grape seeds that had been contained in his mouth. He said: "I see where they can go."

The ink-burning and Chu-nighting were quick-moving, and the palace was bent around, and soon the ghosts that hunt them were left behind. The two were hiding in a narrow alley, and Chu was rather a ghost. After running for a long time, he would not feel tired. Instead, he burned the flesh and leaned on the wall to breathe.

Chu night, Ning Yu looked down and said: "He sealed the palace."

The ink burned slowly and waved his hand: "It doesn't matter, Master, you come into the sacred light, so that we can return directly to the yang, he must have no way to stop."

Chu Xiaoning nodded, but did not know why, but there was some worry in the eyebrows.

The ink burned without paying attention, and the spirit light was taken out, and the curse was silently recited. However, the golden light flashed several times, and it was quickly extinguished. The soul of Chu Yuning was still standing in front of him, and it was not moving.

“What happened?” The ink burned. “How is it useless?”

The sorrowfulness between the night and the night of Chu was even more obvious. He sighed and said: "As I thought, it is ineffective to transmit the spell here. We are afraid that we can get the palace and then cast the law back to the sun."

"..." The ink burned the words, clenched his lips, his eyes were stubborn, and he was dumb, "I will take you out anyway."

Chu night Ning looked at him and said: "It's faster, the palace is vast, the ghost is not easy to find you, but there is no water, no food, no power, no support, you can't support too many days."

The ink burned: "I can stand up to hungry and come from childhood."

After a while, wait until the surroundings are completely quiet, the two out of the alley, walking on the empty bluestone long street, the cool moon is like water, soaked and returned. One has a shadow, one has no shadow, and walks side by side.

Ink burning: "Master."

"..."

"Just at the door, offended you, can't help."

Chu nightning seems to squint, then drop the eyelashes, his eyes are cold: "Nothing."

"The situation is forced, and in words... there are also offenses and they can't help."

Chu nightning: "..."

"It’s wrong to say that you are married, or you can’t help it."

Chu night Ning suddenly stopped, cold and cold: "When you want to apologize to when? Will not say something else?"

"Other?" The ink burned, thinking quite seriously for a while, and carefully changed the word, "That... I am sorry?"

"..."

Chu night, Ning squatting away.

Poor ink burned and didn't know that he was upset by the other words, but he was afraid of disturbing him, and he was afraid to say more to make the teacher more annoyed. He scratched his head in the same place and honestly followed up.

"Master."

"Ok?"

The ink burned away halfway and couldn't help but ask: "Have you ever had any karma?"

Chu night, a meal, turned back and asked: "How to say?"

"I found another soul in your ghost world. That is to say, you have more souls than ordinary people... I used to see Chu in the SF Building, I asked him, he said that it is more The soul that came out should not be what you originally had." The ink burned some hesitation. "But with the human body, I did see four masters, so I think... the master is It’s not what happened before..."

Chu Xiaoning was silent for a while, and seemed to think of something. The bottom of the light was bright and moving, but then he closed his eyes and said, "It should not."

He paused. It seemed to be somewhat doubtful and hesitant. He then asked: "I really have four souls?"

"Ok."

"..."

Chu Evening did not know why this was. He thought for a while and sighed: "This is not something I can answer, and it has no effect on the left and right. Let him go."

While continuing to walk carefully along the path of the secluded path, the two explored the magical power of the four ghost kings to seal the entire palace.

"Where the enchantment is, there must be a loophole in the soft."

Chu said that when he came to a tower, his fingers stroking the rough wall, and the wall was covered with a shredded blue luster. He captured the flowing stream under the masonry, but because of him There is no magic ability at the moment, and it feels very laborious. After a long while, Chu Xiing has some sorrowful hands and shakes his head.

"I am incomplete and weak, and I don't know how to break through for a while."

Ink ignited: "Would you like to teach me, I will give it a try?"

"If you don't, the enchantment technique is complicated and you can learn it in a day or two."

Ink burning asked: "Where is the general point of weakness of the spell enchantment? We have to try one by one."

"...the weaknesses of each enchantment are not the same. Nothing is usually not normal. If one is measured one by one, I really don't know when to wait."

"Don't try to know." The ink burned and laughed. "Is it possible that my luck is particularly good?"

Chu night Ning is trying to say something, suddenly Yu Guang smashed into the corner of a shaking white shadow, his eyebrows pressure, habitually will summon the day to ask, the result of reaching out, nothing can not summon, can not help but face worse , Li said: "Who?!"

The white shadow is about to escape.

Where did the ink burn give him this opportunity, immediately flew past, slammed the ghost, and blinded the ghost and nose, so that he could not call, and then twisted his hands to the back and slammed it on the ground. He fixed his eyes and couldn't help but anger.

"Rong Jiu...!"

The young and delicate white squatting on the ground, such as the willows of the wind, but the eyes are stunned, he does not care, he does not say anything.

Ink burned and said: "You want to tell the secret again? You really shouldn't I kill you?!"

Chu night Ning came over, he did not see Rong Jiu, looked down and asked the ink: "Do you recognize him?"

I don’t know what to say when I burned my heart. My heart was guilty of stealing and swindling in the past. I was taken to the court of good and evil by the late night. It was because of Rong Ji’s case that he only felt that Chu’s heart was so hot that he complained. It was quite deep, but the old account book was now in front of him, but he was self-confident.

Chu nightning did not feel the same, but said that this person is an old knowledge of ink burning, said: "Since you are coming with you, then don't leave him in this palace, wait for the way to go out, take Let him go together."

He said, and carefully looked at Rong Jiuyi: "It's a good person, and the early reincarnation is the right thing."

Ink burning: "..."

Rong Jiu was still somewhat flustered. He heard what he said. He first glimpsed and then smiled. He leaned over the soft eyes and went to swear: "Is this the teacher?"

"What teacher respects, is the teacher respected by you?" The ink gas is gone, "I am a teacher!"

Rong Jiu’s heart was filled with resentment, and he was relieved of his heart. He slowly said: “Oh, my master.”

"you--!"

This is the second time, Chu night Ning smashed out something wrong: "Ink burn, you have a holiday with him?"

"I……"

Rong Ji smiled and said: "Good teacher, you can not murder him, I am not a holiday with him, and some old friendships."

He said that the ambiguity, but the tone is extremely exhaustive, Chu night rather did not make a sound, the eyes are slightly stunned, the lips are gradually picking up, squatting up very indifferent, but the gloom between the eyebrows is impossible to hide. The size of Rong Jiu is soaked in the head of the corrugated, the most meticulously observing the color, Chu Yuning this pure temper, the emotion between the eyes and the tip, how can escape his eyes?

The heart was slightly surprised. He used to burn this romantic seed. He was daring to cherish his own master. He saw the real person, but he did not seem to be a single-hearted unrequited love.

... The life and death are really dirty.

Even if the situation is in jeopardy, Rong Ji still can't help but sigh, and feels disgusting and amazed. The men's double repair in the comprehension world is not anecdote, but it is also very incompetent, and the ink rain is the son of a dead child. Actually, he was engaged with his own teacher. If it was passed out, Xue Zheng’s face would not know where to go.

Rong Jiu took a pair of charming and charming peach eyes, and looked up and down the night, and was preparing to say a few more words to add fire, but the other side spoke first.

"Death is dead, there is nothing to talk about in the old friendship."

"Isn't this the fairy king asking me?" Rong Ji smiled. "I answered the truth."

"Whoever asks you." Chu night Ning cold and cold, "I asked him from the beginning."

"He" refers to who is naturally self-evident, and the tone of the sparkling spirit in the tone, the meaning of the line with Rong Ji can not be clearly defined. The ink burned and listened to Chu’s night, leaning on himself, his heart was wide and his chest was hot. He wanted to say a few words to him. He was not close, and Chu Ning was angry and looked back.

"How do you deal with it yourself and do it yourself."

But the ink is burning in my heart, but I haven’t let it go. I’m afraid that this person will give them a scorpion when they turn back, and ventilate the letter, don’t let him go, take it with a fire/medicine bucket. As soon as I said something that should not be said, I am afraid that I can kill the night. After tangling for a while, see Chu Yuning went to the side to see the enchantment of the four ghost kings, and burned a plaque that smashed up the ninth, and lowered the voice:

"What do you want?"

"My heart is blocked, not calm." Rongjiu's eyelashes trembled thinly, and there was a shimmering light inside. "I just can't understand you. This wicked person can come from the beginning."

The ink burned knows that Rong Ji is not the kind of damage that hurts others. This guy has only done things that hurt others' self-interest. Even if they resent, it is the most important thing for him to live in comfort. He has no reason to run out and follow them at the risk of smog.

His eyes swept away and fell to the feet of Rong Jiu.

The pair of shoes that are too slender and white are wearing shoes, one is not wearing, and the mud is stained on the feet, which is obviously the result of rushing to escape.

The ink burns your eyes: "To tell the truth."

Rong Jiu: "I didn't say it? The truth is that I can't understand it--"

"You have to make another idea to lie to swear at me. I immediately blocked your eyes and blocked them. I was thrown into the hole. You are already a soul. You are hungry and hungry in the air. You can’t escape. If you are lucky, Three or five days have patrolled to find you, bad luck, you are ready to stay in the well for ten years and eight years." Ink burned, whispered, "you look at it."

Rong Jiu really changed color.

For a long while, he said: "I changed my mind. I don't want to stay here. You have to take me out."

"Why, don't you want to be your ghost?"

"..." Rong Ji bite his lip and then raises his head in angrily. "I have to live a normal life and start again." He took a deep breath and said, "I want to reincarnate."

"Okay. Then I will ask you again. Did you tell me the secret of the patrol before, let them know my trace?"

"..."

"You don't say, I have a way to judge you." The red light flashed in the hands of the ink, whispered, "said."

"Yeah, it’s my whistle, but what about it." Rong Jiu raised his chin and his eyes were filled with grievances. "If I don't want to give them directions, can I run out?"

The smoldering fiercely loosened his clothes, and he smirked with anger: "You will fall into the grave, your uncle."

"I will still have blood-sucking people." Rong Ji slowly refreshed his dress, and glanced at the night of Chu, rather than far away, "Mo Xianjun, who cares about that person? You used to How do you treat me with me, I will tell him carefully, I don’t need to add any vinegar, what do you think he will do?"

Chapter 117

The meaning of Rong Ji’s saying this means that Chu will rather feel uncomfortable and will be jealous and will not be able to stand it.

However, the ink burned but did not know that the feeling that Chu Ning had always had for him was actually love. He pondered these words and felt that Rong Jiu had to explain his own accounts to Chu Xiening, and the apprentice was so ridiculous. I listened to Master one by one, and the Master’s face still hangs? Not mad at death?

Immediately said: "Don't hit his idea!"

Rong Jiu smiled, very charming, obviously a man, but with a cloud of flowers, he said softly: "Then you even protect me, take me away, I will swear, guarantee nothing, but also No mess."

There is no such thing as ink burning, and a slamming sound, turn around and leave. Rong Jiu knew that he was acquiescence and he followed it with joy. The ink burned without taking two steps, jerked back, and the finger volleyed at him. He whispered: "Rong Jiu, if you are not honest, I promise you that even if you turn back to the well, you will not be able to touch it."

Rong Jiuyan looked at Mei Xing and said: "You don't commit me, I don't commit you, you don't bully me, I promise to be honest. Mo Xianjun, what kind of person am I, you still don't know? You are my old Have you been a guest?"

"..." It is said that the previous generation of ink burned a set of soft soft words. How disgusting it is now, but he has no choice but to go to the end of the night, and then go to the end of the night. It’s puzzling –

Was it awkward at first?

Song Qiu Tong Rongji... These are all things, how can you see it, can you like it?

If he can be born again in front of his life, he really wants to step on the neck of Xianjun, take a look at the guy’s head and see how much water is soaked in it. This one is called what's up?

Fortunately, Rong Jiufang didn’t say anything, and Chu Yuning’s person was a blank piece of paper on his feelings. Rong Ji’s veteran explained to him with a smile, and Chu’s frowning brows slowed down. Released slowly.

He even thought that the original way was that his mind was not pure, and he misunderstood the meaning of the "old friendship" of this young talent. Although his face did not change, his heart was quite awkward.

Since Rong Ji has come in, he can’t help but he is familiar with this palace. He said: “This street is small, but it is not hidden. If you want to detect the enchantment, please take it to you. a place."

Another place he said was actually a warehouse for storing ghostly woven fabrics. The white linen piled up very high to cover the whereabouts.

The three men found a remote location, and Chu’s fingers seemed to touch the wall of the patient’s veins, trying to feel the enchantment that was full of the palace at the moment.

However, after a long time, it was still impossible to detect. On the contrary, Chu’s soul became weaker and weaker. The ink burned over the back of his hand and removed his palm from the wall. He said, “You take a break.”

Chu Xiaoning was annoyed and helpless, staring at his palm and sulking: "Why is this soul less spiritual?"

"My share is for you, can you?"

"Can't use it." Chu Xiu Ning looked at Rong Jiuyi in the distance and slightly lighted his voice. "You are a human being, I am a ghost, and the yin and yang are blocked."

The place was closed for a while, and Chu Ning began to try again. If he had all three souls and spells in his body, then he could only see the powerful spirit flow into the enchantment, and he could see that the evil spirits of the four ghost kings were weak. Where is it, but he is now very insignificant and barely fits into the enchantment, just like fishing a floating leaf in the ocean, it is too difficult.

After waiting for an hour, Rong Jiu became a little anxious.

He ran over and pulled the ink: "Is it out?"

Ink ignited: "Don't worry, sit here honestly."

"I have to die in a hurry. You give me a word of approval. I can't get out."

"Immediately useless, wait."

Rong Jiudao: "You shouldn't be a very good teacher? Why is it so half a day, there is still no movement."

"His three souls are not gathered, this soul is missing a spell. Can you be quiet?"

Rong Ji listened, it looked a little sad, the eyelashes flickered, and sat back on the pile of white linen.

After another more than one hour, Rong Ji stood up and walked to the side of Chu Yuning: "Xianjun, do you have any other way?"

Chu nightning did not blink, his fingertips still stuck to the wall and said: "No."

"Then, is there any other way to let you recover some spells?"

Chu Xiaoning listened, and for a moment, he asked: "Do you have spiritual power?"

"No..." Rong Jiuwei, "Why did Xianjun ask this question..."

"You have to, pass me some to use."

Rong Jiuxi said: "Is it so easy? Then let the ink fairy..."

Chu nightning interrupted him: "His useless."

Of course, Rong Ji did not know that the ink was not a ghost. He could not use the ink, and the smile on his face immediately froze: "Why?"

"No reason, the attributes are different." Mo-burn knows that Chu is rather not good at lying, he is not the ghost of the truth, let's not let Rong Ji know, so he immediately interrupted his words, "Excuse me if you can go outside to guard If someone comes, please run back and send a letter."

Rong Ji stunned him with a look of anger, but the three men were now a grasshopper on the boat. He had to go to the warehouse door and reluctantly leaned against the door while peeling his fingernails while carrying the doubles. The peach blossom eyes of the smoke and rain swayed out.

The ink burned him and then sat down next to him.

After hesitating for a while, I still felt that I didn’t want to be fooled by the late night, and I said: "Master, I think... I want to recognize you wrong."

"What's wrong with you?"

"That is, you still remember that one year you sent me to the good and evil station to discipline, because I made a crime..." The ink burned, and there was no good intention to say obscenity. The human face is really a very delicate thing. When it doesn't matter, it can be as thick as the Great Wall. Once you care about it, it is as thin as paper.

The ink burned low, very stunned, whispered, "because I made the fourth, ninth, fifteenth commandments."

The fourth ring, theft.

The ninth ring, **** / chaos.

The fifteenth ring, scam.

Of course, Chu will rather not remember, he opened his eyes, but did not look at the burning, only said: "Well."

Taking advantage of the face of Qing Jun's abstinence, the ink burned more and felt nothing, and half a sigh of eyelids hanged down, whispered: "Master, sorry."

Chu Yuening actually faintly guessed what he was going to say. Although he was annoyed in his heart, he had always been clear in the face of his major events. What happened to him was that he hadn’t known it at the moment, he was cold and cold: Haven't all been fined for you? I haven't made it anymore, and now I'm taking it out and doing something."

"Because the outside is the nine...he actually..."

The ink burned no longer, and Chu Ning has not made a sound for a long time.

For a long while, the ink burned and heard the night of Ning Xiaoning sneered: "Is it his?"

"Ok."

He did not dare to look up to see the late night of the Chu, although the death of the sorrow can not help the disciples, the young monk double repair or have a good lover outside, it is normal, but the night is not the same, Chu night Ning Xiu is the way of pure heart, he has always been inferior to the love of the love of men and women.

What's more, when I was not looking for a regular rule to find a lover, I was going to visit the tile...

Xue Zhengyi is a child who may feel indifferent. Anyway, the ink is burning in the year of the weak crown. The repair is not the way to clear the heart. It’s not good to be clear-minded. However, Chu nightning can't stand it.

He would be disgusting. When this kind of reaction was disciplined by the good and evil in that year, the ink burned clearly and clearly saw disgust, inferiority, and disgust from the eyes of Chu.

Even though I have not done the same thing for so many years in the past, nowadays, Rong Jiu actually ran into the ghost world and Chu Ningning. Can Chu Ning’s heart be comfortable? I think this is really a sentence:

Not not reporting, time has not arrived.

He was not afraid that he would beat him at night, even if he couldn’t wait for him to take another day and ask for a meal, as long as he didn’t make any mistakes, as long as he didn’t want to find this old account, it’s hard to find it. The soul of the earth ran away, and if the night of Chu was rather negative, the smoldering might really kill himself.

Therefore, the more he wants to be more uneasy, instead of keeping the fire/drug of Rongji, it is better to go to the late Qing Dynasty and recognize the wrong one.

He thought about it. When he said this, the position of the station was in the direction of the door. If Chu Jingning listened to him and left, he immediately took the big fuss and hugged the people. It doesn't matter if you get angry. In short, you can't let this person fall and disappear.

Here, the ink-burning head is practicing how to block the road of the late night, and the night of the night, the clothes are slightly moving, and the golden red silk forging shines slightly under the dim light.

The burning heart is shaking, he whispered: "Master respects..."

Chu night Ningdao: "The penalty has also been fined, and things have been going on for so long. What do you tell me about this?" He leaned over his eyes, his eyes were cold, his mouth was open and closed, and even some irony, "With me." What?"

I didn't expect him to say something about me...

The ink burned.

Chu night Ning that full of vinegar taste, he did not taste it, he only felt very confused, thought that the master was disappointed with him, unwilling to take care of him again, no longer care about him, when he was anxious, said : "Master, I used to be bad, you don't want to be angry..."

"Why should I be angry and have something to be angry about." Although the words are spoken like this, the more I think about it, the less happy I am. In the end, I will be angry at the end of the night. "I know that you are not so clean, what is old, and still Thinking about getting me?...Give me out."

"..."

"Go out!" Although I know that there is a sour taste in the export, I know that this is an old account, but Chu Ning still whispered unconsciously. "I don't know shame."

The ink burned and did not roll, sitting next to him, a pair of black and white clear and translucent eyes, so straight hooked and stared at him.

Half a sigh said: "I don't go."

Chu night Ning angered: "Go! I don't want to see you at this moment!"

"I don't go." The ink whispered, he insisted, like a broken stone, there was a hateful person, but he looked at the night, but his eyes were red, that hateful, Unprovoked and gave birth to some faint pity and stubbornness.

"I am afraid that I am gone, you will run... Master, don't leave me."

"....."

Chu night Ning did not know that he would think like this.

This matter, although it is a nausea once, but he is not the first time to know it. He knows the culture of the real world. After the weak crown, everyone who does not cultivate a heart, a man, a woman, almost a person People are inevitably a little romantic, nothing strange.

The smoldering is not Xue Meng. Xue Meng was the best cultivated and cared for since childhood. His parents are correct and his family is strict. This is not the case with other family members. But what about ink?

A casual and casual character.

Growing up in the corrugated fence.

Without a father, the mother is a musician.

He is a dog scorpion that nobody cares. Every day, he is so fierce that he is fifteen years old. He was taken back from the muddy pool by his uncle, licking his hair and muddy water.

To say that he is clear and white, a piece of jade, Chu nightning will not be a letter unless it is stupid.

But clearly and clearly, I really saw that the Rong Jiu-nong, who was in the middle of the year, was still being beaten.

He couldn't keep away from the smoldering, and he turned his head and closed his eyes to test his enchantment.

After measuring the test, I couldn't help but think of the small face of Rong Ji's white and delicate melon seeds. Is it very delicate to touch? There is also a pale pink mouth that talks and greets, the ink burns that grandson is bound to kiss, and the waist, the body... He can’t help but think about how the ink burns in the bed and the girl. The stuff is tangled up, it’s disgusting!

Some things sound like one thing, but a real glimpse is totally another matter. If you see it, you can't help but think, the more you think, the more you can't stand it. Chu night, narrowly open his eyes, the end is anger burning, he got up and pushed a piece of ink: "Get out."

"Master respect..."

"roll."

There is no way to burn the ink. I have to lower my head and slowly come out of the warehouse.

Rong Jiu, he came, some strange.

"Hey, Mo Xianjun, how come, have you quarreled with your master?"

The ink burned the roots and didn't want to care for him. At this time, he saw that Rong Ji had a headache. He loved him in his life. It was because Rong Ji was similar to the teacher. After he was born again, he was

entangled with him. It was a resentment and thought. It is uncomfortable to give Rong Jiu.

But no matter what, the way you walked is just like the traces on the stakes.

Ink burning: "Don't sit here, I want to be alone, go to somewhere else."

The entrance to the warehouse is the most dangerous, and Rong Jiu Le has to leave.

But he took two steps, but couldn't help but look back and look at the ink. He suddenly became curious. He didn't know how the ink burned. How did he not see it for a few years? The temper seems to have changed so much, like what was affected. It’s really irritating.

The long eyelashes flicker and flicker, this wonderful person will look up and down on the back of the ink, suddenly felt that it is not right, and then carefully rubbed it again, his eyes will fall on the shadow of the burning foot .....

Rong Ji suddenly stopped.

Chapter 118

There is a shadow in the ink.

He... is not a dead person?

In the mind, the electric flint is flashing a lot of details. If Rong Jiu has flesh and blood, then he must be shocked by the truth, and then the blood will flow into the skull, and the brain will be chaotic.

Rong Jiumu stood stiff for a while. The reaction of a person to a major event often has a lot to do with the environment in which he lives. For example, some people are usually scared birds. When they encounter a change, they are very easy to scare their courage, and like Xue Meng’s pride. I have always been calm, and ordinary things simply can’t surprise him.

And Rong Ji, a person who lived in the mud for a lifetime, experienced the hardships that he experienced in front of the big things. The first thing that comes to mind is whether this will harm himself. If not, how should he do it? Get some benefits.

He soon realized that ink burning is a living person who is mixed into the ghost world. This is really good for himself. It is really too big.

He only shook his smoldering identity, and that was a great achievement. He was sure to find an official and part-time job in the local government. When he was elated, he was so angry that he was eager to wait for his life. After death, I can still pacify, not the body of this man.

This is really a pie that falls from the sky.

What else does he need to do to reincarnate? I will be able to live the most comfortable days, completely turn over the dishes, wash my shame, and come back again.

The peach blossom scorpion picks up slightly, and the inside is shattered, and Rong Jiu can almost see his own official seal. Like the official difference of the ghosts, he sits in the bamboo shoulders of the green gauze, and the old **** is there. Take it easy.

Rong Jiuyu wants to be more gratified, but he turns to thinking and thinking that his own life is weak and weak. It is almost impossible to slip away from the ink-burning eyelids to inform the secret. Need to find a way to let the ink burn yourself?

His brains moved, his eyes fell on the body of Chu Xinning wearing a golden red suit.

"Chu Xianjun."

Rong Ji was seated next to Chu’s late night, holding a donkey and greeting people.

Chu nightning only managed to explore the enchantment, no sound, double eyes cold and cold, eyelashes are like a frosty snow.

"I haven't explored yet?" Rong Ji tried to ask.

After waiting for a while, I saw that Zhou Ning still ignored him, but did not rush him away. Rong Jiu sat on his own, some did not say a few words, then whispered: "Chu Xianjun In fact, just now, I have not told you the truth, I am afraid that you will not look down on me, I will not pity me, I will stay there alone."

Chu nightning's dark eyebrows are very strict. Although he has never spoken, there is a fire between the eyebrows, but now he is still squatting, still restrained, and does not intend to vent.

But this fire, where did you escape the eyes of Rong Jiu?

Rong nine soft and soft voice, soft and weak said: "I just thought about it outside, I feel that I should not lie with Xianjun. I don't want to go to the heart, so I want to come up with Xianjun to recognize a mistake..."

It’s a coincidence that he started this game. The beatings are just like the ink burns. They all want to “make a mistake.”

Chu night Ning was not so disgusting, but once he heard this, he finally opened his eyes, but did not look at the nine, coldly asked: "Which restaurant was in your life?"

Rong Jiuyi: "Xianjun... Did you know?"

He subconsciously glanced at the direction in which the ink burned. The dark passage was not good. The surnamed ink did not intend to sing with the late night of Chu. He was confessed one step at a time. He added a fire at this time and could still move. ?

"I and Mo Xianjun..."

When he didn't finish his words, he was interrupted by Chu Jingning: "I ask you, which restaurant was in your life."

Rong Ji bite his lip: "Xiantaolou in Zizhu Town."

"Well, Xiantaolou." Chu nightning repeated, sneer, and did not make a sound, his face was very powerful.

Rong Ji sneaked at him several times, licked his lips and tried to say: "Chu Xianjun, you will not look down on me?"

Chu nightning: "..."

"I am suffering, my body is weak, and I am being sold to the restaurant. If there is a choice, I don't want to be like Xianjun. I am cool and heroic, except for the konjac." Rong Ji said, sighed, like He muttered, "If after the reincarnation, I can become a hero like Xianjun, that would be good."

"The soul character will not change because of the reincarnation." Chu night Ning faintly said, "Sorry, but we are not all the way."

Rong Ji was blocked by him, and his face was not shaken. He bowed his head and said: "I know that I can't compare with Xianjun. It's just a matter of hope. If you don't give yourself to someone like us. I don’t want to give myself a little thought. I’m afraid I’m in the restaurant for a year and a half, and I’m thinking about killing myself.”

Seeing that the night of the night is indifferent to the song, Rong Jiu first glanced at the ink with Yu Guang, and estimated that he should not hear the dialogue between himself and Chu Yuning, and then sighed softly: "After

all, the guests coming from the restaurant, They are often rough and fierce, and we are not treated as human beings. At that time, it was a dazzling job to be able to pick up a friend like Mo Xianjun."

Chu Xi Ning still said nothing in a single sentence, but the back of the hand against the wall is like a meridian burst. If he has spiritual power, I am afraid that this wall can be poked out by five holes.

He forbeared for a while, still couldn't hold back, said very lowly: "What can be seen."

On the face of Rong Ji’s soft and charming face, there is a hint of affection, not much more, just right.

"Mo Xianjun is a good person. Although he ended up being confused and took my money, I thought that it was probably that I had never served him before. He was always reasonable in the past, and his temper was also pleasing. ”

Chu night Ning looked cold and listened in silence.

"In our building, everyone who has accompanied him is thinking of his goodness. Many nephews are looking forward to seeing him come again."

"...Does he go often?"

Rong Jiuyi made a bitter smile: "How do you count it often? If you ask me, I don’t know how to count it."

"Then you said how often he went once, who he was going to find, and when he went last time." Chu Xiaoning's thin lips and the knife hit the next touch, all the problems are splashing cold, can you The burning of life.

Rong Jiu can't see the snow in the eyes of Chu's late eyes, and replied with grievances: "How long does it take, I don't remember this, but for 30 days, I can always see him in ten days. Who to look for...not fixed, hey, but this is a thing of the past, Chu Xianjun would have to blame him again..."

"I asked you when you last went." Chu’s face was almost frozen, "say."

In fact, after the day when the ink burned itself, I never went to the meeting again, and I never went to the restaurant kiln again.

However, Rong Jiu’s face was late, and the mind couldn’t answer a truth. He was confused and added a firewood: “This is also true of me... but it’s not until I die, occasionally in the restaurant. I can see the figure of Mo Xianjun... It should be not far away."

The voice did not fall, Chu night stood up, and the long five fingers were withdrawn, and the wide sleeves fell.

In the darkness of the night, the whole person was shaking slightly, and his eyes were splashed with a hot spark.

Rong Jiu’s heart sneaked out, and the secret sect was simply deceived. He was a little sly in the wind and the moon. He knew that he could pinch the minds of others. As long as he opened his mouth, Chu Zhongning’s decent person would be hooked.

However, Rong Jiu’s face was already prepared, and he was busy. “Chu Xianjun, what’s wrong, is it what I said wrong? For example, now this is a past life, but don’t blame it again. Xianjun...he...he is not a wicked person..."

"Is he a wicked person who needs you to tell me?" Chu night trembled and sighed, "I learned the apprentice, and I got you in charge?!"

"Chu Xianjun..."

Chu Xiaoning simply ignored him. His eyes were full of coolness, but the coolness was splashed with blazing anger. He pushed open the nine in front of him and strode toward the door of the warehouse. He picked up the collar of the ink and picked him up.

The ink burned and was shocked, and turned back: "Master?"

Chu night Ning took over his hand and seemed to feel that his collar was dirty. He looked like a cheetah who was screaming and waiting to catch up. He stared at the burning face, and he was so angry that he said a word. Not coming out.

What else can he say?

The punishment of the evil and evil Taiwan did not make the ink burned, and clearly recognized the fault. In front of him, a pair of people-like gestures...

Who knows what else will be secretly going to the peach floor and the small sleeves? !

I don’t know that I’m yin, but I’m seeing that the night is full of twilight, and my expression is indignation and disgust. I don’t know if I’m wrong, but there is still a series of repressed grief.

"Ink rain, what you said, how many sentences are true, a few sentences are fake?"

Chu Xiaoning’s voice is hoarse and hoarse, and the eyelashes are sloppy.

"...you...what is the bad character, the quality is difficult...!"

This sentence is like a meteorite falling into the sea, stirring up the water.

The ink burned and shook, stepping back two steps, shaking his head and staring at him.

wrong……

wrong……

This is the story of Chu Yuening’s disappointment to himself in his last life.

Why is it so good, will he say it again?

The ink burned did not know what happened, and he was anxious when he arrived. He wanted to speak, but he was interrupted by Chu Ningsheng. The hatred of Chu’s eyes was like wildfire, and he seemed to burn his eyes.

He hoarsely said: "How long do you have to lie to me?!"

The burning mind is in chaos.

What deceive? What did Chu Xiaoning know?

He had too many dirty and unfortunate past events, and he couldn't take out the countertops. So he saw such a terrible look at Chu's late night, and he didn't even think of it as a ghost. Chu night Ning step by step, ink rain slowly step back, until the retreat, the back is attached to the wall.

Chu Xiaoning stopped, he looked at the burning face, a few dead, and the sound of his master's voice was so swallowed.

"What do you want me to do back? Continue to be cheated by you, be mad at you, turn around in your drums... I thought you were good at burning - I thought that my nephew could teach me that you are getting better. I thought I could teach you..."

He slowly closed his eyes, half a sigh, and whispered.

"The dead wood can't be carved."

"Master -"

"roll."

"..."

"Can't you understand the roll?!" Chu nights and squatting, the inside is cold, "Mini rain, you let me down too much. You let me know what to pretend, and then return with you. Yang?"

The ink burned heart was tight, regardless of his annoyance, grabbed his wrist under the wide sleeves, shook his head, and his eyes were wet red: "Master, don't be angry, what happened, you told me, no. Ok? If I am wrong again, I will change, okay? You don’t want to drive me away...”

Changed... At that time, the ink burned and said that it had to be changed, changed? If you don't meet Rong Ji, can you know these broken things? !

It is said that care is chaos, Chu night Ningyuan is the most calm person, but his temper is fierce, emotionally more arrogant, plus Rong Jiu and ink burned the previous relationship is really unbearable, Rong Jiu played like, so Suddenly, he scammed Chu Xiening into it.

Chu nightning was burned by ink and could not get out of it. Under the wrath, he raised his hand to call for heaven, but where can he call it?

His temper is crumbling, and if he is a living person, he should vomit and bleed.

Suddenly, a red light flashed from the glare, and the ink burned to the devil. He handed the ghost to the hands of Chu Yuning, and he kneels in front of the master, but the other hand is still holding the night. Wrist, for fear that he will leave at any time. Ink burning: "Master, I know myself... I have done a lot of things that make you angry and make you sad... But after coming to the ghost world, what I said to you is true."

He looked up and held his tears and looked at him: "It's all true, I didn't lie to you..."

Chu night Ning groaned with a ghost, and his heart was burning with anger, but he felt very uncomfortable. The power of holding his own ink was so big, he could not stop shaking, almost desperate, but he refused to let go. His pain seems to be so deep in his soul, how can he not feel it?

Ink burning: "If you don't want to forgive me, if you don't want to forgive me, then you can beat me, you can. If you really don't want to see me again... I feel like... I feel bad... Oh..."

He said here, he choked.

The ink burned down and squatted in front of the night.

"If the Master really doesn't want to... want me again..."

He didn't want Chu to rather see him crying, but his shoulders could not help but tremble, tears fell, dripping on the ground, silently tainted.

"I will, after that, leave the dead and alive...more... no longer appear in front of the master... but beg you...please beg you..."

He groaned, his forehead almost stuck to the muddy ground, but the hand that held the wrist of the late night, but the shackles were so tight, so stubborn, the death did not loosen.

"I beg you, don't go."

"..."

"Master respect..."

Chu nightning closed his eyes.

"You promised me, go back with me, beg you, don't go..."

The heart is painful and sour, obviously it is just a smashing soul, why is it like a knife cut, the fire is burning.

Chu night, Ning 蓦 蓦 , , ,

His repeated questioning made Chu late Ning more and more dizzy, trying to open him, but could not open.

The ink burned suddenly felt that something was wrong, and suddenly turned his head and looked into the warehouse -

Rong Ji’s guy, screaming at the two men in full swing, and when they couldn’t get into the second person in their eyes, they sneaked out and ran away! !

醍醐 醍醐 , , ,

one of the main alleys to one place, like a fire snake that vomited letters, and smacked them.

On the surface of Rong Jiu, there is brilliance. The body that has been weakened by the bullying in the past is trying to chase after the night and the burning of the ink. It is like a hungry wolf chasing the prey. He feels that he is doing his first job. Extremely beautiful, I actually sent out some heroic enthusiasm.

"Catch them - catch the living person who is good at ghosts!"

Halfway through, the arm was suddenly screwed. Looking back at the nine anger, but seeing the former captain who was detaining himself, could not help but feel guilty, but still angered: "Catch me what to do! Still not to catch the people in front?"

"They ran away without authorization. Don't you want to run without it?" The captain of the guard squinted and looked at him with ill will.

Rong Jiu was shocked and said: "I, I want to run for the four kings, I am the living person I found... I found that the ink is not a ghost, you don't want to catch me, so for four. The king rushed in front of him!"

The captain of the Guards was first stunned, and then he pondered over, and he laughed: "What did you find first? You have merit? Hahaha, I rob you of your credit?"

That pleasant smile is tightened.

"I think you want to be crazy in the first place! The living man is personally picked up by the four kings! Otherwise, you think that in order to stop an ordinary devil, the four kings used to seal the entire palace with enchantment? Ha, Still robbing, I see you squint, and you have to grab the four kings!"

The Rongjiu earthquake, a squat at the foot, suddenly fell to the ground.

In front of him, the squadron of the squadron rushed past, chasing the back of the ink burning and Chu Xiaoning, Rongjiu lips trembled, unable to tremble, muttered: "I have already discovered it? The ghost king has long been... I came out ?I...I am not the first one? No, no credit? I..."

The singularity of the wind and the rich scenes that seemed to greet each other seemed to crash into the ground, and they were smashed by the yin of the surrounding savage.

Rong Jiuyi for a while, suddenly mad, struggling to fight forward, his figure is weak, like a humble but unwilling to admit his life, like a mosquito moth that died.

His life has never been easy, there is only one bed, man, rich, and often come.

A small house that is not seen in the sky, the reed brain golden beast, the morning faint is difficult to distinguish, that is his life.

It’s too dark, the night never ends, he wants tomorrow, he is willing to for tomorrow, for the hope of the first line of life, to exude his dignity, body, face, goodwill, conscience... These are his only things.

In order to get the light, I only have fire.

"Wait! Wait for me! Chu Xianjun, save me -!"

"Catch him up! Debt privately, and then give it to the four kings to review!"

"No - don't!" Rong Jiu's pale, bloodless fingers clung to the ground, his hair was struggling, and a pretty face with a flowery appearance was particularly horrible under the horrible moonlight. His eyes were violent and tumultuous. Kneeling, "Don't! Chu Xianjun, save me!" He muttered hysterically for a while. "I found it first! The living person I discovered first! It is me! You can't do this to me! Without me, you are looking for it." Not both of them! You have to grab my benefits, you have to grab my credit!"

He was towed, pulled away, and the mad scream was quickly overwhelmed by the rumbling footsteps...

The author has something to say: Go out of the ghost world tomorrow~~

Regarding Rong Jiu, I will not write the end. He is on the road and no one gives him a beacon. He also lacks the opportunity to be good. Finally, he will come here, and he will be distressed by his sister. The interaction of the four ghost kings 23333

Would you like to add an EG small theater today?

Ghost Death: King! Caught a private defect! ! ! Twist you! ! !

Four ghost kings: 咕叽咕叽咕叽 (in the glutinous rice, lard soy sauce bibimbap is simple but really delicious!)

Ghost A: King, don't eat it, it will be half a month...

Four ghost kings: Hey! ! (Furious bowl) What is fat! This king is called strong! mighty! Do not understand you!

Rong Jiu: (I don't want to fly away, I want to promote the government to make a fortune QAQ)... In my opinion, the king is not strong enough, and the king is more than that? If you want to be strong and powerful, your arms are like legs and legs, this is right. Why don’t you eat more?

System Tip: Players are able to [get the correct way to shoot orange cats and four ghosts]

Today, the bib turned the dog with the meat pack to beat the dog 0.5 and the illustration of the master in the jellyfish flower, and the dog's dream of one person~ crab crab meat big dog (this id makes me very sad 233333), Master and the dog are both knocking beautiful~ Master is very warm and warm~~

Chapter 119

Although Chu Evening did not hear what Rong Ji shouted at the back, he did not need more explanations. He also understood that it was only in the warehouse that Rong Ji deliberately provoked him, asked him to be angry, and look good on time. Escape to inform.

I think that I will think twice about things I have encountered, but now I have become more concerned about the things related to ink burning, but I have been able to make a second idiot swindle in a few words, and Chu Ning is somewhat embarrassed.

He looked at the burning place in front of him and couldn't help but ask: "Are you later... Have you ever visited Xiantaolou?"

I can't help but hear the name that I am almost forgotten by myself. I burned my feet and sighed with anger. "Yongjiu is a beast! He said that I went to Xiantaolou again later! How can I go there again! Master you Is it because I am angry with me, saying that I lied to you?"

"..."

"I have never been to those who have never been to me after the good and evil.... In those places, I have never deceived the Master. If the Master does not believe it, I will use the ghosts to tie me up and interrogate."

"……no need."

Chu Xiuning lowered his eyes and looked at the ghosts in his hands. He thought that if he didn’t ask, he would use the Liu Li, who was filled with spiritual power, to burn his skin, and it was really...

Wait a minute, Shenwu? !

The glaring fire illuminates his eyebrows in the night, and Chu nighting stares at it for a moment, and his heart has turned up the storm, trying to infuse the spirit in the ghost into his palm, and feels awkward at the time. Enthusiastic power is constantly coming.

Chu Xi Ning suddenly understands where to get the source of spiritual power -

Between the living and the dead, although they can no longer pass each other's spiritual flow, but the spiritual power of Shenwu does not matter, the ghosts and gods, as long as the weapons themselves do not resist, then they are common!

The ink burned halfway, and suddenly Chu stayed in the footsteps. He immediately turned back and asked anxiously: "Master, what happened?"

There was still color on his face, bloody, and the black eyes were more and more pitiful.

Chu night Ning licked his lips, both awkward and somewhat intolerant, but the self-respect and pride in his bones made him feel that although he was smashed, this kid was indeed entangled with Zhang Sanrongji.

So thinking for a moment, Chu nightning did not know what tone he should use, what face to face him, so he had to be simple, continue to have no tone, and no expression:

"The ink burns, you stand, and go back to the palace wall."

"……doing what?"

Chu night Ning faintly said: "Give you a trick."

"..."

I still haven't responded to what the teacher said. It is the source of the red light source that flows to the ghost of Chu's late life, and the whole soul is covered with a hot flame. The ink burned with big eyes, and the night of Ning and the ghosts echoed for a moment. Suddenly the flame disappeared. The man in the golden red robe rushed to the willow, and turned back to himself:

"Ink burning, the next order to hell."

The ink burned vaguely knew what he was going to do. Although it was unbelievable, he immediately shouted: "Hell, the teacher is like me, listen to his orders."

Liu Teng smashed in the hands of Chu, and burst into a string of sparkling red sparks. The willows on the vines were full of sparkling light.

Chu Xiaoning raised his other hand, and his fingertips wiped the vine body in an inch and an inch. Wherever he passed, Guanghua surging. Thousands of yin soldiers have already arrived at the front of the two people. They are behind the towering towers, and the palace walls that have been sealed up by enchantment have no way to retreat.

However, Chu Xiaoning did not intend to retreat.

I only saw a gleaming splash in his gaze, floating a thousand layers of scorpion, the hurricane swelled, the robes danced wildly, and Chu nightning

held a sway of Liu Teng volley, and the ghosts rushed out like a dragon. , shine through the night!

Hearing the instructions of the ink-burning, and no longer rejecting the late night, but the spiritual power of his own strength, continuously gathered in the soul of the late night.

In the late night of the Chu Dynasty, there was a dazzling brilliance of the brilliance, and the voice was calm and steady: "Hell, people!"

"Boom--" In the blink of an eye, countless golden and red interlaced willows broke through the ground, tearing the majestic temple into pieces of broken bricks, and the thick ancient vines clung to the ghosts and ghosts, dragging them to Liu The center of the vine is sealed.

The ink burned and glared at all of this, watching the martial arts and the remnant of the soul echo, blending.

Looking at the Chu night Ning robes flying, the ink is like a cloud.

After the death of his life, it was the blazing glory of this earth-shattering, unstoppable.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Chu Xi Ning slammed back and put his hand on the palace wall. It was only a closed-end effort, and

immediately broke the weak point of the enchantment.

"Up to nine feet, four inches to the right, you use fire attack!"

The ink burned immediately as he said, and when the ghosts in the palace had not yet come to the reaction, the curse of the fire was gathered in the palm, and it slammed down to the position pointed by Chu Yuning!

In an instant, the earth moved to the mountain, and the palace wall of the sky quickly collapsed and restored to its original high appearance. The seal enchantment that guarded the surrounding area was also instantly split and collapsed into powder.

"Go out!"

Needless to say the second time, the ink burned to the wall, and the body will pull back the late Chu Ning, who came out from the four ghosts and palaces. The figure is extremely fast and disappears into the night...

In the narrow lane, Mo’s night and the smoldering one leaned against a wall and looked at each other. Nothing was said. In the end, the ink did not hold back. He laughed first: “The old ghost is afraid Exhausted... Hey!" He licked his mouth and the wound on his cheek hurt.

"..." Chu Yuning said, "Don't laugh."

I don’t laugh when the ink burns. In the dark alley, his eyelashes move lightly, and the black and warm eyes look at each other: "Master, you are not angry with me?"

If he said "Master, you yell at me", then Chu will rather feel uncomfortable listening, but he asked himself if he was still angry, and Chu nightned for a moment, silently circumvented the topic: "... ...you are quick to cast spells. We escaped from the four ghost kings' palaces. He has no face to talk to other ghost kings for a while, but it may not be long after dragging."

When he heard this, he knew that Chu would rather not leave, and he would not leave. The heart that had been close to him from the moment was finally relaxed.

The ink burned and couldn't help but laughed: "Well." He smiled and hurt, and could not help but lick his face.

Chu nightning: "....."

The ink burns out the soul-collecting lamp, holding it in the hand, bowing his head and silently chanting the curse. After three rounds of reciprocation, the soul-lighting lamp suddenly emits dazzling brilliance, and the person who shines can't open his eyes.

He seems to have heard the screaming voice of the master of sin, passing through the rushing water of Huang Quan, passing through the quiet and peaceful forgetting of the river.

"When will it come back... When will it come..."

The voice was very far-reaching and almost impossible to distinguish. After a while, the humming of "When to return" seemed to be closer, and then the voice of the master of sin was ringing in the ink.

"Why are there two souls?" There is a trace of doubt in the voice of the master of guilt.

When the ink burns and closes the eyes, he will say things to his sins in his mind.

The voice was quiet for a moment and said: "Have you seen the Chu of the SF Building?"

"Ok."

"..."

"Grandmaster?"

"Nothing, since Chu Gongzi said that there are two souls that are normal, that should be the case." He said, "It’s just that barren has never tried to recall two souls from the ghost world at the same time. It will be a little longer, and the troubled ink donor will wait a little longer."

The ink burned the four kings palace and asked: "How long will it take? We will come out from the four ghost palaces, I don't know when they will catch up..."

"It won't be too long, please ask the donor."

When the crime is dropped, the voice is even more faded. After a while, it is completely overwhelmed by the humility of "when to return."

Chu Xiaoning couldn’t hear the voice of guilty, and frowned slightly: "What?"

“The teacher’s soul is special, the master said that he needs to wait a second.” Mo burned, “It’s too close to the palace, let’s go further.”

Chu Xiaoning nodded, and the two went to a corner. At this time, the sky was already bright. The old man who was guiding the road was preparing to collect the stalls. When he saw the ink, "Oh," he was very surprised.

"Looking for someone?"

The ink burned did not expect to hit him again, and stunned, and then said: "Looking, looking for it, thank you."

"What is thankful for this is that Xiaoxianjun is good for himself. Hey...has your face broken?"

"Oh, it was whipped by the ghosts of the sinisters."

"No wonder, I said that ordinary things should not hurt ghosts, oh... this should hurt."

The old man thought for a moment, put the packed drawers down again, cooked two bowls of small oysters, and gave them to them. "There are no sales left today. Please eat some and leave."

The ink blew the road, thanking the old man and picking up the burden, and going far away, this put the soup bowl on the small stone bench next to it.

Chu nightning does not like to eat green onions, the old man’s soup sprinkled some chopped green onion, the ink burned the bowl of green

onion in front of him, and then confronted the night in front of Chu, and said: "Master, eat this Bowl."

"..." Chu night Ning took a look at him, did not push it, picked up the spoon and slowly tasted it.

The ink burned and he watched him eat. The cold soup head of the ghost world touched his pale lips, and the soup and the soup were all divided, and the authentic ghosts were eaten.

"Tasty?"

"It's still."

"The dragon that you didn't do is delicious."

"Cough!" Chu night Ning couldn't get out of defense, as if he had been picked up, he looked up slyly, squinting at the person holding his eyes and smiling at him, and suddenly felt like a strong shell. The rivers that were exposed to the sun in the hot sun were gone.

"...What dragon is a copy?"

The elders of Yu Heng squinted and looked solemn, trying to fill the stupidity and hide the teacher who had fallen to the ground.

"Don't pretend." But when the teacher Wei hadn't picked it up, he was smashed by the smoldering out of his hair.

Chu Yuening was very angry and frustrated.

"I know it."

"..."

The smoldering lantern that took the human soul was taken out of the sacred sac, and placed on the side of the stone bench. He said: "When the teacher is alive, he is awkward and comes to the land, and only the soul is honest."

"I am doing it for you, but it is..."

The ink burned his eyebrows and looked at him like a smile.

But what is it?

What is your heart? Are you afraid of being hungry? Quite regret?

He can't say these words.

Chu Xiaoning felt that his heart was hidden. He always had more self-esteem than ordinary people. He regarded "good for others", "loving one person" and "attaching" as a shameful thing. In the wind and rain, he was used to it, and became a towering towering giant.

This kind of giant wood, never like a flower, trembles, irritating, and does not sway like vine snails, swaying in the wind, itching.

He was only so silent and solemn, very steady, and very reliable. He silently sheltered the passing people from the wind and rain, and let the people who leaned under the trees enjoy the cold.

Perhaps it is because the birth is too high, too lush, people must deliberately look up, only to find - ah, the original gentle shade, he cast.

But those who came and went, no one raised their heads and no one found him.

People's vision is always used to seeing places lower than themselves, to be more than their own, so he gradually gets used to it, and getting used to it becomes nature.

In fact, no one in the world is born to be a dependent, born to be dependent.

Those who are always attached to the strong will become more and more charming, softer and softer, stretch the boneless waist, and seek a world with welcoming, flattering, sweet words.

Another kind of person, such as Chu Yuning, has been a dependent person since he came out of the mountain. Such people will become more and more resolute and stronger, and later they will become iron and their hearts will become hundreds. Steel making. These people are used to the weakness of others, and they are so eager to reveal the softness of a star and a half.

They are the ones who hold the sword and must be fully armed and ready to go.

Do not expose the soft ribs, but do not know what is gentle township.

After a long time, it seems to have forgotten. In fact, when I was born, I was affectionate and tender. When I was a child, I would cry and laugh when I was a child. I would fall and climb myself. I also longed to have a hand to help myself. .

He may have looked forward to expecting a person to help him. But I waited once, no, the second time, still not, he gradually got used to it in the loss of time and again. When someone really comes to help him, he will only feel that it is unnecessary and feels shame.

Just fell for a while.

If the legs are not broken, why bother.

If the leg is broken, this kind of person will think again.

Oh, it’s just that the leg is broken, and it’s not dead. Why bother.

If it is dead.

When you are a ghost, you have to think about it. Hey, anyway, he is dead. He said that there are more emotions.

They are trying to get rid of the temperament of being a weak person, but unconsciously, they fall into another kind of temperament, one by one suffering from self-esteem and incurable.

The ink burns this incurable person and sees what he wants to say.

After all, Chu Xiaoning did not say anything, licked his lips and put the spoon down.

He is very unhappy.

So after a long while, he stood up and said, "You try to apply a method, I will go into the sacred light."

"Ah..." The ink burned and smiled. "Is the soul-lighting a conch shell? If you are embarrassed, you will hide in."

Chu night Ning looked majestic and looked at his sleeve: "Sorry? You talk about it, what am I embarrassed?"

"The teacher is sorry, of course, because..."

"!" I didn't expect him to be able to talk thickly, and Chu Ning was like a needle, and he said, "You stay."

"Because it is good to me."

"....."

The ink burned and stood up. The red clouds of the ghost world floated across the sky, and the faintly crooked moon that covered it covered the head, sprinkling a layer of frost on the ground and illuminating the burning face.

He no longer laughs, his expression is solemn and solemn.

"Master, I know that you are good to me. I said these words now, I don't know if you can remember after returning to the soul, but... I want to tell you anyway. From now on, you will It is one of the most important people in my world. I have done a lot of ridiculous things in the past. I have the best masters in the whole world, but I still feel resentful. Now I just want to come, I just regret it."

Chu night Ning looked at him.

Ink burning: "Master is the best and the best, and the disciple is the worst and worst."

Chu Zhongning was originally a little uneasy in his heart, but he was so clumsy when he heard the ink burned with his pitiful words and tried to express himself and did his best.

For a long time, I couldn’t hold back, and finally I smiled.

"Oh." He nodded and repeated. "Master is the best and best teacher. The apprentice is the worst and worst apprentice. You finally have some self-knowledge."

Chu Yuening is never a greedy person. He gives a lot to others. He always asks for very little. Although he does not get the feeling of burning, he can be the most important person and be the best teacher. That's not bad either.

He was a man who was emotionally poor and screaming, so poor, but not willing to beg.

Someone is willing to give him a small piece of hot biscuits.

He felt very happy, and he was very satisfied with a small mouth and a small mouth.

It was this stupid guy who burned this piece of soul, and he was laughed at by this piece of soul. He was so happy that he couldn’t tell the joy. He said, "Master, you should smile more, you laugh more than not. Laugh and look good."

Chu nightning did not smile.

Self-esteem. I feel that "good-looking" is the praise that wildflowers and weeds have to show off in style. For example, he does not want to.

I can't burn the eye-catching meditation and praise his good teacher: "You know, you know, you laugh... oh...only that word can describe..."

He is trying to figure out what kind of words can express the beautiful scenery that he only saw.

Related to laughter.

The scorpion of the local government rang three times.

This person is blessed to the soul and blurted out: "Yes! With a smile!"

"..."

Chu nightning is really angry this time, he is no longer willing to pay attention to ink burning, suddenly waved his sleeves, took the lead light, and sighed: "Ink rain, you still do not cast spells? You If I talk more about nonsense, I will go back to the four royal palaces on my own, and it will be better to return to the world and listen to your nonsense all day long!"

The ink burns.

Happiness Jiuquan... Is he using it wrong?

In the Yin Cao government, there is a particularly nice smile, no, no problem...

After the dispute at the intersection, there was some publicity. I didn’t know where I was wrong, but since the master told him to shut up, he shut up. Thinking this way, the ink burned his head and pulled the night to a corner. At this time, the slow singing in his mind has become more and more loud, and the ink burned and tried to ask for sin: "Master, is it alright?"

There was a moment of silence, and the sound of the wooden fish came, and the voice of sin seemed to be in the ear, and it became very clear.

"It’s right now."

When the guilty voice is falling, a little golden light is scattered from the second soul of Chu’s late night, and the soul standing in front of it becomes more and more faded with the golden light, and finally turns into a ray of fire, Galaxy. All of them broke into the soul light.

The ink burned the sound of the master's voice, passing through the rushing water of Huangquan, passing through the quiet and peaceful forgotten reed.

"When will it come back... When will it come..."

All the bitterness is gradually washed away into paleness in this long Buddha's voice that is close to sigh. The ink burns with the spirit of the soul, only the body is getting lighter and more vain.

"Boom!"

A crisp and hard wooden fish ring.

Like a sharp blade, suddenly smashed this stunned temper.

The ink burned and blinked, and seemed to be awakened!

Everything in the ghost world has dissipated, just like a big dream made not long ago. He found himself lying on a bamboo pole, and the bamboo poles docked at the bridge of the dead and the dead. Under the bamboo film, the flowing water was flowing and the waves were splashing.

The sky is crab blue, but it has been stained with some thin red. The bamboo leaves on both sides of the river are flying, and the thousands of leaves are fresh and tender.

Dawn seems to be coming.

He blinked openly.

Suddenly I found that the light of the soul in my arms was gone, and I was so shocked that I suddenly sat up.

"Master -!"

"Don't shout."

Someone said faintly.

The ink gasped, like a person who had experienced a nightmare, turned pale face palely, and saw the sinful sitting on the shore, knocking on the wooden fish resting on the bluestone, picking up the eyelids.

"You shout, he can't hear it at the moment."

The soul-inducing lamp rests on the edge of the wooden fish, overflowing with colorful light, Jin Huizhen, Chu Xinning's soul power, can not tell the beautiful.

I was guilty of sinning and igniting the light. I stood up from the rock and nodded to the ink: "Ink, you are doing very well."

The ink burned up and jumped from the bamboo pole to the shore. Pulling the guilty suspicion and asking: "Master, let's go to the Frost Heaven Hall to find the servant's body? Come a little faster, I am afraid that the soul will be scattered again."

I couldn’t help but smile: "Which is so easy to disperse?" Then he said, "You don't worry, the poor has already let Xue Shizhu go to talk with your head. The night of the night is supposed to have been Move to the red lotus otter, where the barren is going to retreat and cast the law, and the soul of your master will be once again into the body."

Inkburn said: "Let's go, let's go!" I saw the look of guilty sin and laughter, and said: "The master is slow, no hurry, no hurry."

Can be divided into eyebrows wrinkled, feet consciously marching forward, and some want to reach out to pull the sleeves of sin, how can there be a little bit of anxious appearance.

He shook his head in guilty sigh and smiled and said: "The little donor is also useless."

The ink burned and waved again and again: "No hurry, no hurry, no hurry, it is important."

"Yeah, it's important to be secure, the soul is inseparable, and you can't immediately return to the flesh. Otherwise, you can go against the sky and it's easy to fly. The barren nature is slowly coming."

"Right right, good, come slowly." The ink burned and echoed, but still couldn't help it, hesitated and asked carefully, "How long will it take for the Master to resurrect?"

The crime is very calm: "Five years."

"It turns out that five years are five... five years??!!"

The smoldering was shocked and I felt that I was hit.

"The fastest five years."

Ink burning: "....."

The author has something to say: When the Master is officially awake, what he sees will be the Burning 2.0~~ Come on! Prepare for system upgrade!

Chapter 120

The beginning of the pilgrimage, the red clouds are all over the sky. Although the time is still early, there are already a large number of disciples gathered in the lotus pond. They are dressed in sorrow, they are all coveted and stand on both sides of the road.

"咚-咚-咚-"

The sound of the morning bell came from the Tongtian Tower, and several people in the distance carried the coffin slowly. The first is Xue Zhengyi, the elder of the wolf, the back row is ink, Xue Meng. Left and right, the teacher and a monk who is half-old and old. They stepped on the slippery bluestone road and gradually came from the mist.

The monk carried a lantern and it was bright tomorrow, but the brilliance of the lantern was still not lost in the daytime. The golden brilliance was like a summer flower, and it was dazzling.

The disciples have bowed their heads and sighed. They have heard that the master of guilty sins of the Temple of Nostalgia has made a special trip for the elders of Yu Heng, and it is sure that this sinister singer is. For this legendary figure, the younger generations are still awe and overwhelmed by curiosity. On the long mountain road, no one dared to look carefully, only to

hear the scepter, and saw a pair of smashing shoes in the hanging field. After that, the master went so far, leaving everyone standing.

The coffin was steadily carried all the way, because it was a resurrection, not buried, and no one was crying. When I arrived at the Honglian Water Margin, I was guilty of guilty and said: "Just put it in the lotus pond, where there is plenty of aura and it is easy to cast spells."

"Well, listen to the master!" Xue Zhengxuan led the rest of the people and put Xuan Bingyi there. "There is still a need for the master, even though the opening is. You saved Yuheng, it saved me. Xue is a half-life, and Xue Mou will try his best to help!"

"Thank you for the good intentions of Xue Zhangmen." He said with sin, "There is no need for poverty. If it is in the future, it will not be late."

"Cheng, the master can be very welcome."

He was guilty of sinning his hands and smiling. He smiled at Xue Zhengyi and then turned to look at other people: "Being poor, not for the elders of Chu, it takes five years. In order to avoid confusion, since the day From then on, the Honglian Shuiyu will close the door and thank the guests. After five years, the resurrection of the Elder Chu will be reopened."

Although Xue Meng had already heard about it before, but once again confirmed from the guilty mouth that the teacher would wake up five years later, he could not help but still be blind. Silently lowered his head.

"If the donors want to say goodbye to the elders of Chu, please go to the side. After today, it will take more than a thousand days to meet again."

Everyone went in turn.

First, Xue Zhengxuan and the elders, they all said goodbye before the embarrassment, Xue Zheng said: "I wish to meet soon."

Greedy Wolf Road: "Wake up early."

Ruan said: "May everything go smoothly."

Lu Cun sighed: "Some envy of you, five years of freezing, and it will not appear old."

The rest of the elders were more or less short, and each had some rhetoric. Soon it was Xue Meng’s turn. Xue Meng originally wanted to endure it, but he used to be used to it. He didn’t hold back, and finally he fell in tears on the night of the night. .

While wiping his tears, he whimpered: "Master, you will practice the knife if you are not there. After the Lingshan Conference, I will never give you a

face. When you wake up, I will tell you my good name. Under the command of my teacher, there is no disciplinary disciple."

Xue Zhengyi walked over and patted him on the shoulder. Xue Meng did not take his father as usual, but turned his nose and reluctantly turned away. He does not want to be a young boy who relies only on his father in front of the master.

Then I went to the teacher, and the teacher’s eyes were moist. I didn’t say anything. I looked down at Chu’s night for a while and retreated to the side silently.

After he left, a pale pink Begonia flower was gently placed in the coffin. The hand that was resting on the flower still had some juvenile forms, but it was already very slender.

The ink burned on the side of the lake, and the wind blew gently across the lake, sending the lotus sweet and sweet. The shredded hair on his forehead was blown a little, but he raised his hand and sorted out the face of Chu Xiaoning.

The ink burned his lips, and there seemed to be a lot of words to say, but in the end, it was just hoarse and gently said: "I am waiting for you."

Waiting for you?

He did not say. He felt that he should want to say that when you wake up, it seems that he only said this sentence and felt that it was not enough. It seems that he can't express his inner feelings of fullness and crowdedness. His heart is like a hot magma. When the magma can't find an accurate exit, he runs rampage in his heart and hits him with a panic. .

He felt that one day his heart would be broken, and when the lava would run out, he would be ash in the wrath of the sea.

But now, he is still not sure what the hot feelings are.

So he only said "wait for you."

The red lotus water is finally closed.

The huge enchantment falls like a door that divides life and death and keeps everyone out.

Since then, Xia He's fragrance, winter snow and silence, for five years, no one else can enjoy in the water.

The bamboo leaves are bleak, the sea otters fall, and from the outside of the red lotus rafts to the front of the mountain gates, the disciples have fallen, and the three burning, Xue Meng, and Shi Yi are at the forefront of this endless river.

Xue Zhengzheng Sheng Zhenlinmu, ringing the line of clouds: "Send, Yuheng elders retreat."

The disciples sighed and said: "Gong Gong, Yu Heng elders retreat."

Thousands of people's voices were mixed and flowed into the stream, bursting into the lingering death of the smoke, and the crows were screaming, screaming and screaming, and daring around the treetops. The rumbling voice is like a thunder, rolling over the clouds, straight through the Han.

"Gong Gong, the teacher retreats." The ink whispered.

Long down.

Shoujun five years.

After Yu Heng retreats, the three prostitutes under his seat are not willing to temporarily work on the rest of the elders.

Due to the qualifications, the mind and other reasons, the teacher and Xue Meng stayed on the mountain, and the ink burned the choice.

However, the reason why he made this choice, in addition to his own suitable for the experience, but also because of the heavy life, there are many things that are different from the past, and do not say the change of Chu Yuning here, the most worried about him is the fake hook Chen.

There is a speculation in his heart that the person who has been hiding behind the scenes is also born again. After all, this person can say that there is a total of eight or nine for the mastery of the chess game, and until the last life until he died, there is no second person in the world to play this access control to such a degree.

Investigating the identity of the person is not his strength. After experiencing the battle of Choi Butterfly Town, the entire comprehension community is concentrating on it, waiting for the old man in the dark night to reveal the fox tail. This does not require him to intervene too much. .

Ink burning knows that he is not smart, only abundance and abundance, and his talent for cultivation is amazing. Since he is destined to have another battle in the future, what he can do is to return himself to the powerful strength before rebirth.

He was a destroyer in his previous life.

In this life, he is going to be a protector.

Soon after the late retreat of Chu, the ink burned in front of the mountain gate of the dead.

He carries his bag and will travel.

There are not many people who come to send him, Xue Zhengyi, Mrs. Wang, and the teacher.

Xue Zhengyi patted him on the shoulder and said awkwardly: "Menger does not come, he said..."

The ink burned: "He said that he wants to practice the knife in the forest, no time to send me?"

"..." Xue Zhengyi was even more embarrassed, and he could not help but swear. "The kid is really ignorant!"

Ink smirked: "He wants to take the lead at the Lingshan Conference. It is okay to practice diligence. It is up to him to give him a face."

Xue Zhengyi hesitated to look at his eyes and burned his eyes. "The Lingshan Conference is the peak of the orthodox sect of the orthodox sorcerer. It is a great enthusiasm for the singularity of the sacred sorcerer. Although it can be very strong, I am afraid that the conference will not recognize the mixed efforts of the three religions. If you miss it, it is a pity."

Ink burning: "I have my cousin."

"You don't want to take a place?"

The ink burned this time is really laughing.

Ranking?

In the last generation of the Lingshan Conference, he was wronged and was sentenced to no past, and there was resentment in his heart. But now, what is this little thing? He has experienced many deaths and deaths. In the torrent of catastrophe, he never wants to eager, from eagerness to resentment, from resentment to relief, from relief to embarrassment.

Up to now, what he is looking for is no longer a good wine, a good pilgrimage, not a revenge complaint, a spurt.

The infinite prosperity of the cloud, the drunkenness of the paper, he has seen it, and he has already become tired of it. He does not want to go back. He only feels that it is very cold, and no one is with him.

They are all people who have stepped on the emperor's emperor. They used to call for the rain in the mountains of Mount Tai. Where will I care about

the applause of the Lingshan, cheering in three or two.

As for ranking...

Who loves to row and who to go.

"I still want to do something else." Ink smiled. "Xue Meng is a son, the son has a son, and I am a gangster, and there is a mix of days."

Mrs. Wang couldn’t help but pity: "Stupid child, what do you say, you are the same as Menger, and there is a difference between the sons and the sons."

The ink burns and smiles, but it is bitter.

Born to be rich and born to be humble, that is, good luck has come to this life and death, but the first ten years are all over, how can it be the same?

But seeing Mrs. Wang’s feelings of tenderness and concern, naturally it’s hard to say anything, nodded: “The aunt said, I didn’t say good.”

Mrs. Wang smiled and shook her head and gave him a small kitu with a small sac, with a thorn on Du Ruhua, saying: "You are traveling outside, no

one is taking care of it. You are holding this kit, there are a lot of wounds in it, all of them are Mother-made, better than the average store to buy, carefully close, do not want to fall."

The smoldering is very grateful: "Thank you aunt."

The teacher said: "I don't have anything for you, only this jade, you wear it, it is used by Wen Yangling."

After the ink burned, I saw that the white jade was like gelatin, and the tentacles were warm, which was extremely rare. He was busy re-entering Yu Pei back to the teacher's hand and said: "I can't take it away, it's too expensive. What's more, my spiritual core is the fire system. I have to raise it again... I am afraid I have to go to the fire."

Shi Yan smiled and said: "What is messy, how can it go into flames?"

"I won't accept it anyway." The ink burns very much. "You are weak and your body will be better."

"But I was the one who took it to you at the Xuanyuan Meeting..."

I heard him say so, I feel very warm, but more is distressed: "The things of Xuanyuan will be high prices. This jade is really not very useful for me. It

is very good for you. Teacher, mind, me. I’ve got it, but you’re taking it for yourself. Remember to wear it on weekdays and raise a spirit.”

The teacher also wants to say something more, and the ink has already circumvented Yupe’s string and placed him in front of him.

"It's pretty good," he said with a smile. He raised his hand and patted the shoulder of the teacher. "You wear more than I wear. I am so rough, I am afraid that I will take things in two days. I got a touch."

"The burning child said it is good. Although everyone can wear it, it is still the most comfortable for the people of the water core. You can keep it yourself."

Since Mrs. Wang has opened her mouth, the teacher is naturally listening to her words. She nodded and said to the ink: "They take care."

"Don't worry, I will always write to you."

The farewell was just around the corner, but the teacher was a little sad, but listening to him said, he couldn’t help but laugh: "The words you write are only understandable by the master."

When I mentioned the late night of Chu, I didn’t know what it was like in my heart.

The hatred of the bones has dissipated, and the cockroaches are still there. It seems that the scars are scarred, and the whole heart is painful and itchy.

He took advantage of this feeling, alone, and went down the mountain.

"one two Three……"

He lowered his head and walked, silently counting in his heart.

"One hundred one, one hundred two, one hundred and three..."

When he reached the foot of the mountain, he couldn't help but look back and look at the misty life and death. The long stone steps couldn't be seen, and he muttered, "Three thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine."

He walked all the way and counted down all the way.

This is the number of steps leading to the mountain gate. On that day, Chu nightning carried the number of steps he climbed.

He felt that he could never forget the hands of Chu Yuning in his life, cold, full of blood, and damaged.

A person who is good or evil is often not his nature. Everyone is like a field, some people are fortunate, the stalks are scattered with the wheat and rice seedlings, and in the autumn, the grain is full, the rice is fragrant, everything is good, it is commendable.

But there are still fields that don't have such a good path. The seeds of the poppy are planted between the soil, and the spring breeze blows, giving birth to the sin of bliss, and the sky is full of gold and red blood. People blame it, swear it, fear it, and they are all drunk in their shackles, decaying into scum.

In the end, the Yishi Renren will gather together, throwing a fire into the field, twisting the rising smoke, they said that he is a hotbed of industry, saying that he is a devil, saying that he eats people and does not spit bones, saying that he is damn, No conscience.

He twitched in pain in the fire, 呻/吟, and the poppies quickly distort and turned into stinky soil.

But he used to be a good field, and he also longed for sunshine and sunshine.

Who cast the first dark seed, and later the sin became a disaster, and it was out of control.

This piece of land, warm and good, splendid, and fired, became gray.

Abandoned.

No one wants it anymore. He is an abandoned old land.

So he never thought about it, and there will be someone who came to his life and gave him a chance to turn over and plow and start all over again.

Chu nightning.

He wants to meet him five years later, today is the first day of five years.

He suddenly realized that he had already begun to miss the face of Chu Yuning, harsh, annoyed, gentle, solemn, and upright.

The ink burns slowly and closes your eyes.

He is carefully thinking about past and present life, how many past events are blowing, and he gradually realizes that the original ghost of the sky is actually the biggest watershed in his life.

He loved a person deeply in his previous life.

Later, the man gave his life and he went to hell.

In this life, another person loves him.

Later, the man gave his life and crossed him back to the world.

Chapter 121

On the eighth day after the ink burned, Xue Zhengyi received his first letter.

The enamel paper, the writings are twisted and twisted, and I want to correct it, but it does not help.

"Uncle, don't read, I am in the flowering day today, everything is fine. There is a sinister evil here, but fortunately there are no casualties. The children have already cleaned up the water ghosts who made trouble. Now the ferry ships are very peaceful, and they have received the ship boss. Five hundred silver tickets, attached with the letter. Ask the aunt and the teacher to be well."

The 120th day, the twenty-second letter.

"Uncle, don't read. My nephew has recently had a chance to be a good spiritual stone. If it is set in Xuemen's Dragon City scimitar, it can be a weapon of the world. Although it can't be compared with the gods, it is very rare. Ask the aunt and the teacher to be well."

The thirty-third day, the twenty-fourth letter.

"The uncle does not read. The children have been practicing in the snow valley in recent days. The snow valley is cold all day long, and it is easy to produce exotic flowers. Among them, the frosty snow lotus is the most rare, but unfortunately there are thousands of demon guards in the flower fields. Low and low, hard work is not deep, can not be picked. These days are greatly improved, but they can also break their defenses, took more than ten flowers, and sent them back together. Ask the aunt and the teacher to be well."

.....

There are often some playful objects, the elixir wood stone, sent by the letter.

In addition to the letter to Xue Zhengyi, the ink will also be written to the teacher in private. The content is about a glimpse of the sea, asking for trivial things like warm clothes.

The ink pen was stained on the paper, and there was a typo from the beginning. Later, although it was not good to see the word, but the horizontal and vertical, the structure gradually became mature and mature, and the wrong place was less and less. .

Looking around the past year.

On this day, Xue Zhengyi sipped a new spring tea and received a letter from the ink.

He smiled and finished reading, and handed the letter to Mrs. Wang. Mrs. Wang groaned and smiled: "The word of this child is getting more and more beautiful."

"Like a person?"

"who?"

Xue Zhengyi blew the tea, and found a copy of the "Ancient Enchantment Collection" from the desk scroll: "Do you see if Yuheng has a similarity?"

Mrs. Wang took the book and flipped it over and said: "It’s really like it."

"When he first came to life, he worshipped Yu Heng as a teacher. Yu Heng asked him to read the book first, but he did not know a few words. Then Yu Heng taught him some time, from him. His own name, then simple, then difficult." Xue Zhengyi shook his head. "At the time, he didn't study carefully. It was always a gesture, but now it looks like a decent."

Mrs. Wang smiled and said: "He should go down the mountain and walk more. I think he is outside, it is really calm."

Xue Zhengyi also laughed and said: "I don't know what he will look like after five years of travel. How old was he? Twenty-two?"

"twenty two."

"Oh." Xue Zhengyi sighed and seemed to have some emotions. "I thought that Yu Heng would take them until the age of twenty. People are not as good as days."

People are not as good as days, and ink burning is like this.

He walked through the north and south of the sea, from the rainy land of the south of the Yangtze River to the Dasan Pass in Saibei. In the summer, I took a bite of wine by sitting on the river, and I heard a whistle around the fire pond in the winter snow.

After the emperor called the emperor, the world is his, but he never went through thousands of mountains, to see the fishing boat lights in the east, the Kaner well in the west, did not carefully pass the black feet of the footman who took the burden on the stone road, the flesh Cleft palate, the sole of the foot is as hard as iron. I haven’t heard of the squatting squatting of the Liyuan in the Litangzi Lili, the sound of the sound is like a crack:

"It turns out that it’s red and purple, and it’s like paying for the broken wall...”

He is no longer stepping on Xianjun, and he will not be stepping on Xianjun again in this life. he is--

"Big brother." This is the crisp voice of the children in the workshop. "Big brother, can you help me save this bird? It has wings folded, I, I don't know what to do."

"Xiao Xianjun." This is the voice of the old village chief of Shijie Village. "Thank you, thank you, if you are not relying on you, we are all lonely and old in this village. We are only chaotic and we can only leave our homes." Xian Jun Da En Dade, old aging ... old and unforgettable."

"Good-hearted people." This is the nephew on the road, the trembling voice. "Good-hearted people, our mothers have not eaten enough food for many days, beg you to do well, and send compassion..."

The ink burns and closes the eyes.

Repeatedly opened again.

Because someone called him.

"Mo Zong Shi."

He was somewhat stung by this name, looking up at the dark man who called him like this, quite helpless: "I am not a master, I am a master. Don't call me like this again."

The man scratched his head thickly: "I can't help it. Everyone in the village calls you so much. I know you don't like it, but I can't change it."

In recent days, the ink has lived in a village in the lower boundary of the Xiujian border. There are a snow-capped mountains standing outside the village. There are often snow ghosts going down the mountain. They are all low-spirited demons. The night machine armor is enough to deal with it. It is a pity that this small village is too remote. The night traveler did not benefit this place. He couldn't help but tried to do it according to the map left by the teacher.

After many failures, I finally made the first one. His night travel is far less beautiful than the teacher's respect, and it is not as good as the teacher's spirit, but the wood man can be used.

This novelty can please the villagers of these backcountry people to be happy, and one of them, a master of ink, calls him to smother the ink.

But even more embarrassing is still behind.

It was an evening, and the sunset glowed red half the sky. He came back from the Taishan Academy and walked on the bustling Xinglin Trail. Someone shouted.

"Chu Zongshi!"

Hearing this title, the ink burned and even thoughtless, he immediately turned back, and then he was really funny. There are so many warlocks in the world. He now listens to the wind and rain, and thinks that his master is waking up early.

how can that be possible.

He shook his head with a smile and was about to turn around. He suddenly heard a cry: "Chu Zongshi!"

"..."

The ink burns a stack of books and squints at the crowd. Suddenly someone was beckoning with him, but unfortunately he was too far away. He couldn’t figure out the person’s face. He could only see his dress. He was a young man with a blue robe carrying a bow and followed by a Wolf dog.

The man quickly approached, but when the ink burned and he could see each other clearly, they were all in one another.

"you are……"

"Ink burning." He reacted earlier than the other party, holding the book roll, inconvenient luggage, he simply nodded, his eyes curiously stopped for a moment on the young face. "I didn't expect to meet Nangong son here. Clever."

The person who originally called him "Zhu Zongshi" is the nephew of the Confucianist Gate.

Because this guy died early, the previous life has never been photographed with him, but Chu night is not the same, Chu nightning was once a guest of the Confucianism, Nangong must be familiar with him. The ink burned him up and down, his eyes stopped for a while on the archery that Nangong’s hand was holding.

It is a very old cloth quiver, embroidered with the ornamentation of camellia on the top. Because there are too many times, the pattern has faded, and the bright leaflets are slightly yellowish, like the fragrance embroidered on the cloth. It can't last for a long time, and it will fade in a day.

Nangong is full of brilliance and brightness. Only this sac is very broken. It can even clearly see the traces of sewing. The smoldering heart knows that this sac must be a precious thing for him, but whoever has no two or three

敝帚 敝帚 敝帚What about it? Those who have unlimited scenery will also have a memory that they will stay with for a long time.

No one is as simple as going up, no heart.

Nangong was frowning: "The ink burns... remember it. The apprentice of Chu Zongshi?"

"Ok."

In this case, Nangong’s attitude was slightly better. He said, “I’m sorry, I’ve been separated. I’m dressed up, I thought it’s a master, he’s out early, and I don’t know.”

The ink burned his eyes away from the quiver, and did not carelessly ask, but replied calmly: "I just heard you shouting, I thought it was the teacher's honor to go out in advance, I don't know."

Nangong laughed, perhaps because he was born expensive, even when he was laughing, his handsome eyebrows still had some arrogance. And his arrogance and Xue Meng's arrogance is not the same, Xue Meng is the pride of arrogance, and Nangong 驷, seems to be a bit more arrogant, a bit arrogant, violent.

But he was born very well, this kind of suffocation did not make him terrible, but more wild.

Ink burning can not help but think in the heart, Nangong Temple, Nangong Temple, it is really a free horse.

He was arrogant, and he listened to Nangong. He said: "Before the ghosts were cracked, the master of Chu was unfortunately miserable. I was saddened for a long time. Fortunately, there was a master who could make the master resurrect and return. He woke up and I must die. After the visit."

"Then wait for the son to drive."

Nangong swayed his hand and suddenly saw the book in the ink-burning hand. He said: "What is the ink brother doing?"

"reading."

Nangong Suiyuan thought that he should read the books, and he should read some arduous and difficult articles. When he looked closely, he found that they were all classics such as "Easy Travel" and "Book of Rites", first and foremost, then Dao: "These are all basic volumes. I used to carry them out when I was young. What is the use of these?"

I didn't feel ashamed when I was burned. I looked calmly and said: "When I was a child, I couldn't even write my own name."

"Cough..." Nangong was a little embarrassed. "Will you report to a college?"

"Well. These days just happened to collect some spiritual stones for the practice on Mount Tai. I saw that the Xinglin Academy opened a new lecture and left nothing to do. Come and listen."

Nangong nodded and looked at the time. He said, "Look at this, the brother-in-law has not eaten dinner. Since you came to the Confucianism, you are the apprentice of Chu Zongshi, and I naturally want to do the friendship of the landlord. It happened that my companion was waiting for me at a nearby restaurant. How about going for a drink?"

I think about it, and I feel that there is nothing wrong with it anyway. Then I said, "It’s disrespectful."

"Dance Tower. One of the most famous restaurants in Linyi, the nine-turned intestines are delicious, but have you heard of it?" Nangong asked him while walking.

"How have you not heard of it." Ink smirked, "The number of restaurants in the upper division is one of the best. Nangong Gongzi, you really will pick the place."

"The place is not my pick."

"Oh, is that?"

Nangong said: "My companion picked it."

As a person who has lived alive, how much ink burns is also clear about the complicated relationship of Confucianism. Although he doesn't say anything, his heart is a bit strange, and he secretly thinks: Ye Yexi has also come?

But as he climbed up the restaurant with Nangong, he stepped away from the bead curtain of the wing. The people inside let him almost pick up -

I saw Song Qiutong wearing a light Luo Su clothing, the pavilion in the window, the outside of the peach blossoms bright, she heard the sound back, the side of the golden step swaying and flashing, more lining the skin if the fat, lips if Zhu, can not tell Look good.

The half of the ink burned in and consciously shrunk back.

He was thinking, this time with Nangong, he said that he does not like to eat Lu cuisine, especially not to love the nine-turn fat, but still have time?

The author has something to say: Today's bib has a "flow" handsome evil charm dog 1.0 ~ society your dog brother, people talk more 233333 ~ small chin wants to lick ~ ~ and teacher respect personal ~ I swear I really Seeing Xiaoyan, can this picture be regarded as a picture of a dog in the ghost world? Hahaha~

Chapter 122

"Come on, brother, introduce you to the introduction, this is a small sister under my door, called Song Qiutong."

In the end, I sat down with a hard scalp, and I was introduced to the wine table by Nangong. Song Qiutong Song Qiutong, he even has a scorpion on her back, where the birthmarks of the legs have a clear understanding of the place, where you need to say more.

But the face was still stretched, and the restraint nodded: "Song girl."

"This is a pro-disciple of Chu Zongshi, the ink rain of the dead and the dead. You should have seen him in the town of Choi Butterfly before, but at that time there were many people, I guess you can't remember."

Song Qiutong Wen Xiao smiled and got up and said: "Little girl Qiu Tong, I have seen Mo Xianjun."

"..."

The ink burned and did not get up. The deep scorpion looked at her for a long while, and then said: "Polite."

For the wife of his previous life, the smoldering is actually disgusting in his heart. This kind of nausea is not only after the reincarnation, but the past life has been deep into the bone marrow, and it is indelible.

When I met him a few times ago, he never looked at her directly, so although he was disgusted, he did not feel so happy today.

She is a soft and weak woman, talking and talking, always whispering. She is like the green fruit of the tree in the early autumn, hidden behind the lush leaves, the smell is not as fragrant as the flowers, the color is not compelling, but it is very popular, the slim and full body, filled with endless Green and gentle, like a light sip, you can taste the sweet and sour taste of the juice.

Only when you get to the depths, you will find a rotten stinky insect lying inside, dead in the core, the insect body pus, with mildew.

It is true that compared to him, Song Qiutong, the last generation, seems to have never done anything evil. Nothing is to betray the Confucianism that saved her life. Nothing is when the ink burns the massacre, and the tribute leaves the forgotten to protect themselves. Nothing is that when she was in the blood of the sacred mountain, she was overwhelmed by the reward of smoldering, wearing gold and silver, dressing herself up and waiting to serve the new owner.

Nothing, that is, after the end of the massacre, she expressed her heartfelt heart and cried in front of the dead body who would never speak again. She said that she would treat her evil and never give her a good day, if not The ink burned, and I was afraid that she would give the horse of the surname Ye a horse for the rest of her life.

anything else?

The ink burned silently.

What else?

Nangong Temple is an acute child. There are several dishes that have not been delayed. He has urged the dishes to go. So there are only two couples in the room.

"Mo Gongzi, I respect you a cup." She sipped for him, half of the arm from the sleeves, a little blush on the wrist.

The ghost made the difference, and the ink burned his hand and caught her wrist.

She sighed softly, lifted her throat, and stared at him with horror, her eyes soft and tender as if she were with water: "Mu Gongzi, you are..."

The ink burned on her face, looked at it for a while, and her eyes fell, stopping on the delicate hand of her jade fingers.

"It’s really a good hand." For a long time, he whispered, his face was cold, "Song girl can play chess?"

"Slightly, slightly pass one or two."

"So good with both hands, when you can get a good game." He said coldly. Outside the footsteps of Nangong Temple, and his domesticated wolf dog, he called at the door.

"Unbelievable." The ink burned Song Qiutong's fine wrist, and then took a piece of towel, carefully wiped his fingers.

Outside the head of the sun shines on the long light shot, here the spring night building banquet opens.

The ink burned as usual, as if nothing had happened. Although Song Qiutong was despised for no reason, she was able to endure it, and she got up again and burned a glass of wine for the ink.

He didn't drink her awkward wine, so he never touched the cup again.

Nangong martyr said: "Mu brother, not long after the Lingshan Conference, you are the apprentice of Chu Zongshi, you can not tell him to lose face. Can you be ready?"

"I'm not going."

"... are you not really talking about it?"

"Really." The ink burned and laughed. "My cousin is enough. The martial art all over the world goes to Lingshan. I am afraid of excitement and don't want to go."

Nangong Temple does not seem to believe at all. He picks up brown eyes and looks like an eagle eagle.

But the ink burned a pair of scorpions and looked at him without reservation.

The eagle stared at the rock for a while and found that the rock was really just a rock. There was no hiding rabbit or a snake.

He leaned back on the back of the chair and turned the chopsticks. He suddenly grinned. "Somewhat it means, then I can't see you at Lingshan

Conference?"

"I can't see me."

Nangong Yu added a hand and sneered: "The apprentice of Chu Zongshi is awesome, so it is rare to participate in such a grand event."

"..."

It’s hard to say, how to explain it? Is it not like this, saying that he is a 30-year-old deceitful old ghost, letting Teng Xianjun fight with a group of fledgling children, and sitting on the stage again, killing and playing in his life. The head of the fight, this group of directors will also give him a small sign, playing a small point.

... it’s just a mess.

Coughing, he said: "It is not rare to participate, but I am not good at orthodoxy. I don't know how to learn. If I go, I will give it to the master. If Nangong is so good, I will have the cost. Don't laugh at me."

This made Xue Meng, an innocent little chick, listen to it. He would probably be very happy. He felt that the ink was burning against the hair, but Nangong was in the intricate Confucianism of the faction. He had no mother since childhood. The days are actually not so simple, so I listened to

the compliment of ink burning, but also smiled, and did not float without knowing.

He sipped a few bites of wine, rolled his throat, and then took a sleeve and said: "Since the ink son does not participate, the onlookers are clear, it is better to guess, the leader of the conference, who will eventually fall?"

"..." Ink ignited, you **** really asked the right person.

Who else can spend more than he knows? In addition to the false hook that is very likely to be born again, the world will certainly have his ink rain to know the result of the Lingshan sword.

The winner is...

"Nan Gong Temple."

Suddenly, the bead curtain was brushed open, and in the faint halo, the half-cageed face in the shadow. The two men in the room had not responded yet, but Song Qiutong was still in a slap in the face, and his face was full of pitiful sorrows. He apologized and said: "Ye, Ye Gongzi."

The body of the person is quite straight, and the black dress embroidered with dark gold rims is tied with a wristband, and the waist is extremely thin.

The three-pointed beauty between the eyebrows and the handsome seven-pointer is not the leaf forgetting who is it?

"I didn't call you." Ye did not look at her for a moment, she opened the bead curtain and walked into the house. His eyes were always on the same person. It looked very cold, but it flashed some other shreds of light. Hey, I am calling you. You have to hear it and raise your head."

Nangong Temple did not look up, but instead said to Song Qiutong: "What are you doing up? Sit down."

"No, Nangong Gongzi, my generation is humble, I still stand."

Nangong was suddenly furious and shouted: "Sit down!"

Song Qiu Tong shivered and held the table, hesitating.

Ye forgets not to be so stiff, cold and said: "You listen to him."

"Thank you, Ye Gongzi..."

Ye Qingxiu no longer cares about Song Qiutong, but said: "Namiya, what time do you have to make trouble? The head is mad. Get up, go back with

me."

"That's best. I will be crazy when he is. He will die when I am back! I haven't talked about going back. Before he recovers, I won't step back to the Confucianism." Nangong slammed a word. "Ye, Gong, Zi, you please come back."

"You--" Ye forgets the handcuffs into a fist, the whole person is shaking slightly, and the ink burns beside him. He feels that he seems to take a table of banquets at any time and pull it straight away, but the leaves are forgotten. After all, he was a gentleman, and he was so hard to suppress the anger of the sky.

"Nan Gong Yu." He silenced a few times, then opened his mouth, his voice was hoarse, with some exhaustion that was contrary to his straight face. "Do you really have to do this?"

"What is it?"

Ye forgets to close his eyes, sighs incomparably, and slowly opens. He stood at the table and finally turned his head and looked at the ink.

They all said that the ugliness of the family cannot be exalted. Of course, the things in the martial art do not want others to know. The ink burned and stood up, and said that they had forgotten the past, saying: "I just remembered, I still have to go to the ready-to-wear store in the evening.

Clothes, go to the late and let the shopkeeper wait a long time, then take a step."

Ye Jingxiu nodded to him: "Thank you for the son of Mo."

"I don't thank you, you talk."

The ink burned away from the leaves, and when he was wrong, he looked at him intentionally or unintentionally. When he was close, he discovered that although Ye Yexi was still tall and straight, like cypress, his temperament was steady and deep, but his eyes were slightly reddish, and he seemed to have just cried before coming.

The smoldering of the ink suddenly felt that the forbearance of the leaves had been so awful, and it was similar to that of Chu.

He was in a hurry and couldn't help but turn back and said to Nan Gongyi: "Nan Gong Gongzi, although I don't know what entanglement between you and Ye Gongzi, but I think he treats you very well. If you want to, Have a good talk with him, don't hide and talk about something."

Nangong Temple did not appreciate it. He was on the head and did not care about his relatives. He said coldly: "Don't take care of you."

"..." This short-lived ghost!

The ink burned away. Before going downstairs, I heard the anger of Nangongyu in the room. The young dog-wolf was tearing the soul of the leaves with his sharp teeth. He is questioning him -

"Leaves the past! What kind of ecstasy soup did you give to my father? Let him see you more important than me!! Go back? What do I go back to with you? From small to big, what can I do for myself? Ah? Ye forgets me, I ask you, what are you... what do you do for me!!"

When the table fell down, the dishes and cups smashed into the ground.

The maids standing in the aisle were all scared and chilled, and more guests came out from their own compartments.

"what's wrong?"

"Hey, who is so tempered, smashing this posture, don't give up the restaurant."

The ink burned his lips and looked back at the end of the walk.

He heard the sound of the leaves forgetting, like the dry leaves of autumn, dry and dry, and lifeless.

"Nangong, if I let you stay at home unhappy. Then I will go, no longer appear in front of you."

"..."

"You go back." Ye said, "Please."

If you don't hear it, you can't believe it in any way. A person who is as straight as a leaf will say a weak word like "seeking."

In his impression, Ye Yexi is a gentleman who is unstoppable. He is an invincible **** of war. He can imagine that he is bleeding, but he can't imagine him crying. He can imagine his death, but he can't imagine that he will kneel.

But today, he was actually in the restaurant, in front of Song Qiutong, said to a man, beg you.

The ink burns and closes the eyes.

It is unclear how many things a person has lived for a lifetime.

No one is red or bare naked in front of people. People hide their bodies with clothes and hide their emotions with words and expressions. People wrapped themselves in their arms, and the neck looked like a flower branch. The whole person gave the world a happy face, singing Tsing Yi's singing green clothes, singing a small student's singing singer, the world is like a play, and the world is pure. Ugly, it should be clear.

After singing for a long time, who can accept the sleeves of the sleeves, the eyes of the phoenix, and sang again?

But when the shackles stopped, the harps were silent, and the night was quiet. Everyone washed away the heavy oil paint, and the greasy water and dirt took away the sharp and angular faces in the day, revealing the strange facial features.

It turns out that Hua Dan is a heroic man, and Wu Sheng has a pair of gentle eyes.

The ink burned back to his hut, and he was thinking, he lived for two lifetimes. In the end, he saw the sentient beings? Have you seen yourself a few points?

A late night, let his heart die and die, die and resurrect, Chu nightning...

So he remembered that Nangong Temple actually mistaken him for being a late night, some funny, how could this be wrong.

But when I washed, I suddenly found the man in the bronze mirror, wearing a high ponytail, wearing a simple white warlock gown.

The ponytail was arbitrarily tied in the morning. The sorcerer’s gown was because the old clothes were a little smaller a few days ago. He went to the shop to pick clothes. He turned around and found a white dress very beautiful. He didn’t think much, didn’t think about it. Why do you think that this dress is beautiful, I bought it and put it on my body.

Looking at the mirror, he suddenly understood.

It turned out that this white dress is so similar to the one that Chu nightning once had.

The bronze mirror is dim, the past life is like a dream, and the person who looks at the mirror in the ink is like the heavy color of this dream, seeing the fragments of Chu Xiening and seeing his phantom.

The wash water has not been dried, and the chin that has gradually hardened along the lines has fallen.

He stood in front of the mirror, and some of them understood it, just as his night-time **** was imitating the night-time **** of Chu-Lingning, and he himself was imitating his own master.

The ink burned subconsciously in the red dust to find Chu night Ning's figure, could not find, he actually became him.

——

Years are like a shuttle. I am remorse, or something else.

I can't see you, thinking about how you would do if you encounter such a thing. You will smile when you see something, and you will be annoyed when you see it.

I think of you before I do everything, I want to make you happy when I do everything.

I thought, "If you are, I will do this, will you nod? Will you be willing to boast me a little and say that I have not done anything wrong."

I think this way every day, buried in the bone marrow, became a habit. So later, I didn’t even realize it myself.

It turns out that I have lived in my mind, your appearance.

The author has something to say:

Today, the bib has a "Frost and a sword and a meat bag". The cute dog that is painted in the snow. ~~~ It’s really cute.~~I can draw in the snow, I am in the snow. Will only write "hahaha" and "666"? It’s a sad story QAQ

The bib "meat is big devil", there is a small partner reaction can not find, I do not know why 啥QAQ, there is a baby said to be replaced by a computer can be found, if it is not convenient to change the computer, you can try to search for " Chu nightning?" I used to send a bib to the label of Chu Xiaoning, and I should be able to search through Weibo content~

The avatar is a cat with a label horrified, hahaha~

Chapter 123

"Zhao Daochang, Li Daochang, you can all read the list? The black horse that was killed at the Lingshan Conference this time is really amazing!"

In the Pearl Beach Tea House, a few scattered pieces of peanuts, a pot of hot tea, are talking about this hotter than the hot tea.

"Of course I have been watching it for a long time! The winner is actually the sorrow of the dead, the martial art of the lower cult, can suffocate the old gangs of the upper cults. Especially the Confucianism, oh, the coffin board of their ancestors I am afraid I can't hold it anymore! Is the little fairy who won the game called Xue Fenghuang?"

"Ah? Hahahaha, Xue Fenghuang? Lao Zhao, you really want to laugh at me, Phoenix is his nickname, his surname is Xue, Mingmeng, Zizi Ming, his father is Xue Zhengyi. Tiger father no The dog, this Xue Ziming, is very good!"

Sitting next to the fire pond, a man in a cloak, tall and tall, is drinking tea from his own. I heard them say this, the man suddenly lowered his voice, "Hmm?", the tea pot stopped at the lips and did not move.

"All said that he is the phoenix's chick, this is not a virtual one. Other lessers have sacred martial arts, he is good, a machete is broken and others are retreating, really God."

"Then you don't look at who is his apprentice? Can you be vegetarian when you are a disciple at the night of Yuheng?"

"But I think that Xue Ziming is a victorious victory. You haven't heard of it. When the two are against each other, Xue Ziming and Nangong are beaten up. If the girl who was in Nangong is dragging her legs, hey, ask me. Say, the outcome is not yet known."

The man who had been listening to God listened to this and finally put down the hanging tea.

He turned his head back, and the end was sharp and violent, and Qiu Shui Shen Huahua, a very good skin. He smiled at the monks and said: "Several same/repair, harassment. I practiced in the mountains a few days ago, I don't know the sun and the moon, so I missed the Lingshan Conference. I just heard you say it." Xue Meng got the leader... Some curious, I wonder if I can ask a few more words?"

Those people who wished to have an audience, quickly greeted the ink, gave him a place, and let him sit with them.

The ink is not rude, he is now much more stable than when he was just down the mountain. He asked the owner of the teahouse to add six pots of

Lingshan Miaoyu, and then sent candied dates, sourdocks, yak-yellow cherries, snake-like melon seeds, and everyone, and then smiled and said: "Xue Zi tomorrow's pride, even without Shenwu It’s not too surprising to be the first one. It’s just to listen to you, when the two men confronted each other, the Nangong of the Confucianism Gate brought a girl...?”

This circle is a man, always willing to talk about things related to girls, even though the girl is not theirs.

"Isn't it? It's really a beautiful town to bury the heroes, or else the magic of the Nangong Temple, can not let Xue Ziming take the upper hand is not necessarily."

"This is a bit of a meaning." It is not the same as the results of previous lives. The previous Lingshan Conference was the first place in the past and the Nangong Temple. The smoldering originally thought that the death of Chu Xiaoning spurred Xue Meng and let Xiaofeng start it, but now it seems that the variables are not only on Xue Meng.

"I don't know what identity the girl is?"

"Nani son surnamed Song, what is Tong's... I don't remember, in short, it looks good. I see that the mentality of the brother of the Confucianism is completely for her."

"It’s just beautiful, it’s just a national color. For me, it’s Nangong, I’d rather not want this Lingshan first, but also to be beautiful.”

Ink burning: "..."

it is as expected.

The Lingshan Conference is divided into single competitions, doubles against each other, and group killings, and three rankings are neutralized to reach the final leader.

In the past life, Xue Meng and Shi Yi formed a two-person confrontation, and the battle was the Nangong Temple and the Ye Forget. The Ye Forgiveness was later the most powerful person in the world except Chu Xi Ning. The result of this game can be imagined. However, I didn’t know where the problem was in my life. Nangong’s sorrow did not cooperate with Ye’s forgetfulness. Instead, she brought Song Qiutong’s woman to her hind legs...

The ink burned down the tea pot and raised his hand to rub his own forehead.

I really don't know what the guy thinks.

"Women, women, even the wild horse of Nangong, isn't the clothes that have been cleaned up?" Someone sighed like this, and everyone else sneered.

The ink burned and couldn't help but ask: "What about the leaves?"

"what?"

Ink burning: "Leaves forget."

Seeing everyone in a stunned, smoldering in the heart, I feel that some are not taste. That was the **** of war that gave him a lot of pain in his life... How can you not know?

So he said with a stroke: "It is another son of Confucianism, the legs are very long, the people are tall, the temper is very good, not so much love to talk, make a sword, and..." See everyone's sluggish look The ink sighed and he had vaguely known the result, but he still finished the last few words.

"There is still a bow."

"do not know."

"Not famous, this person."

"Brother, who do you listen to? At the Lingshan Conference, there are 16 disciples in the Confucianism, and none of them are surnamed leaves."

Sure enough, this world, Ye Forgiveness did not participate in the war.

The ink burned silently for a moment, thinking of the last leaf of the restaurant and Nangong said: "You come back, I am going." He suddenly felt a little unbearable and somewhat uneasy.

Isn't this true?

Ye forgets, does it really leave the Confucianist door?

Thinking of past lives, Ye forgets to say to the executioner before his death that he wants to be buried in the heroes of the Confucianism after his death, and together with the tomb of Nangong Temple. I can't help but sigh, how can things become like this? A little subtle change has expanded into an infinite embarrassment.

Then it turned upside down and the sea became a mulberry field.

It turns out that the change of fate can be raging, and it is necessary to sacrifice hot blood and painful tears to change the prodigal son.

For example, he is in the late night of Chu.

But the change of fate can be quiet, such as the leaves of the past in the Nangong Temple.

Maybe it was only in the inn that day, Nangong Temple took the leaves and forgot to settle down. At night, Nangong was thirsty, and got up and went downstairs to get a pot of tea. It happened to meet the poor Song Qiutong.

Perhaps Song Qiutong poured a glass of water on him, and maybe she was inconvenient in her legs and feet. When she went upstairs, she accidentally fell, who knows.

Even, maybe he just slammed into the water and licked some to the broad chest. She was careful and handed him a handkerchief.

At that time, the clouds were light and windy. About Nangong, I simply said thank you.

But none of them knows. In fact, the business has been turned around and the Beidou has been rotated. Their lives have changed because of a handkerchief, a glass of water, and a thank you. It’s just the parties, no one heard the loud noise of fate:

Nangong yawned and went upstairs.

Song Qiutong fidelity looked at him.

And Ye forgets to illuminate the candle in the room and read a book that has not been read.

In the past, the ink burned the past and I didn’t know how to be tall and thick. I thought that I had thoroughly passed through the cycle of life and death.

Now I know that they are all duckweed in the world, and the wind blows away overnight, and the rain falls all night. When a person on the shore throws a stone, he can crush the blue spirit.

He is so lucky, far away, and can return to the end of the night.

I can still filial piety in front of the master, but I can also say to Chu Yuning: "I am sorry, I have failed you."

Drink tea and say goodbye to everyone.

The wind is coming out, and it will soon rain.

The ink burned up the cloak and went to the deep forest.

His figure became more and more distant, more and more vain, and gradually became a small point in the twilight, like the ink stains in the wash basin, and finally disappeared into invisibility.

"Booming up!!"

The gloomy sky burst into thunder, purple electric blue light, and sudden showers like a thousand troops.

"It’s raining." Someone in the teahouse looked out and saw that the thunder was amazing and shrank back.

"It’s so big rain... It’s really... no one in the house is getting too much, but I’m afraid it’s going to be broken.”

"Forget it, boss wife, come back to a pot of tea. Wait until the weather is fine, then go home."

The ink burned in the rain, ran in the rain, fled in the rain, and escaped from the rain for thirty-two years that he had spent in the past.

He didn't know if such a heavy rain could wash away his evil. Chu nightning forgave him, but he didn't. His mind is heavy and he is forced to breathe.

He is willing to use his later life to do good deeds to pay.

But the pouring rain of the rest of my life can really wash away the sins in his bones, the dirt in the blood?

He hates not letting this rain fall for five years.

I just want to wait for the night when I wake up, I stand in front of the master, can be a little cleaner, and then clean a little.

He didn't want to be there, it was as dirty as it is now, dirty like sand, like dust, like the dirt on the soles of the feet, the ash inside the nails.

He just wants to do better before he wakes up, and better.

In this way, the worst and worst of the world, perhaps with some faint courage, call for the best and best master in the world.

This night, the ink burned down.

His body has always been tough and strong, and once such a person is ill, it is often like a landslide and is out of control.

He lay in bed and fell asleep with a thick quilt. In the night, he dreamed of the things of his life. He dreamed of how he would torture the late night, and dreamed that Chu Yuning was struggling under him. Chu nighting died in his arms. He woke up from his sleep, and he was screaming at the outside. He fumbled for Flint to light the candle, but no matter how he played, the flint did not shine.

He threw himself into the side of the fire, and his face was buried in the palm of his hand. He licked his hair in pain, his throat rolled, and the beastly sorrow in his throat.

He escaped death, escaped condemnation, but eventually escaped his heart.

He is very scared, sometimes unable to distinguish between dreams and reality, sometimes he will constantly confirm whether he is awake or asleep.

He is very painful. He feels that his soul has split into two halves. In the past and in this life, these two souls are biting each other, one is reviling, the other is full of blood, mad, and the other is not to be outdone. Nothing is like everyone else, and there is a face in this world.

The soul of this life is angering the soul of past lives:

In the light rain, step on the fairy, you are not something, why do you commit such crimes! How do you let me repay in my life!

I want to start from the beginning, why are you struggling, in the dreams, in the drunkenness, in the dim light, when I can't catch up, I jump out and curse me with twisted faces?

Cursing me can't be over-life, cursing me and wicked people will have bad news.

You curse all this is a dream, one day will be broken again, you curse I will wake up one day, you will find yourself still lying in the Wushan Temple, you laughed and said that I have no pity in this life.

The only person who is willing to die for me is that I killed him.

Can that person be me? !

No, it’s not me, it’s you, step on the fairy! It’s your rain! !

I am different from you, I am different from you...

I have no blood in my hand, I am -

I can come over from the beginning.

The other half of the soul is also screaming, it opens its sharp mouth, and its face is distorted:

Are you not apologetic?

Are you not doing it wrong?

Then why don't you die? Why don't you use your blood to pay homage to the people who were hurt by your unprovoked life?

brute! hypocritical!

How is your difference from me? I am a little rain, are you not? You take the sins of past lives, you carry the memories of past lives, you can never get rid of me, I am you, my dreams are your heart, and the gods and gods ask you your disgusting soul.

Have you ever been through?

Why? What is your face and what qualifications do you have to come over? You keep the world in the dark, and you keep the person who loves you in the dark.

You do the best, just to smooth out the little guilt in your heart! what! Ink rain! Do you dare let them know who you were in your previous life?

You dare to let Chu Xiaoning know that the past life is you! The knife stabbed him on the neck, letting his blood run out, and he was better than death! It's you! Let the world become hungry and devastated!

It is you.

Hahahaha, swearing, I am you, you are me, you can't escape, I am you, ink rain, do you dare say no?

The ink burned was almost crazy, and he went to the bed to touch the fire knife. He tried to light the candle and dispel the dark night of the claws.

But even the candles don't want him, and the candles don't bother to save him.

He was thrown into the darkness, his trembling hand rubbed the flint at once, and for a moment, nothing, nothing.

He finally fell to his bed and burst into tears. He kept apologizing. In the night, his bed was surrounded by people. The stunned figures were cursing him. They were all asking for his life. They all told him that he was evil for the world, and he did not know how to burn. What to do, he suddenly became very helpless, he could only keep saying: "I'm sorry... sorry..." but nobody cares about him.

No one forgives him.

His forehead was hot and his heart burned.

Suddenly, he seemed to hear someone sighing gently.

In the enchanting sorrow, he opened his eyes. He saw that Chu Ning came, and Chu Ning was still the same as before. The white clothes were stalking, the wide-sleeved robes, and the eyebrows were as good as the past.

He came over and walked over to his bed.

The ink burns the pharynx: "Master...I am not... I don't deserve to see you..."

Chu nightning did not speak, but picked up the fire knife and flint, and burned the ink from the candle that had not been lit.

Where there is a teacher, there is fire.

There is a late night in the place where there is light.

He stood in front of the candlestick, with long eyelashes on his back. He looked up and quietly looked at the ink, then smiled quietly and smiled very lightly.

He said: "Let's sleep, you see, the light is on. Don't be afraid."

The burning heart is like a blunt thing. He feels that his brain is hurting. He feels that this sentence is very familiar and seems to have been heard.

But he can't remember it.

Chu night Ning opened the sleeves and was placed along his bed. The cold rain Lianjiang night into Wu, but the house is warm. The night is gone.

Chu night Ning said: "I am with you."

He heard this sentence, the heart was awkward and painful, almost twisted into a ball.

"Master, you don't want to go." He took the hand of Chu Yuning's wide sleeves.

"it is good."

"When you are gone, it will be dark."

The ink burned and cried. He felt a little shameful. He lifted the other hand and covered his eyes. "I beg you, don't leave me... I beg you... I really... I really don't want to do it anymore. Emperor, Master... Don’t want me..."

"Ink burning..."

"I beg you." Perhaps it was because the heat made him feel a little stunned, making him extremely vulnerable. Or perhaps he knows in his heart that this is actually a dream of his own. He knows that he will disappear when he wakes up, so he muttered, "Please, don't want me."

This night, outside the window, the iron horse glaciers, countless grievances knocked on the window, like to enter the house to kill his life.

But in the burning dream, Chu nightning lighted up the light, and a little faint light dispelled the boundless chill. Chu night said: "Well, I don't go."

"Don't go?"

"Don't go."

The ink burned and wanted to say something, but the throat made a whimper. When the dog wanted to be careful, he had some grievances.

"You all said that you won't go, saying that you won't leave me." When I was about to fall into a dream, the ink burned and squinted, and suddenly muttered. "But in the end, don't want me. No one is rare, I am. When I have abandoned my dog for half a lifetime... whoever adopted me for a few days, then I abandoned me... I am so tired... really... Master... I am really tired, I can’t stand it, I can’t walk. ....."

Like a windy meal, a homeless stray dog, the hair is dirty, the claws are broken, in order to survive, have to fight with the cockroaches, and wild cats to grab food.

After being bullied for a long time, I don’t trust anyone. When someone sees someone kneeling down, the dog may think that it is feeding him, but abandoning the dog will only make someone else take the stone to slap him. He rushed to the emperor, and he walked uneasily, and walked away. He was grinning at anyone, this is his life.

"Master, if you don't want me any day, kill me, don't throw me away."

He choked and said softly.

"It feels too uncomfortable to be abandoned once and for all, preferring to die..."

He was really burnt.

In the end, he didn't know where he was, and he couldn't remember who the dream appeared.

"Auntie." Before he slept, he finally said a word, "It’s dark, I’m so scared... I want to go home...”

The author has something to say:

The title was taken from Du Fu, "The old man entered my dream, and I remembered it, and I am in the net, why is there a wing", which is a mistake.

Today, in addition to the "Master Shi fox" spoiler screenshot, the "Master Shi bath" game screenshots, there are many benefits ~

Thank you for the "Desolation" wife's master's step on the flower map, the master and the color are beautiful to suffocate, the fairy is very ~ is just the **** fairy brother ~ ~ suitable for the old man, this girl's heart is to be a screen saver ~ ~

Chapter 124

Flowers bloom, the enchantment outside the red lotus water, no matter the morning faint, are flowing with fine brilliance. The people inside are not coming out, and the people outside can't get in.

Five years have passed, and people are like a lantern. Every day, every night is changing. Every tenth and every month is changing.

In the teahouse, in the history books... those years, eventually became a line of small characters, became a period of storytelling.

Past events, look back -

In the first year of Chu’s retreat, his disciples burned down the mountain, and Xue Meng’s teacher stayed in the dead and died and repaired himself.

This year, the word of ink burned a little better than in the past, Xue Meng broke through the ninth weight of the knife of silence, and the teacher went to the lonely moon night to learn from the end of the year, and benefited a lot.

During the period, the ink burned to Yizhou Salt Merchants Changjia, and I met the Changgongzi for private affairs. However, I learned that Chang Gongzi was violently killed before the day. The ink burned in the ghost world and learned that Chang Gongzi and the fake hook Chen had collusion. I wanted to listen to one or two. Who knows that the other party has already killed people, and even the bodies have burned to ashes.

The clue is interrupted.

In the second year of the retreat of Chu, the rehearsal of the Lingshan Conference, Xue Mengde was the first, Mei Hanxue was the second, and Nangong was the third. The sergeant squats in the lower pot and hangs the pot of Guangji, and the ink burns through the deserts of the south of the Yangtze River, all the way to demonize the good, and then return to the forest to practice, where to go.

The third year of the retreat of Chu’s late reign, every year, the glory. In the past, the **** battle at the Butterfly Town was declining, and the cockroach was born. The wild ghosts cried at night, and Xue Meng led the disciples to death. Although it did not reproduce the scenes of the devils in the past, the subordinates still lived in the disaster year.

Due to the vast territory and numerous daggers, the upper cults of the nine sects of the nine sects guarded the borders of the upper and lower sides and built a refusal wall to prevent ghosts from passing through.

Those who are homeless to the poor are all rejected from the wall, and the city is defended against ghosts and defenders. Therefore, the sea in the wall

is clear, and the corpses outside the wall are everywhere. Xue Zhengyi has repeatedly negotiated with the Shang Xiu, and failed. At that time, the blood of the disciples who died in the town of Choi Die was put to the east.

At the end of the year, the ink burned in the mountains was received by the uncle's letter, and it was learned that the middle of the chaos was in chaos and re-entered the red dust.

Chu nightning retreats for the fourth year.

The ink burns and Xue Meng fight side by side, and the two sons of the dead and the dead lead the people to sweep the disenchantment in the lower bounds. In the end, in the old town of Choi Die Town, the peak matchup was provoked. Xue Ziming killed more than a thousand evil spirits, and drove the ghosts. The ink rained heavily to repair the sky and cracked the evil spirits with one's own strength.

After this battle, the upper repair circle removed the city defense and allowed the people in the repair circle to enter the customs.

Xue Meng ink burning is famous, the former phoenix chick prestige is unparalleled, the latter due to the remedy of the sky, the enchantment technique and the Chu night Ning is very similar, so it is called "Mo Zong Shi" by the world.

Baiyun Cang dog, blink of an eye.

After the Battle of Lingshan, Xue Meng had a good name, but he was not as self-satisfied and self-satisfied as he was when he was a teenager. As long as he had nothing to do, he worked diligently in the bamboo forest, and he practiced in the winter. I am sick and never stop.

He remembered the words of the Master, even if there is no Shenwu in hand, the pride of the sky is still the pride of the sky, just to pay more blood and sweat, he is no longer born, but the endurance can make up.

Sometimes he used a set of knives, and he fell lightly and gracefully from the end of the bamboo forest. In the sunshine wearing the forest, he turned his head and occasionally felt a glimpse of it, as if he saw the sitting on the rock and played A small figure of the leaves.

This made him reluctant to think of the day again. Chu Xiaoning, who was getting smaller and smaller, saw him practice his knife in the forest. His song was melodious, pointing out when he was in a hurry and when he should be slow.

Xue Meng looked at his head and recalled it, and the sound of the song seemed to be in his ear.

So he closed his eyes and calmed down. When he opened it, he saw a piece of dead bamboo falling and falling. He slammed his knife at the bottom, and the dragon humming, the knife shadow relaxed, and when it started, it sounded like a wave. Hey, it’s a long way to go.

When the Dragon City was withdrawn, he stood up straight, and the dead leaves had been cut into thousands of pieces, silently falling on the side of the boots.

When I bowed, it seemed to be a young, unsatisfied young man.

Looking up again, the eyebrows are straight and straight, and the eyes are clear and steady, like a rushing stream that finally rushes into the lake and becomes peaceful and broad.

Five years.

Xue Meng took the knife and wiped the frost blade with a white cloth. He was about to take the knife back to the sheath. He suddenly heard a rush of footsteps in the distance. Some disciples rushed over and shouted: "Less Lord! Little Master!"

"What's wrong?" Xue Meng frowned. "There is nothing in the panic, nothing. What?"

"Red lotus water 榭 -" The man ran out of breath, his face was red and screaming, panting, "The guilty, the master of sin is gone! Jade, Yuheng elders - wake up, wake up!!"

"When you slam", the Dragon City of the Battle of the World was lost by the owner and fell to the ground.

Xue Meng’s face was pale when he was a beautiful white face, and then immediately rose red, his lips opened and closed, and eventually he couldn’t even remember his own blade, and he flew like a dead man. Nanfeng, almost halfway through the stone, stumbled and stumbled.

"Master!! Master!!!!"

Xue Ziming, who had just taught others that he had no way of saying anything, had not left any scum left in his blink of an eye.

When I ran to the outside of the Honglian Water Margin, I didn't enter the main hall door. I saw Xue Zhengyi striding out of the inside and seeing his son and desperately going to the inside. Xue Zhengyi smiled and covered him.

Xue Meng is dying: "Hey!"

"Well, know that you want to see Yu Heng." Xue Zhengxi smiled. "But he just recovered, lacked energy, and said a few words to me, he fell asleep. You are always embarrassed to disturb your master's rest."

Xue Meng stayed: "This is true, but..." But the five-year time is too difficult. He has a lot of words to say to the teacher. The first place in the conference, I want to tell the master that I have suppressed the ghosts, myself...

"Be sensible."

"..." The sensible word is like the seven inches of a snake, and it is pinched. Xue Meng will also obey. He almost sighed for a long time, but his foot stopped and his neck stretched forward. It seemed that he could pass through the burly father, the hidden door, and the person lying on the couch.

Xue Meng licked his lips, some were not willing: "I will go in and see the teacher, I don't talk."

"I still don't know you? I yelled when I was happy." Xue Zheng gave him a look. "The Lingshan Conference won back. The outsiders were in front of a cold shelf and went home for four or five days. Seeing people tells you how you have made Nangong 踹 from the demon wolf's back. Now even the Li Po of Meng Potang can recite the original words you said. You said that you are not snoring, who believes?"

"……OK."

Xue Meng’s.

"My father taught."

"That is, when did you miss it?"

Xue Meng grinned, still could not help but wonder: "Hey, how about the Master?"

"It's very good, and the master of the crimes has been removed from the poison left by the heart."

"Ah, that is to say that the Master will not become a younger brother in the future?"

"Haha, no."

Xue Meng scratched his head and thought that he would never see Xia Shi reversal.

"Then, is that else okay? Is there anything uncomfortable?"

"Don't worry, no, really have to say, that is, he knows that after five years of sleeping, his face is a bit ugly." Xue Zhengyi thought of the look of Chu's

late night, smiled. "Fortunately, he still has not much strength. Otherwise, I can ask a lot of things. Oh, yes—"

He suddenly thought of something, to Xue Mengdao: "Menger, arrange a thing for you to do. Your teacher respected him for so long, and missed a lot of things. We rely on us to tell him, we are tired He also sounds exhausted. In this way, you ask your mother to ask for some money and go back to the impermanent town under the mountain to buy some books. Isn't there a kind of booklet that has a year-old story? He is jealous."

Xue Meng heard, not right, this old fox is suspected of being noisy, he has to kick him down to do the coolies.

But I think again, this hard work is done for the master, it seems that it is not so difficult to accept. Anyway, the teacher has gone to sleep again, and he is really not sure whether he will get out of control after entering the house, and rushing to wake people up.

Then he sighed, and he was very reluctant to say: "Buy books and buy books."

"Buy more, talk about the repairs, and buy the lower ones, buy some, Yuheng itself loves to read."

"Oh, good." Xue Meng was very depressed, and a man went silently.

Xue Meng didn't like to read books. When he came to the book stall in Wuchang Town, he looked around and thought that he couldn't find any tricks from the name. He asked him to ask the stall owner: "Old man, you are here to talk about the truth." Are there any books that have changed over the years? Give me a few books."

The stall owner saw the dead man, although he did not recognize this is the phoenix chick Xue Ziming, but he was very excited. He said with warmth: "Xianjun wants to talk about the changing book, of course. There is a history of history." , biography, chronicle, regional ambition, demon spectrum, the manuscripts of the most famous ten storytellers on Lianjiang Lake. Which kind of fairy does you like?

When Xue Meng heard his brain hurt, he waved: "All, I have come over, not bad."

For businessmen, the most pleasant words in the world are not "love you", "worry you" and "want you", but "buy" "not bad money" and "every one."

The stall owner immediately smiled and smiled. He slammed his hand and Xue Meng, and turned and picked him from the pick-up book. Xue Meng was idle, and he flipped over the stalls. He suddenly found a thin booklet that was very interesting. The page he spread spread out:

Comprehension

First: Jiang Yan. Identity: Lin Lingyu, the head of the lonely moon night

Second: Nangong Liu. Identity: Linyi Confucianism

Third: Ma Wei. Identity: West Lake Taobao Villa

.....

Such a cloud, with a small head of the fly to write a whole face.

Xue Meng immediately came to the fore. He especially wanted to know where he was, so he went back and forth on this page for four or five times. He saw it as a cross-eyed eye and did not find the word "Xue Meng".

He was very frustrated, and then he was a little angry. When he thought about it, he felt that he was not willing. After turning over one page, he planned to continue to look for it, but he saw only three or four names in the back, and one sentence:

"The compilation of energy is limited. All the rankings are counted in only one hundred, and the next one is a little bit worse."

Xue Meng’s book: "Is this young master so poor??"

The stall owner was shocked by him. When he saw his book in the hustle and bustle, he picked up and calmly said: "Xianjun don't want to be angry. This folk booked ranking booklet is always in a mess, and ah, every land is spread. They are all different. You have to buy a book in Linyi. The first place on the gentleman's list is definitely the head of Nangong. It is a pastime to see this pure, and you have to be angry, you have to be angry."

Listening to him, Xue Meng thinks that there are some truths, and he is still very curious about the other contents of this booklet, so he snorted and took it from the hands of the stall owner and flipped two pages.

This time, he saw a more eccentric ranking.

"The family of the family"

The author has something to say:

The horses on the rich list, and the Taoyuan Villa are eggs, hahahaha~

Master respected, we also began to resume the small theater every day~

Today's bib has:

Doublesaya Shuangye Jun’s dog teacher respects the mirror reflection~ The young dog gives the teacher a gift, and then the master repays the sea otter to the adult dog~ Inexplicably abused how to do QAQ, but the young dog really Knock cute, think sun QAQ

Desolation's dog teacher respects it? The master and the dog are all beautiful, the dog's clothes are staring at me for a long time, I don't know why it is so strange to my attention, I think the star The little gold is really beautiful on the black~ knocking on the beauty~

Frosty one sword, the wife of the meat bag wife ~ dog and Xia Shi really hit the cute ~ ink is very warm oil ~ like ~ ~ and the sister and Xue Mengmeng ha ha ha ha, teacher sister young girl version And Xue Mengmeng~Xue Mengmeng said that he wants to exchange his own sorrowful blue and silver light armor ~~ Xue Mengmeng cried out, he is not based, not not~

Thank you, madam, what?

Reopened small theater~

Hawkers like to buy, buy, and buy, so what do you want to hear in your character?

Chu nightning most hopes to hear: Yuheng elder is a good teacher.

Ink burning 2.0 most hope to hear: you are different from previous lives.

Ink burning 1.0 most hope to hear: everyone likes you.

Ink burning 0.5 most hope to hear: dog things, wake up, don't dream, the saliva flow on the desk!

Xue Meng most wants to hear: the young master is the first, the youngest master is the most handsome, and the younger master is the most respected teacher!

The teacher wants to hear the most: how can the teacher be so gentle and cute, it will be boss

Ye Jingxi wants to hear the most: Nangong Gongzi will not be short-lived.

Nan Gongyi most wants to hear: You are abdicating to let you go, you can be the master.

Song Qiutong most wants to hear: This is a bg text.

Mei Hanxue most wants to hear: Mei Hanxue, ready to play.

Chapter 125

The handwriting on the list is very neat, and it’s very penalized.

First: Nangong Temple

Identity: Confucianism Master

Second: Xue Meng

Identity: The Lord of Life and Death

Xue Meng: "....."

He slammed the book, and the muscles on his face were shaking. It seemed that if he relaxed a little, he would not be able to stop the flood of beasts in his heart.

"Yes." Xue Meng sullenly sullenly, took the book and patted the horrified stall owner, and each word was broken from the teeth and smashed.

"This book is wrapped up separately for me. I took it back and studied it."

The "Unknown Clouds" was rudely smashed into the robes, and Xue Meng held a book reel that he had picked up to him, and staggered back to the mountains.

He is very angry.

It’s going to be mad.

The family of the family is ranked second in the list?

Pooh! Which one has smashed the list of dog eyes, let him know, he had to take the man out and press the hundred fists on the ground to get rid of the gas! Go to your pride! Dog stuff!

This kind of anger is to neutralize the ecstasy in his heart to a little bit. When returning to the red lotus water, Xue Meng's mood is finally normal, and will not burn again, and it will burst. Although he is still very excited, but because he has just been angry, one to two, the brain is still awake, not confused.

At this time, two high-ranking disciples were guarded outside the otter, and others were not allowed to let go, so that the elders could rest.

But Xue Meng is a young master, who dares to stop?

So Xue Meng Shun Shun went in the local area.

At this time, the sky is dark, and the window of the main hall of the otter is half-open, revealing the soft light of honey. Xue Meng didn't know if the Master had woken up, so he took a light footstep and took the book and pushed the door in.

It was so quiet around, he could hear his heartbeat, like a bird that jumped on the branches.

For the time being, he left the "Unintelligible" list, calmed his breath, and looked brightly on the bed.

"..."

For a long time, Xue Meng was stunned.

"Hey?"

How is nobody in bed?

He was about to look further, and suddenly a cold hand rested on his shoulder.

A voice screaming with wet and cold water vapor screamed behind him: "Hello you are good at red lotus water, what is your intention?"

"..." Xue Mengqi turned his head in a stiff and incomparable manner. On the pale face, the light was dim, he couldn’t see it clearly, and he was scared "Wow-" and shouted, his arms raised. Mamming towards each other!

Unexpectedly, the other party is faster than him. His skill is like a violent wind. He squats in the neck of Xue Meng, and then he squats on Xue Meng’s abdomen. According to him, he is quite straight, and the books in his arms are scattered all over the floor. It’s not awkward.

Xue Meng was only suddenly shocked, but when he was kneeling on the ground, he was really shocked!

I have to know that he is not the same as it used to be. He has been working hard in the past five years. Nangong is not his opponent, but this person

who has not even seen his face has nothing to do with his two tricks. ,who is it?

The skull creaked and the blood rushed into the skull.

However, at this time, I heard the person said extremely coldly: "I have been retiring for five years, and now everyone is willing to go to the place where I live. Who is your disciple, your master? Didn't teach you the rules." ?"

When the voice fell, Xue Meng had already leaned over and hugged him.

"Master! Master!!"

Chu nightning: "..."

Xue Meng looked up, originally wanted to endure, but still couldn't hold back, tears collapsed, he could not help but whimpered: "Master, it is me... you are... I am..."

It turned out that Chu Ning was just awakened, went out to take a bath, so his hands are still cool, with some water vapor. He stood in the same place, but the lights were dark, but it was enough to see it at the moment.

What is in front of you is a young man of about twenty.

His skin is very white, his eyebrows are dark and dark, and the distance between the eyes and the eyebrows is slightly closer than that of ordinary people, so it looks deep and eyebrows. As for the lips, it is full and moist, and the lips look good. Such a face, even when it is angry, carries some pampering. In fact, people who look like this are very easy to get along with the word "beauty", but he will not.

The most divine/rhymatic place on a person's face is the eye. Xuemeng's eyes are like spirits. Forever, the spicy, warm, and radiant light is very pressing.

With these two pools of wine, even if you wear the ice-white and soft jade pot, you will never teach people to admit their mistakes.

After all, five years have passed. When Chu was born in the night, Xue Meng was only sixteen years old. Now he is twenty-one.

The age of sixteen or seven is the time when men change the most. One year looks like a figure. After half a year, Chu Ning missed five years, so he suddenly met and did not recognize him.

"... Xue Meng."

After a long while, Chu nightning stared at him and slowly screamed.

It is like calling him, but also like telling himself.

This is Xue Meng, Xue Meng is no longer the childish boy in his memory, he grew up, his shoulders are wide, his height is also...

Chu nightning quietly pulled him up.

"What are you doing, get up."

"..."

There is not much difference between height and self.

The years lost in young people will be extraordinarily fast, and three children will sculpted a child into a mature appearance. When I was awake, the first person I met at the end of the night was Xue Zhengyi. I haven’t felt how long the five years have been. But when I saw Xue Meng, I realized that it was a lot of people and things. It has changed.

"Master, Lingshan Conference, I..." Xue Meng was not so calm, but he took Chu and said that he said West, "I took the first."

Chu night Ning first looked at him, and then had a smile on his lips: "It should be."

Xue Meng blushes and says, "I, I am beaten with Nangong, he, he has a martial arts, I don't have it, I...", speaking, I feel that the meaning of my invitation is too red/naked, but I am embarrassed. , bowed his head and licked the cloak.

"I didn't give the Master a shame."

Chu night Ning smiled lightly, nodded and said: "I think I have suffered a lot."

"Do not suffer or suffer!" Xue Meng paused and said, "Sweet."

Chu night Ning reached out and tried to touch his head as usual, but thought that Xue Meng was not a child now. It was actually inappropriate to do so. He turned over and patted his shoulder.

The books on the ground were scattered everywhere, and the mentor and the master picked up the books one by one and placed them on the table.

“Buy so much?” Chu said, “When do I want to see?”

"Not much, the master looks at ten lines, and finishes it one night."

"..."

Even after so long, Xue Meng’s admiration is still unabated. However, Chu Xiening is somewhat speechless. He didn't know what to say, he ignited the candlelight and flipped a few books.

"Jiang Dongtang changed his head?"

"Changed, the new head is a woman, it is said that the temper is particularly bad."

Chu Yuning went on to see it again. The page he read was about Jiang Dongtang’s notes, and he spoke a lot of articles. Chu’s night was very focused and looked at him, facing the “Jiangdongtang’s new head life”. Suddenly, I asked the sentence casually: "Ink burning... How about these years?"

He asked very restrained, very shallow.

Therefore, Xue Meng did not feel too awkward and honestly said: "Not bad."

Chu night Ning squinted: "What does it mean?"

Xue Meng took a wording and said: "It is like a person."

“He used to be unlike an individual?”

Not waiting for Xue Meng to open, Chu night Ning nodded again.

“It’s not like an individual. You go on.”

"..." Xuemen is best at telling his story very long and wonderfully. It is very short and simple to tell others, especially the burning stories.

"He has been running around for years, and he has learned something." Xue Meng said, "There is nothing else."

"He didn't go to Lingshan Conference?"

"No, he was practicing in Snow Valley at the time."

Chu night Ning did not ask again.

The two talked about some other things, Xue Meng was afraid that he was tired, although there are still countless words to say, but still hold back, first retire.

After he left, Chu night Ning was lying on the bed.

He still remembers what happened in the ghost world, so he is not surprised by the change in ink burning. It’s just a slap in the face, and in the spring and fall, Xue Meng is now out so that he almost can’t recognize it. He doesn’t know what it’s like today.

He still remembers that Xue Zhengyi said to him when he left today: "Yu Heng, you will have a banquet in Mengpo Hall tomorrow to celebrate your departure. You must not push it, I will send the letter to the flaming child, you can not let He rushed back, and he didn’t eat, drink, drink?”

Chu nightning did not refuse, although he does not love the excitement, but the ink is always his weakness.

Listening to Xue Zhengxuan, the last time the colorful butterfly town was cracked, many villages at the foot of Baitou Mountain were destroyed. Now the people who survived are injured and wounded. Because of the depletion, the stockades are still run down. Unbearable. The entire snowfield is like a **** on earth.

Burning these days, there are help to rebuild the village.

He looked at the book under the light of the candle, still couldn't help but get up, waved his sleeve and brought a voice of Haitang, thought about it and said: "Respect the Lord, work hard to repair a book, and say with the ink, let him Don't worry, I can get back to the best. If I can't come back, I won't blame him. The weather is getting colder. Every winter in Baitou Mountain is very cold and difficult to make him settle down in the village. Don't deal with it."

After throwing away this jellyfish flower, Chu nightning sighed and re-slid back to the bed, picked up half of the compendium of the comprehension and continued to read it.

Although his eyesight is not as exaggerated as Xue Meng said, he can read these voluminous volumes overnight, but reading a few annals is still very easy.

Late at night, the lights in the candlestick flow into a secluded pool. Chu Xiaoning closed his eyes and frowned slightly.

He has read all the stories about the five-year revision of the real world. At the beginning, the contents of the book were still not floating, but when it was written that the town of Caidie was once again cracked, there was a lot of description about the ink burning.

Chu Xiaoning was originally lying on his side, with one hand supporting his hand and lazily turning the page. After reading this, I couldn't help but sit up and take a closer look.

"Under the repair of the people and the east, to the side of the border, encountering the construction of the wall and sticking to it, do not let it in. Every day, the sky is overcast, and the evil spirits are everywhere. The daggers are thousands of dead in front of the wall, and the blood is drifting. By September, the grain road is broken. The people are not allowed to eat for 17 days.

What is written here is that the lower cult is ruined by ghosts. Many people want to escape to the martyrdom of the upper cult, but they are rejected. In the end, there is no food in the abdomen, and they kill each other to eat meat.

The hurricane and blood of the sky, and now it has become a few words on paper, and Chu’s late reading is not a taste.

"The sorrow of the dead is the son of the younger son, the son of the son is burned as the head of the celestial being, and the sword is out of the shackles. The dragon knives are riddled with evil spirits before and after, and the enemy is broken, and Xue Meng’s name rises. The ink burns the singularity of the sky. The land government, its enchantment technique, the teacher Chu night Ning, actually nothing worse, the world shocked."

Although Chu Xiening knows that the crack described here is not as serious as it was in the past, but he was somewhat surprised and slightly widened

his eyes: "Can he cover the sky with his hands and fill the cracks?"

Looking down, I read a lot of essays that ignited the world and smashed the evil spirits.

"...Hedong has a shackle, and Bitanzhuang refused to do this for some reason. The ink burned and went, met the Yellow River and sneaked, and on the 3rd, the dagger burned it, and suffered. However, the son was severely wounded and penetrated the rib. Fortunately, there is a lonely moon in the night, Jiang’s..."

Chu night Ning fingertips are cold.

The son is heavily wounded and traversing the ribs.

Whose belly, who's rib? Ink burned?

He clearly said that he would never read the wrong words. At this time, he did not want to believe it. He repeatedly read it four or five times. He put his finger on it in the sixth time, and looked at it one word at a time.

The ink is burning and going... Three days of war...

Chu Jingning seems to have seen the back of a black Xiao Yu in front of his eyes. The boots are stepping on the huge waves of the Yellow River, holding one hand and holding the shining sacred willows in one hand.

Daggers burned and suffered. However, the son is heavy.

His hand was tightened on the paper, and the joints were jade.

He saw that the ink burned in the stormy waves, and the willows were smashed out, and the fire-like ghosts screamed and shouted, and the skulls of the skulls were cut down. In a flash, the blood was splashed, and at the same time, the claws of the dragons rushed through. The burning ribs!

The giant beast that had lost his head swayed and eventually crashed into the ground. The huge body cut off the flow of the Yellow River. The ink burned down on the riverside. He stood still again and his clothes were instantly immersed in blood...

Chu nightning slowly closed his eyes.

For a long time, for a long time, they did not open. It’s just a trembling eyelash, it’s slightly moist.

Then, without exception, those books said that the ink was burned as "Mc Master."

Chu Xiaoning saw these three words, only felt strange, can not tell the strange.

He couldn't relate the smile, the lazy teenager, to the name "Mo Zong Shi". He missed too many things about ink burning, and suddenly felt that if the man returned tomorrow, would he still be able to recognize the apprentice?

The disciples who had more scars became the apprentices of the Mo Zongshi.

Thinking this way, my heart could not help but give birth to some vague uneasiness.

He really wants to see the ink, but he is not very daring to see the ink.

In such a heart, Chu Xiaoning went to the middle of the night to sleep vaguely.

Even if the person who died once, still do not know how to take care of himself, lying in a pile of files, the quilt is not covered. He is really weak, his energy has not yet fully recovered, and there are few people who dare to swear by the red lotus water. No one wakes him up. This sleeps dark and dark, when Chu nightning wakes up, it is already The second day was late.

Chu night Ning opened the window and looked at the next day, and fell into a long silence.

"....."

The red clouds reflected the lake, and a wild crane flew over the sky, and the tired birds returned home.

It’s time...

Did he lie in bed for a day and a night?

Chu nightning face color iron blue, hands on the window sill, slamming, almost pinched the wooden strip.

It’s really awkward, the feast that the Lord has set for him will soon begin, but he still has sleepy eyes, his clothes are not well-dressed, his hair is scattered... What should I do? What to do? What to do? What to do? !

He is secretly anxious.

"Yu Heng!" At this time, Xue Zhengyi came up the mountain, he shoved into the house, saw a sitting on the couch, an unpredictable Chu nightning,

could not help but live.

"How come yet?"

"Started." Chu night Ning Dao, if it is not a forehead with a broken hair, his appearance is really majestic, "what is the Lord? You need to kiss."

"Nothing is okay, I haven't let you go down in a day, and I'm worried." Xue Zheng slammed his hand. "When it's up, it's groomed and washed. Go to Mengpotang for a while. When the guilty master walks, he has to explain it. You can only eat after an hour. You haven’t eaten anything since you woke up yesterday. It’s just over twelve o’clock. I’ve prepared a lot of dishes you like. What kind of crab lion head, sweet-scented osmanthus, go, go together."

"There is no need to work hard." Chu nightning listened to the crab head lion head, sweet-scented osmanthus sugar, too lazy to take care of it, ready to change clothes and follow Xue Zhengyi.

After all, the crab lion head is hot, and it is boring when it is cold.

"Should, it should be." Xue Zhengyi watched him stay in bed and put on his shoes, and then he took a moment and suddenly remembered something. He said, "Oh, yes, there is one more thing."

Chu nightning was originally not good at life, slept for five years, but it was a moment of dullness. He put the shoes and socks on the opposite side. After a long period of time, he found that it was wrong, and he changed it back.

He concentrated on wearing a sock, so he didn't lift his head. He said: "What?"

Xue Zhengxuan smiled and said: "The burning child sent an urgent letter this morning, saying that he must rush back tonight. He also brought you a gift, this child is really bigger and more sensible, I am... 哎, Yu Heng, you What did you take off your sock?"

"Nothing, this is yesterday."

Chu Xiaoning said: "Some dirty, change the set."

"...that's why you just changed?"

"I just didn't remember."

Xue Zhengyi is very straightforward. He doesn't do what he wants. He just looks around in a circle and sighs with emotion: "Speaking of Yuheng, you are also a big boss. I think, you are the time to find a Taoist, you see you. This house. The masters of the crimes are still neatly arranged. As a result,

you wake up and live without living. Just a piece of paper in the east, a piece of robe in the west... Do you want me to pay attention to you?"

"Please ask the Lord to go out."

"Hey?"

Chu night Ning Yin calmed his face, nothing good temper: "I change clothes."

"Haha, okay, go out and go out, but what about the buddy...?"

Chu night, Ning slammed his head, looking like an icy lake, glaring at Xue Zhengyi’s eyelessness.

Xue Zhengyi finally felt a bit of a taste, and laughed twice: "...I just asked, Yuheng this condition, generally you can not see."

Chu Xiaoning dropped his eyelids and looked like a white Xue Xingyi.

Xue Zhengyi sighed and said helplessly: "Is it wrong? I know you are picky."

Chu night Ning faintly said: "I just have no such thing, just how to be picky."

"Since you don't pick it, then you can say, what kind of look can you win your eyes? I don't want to insist on it, but at least I can help you pay attention."

Chu Xiaoning disliked him and was too lazy to talk to him, so he casually said: "Living. Woman. Respect the Lord to pay attention, don't send."

When he said that Xue Zhengyi was pushed out of the door, Xue Zhengyi was unwilling to go through a life and death. He was sincerely concerned about the lifelong events of Chu Xinning.

When Xue Ning was in the middle of the same year, Xue Zhengyi especially regretted that he wanted to have a child staying in the late night, just like his brother. Then he had a thought, and someone can take care of it and can compensate.

However, Chu Xiaoning has neither children nor brothers, and he is alone.

Xue Zhengyi was very upset at that time. He felt that he was very sorry. He felt that he was lonely and lonely.

"You asked to say that it is not the same as saying it... Yu Heng, really, I said seriously - hehe!"

Xue Zhengyi was struggling, and Chu Ning had already pushed him out, and he slammed the door.

By the way, he also fell into an enchantment and kept him out.

Xue Zhengyi: "..."

The author has something to say: today's bib has welfare~

"Mulberry" wife's master and dog in the snow, warm hand drawing ~ tapping beautiful ~ dog's eyes Su sent me, I want to let his pro teacher respect a bit ~ by head ~ saw a happy new year The feeling~ really super beautiful, and the dog 2.0 is really the same as the master, wearing white clothes, haha~ thank you~

"Imperial big hamster" wife (噗好萌)'s master and dog 1.0, 1.0 cool ~ very domineering ~ there are also their own q version, all knock cute ~ ~ crab crab big hamster, grateful ~

Update the small theater "The requirements for men and men to meet the requirements of the Taoist"

The head sends down a small test paper, which asks everyone to write their own requirements for the Taoist.

Chu nightning: How come again? The text has said that women, living people. That's it.

Ink burning: (sigh)... In fact, I don't know what the requirements of the Taoist are, but I feel that it is not suitable for falling in love with my IQ.

Xue Meng (seriously, thinking hard): height can not be lower than my chin, weight can not be higher than my weight, waist can not be thicker than my thigh, preferably almond eyes, I like almond eyes, looks can not lose to the division昧(师昧:.....), force can't lose to ink burning (ink burning: handing over, no such woman), loyalty, will give priority to cooking, focus: must be spicy, I can't stand 鸳鸯pot. Although there is no emperor in my family to inherit from me, I feel that I am not an old man, and I don’t care if I am married. After all, the career of a man’s husband is more important, so if there is any dissatisfaction in the above conditions, then I will not ask for my talk and avoid waste. Time to each other.

Teacher: It’s good to be kind, and it’s not very important to be beautiful.

Nangong Yu: First, honest. Second, beautiful.

Ye Forgiveness: ... no interest.

Mei Hanxue: Can you find someone who can improve my play, can you? Director, the two men's boat play need no substitute?

Chapter 126

The elders of Yuheng are out of the customs and naturally deserve to be celebrated. However, Xue Zhengyi knew that Chu Xi Ning did not like the excitement and his mouth was stupid, so he should have arranged it in advance. Chu nightning was originally afraid that there would be some embarrassment at the dinner, but later found that his fears were completely redundant.

Although Xue Zhengyi is a five-and-three-thick man, he has a brilliant mind and makes the scene very accurate. In front of all the elders and many disciples, he said a few words about his heart, but he did not say much, did not appear sensational, but was very touching. Only Lu Cun elders had no eyesight and laughed and shouted:

"Yu Heng, happy today, how are you still cold face? You also say a few words, here are some new disciples, have never seen your face."

Xue Zhengyi stopped for him: "Lu Cun, Yu Heng wants to say, I will help him to say it, you have to pull him and talk about something that I have not done."

"That's not the same, you have to say a few words."

"But him -"

"No problem." Xue Zhengyi still wants to say something, but he was interrupted by a cold, cold voice. "Since there are new disciples, I will say two words." Chu Yuning said, standing from the seat. When he got up, he looked around Meng Po Tang, and thousands of people were watching him.

But the ink has not come yet.

Chu night Ning thought for a moment, said: "Nanfeng Honglian Shuiyu, multi-agent armor, in order to prevent accidental injury, please introduce your new entry disciples, nothing to be arrogant."

The crowd fell silent.

Lu Cun couldn't help but say: "... finished?"

"Tell it out."

Chu night Ning said, coveted and bowed, and sat down.

The people fell into a longer silence.

Most of the new disciples are thinking, they think, die and resurrect, five years after the world, is this the experience of mortals? Then let me talk about the feelings in my heart, or thank my savior, and so on.

But how can this person follow the dogma, and it is too much to be sincere to lose such a sentence.

The older disciples couldn’t help but laugh, and several people whispered to the companion next to them: "It’s the elder of Yuheng, it hasn’t changed."

"It’s still so few."

"Oh, yeah, temper is bad, except for the good looks, where can't be anywhere." Anyway, there are many people who are too far apart, but they can't hear it when they are far away. Some people are so ridiculous. Everyone said that they were smiling and laughing, and went back to see the white man in snow who was sitting next to Xue Zhengyi.

The banquet opened, in addition to the spicy and spicy Sichuan cuisine, there are many exquisite cakes, and the Jiangnan cuisine with a delicate taste and sweet taste makes a table.

Xue Zhengyi opened a hundred pears on the altar and distributed it to each table. The amber liquor was smashed and boiled. Chu nightning was eating

the fourth crab lion head, suddenly a deep sea. The bowl "when" slammed under his eyelids.

"Yu Heng! Have a drink!"

"...this is a bowl."

"Oh, is it a cup or a bowl, drink it! Your favorite pear is white!" Xue Zhengyi's deep eyebrows are dyed with joy. "To say your amount of alcohol, I am the first to be convinced by Xue. It’s a thousand cups that don’t fall! A million cups are not drunk! Come here – this first cup, I respect you!”

Chu Xiaoning laughed, he picked up a big bowl and touched Xue Zhengyi.

"Since the Lord said this, this first bowl, I drank."

After talking about it, drink the bowl and show it to Xue Zhengxuan. Xue Zhengyi was overjoyed, but his eyes were a little red: "Good, good! Five years ago, you asked me to ask for a pear in the jar. I refused to give it to you. Later I regretted it. I I thought that again...more..." His voice gradually faded, and he looked up and sighed, and he sighed again. "Don't say it! Say what to do! You will like it later, the whole wine cellar's pear white It’s all for you! I will control you for a lifetime of good wine!”

Chu night Ning smiled and said: "Okay, earned."

Here is saying, Xue Meng and a person in the corner for a long time, suddenly Xue Meng stunned the man to move over, the two Qi Qi in the late night with the front end of a ceremony.

"Master!" Xue Meng looked up, a youthful face device Yu Xuan.

"Master." The man also looked up, and the end of the scent of water, the light cloud out, not the teacher and who?

The teacher said: "The disciple is in the doctor's office in Wuchang Town today. He can't get away from it. At this time, he came to see the Master. It is really embarrassing. Please respect the sin."

"...nothing."

Chu Xiaoning fell down and looked at the teacher for a while. Although his face was faint, his heart suddenly gave birth to a loss that made him feel strange.

This kind of ink-burning favorite person is too far from the wind.

If five years ago, the teacher was still a beautiful embryo, now, he is completely open, like a bunch of silk flowers blooming in the night, the green flower buds can no longer hide the white inside, Fang Fei trembles Come out, it’s eclipsed by everything around you. He has a pair of peach eyes that look forward to life, and the spring water is soft and not a good grip. The curvature of the bridge of the nose is extremely soft, and one point is too sharp. It is too weak to lose one point. The lips are red and full, just like the cherry immersed in the clear dew. The words spit out are sweet and soft.

"Master, I miss you very much."

He rarely expresses his emotions in such an explicit manner, so he can't help but sigh, and he doesn't know what to say.

The teacher’s eyes were red and red, and it was very affectionate, which made Chu’s late birth a little bit.

Why is he jealous with Shi Ming? They are so many years old, they are in the position of respect, why should he be jealous with Shi Ming?

Thinking this way, Chu Xiaoning nodded and said indifferently: "Get up."

With permission, both apprentices stood up.

.....

Chu late Ning had already smoothed his mind, but he glanced at the teacher and suddenly caught it.

"..."

Is the teacher higher than Xue Meng?

This comparison made Chu Xiaoning somewhat stunned, coughing twice, and could not help but look at his eyes.

It’s more than a little bit higher.

However, the body of the teacher is better, the shoulder width, the waist is thin, the legs are long, the soft steel strip, the delicate and elegant can not be said. He was born with a pumping, and there was a weak appearance when he was a teenager.

Chu nightning face and involuntarily sinking.

He felt that he had lost a bit.

But... nothing more.

Anyway, his thoughts on ink burning have not been said to death, and it is even more impossible to say it in the future. As for the burning of the ink, the guy chased him on the poor blues and fell into the yellow spring, but did not see that he liked him, and later, it is even more impossible to see.

The two of them will be masters and apprentices for a lifetime, and they will have a deep friendship and a good taste.

Others, if you can’t come, you’ll be fine.

Xue Meng suddenly blushes, took his elbow and smashed his sorcerer, and made a look.

The teacher is helpless and whispers: "I really want me to go?"

"Yes, you are more suitable."

"But these things have been prepared by the Lord for five years..."

"Because it’s all I prepared, you go, let alone others are you brought back today?"

"...well." The teacher sighed. He couldn't help Xue Meng. He had to take a huge rosewood raft from Xue Meng's back. He held it in both hands and went to sit down to eat crab powder. The head of the lion's head is in front of Chu.

"Master, less master and me... these five years have prepared some gifts, are some ... small care, but also please respect the teacher."

Xue Meng listened at the back, his face became more and more hot. In order to conceal his panic, his arms clasped his arms to his chest and looked like a leisurely turn, and suddenly he became interested in the carved pillars of Meng Potang.

The gift from someone else, it is reasonable to say that it is rude to open the face, but Chu Yuning, as the master of his two, is not willing to accept something too expensive, so he thought about it and asked: "What is it?" ?"

"Yes... some small things bought around." Shi Yanbing is smart, and he will not understand the feelings of Chu Yuning, so he said, "It’s not worth the price. If you don’t worry, you can’t worry about it. Go back and open it.” That's it."

Chu night Ning said: "Going back is no different from the present, and it opened."

"No no no!! Don't open!" Xue Meng stunned, and quickly rushed over to grab.

Chu nightning has already opened the box, and at the end he still looked at him.

"Run so urgently, you are not afraid to fall."

Xue Meng: "..."

The head there was full of stuff, and it was all small and interesting little things, some embroidered hair bands, the ingenious hair ring buckle, the ghostly jade hook, and Chu Ningning picked up a bottle of peace and tranquility. Medicine, under the candlelight, the coat of arms of the cold scales is shining.

This box of things is worth the price.

Chu night Ning really did not know what to say, lifted the Phoenix, and scolded Xue Meng. Xue Meng’s face is redder.

Xue Zhengyi looked funny next to him and said: "Since Menger has a heart, Yu Heng, you will accept it. Anyway, other elders have given you a gift,

and the value is not light, and there is nothing more."

Chu night Ningdao: "Xue Meng is my apprentice."

The implication is that he does not want to receive so many things from the apprentice.

"But this is what I have seen in the past five years." Xue Meng heard him say this, anxious. "I use the silver I earned. I don't spend half a minute, the teacher." Respect, if you don't accept it, I...I..."

"He will be uncomfortable and will not sleep." Xue Zhengyi said to his son, "Maybe there will be a hunger strike."

Chu nightning: "..."

He really didn't know how to talk to the father and son, so he looked down at the box and suddenly saw a bunch of things inside, lying in a smaller wooden box.

"This is..." He took it out and opened it to see four clay dolls lying inside.

He didn't understand it. He narrowed his eyes and looked at Xue Meng. He saw Xue Meng's face flushed. He almost dripped bleeding. He saw that Chu Ning was watching him. He quickly lowered his head. He was a man, and he was a hairy man. Like a kid, he was stared down by the teacher and bowed his head. He couldn’t tell the shame.

Chu night Ning asked: "What is this?"

Xue Zhengyi is also curious: "Take it out and see."

"No... want..." Xue Meng held his forehead and muttered weakly. But his old man has happily put the four little clay figurines out. The four clay figurines were extremely ugly, and apart from one taller and three shorter, they barely saw the difference between them. This hand, at first glance, is from Xue Meng's not running.

I want to know that Xue Meng originally wanted to learn the mechs with Chu, and he learned a day. Chu Xiening let him change the knife. There is no other reason, because this kid has nothing in the red lotus in the afternoon. Made out, but with a sickle almost removed the machine room.

It’s really hard to pinch the clay man with such a “small heart”.

Xue Zhengyi grabbed one of the clay figurines and looked upside down. He did not understand and asked his son: "What is this you are doing?"

Xue Meng said: "With, just play, nothing."

"This black lacquered person is really not good to look at, it is still pretty higher, the brush is white paint." Xue Zheng said, the thumb touched the villain's head.

Xue Mengdao: "Don't touch!!"

But it is already late, the villain speaks.

"Uncle, don't touch."

Xue Zhengyi: "..."

Chu nightning: "..."

Xue Mengyi’s slap in the face, his arms blocked his eyes and he did not want to see it.

Xue Zhengyi reacted for a long time, he laughed: "Hey, Meng, this is your burning child? This is too ugly, hahahaha."

Xue Meng angered: "That is because he was originally ugly! You look at the teacher I am holding! Looks so good!" He said, rising his face and pointing at the white paint clay figurines.

The white lacquered clay figurines were swept to his head by his fingertips, and a cold voice was said, "You can't let go."

Chu nightning: "..."

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha!!" Xue Zhengxiao's tears will come out. "This is good, this is good, have you put some soul sounds in it? This little thing learns Yuheng's tone of speech, really Pretty, hahahaha!"

Chu night Ning 拂 sleeves: "Noisy."

But still took the four little clay figurines gently back, put them back in the box, and put them around. There was no expression on his face during this process, and it seemed very indifferent and calm, but when he looked up again, there was some unfaded gentleness at the bottom.

"I have accepted this, and the rest of you take it back. You also use these things. Master is not missing."

"but……"

"Less Lord, the Master will let you take it back, you will take it back." The teacher smiled and whispered to him, and lowered his voice. "In any case, the Lord wants to send it, isn't this box of clay figurines?"

Xue Meng’s head was almost smoked. He stunned the teacher with a sigh of relief, kicked his kick and bit his lip and did not speak.

Xue Meng, a person who has been held from a very young age, has never had anything to say, and can't do anything. Therefore, his way of expressing likes and dislikes is often very warm and straightforward.

Chu Xiu Ning therefore feels that he is very rare. This kind of rate is something he never had. It is one of Xuemen’s most valuable and valuable qualities. He is somewhat envious. Unlike myself, I have always been a person who is not honest. I am very missing in my heart, but I don’t care about it.

Rebirth comes back, although it is a little better, but it is like this, it will not change much. It’s not a cold day, he feels that he will probably use the whole half of his life to change it, and he can’t change too much. Changed a lot, probably he is not him.

When the banquet arrived, the ink burned still did not return.

Chu Evening was actually very boring, but he didn’t say a word. Although he really wanted to ask Xue Zhengyi, I would like to ask how the letter of today’s letter was written. I want to ask Xue Zhengyi. I don't know where the ink burns.

But he squeezed the wine cellar, drank a cup and a cup, and the knuckles were pale, the wine burned through the lungs, and he did not burn his heart to the heat. It was enough to gather enough courage and turn to ask. When does he come back.

The author has something to say: today's bib has welfare ~~

Crab and crab "desolation" wife, the master respects the snow to find the plum map ~ ~ very very handsome teacher respect, wearing a thick cloak, can not help but want to bury his face in the fur of his cloak, hehe ~ true The tapping is good~ You can 舔舔舔~~Thank you~

Crab crab "salted fish flying cream" wife, Xia Shi reverse small cute ~ said that Xia Shi will never go online again, although it is a young form of the master, but I do not know why some inexplicable sad QAQ holding sweet-scented osmanthus cake Ask the dog brother to ask for the lotus cake, really not afraid to repeat the mistakes of the four ghost kings 2333 thanks~

Crab and crab "Cream a sword and a meat bag", Nangong 驷... Hahahahaha, I really want to smile, Nangong 驷 mermaid hahahahahahaha, Ye forgets to dream, I must wake up, he actually reversed Cp2333333, the ruthless fish Nangong brother x affectionate prince Ye Zhongya, hahaha~

but the Komang Nangong little brother is really cute~ want to play ~ thank you ~~

Small theater "All the reasons for being late":

Chu Xiaoning: It’s late to be late, don’t want to explain, just fine.

Ink burns 0.5: There is an old woman walking on the road too slow, obstructing her own affairs, killing her, this seat is coming, late. Give this seat a clean parch, with some blood on his face.

Ink burning 1.0: Hahaha~ There is a grandmother crossing the road, and the chicken is funny with a cane. I grabbed her crutches across the road and wanted to see a joke. But I will give it to her later, don't worry, don't worry~

Ink Burning 2.0: It is inconvenient to see an old man's legs and feet on the road. Help her pass, delay the time, sorry.

Teacher: I have a medical problem today, I really can’t get away... I’m sorry...

Xue Meng: Shut your ass.

Nangong Temple: Upstairs is really rough, I am polite, what to do with you.

Ye Forgiveness: I will not be late, you look again, it should be that the drip is broken.

Mei Hanxue: Every step of the way, there are women who are entangled. Even if I go out two hours in advance, the final result is still late and not struggling.

Chapter 127

Chu late rather than asked, Xue Zhengyi did not mention.

The dignity of the dead and the dead is a little high, dizzy, and speech is not good.

He suddenly got close, staring at Chu Yuning and said: "Yu Heng, you are not happy."

"No."

"You're angry."

"No."

"Who is making you unhappy?"

Chu nightning: "..."

Ask?

Asking, I will feel a lot of happiness in my heart. Maybe the ink is not going to come back tonight. Maybe he is going to come back tonight, but Xue Zhengzhen’s retelling is wrong, or Xue Zhengxuan wrong……

Chu night Ning Yao looked at the door, the night was dark.

The feast will be gone and the seats will be cold.

On the first day of his departure, the ink did not come back.

The disciples of the whole life and death are all gone, even those who he can't name, even those who have never seen him, come, but he is worse.

If he is worse, the feast is broken.

A lot of crab powder lion head, sweet-scented osmanthus fragrans, pear flower white fragrant snow wine, are not filled with dissatisfaction.

Chu night Ning closed his eyes and suddenly heard the distance. With the place where Meng Potang was in the main entrance hall, some disciples picked it up.

"Oh--! Look! What's outside?"

"What is it in the sky!"

More and more people gathered in the past, and everyone in the room heard it, and the buzzing hustle and bustle, the spring and thunder of the one after another.

People walked out of the house and stood up on the grassy lawn in front of Meng Potang. They looked at the fire tree and the silver flowers were not night, the stars and rivers shattered into little fire, and they bloomed in the air and scattered.

"Show fireworks!" The young disciples smiled and smiled, and the youthful and tender faces were illuminated by the flashing fire, and the stars were scattered in the eyes.

"It’s so beautiful, I’ve never seen such a big fireworks, I haven’t seen it in the New Year.”

Chu Yuning also slowly sneaked out of the hall. He was not in a good mood. Even though Xue Zhengzhen had prepared such a splendid fireworks event, he was grateful, but he still could not get rid of the boring heart.

"call out--"

A sharp whistle rang through the clouds.

He faintly looked up, a golden red stream of light like a string of arrows, ingesting the sky.

So lovely.

If that person is also...

"thumping!"

The dazzling starburst was blasted when it was raised to the level with Wu, and thousands of crystal golden huis converge into the stream, so the Galaxy is eclipsed, and the moon palace is dull.

Fireworks like a tree sea otter blows like snow, like a million rivers and rivers. In the hustle and bustle of the night, Chu Yuning slowly closed his

eyes.

"The disciple is burning, and I wish the Master a clear exit."

Suddenly someone said behind him that the words were clear and the words were like needles.

Chu night, swaying, trembled like a thorn in the back, like a charcoal fire in the throat. His heart beats fast, the blood is screaming, and he can't breathe, suddenly looking back -

Behind him stood a few disciples who had just come out of Meng Potang, and they all looked at the sky with surprise. Some people read this.

Gradually, the person who reads is no longer one.

Everyone feels fresh, those little disciples, men and women, one standing, three or five in groups, all staring at the brilliant night, read this sentence.

The disciple is burning.

I wish the Master a good pass.

A soft voice is like a tide, like a proverb in a dream. A sentence is as determined as a rock, like a thousand mountains. Chu night Ning suddenly looked up, the night sky fireworks flowed by the spiritual power, flashing, with such a splendid battle to form this sentence.

The fireworks are condensed into a dazzling tide that can be seen from hundreds of miles away. The colorful stars are separated from the mountains by the Wanyue Mountains. They have never rushed to him from the night, and the people's joy and sadness. Oh, I also ran to him in this long night.

He felt that he suddenly became a driftwood in the sea. The sea was his eyes in the sinister house, in front of the Ghost Hall, and the eyes that suddenly ignited him, warm, hot, and decisive.

He has nowhere to run.

It was surrounded by the whisper of that person, the laughter of that person, the affection of that person.

Chu nightning does not want to manage what kind of affection, master and apprentice, or something else.

As long as there is love, it is enough.

There was no time for the ink to burn, and I came back before the dinner.

Even if the stars wear the moon, even if the horse does not stop, it is still close to the mountain.

Fortunately, there is also a communication firework made by the elders in the rucksack. He is afraid that he will be jealous outside, use emergency equipment, and be skillful. He can write on the paper and put it into the shaft to ignite, then he can put the written sentence into a vast The fireworks, even if they are far apart, can be seen in the dead.

This pyrotechnic price has a lot of money, which is extremely difficult to make, but the ink does not care, just ask his master to be angry.

Even if it is separated by thousands of miles, even if it is drowned.

He also wants to hear this sentence later.

"The disciple is burning, and I wish the Master a clear exit."

After two hours, the banquet dissipated. When I returned to the red lotus water, the night was deep.

Chu night Ning has a taste of wine, feels uncomfortable, wants to take a bath, but the sky has turned cold, the lotus pond of the red lotus water is too cold, washed once yesterday, almost did not freeze the body. He thought about it, went back to the house and took a few pieces of changing clothes, a tub, and went to the sound pool.

Wonderful Sound Pool is a bathhouse shared by all parties. He only took a shower here in the first few months after he came to the death and death.

It was already late, and few people would bathe inside. Chu night Ning raised his hand and smashed the fine curtain of the shower. Many places have been rebuilt, and the sound pool has not changed. It is surrounded by high walls and steps into the gate. It has to go through a veils floating in the gauze. At the end, you can see the six-level brush with tung oil varnish. The narrow wooden steps.

Anyone who goes to take a bath will take off their shoes and socks before going down the wooden steps, so just look at it here and know how many people are in the pool.

When Chu Ning took off his shoes and took off his socks, he also noticed that he had only put a pair of boots here. The boots were quite big, some were dirty, but they were neatly placed in the corner, and they were not littered because of the space. .

Chu night, Ning Xindao, who is it? It’s too late to take a shower...

But he didn't think much. He held his small tub and walked down the steps with bare feet. He opened the last shackle at the end of the walkway and went down to the yard.

The mist in the courtyard is filled with clouds, and there is a huge hot spring pool. According to the ups and downs of the ground, a wide waterfall is created, which makes a rumbling sound. The hot air and the white smoke stretched out the soft waist from the pool, and suddenly rose into the air, scattered into every corner, every inch of the gap.

Because the fog is too heavy, in fact everything is blurred here, people and people must be very close, in order to clear the other's face.

Chu nightning stepped on the smooth rain stone path and crossed the heavy peaches to the nearest bath. There is a short frame made of bluestone, which is specially used for changing items. He put the small tub and robes on the top, then took off his clothes and slowly walked into the pool.

It’s really warm.

He couldn't help but sigh with satisfaction.

If you don’t want to bathe with so many people and don’t want to take a bath every night in the middle of the night, he’s really a bit chilly and rude.

After all, Xue Zhengyi is a person who has nothing to consider and considers very well. The sound pool is made by his supervisor. There are flowers at the poolside, Huasheng is the end of the year, and the waterfall at the end is used for washing. If you are tired, you can lie down in a small wooden pavilion and press the meridian points with geothermal pebbles.

It’s too comfortable compared to the sloppy bath that was rushed in the red lotus water yesterday.

Chu nightning was forgotten for a while, and some of them were pleasant. When they saw no one, they stretched out the slender figure and went straight to the waterfall.

"Hey!"

He just emerged from the water, wiped his face, his lips were light and smiled, and he suddenly saw a man in the distance, a man was facing him, taking a shower under the fierce waterfall, the sound of the waterfall It was so loud that Chu’s late night was so close that he did not hear the movement of another person.

I am afraid that if he floats up a little later, if he continues to swim forward, the tip of his finger can touch the man's leg.

Fortunately, the cliffs and horses got up and did not touch people, but the distance is still somewhat rude. He almost stood behind the man, the man was very tall, much higher than the late night, and the skin was tanned and looked very wild. The shoulders are wide and quite, and the shoulder blades sway with the movement of the arms, like the golden mountains, which contain the power of destruction.

His muscles are not exaggerated, but they are well-proportioned, and the water rushes against his body. Some of the water flows in the masculine wide field, and some splash around, and some are like crazy. This body, willing to turn into a thin layer of water to cover him, is difficult to distinguish with him.

Chu nightning is a cold-spoken person. When I saw such a hot body, I was red when I arrived, and I was busy turning around.

But I don't know if the bottom of the pool is too slippery, or if his footsteps are somewhat unstable, it is actually a cockroach, slamming into the pool water, splashing a large splash of water!

"Cough!!"

This time, the night of the night, even the face was flushed, because of the flusteredness, even a few mouthfuls of water, thinking of the water or the bathing water of the guy behind him, it was even more angry and disgusting, he also refused to accept anything calmly. , rushing to stand up from the water.

He is a majestic elder, he can

Suddenly a smooth line, a strong hand to hold him, and the hands of the late face of the lost night, from the rushing water, the man was obviously shocked by his movements.

"Are you OK?"

The man clutched his arm, his voice was low, and their height was different. Just when the man bowed his head, he breathed in the ear of Chu’s late night. "The stone here is very slippery, be careful."

Chu Xinning’s ear is redder. He can almost feel that the man’s chest is behind him. It’s a long way away, ups and downs, ups and downs, when he’s volts, his heart is soft, he spares his life, but when he starts, he’s so arrogant. It is almost attached to his back.

Chu nightning was so angry and angry, how often did he come into contact with people?

Suddenly opened the man's hand, Chu night Ning face gloomy, but his eyes flashed: "I am fine."

The sound of the waterfall is very loud, and the sound of Chu’s lateness is not clear.

But somehow, after hearing him talking, the man slammed and the whole person suddenly stopped. He raised his hand slightly, as if he wanted to say something, but he did not have the courage to say...

In the meantime, Chu Xiaoning has already gone a little further, stepping in, or hiding in the bottom of the lively curtain of boiling back.

The author has something to say: Today, the bib has a "Frost, a sword, a simmered meat bag", the wife of the forgotten little prince, knocking soft and cute, hahaha~ can't help but want to touch the back of the little prince~~ Hey~~Thank you big baby~~

The small theater comes from an old joke, scratching his head

Ink burning: 唔... The title reminds the teacher to slide carefully, how does the master still slip? (laugh)

Chu nightning: ...Does this not be careful?

Chapter 128

Chu Xinning’s heartbeat is very fast, and his face is a little red.

Yu Guang swept the man, still standing in the same place as the mountain, and his body seemed to be a little stiff. Chu night never looked at him, but he could feel his naked, unconcealed gaze, staring straight at himself. Like the sword that has just been raised from the sword pool, it is still screaming at the amazing heat, stabbing the waterfall, and the water is steamed into smoke by the body of the sword, stabbing himself.

Chu nightning felt that he had been greatly offended, and his face became more and more ugly, biting his lip and hiding deeper into the waterfall.

Unexpectedly, the man was actually an infatuation, and Chu Ning went to hide in it. He also walked like a marionette and followed a step forward.

"..."

Chu night Ning was furious, which made him think that there were always a few perverted demon people in the dead and the dead. In the past, there was even a woman who didn’t sleep at night, climbed to the top of the red lotus pot, secretly squatted, etc. Watching yourself take a shower. This memory

made his scalp numb, and the arm that the man had grabbed seemed to be unable to hold the goose bumps.

Fortunately, he hid in the deepest part of the waterfall and ate the water beads for a long time. The man finally let him go, and returned to the water in one step and three, and continued to take a shower.

Chu nightning endured the flames of the heart, and did not want to bubble more. I plan to leave as soon as possible after washing.

He reached for his bath towel on his shoulder, but suddenly found that the bath towel, as well as the scented scent of the scented scent in the bath towel, fell into the water because of the stone drop.

At this moment, I am afraid that it has melted away...

Going ashore again?

Naked, walking from the man's eyelids?

Chu nightning is not blushing now, his face is blue. Thin lips are tight, very humiliating.

He does not go.

Then he held his arms with his hands like a fool, and leaned back against the rocks, and continued to rush at himself in the deepest part of the waterfall.

Chu nightning: "....."

the man:"……"

Suddenly, the man raised his voice in the distance and hesitated and asked: "Do you want a scent?"

"..."

"There is incense."

"..."

"It’s not always going to be like this."

Chu night Ning closed his eyes and still did not go out, cold and cold: "You throw it over."

The man did not throw it over. He seemed to feel like a stranger, too rude, too disrespectful. Chu nightning waited for a while under the waterfall, saw a peach leaf, applied spiritual power, carrying a saponin, two incense, and drifting toward him.

Chu Xiaoning picked up the things, and took a closer look and stunned.

There is nothing in the saponin, everyone uses it, but the scented person picks up the plum and sea bream, which is his favorite.

He couldn't help but see the tall figure hidden in the distance through the crystal curtain.

The man asked him: "Do you want these two?"

Chu night Ning said: "Make it."

The man did not speak again, and the two men were separated by a long distance, and they were flushed with silence. Chu nightning washed and washed, a little more comfortable, then carefully from the depths of the waterfall, and stood up again. After all, the place where the original was standing was too urgent, and he was really uncomfortable.

But when he came out, the man sneaked over to him. If he came over, he would have thought that this night was so strange that he seemed to be screaming. He wanted to talk to him and hesitated. I don’t know if I should go forward, and I’m going to stare at Chu’s hair.

After washing for a while, I can't stand it, Chu nightning intends to leave first.

Unfortunately, the clothes were placed in the mouth of the pool. He had to return to the original road to be able to put it on. No way, Chu nightning had to bite his head, sink his face, bite his back molars, and walk to the place where the man stood.

Unexpectedly, I walked to the front of the man. The two of them said that they were not long. When they said that the distance was short and short, the man suddenly moved. He bundled his long hair and took the wet hair, followed by After Chu night, he is also ready to go out for a bath.

Chu night Ning's forehead spurs and jumps, speeding up the pace, who knows that the man is so brazen, but also to speed up the pace.

Chu nightning: "....."

The golden light that had been asked by his fingertips was flowing. The reason why he refused to call weapons was not afraid of injuring others, but

he felt that no matter what, he always had to wear the clothes first.

Then I walked faster.

This time the man did not follow him again, and the man stopped.

Chu night Ning loosened his breath, but the tone was loose to half, and even the sigh did not completely sigh. I heard the man say behind him: "You have hair on your hair... and foam."

"..."

"Don't go clean?"

At the time when Chu’s heart was burning, the man walked slowly again. This time he walked very close and his voice was very clear, just behind him.

If Chu Xiaoning is not so angry, it should be able to hear that the voice has changed, but it is still familiar. It is a pity that his heart is blazing and mad.

"You..." The man still wants to say something more.

Chu nightning finally couldn't help it. He turned around and shook his hands. The golden light in his hand slammed up and brushed his face toward the other side. The eyes were thunder and lightning, and the snow was like a knife. Chu night Ning anger can not be suppressed, hate can not rise and kill: "Do you have a disease?"

The light of heaven asked to open the mist and rushed toward the chest of the man.

In an instant, the fluorescent light illuminates the man's face.

Chu Xiaoning saw a pair of eyes, bright, gentle, and shy. It was like a star river and a firefly. It was accompanied by wind and clouds, and it was like a deep stream of water, hiding the past.

... ink burning? !

It’s too late for the men to wait for the situation, and Liu Teng squeaks, screaming at the sturdy and smooth chest. The ink burned and snorted, but it no longer sounded. It was only a low head. When you raised your face, the scorpion still had no grievances. It was just wet, like a lingering Linan first rain.

The late night of the Chu Dynasty retracted the heavenly question and stood stiff in place.

Awkward, hoarse: "... Why don't you hide?"

Ink burning: "Master, Master..."

Chu Xiaoning is almost awkward. He thought about the scene where the two met again, but he never thought of meeting him in the pool of hot springs. "What are you doing here? When are you coming back?" !"

"Just." The ink burned softly. "Hurry, the body is too dirty, can't see, so I want to take a shower first, then go to see Master, I didn't think..."

"..." Chu Yuning could not speak for a while.

They did not think of it.

They all want to be right and right, and they will meet again and again.

The ink burned about still wants to be well-dressed, and appeared in front of Chu-night.

The results of it?

Not only is it not correct, it is ridiculous.

Not only is it not solemn, it is still ridiculous.

Not only is it not well-dressed, but also red/body/naked/body.

It’s barely fit to be clean.

If it's not clean enough to even have clothes, don't worry about it.

"Master, really... really is you..." The ink is not too concerned about these. In the past five years, Chu nighting has fallen asleep. He is awake. It’s just a dream time for Chu Yuning. He is a thousand days of heart and soul.

His mood is far more complicated than that of Chu Yuning. His eyes are reddish and strong and affectionate: "It’s been a long time, I, I just... I don’t dare to recognize it. I feel that I admit the wrong person, I I thought……"

"..." Chu Xiaoning felt that he was screaming in his brain. For a time, he did not know what to say. He said: "If you are not sure, you will not be able to ask me if you are not sure. What to do?"

"I want to ask." The ink burned softly. "But for five years... Suddenly... It seems that I saw the Master in front of me. I actually... I feel that I am dreaming..."

The situation in the neighborhood is even more embarrassing, and I dare not ask people.

Generally, when watching his silhouette, it is such a mood.

I have been dreaming too much in the past five years. I am afraid that I am a crazy madman. I wake up with tears on my pillow. The so-called meet, but it is a happy occasion.

Chu night, the chest is flustered, but it is hard to calm down, but it is really difficult for him. The bottom of my heart is moist, and the mouth still has to say dryly: "...what dreams can be ridiculous."

I heard that Chu Yuning answered this question. The ink burned first, and it seemed to think of something. He licked his lips and had a halo. In fact, he didn't intend to talk about it when he met, but he thought that if he didn't take advantage of the fact that he wouldn't build a wall at the moment, he would have a chance.

So he paused and said: "... Does the Master remember?"

"Can't remember what?"

The smoldering scorpion is dark, and the depth is not at the bottom: "It was what you said to me before, too good dreams, often not true."

"That was just because..." said that half of the stunned, Chu nightning suddenly realized that this sentence was said when he saved the ink in Jinchengchi, because it was really uncomfortable at the time, so he said such depression. The sentence, after so long, can still easily think of it.

But how do you know that the person in Jin Chengchi is actually himself? Did the teacher tell him?

Chu night Ning looked up at him, but he saw the ink burning and looking at himself. At this time, I realized that the smoldering is not sure of the truth at all. The reason why I say this is just to observe my reaction.

The ink burns softly: "Sure enough, it is a master."

Chu nightning: "..."

The ink burned his hand, the skin of his chest was cut open, and the blood stained. He smiled bitterly: "In these years, I always think about some past events, and I want to know what Master has done for me. I thought. A lot,

and later I also thought of the illusion of Jin Chengchi - the teacher never directly called my name."

He paused, and then said: "Those memories are more and more eager to suffer, so I want to wait for the teacher to wake up, see you, many things, I have to ask you."

"..."

"One of the things I want to ask most is... Master, the person who saved me at the bottom of the pool, is actually you."

The ink burned and said, walking toward him, Chu night would rather go back.

Because he suddenly found that the ink burned is so high, Yue Lu is generally, every inch of the body is like the power to have human life. He suddenly found that the burning eyes were so bright, like the Asahi sunset into the two pools of Lingming, sparkling, all the sunshine.

Chu Xiaoning felt flustered when he did not come. He said, "Not me."

There is obviously no letter in the burning of the ink.

Chu night Ning caught another confession, just like grabbing the straw of life, but he was too shocked, too nervous, too embarrassed, even forgot the question he had just asked again, and the ink burned Answered him.

He looked at the man whose chest was blinded by a blood mark and said: "I just injured you, why don't you hide?"

The ink burned for a moment, and suddenly fell dark eyelashes and smiled.

"You said that the dream is too good, it won't be true." He also answered again, and paused. It seemed to mutter. "I want to feel pain. If it hurts, it will not be fake."

He has come over and stood in front of Chu Ningning.

It is mainly because of sudden encounters, the joy and tenderness in the heart, the pity and the sorrow and sorrow exceed everything, and the smoldering does not make any thoughts on him, and there is no imaginary thinking. He even forgot that he should keep a proper distance from Chu Jingning, a distance between a master and a teacher.

But he didn't.

When you are in love, you always remember that the person in front of you is late, not a master.

The ink-burning eyelids became more and more wet. He smiled and raised his arm: "It seems that it has been splashed by water." He wiped his face and rubbed his eyes.

Chu night, looking up at him, because he was longing for the ink to come back, he was slightly more awake than the ink, but because of this sober, he had extra thoughts to notice the state of their eyes. - Nothing is worn, standing and talking face to face. The ink burned was so close to him, and almost a little further forward, he could hug him like a ghost.

He didn't want to look up at the handsome and innocent face again. He could look down a few inches. He saw the straight shoulders and the broad chest. The blood of the sky was slowly opened, and the dried water beads burned with the ink. Breathing and shivering slightly, Chu Evening didn't even know if the firm chest was hotter or the water was hotter.

I only felt that I was surrounded by a smoldering atmosphere, which made him lose his soul.

"Master, I..."

What am I?

There was nothing to do with the ink burning, and I saw that Chu Ning suddenly turned around and ran away.

"..."

He was shocked.

Really running.

For the first time, he saw that Chu Ning was so rushed that he was anxious to run away. It seemed that he had something to eat and he would have his life to chew his soul.

"I really miss you."

The ink burned in the original place, because of inertia, he finished the whole sentence and then licked his lips.

Why are you going to escape...

The ink burns some grievances.

On the shore, I saw a face of green and a burst of red, and I was anxious to wear clothes, and I was even more wronged.

"Master," he muttered.

Chu night Ning ignored him.

"Master respect..."

Chu nightning still ignores him, wrapped in a waist.

"Master is ....."

"What?" Chu Su Ning, who finally put on his clothes, finally breathed a sigh of relief, feeling that his face and reason, with the cover of his robes, returned to the flesh and blood.

His sword and eyebrows were raging, and a pair of fierce phoenixes screamed at the counter-attack who dared to be taller than himself.

"What can't you go out and say? You talk to me naked, like what!"

The ink burned a little, the hand rolled into a fist, and coughed on the lips: "... I don't want to be naked."

"Then you still don't wear it again?"

"..." The ink burned, and his eyes turned away. He looked at a peach tree next to him and said, "...this is..."

He took a deep breath and finally made up his mind to say:

"Master, what you wear is my clothes."

After finishing this sentence, the ink burned staring at the swaying peach blossoms, and his face was a little red.

The author has something to say:

Today, Miss Song Qiutong, who is a wife of "Chouhua, a sword and a meat bag", is very beautiful. She can't help but like Nangong, she is a dead man who looks at people. Hahaha~ Crabs and big baby, what?

small theater:

There are several anonymous user messages on the bbs of the dead.

Anonymous users: accidentally miswearing the apprentice's clothes, what to do, do not want to face off, urgency, online, etc.

Anonymous User A: I sent a bunch of gifts, which were rejected by the male god, but the male **** took my handwork. I want to know if he is a foreigner or a distressed person. I am actually not poor. Although there is no my name on the leaderboard, I can still afford the limited edition jujube pills of the cold scale holy hand... Why? Why is he not collecting? I am so annoyed.

Anonymous user B: Hey, the mood is a bit complicated, he is back.

Anonymous User C: Did the top stop? Is it a dream or a real one? Is this my first few dreams? Don't bother me, I just want to find a tree hole.

Chapter 129

In a short moment, Chu Xi Ning’s brain turned over the river, and the wind and rain increased, the thunder and lightning flashed, and the black cloud splashed ink.

Take off, still not off.

This is a terrible question.

It doesn't seem to be appropriate. He already knows that he has worn the wrong clothes. He can't pretend that he hasn't heard the ink burning.

Take off...

How come face? The clothes he wore hard to wear, and he would never be in the face of ink burning, and then take off one by one.

A few sighs are silent.

Ink burning: "However, this piece of clothes I wash is very clean, if the master does not disappoint, just wear it."

Chu nightning: "Well."

The ink burned a sigh of relief. He was a bit blunt, and he said that he had never said that Chu Ningdu had already worn his clothes. He would mention him at this time. Is it forced to persuade the Master to wear himself in front of himself? Untie?

The picture only ignited a spark in my heart, and it burned the ink.

His face is redder. Fortunately, he has been rushing outside in these years. He is no longer as fine as tender meat. The skin of wheat is not easy to see, but he feels that his heartbeat is a bit loud. He To be a guilty conscience, I am afraid that Chu will hear it later. So I was busy looking down to get the clothes of Chu’s late night, and stuffed my head.

When the clothes were sorted out, the two looked at each other, but they fell into another heavy burden.

does not fit.

The ink was immersed in the evening robes of Chu, and it was obviously tight. The placket could not be folded. The mouth was wide open, revealing

a tight large piece of honey-colored pectoral muscles. The legs were exposed and half-baked out, and they were stretched out and could not be said. The grievances.

The situation in the late night of Chu was not good. He was wearing a robe of smoldering robe, and his robe was covered. He covered the whole foot and said it, and dragged it to the ground. A piece of white smoke was covered behind him. It looks pretty good and pretty, but it means that he is now much shorter than the ink.

Chu nightning was hurt.

He calmed his face and said, "Go away."

It means "I am leaving."

The ink burned did not understand right. When he invited himself to go together, he nodded and took the initiative to take the tub and change the clothes for the master, and eagerly followed him.

Chu nightning: "..."

The two walked to the entrance of the bath and opened the curtain. The outside was not near the hot springs, and some were cool in autumn. Chu night, I couldn’t help but hit it, and I saw it, and asked him: "Cold?"

"not cold."

When the ink burns now, I don’t know if he is a hard mouth, so he smiles and says: “I’m a little cold.” He said that he raised his hand and volleyed, and the palm of his hand leaped out of the red glow, and the layer of cold enchantment instantly caged the two. In it. The enchantment is very beautiful, the brilliance is flowing, and the top has fine floral marks.

Chu Xiaoning looked up and looked at it. "It’s good, it’s growing."

"Not as good as the Master."

"Almost, the cold enchantment I made is not necessarily better than this." Chu nightning looked at it for a while, looked at the light traces of the light on the light, and said, "The peach blossom is very beautiful."

"It’s a sea otter."

Chu night Ning's heart trembled a little, and broke into the bottom of the scorpion.

Ink burning: "There are five petals in the flower."

"..." Chu smiled and laughed happily, habitually wanting to cover the shaking of his own eyes, so pretending to be calm, even some ridicule, "learn me?"

Unexpectedly, the man’s eyes were pure and straightforward, and he looked at him like that in a frank manner. He nodded. “It’s not good to learn, let the teacher smile.”

Chu nightning is somewhat speechless.

The two walked side by side silently, and walked for a while, Chu nightning did not want to stand next to him, so the pace was a little faster, the ink burned behind, suddenly asked: "Master, my dinner did not have time to come back, you ... is it angry?"

"No."

"Really?"

"Cheat what you do."

"Then why are you walking so fast?"

Of course, it’s impossible to say that "because you are too tall", he was silent for a while, looked at the sky and said: "Because it seems to be raining."

As a result, he was the crow's mouth. It didn't take long after he finished speaking. In the sky that was originally gloomy, the water beads that had been smashed in the air were really dropped, and they were scattered into the wet curtain of the bead curtain.

The ink burned.

His smile is still as good-looking as it was five years ago, and even because of the fact that it is more than a few points, it seems to be particularly dazzling.

Chu night Ning glared at him: "What a smirk?"

"Nothing." The ink-burning dimple is deep and sweet.

The youth is very tall, but the eyelashes are very embarrassing when looking back at him, and there is no slight temper.

He was even a bit shy and said: "It’s only a long time since I didn’t see the Master. I’m very happy when I see you.”

"..."

Chu night Ning glared at him, licking the pear vortex on his cheek, I thought that these two pools of sweetness will always belong to Shi Mingjing, but later found that it is not, as long as they only pay for their lives, they can also be lucky.

Chu night Ning smashed him: "Stupid."

The ink-burning eyelashes hang down, slender and long, and it really laughs like a fool.

Such a forgetful shape, ink burned inadvertently stepped on the clothes that have been carefully avoided, Chu night Ning looked down at the ground, and then looked at him, looks majestic, but did not speak.

The ink burned very straight: "The clothesman is wearing a bigger dress."

"..." It is really which pot does not open which pot.

The ink burned all the way back to the red lotus water. Chu Evening is actually not used to it. He is used to being alone. He rarely has an umbrella with others, whether it is a paper umbrella or an enchantment umbrella.

So when he was halfway through, he stopped and said, "I will come by myself and open an enchantment."

The ink burned a bit: "Well, why..."

"Where is Master's reason for his disciples to play umbrellas."

"But the Master has done a lot for me." The ink burned for a while, and the voice was low. "In the past five years, I have hoped that I can become better every day, because the Master can do anything, and everything can be done by myself. I just want to know a little more than the teacher, so that the teacher can use it to me, and I can repay the teacher. I have been tempering for so long, I still feel that the mountains are up, maybe the respect of the teacher, for a lifetime. It’s still not clear. So...”

He lowered his head and unconsciously held a fist in his leg.

The rain on the ground gradually gathered into a stream, and the blossoming water blossoms opened and smashed.

"So, in the future, let me do the little things like umbrellas."

Chu night Ning did not speak, looked at him quietly.

"I want to give the division a lifetime umbrella."

"..." Chu Xiaoning felt that his heart was very hot, and it was so warm-hearted. He listened, but suddenly felt that he wanted to tears.

It is obvious that after experiencing so many pains, it will not be easy to show weakness.

He seems to be a traveler who has been away for a long time, and finally found a place to accommodate, a place where you can lie down and rest.

He fell, and the bones seemed to fall apart.

this life.

The smoldering is 22 years old this year. Some people have said that when people are over twenty years old, the time they see is different from that of the past twenty years. Twenty years ago, three years and five years, it seems to be long. lifetime.

But after the age of twenty, I will start to feel that time is running, the deceased will not return, everything is in a hurry.

He said that he would stop in such a hurry and take the umbrella for him.

Chu Yuning had received too little warmth, and the chest was suddenly filled with such kindness, only to feel the pain. He looked at the ink and looked at the man with his head down. He suddenly said: "The ink burns, you look at me."

The man raised his face.

Chu night Ning said: "You say it again."

Ink burned at him, this face is still somewhat unfamiliar to Chu Ningning, and in the memory, and the people who were once ridiculous in the drunken dreams.

He is gentle, calm, resolute, with a warm fire, iron hard, the two eyes greeted straight to the late night, no hesitation, no flicker.

Ming Ming Chu Ning finally looked at him five years ago, he is still a childish boy.

A dazzling man became such a strong and determined man.

The man kneels down in front of him and leans his head and says, "Master, I want to hold you a lifetime umbrella."

Chu night Ning looked at him stunnedly, looking at his dark eyebrows, handsome face, looking at his bright eyes, tall nose.

He has grown into an excellent cypress, and he is equal to him, and then surpassed him. One day, the night of Ning, this rainy and rainy tree suddenly stood still for a long time. Suddenly, I was awakened by a dream. I saw the rain stopped, the clouds were foggy, and there was a taller than the first in Yangyang. The more resolute tree, standing next to him, the wind blows, the golden light is a little bit, Wan Song Song Tao.

The tree said to accompany him for a lifetime.

Until they fell, the diseased wood became dry and the branches were no longer. In the future, he will no longer be alone in every spring, summer, autumn and winter.

Chu night Ning looked at him and suddenly understood that the ink burned was no longer five years ago. He was back from the town of Choi Butterfly, the **** and lesser-looking apprentice.

He stood in the rain, standing under the enchantment of the jellyfish. For the first time, he carefully examined the ink and burned it, and examined the man’s life for him.

Then Chu Xinning’s heartbeat suddenly rose.

Suddenly he realized that the appearance of the ink burned today is such a slap in the face, from the arc of the bow that rises from the nose to the lips, from the sturdy chin to the throat.

If it is said that the burning of ink is only a deep love, it can still hide the cover. Today, I reunited, but I feel that this man has become a fire. It is easy to ignite him with the dry wood, and the fire that covers the sky can be awkward.

He felt that the lava that had been sleeping in his heart was waking up, and he was living in the abyss, ready to violently erupt.

The lava, to be proud of his arrogance, arrogance, abstinence...

They are all burned to ashes.

Burned into residue.

The author has something to say: today's bib has welfare ~~

Thank you for the master of the "Scorpion Er" and the feeding of the fish. The teacher who saw the first time under the flower tree is very gentle. It should be the fairy **** brother in the first impression of the dog. The master who left the umbrella is also very fascinating. You can stare at the picture for five minutes! ! ! The dog’s smile is going to be changed~ really tapping thanks~

Thank you, Mrs. Tochigi’s dog, 0.5, today’s code is just right to recall the eve of the blackening of the dog’s 0.5. It’s already in the gray stage, and then I feel very touched when I see this picture. It’s really good. The feeling of the teenager changing to stepping Xianjun! There are still teenagers in the eyebrows, but there are some dangers and evils when laughing. Ah, ah, Su to burst ~~ Thanks~~

Mr. Chen Crab Crab, painted the dog's weapon "does not return", does not belong to a strange knife, science is a kind of Tang knife, it looks like a sword, long, narrow, not a dagger. , oh~ not a machete~~

Thank you ladies! What?

Update character card sticker

Ink burning 2.0

Word: (crossed out) feeding fish (crossed out) light rain

Nickname: ...not dead! ! !

Occupation: Emperor (reborn)... Oh, wrong, wrong, this life is not an emperor, no jobless people (the kind of good deeds)

Social appearance: (crossed out) Lei Feng (crossed out) Mo Zongshi

The current favorite: see everyone is still alive.

Favorite food: copying hands

Hate: people around you are gone

Height: 189

Ink burning 0.5 has something to say: Why is he 3cm higher than me?

Meat package: Oh, because his developmental trajectory is different from yours, you are studying in the dark room all day long to study the chess

game. He runs around the sun every day and runs around, so you two are the same person, but because The conditions are not the same, the difference is 3cm, I am sorry, squat, now, you are not the highest person, smile.

Chapter 130

Chu Xiaoning’s breathing was a bit heavy and his throat was a little thirsty.

He was not willing to admit defeat, so he was so sad that he pressed his heart and fired, still faintly asked: "A lifetime?"

"lifetime."

"...I may go very fast, not in charge of you."

"It doesn't matter, I am chasing."

"I may also stand and don't want to go."

"I am standing with the teacher."

Chu Yuening was very anxious by his unthinking answer. He said, "Would you like to go?"

"I am holding you."

Chu nightning: "..."

The ink burned for a moment, and it seemed that there was some disrespect, some abrupt, so I opened my eyes and waved my hand and said, "I am carrying you away."

Chu Xinning’s heartbeat was getting more and more urgent. He had to do all his efforts to hold on to the instigation that he was eager to lift the man and want to touch him. This incitement made him frown. He looked anxious and annoyed: "Who wants you to carry it."

The ink burned open his mouth, but he didn't know what to say.

His master is so difficult to serve, his back is not good, he is not good, he can't carry it, he can't drag it. He is stupid. He doesn't know how to be happy.

So some lost their heads, like abandoning dogs.

He whispered: "Then I will not go."

"..."

"You want to rain, I will accompany you."

Chu Yuening was so stalked by such entanglement that he was so indifferent that he was almost independent of the idea: "I don't want you to accompany you."

The ink burned finally did not speak. From the perspective of Chu Yuning, he could only see his broad forehead, dark eyebrows, and two rows of long eyelashes, falling like a fog curtain, shivering slightly, as if there was wind blowing. The curtain starts to blow off the curtain.

"Teacher respects..." The refusal of Chu Yuning's esoteric sorrow made the ink burned his mind, and the ink burned, "Are you still angry with me..."

Chu nightning is still immersed in the instigation of his heart, can not get rid of, so did not hear clearly, only said: "What?"

"When I was in the ghost world, I said it to the Master. I have said many times that I am sorry, but I don't know enough. In the past five years, I have spent all my time, I know I owe you."

Chu nightning: "....."

"I also want to do better. I want to be at least standing in front of you. I don't feel that I am too dirty. I don't feel that I can't lift my head. But I... I can't catch you... I almost Woke up every day, I am worried that this is a dream, worrying that the dream is awake, you are gone. My ears always ring in the golden pool, when you save me, if you said to me, you said that the dream is too good. Really, I am... I am very sad..."

The sound of ink burns is a little hoarse.

He still has some words to say, but he does not want to say that he feels that he has no face to continue to talk about this in front of Chu, and how can he make him know what happened in the past five years?

He... Sometimes a person stays in the snow valley, can't tell the difference, and can't tell where he is. At that time, I took the needle and tied myself. One needle and one needle stabbed in the bones of my fingers. It was very painful. When I was so painful, I knew that my gods were still awake, knowing that I still stay in this world.

Knowing that this is not a big dream he had made in his life. If he wakes up, he will not see that the object is the life and death of the human being. The Xuemeng, who is full of hatred, will be razed to the Confucianism, and will not see the red lotus in the water. Chu night Ning Heyi is lying like a living.

It is like living before life.

There are four more words that can be more **** than this.

Strange to say, when I knew that Chu Ningning died to save him, when he went down to the ghost world to save people, his heart hurts, but he did not have such unstoppable despair.

However, with the stagnation of life, as time goes by.

As the days of the late night of Chu’s awakening approached, the ink burned more and more painful, and more and more heart was like a knife.

It seems that the years when a person is alone, let him have more free thinking, but it seems that because he was so hysterical in the days when he was not late, he tried his best to imitate that person, hate to break himself down. Changed to the reflection of Chu Yuning.

In short, many things that he had not paid attention to, did not think deeply, and gradually forgot, returned to his mind. Those past events, like the wet tidal flats exposed after the tides faded, stood alone at the beach, and the waves had already extinguished.

Everything is so clear.

He remembered the past life, the smoke was everywhere, and the end of the road.

Xue Meng found the shackles of life and death, in the face of the Wushan Temple, Xue Meng had tears, asked him geography.

Why do you want to be respectful to yourself?

Xue Meng had forced him to force him to turn back before he died -

He said that the ink burned.

Think about it, you let go of your awkward hatred. Look back at you.

He used to practice martial arts and protect you.

He used to teach you to read and read books and poems.

He used to cook for you, clumsy, and it hurts.

He used to... He used to wait for you to come back day and night, one person from dark...to dawn...

At that time, the ink burned did not listen, and refused to go see it.

Right now he went to the shore of destiny and ebbs. He looked down at his feet and saw a lost heart. The heart used to be so good to him. He was so eager to die that he was about to die.

It was he who used it for himself, didn't glimpse, and stepped on his feet.

He just put the heart of Chu Yuning at his feet!

Every time I think about it, I feel that it is cold and bloody, what have he done in the end... What have you done? For two generations, sixteen years, why did he once again repay the late night? Why did he have such a day - the first one to put Chu nightning in his heart? !

brute! ! !

Is it true that I used to be the heart of wood and stone? Why didn’t it hurt? !

In the past five years, how many times in the sleep, I saw the return of the white evening clothes, and the face was as old as the old one.

He woke up, the pillows were all wet, and he said every day, Chu is late, teacher respect, sorry, it is not good for me, it is not good for me.

Every day, I can’t reduce my guilt.

Later, when he saw Fang Fei in the spring, he would think of him and see the snow in the winter and he would think of him.

Later, every morning was golden, just like the soul of Chu Yuning. Every night is black, like the eyes of Chu Yuning. Later, every month, Huaying Bai was like his sleeves and snow, and every round of the sun was like his eyes. Later, he was in the red sky of the horizon, in the morning of the blue crab, in the raging sea of clouds. I saw the figure of Chu Xiaoning.

He is everywhere.

Because of this pain and thoughts, he even faded away from the humble hatred of his origins, and faded his love for the teacher.

One day, he saw snow outside the snow valley, and found a snow-covered spring flower.

He calmly squatted for a while, just as if he wanted to think in general, he thought, ah, this flower is so beautiful, if the teacher sees it, he will definitely like it.

Just thinking so faintly, thinking about the simplest and most casual little thing.

When those who died in the night, they didn't drive him crazy. The sorrow that killed him was rushing to him in the blink of an eye. The embankment of a thousand miles was destroyed by the ant, and he suddenly collapsed.

He burst into tears, the deep valley was stunned, the wild geese were chilling, his voice was so hoarse and ugly, and he was ashamed to cry the golden flower that was born with arrogance.

Five years.

He never forgave himself.

"Master...I am sorry... I am desperately trying to get back today, I also brought you a gift. When I want to see you, I don’t have to start..." The calmness of those strong support is finally annihilated, those The calmness of the work finally fell apart.

The ink burned in front of Chu, and he finally got into trouble. Now, only in the late evening, he will be self-defeating.

"I... still stupid. After you resurrected, I promised you the first thing, and I can't do it. It's not good for me."

Chu Xiu Ning sees him like this, and his heart is already unbearable. He has always loved the ink burning. Now he hasn't reunited for a long time, and he has the heart to let him be so wronged.

But after listening to him, he hesitated and asked: "Why are you late today?"

"The original... is also too good. But in Caidie Town, I encountered some evil spirits, I..."

"Is it wrong?"

"I can't help it." The ink burned his head down. "Not only was it delayed, but even the gift for the master was destroyed. It was almost ruined, so I rushed to take a shower. ....."

Chu night Ning's heart is soft.

Mo Zongshi.

This ink burns, and it is no longer the same as it was five years ago.

Five years ago, I was still selfish, but now I know how to be light and heavy. Chu nightning is not a person who is thinking about the wind and snow. If the ink burns the ghosts of the butterfly town, he will be angry, but now he is honestly asking himself to forgive the man, he is awkwardly asking for forgiveness. I feel that it is really stupid and somewhat cute.

Chu nightning slowly moved forward, and the heart was warm and tumbling. He reached out and tried to help the ink, but he suddenly heard the smoldering voice: "Master, please don't go out of the door."

This time it was the turn of the night, and he didn’t know how deep the sorrow and uneasiness were, so he didn’t expect the ink to burn. He hesitated: “How...”

"When it rains, I am accompanying you, chasing you, guarding you, carrying you, don't want to, don't be satisfied, and beg you, don't chase me."

The ink burned and finally raised his face, and Chu’s heart trembled.

He saw that the man's eyes were slightly red, and there was fog in it.

Chu Xi Ning has always been neat and decisive, but suddenly he has no idea, and he is helpless: "You...you are 22 this year, how are you still..."

After a pause, he sighed and said: "You must get up first."

The ink burned his arm violently, wiped his eyes and rubbed his eyes, and said: "The teacher does not want me, I will not get up."

... really is a rogue!

Chu Xiaoning had some headaches, picked up his lips, grabbed his wrist and pulled him up.

Under the touch of the fingertips, I only felt that the muscles were strong, and the flesh and blood were hot. This young and strong body was no longer the same as that of my childhood. Even when I was in the middle of the night, I felt that my chest was shaking and I was stunned. , violently release your hand.

Fortunately, the ink burned was sad, and I didn’t notice the strangeness of Chu’s late night. But Chu Ningning stared at his hand in disbelief for a while, and his heart was raging.

This is how it is... What happened?

Didn't I sleep in the past five years, and I have lost my heart and mind, and I am proud of myself?

Look up again, stunned with ink.

Or is this person too big to change, so that he is no longer self-sustaining?

The ink burned and bite the lip, biting for a while, it seems to be the kind of heart that wants to squat down, and can’t catch up: "Please don’t take me away."

I have to say it again.

Where is the late night of Chu, who would dare to help him again? Busy and screamed: "You lie again! I really don't want you!"

"..." The ink burned for a moment, his eyes smashed, and suddenly he understood it. The scorn was suddenly brightened. "Master, you haven't blamed me...not because I lost my life today? You....."

Chu night Ning angered: "Why have I been so small?"

The ink is burning and the heart is excited. I can't help but want to hug him. This can scare Chu nightning. He takes a step back and his sword is full of anger: "What do you do? What is it?"

"Ah." The ink burned, and I suddenly lost my mind and said, "I am sorry, I am forgotten."

Chu Xiuning’s ears are red and strong, and he is very cold. “There are more than twenty people, and there are still no rules.”

The tip of the ink-burning ear is also red, and muttered: "I am not good."

It’s that I don’t seem to be his mantra. Chu is rather listening, some kind of good, some funny, some pity, and some warm.

He picked up the lashes and looked at the phoenix's tail. If there was nothing, then he sipped his eyes.

This eyelid sees a handsome and straight-eyed man. The face of the wheat color is unknown because the hot spring heat is not scattered, or other reasons, slightly red, hot, and the moist water around it seems to be evaded by his sunshine and vitality. The eyes are dark, bright and bright.

Boom.

Chu nightning felt that his heart was trembled, and the fingertips seemed to have arisen before he touched the burning heat. He suddenly swallowed his throat, did not dare to look at the burning, and sighed: "Idiot." He turned and left.

The enchantment on the head was not offset, and the smoldering was really chasing him as he promised.

Chu Xiaoning lowered his eyes and didn't dare to look back. He knew that his current eyes were always filled with love and desire that could no longer be hidden. It was like the hot fire of the fingertips and could not be wrapped.

He finally ruined him.

Five years ago, the ink burned did not happen. Five years later, this man did it. He got his heart and sank into the sea.

Since then, the late night of the Chu is rather a mortal, the flesh and blood, the color of the soul, and live in the net, not to take off.

The author has something to say: the cover is replaced by Mrs. Jiayan.~~ Actually, the wife has already done it well, but I always wanted to change

the name to the good one, because the seat has been really good. However, the editor said that she would not change her name, so it was so late to change the cover. I am sorry, I really want another handsome and gorgeous black gold cover, ah, crying! ! Crab Crabs and Mrs.

Today, the collar has: (bib: meat is big devil, if the phone can not be searched, you can change the computer search, too lazy to change can search for the night collar, then find the head is a cat, that is me)

"Mulberry" wife... car! ! ! In order to be safely placed in the comment area, click to see! ! I tell you guys! High energy warning! Non-combatants please don't go onlookers! ! Really a car! And the fried chicken is good, my nosebleeds are sprayed out! Can't stand the appearance of the teacher's swearing ah ah ah ah ah ~ blood tank is empty! ! !

The "village grass ball" wife's dog and the master's bath picture! It is the chapter updated in these days! This chest and waist I can lick the screen for a whole year! I hate to make up the lower part of the picture, and the underwater scene must be very beautiful. Ah, I can’t help but wipe the water, I’m laughing, crabs and crabs~

The dog who is called "Qingqiu" is a dog. The white cat is a scene in which the dog has been dreaming for a period of five years. The scene of the dream is smashed. In particular, the treatment of burning in the lower right corner is simply awesome. The brain of the wife! Mrs. is really a very romantic person, ah~ Crab! ! ! There is also a single teacher, the teacher's line is really beautiful, the big beauty invites you to marry me 2333333 Thank you Mrs. Qiu~ than heart!

The small theater "The test of the teacher's start"

Chu nightning: Come, let's play a group of mind kings, rest assured, are to send sub-topics.

Dog: Uh huh!

Chu nightning: How many petals are there in Haitang?

Dog: Five!

Chu nightning: What kind of sea bream is the red lotus?

Dog: Xifu!

Chu nightning: the height of the teacher?

Dog: 183!

Chu nightning: Xue Meng's height?

Dog: Hahaha, 178

Xue Meng: ...mdzz, what is funny?

Chu nightning: What is your height?

Dog: Hahahahahahaha 189!

Xue Meng: Oh.

Chu nightning: My height?

Ink burning: a ... cough, eight meters a.

Chu nightning: OK, the exam passed, and you will not go out of the door.

Chapter 131

This evening, Chu nightning was lying on the bed of the red lotus water, and turned to the opposite side, unable to sleep.

He is thinking about how the ink burns will grow into what it is today. The ink master, the ink rain, and the closed eyes are the heroic faces of the man, his eyes are blazing, his fortitude and gentleness are lingering inside.

Chu Xiaoning snorted and kicked the quilt. The quilt slipped down the bed. He was lying on the bed in a big shape, looking up at the beam and looking at the beam.

He did his utmost to make himself break free from the sea and cut off his love until he was exhausted.

"Ink rains you this beast," he muttered.

Turning his head, but unable to get rid of the trend of thought, the hot and tight body seen in the sound pool seems to still shake in front of him, he saw wide shoulders, lines of sharp back, turned around, hot spring water along the mermaid The line is slowly flowing down...

He slammed up from the bed, his face was blue, and he never dared to think about it.

Grabbing a book at hand, like grabbing a life-saving straw.

Poor Chu night Ning Yingming I, nowadays actually fell to rely on books to get rid of the demons. The book that was spread out did not know which one was Xue Meng bought. When I opened it, I saw a dense row of flies and heads. When Chu Ning was at the beginning, I couldn’t see it. After a while, I suddenly realized what I was reading.

I saw a thin line of paper, and wrote a line of words:

"The Age of the Entrepreneur in the Year of Compilation"

Every word is known, but piled together, but I can't understand it.

Sheng Nian Yingjie... Size... Ranking?

what size?

Body size?

Looking down, a little small handwriting is also prepared next to it: because this row is involved in Yinghao, there are never bathers outside, not close to the flowers, so the list is not complete, Confucianism Yingjie lacks Nangong Temple, Xu Shuanglin size, lonely moon night The lack of size of the ginger, the lack of Xuemeng, Xie Fengzhen, Chu Yuning...

"...?"

Chu night Ning took a look.

What do you mean? Their size also needs to be bathed outside, to go to Hualiu Lane to see it?

I actually saw my name...

He frowned, pointed to the famous fingertips and continued reading. Unfortunately, the first name made him stunned.

Light rain.

Identity: The son of a dead child, Mo Zongshi

Chu nightning recalled the shape of the ink burning, this kid is indeed a high prestige, but it is not always ranked first?

Looking down, it’s written, “De Yutang’s view during bathing is not a vulgar thing, it’s amazing.”

"..."

Deyutang bathing...

Not a vulgar thing...?

Chu Xi Ning faintly felt that something was wrong, but his thoughts were purely used, so he pondered for a long time, and did not figure out what was wrong with him. He had to continue reading.

The second one is a piece of sanitation that he has not heard of. He also wrote a "When the wild forest bathing, it is very good."

"What is messy." Chu nightning has some resentment. "Although the shoes can increase or decrease the size of the crown, but it is not too much difference. Why do you have to wait for someone to take a shower and peep into it? Now how can folks popular such books? ....."

See the third place -

Mei Hanxue

Identity: Kunlun Teng Xue Palace teacher

This time, the small characters next to it are different. The writing is not about the bathing concept, but the "Spring Yinglou's nephew, and the other women in the realm of comprehension. Mei Gongzi can make the woman soft into water. The ossification is mud, and the night is ten people, not to mention."

Chu nightning: "....."

After a few deaths, Yu Heng’s head slammed and blew. He threw the book from the head of the bedroom like a hot potato, and he slammed it to the other end, and his face was red and his eyes flashed, and the whole person was discouraged.

What did he see?

what size! Rao is he is slow again, and at this time he feels that the taste is coming. What size can this be? Oh, no shame! Widowed! Oh dirty! I don't

know how to be ashamed! ! !

Sitting in bed for a long time, Chu nightning still feels incomprehensible, and gets out of bed to pick up the booklet, the force between the fingers, the paper was suddenly shattered into pieces of debris...

However, "it is not a vulgar thing, it is amazing" eight words, but like a red soldering iron, slammed into his heart, making him red and red, if the heart is thunder.

He is an extremely positive person, only in the wonderful sound pool, the purpose of the lithography moves up, there is no place to look at it, and the steam in the pool is swaying, the body is ambiguous in it, he even looks at it. Unclear, but at this time, this dirty book used eight words to present this picture to his eyelids. The text is often more lively and fragrant than the picture, which is convenient for Xiaoxiang.

It’s not a vulgar thing...

Chu night Ning smeared his face, half a squat, grabbed the quilt and covered his head.

On the first day of customs clearance, what happened to him in the end... Chu night Ning no regrets and thought - the world has changed, he hates not to lie back and die again!

However, the elders of Yuheng have always been strict with themselves, even if they have not had a good night's sleep, even if they are so horrified in their hearts, how can they feel uncomfortable? On the second day, he still gets up on time, grooming and dressing neatly, still a majestic and abstinent face, floating Under the death of the South Peak.

Today is a monthly inspection. The good and the bad are awesome. Thousands of disciples are there to play the military. The elders are on the high platform.

In the absence of five years, the position of Chu Yuening has not changed, and it is still located on the left side of Xue Zhengyi.

I only saw him stalking in the white, stunned, from the bluestone long-term line, and then wide-sleeved, sitting straight in the empty space, gave himself a pot of tea, drink and watch.

Xue Zhengxuan saw that his face was not good. He thought that there was no feast in the ink, and he was so angry that he was so angry that he attached the past, with some pleasing meaning, and whispered: "Yu Heng, the fire is back."

Who knows that Chu’s eyebrows are pumping, and his face is even worse: “Well, I’ve seen it.”

"Ah? Have you seen it?" Xue Zhengyi stunned and nodded. "That's good, how? Is it getting a little more?"

"Ok……"

Chu Xiaoning did not want to continue to chat with Xue Zhengyi. After all, since yesterday, he has always had the sorrow of "not a vulgar thing". He did not intend to look for the burning figure in the bottom of the crowd, only bowed his head and looked at the table.

“A lot of fresh fruit snacks.”

Xue Zhengxi smiled: "Isn't it too early? I like to eat more."

Chu night Ning was also welcome, took a piece of lotus cake, and ate it with hot tea. The color of the lotus flower is gradual and orderly, from the bottom of the petals to the tip of the flower, the scent of the cardamom, the meringue is distinct, the entrance is crisp, and the bean paste wrapped in the scent of sweet-scented osmanthus is sweet.

"The craftsmanship of Lin'an Qingfeng Pavilion..." Chu night Ning whispered, turned to ask Xue Zhengyi, "Isn't the master of Meng Potang do it?"

"No, it’s a singer who brought it back to honor you." Xue Zhengyi smiled. "You don't see any other elders on the table."

"..." He said that Chu night Ning discovered that only the wooden case in front of him was full of local colors, cakes and candied fruit, and even a jasper-colored celadon bowl opened. The little cover of the squatting, there are not many more inside, holding three sweet dumplings.

The dumplings are not made of ordinary white glutinous rice. Instead, they use the enamel of Lin'an, and the crystal-clear one in the dough, the color of jade.

"Oh, this is a little thing that I went to Mengpotang in the morning to borrow the kitchen. The red one is the moon-filled bean paste stuffing, the yellow one is the peanut sesame stuffing, and the green one says that the dragon powder is ground with fine powder. The tender tea skins that are made are all very fresh things, that is, there is a little less..." Xue Zhengyi said, "Busy one morning, fine, and made three."

Chu nightning: "..."

"Yu Heng, are you enough to eat?"

"Yeah." Chu night quiet for a while, nodded.

He eats the dumplings. In fact, he only eats three, the first sweet, the second sweet, the third lame, and if he eats the fourth one, it is a bit greasy.

The ink burned just three pieces, but it was also a coincidence, not much more, just in line with his mind.

The white porcelain spoon licks the round and lovely glutinous powder soup pill, and sends it to the lips. It feels that the size is just right. It can be eaten in one bite. It is not like the one made by Meng Potang’s cook Yuanxiao, so big, it tastes sticky. Still laborious.

The person who makes the dumplings seems to know very well. He knows how much his mouth can hold, and what kind of food is in his mouth is not uncomfortable. The soft stuffing seems to be wrapped in endless relatives.

I don’t know why this thought made the late Ming Dynasty’s inexplicable heart sprout, and then died of shame and calmed down.

"His craftsmanship is not bad."

"Unfortunately, I only give you one person to do, others can't eat, even my uncle has no share." Xue Zhengyi sighed, very sorry.

Chu night Ning listened, faintly rubbed his lips, not snoring, only the spoon to stir the hot water in the bowl, the dumplings have been eaten, sweet just right, slowly melted in his heart.

After eating a snack, and no matter the hot and busy performances below, Chu Xiening took a file on the desk and went to see some rectifications and changes in the past five years.

These things are all sorted out by Xue Zhengyi, and the words are simple and concise. Chu Xiaoning quickly finished reading the file. Raised his hand to cover up, but saw that there was still a booklet underneath.

"This is..." He took it out and was a thick, thick wire-bound book. Xue Zheng glanced at him and smiled: "It is also a gift for you. I said yesterday that I was on the way back to fight with evil spirits. The book was accidentally splashed with blood, and many pages were torn. I am sorry to give it by myself. You, so I asked you to put it on your desk this morning."

Chu Xiaoning nodded and opened the book. The slender hand stroked the head of the scroll. The above-mentioned neatly written script, which read four words:

With my book.

His eyes were slightly enlarged and somewhat surprised.

Is this a letter written to him?

His heart suddenly seemed to be burnt by charcoal fire, and it was hot and painful. He narrowed his eyes and wanted to go to the bottom of the sea to find the figure of ink burning. He saw the armor, such as the fish.

When he could not find someone, he continued to look down at the letter.

It turns out that every day after the retreat of Chu, the ink burns will miss his master. There are many words in his heart. If he is afraid of time, he will forget it. So he found someone to make a solid book, a thick one, and there were 1,825 papers inside. He was fine. In five years, he wrote a letter to the teacher every day. From eating a particularly unpalatable leaf 耙, to today's cultivation, what is the experience, written on paper.

He originally counted 1,825 sheets of paper, not much more. After writing, the master should be out.

But sometimes I can't stop, the words are squeezed into a small group, eagerly rushing on the paper, I can't let Chu Xiening also take a look at the sea buckthorn flowers of Mobei, the haze of Changbai Mountain, hate the dessert that I tasted today. Hide in the paper slits, waiting for the night to wake up and enjoy the same.

The line of small characters, from beginning to end, does not stop, there is no sensational statement, nor write any sad, sad things, only honestly remember every bright moment of five years, he only puts good things, and He shared.

So once a good page every day, in the end is naturally not enough, he attached a thick stack of letters, behind the booklet...

Chu nightning slowly flipped, his eyes were a little moist.

He looked at the ink-burning handwriting from childish to straight, from straight to handsome.

The latest ink stains seem to have not dried up, but the earliest handwriting has gradually become green.

The words "and my teacher's book", each one, each one is different, slowly... Time flies from the light hoof to the snowy white head.

In the end, the 翎毛丹青, 屈铁断金, the end is the hurricane flow, horizontal screen vertical hook.

Chu night Ning turned to the last page, fingers rubbing the four words of the head.

With my teacher's book, and my teacher's book.

He looked at the dignified ink, as if he had just seen the ink-burning nib just hung up, and the man put it down, the man looked up, no longer a teenager.

From the first to the last one, he seems to see that the ink burned from the age of sixteen to twenty-two, and his body gradually drawn, and his eyebrows gradually deepened.

Just every day, I will sit in front of the case and write a letter to him.

"Master!!"

I don't know when the performance of the military was over. Chu Xiaoning heard someone shouting at him, so he raised his head slyly and saw him at the forefront of the good and evil platform. Xue Meng excitedly waved at him.

Next to Xue Meng, a man with a wide shoulder and a narrow waist, his legs are long and standing, standing still, the face of the man after the performance of the martial arts exudes heat, sweat on his forehead, and the crystal shines in the sunlight, like the bright fur of the cheetah.

When I saw the ink, I saw that he was watching him. He stunned and smiled. In the golden morning light, his smile is so charming and splendid, like the pines and cypresses soaked in the sun, swaying in the sand, his eyes are eager, the eyelashes are gentle, the tough and straight face seems shy, lively and blazing, dazzling God fans.

Good boy's son.

Chu night Ning quietly hugged his arms and sat on the high platform. He looked down at him proudly. Other people only saw that his expression was still cold, but no one knew that he had already been confused and lost his helmet.

In the crowd, the ink smiled and smiled, suddenly raised his hand, pointed to his own clothes, and pointed to the late night.

"..." Chu nightning did not react, Feng Xiao slightly picked up, looked at him doubtfully.

The ink burned more clearly, and his hands were on his lips, quietly making a few mouth shapes.

Chu nightning: "?"

The leaves are rustling, the morning breeze, the ink burns like some helplessness, the lips are rolling with a smile, shaking his head, and ordering his own clothes.

Chu nightning bowed his head, and after he had to squat, he smashed his ears.

"..."

Under the guidance of the apprentice, the elders of the prestigious Yu Heng finally found out that the morning was too hasty, and the red lotus water was piled up in a mess. He was casually, and he was still wearing the wrong one. Pieces.

... It is no wonder that when I walked today, I always felt that something was dragging on the ground! It turned out to be a dress! !

Light rain, you can. When Chu Ning was angry, he turned his face away. You have no eyesight to see, which pot does not open the pot of the pot!

The author has something to say: Today, the bib has four squares of "Dual Yeast Doublesaya", I want to know! Yesterday I went back to Shuang Yejun's comment! Why should Jinjiang pump me three times! ! Three times! ! ! I have all collapsed! ! ! Every time I look at the small four, I feel that it is cute! Meng cried! I like it very much~ Xue Mengmeng’s sparkling appearance is so cute~ The teacher’s cat claw quilt is also very cute~~ and the teacher’s sister suddenly becomes very handsome, what is going on, hahaha~ crab and double leaf! What? ! love you!

"Call for Qingqiu" wife... car cough and cough, in order to prevent snakes from entering the house, the wife will not open it publicly. If she wants to

see the car map, she can privately use her, and the collar calls for Qingqiu and sends her "two ha ", she will send the picture to everyone~~ A lot of meat, eat very support, ah, praise the spring! Praise the beautiful body! And driving lady!

The small theater of "Frost, a sword and a meat bag", the mirror of the mirror tells me who is the best person in the world? As a result, Song’s sister was hit in two consecutive years. Song’s heart was very painful. Hahahaha~ It’s a very interesting little theater. When I saw it at noon, I had to spray it out~ and I swiped the screen one by one to see the animation. The feeling of the film, the wife is really awesome~

"Mulberry" wife's master x dog couple couple avatar! ! Hey stopped me! ! ! I have made it a WeChat avatar! ! ! ! The dog is so handsome that I can't move my eyes! ! ! A demon expression! ! ! Obsessed with the screen for a hundred years! ! Really beautiful, ah, call the wife crazy ~ Master is also very handsome! ! But the dog is so handsome that I can't put down my phone! ! Ah! ! Crab crab lady~

The "Night Park Night Wind" wife's master respects the single person, wants to say that this teacher respects me and my impression, and will also write about the 15 or 6-year-old master statue is too much like ~ personally feel that the line draft is better than The color is better to see ~ the color is also good-looking, but the line is full of gas, I want to give the elders of Yu Heng an umbrella to lift the sedan (feeding the teacher to the master does not take the sedan!) Eyes hit in place, a hundred percent ~ ~ Thank you wife! ! ! What? !

Small theater - dog correspondence content

To say that the ancients wrote letters and served "the book with Yuan Wei", it was very nauseating, and could not help but applaud the friendship between Mr. Bai Juyi and Mr. Yuan Zhen, hahahaha.

The dog's letters are not so complicated, and they will not talk to Bai Juyi as soon as they open the book. The greasy "micro" and "the heart of the paint", then what do the dogs write?

"Excerpts of Dog Letters"

Linyi almond sugar is delicious, it is a bit expensive, it costs to sell forty copper but it is delicious.

The potato stew was very delicious and it was not hungry for a good night.

I accidentally put the honey in the sacred sac in the roast chicken wings and delicious.

The fish in Quanzhou are especially delicious, delicious and delicious.

Master Wake up, eat together!

Chapter 132

In the evening, tired birds homing. The disciples of the dead and the dead ended the day and went to Meng Potang. The ink burned but did not go, standing on the side of the wooden pile, seems to be waiting for someone.

Xue Meng has had a lot of relationship with him over the years, especially after the inspiration for the inspiration of the best stone to his dragon city knife, the gap between the brothers is no longer so clear. So Xue Meng turned to ask him: "Did you eat?"

"I will be there again."

The teacher stood in the setting sun, and even more lining the skin, such as gelatin, unparalleled. He smashed his hair and asked, "A burning is waiting for the teacher?"

"Yeah." Rao was seen in the morning when he was burned, and Xue Meng joined hands to fill the day of the crack. He also glimpsed that the teacher’s posture is about to surpass Xue Meng.

But this time, when the sun sets, he and Xue Meng stand in front and behind, still let the ink burn a little awkward. Of course, he does not think

that the teacher is not good-looking, just...

I can't say it, I don't know what it feels like. It's about getting used to seeing the teacher's posture is weak. He was always covered by Xue Meng. He didn't think it would turn over now.

In the end, the ink burned and smiled at the teacher: "I missed the dinner yesterday and wanted to accompany the teacher to accompany him. I asked him to go to the mountain to eat dinner, so I won’t go to Meng Po Tang today. If you want to go, let's go together."

Xue Meng and Shi Yan were not accustomed to eating together in the evening, and looked at each other and left. There was nothing to do with the ink burning, squatting on a large bluestone, and folding the dog's tail grass to play with it, while waiting for the Chu night to go down the mountain.

When the sunset was very dark, the crescent looked out in the purple-red cloud, and the Nanfeng bamboo trail slowly came alone. The man had changed a piece of refreshing white clothes, holding a parcel in his hand and seeing the burning of the ink. After a moment of sighing, there is a moment of uncomfortable feeling.

"I am trying to find you something... How are you here?"

"Wait for the teacher to eat." The ink burned, jumping from the stone, holding the dog's tail grass in his hand, and smiling very brightly. "The town of Wuchang opened a new restaurant. I heard that it was the previous

practice." The famous chef, the pastry made is a must. I want to ask the master to try it."

Chu night Ning did not salty and looked at him from head to toe: "There is nothing, rich?"

The ink burns and laughs, and does not speak.

Chu night Ning snorted and threw the cloth bag to him. The ink burned and asked, "What is this?"

"Your clothes." Chu nightning said, people have gone forward. The ink burned up and chased him. He stood shoulder to shoulder with him and smiled. "This dress is good, light, but warm. If the teacher likes it, I can change it to a smaller one. It can also be..."

"I don't wear clothes that others have worn."

The ink burned slightly, and then there was some embarrassment: "I don't mean this. I am... I saw the teacher wearing it this morning, thinking that the teacher likes it... I didn't think about it. I asked someone to go to that store. Cut a new one."

Chu night Ning asked: "Do you know how much clothes I wear?"

Ink ignited, how could he not know the size of Chu Yuning?

Surrounded by his arms, he can estimate the waist of Chou Ningning. He knows that Chu’s night is a stepping foot, and his chin can just reach his shoulder. When they were lingering, Chu nightning couldn’t help but bite him. The two rows of pointed teeth are printed near the collarbone and can't be regressed for a few days.

He certainly knows how long Chu’s legs are, obviously it’s such powerful legs when fighting, but when he wraps around his waist, he is so helpless. The thin and slender legs will tremble slightly, and the rounded toes will be tight. Stretching...

How could he not know how wide his shoulders are, and how the curvature of his hips is full and full.

Partially born in the late Qing dynasty, I didn’t know what I asked. I thought that this question was very high and I was stumped by his good apprentice.

Chu night Ning 拂 sleeves said: "I don't know what clothes you are still cutting."

"..."

It’s hard to argue with ink.

He can't say that he knows that when he even licks the dumplings, he will not pay attention to the figure of Chu Xiaoning yesterday. The sound of the sound pool is well-balanced and looks as good as the memory.

So I was so eager to swim, and I thought that Chu's lips were light and thin. When I was forced to swallow myself, I was always very painful. I couldn't open it. The throat was tight and I wanted to retching.

The ink burns and closes the eyes, and the throat is rolling, but it hides its own beast.

Respect him, love him, and not reproduce.

Respect him... respect him...

Taking a deep breath, the hot **** desire is barely pressed down, but the dumplings that have been pulled out always feel a little bigger. The master should eat it and stick it, so he has to do it again. This time, all three are exquisite and small. The ink burns in the ratio between the fingers, pondering for a while, thinking about the late night, the thin lips lightly open, the soft mouth wrapped in the sweet dumplings...

The tip of the tongue rolled over, like a cluster of warm fires, and the burning of the seven passions and desires, the life of the ink burned.

He even knows how the size of the dessert can be accommodated in his mouth, but the guy who is late in the night, even asked him - knowing the size of his clothes.

The problem is like a cat's soft tongue, licking his chest.

Where do you dare to think more about it, and bow down: "Before cutting clothes, it is natural to ask the teachers to respect them."

Chu Xiaoning was a bit strange, and gave him a look: "Have you caught a cold?"

"No."

"The throat is so dumb."

"... get angry."

Chu night Ning stunned for a moment, did not know what to think, suddenly turned to his face, close to his lips, his eyebrows were a haze, but

the back of his ears was somewhat red.

This shallow red until the two of them came to the town of Wuchang, sitting in the newly opened Zhongqiu Building window room, it was finally faded.

For the first time, Mo-burning solemnly invited Chu tonight to eat. Although he had asked for it before, it was not for coping, but for helplessness, and his mood was very different.

The younger brother of Zhongqiulou first dunked a pot of Lushan clouds, sent the seeds of the seeds, and then handed the two rolls of bamboo with the name of the dish to the two immortals. The ink burned over the bamboo slips, and the younger brother smiled naturally and said, "Thank you."

Chu nightning slightly lifted the sputum and looked at the ink.

This person used to have no habit of thanking.

"What the teacher wants to eat, just pick it up, but I recommend the pineapple squid in this store. I heard that it is sour and sweet, and it looks very good."

Chu night Ning nodded: "Then come to one, the other you look at it."

The ink burned and laughed: "Then I come according to the taste of the master."

Chu night Ning faint: "Do you know what I love to eat?"

"...well, I know."

I used to know it, but I always forget it.

I will not do it again.

Looking at the bamboo slips, I heard the footsteps coming from the stairs, and the bead curtains creaked. The voice of Xiao Erge came over: "Ah, Xianjun here, please, the two you are looking for are sitting in the elegant room... Right, the wine is not yet on."

Ying Lu's greasy hands gently open the green gauze, agate bead curtain.

A very beautiful man with soft black hair and red lips and white teeth, holding a pot of wine, with a breezy smile on his eyes, appeared at the door. When the ink burned back, it was obviously awkward: "Sister? How come you?"

"Meng Potang met with the Lord. He heard that you came down to eat here. I thought that this shop is newly opened. The dishes are good, but there is no aging. I sent a pot of pears and whites." Shi Yan said, shaking The red clay jug that swayed in the hand, the jug wrapped around with bamboo and rattan, it was so cute, and the wine was sizzling. It seemed that the wine could be smelled through the seal.

The teacher smiled and said: "Fortunately, I have caught up. Otherwise, if you order it, I will be a bit more."

Chu nightning asked: "What about you? Have you eaten yet?"

"I will go back and eat again. Meng Potang will not close the door so quickly."

"Come on, come, what else to go." Chu Yuning is a gift-giving person, said, "Sit down together."

"This... I am afraid it will cost A."

Ink burned and laughed: "How can it cost, add a chair." Then let Xiao Er go to get a pair of tableware, this Zhongqiu Building is really a pen, the end of the room is the end of the gold The fineness of the silver filaments, the candlelight shines, and the brilliance.

The teacher fell to the ground and gave the three people a full drink in the luminous cup. The aroma of pear blossoms was filled with a whole table in an instant. This wine is very familiar. After the death of the previous masters, the ink burned and burned. When Chu was rather dead, the ink burned on the roof for a night.

Now that the disaster has passed, they are still alive.

The smoldering suddenly felt that the possession or the love in the past seemed to be less important. The two people who are the best in his life are still in the world. He earns money and can ask them to have a meal and drink a drink. This is enough.

Three cups and two gongs, worthy of the previous Wanli River.

"Small two, tired of you, want a pine nut squid, then crab lion head, crystal hoof hoof, cherry ham, three fresh soup, oyster leaf steamed pork, these are a little bit spicy. Then come a water Boiled fish, Mapo tofu, husband and wife lung tablets, Kung Pao chicken, these should be heavy and spicy. Salty snacks should be jade shrimp dumplings, oyster sauce steamed pork ribs, scallop money belly and oyster sauce chicken feet. ....."Ink burned a look at Chu Yuning, closed the bamboo slip, "I will not look carefully, every one comes."

Chu Xiaoning's eyelids are not raised: "Can't eat."

Ink burning said: "Bring it back."

"Bring it back cold."

"...Let Meng Po Tang be hot."

Chu Xiaoning felt that the appearance of ink burning today is somewhat like the kind of merchant who dug the mine for a night of riches. The extravagance was a waste of words. It was too lazy to sneak with him. He opened the bamboo slip in front of him and looked at it and said: I want a kidney bean roll, a leaf 耙, three bowls of glutinous sweet bean paste, thank you."

The dishes soon came up one after another. The teacher loved to eat spicy food. The night was not red, so the ink burned and separated. The half table was fresh and refreshing. The table was red and strong, and the color was so matched. The accident was very beautiful.

"Come on, the last one, our signature dish, pine nuts squid -"

As the younger brother screamed, a plate of brightly colored squid was smashed by two waiters. The fish bream has a weight of five pounds, and the fried golden crispy is placed in a huge azure porcelain plate. The fish body is made into thick and even flowers, and the bright red sweet and sour juice is poured on the top. Sprinkled with green peas, finely broken clouds

and legs, crystal shrimps on the head, smashed up to make people shine, appetite is wide open.

Chu nightning is sweet, especially sweet and sour. When I see this fish, my face is not angry, but my eyes are not bright.

This bright, it was seen by the ink.

Xiao Er looked at their table and saw that there was still space in front of the teacher. They had to arrange the dishes to make them stand out.

But one hand is faster than him, and he has begun to adjust the desktop. The ink ignited and put a few meats that Chu nightning did not touch, and put them on the side of the side, and then put a few delicious spicy dishes in front of the teacher. In this way, the position in front of Chu’s late Ning was empty, and the ink smiled and said to Xiao Er: “Put the fish here.”

"Oh, okay!"

In the case of such a guest who would help to adjust the table, Xiao Erge was of course happy, and immediately took the dish from the two waiters with a smile and put it to the empty place, nodded and bowed down.

This adjustment of the ink is very natural, others will only think that he is helping a little brother, but the teacher is aware of the favor. He was a little

surprised at the ink burning, and the smashing light and shadow in his eyes, after a long time, his eyebrows looked low.

Shi Yan felt that the return of the ink after five years, but the appearance of the whole person has changed, and even waiting for his good, seems to fade a lot.

He loves to eat pine nuts and squid. Why is it so far away from him? Don't know? still is……

Still the heart has changed, not as good as the beginning.

The teacher is not a smug person. His appearance and temperament are all on the night of the night, and even the entire realm of cultivation, and few people are better than him.

But at this time he suddenly gave birth to a few hesitations.

He knows that when he is young, he loves to go to the heart, and loves those beautiful skins as if he loves to be in the bones, but that is just an illusion. For ink burning, the most precious thing is friendship.

If someone else gives him one or two, he will pay back thousands of dollars.

Now that Shi Zun and his former suspicions are released, Chu Xi Ning is good at ink burning, not what he can match. Thinking about this, the teacher suddenly felt a cold breeze on his heart, and he raised his face violently to see the faces of the two people under the light.

Drinking with a low head, the phoenix is like water, the eyelashes are like smoke, and the look and look are very faint.

And one who smiles and looks at the people who drink, and the hustle and bustle is reflected in the lights. There are springs and snow in the lights, and the pears are reflected in the moonlight. When the eyelashes are light, it seems that the lake is falling, and the stars are swaying. The affection, I am afraid that the masters of these eyes have never noticed.

The teacher lost his mind for a moment, his elbow touched the chopsticks, and he only heard the sound of "squeaking" and fell to the ground. He returned to God, and he was so sorry that he leaned over and picked it up.

Bent down, but stunned.

The chopsticks are unbiased and are falling on the side of the ink-burning boots. The color is faint, lying quietly, waiting for him to pick and choose.

He could have let Xiao Er come to the pair again, but the teacher never loves to bother others, and perhaps face such a gap. Rao is a gentle and

temperamental person who will give birth to a little unwillingness and a little bit of sorrow. Or it's not that complicated, what a person does, sometimes it's just a matter of thought.

For the teacher, at this moment, it is a coincidence that he really wants to know that the ink is burning now and he still has a few friendships... So he hesitated, and he still looked down and stretched. Finishing the long white hands, to pick up the pair of chopsticks that rely on ink to burn their legs.

The chopsticks fell too close, naturally, when picked up, the back of the hand of the teacher, inevitably touched the calf burned calf.

The author has something to say:

Today, the bib of the "Lake Moon Red Maple" is a dog, and it is a stick! ! Call your wife! I always feel that the dog on the map will not speed up the pace, the teacher will disappear QAQ and the next year will not return, it should be 0.5 no doubt, ah... a little miss zero! ! Ps, suddenly think of it, tomorrow 0.5 may be slightly on the line, haha ~ crab crab wife ~ ~

"Shumu" wife's teacher and Meng Meng... Love, oh... couple avatar... no no no! ! no! Friendship group avatar! ! ! The wife said that she felt that the teacher’s painting had a black belly feeling, but perhaps because of the lotus flower in his neckline, I actually felt that the black gas field was hahahaha, and I felt that it was so refreshing, I wanted to pick it up, hahahaha~ sprouting. Knocking cute, steel straight male Xue Mengmeng, want to pinch his nose tip ~ and the dog x master respect what? ! I just want to say! ! Please, please! ! Go on the go! ! ! Don't wear a bathrobe! ! Come! ! I will

help you off! ! It’s not easy, the winter is so dry, I have to run nosebleed every day, silently wipe it off, crabs and crabs~~

"When I have money"

Ink burning: look at the text.

Chu nightning: Impossible, it is very expensive to buy all kinds of mech materials, I can't have a lot of money.

Ye Forgiveness: Things outside the body, enough to use, donate.

Mei Hanxue: Buy jewelry, sister.

Nangong Yu: Do you think you are happy with money? You simply don't know the pain of my wealthy people.

Xue Meng: When I have money, the first one to be humanely destroyed is the two fools upstairs. I am very happy to understand your pain. Come and give me your vault.

Chapter 133

At the time, the ink was drinking pear white, and suddenly felt that something had touched his leg. He subconsciously wanted to let it go, but before he could move, the feeling of touching was more obvious, and it was almost past him.

He was a little embarrassed and did not understand what happened. Until the teacher re-sit straight, he looked at the face of the fascinating brilliance and dyed thin red, and the look of his lips and low eyebrows seemed to have a heart, and the ink burned and reacted violently.

Just that is...?

"Cough and cough!!" The ink burned for a moment.

In his heart, the teacher has always been like a spring snow, a new moon, and can only be seen from a distance. Although he loves him very much, he can't die for him, but he rarely does anything to do with the love of the teacher, let alone put it into practice.

Can such a pure and innocent person, just in the ... touch him?

The idea really shocked the ink, because it was too intimidating, he shook his head like a rattle, and Chu was rather seen, frowning: "What happened to you?"

"Nothing!"

Still touch him in the face of the master! ……how is this possible? !

This is not like what the teacher will do...

The burning face is more complicated, not so much a surprise, but rather a shock.

He slowed down for a long time, and heard the teacher shouted warmly: "The chopsticks are dirty, the second child, please bother you to change a pair."

Xiao Er Ying Sheng came, and the voice went again. The ink burning heart turned to the side, and the face of the guru was clear and faint. The man’s eyes were still peaceful and his face was gentle. It seemed that the blushing and shyness that the ink was burning was an illusion. I felt that someone was licking myself, and the teacher lifted the peach eye a few inches, and with a smile that was utterly eclipsed, it fell on the ink.

"what happened?"

"Nothing, nothing."

The teacher said: "The chopsticks are not the place, just at your feet."

"Oh..." The ink burned and sighed, and my heart was slow. Sure enough, I think more. He was about to say a few words to the teacher to ease the atmosphere, but he saw that the teacher had turned his face away and got up to take the soup spoon and soup.

I was embarrassed by the idea of ink burning, and said, "I will help you."

"No, I will come by myself."

When I talked about it, I rolled up my sleeves and took up Sansheng soup for myself.

The soup was burnt, and the position was close to the late night of Chu. It was far away from the teacher. I didn’t feel anything when I sat down, but he stood up and simmered. It’s very distinctive in the distance, he almost stretched out. The arm can reach the soup from the other end of the table.

One spoonful, two spoons, slow and reasonable.

Ink burning: "..."

The teacher looked at his uneasy eyes and did not speak. He just smiled and coveted himself.

The smoldering felt a little embarrassed. When the teacher finished, he asked if Chu would rather not, and Chu said that he would not, he would transfer the soup to the middle position, not too close to anyone, not too far, just Good location.

His mentor and his favorite people.

There should be no bias.

During the dinner, the teacher suddenly said: "A burning, you really have a lot of sensible things now, no longer the apprentice who would provoke the teacher to be angry. So there is one thing, today we are all three people, I want to tell you Aloud, I will say sorry to the teacher."

The ink burned him to see the solemnity he said, not to condense the god: "What?"

"Do you remember the first time I sent a copy of the hand to you?" Shi Yan said, "The bowl of hand is not what I did, I will never cover it, that is..."

The ink burned and laughed: "I thought it was something. It turned out to be this one, I already knew it."

"Ah, have you already..." The teacher stunned a little, and turned a big eye, and turned to look at the late night, who was drinking a good wine. "Is it told you?"

"No, I saw it before I went to the ghost world." The ink burned and said, suddenly Chu nightned down the wine cellar, coughed, and looked at him, his expression was very cold.

Mo-burning knows that his face is thin, naturally he is not willing to let others know his softness, so he said to the teacher: "In short, five years ago, I already understood the cause and effect, and said that the conversation was too long, or not. ”

The teacher nodded and said: "This is also good." And on the late night of Chu, "Master, you refused to copy the hand to Ah, and let me send it to him. I didn't think it was serious. But Later, I saw that the misunderstanding between you was getting deeper and deeper. I was very uncomfortable in my heart. I wanted to find a time to explain it to Ah, but I couldn’t open my mouth when I was in the mouth... In fact, I was also selfish at the time, I was In addition to the younger ones, the dying of life and death is also a good friend. I am afraid that he will know that his heart will be a little unpleasant, so..."

"It doesn't matter, it turns out that I won't let you say. What is wrong with you."

"But I didn't want to go, I felt that I had robbed the teacher's mind. Master, I can't help you." The teacher said, he lowered his eyes and asked, "A burning, I can't help you."

Ink burning has never been blamed for the teacher, although his initial good intentions to the teacher, the yin and yang is caused by a copy of the hand of Chu, but the warmth of the teacher is true, and the teacher is only According to the lateness of Chu’s late life, there is no intention to take care of it.

The ink burned: "No, no, don't care about this. How long has it been..."

He looked at the teacher under the light. This face was never seen in his previous life. Because in the last life, the teacher had already died at this time. Fang Hua was disappointing, but he was dying in the wind and became his life. Pain.

He didn't even have a chance to know, ah, the original teacher would live to be twenty-four years old, and it would be like this.

The figure is tall, his face is as white as jade, and a pair of peach eyes are full of spring water. It looks so gentle, I am afraid that it will be soft when it

comes to life.

His tight, wrinkled heart slowly loosened, and he sighed and suddenly felt very happy, his heart was warm and steady.

Although I always feel that compared with the 19-year-old teacher, the twenty-four-year-old, there are some strangers, not as familiar as they used to be, perhaps because of this strangeness, they just gave birth to the "teachers will take the initiative." The idea of touching his calf is simply ridiculous, but it seems that it will take a little longer, and I will gradually get used to it... As for the feelings, now I don’t want to force it any more, just let it go.

He has been wandering for five years, and the trail is hard to find. There have been several distresses, and I don’t know if it’s deliberate, but in short, the black hands behind the scenes have not been extended and have not been caught. Ink burning feels that the future will not be too peaceful, he can not be taken lightly.

The two people around him, even if they want to throw away their own lives, he must also protect them all the time.

The smoldering side temporarily put down the demons, but he did not know that the demons were never idle, let him go, but turned to another person.

Perhaps it was because I ate too much at night. After I went back to Chu, I soon got a little sleepy. He originally wanted to draw the new mechs

drawings overnight, but only half of them were yawned. He stayed strong for a while, didn't hold it, and finally snorted and blinked his eyes. Even if the clothes didn't change, he lay down on the bed and fell asleep.

Sleeping in the air, dreaming of a lot of messy things.

First of all, the "Spirit of the Year of the Compilation of the Age of Heroes", and then to the handsome and strong body seen in the wonderful sound pool.

In the candlelight, Chu nightning’s eyebrows wrinkled slightly, seemingly trying to get rid of such a dream of shamelessness, but he couldn’t help himself and gradually got deeper...

Then he did the dream he had done before.

The dying of life and death, the object is the heart of the human heart.

The thoroughly mature ink drizzle pinched his chin, his eyes were vicious and embarrassing, and he spoke with him filthy words.

He said: "You let me do it once, I will promise you the conditions."

This ink rain is not the same as the ink he saw. The look is crazy, the handsome face is very pale, and the skin is not the wheat color he has seen.

"You kneel down...sell me..."

The messy sentence came from the depths of the nightmare, and there seemed to be something in the skull that was about to break. It was about to break free from shackles and rushed to the night.

He felt chilling, but he was inexplicably excited.

In his dreams, he saw that the ink burned toward him, tearing his clothes, and the sound of his clothes and shattered had never been so clear. Then, the dream suddenly turned black, like sinking into the mud.

Like countless times before, this dream is broken here.

If it was before, after the dream was broken, he would sleep well and there would be no harassment overnight. But today I don't know why, after the end of this dream, the light shimmered slowly.

Chu night would rather see the things in front of him, but the new dreams are very vague, like a layer of water vapor. He couldn't figure out the surroundings, only he felt vaguely a large scarlet.

He can't see clearly, but the sense of smell and touch is gradually clear and even sensitive as the dream unfolds. Suddenly he felt an unspeakable **** desire and burning. He saw a strong body shaking in front of him and pressing on him. Chu was rather surprised, instinctively trying to struggle, but the body did not seem to be him. And belong to the dream of yourself.

He felt that he couldn't stop shaking. He could hear the man breathing heavily. The hot air spurted in his ear, and his lips touched his earrings from time to time, but he didn't kiss him.

He turned his head to the side, underneath it was a soft bed, shaking with the movements of the two, he could even smell the wild beggars of a fierce beast, and the bed seemed to be covered with hides. He wants to reach out and grab the scorpion in the sinking, but he has no strength.

The man is so fierce, so hard, it seems to tear his body, he heard the overflow of his throat, hoarse and muddy.

He shook his head desperately and wanted to break free, but the strength of that person was so large that he seemed to be able to break his bones in his hand. Chu nightning felt that the scalp was numb, and all of them were shaking in an unstoppable manner...

Perhaps this dream was too real and too tired. The next day, Chu nightning did not wake up until noon, and he woke up in bed, and he could not return to God for a long time. He turned his head and seemed to smell the smell of the animal skin in the dream, with the sweetness of the wild.

I can blink, and I am still lying on the red rosewood bed of red lotus water, everything is fine, no abnormalities.

Only...

Chu night, a stiff, slowly hangs over his eyes and looks down at himself.

"..."

For the sake of my heart, for many years, I have no intention of being pure-minded, and I have rarely had a physical reaction to the elders of Yu Heng. I found myself shameful in the morning... Bo...

Didn't the repairs of these years have been repaired in the dog's belly? !

And those dreams yesterday - what are those? How could he dream of the kind of scenes that are so bad! How come... How could this be?

Is it really just because I saw a smoldering body in the wonderful sound pool, and accidentally read the "silly" dirty book?

Chu nightning face is dark, his face buried in the palm of his hand, smashed a hand, and then lifted up, still black.

.....

What happened to yourself?

I licked my lips and wanted to go to the cold spring lotus pond to soak a body and lower my heart's dry fire. However, the toe has not yet landed, and it has been felt that the enchantment of the Honglian otter has fluctuated.

Someone came in.

Chu nightning immediately changed color, and suddenly quilted the quilt to cover the lower body, the man walked fast, estimated that this is a light work, he heard the threshold "笃笃" rang twice.

"Master, have you got up?"

The same voice as the man in the dream. It’s just that the sound in this dream is even deeper and moister, soaking in infinite eroticism and enthusiasm.

The sound outside the door is peaceful and respectful, and even with a bit of anxiety, it is estimated that I saw that the night is so late, I have not yet woke up, and I am worried.

Chu nightning leaned on the bed, holding a quilt, listening to such a voice, the dream and the reality of the wall seems to be defeated, the lingering in the dream, the fierce impact, are lit up in the voice of the outside person Therefore, the tide of love surges, and the meaning is even more difficult.

He was about to lie down and sleep, and he heard the outside smoldering and said: "Master, you are not in the house? If you can, I will come in."

I am coming in...

Obviously it is unusual, and a simple sentence, but Chu night Ning suddenly thought of the man in the dream on his body, lips open, the male masculine heat almost burned him.

The man gasped and said, "Let's relax, I have to come in."

Chu’s face suddenly rose red, and the whole person sat on the bed in a dull manner, his clothes were messy, his heart was burning, his eyes seemed to be unwilling, but the shackles and unwillingness were like the gravel on the shoal, the winter cold fashion can Cold and sturdy, the people who don't dare to face up, but if the spring water begins to dissolve, the tides flow, these sharp teeth are all drowned in the soft and soft waves, where there is still a bit of fierceness.

He rarely had such a time of embarrassment, and he almost never had such a strong desire.

He stayed where he was, until the ink-burning door came in, and he reacted violently, waiting to sleep, but it was too late.

So when the ink burned into the door, I saw that Chu Ning was sitting on the bed, and the black ink was spread out. The face that looked like the sun was shining like a icy lake. The eyebrows and eyes of the man were very fierce. When I stared at myself, it was like a frost blade, and a few inches of cold light flowed out under the scabbard.

However, the end of the eye is thin red, so the cold light is dyed on the shackles, and the humiliation is entangled, as if who has just tortured him, and what he has done unspeakable to him, the sputum contains the suffocating and moist water color. .

The ink burned silently at him. This man was like the tender nucleus born in the thorns, which made him suddenly slow down his breathing. He only felt that the chest seemed to fall into a huge stone, and the huge waves that were overwhelming...

The author has something to say: Oh, there are several malicious brushing negative points in the text today, actively identifying for me what control I am, and enthusiastically gave me a nickname "Puzzle old and transparent", I am very strict with this title. Satisfied, thank you for scratching the scalp for the wonderful name that I came up with, how appropriate, local, poetic,

and heartfelt, thank you, thank you, but I suggest that you better add a cheeky face. "Old transparency", why not, I think the eight words look more auspicious, of course, if you don't want to, you can also change to "hanging the sky paste to force the old and transparent" "Long Aotian paste for the old and transparent", hehe... Don't "step the fairy to make the old transparent"? I don’t know if the dog doesn’t mind borrowing his name from me...

After the initial stunned, I was a little excited. What should I do? Ah, my god, so shy, so nervous, um... I am not going to start looking for the most expensive hair stylist in the city, Tony, to give me a gray head, so as not to interview CCTV Spring Festival Evening during the New Year. It’s not good to look at my bird’s head? As well as the reporter’s interview with my acceptance speech, I have already thought about it. At the beginning, I would like to thank you for playing v, admiring tv, thanking the party and the country, thanking the reform and opening up, especially thanks to those children who have spared no effort in the winter months. Diligent, conscientious, even risking the completion of school operations, but also sacrificed spare time, holding 884 titanium mobile phone, small hands in the cold wind frozen red, chasing "gas is mad, you are old..." Cough, mistype, "Tian Xianjun pastes the old and transparent" text, brushing the negative points, just to identify her for her own control...

Say you don't directly identify whether I am a woman? Because I feel that according to your logic, I am not a woman or maybe I have the final say, probably the researchers have said the calculations, the hands

Cough, get down to business, thank you for helping me to get back the little friends. Actually, you don’t have to leave a message under the normal chapter. Really, really, really don’t have to work hard to make up the points, too much trouble~

Finally, thank you again for helping me to submit the administrator report processing, to help clean up the little cute in the comment area, what?

Yesterday, there was a little baby who said that the younger sister and sister chopsticks, like Ximen Qingying Pan Jinlian, then the question came, is the master respected by Wang Po, or Wu Dalang?

The small theater "The title of this article can be ruined to what extent":

"Jin Lian and his Dalang Master"

Fall in love with my little wolf dog - Chu Po autobiography

"The things of Dalang and Jinlian"

"□□回回金不换"

"Handsome Chu Dalang"

Chapter 134

The ink burned without talking, half awkward, and the throat was slightly twitching.

He almost seems to be in the rapids of desire, trying to climb a driftwood that does not let himself sink, thinking with sorrow:

Respect and respect him.

Respect is a respectful respect, love is a loving love, not awkward, can not be hurt, can not add extra feelings, but can not make things as ridiculous and insulting as the past life.

The lava boiling heart repeatedly recited the words four or five times. The ink burned this and barely stabilized the mind. It seemed to walk freely into the room, laughing and greeting with Chu.

"Master, you are inside... Why don't you say anything?"

"Just awake." Chu night Ning dry road.

Dry is really dry, the throat is dry, and the desire is also dry. If you accidentally fall into a little star fire, I am afraid that you can poke the original.

In the ink burning hand, holding a five-layer bamboo food box, it would be heavy when he went up. He wanted to put the food box on the table, but he glanced at it. The table was full of sickle drills, nails, and mess. Drawings. No way, he had to hold the food box and walk to the bedside of Chu.

Chu Xiaoning’s wake-up seems to be bigger than in the past. When he looked at him, he was obviously a little anxious. He said: “What are you doing?”

"The teacher is so late, there is nothing to eat in Mengpotang. I have nothing to do with it. I have done some preschooling."

Speaking of opening the food box, one by one, the top is a dish of fried wild mushrooms, then a plate of tender lettuce, then the bottom is a silver silk roll and honey sauce, the bottom of the two bowls are full of crystal White rice, and a bowl of winter bamboo ham soup.

Two bowls of white rice...

Chu nightning is somewhat speechless. I used to have such a large amount of food in my heart?

"There is a bit of chaos on the table. Is the teacher eating in bed, or am I going to clean up the table and let the dishes go?"

Of course, Chu Xiaoning did not like to eat in bed, but at this time his lower body desires did not disappear, all covered by the quilt, he patrolled between the manners and the face, resolutely chose the latter.

"There are too many things on the table. It takes a long time to pack them up. Just eat here."

Ink smiled and nodded: "Good."

I have to say that the craft of ink burning is very good. The dishes made five years ago are very delicious. After five years, it is hard to compare with ordinary chefs. And this person is inexplicably eaten and tastes his taste. He knows that he doesn't like porridge in the morning. The fresh mushrooms are made of straw mushrooms. The silver silk rolls do not contain bean paste. They use sweet potatoes. The winter bamboo shoots are all tender. The ham is thin and semi-mixed, and the color is like the red glow of the sky...

I have never asked about his taste, but everything is just right, as if I have lived together for many years.

Chu Xiaoning's comfortable, although calm, but chopsticks did not stop for a while, waiting for him to finish the last soup, looked up and saw the ink burning sitting on the edge of the bed, stepping on the wooden stand next to the chair With one hand holding the gang, it was like laughing at him with a smile.

"What's wrong?" Chu Xiaoning subconsciously took out the puff and wiped it. "Is there something in the mouth..."

“No.” The ink ignited, “I am very happy to see the teacher’s taste.”

"..." Chu Xiaoning was somewhat uncomfortable, and he said faintly, "What you do is delicious, that is, more rice, the next bowl is enough."

The smoldering seems to want to say something, but in the end it still refuses to say, the mouth smashed, and smiled like a neat tooth.

"Ok."

It’s a fool. When you encounter big things, you are very cautious and careful. In life, you are lazy and disappointing. Even the chopsticks under the food box clearly have two pairs of glimpses.

A person ate two people, actually told him that the meal was a little more, a little support...

The more I burned, the more I laughed. I couldn’t help but hold my hand gently to hold the forehead. The eyelashes hang down and twitch.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing is nothing." The ink burned and feared hurting his face. He was the face of the master. It was more tight than anything. Of course, he could not be embarrassed. So he opened the subject. "Master, I suddenly remembered one thing, I forgot yesterday. I told you."

"what's up?"

"On my way back, I heard that the master of guilty crimes left before you left the customs."

"Yes, Not Bad."

"So you didn't see him after waking up?"

"No."

Ink sighed and said: "That thing can't blame the teacher for being rude. I used to listen to people outside and talk about the number of rituals. The master of guilty sins spent five years of hard work to reverence the soul. Wake up but even Xie Duo can't get it. But the master is the first to go. It doesn't always wake up to the Master. He has to go outside the Temple of Nostalgia and feel grateful. The people who chew the tongue are really annoying. Since I asked clearly, I Let the uncle mention it at tomorrow morning meeting-"

Chu night Ning suddenly said: "No."

"why?"

"...I have been evil with the master." Chu said, "I will not thank him even if I am still awakened when I wake up."

The ink burned a bit: "Why is this? I know that the Master was self-deported from the temple that year, and there is no master and apprentice with the master of guilty crimes, but he came to help when he was in danger, not... ”

When the words were not finished, they were interrupted by Chu Xiening: "I can't tell you about his affairs, and I don't want to say anything else. If others say that I have no conscience, cold blood and thin feelings, let them go. It is also true. ”

The ink is burning: "How is the truth? You obviously - you are not such a person!"

Chu night Ning suddenly looked up, his face suddenly cooled down, it seems that the dragon was touched against the scales, blood flow as a note.

"Ink burns." He suddenly said, "How much do you know about my business?"

"I--"

He looked at the bright eyes of Chu's late night, where the head was cold and frosty, and he couldn't keep up with the defense. He always lived in the city.

He has such a moment, suddenly wants to say no matter what I know, I know a lot of your things, I know, even if some of your past, some I did not know, I am willing to listen, willing to work with you Share it together. Don't you always hide everything in your heart, drop the overlapping locks, and build up layers of obstacles. Are you not tired? Not uncomfortable?

But what position does he have to say this?

He is an apprentice under his seat. He can't make a second time, and he can't be rebellious.

The ink burned eventually and was speechless.

Half a moment of silence, Chu night Ning tightened like a bowstring body finally loosened down in one section, he seemed to be a little tired, sighed and said: "People are not sages, they are even thinner before the fate of life, some things are not their own thoughts You can control the left and right. If you want to sin the master, don’t mention it to me later. Go out, I have to change clothes."

"...Yes." The ink burned down his head and silently packed up the food box. When he walked to the door, he suddenly said, "Master, you are not angry with me?"

Chu night Ning gave him a look: "What am I doing with you?"

The ink burned his face and smiled: "That's good, that's good. Can I still come tomorrow?"

"whatever."

Suddenly, suddenly thought of something, add a sentence, "I don't have to tell me later, "I am coming in."

The ink burned a bit: "Why?"

"You are coming in! This is not a nonsense?!" Chu nightning is mad, I don't know if it is pure and uncomfortable, but it is still a face that is not arrogant.

When the ink burned away, Chu nightning got out of bed, shoes were too lazy to wear, walked barefoot to the bookcase and took out a bamboo slip. He slammed the bamboo slips and stared at the words above, his eyes glaring and ignorant.

This bamboo slip is placed on his pillow when he is guilty. Jane applied a secret spell, only Chu nightning himself can play. The upper handwriting is neat and neat, and the writing is "Chu Gongzi Qin Kai".

His teacher of teaching, called him Chu Gongzi.

It’s ridiculous.

The content of the letter is not long or short. I talked about some things that Chu nightning needs to pay attention to after waking up, and spent more than half of it, "requesting" him one thing.

After the guilty master asked him to recover his energy, he must go to the Longxue Mountain near the Wuxi Temple to meet him. He said that he was

very old and consciously had no time. He thought of some past events and felt awkward in his heart.

"When the old man died, he hoped to be with the king. The body still has old diseases. He is tired of being affected by this old disease. Every seven years, he needs to retreat for ten days. The old man feels awkward. If the king wants to come to Longxue Mountain, The array of healing is very good. However, the curse is very dangerous, and Jun needs to bring a disciple of wood fire to accompany the town spirit."

Old disease... Longxue Mountain...

Chu night Ning Jianmei is close, his fingers are almost in the palm of his hand.

How can I treat? What can be restored if the things that were destroyed, the lost things, in the 164 days of Dragon Blood Mountain?

I am guilty of sinfulness, can I fill in the three-pointed sores? !

He opened his eyes slyly, and the golden light in his palms, the solid bamboo slips of the bamboo scorpion, was shattered into powder in his fingers, and the smoke flew out.

He will not step into the half-step of the Temple of Nostalgia in his life.

I will not be guilty of a sin.

It’s been four days since I turned to the night, and Xue Zhengyi called him to the Danxin Temple and handed him a letter of entrustment. Shake it open and it's a simple sentence.

Chu night Ning squinted his eyes and said, "Give it wrong."

"What?" Xue Zhengyi took the letter and read it again and said, "Nothing wrong."

"..." Chu Xiaoning narrowed his eyes. "This is written on behalf of the villagers in Yuliang Village."

"can not you do it?"

"..."

Xue Zhengyi's big eyes: "You really won't?!"

Chu Xiening was somewhat embarrassed by him, so he rushed to the crown: "There is no normal, what is the evil spirits and evil spirits?"

Xue Zhengxuan said: "There has been a relatively peaceful situation recently. There is really nothing wrong with it. Oh, anyway, the children are going with you. It’s a big deal. You can sit and rest, let him go to work hard, young people, collect some rice. It’s not a trivial matter to manage the millet."

Chu night Ning has a pair of dark-browed eyes that are extremely deep: "When did the dying of life and death begin to pick up such trivial things?"

"...have been picking up all the time. The cats of the impermanent town of Wang Apo climbed up and down the tree. They were all squatting down. But there were more difficult things in the past, and they didn't bother you." Xue Zhengyi "You haven't just woken up recently, I originally wanted to let others do it, but I think you should be idle."

"Then I don't... I want to cut the rice." Chu night Ning turned a sigh of relief, but did not say "can not cut rice."

Xue Zhengxuan said: "All said that let the children help you, you should go out and let go, walk."

"I can't distract my heart without taking the task, walk?"

"It’s also true." Xue Zhengyi scratched his head. "But Yuliang Village is close to Choi Butterfly Town. The sky leak is a burning child. He is not as good as you. You have to go to see what is there. Where reinforcement is needed."

He said this, Chu night Ning finally felt that it was necessary to go, so he no longer said anything, took the letter of entrustment, and turned to the Danxin Hall.

The author has something to say: Today is a small year, to the yesterday's claws of the mushroom cool have sent 100 Jinjiang coins red envelopes, not too much, everyone is happy, with the function of batch red packets, I do not know if there is Jinjiang Missing, delayed, scratching head~

There are still 2,000 Jinjiang coins left in Jinjiang. Every red pocket that Jinjiang sends to readers must be deducted 5 percent of the handling fee, so only 19 more can be sent. In order to give more friends, repeat the message and count it. Come on, today. The first nineteen, according to the head of the count, after the end of the delivery ~ ~ 么 啾 ~ ~

Congratulations to all players, enter a new copy of "I don't want you to lose me."

The dog and the master will soon launch a copy of the least difficult in history, and the female assists will be on the line soon, giving the stupid dog a final blow, speeding up what he knows about love, Nima! ! ! I am stupid to die! ! !

Upholding this group of little goblins, I will perform the principle of eating durian in the original place. In this copy, the real car is really not, the fake car is everywhere, I wish you all a happy look at the fake car~ Hahaha~

Today's bib has:

"Daddy" wife's teacher is too beautiful, I can't organize the language, I can only perform a local explosion, blow it up for everyone to see, call my wife crazy, can be used to make wallpaper, why the teacher Oh, so beautiful! Dump! ! Crab crab wife! !

"The coffin" wife's dog x master respects the little head, knocking like it! I took away to do a chat avatar 23333, the teacher respects the eyebrows and the dog's arrogant look is too good, you will not be married, I will call the police! ! ! Click on the squad to go online! ! ! Thank you wife! !

"A pear is white and white" Mrs.'s master ~ Master Zun Zun wearing a cloak, very beautiful ~ ~ and honey juice has a feeling of abuse, because I have already made up for why the umbrella and clothes have color, but Shi Zun Respect is not, like the soul who came back QAQ was knifed, his face licked his face~ Thank you, my wife~~

Chapter 135

Yuliang Village is a very small village. The people living in the village are a bit old, and there are not many young people. Therefore, when the farmers are busy every year, they will ask the immortal Xianjun to take the handle.

This kind of entrustment that has nothing to do with the doctrine of the monastic is placed in other Xianmen. No one will pick it up, but Xue Zhengyi and his eldest brother started from scratch, and used to live a hard time since childhood. It is said that they grew up eating hundreds of meals, so For these requests from the old tenant, he can not only refuse, but every time he is very serious, he will send his disciples to complete.

The village is far from the shackles of life and death, saying that it is not close, it is a journey that is too troublesome to take the carriage.

So Xue Zhengyi prepared two good horses for them. After the night, Chu went down to the front of the mountain gate and saw the ink burned upright under a tall maple tree. At this time, it was late autumn, the forest was gradually dyed, the maple leaves were red, and the wind was blowing. A blow, full of frosty leaves is like a brocade, like a red hop.

In the ink burning, he held a black horse horse rope, while the other white horse kissed his cheek intimately. He was holding a silk flower to tease

them. He heard footsteps. He turned back and happened to be a few. The red leaves slammed down, and the ink burned up in the leaves.

"Master."

Chu’s footsteps slowed down and stopped at the last few steps.

The sun shines through the leaves and infiltrates the stone steps of the moss. He looks at the man not far away, perhaps because of the reason for doing farm work. The ink is not worn today, nor is he wearing a disciple. The white robe that I wore when I came back.

He wore a black cloth, his wrist was tied with a hand guard, and the simple system, but his waist was long and his legs were wide, his shoulders were wide, and his body was very good, especially at the chest, because the collar of the cloth was low, you can see To the firm and tight chest muscles, the honey-colored skin swells with the breath.

If Xue Meng’s silver flashing body is called Ming Sao, it’s the peacock’s opening, the ink burns like this, it’s the sullen style, the innocent coquetry, the savage and pure coquettish – one sentence, I It’s an honest man, never arbitrarily, except that I work hard, I won’t do anything.

"..." Chu Xiaoning looked at him back and forth several times and spoke up. "Ink burns."

"Well? What happened to the Master?" The sturdy man asked with a smile.

Chu night Ning no expression: "The neckline is so open, are you cold or not?"

The ink burned slightly, and immediately felt that the Master was caring about himself. He was very happy. He put the alfalfa in the horse grass basket and clap his hands. He ran up the bluestone steps in three or two, and stood tall and handsome in Chu’s evening. In the past, I had not waited for the reaction of Chu Yuning, and I caught the wrist of Chu Yuning.

"Not cold, busy for a morning, in fact, I am very hot." He smiled without a city, with Chu Xiaoning's hand on his undulating chest, "Master respect, isn't it?"

It’s hot.

The temperature of the chest of the young man was very warm, accompanied by the heartbeat of the blood rushing, and the eyes that were as bright as the stars. Chu nightning felt a numbness in his back and hurriedly opened his hand and his face sank.

"Like what."

"Ah...has sweat?" The ink burns but it is wrong. He now thinks that Chu Lingning does not like men. After all, the past life and his own entanglement are due to his unreasonable coercion, he did not think Chu I would like to have a meaning for myself, so I only think that the dissatisfaction of the teacher is not a bit of a sweat.

I thought that Chu Xi Ning loves to be clean, so I don’t like to be in contact with people. I can’t help but sigh, and scratch my head: “I’m a slap in the face...”

If he looks carefully, he will find that Chou Ning Junxiu’s neck is blushing in the depths of his face, and the low-cold-hanging eyelashes are covered with a faint glimmer.

But he did not find it in the first moment, and Chu will rather not give him the opportunity to be aware of it. His white shoes stepped on the slippery bluestone, and walked straight toward the dark horse, turning over, getting on the horse, moving in the clouds, in one go.

In the sunshine that covers the sky, in the red leaves of the mountains and plains, he is dressed in white, riding on the blackhead, facing his face and looking down at the apprentice standing on the ground. An ice-like face looks very embarrassing, still it is sharp again. However, the elders of Yu Heng, Jun can not be more handsome.

"I am leaving, you will catch up soon."

It is said that the long legs have clamped the horse's stomach, and when they ride the red dust, they are going to go.

The ink burned in the same place. After a while, I picked up the half of the bamboo basket and fed it. After the basket was tied to the white saddle, I turned over the horse. I laughed and said: "The black horse is my horse. How to ride in a hurry... Master! Wait for me!"

The two men went straight, and when they were less than half an hour, they came to Yuliang Village.

There are dozens of acres of rice fields outside the village, and the golden spikes are rolling over. The fields are busy with 30 farmers. Because there are not many people, so young and old, they are doing work. They are holding their bodies. The trouser legs, with a sickle, and a lot of sweat on the face, it is very difficult to get on.

The ink burned immediately to find the village head, handed the letter to him, and then did not talk much, changed the hemp shoes and went to the ground. He is full of energy, energetic, and a person who is a monk, cutting wheat is nothing to say. After a busy half-day, I have already cut off two large ridges of rice.

The golden rice ears are piled on the edge of the rice field, and the sun is shining on the sun. In the mountains, the voice of the shovel and the rustling of the farmer’s farming, and the big niece sitting on the ridge, while busy picking up the tassels, sang the farm songs leisurely.

"The sun is shining, the red flowers are shining, the four mountains are red and red, the peony is singing, the love song is a red fan, and the lover is hydrangea. I am pulling the lang belt. When is it? I am not empty today. Minger wants to chop firewood, and I will come to the younger sister’s house afterwards."

This soft, small tone, shy remarks, swayed from the farmer's mouth, unscrupulously swaying between the heavens and the earth, falling in the hearts of the listeners.

"I am here today - not empty, Minger wants to chop firewood, and I will come to the younger sister's house after my childhood."

Chu night Ning did not go down to the ground, holding a hot water under the tree to drink, listening to this song, a pair of eyes chasing the far away black, hard-working figure, heart ups and downs, water falling from the throat, it seems no flow Going to the stomach, but turning to the chest, a burst of heat.

"The sound of the sound." After the water was finished, he commented four words coldly. Go back to the village head.

The village chief looked at him with some hesitation.

Chu night Ning is a bit violent and asks: "What happened?"

"...Xianjun...not going to the ground?" The old village chief was a straight man. Since he asked, he trembled, his white beard shook, and his white eyebrows wrinkled in one place. "Xianjun... is coming Supervisor?"

"..."

Chu night Ningtou once felt so embarrassed.

Go to the ground...

Xue Zhengyi did not tell him that he just had to look around and watch the ink burnt. Really want him to go down?

... he won't! !

The helpless old village chief whispered to him, and even with a few young children next to him, he also looked up and looked at the well-dressed man.

The child’s words are unscrupulous, and the child who is struggling with the shackles asks: “A grandmother, this long brother is so white, how is it going to the ground?”

"His sleeves are so wide..." Another little boy murmured.

"The shoes are also clean..."

Chu Xiaoning was said to be a thorn in the back, so awkward. Standing for a while, I didn’t have a face and I was so leisurely, I picked a sickle and the shoes didn’t take off into the paddy field. The slippery mud immediately wrapped his feet, and the cold water was not over. Ministry, Chu nightning tried to take two steps, the feeling of slippery greasy is a big frown, and tried to smash two sickles, but unfortunately the force always makes it wrong, cut very clumsy.

"... Hey, this long brother is so stupid." Two children held the donkey and saw his move under the mulberry tree, laughing at him like this.

Chu nightning: "..."

The face was black and half, and I was no longer willing to be too close to these people. Chu night would rather struggle to maintain a calm gait in the quagmire, with a handsome facial features, striding toward the distant cut rice. .

He is going to sneak a peek at how ink is burned.

The three-person line must have my teacher, he is going to steal the teacher.

For the anecdote, the ink burned obviously far more than the late night, only to see the sun, he bent down, his hand fell from the knife, and from the golden rice ear was put down, very softly fell on his wide In the arms. He received the rice in his hand, hugged a bundle, and then threw it into the bamboo raft behind him.

When he did these things, he was very serious. He didn’t see the late night, but he was honestly diligently draping the soft eyelashes. The high nose had a fuzzy shadow, and the sweat ran down his cheeks. Falling, he has a near-wild atmosphere, hot and wild, dull and passionate. In the sun, his skin is like a burning copper and iron, carrying an amazing spark of fire, as if still sizzling in the heat of the sword pool, so bright, so brilliant.

Chu nightning did not appreciate it for a while, suddenly realized what he was doing, immediately frowned and shook his head, muttered something, and continued to walk forward with a slap in the face.

He is going to steal the teacher!

He wants to see how the ink-burning hand holds the sickle, and how the tilt of the falling rock should be tilted. Why are these rice hard in their hands like a wire, but when they reach the palm of the ink, they become weak and boneless. The girl, willingly and willingly leaned in his arms.

About to stare too focused, Chu night rather did not pay attention to a frog under the feet, "hop" and jumped up, squatting on the ridge.

Chu night Ning was shocked, and he was busy with his feet, but the paddy field was too slippery. He didn't pay attention to it. The elders of the Tang Yu Yuheng were rushed forward because of a majestic frog!

"brush!"

Seeing his face will be buried in the mud, Chu night Ning also refused to cast a spell, actually subconsciously to pull the figure in front of busy.

The voice of Huanghua's niece is becoming more and more charming: "I took my lang belt - in the end -"

Coincidentally, Chu nightning slammed the ink-strapped belt and slammed forward a few steps, then fell into a fiery, masculine wide chest with a pair of strong arms. Surrounded him.

The author has something to say: Today's bib has:

"It's better to go to eat together" Mrs. Song's single sister, confused by the beauty of Song Qiutong, I can't extricate myself, I want to fall into the gentle town like the little brother of Nangong... Although Song sister, who is unlucky, but she It’s really beautiful, how to break it, I have to faint 23333, crab and crab food, too~ What? !

"The moon is red maple" wife's master x dog, the umbrella of the master and the dog sitting on the rock ~ ~ Master is really elegant ~ dog's hair is very like, 嘿嘿 ~ next to the 蜀The short song is also a part of Wen Zhongwo's own favorite, but it is estimated that there are not many people who carefully read the uncle's singing. The crab crab can notice it~ also painted the corresponding map~ Tap and thank!

"Village grass ball" wife's dog x teacher respects the sound pool bathing picture ~ ~ color is finished, I really want to give the master a piece of soap to let him 捡 23333, the big winter to see the picture of the spring, I suddenly want Learn them to soak in the hot springs, envy the dogs and the masters can soak into the pool of wonderful sound pool! ! ! Crab crab wife! ! ! Love you~~

"User 6472947024" wife (... 捂 face) face) of Xia Shi and Shi Zun, the line of the master is very beautiful, but the most like Xia Shi reverse ~ knocking Meng, eyes are like amber! ! ! On the face of Xia Shi's small teacher, I can eat three bowls of rice (...what is what I want to describe), it’s a good show, hahaha~ Crabs and crabs~

Female assists: My chapter is already online, really.

Ink burning: ... oh... is that frog?

Female assists: Goodbye.

Chapter 136

The ink burned well and cut the rice. Suddenly, one hand grabbed his belt and pulled it down. This feeling was also quite shocking.

Looking back, it was Chu Yuning, and it was still quite amazed that Chu Xiaoning, who almost fell.

The ink burned and lost the sickle, and turned back to help him, but Chu night Ning was too miserable, almost half of the body had to land, and the help could not help, can only use the hug. The faint sea otter flower, together with the white man, fell sturdy in his arms, and the ink burned without hesitation, and the rice straw in the original arm was scattered.

"Master, how come you?" He was shocked. "Scared me."

Chu nightning: "..."

"This paddy field is very slippery, be careful."

The people in their arms bowed their heads and didn't say anything. They couldn't say half a word. But the singing girl is still pulling the scorpion: "I am pulling - Lang belt - 哎 - in the end -"

Chu nightning was like being touched by cold electricity, and suddenly grabbed the hand holding the ink-burning belt and stood firm. He gasped and violently pushed the man away. His posture was still calm, but his eyes were astonishingly bright. He was stunned by the waves, and he was already busy, but he was still calm.

"..." The ink burned and suddenly saw his earrings red.

Very nice color, pale skin, like a branch of peach, he suddenly remembered the taste of this earring in the past life, think of it every time, Chu nightning will trembling, even if not reconciled, In the end, it is hard to escape in his arms, and the iron bones are also spring mud.

The throat is swaying, and the burning eyes can't help but become deeper...

Partially born in the late night, Ning was angered and rushed to the crown. I don’t know who is angry. The silver teeth bite and shatter: "See what! What can be seen!"

I am fascinated and my heart is cold.

brute!

I have done things that I can’t stand up to because of my own desires. Master is so proud, how can he be willing to be female? Do not say that the female is ambush, he is such a cold person, it is the love and desire that should not have, how can you think about this big reversal!

The ink burned and shook his head again and again, like a rattle.

Chu night Ning again angered: "What do you shake your head and do! It's fun!"

"..." The ink burned and immediately did not shake, but gave him a look.

This person is obviously shameful, but habitually pulled the anger. This mask is worn on the face, and it is easy to distinguish the color in his eyes.

I am afraid that I feel that I am falling in the face of the apprentice, or because a frog that is screaming is falling, it is very shameful.

so cute.

The ink burned and couldn't help but laugh.

Unexpectedly, he laughed, and Chu Ning was even more angry. A pair of black-browed anger was so angry that he even gasped his nose: "What are you laughing at? I just don't farm, don't cultivate land, what's funny!"

"Yes, yes, not funny, not funny." The ink burned his words, and it immediately converges on the smile. It becomes serious and serious, but the smile of the lips is hidden, but the bottom of the eyes can’t cover it. Bright, can't tell the splendor.

For a long time, this thing seems to be overturned. At this time, the frog that succeeded in hitting the ridge slammed the gang, and screamed at the air. It seemed to be demonstrating.

The ink burned down the work, did not hold back, turned his face off, his hand covered under the tip of the nose seemed to cover the past with a cough.

But I didn't cover it up, but I laughed aloud.

"....." Chu nightning is simply mad, dragging the water to prepare to climb the ridge, but was shouted by the ink.

The distance between the two people is very close. If it is normal, the ink will directly pull him. But today he didn't. He still had the heat of Chu

Xiaoning in his arms. The tip of his nose seemed to linger on the flowers of the sea bream on the clothes of Chu.

He felt that his heart was soft and he wanted to get rid of it.

But he did not dare to let the heart go away. The person in front of him is so good. He wants to hold him in his possession. He is respectful and respectful. He is not willing to use his own roughness to hurt him.

So he only called him: "Master."

"Why, haven't you laughed yet?" Chu Xiaoning squinted at him.

The burnt pear vortex looks great, but it is not ridiculous, but gentle: "Do you want to learn to play? I teach you, in fact, it is not difficult. Master is so smart, I will definitely learn."

When the ink-burning hand taught him how to cut the rice, Chu night couldn’t help but think that he had come to steal the teacher. How did he become a teacher?

It’s really a mess.

However, the ink-burning teaching was very serious and very careful. He looked at his clumsy technique and did not laugh at him.

His eyebrows are dark and the ink is generally deep. When the facial features are younger, he has the sharpness of the knife and the axe. This kind of appearance is originally handsome with some arrogance, but his eyes are soft and forbearing, it seems to hide a lot of thoughts, but it seems that there is no Tibetan, only because of the gentleness and depth, the years are too heavy.

"That's it, use smart, understand?"

"……Ok."

Chu Yuening would cut it as he said, but unfortunately it was not very flexible. He usually played hard wood. These soft rice stalks called him helpless.

The ink burned aside for a while, extending the line evenly, the muscles of the tight arm, helping him adjust the hand holding the sickle.

The contact of the skin is only in an instant, the ink does not dare to touch him more, and Chu Ning does not dare to let him touch more.

Obviously, there is a torrent of nowhere to vent, and one is the cognac that is almost dry. It is obvious that when he enters him, he can be entangled and entangled. He can no longer find the exit, and he can also be irrigated and smashed.

You can hide from each other and avoid each other.

He taught him behind him: "Foker down a little, be careful not to cut yourself."

One is very hard to say: "Know."

"Let's relax again, don't be so stiff."

"..."

"Relax."

The more you can burn, the tighter the back of the night, the stiffer the hand.

Relax and relax, why don't he want to relax? But it's light! The ink burned around him and talked to him. His breath even slammed on his back. The

airflow was hot and heavy. He had the wild taste of this man. How did he let him relax? !

The brain is inexplicably wonderful, and I remember the shameful dream I have ever done.

The dream is almost the same gesture, the ink is also in his ear, the lips will be posted, and he will fall on his earrings.

He gasped and said: "Relax... Don't put me so tight..."

The face of Chu’s late night was red.

He struggled to get rid of such a weird recollection, but after a wave of unrest, he got rid of this, but he thought of the "Shenzhen Shengying Yingjie Size Ranking"...

"..."

Chu Xiaoning felt that his head was afraid of smoking.

It’s strange to say that the ink is burning: “Why are you so stretched? You put it—”

"I have relaxed!" Chu night, looking back, with spring water and angry flames in his eyes, he stared at him, so close, almost to become a sword, wearing a burning heart.

It is clear that both of them are heart-warming, but they are boiling and anti-profit, and they can’t hear next door unless he gets closer, unless his chest sticks to his back, unless he holds his hand and bites him. The tip of the ear, with his earlobe, gasped and said to him: "Let's relax, don't be nervous." Unless they do, they can understand each other.

Obviously, the ink will not burn, and the night will be the same.

So the ink burned a little bit, and he straightened up and said: "...the master, try it yourself?"

"Ok."

The smoldering smiled at him again, picked up his own sickle, cut the rice in his not far away, cut it twice, suddenly thought of something, and turned his head: "Master."

"What?" Chu night Ning black face.

The smoldering finger pointed to his shoes and said, "You take off your boots."

"Not off."

"It's easy to wrestle without taking off." The ink burns very earnestly. "You slip the bottom of the boot, not every time you fall, I can pull you in time."

"..." Chu Evening never thought about it in gloom. In the end, he went to the edge of the ridge, took off his shoes and socks, and threw it on the side of the grass. He returned to the paddy field with bare feet and buried the sand in the sand.

At noon, Chu Yuening finally became skilled in the use of the sickle, and the movements were smooth. He and the burnt-cut rice piled together, and made a golden hill high.

Another breath cut a piece of land, Chu night Ning was a little tired, got up and sighed, the sleeves rubbed sweat. The breeze blew through the golden rice waves, bringing a cool autumn coolness. He hit an aunt, and the ink burned back immediately. It was very concerned.

“Is it a little cold?”

"No." Chu Xiaoning shook his head. "There was just some grass ash in the nose."

The ink burned and laughed. I was trying to say something. I heard the distant mulberry trees. There was a farmer’s voice, Lang Lang, and shouted in a cage: “Open the meal – eat it – have lunch!”

"It’s the girl who just sang." Chu said that Ningtou wouldn’t return.

The burning side of the past, the hand on the eyebrow bow, looked at it from a distance, said: "It is really her. Master listening?"

"Well, the voice of people calling for dinner is so twisted and twisted, no one is there." Chu Yuning said, moving the last basket of straw to the valley, too lazy to wear shoes, anyway, it is already so dirty, go down the mulberry tree go with. The ink smiled and shook his head. He immediately picked up the shoes he had left in his place and caught up with his footsteps.

The farmer's rice was cooked in a large pot. Four or five peasant women carried three wooden barrels and uncovered them. One barrel was steaming white rice, one barrel was cabbage, and one barrel was tofu soup.

In fact, the people's livelihood in the Xiujian community is not good. The meat is extravagant to ordinary people, but the immortal prince of the dead is coming. The village chief said that he couldn't take all the vegetables to entertain people, so the cabbage was still full. In weight, cut a lot of five-flowered bacon into it.

As soon as the lids of the buckets opened, the five big and three thick villagers couldn’t help but be swallowed up by the meat.

"The dishes are not good, the two sages will be eaten." The village chief's wife is a woman with a big waist and a round waist. In her fifties, the voice of the speech is very loud, and her mouth is very big and very refreshing. "All of us." Pickled meat, kind of vegetables, don't give up."

The ink burned quickly and waved: "Do not dislike, don't disappoint." Say it was full of two bowls of rice, the apex to the master, and then took a bowl.

Chu nightning looked into the bucket of the dish and saw that the cabbage was full of hot peppers, and it was a little bun. The aunt was also very enthusiastic to recruit him and gave him a spoonful of hot soup. Juice, a few pieces of fresh and fragrant meat.

"..." For the monks who will eat spicy, it is naturally delicious. But for Chu Xiaoning, this bowl will probably kill him if he eats it.

However, the enthusiasm of the township was not good enough. Chu night was rather stiff, and suddenly one hand reached over and carried another bowl and handed it to him.

The bowl was filled with tofu green soup, although it was lighter, but Chu nighting liked it.

"Change one with me."

"...not in the way, you eat yours." Chu nightning did not pick up.

Auntie saw it, some hairpins, and it took a long time to react. She patted her head and shouted: "Oh, is this Xianjun not eating spicy?"

Chu night Ning see her, said: "No, can eat a little." Say a meal with a soup poured into the mouth.

"..."

A few silences, I saw that the face of Chu’s late night was rising more and more red in the eyes of the public, and the lines of the trembling shook slightly. Finally --

"...cough, cough, cough!!"

The cough is earth-shattering.

Who said that this world can't stand the love of poverty and sneeze.

There are also peppers.

After all, Chu Xiaoning was overestimated himself. He underestimated the Chaotian pepper. He was too late to be red-faced. The farmers around him were shocked. The children were not sensible. They hid behind the adults and laughed. Was photographed by an adult.

The ink burned down the tableware and re-cooked a bowl of soup for him. Chu nighting drank the soup, it was better, but the hot ones would only make the tip of the tongue more uncomfortable. He raised his face. It was a blushing face with a wave of eyes, so I looked at the ink in tears and hoarsely said: "More."

Still.

Chu nightning said that it is better to have a bowl of soup, but the ink burned by these eyes, this sea owl spring sleep-like face looked hot, involuntarily ran off.

For a moment, he seemed to see the man who was lying under him in his previous life. Under the urge of medicine and desire, he gasped, and opened the scorpion that was out of focus. The body shook and wet. The lips are

slightly open and close, the voice is hoarse, and I don’t want to squat / squat: "Please... still..."

The author has something to say: Today, working overtime to add a dog, the message is too late to return, it is really cumbersome to QAQ before the holiday is really not doing ... but I have seen, crabs and small friends, today will not return, Let me take this overtime dog to breathe, hahahaha

Today's bib has:

"Mulberry" wife's master respect version (to the right, is the full version of the last good-looking avatar ~) and assists Miss Sister personal! In fact, the appearance of the assistant lady and the hairstyle of Mrs. Tochigi are very accurate, but the chest! Miss Sister said that she is not convinced! And her eyes are actually very similar to another important woman in the text, hahahaha, next time I will show you like who! Crab crab wife! I love Miss Sister!

"Night Park Night Wind" Mrs. Dog 2.0, Dog 1.0 and Dog 0.5, Crab Crab! Nothing to say, surrendered to the 0.5 force, seeing this zero point five, I simply picked up the zero-thousand-five and the 10,000 small yellow cars of the Master, and did not look back! ! ! Sure enough, there is no resistance to this evil look and smile! Lying down... I want to see the teacher being bullied and crying, ah, think about how the master is being bullied to cry, my phantoms are hard...

User 6472947024 wife (...hahahahaha) teacher respects the individual ~ with rejoice, more confident! I like this gentle knock on the gentle hair. I

want to give the master a kiss and hold it up. Oh, no, the master is already very tall. Let him give me kiss and hold. Gao 233333 is really gentle, seeing such a master, can't help but want to pull him to ask for a hand to eat QAQ crab crab wife ~~

"It's better to go to eat together." The wife's female assists hahaha, very beautiful and very warm girl, the hair is awesome, the lotus on the chest makes me succeed in becoming a gangster looking at the chest, why do you love it? Painting female assists, Song sister will be jealous, I feel that I was thrown into the cold palace abandoned ~ crab crab wife, 嘿嘿

The small theater "Some of the things that most people can't stand"

Chu nightning: eat spicy

Ink burning: look at the late night, eat spicy

Teacher: Dew muscles play triathlon

Xue Meng: forced to engage in foundation

Mei Hanxue: Chafeng Qinglou

Ye Forgiveness: Affection with Song Qiutong

Nangong Temple: The dog that I raised is dead.

Meat package: working overtime

Chapter 137

The tip of the burning finger is a little trembling, and the heartbeat is too fast.

The saddest thing about men is that the desire for sexuality does not accept wisdom. Even if he is not willing to be ten thousand, the lower body is still hard and hot, and the swelling is not like words.

He whispered a curse to himself, adjusted the sitting position and did not let people see it, and then leaned over to give a late bowl of soup to Chu.

When the soup bowl was handed over, his fingers were rubbed into the late night of Chu. He was shocked. He only felt that the meaning of the numbness was like a lightning bolt across the spine. The hand shook and the soup poured out a little.

Chu night Ning wrinkled his brows, but he couldn’t care so much. He took the soup and drank it, slowing down the spicy pain between his lips and teeth. The ink burned and licked his lips with a sigh of relief, and it was soaked in blush because of the spicy, like the fresh leaves between the leaves, the branches and flowers.

It’s soft, warm, and hydrated...

"Snapped!"

The ink burns your hand and gives yourself a slap.

The crowd was stunned, and the bird was silently staring at him.

The ink burned back to the gods, and all the throats were clear, and the dumb said: "There are mosquitoes on my face."

"Oh." Suddenly a Lang Lang female voice rang and made a fuss. "Autumn mosquitoes are the most poisonous. Drinking blood to go through the winter, can Xianjun bring herbal cream?"

"Ah?" The ink burned for a moment and looked for it. The speech is a sturdy girl, wearing a black and shiny bun, wearing a bicolor scorpion, eyebrows, white skin, eyes are very bold, and when I touch the burning eyes, I immediately become more and more Passionate.

The ink burned for a while and did not react. My heart was only thinking, oh, the girl who only sang Xiaoqu.

He is slow, but the aunt who is sitting next to the girl is very awesome. She is a woman who has seven children. For those who are interested in the girl’s family, she is more exquisite than anyone else. She is as good as a flow: “Xianjun will not be in the village. I have lived for a long time, and when the farmer is busy, I will go back. How can I bring herbal cream? Linger, you go back and send a can to Xianjun."

The girl named Linger immediately smiled: "Of course it is good, I will bring it to Xianjun at night."

"..." There was nothing to say about the ink burning. The two women who were so enthusiastic had decided to make a decision for him. The ink could not help but be speechless. He turned to look at the late night of Chu, and he saw that the night was smashing the handkerchief, slowly wiping the soup stains on his hands, and his expression was somewhat disgusting.

When the ink burned was not good for women, he whispered and Chu said: "I also poured soup in my hand. After you wiped your handkerchief, I also wiped it."

Chu Yuening handed his handkerchief to him, still the piece embroidered with Begonia.

Ink burning remembers that in Taohuayuan, he used this piece of bamboo. Chu nightning looks light and cold. In fact, it is a long-lived person. He has noticed the life style of this person and the furnishings in the house. Often there will be no major changes in ten or twenty years. I just didn't expect the same with this handkerchief.

It’s been so long, the patterns on the top are faint, and the old man has not discarded it.

The ink burned his hand, and carefully licked the scorpion. Suddenly he found that the flower was delicately embroidered, but the stitches were not good-looking.

Mind, it is estimated that the teacher is stabbing when he is idle and bored. He thinks that the teacher’s face is smeared with a small needle to stab the sea otter, and the ink burns some can’t help but laugh...

After a closer look, the handkerchief was taken away by Chu.

Ink burning said: "take what you take, I will help you wash."

"I will wash myself." Chu night Ning said, picked up the tableware again. Where is the ink burning, he is willing to see him again, and quickly changed his bowl of rice and said, "I haven't touched this bowl."

The village chief's wife is also busy saying: "If you can't eat spicy, don't eat it. It's okay, it's okay."

Chu night Ning picked up his lips and squatted half-heartedly: "Sorry." He said that he had changed his meals with ink, and the ink burned his tableware. He was preparing to eat, but he thought that this was Chu Ning had already eaten. A bite, my heart is inexplicably warm and instigated.

He clipped a piece of fat and thin pork belly and sent it to the mouth. If the chopsticks had not bitten the teeth, they licked their lips...

Formerly ridiculous / swaying, what did you do with Chu Yuning? In this life, he only licked the chopsticks he had used, and his lips were pressed against the bowl he had used.

It’s just like this, the bottom/body is hard and hard.

Even if you sternly admonish yourself, you will not be guilty about his pure and correct teacher, but the heart is not like his own. He can make himself not touch him, but he can’t do it. .

He had no hatred for Chu nightning. After thinking that he had stripped of hatred, his feelings about the teacher’s respect were only respect and love.

But he seems to be wrong. When he hates the darkness of this piece of silk, it reveals that it is a moist affection, a hot love... He is floating in the sea and wants to climb the sensible driftwood, but Chu nightning's blink of an eye, an understatement, can turn him back into the abyss of desire.

He felt that he was really crazy.

Chu nightning does not like men, so even if it is dead, it will not touch him and bully him.

Then the desire burned into the sea of fire in the heart, and it became Wang Yang. He was in the deep water, and even forgot everything else. Only the clean person in front of him fell asleep into his unclear heart.

The rustling autumn wind, the sound of the rice frog, he sat next to him, this moment, the ink burned suddenly ridiculously thought, if they can stay like this for a lifetime, it seems quite good. He used to think that he was lacking anything, so he had to go crazy to grab it, but now he feels that he has everything, and he dare not want more.

It takes about half a month for the farmer to work. During this time, Chu Ning and Mo-burn live in Yuliang Village.

Although this small village is not rich, it is not difficult to clean up two empty houses. The environment is hard. The village chief's wife bit his teeth and evened out two thick scorpions, saying that they would be smothered with ink, and they were all rejected by the two.

Chu night Ningdao: "The straw is warm, you can keep it for yourself."

Ink also laughed and said: "A good man is a person who cultivates immortals. You can't use it with you."

The village chief was full of apologies, and repeatedly said: "I really can't help it. I used to have a lot of scorpions. But when I was in trouble last year, the village went out of the water, and many things..."

Chu night Ningdao: "Nothing."

Again, a few words of relief, the village chief and his wife finally trembled away. The ink burns and helps the late night to manage the bed, and the pad is covered with thicker straw underneath. I want to make the bed soft and some. It is like a dog busy with a cushioned pillow at home.

Chu Yuning leaned on the table and looked at it faintly. He said, "It’s almost done. You can lay it down again. I’m afraid I’m not in the bed, it’s in the sleeping valley.”

Something embarrassed by him, he scratched his head and said: "Today, I will catch up. I will go to the nearby market to buy a scorpion to return to the master."

"You go to buy a donkey, do you do all the farm work?" Chu night Ning gave him a look. "That's it, it's good." He said, went over and smelled, "The smell of rice."

Ink burns: "If you don't, the teacher is the most afraid of you, can't..."

"The winter hasn't arrived yet." Chu nightning frowned. "How can you say so much? You are going back to your room. After a tired day, your feet are numb, I have to sleep."

The ink burned out obediently.

Chu night Ning just took off his shoes, arbitrarily took some water from the tank, rushed his feet, ready to climb his rice bed. I heard that the threshold was ringing, the ink burned back and returned, shouting outside: "Master, I am coming in!"

"..." Chu nightning was furious. "I am not telling you, don't tell me the words "I am coming in"!"

The ink burned by him, and he smiled and took the head to open the hidden door. He really didn't have a hand to push the door. His sleeves were rolled over his elbows, revealing the honey-colored, tight-knit, **** arms. With a bucket full of water, the water is steaming.

The eyes of young men are particularly bright in this mist, and they are particularly scorching.

Chu Xiaoning was shocked by his heart, but he did not know what to say.

The ink burned the heavy bucket to the side of his bed and put it down. There was light on his face, and the pear vortex melted. He said: "The master is soaking a foot, tired for a day, after I finish the bubble, I press the button and the master will sleep again. ""

"Do not……"

"I know, the Master must say no." The ink burned and laughed. "Yes. The first time you do farm work will be backache, and if you are not good at rest, you will not come tomorrow, the children in the village, It’s time to laugh at you."

The water in the barrel is very warm and hot, even slightly hot, but it is not unbearable.

Chu night Ning red / bare feet dipped in it, the toes are round, delicate, the cheekbones are extremely smooth and distinct, the skin on his feet is very white, because the sun is not seen for a long time, it can even be called pale.

I saw the ink burning, and suddenly I felt that the skin of the late night was really good, and it was more white and clear than those delicate and delicate Sichuan sisters.

If you think about it, even the woman Song Qiutong who went home in the past, there is no feeling that Chu’s feelings are good to touch it... Hey, think

about it.

So Chu Xiaoning was soaking his feet, and the ink burned and sat at the opposite table to read a book.

The book was brought by himself. Some boring healing books were quiet. The room was quiet and quiet until both of them subconsciously slowed down their breathing and did not want the other party to hear. In the room with a light bulb of a bean, only the sound of the water wave of the night of the night was swayed.

"I have washed it, it is not sore, go back."

The ink burned but he insisted that he would never believe in the "not painful" and "not uncomfortable" of the late night. He had already put down the book and stumbled in front of the bed at the night of Chu, and squatted down and caught up. Chu Xiaoning wants to retract a foot, and the eyes are somewhat unacceptable:

"Take the master, I will go back."

"....." Chu nighting would like to slap him a foot, let him roll back arbitrarily, don't let his mother talk to himself in front of himself.

But the hand holding him was so powerful, some rough, the mouth of the tiger's mouth and the fingertips sticking to his flesh. His feet became extremely sensitive because of the infiltration of hot water. He suddenly felt itchy and wanted to laugh. So, the effort was spent all over the face, so I missed the last chance to pick up the majesty and drive away the ink.

The ink burned for a while, and he had put his foot on his knees, his eyes were low-pitched, and he pressed his patiently and meticulously.

"Master, is it cold in the paddy field?" he asked as he pressed.

"Fortunately."

"There are many dead leaves and rotted leaves. You see scratches here."

"..." Chu Xiaoning looked at the side of his right foot, and there was a small hole. "I have no feelings about a little injury."

Ink ignited: "I brought some plasters that hurt the wounds, and the masters waited a minute. I went to paint them for you. The aunts are especially easy to use. The wounds can heal in one night." He said The door, his cabin and the face of Chu Xiaoning face to face, only a ten-step walk in the middle of the yard, he quickly went back and brought a can of balm.

"As for this kind of emotion?"

"Where is the temperament, if it is festering, it will be more troublesome. Come, Master, and give it to me."

Chu Xiu Ning is somewhat embarrassed. He has lived for so many years, his feet are extremely private. He is always well-dressed on weekdays. Of course, he will not wander around with bare feet. This is the flesh that few people have ever seen. No one has touched the flesh.

Just because I don’t know who is fearless, just now he didn’t know what it was like to be pinched, so he burned it a few times by ink. Whoever expected it to be so sultry, the heart seemed to have ants in the bite, so again When you want to reach him, he is hesitant.

The ink burned and the pair of clear and white feet were half hidden under the clothes. The hot water finally added some blood color to them. Chu’s toes were evenly detailed, and the fingernails were like the knots on the lake in the deep winter in the south. The thin layer of ice is crystal clear, but the fingertips that have just been soaked have a faint blush.

It seems that in the ice layer, a jellyfish flower that contains cockroaches is frozen.

The ink burned down and squatted down, and the expression was gentle and respectful, holding the warm Begonia in the palm of his hand.

He felt that the sea otter shivered slightly in his hand, and the petals were smashing. He suddenly wanted to bow his head and lean over to kiss it, let it not be embarrassed, don't be afraid, let it stretch Fangfei, loosen the leaflets.

"Master respect..."

"what happened?"

He seems to hear that Chu Xinning's voice is a little hoarse, and it seems that the love is deep and the flowers are full, the flowers are almost unbearable, and the dew is dripping into the land.

The ink burned his head violently, and the candle fire burst at this time, bursting out a string of sparks, and the candle tears slowly fell. He happened to meet the eyes of Chu Yuening. In the lights, their eyes were bright, with desire/fire and spring tide.

"you……"

Chu nightning put down his two-page eyelash curtain, faintly said: "My feet are itchy, you are faster."

When the ink burned, the face was red. Fortunately, it was so dark now that it was not easy to see. He screamed "oh" and buried his face with red

lipstick to give people a cream.

But I couldn’t help but whisper in the ear, "You are faster."

His throat was agitated and he looked at the delicate skin in front of his eyes.

He thought of all kinds of past life, more and more clear, he thought of the messy bed of Wushan Temple, the pillow was bright red, and the town became more and more white. They are as intensely entangled as wild beasts, breathing and low-lying, sly and sticky.

He thought that Chu Xiaoning was screaming under him, and the ice-like sound line was burned hot by the love of love and became soft water.

"You are a little faster... ah..." Chu Yuening seems to be squatting in his ear, he seems to be able to hear.

The ink burned his eyes sharply and the eyebrows were twisted into knots.

He has finally recognized one thing: he wants to be good at Chu, it is too difficult.

Far away, I am afraid that this person is not hot, afraid of taking care of him.

When the distance is near, he can't restrain the evil fire of his heart. If he doesn't pay attention to his mind, he will pay for it. He is afraid that he will make something more than the limit.

He wants to go to him, want him, even at this moment, he suddenly feels that what he wants to do is not here to apply the medicine to Chu Evening. This person is sitting in front of himself, sitting on the bed, his current strength is not much different from the past, Chu night Ning can not get rid of him.

He is eager to **** him, eager to push people down in the bed, he is eager to go to the throat and thirsty, eager to the desire to swell and hurt, he wants to compactly press on the night of the night, he...

"Master, painted!" He almost shouted out loud. It was scared that Chu was a good night.

Only the ink burns knows that there is a cold sweat behind him.

Suddenly he felt very sad--why couldn't he be so good to the teacher, why can't he be honest with the teacher, why can't he get rid of those fiery desires.

Chu nightning, Chu nightning...

His master is the most lonely person in the world. If he knows that his apprentice has such a heart to himself, how much should he cast aside and how much he is guilty?

For two lifetimes.

He didn't want him to look down on himself again.

Chu nightning put on his shoes and socks. In the process, the ink burned his head and kept his head down. He didn’t talk, and he went up like a well-behaved dog. Only he knew that his heart was locked with a wolf who didn’t know how to rest. .

For a long while, the ink burned down the heat of the heart and said: "The teacher respects rest well. If there is any uncomfortable tomorrow, you should not go down. I will do two people alone."

When Chu Ning had not had time to say anything, he heard a delicate voice from outside and shouted: "Mo Xianjun, Mo Xianjun, are you there?"

The author has something to say: Today's bib has:

"Frost a sword and a meat bag" wife's New Year's super cute little master ~ (in fact, yesterday, I fooled to forget to copy QAQ face), knocking cute, want to give him a dozen red packets!嘿嘿嘿~ Then the assistant lady, very much, one is satisfied, and very beautiful! ! The red knot on the chest is still a screenshot of the game. With reference to that picture, I really have a heart for QAQ Crab! Be more than heart! !

"Boss" wife's dog x master respects what, I told you, please automatically cross the phone to see, you will have the feeling of watching the boat play, believe me, simply do not want me, the original Rotate and jump! I only hope that they can get a fight without wearing clothes. I think the Master will not be able to beat it. Hahaha~ Crabs and crabs are yelling at me! Idiot face!

"Night Park Night Wind" dog x master respects what, the friend said that it can cut out a couple's head, hahahahaha, laugh at me, it's perfect ~2.0 kiss teacher respect is really gentle, my The girl's heart is awakened, although the weather is cold, but after watching the picture, I feel that spring is coming. Ah, I want to go to the playground to run the circle~ Thank you, my wife~~

The dog who called "Mt. Qingqiu", the teacher is single, I think the dog is pretty, and the dog is really beautiful, and I especially like that dress. I feel that 0.5 should like it, but this The dog's eyes are very gentle, so I feel like the soul of wearing a 2.0 dog 2.0, oh ~ ~ excited face ~ face ~ ~ 2.0 clothes on the bamboo grain road really fried days ~ ~ satisfied with the heart ~ Crab crab lady~

"The machete in the fog" Mrs.'s sister painted the dog 2.0~~ knocking handsome! I can't resist the evil eyes, but the evil spirits are hooked.

Although it is black and white, it is inexplicable to make up the red feeling. Ah, I must be a second-instance. I want to give it to the horse. Peeking down, red lotus water, bullying, coughing, and bullying the master! ! Mrs. Crab Crab, also the sister of Crab Crab!

small theater:

"If the protagonists cross into modern times, what careers might they do with their own skills?" 》

Master: First as an outstanding graduate of Lanxiang Technical School, then become a steam repairman, excavator, forklift. Oh, yes, when I say this, I swear that if I open a salted egg in the future, I will write a president who opens the tractor. I have already had enough president, Kailan Bentley Ferrari, and it’s not the president’s text, I’m so angry, I’m going to Want the president to drive the tractor! I am going to drive the tractor! Chu nightning, you are the president's male pig's foot! Drive your tractor! Touch the Ferrari of the porcelain family! Go ahead!

Dog: Chef, New Oriental Chef specializes in outstanding graduates of the school. It’s not bad to have a Porsche chef and a president who drives the tractor.

Xue Meng: Nothing will happen, probably will die.

Teacher: Selling fake medicines is easier to make money, but he has a good conscience, may not bear it, and will probably go bankrupt in the end.

Ye Forgiveness: Police.

Mei Hanxue: ... duck king.

Nangong Temple: The manager of the pet shop, if it is not possible, the pig farm director is also possible.

Chapter 138

Chu night Ning squinted his eyes, did not salty and looked at the ink, and said: "Look for you."

"... ah? Who can look for me at this time?" At this time, there was only Chu Yuning in the eyes, and the people in the village and the village said what they had done, and they had forgotten the country.

"Singing in the day." Chu night Ning wrote down, "It is best to see the girl in the village."

"Is it... How do I feel that the girls in this village are almost the same..."

Chu Xiaoning listened to him saying that he didn’t speak first, then he said: "When did you see you for five years, when did you marry?"

"..."

Chu Xiaoning’s tone was dull, but the ink burned his eyes for an instant, but he saw a smile on his eyes. He seemed to have a leisure time and joked with

him. The ink burned and could not help but be overwhelmed.

The girl named Linger, holding a cloth bag with white flowers and white flowers, screamed at the room where the ink burned: "Mo Xianjun, ink-"

"I am here." Suddenly behind the man's low voice, Linger turned back and saw the ink burned open half of the curtain, leaning against the door and smiling at her. "Girl is so late, what is it?"

Linger was first scared, and then a joy, immediately greeted: "Fortunately, Xianjun has not slept, this is for you, I asked Sanchai to come, I told you at noon. You... you take it Look at it," she said, and handed him the cloth bag in his arms.

The ink burned open and there were three small clay pots inside.

"this is?"

"Herbal cream." Linger said enthusiastically, smiling and pointing to his cheek, "At noon in the field, you said you were bitten by mosquitoes..."

"Ah." The smoldering of this light suddenly realized, and then there was some embarrassment. He slammed the reason, the girl actually believed innocently, and really sent him a herbal cream, which made him a little shame.

The villagers in Yuliang Village are too simple...

"But the bite should not be bad." Linger suddenly picked up his toes and carefully looked at the burning face, and the smile was even more brilliant. "You can't find a mosquito block."

The ink burns and coughs: "After all, it is the person who cultivated the fairy..."

Linger smiled and said: "You guys are really interesting, especially fun. If I have talent, I also want to cultivate immortals, but unfortunately Fufu has no fate."

The two talked a few more words, and the ink burned thanked her and took the herbal cream back into the house. Chu Yuening has changed his position, sitting at the table, idling over the books left by the ink, and he looked up at him when he heard the movement.

“Herbal cream.” The ink burns.

Chu nightning said: "You are really bitten by mosquitoes? Come over me."

The color of the ink-burning face under the light is like honey, slightly deeper, but the eyebrows are more and more radiant. Chu nighting stares for a while and asks: "...package? Where?"

The ink burned and embarrassedly scratched the head: "The skin is thick, it has already disappeared." He said, putting three cans of cool herbal cream on the table of the night, "I don't need these, I respect you." Keep it, you are more likely to get rid of mosquito bites."

Chu night Ning did not set it, but said: "It is a golden sore medicine and a herbal cream. It is better to open a medicine shop than to go."

The ink burned on the nose of Ying Ting, and the smile was very subtle and very straight. Chu Xiaoning looked at it and reached out and poked his forehead and said, "Not too early, go back to your room to sleep."

"Well, Master is a good dream."

"Good dreams."

However, that night, the small yard that could be walked in ten steps, the two people lying in the old haystacks were different from each other's wishes. None of them fell asleep, they were tossing and turning, and it was difficult to sleep.

Chu nightning naturally does not need to say more, he feels that his feet are now numb, can feel the smoldering of the fingertips, grinding himself.

The ink-burning thoughts are much more complicated. He flipped over and over, his head was in the corner of his arms, and he kept clasping the bedboards. He repeatedly recited his heart: Master is a god, a fairy, no fire, no matter what happened in the past. In this life, you must never be confused again. You must not bully others. You must not mess around...

Not to mention the teacher.

Yeah, you should think more about your teacher--teacher...

Suddenly I feel even more uncomfortable.

In fact, since returning to the death and death, and seeing the teacher again, he has always felt that he does not seem to have much enthusiasm for the teacher.

Like a teacher and a protector, it seems to have become a habit without thinking. He is doing this all the time, but then?

Facing the teacher who was five years ago, she was gracious, but facing the handsome and beautiful man five years later, the ink burned her heart and grew a little stranger.

This stranger made him feel at a loss, and suddenly he did not know what happened to him. What should he do?

The next day, Chu night was a big early morning.

When I walked outside, it happened that the ink burned and the curtain came out. The two touched each other.

Ink burning: "Master is early."

"Early." Chu nighting looked at him, "... didn't sleep well?"

The ink burned and smiled: "The bed is not used to it, it doesn't matter, it will be fine for a while at noon."

They went to the field together, the morning wind filled with the sweetness of the vegetation, the four fields were empty, and occasionally they could hear three or two frogs and autumn crickets.

Chu night Ning lazily yawned, suddenly saw what he saw, could not help but laugh.

"Ink burning."

"Ok?"

One hand reached over and licked the smoldering hair. Chu nighting licked a straw from his hair and smiled faintly: "You shouldn't keep rolling in bed? Get it on your head." There are."

Mo-burning just wanted to defend, and suddenly saw a small section on the side of the night, and he couldn’t help but laugh: "The master is also rolling."

Said to help Chu late Ning pick up the golden grass stem.

As the sun rises, the masters and the masters look at each other in the golden glory that is overwhelming. It is still a slight head down, a slightly raised face.

Only five years ago, it was Chu Xinning who looked down, and the one who looked up was ink burning. Nowadays, the time is wrong, and the ink rain is no longer a teenager. At this moment, the time seems to be finally willing to settle down. In the gentle morning light, the smoldering suddenly couldn’t help but jump into the field, open his arms and smile at the people on the ridge: "Master, you come down, I will follow you."

"..." Chu night Ning took advantage of the ridge that was only half a person tall and said, "Are you sick?"

"Ha ha ha."

He took off his shoes and socks, and he jumped lightly into the paddy field. The water rippled and the feet were slightly cold. Chu night was wide-sleeved and swung, and he took a large piece of rice field into his own category: "These are mine." The rice that was cut yesterday is not as good as you. Today, I will let you admit defeat."

The arms that were burnt out were lifted up, scratching their heads, and the corners of their mouths rolled up, and a particularly nice smile rolled off his cheeks.

"Well, if I lose, I will make a lot of lotus cakes for the Master, a lot of crab lion heads."

Chu night Ningdao: "Add a lot of sweet-scented osmanthus sugar."

"Well! If the teacher lost," the ink-filled eyes reflected the faint water, like the stars, "What about?"

Chu night Ning coldly slanted him: "How are you going?"

The ink burned for a long time, and then said: "If the master loses, I have to eat a lot of lotus cakes that I have made, many crab lion heads."

After a pause, the gentler remnant fell in the breeze.

“Add a lot of sweet-scented osmanthus sugar.”

Regardless of winning or losing, I want to change the pattern to treat you.

Chu, Ning, cut rice, once again, he was a mature person. He was a person who refused to admit defeat. Yesterday, people laughed, but today they can't teach people to look down. He sighed in his heart and bury his head in the work of Shasha. By noon, the cut rice was much more burned than the ink.

Sitting in the mulberry tree, he was a little proud. Although he didn't say anything on his face, his face couldn't be seen, but a pair of scorpions always looked at the dam and saw the rice that he had beaten, and the high base became a golden mountain.

"Linger, go to Xianjun to add another bowl of rice."

Everyone sat around a group, and the aunt saw the ink burning fast. After a while, the bowl saw the bottom and said busy.

The ink burned the tableware, and it was very anxious. He smiled and said: "No, I am full, I have something to do. I have to go out of the village first, come back later, you should eat first."

Linger was surprised, and it suddenly showed some anxiety: "Is Xianjun eating this? But the food is not your taste? If you don't like it... I don't want to... I will do it for you alone..."

"No, no, it tastes good." The natural burning of the ink is not to show the heart of the girl's family, and smiled and waved his hand, striding in the direction of the horse.

Chu night Ning asked him: "Where are you going?"

The ink side is half-faced and laughing: "Go buy something and come back soon."

"Xianjun-"

"Forget it, let him go." Chu night Ning clipped a piece of fried tofu, said faintly.

Although these two immortals are coming together, whoever has a high status, who has a low status, who speaks more weight, and a discerning person are all embarrassed, not to mention the fact that the night of Ningtian’s growth is a bit cold, since he When the opening was over, the villagers would not be able to ask more questions and burned away by ink.

After using the rice, everyone is in groups of three or five, either chewing on the leaves in the ground, or squinting and basking in the sun, the peasant woman gathers a piece of woven warm clothing, the children are riding on the bamboo horse, playing a thin, not thin A few domestic cats sniffed on the ground with anticipation, the pink nose tipped and swayed, and it wanted to find some food for the belly in the cold.

Chu Xiaoning holds the hot tea, rests on a valley, and sees that the cat is so small that he is beckoning and wants to give it something to eat. Unfortunately, it is very alert to the stranger, see Chu Late Ning raised his hand and thought it was to fight it, and he screamed away.

Chu nightning: "..."

Does he grow so fierce? Cats are not waiting to see?

I was thinking about it, and I heard the sound of the copper jingle. Linger also happily held a cup of tea and sat next to Chu.

Chu night Ning turned to look at her, not much expression.

This girl is very pretty. What is even more rare is that she is not thin and she is a full-fledged woman who is rare in the backcountry. She also knows how to dress herself. She has no money to buy the accessories. She has picked up some pieces of copper and iron pieces and washed them. It is ground into a gentle ring, stringed on the clothes, and walks up and jingles. There is a brilliant light in the sun.

"Xianjun." She shouted at him, sounding like a ripe berries.

Chu night Ningdao: "What?" The sound is like a cold smoke.

Linger gave a slight glimpse of his inhumanity, but immediately decorated the Taiping, laughing: "Nothing, see Xianjun sitting alone boring, want to come to accompany Xianjun to talk."

"..."

Chu nightning does not think that he has an amiable face, the cat is probably the best evidence. But after all, people and cats are different. Cats don't count, but people may not have pictures.

Sure enough, Linger and he did not grieve after saying a bunch of some did not seem to be casually asked: "Xianjun, you are alive and dead... What kind of person should you accept as a disciple? You Look at me like this... can you?"

Chu night Ningdao: "Hands stick out."

"Ah..." She widened her eyes and then she was excited to do so. Chu Xiaoning put her fingertips lightly on her veins and then withdrew after half a mile. She said, "No."

Linger’s face suddenly turned red: “Yes, is there no Huigen?”

"I let you reach out, you know that I want to test your spiritual core, then you should have asked others before." Chu said, "The girl is shallow and shallow, I am afraid that I will not be able to build it in the year of my death." Base, empty in the mountains is only the time of gloom, or break this idea as well."

Linger didn't talk, and looked down, it was a lost appearance. After a while, I shook my lips and whispered: "Thank you for your guidance."

"No thanks."

She walked silently, and Chu Ning looked at her back, and her mood was a bit complicated. For many people in the lower cult, they will be more eager to get into the fairy door than the people in the upper cult, because the cultivator is only for the people of the upper cult, just for the ancestors of Guangzong, to make a good name.

But for those who are in the lower world, sometimes it means saving lives.

Chu nightning relied on the heap of grain and drank a cup of tea. Now the weather has turned cold, and it has not been drunk for a while, and the tea has become cold. He drank three or two, closed his eyes and thought about it for a while, but he slept too late last night, and today he was busy for a morning. This sleep became a deep sleep, and most of the time passed.

When he woke up again, the sky was already bloody, and the frogs on the treetops were mocking, and there were only neat rice stalks and falling grain between the ridges.

Chu night Ning was shocked and suddenly widened his eyes.

He actually fell to the dusk by the pile of grain, about because of his identity, and the farmers did not have the good intention to wake him up, not only because he was sleeping, but also because he was afraid of him catching cold and putting clothes on him. .

"..."

clothes……

Chu Xiaoning wanted to sit up, but the tip of his nose suddenly came with a familiar taste. He came back and looked down at the robes. The material was very thick, but the washing was clean and the needlework was lingering. The saponin is fragrant.

It is a burnt clothes.

I don’t know why, after I understood this, Chu’s action to sit up was abandoned. He relaxed his back and lay back. Half of his face was hidden under his robes, only a pair of clear eyes were exposed, slightly creased. I can't tell the unclear emotions.

It’s crazy.

He looked at the figure in the field with his soft eyelashes. He quickly found it. After all, the ink is so handsome and tall, and standing there will be very eye-catching.

The young man was helping the village chief to hold the cut rice into the cart. He was facing the night, and it was a little hot for a day. He and other farmers, both the robe and the top. Take off, bare and show a strong, honey-colored back.

In the hot sunset, his wide back snorted with heat, and the sweat slowly slid down the texture of the muscles, smashed into the waist, and reached the tight waistline...

Like a fiery iron, like the charcoal in the furnace, he burns all the tenderness and sweetness into a volatility of males and desires. Chu night is far away, and the eyes gradually fade away from all the other scenes, leaving only the person fresh. The fur, smooth as the cheetah's muscles, and half of the face that was crossed with the village chief's jokes, the pear vortex is blended, the eyes are good, and the handsome and charming.

Seems to feel the gaze behind, the ink burned back, Chu nightning quickly closed his eyes and sleep.

The heartbeat is as fast as a rain, and the ears are rumbling of blood.

After a while, he quietly opened a gap and looked down from the curtain of the eyelashes. The ink burned has turned around, and Linger walked over him from the ridge, his eyes shy, and handed him a handkerchief.

"Xianjun, wipe the sweat."

Mo-burning was carrying a straw to the car, and he said with a smile: "It’s too busy, wait a while."

Linger looked very happy, just stood next to him and looked at it from time to time. The ink burned the enthusiasm of the girl and said: "Thank you."

She is even more delighted. The tall and sturdy man around her exudes the masculine charm at his fingertips. She hears his breath, looks at his shoulders with a degree of relaxation, and involuntarily blushes, forgetting what men and women are for a moment. If you don’t kiss, you will slap the soft voice: "Xianjun, if your sweat is not rubbed again, you must go to your eyes."

The ink burned and said: "No hands, no hands."

"I am going to wipe it for you..." When she had not finished speaking, she felt a chill behind her.

When Chu Jingning did not know when he had arrived behind them, his shoulders were still covered with black and thick black robes, and his eyes were stunned with some suffocating suffocation. He said: "Ink burns."

"Ah?" The person who was still not available immediately put down the rice and turned his nose to look back. He smiled when he saw the night of Chu’s late arrival. "Master is finally awake."

Chu night Ning looked up and down him: "Is it cold?"

The ink burned and said: "Hot."

His voice just fell, and the sweatdrops between the black eyebrows smashed down, and when he was indifferent, he reached into his eyes. He screamed and raised one eye, and the other eye was bright and persistent. Looking at the late night of Chu. Of course, he was embarrassed to ask a girl to borrow a handkerchief, so he would rathernight: "Master, my eyes..."

"My handkerchief is washed."

"..."

Linger was busy saying: "That used me -"

Chu Xiaoning did not pay attention to her and went straight ahead. He looked faint, but he bullied his head and raised his plain sleeves, clutching his cuffs, and finely rubbing his eyes.

The author has something to say: Today, I found that the collection of the pre-collected pits is higher than the romance. Although it is only three hahaha, thank you for collecting the cute ones in advance~ In fact, I don’t even have a copy of myself. The specific idea... Everyday I spend the only IQ thinking about the story of the dog and the master, and I am worried 2333333

The bib has a "writing pen for the front" wife's animation master respect ~ ~ Master is very good to see 咩 ~ or gif, grateful! Master does not cry, can't help but feel bad QAQ wants to give the master a hug and touch the kiss,

and then beat the dog a meal~ listen to the wife said, after reading, immediately picked up a cat, although not white , but looked at the picture, I feel so cute~ Crabs and crabs~

"A pear is white and white" Mrs.'s master's umbrella full version ~ good-looking ~ ~ very suitable, snow and red, the Spring Festival is coming, Shi Zun replaced the red cape that was written before, then is it ready? Make the food that he will only make "hands-on", hahahaha~ Crabs and crabs are too embarrassing, give you more than heart, what?

"Dotsaya" Mrs. Shuangye Jun's Ningning Cat Comic Little Theater ~~ Meng Cried! ! ! Meng's face is bloody! ! ! Every time I look at my wife's four grids, I can make a heart-throwing pounce, but my wife hasn't finished painting~ Wait until the wife has finished painting. I put my collar on it. If I want to see it earlier, I can poke my wife's happy connection, called "Shuangyejun". ~ Crabs and crabs~

Small theater "What does love mean?"

Master: Do not know.

Xue Meng: praise me, praise me in death, is love.

Teacher: Hey, I think that I am not a black-hearted one or a love.

Mei Hanxue: Can help me win the male number one, that is, love.

Nangong Temple: The gift only accepts Naobai Platinum. The dog who loves me is to love me.

Ye Forgiveness: ... can you like me, more than like a dog?

Dog 1.0: (biting the pen)... Hey, who has the standard answer, copy it by this seat.

Dog 2.0: I think I will soon break through the answer to this question.

Dog 0.5: ... (Impatient) What is this ghost problem? - "What do you mean by that?" Do not understand, what ghosts, take away, and roll.

Liu Gonggong: (small voice) His Majesty, this "love", do not read "acceptance."

Chapter 139

The time when the ink burned was frozen.

The nasal breath is a familiar aroma of sea bream. Although there is not much expression on the night, but the cuffs on his eyelids are very soft and very carefully. The key is that this white man, like a snow, is so close to himself at the moment, he can even clarify the delicate texture of his lips, and he can easily kiss the lip with a little lower head. The soft tender core is contained between the lips and teeth.

"You won, but you didn't wake me up, won't win."

Chu nightning wiped the sweat from his eyebrows and suddenly said this.

When the ink burned, he smiled: "I didn't win, and the winner is the Master."

"You didn't cut rice in the afternoon?"

"No, there is not much left. I went to the market and bought some winter spending. I went around the house and walked a circle, and I lost some effort." Mo Yan said, "So it is still the master." More than me."

Chu nightning snorted without a light weight and seemed to be satisfied.

After a while, he asked: "What cost do you go to the market to buy??"?

The ink burned before he could talk, and the Linger standing next to him was unwilling to be lonely. He smiled and interjected: "Xianjun bought a lot of things, but he can exhaust the horse of the camel."

"There is not a lot, it is charcoal fire, bought some meat, and some candy."

"More than that." Linger said, "Xianjun also bought a mattress for each family. The old lady who played the cotton directly pushed the car into the village with him, and loaded a full car."

Chu nightning is a bit strange: "Where did you come so much?"

"It’s usually awkward." The ink burned and laughed. "In fact, those who sell the donkey are not expensive, much cheaper than the upper repairs."

"What about the meat?"

"Buy it, let the village head take it back and burn it for everyone to eat tomorrow."

Chu nightning changed his face and asked: "What about sugar?"

Linger smiled and smiled: "Of course, the children who bought it in the village are eating. When the ink is returned, they are given to them. There are maltose and sweet-scented osmanthus cakes. Many of the children in the village have never eaten these desserts. Don't mention how happy you are."

She paused and seemed to say something sweetly: "I also got one."

This girl belongs to the kind that comes to the event, and is naturally cooked. She intervened several times before, and Chu Ning did not mind, but after the sentence was finished, he turned his eyes and gave her a cold and faint look.

"Tasty?"

Linger mixed: "It's delicious, sweet."

Chu nightning seems to be sneer: "Then you eat more." I didn’t know where it was, and it made him unhappy. He was about to chase. Suddenly, there was a black cover in front of him. It was Chu’s robes that had been put on his face, and the ink burned, and the robes were anxiously pulled down. Looking at him.

"Master?"

"The naked figure is not like it! You are not cold, I look cold!" Chu night sighed, "put on!"

"..."

Although the ink burning is very hot, but since Chu Ning said so, still did not say a word, immediately put the clothes on it, sweat sticking to the cloth, the wetness is a little uncomfortable, he raised his eyes and eyes, suddenly Looking at each other.

Chu night Ning squatting with the sword eyebrows: "The clothes are pulled up! Who is open to see! No rules!"

"..." The ink burned the clothes immediately, and the neckline was very high. It was very strict. Now there is no half-inch skin exposed, but there is more beauty of abstinence. Chu night Ning looked, inexplicably more resentful, secretly slammed away from the sleeves, leaving a burning stupid dog in general.

The village chief and Linger were squatting beside them, all of them were confused. Linger’s heart shouted: "This Xianjun... is so fierce... I have never seen such a strange person with temper... "She has some pity, even whispering in a flattering manner."

"It’s not good for your master to treat you, but your gentleness is gentle and you can't stand it--"

She turned back and looked back, but suddenly looked at the burning of the ink, half of the words, then broken in the lips and teeth can no longer say. Because she saw that she was always smiling and very angry, Mo Xianjun suddenly looked like a blaze, and her eyes sparkled like a wolf.

She slammed her mouth, but the ink burned her face and the light changed. The color of his eyes was no longer so easy to be cleared. The heart of Linger was straight and suddenly, I don’t know if it was my own illusion, or this one. The man, who is generally stable and generous, reveals the face of another wolf and tiger leopard between the beards.

The ink burned and sighed: "Sorry, you are busy first, I don't trust him, go and see." It is a big walk.

Chu nightning stood at the edge of the river pond, flying in the sky, the sun was half immersed in the waves of water, and there was a fire burning in the river.

The ink burned and rushed, and there was some breathing when he stopped behind him: "Master."

"..."

"Where am I doing something wrong?"

Chu night Ningdao: "No."

"So why are you not happy?"

"I'm happy."

Ink burns: "What?"

Chu nightning turned back and said in a gloomy manner: "I am happy and unhappy."

Ink burning: "....."

He didn't intend to talk to Chu Xiaoning in general. He carefully licked his face and suddenly thought of something. He couldn't help but smile: "I know why Master is not happy."

Chu Xiaoning’s hand was tightened in the wide sleeves, his shoulders were not noticeable, but his face was still calm: “I said no?”

The ink burned has come over, standing under the tree, carrying his hands with a smile, the old banyan tree by the river has some thick meridians bare and exposed on the surface, like a vigorous blood vessel, slowly plunging into the depths of the soil.

He stood on the protruding root and looked even higher.

Chu night Ning Xinsheng was alert and uncomfortable, saying: "You give me down."

"Oh."

The ink burned lightly and skillfully, and the toes left the prominent tree scorpion and fell to the front of the night. This tree is entrenched in Wolong. The place where there is no rough root is a little bit like this. Chu nightning stands together, and the ink can only be especially close to him to avoid the high ground.

He lowered his head and breathed almost to shake the eyelashes of Chu's late night, so Chu Xiaoning was somewhat embarrassed and calmly said: "You give me up."

"..." The ink burned and couldn't help but smile. "Go up and go down, Master is joking with me?"

Chu nightning also knew that he was in a rage, and when he was exposed, he simply silently and silently did not speak.

The ink-burning handle sticks out from behind, I don’t know where to make a candy, wrapped in rice paper, and the flowers are green and held in the palm of my hand, piled up into a sweet hill.

"Don't be angry, leave it for you."

"....." Chu Evening was even more angry. He wanted to vomit blood. He was so angry that he pressed his sword and shouted. "Mini rain!!"

"In!" The ink burned and stood up straight.

"Who wants to eat sugar? When are you a three-year-old child? Or take me as a girl? I am at all - hehe!"

A candy was spotted to the lips and sent into the mouth.

Chu night Ning was shocked.

When the time is red, the ears are red, and the face is red. I don’t know if it’s shame or anger. A pair of phoenix eyes are rounded, and the man who is smiling at the front is stunned.

"The taste of milk is milky." Ink said, "You like it the most."

Chu night Ning suddenly became a bit dull, some powerless, like a cat that had been cut off, and the threat of fangs and claws became useless.

He had a candy with milky taste, and a small smashed hair in the forehead was just as fast as he was, and he was slightly lifted by the wind, and the grass was shaking like a soft leaf. The ink burned, and my heart felt itchy. I wanted to reach out and press down on the hair.

He is a person who likes to work hard.

Thinking about it in my heart, then I really reached out.

Chu nightning: "....."

Ink burned and said: "Everyone in the village bought some sweets and snacks, but it is best to buy it for the master. I can hide it in my sleeves. The pastry is placed in your room and I go back to eat quietly at night. Don't show it to the little guys. It's a lotus flower, it's very beautiful. If you see them, you have to ask for it."

Chu Xiaoning did not speak. After a long time, he rolled the milk candy that had been melted and rolled up with his tongue. He looked up and looked at the man in front of the old banyan tree in the aloe bush.

For a long while, the foreword throws four words without saying: "Osmanthus sugar."

The ink burned: "Buy."

"Crab powder lion head."

"Also bought."

"..."

Chu Xi Ning leaned over his head. He felt that his own majesty was lost a lot today. He wanted to pick up his own majesty and dust, so he bent his

posture and his chin rose slightly. "Unfortunately, the pear is white."

He probably thought that his chin was very serious and very stressful.

However, it was the past, limited to the boyish age of ink burning, when he was not tall.

Chu Evening didn't know that he would do this now, only to let the ink burn the soft squat, the throat that was exposed after the chin was lifted, and the enamel-like neck.

He is like a very self-respecting cat. He leans the most vulnerable place under the lips of a wolf dog. He does not know what he is. He thinks that he has shocked the tiger and wolf, but he does not know that the tiger wolf just wants to put his throat in his throat. Between the tongue and tongue, kiss and swallow, and swallow it into the abdomen.

fool.

The ink burned a lot of perseverance, and then the line of sight was removed from the bottom of the chin of Chu, and then when the person in front of the eyes was looked at, the eyes were a little deep and the voice was a little low.

He smiled reluctantly, doing his gentleman and his Liu Xiahui, he said: "Yes."

Chu nightning did not react, squinting: "What?"

"Pear blossom white."

The ink burned in a breath and breathed a sigh of relief, pressing the heart of the desire, hoarse.

"Pear blossoms are white, there are also."

Chu nightning: "....."

"When you are on the road, you may think that the Master may want to drink." Mo burned, "Fortunately, I bought it."

Chu night Ning looked at the apprentice who was eager to please himself. Suddenly he couldn’t say anything. He suddenly felt that his martyrdom was boring, and it was boring to make Zhang Zhi’s hard cold.

He finally slowly released the tight body, leaning his back on the old banyan tree, looking back and forth with ink, and then said: "Ink burning."

"Ok."

"You have changed a lot."

He said this sentence, I do not know why I saw a trace of uneasiness from the bottom of my eyes, and then the ink burned with thick and long eyelashes, said: "The teacher does not like it?"

"..." Chu said, "I don't hate it."

Then he suddenly remembered something, and he stood up again, raised his fingers, hesitated in the air, or fell on the side of the ink.

The smoldering trembled fiercely, but it was unclear, but it looked at the late night.

"I saw you fighting with the Yellow River in the book." Chu said, "I am hurt here."

"……Ok."

Chu Xiaoning sighed incomparably and patted the shoulders of the ink: "You are very good now, you can be a master of ink."

"The disciple does not dare."

Chu night Ning smiled slightly, his fingertips poked the ink-burning eyebrows, and then hanged down: "Also, the heavens/coats are not running around, there is no such thing as a master. Let's go, the sun sets, go back earlier. Rest, what are you going to do tomorrow?"

I thought about it and said, "It seems to be steaming rice, and I want to make rice cakes."

Chu Xiaoning nodded and suddenly said: "Don't take off your clothes again."

The blushing blush: "Well."

"If you are hot, take a break."

"it is good."

Chu nightning thought for a while and said: "I have to remember to bring a handkerchief. Nothing is always mixed with the girl who has not married. Do you have a handkerchief?"

"...no."

"...what do you usually use to wipe your face..."

".....sleeves." The ink burns for his own roughness and feels more awkward.

Chu Xiaoning was speechless, and said: "I will help you cut a piece when you get there."

The burning eyes suddenly lit up: "Give me something?"

"Ok."

The ink burned overjoyed: "It's so good! When will the master go to the cut?"

Chu night Ning frowned: "... I have to wait for this time to finish."

"Then I... I want the kind of jellyfish, can I?"

"……I will try my best."

The ink-burning that was answered was happy all night, immersed in the joy of a candy in exchange for a handkerchief, covered with a new quilt, and turned over and over to sleep.

For five years, he has been suffering from drunken dreams.

This is the first time he has been sleepless because of his joy.

The heartbeat was so fast that it could not be calmed for a long time. Later, he couldn’t help but sit up from the bed and his window was facing the window of the room in Chu’s night. He squatted on the edge, and made a slight gap through the slightest support. The tip of the nose was the sweetness of the night in the wilderness countryside. There was a small courtyard in front of him, and the candlelight opposite the courtyard.

Chu nightning has not slept yet.

what is he doing?

Is wondering how to cut a handkerchief, or is it eating the lotus cake that he brought to him?

The ink ignited the warm yellow light from the opposite window, and looked for a long time, until the opposite light went out, and Chu night would rather sleep, and he reluctantly whispered a sentence:

"Master, good dreams."

There is another sentence in the bottom of my heart. Even if no one hears it, he dare not say it.

Late Ning.

Good dreams.

The author has something to say:

Today's bib has:

"Mr. Tochigi" Mrs. Ling's sister, I just want to say that my phantoms are cheering for Miss Sister, just want to push the Miss Sister, such a beautiful dog seems to be really awkward, dog! ! This pretty little girl, you actually say that you are the same as others! You can't see the chest of her DCUP! ! Don't you think this winter is warm because of her! ! ! Crab crab lady~~

"Audio Warrior" wife's dog x master respects what the picture is - hitting good-looking, there is a feeling of watching animation ah ah ah holding the cheeks around the circle circle ~ could not help but shed the scorpion ~ dog and division The height difference of Zun is really wonderful~ Master's face is so cute and surprised~ Don't say it! Although I can't press your head! But I can push you to the boat! Hahahaha~ Crab Crab!

"J-added durian can't extricate himself" (Mt. (this ID has a good taste), the dog gives the master a wash jiao's plot picture~ I feel that the dog really wants to marry 23333 one knee, my Su's do not want I hope that the dog can stand up and push down directly. Don't hesitate to take it. After eating it, you can't make a 30w word for your impulse. (Yes, these words are now impulsive for 0.5, licking face~), and wearing The wrong dress of the stalk ~ 嘿嘿, the president Chu Xiaoning ~ crab crab wife painted the spicy cute dog and teacher respect, what 哒~~

[Small theater] What kind of sweat is used by the mentoring group?

Cultural person Chu Yuning: Haitang handkerchief

Primitive ink drizzle: sleeves

Beauty teacher sister: fish lips, how can the beauty sweat, sweat does not let people discover

Bird Man (...) Xue Ziming: Embroidered with the word shame of [Xue Meng], Mrs. Wang embroidered him, because he always lost the parchment, embroidered the name and easily lost someone else to send him back...

Chapter 140

By ink, Ji Jiyan, this evening, Chu nightning has made another dream, but unfortunately not a good dream.

In the dream, he returned to the day of the colorful butterfly town, but he was replaced by a man who had broken up with him.

The lead-gray sky was covered with heavy snow, and the sergeant couldn't support it. He was sneaky, and fell from the dragon column and fell into the endless snow. The ink burned over and picked up the **** sergeant, kneeling at his feet, asking him to help him and save his apprentice.

He also wants to save, but under the effect of twin enchantment, he suffers from the trauma of the teacher. He is pale and his face is not a word. He is afraid that he will export, and the blood will be thrown out. They will swarm and tear them all into pieces.

"Master...I beg you...I beg you..."

The ink burned and cried, and he was decapitated to him.

Chu night Ning closed his eyes and finally escaped...

The teacher is dead.

The ink burned no longer forgive him.

He dreamed of the bridge of life and death, it was when the spring was cold, the sky was raining, the spring buds of the spring trees were moistened by the rain, and the bluestone road at the foot was long without end. He held the umbrella and walked alone.

Suddenly, he saw another person walking across the bridge, wearing a black suit, no palms, holding a book wrapped in oil paper, and coming in his direction. Chu night, I couldn’t help but slow down.

The man apparently saw him too, but the pace at the foot of the man did not slow down. He just lifted the eyelids that were drenched in the rain and glanced at him without temperature.

Chu nightning wants to call him, want to say: ink...

The ink burned did not give him any chance to speak. He held his book and walked on the far left side of the bridge, and one more inch should be turned into the river - just to leave the teacher on the right side. A little, a little further.

They walked to the middle of the bridge.

A person who used to be an umbrella, used to walk in the rain, a person who used to be accustomed to holding an umbrella, and walked in the rain.

Later they went wrong.

The head of the rain did not return to the ground, and the person holding the umbrella stopped and stood in the same place.

The raindrops slammed on the umbrella surface, and Chu Xiaoning stood for a long time, and the legs were a little stiff, as if the damp cold in the sputum penetrated into the bones.

He suddenly felt very tired and could not walk anymore.

The dream is dark.

It is heavy and cold.

It’s as cold as rain, sinking like a leg that can’t move anymore.

In his sleep, Chu Ning turned over and shrank his body very small. Something fell from the corner of his eyes and wet the pillow. He knows that this is just a dream, but why is it so true that he can feel the hatred of ink burning so clearly, the disappointment of ink burning, and the demise of ink.

But... just like this?

Is it over here?

He was not reconciled, it seems that his unwillingness to let the surrounding light light up again.

Still in the dream, it has been many months since the death of the teacher.

The smoldering temper is gloomy day by day, and the words are getting less and less. However, he will come all the lessons, but he will only listen to the class, and he will not speak more with the late night.

Chu Xiaoning did not explain why he did not save his teacher, but he looked at his eyes. He knew that things had been so far and that everything was useless.

This day's practice class, according to the instructions, stood at the top of a pine tree, exercise the collection of spiritual power.

But he didn't know why, for a sudden, his physical strength was not enough. He actually planted it straight down. Chu night couldn't think about it, rushing over to help him, but he had no time to cast any spells in a hurry, and the two fell heavily from the treetops. ,He fell to the ground.

Fortunately, the soil was very soft, and there was a thick layer of pine needles. They didn't fall, but Chu's wrists were cut by sharp branches, and the blood was smashing out.

Ink burned his wounds, and then lifted his eyes for the first time these months, without hiding his face, looking back and forth at the face of Chu.

Finally he said: "Master, you are bleeding."

Some numb tone, but to say, it is still a moderate sentence.

"I have ointments and bandages in my sacred sac, take care of it."

They sat in the thick coniferous forest, the air was filled with the scent of pine and cypress, and Chu had no snoring. He looked at the ink and lowered his head, silently wrapping his bandages for himself, round and round.

The young woman’s eyelashes trembled, and Chu’s night couldn’t see the look on his face. For a moment, he suddenly wanted to pick up enough courage and ask:

Burning, do you really hate me so much?

But at that time, the wind was too slow, the sun was too warm, and there were birds and insects between the branches and leaves. His injured hand was quietly held by the ink, and the bandages were taken. Everything was peaceful and quiet.

He finally did not ask for an exit, did not break this quiet picture.

He suddenly felt that the answer was not so important. What is important is that in this dream, after the teacher’s death, his blood, his injury, can actually change back to the sensation of ink burning, half-inch and gentle.

The next day, when Chu Ning wakes up, there is still a moment of embarrassment.

He was lying in bed and could even feel his arm faintly painful and seemed to have residual temperature. After a while, he only exhausted his face and couldn't help but laugh.

What are the things that I dreamt of?

People say that there is a dream in the night, it will not be a glimpse of the teacher's appearance today, his heart is a little depressed, actually went to the dream to vent, actually can dream of the teacher died...

It’s really ridiculous.

He got dressed and got up, washed and smashed, and soon, he left behind the little and broken dreams of last night.

Today, the village heads are going to make rice cakes.

The rice cake is the food that must be eaten on New Year's Eve in order to discuss a good color. The glutinous rice noodles and the glutinous rice noodles were ground on the first night, and then the woman and the old man needed to burn the hot stove and go to the pot to steam the powder. This process took a lot of work, but the young and strong men did not use it. It’s a little late for Chu’s late arrival, and it’s okay to go slowly.

When he got there, he saw a large pot on the big drying field. The half-high barrel was steamed, and the heat was constantly going out. The village chief’s wife stood on a short bench and filled it from time to time. rice flour. Several children were running around the stove, and from time to time, they took a string of roasted peanuts and a corn cob from the iron stove.

Something unexpected to Chu’s late night is that the ink is still burning very early. He is helping the village chief’s wife to watch the fire. There is a child who is joking and rushing. A donkey is planted on the ground and twitches several times. Cry.

"How did it fall?" The ink burned her and patted the mud on her body and said, "Is there any wear?"

"Hand--" The little girl squatted and raised her black hand that was not black and autumn.

The ink burned her, took her to the well, and washed her with a bucket of water. The distance was a little far away. Chu nightning did not hear what he had said to the child, but the little guy shed tears and twitched. After a while, he stopped crying. After a while, she broke into Laughing, looking up at a small face with a snot, looking at the ink, began to talk with the ink.

"..."

Chu nightning quietly stood at the corner and looked at him, watching him swearing, watching him take the child back to the fire pit, watching him set a sweet potato from the fire, peeling the skin finely Handed to the little girl.

He just looked at it.

It seems that I saw the five years after the light rain passed.

"Ah, is the Master coming?"

"Yeah." After a long time, Chu nightning went to the side of the ink and sat down. He looked at the raging fire under the boiler and looked at it for a moment. "What are you baking inside?"

"Peanuts, sweet potatoes, corn." Mo-burn said, "You are here, give you a candy."

"...Can candy still be baked?"

"The master can't bake, and it's burnt when it's grilled." The ink burned and laughed. "I will be better."

He said, he took another milk maltose from his pocket, went to the rice paper outside, took the tongs, took it to the hearth and bake it slightly, then immediately took it back and took the candy. "Hey, some hot. "He blew, and then handed it to Chu's lips."

"Try it."

"..." Chu nightning is not used to being fed by people, so he reached for the candy, the milky white sugar was softened and chewed, and the milk was full of fragrance. Chu night said, "Yes. You roast again." One."

The ink burned again, and Chu Ning took it by hand and ate it himself.

"One more."

"..."

The ink burned eight times in a row. When the ninth was over, a small child ran over and asked the ink to burn sweet potatoes. If the ink burned and did not come out, he could only let Chu Lingning take it.

Chu nightning picked up another tongs and picked one of the biggest ones. The ink burned a look and said: "Let's go back and take the small one next to you."

"Great is delicious."

"The big one is not cooked." The ink burned and laughed.

Chu nightning is somewhat convinced: "How do you know that you are not cooked?"

"You believe in me, I often roast in the wild. Take the little one to him, sweet."

Chu Xi Ning had to change the small one out, the child did not know how the late night Ning was in the realm of comprehension, but seeing that he was willing to pick sweet potatoes for himself, he would come over and whispered to Chu Yuning: "Big brother, I want to eat that big one."

"Speak to another big brother." Chu said, "I don't want you to eat, and he is not cooked."

The child really ran to find the ink: "Ink burning brother, I want to eat that big."

The ink burned: "If you want to eat big, wait a little longer."

"How long is it?"

"From one to one hundred."

"But I can only count from one to ten..." The child is very wronged.

The ink burned and laughed: "The penalty is that you can only eat small."

The little guy had no choice but to sigh and sigh, and he could only accept the injustice of his fate. He sweared and said: "Okay, small is small."

Chu night Ning gave him peeling sweet potatoes. When you peeled off well, the burnt candy was also baked to the softest. If you don't eat it again, you will be completely overwhelmed. So he rushed down and handed it to Chu Yuning: "Master, come, open your mouth -"

There was sweet potato in his hand, and Chu Ning did not think much. He naturally opened his lips until the ink burned the soft and warm nougat between his lips and teeth, and gently rubbed his rough fingertips at his mouth. Chu night Ning only reacted fiercely, this is the candy that the apprentice hand-picked, and the ear tip is red when it is braked.

"anything else?"

Chu night Ning lightly coughed, but fortunately the fire was warm, reflecting his face, but he couldn’t find his face. He said, "No."

The ink burned and laughed: "Just feed you, there is still the last nougat, and there is no more to eat."

Because of his relaxation, he used words to be lazy and did not consider it.

So naturally, I said the word "feeding". However, the apprentice naturally does not dare to speak with the Master. The taste of the two words is too heavy. For example, the owner feeds the darling, the emperor feeds his wife, and can even be extended to between the beds. In the above conqueror, use the hot and burning flesh to feed the female underneath.

Chu nightning was soaked in such a rough word, and he did not slow down for a long time.

After the rice is steamed, it is necessary to spread the panel. This is a physical activity. The strong man in the village must carry the rice cake with the rice dumplings. The village chief gave the ink a wooden hammer wrapped with gauze, and wanted to hand one to the late night. The ink burned.

The ink burned and laughed: "The village head, my master has not done this job, he can't fight."

"..." Chu Xiaoning was silent next to him.

He is very reluctant, even a little angry, because he is a person, from the mountain to the present, no one has been able to associate him with the word "do not do well."

In the mouth of others, what he can hear is always the request, is to ask, is "Xianjun, how can you help me?"

This is the first time someone has stopped him behind him and said, "He won't, he can't do well."

Chu night Ning is very annoyed, he wants to shake his arms and drink, you can't do it well!

But he endured it and held it back.

Because the ink is true, he really can't do it well.

In the end, they were arranged by the village head in front of a stone sarcophagus. The steamed rice noodles had been placed in the stone shovel, and they were burning outside.

Ink ignited: "Master, I will beat the cake later. You remember to turn the rice cake over every three times. Be careful not to burn your hands, don't be too anxious, don't be picked up by me. ""

"...you can pick me up with a hammer, don't fix it, go home and farm."

The ink burned and laughed: "I just said one, I am afraid of 10,000 if I am afraid."

Chu nightning was too lazy to talk nonsense with him. The side had already opened up in groups of two. He didn't want to fall too far behind, so he stood next to Shijie and said, "Come on."

The ink burned down the wooden hammer, and the first hit was very heavy. It was actually hit in the soft and hot rice noodles. The rice noodles got in and wrapped in the scorpion. He reciprocated three times and lifted up the bright. Xunzi, on the late night of Chu: "Master, turn over."

Chu nightning turned the rice dumplings over, and the ink burned down again.

After several times of cooperation, their rhythm has been well mastered. Basically, the third is lifted up by the ink, and the night of the night will be turned over. When his hand has just been withdrawn, the ink burns again. a blow. Playing rice cakes seems simple, but the strength is to be mastered very well. The people who fight must be very energetic and energetic. So they have turned over and over again. When the rice noodles are completely sticky, they are stuck and finished.

So busy for a while, the ink burned but the face was not red, but the farmers next to it were a little tired, and the thick scorpion began to shout: "One two three - one two three -" they shouted the hammer The rhythm and the burning of the ink felt a little meaning. They beat them at their rhythm and

hit the rice group half-stick. The person next to them was panting, but the ink burned but there was no feeling. He smiled and said to Chu Ningning: "Come back."

Chu night Ning looked at him, the young man's forehead was full of sweat, the sun was shining bright, honey-like color. His lips are also slightly open, not as tiring as the average person, but breathing is somewhat heavy, his chest is ups and downs.

When I saw him, Chu Ning was watching him. He snorted. He lifted his sleeve and wiped his face. His eyes were like stars. He smiled. "What happened? Is it a face with rice?"

"No."

"That is……"

Chu Xiaoning looked at his hot sweaty head, but he was honestly and ruthlessly folded his clothes to the throat, and suddenly he could not bear it. He asked: "Are you hot?"

Yesterday, he asked the ink to burn "cold and not cold". Today, he asked the ink to burn "hot and not hot". This really made the ink burn very confused. The temperature of the two days was not too much. After a while, I said: "I still it is good."

"If you get hot, take it off."

"I don't like the Master, I won't take it off."

"..." Chu said, "I hate a sweat and hate it."

Since he said this, the ink burning itself has been sticky and uncomfortable. Then he put the robe and the upper skirt on the graphite next to him. Chu night is cold and cold, and his heart is getting hot. He looks at the graphite in the graphite. The bare side reveals a broad shoulder, a solid arm, and the inner layer of the inner layer can be almost smothered by the hot air. The ink burns the sweat that is suffocating, and the sun shines with the lustrous and lustrous. He turned like a mermaid from the water, turned around and smiled at Chu’s late night, handsome and dazzling.

"Two sinjun, do you want to drink water?" The village chief's wife took a cup of tea and asked him and asked them.

The ink burned back to the stone sarcophagus, picked up the wooden hammer again, and smiled: "No, I am not thirsty."

One hand reached over and took a tea pot on the tray.

In the eyes of the two people with a strange look, Chu Yuning drank a whole cup of tea and sang the tea to the village chief wife: "Let's get

another drink."

"... Master, are you thirsty?"

I don’t know where to stab him. Chu nightly looked up and looked up, his eyes were burning, full of alert: "Thirsty?... No, I am not thirsty."

He snorted and drank a whole cup of water.

The ink burned at him, and I couldn’t help but wonder if the teacher’s self-esteem was so serious that he was ashamed of his thirst.

The author has something to say: Tomorrow is New Year's Eve, but the update will not be broken~ It will not break during the Spring Festival. But there are many things to be busy from the 30th to the beginning of the year. It may not be too late to reply. Please don't mind 嗷~~ Crab!

Today's bib has "J-sudden durian can not extricate themselves" wife's master x machine (feeding feed), haha, in fact, not, is the q version of the master sitting on the mech, let the dull mech For him to stab the handkerchief, after all, the master is so lazy, I am too lazy to do it myself ~ q version of the teacher's percussion cute ~ 哎嘿嘿 ~ ~ crab crab wife ~

Small theater "What Valentine's Day"

Dog: After Valentine's Day, I grabbed food with me. Is dog food eaten by people? Can people eat dog food? Let me put it down! Who eats who I bite!

Chu Xiaoning: I don't want to join in this fun.

Teacher: (Take off the costumes, there is no image in the studio, the teacher who loves the box, love the beans, turned a blank eye) Get it, I want to really find someone to have Valentine's Day, probably you will want me to go through the Ching Ming Festival I see it very transparent.

Xue Meng: I thought about it, but I don't think anyone deserves it. What can I do? I am also annoying.

Nangong Temple: Caring for dogs, everyone is responsible, boycotting Valentine's Day, protecting Naobai Platinum, starting from me.

Mei Hanxue: Sell sets, sell sets, Okamoto air sets, find out.

Ye Forgiveness: The gentleman upstairs, I am sorry, please cooperate with us. Since last week, this Council has received 15 alarm calls, reporting your fraud, and asking you to take a trip with me.

Chapter 141

Drinking water, the two people are busy again, can burn a scorpion, Chu night Ning knows not good.

The large movements made the lines of the young man's body more and more tense, and the sun golden light rushed over him like a waterfall spring. He ran down the **** muscles of the clumps. When he raised his arms, his shoulders stretched very much. Open, the chest is smooth and firm, like a hot sun, with amazing heat and strength.

The wooden hammer was smashed in the stone sarcophagus, and it was smashed by the soft rice cake, and then brought up, even with the sticky white .....

He took a moment to force the endless strength, and the strength was so big. Chu Evening even felt that if he really said that he was unfortunate, if he accidentally touched himself, he would be under his body and become a bone. Crushed slag. The ink burned and focused, slightly breathing, the chest and the heart undulating together, his black eyebrows were sweaty, the throat was rolling slightly, and the muscles of his upper arm were relaxed. Chu nighting looked at his movements, suddenly Reconciled to recall the dream that I have repeatedly done.

In the dream, he was on the ink bed, like the rice cake in the stone scorpion was invaded, shackled, bullied and boned... He stunned, until the ink burned and shouted at him.

"Master."

Or maybe shouted a few times.

"Master, Master?"

He just rushed back, but his heartbeat was frantic, his eyes were shimmering, his throat was twitching, his eyes were a little out of focus: "Well?"

The cool eyes of the ink look down on him, because the body heat, so it is particularly hot, he said: "Master, come, turn over."

"....."

Chu Xiaoning only felt that in this line of sight, in this sentence, the dream and the reality overlap infinitely. He suddenly felt that his head was a little dizzy. He seemed to flash the scarlet light and shadow. He saw two people embroidering. Jin Feng Tenglong's red bed tumbling, a strong man pressed against the other, wanting the sea to tumbling, the red waves bursting, the man below tightened the tip of the toe, the calf bursting.

"Master, come, turn over..."

He seemed to hear the man's hot gasping, as if he were in his own ear.

"Let me look at your face and do it for you."

Chu nightning was shocked by the inexplicable glimpses of the shadows. He closed his eyes sharply and shook his head - what happened? Illusion? Still too meticulous memories of that spring dream?

In the heart, the blood is pouring, and the cold sweat is falling.

The ink burned his head and found that he was not right. He put the wooden hammer down and went to him: "Master, what happened to you? Is there any uncomfortable?"

"No." His voice made Chu late Ning's heart numb as if the insect bite the ant, Chu night Ning violently pushed him away, raised a pair of angry and phoenix eyes, the eyes were slightly thin red, he gasped, I hate my own heart, "The sun is too poisonous, and it’s just a dazzling look. You don’t stand so close to me, it’s sweat."

The ink burned down, and sure enough, the heart was upset. He knew that Chu’s love was clean and he immediately stood next to him. He was only concerned with the eyes, still chasing the man, and he was reluctant to move away.

After this, Chu Ning has been silent, until the rice cake is steamed, and when everyone is sitting around, he is no longer there.

"Oh, you asked Chu Xianjun, he said that he had some headaches and went back to the house to rest." The village chief said, "I saw that his cheeks were a little red when he left, it would not be a fever."

When I burned it, I was very anxious. I didn’t help to store the rice cake. I hurriedly ran to the small courtyard where the two lived.

When I pushed the threshold, I couldn’t see anyone on the bed, I was more worried, and I heard the sound of water coming from the kitchen. The ink burned and smashed the curtain and took it.

Then he saw that Chu’s clothes were off, and he was holding the water in the bucket and standing barefoot on the red brick floor.

At the end of October, the frost has passed.

Chu night Ning... Fucking in the cold water shower? !

The smoldering was stunned, and his face was white and red for a while, glaring at the naked master, only to feel the blood flowing in the ear, like the tide of the Qianjiang River, other voices could no longer be heard.

What did he see...

This is the first time after he was born again, it was really clear, clear and complete, and he saw the body of Chu Xinning. There is no fog, no cover, nothing, only this familiar body, this body has smashed the city defense he built, his tight memory gate, he feels that his blood is burning, like magma spray, To break free of the blood and cortex.

Everything is exactly the same as he is familiar with, and nothing has changed.

He suddenly found himself out of breath.

He saw Chu’s shoulders, the curvature and the strength of the road were just right, like pulling the seven-pointed full bow, ready to go. He saw Chu's shoulder bones swaying under the thin, thin skin.

Then he followed the water, yeah, he followed the water, the water rushed his gaze, and brought his gaze to the bottom, so he saw the late night's thin and slender waist, with two shallow waists behind it. The nest, with wine in it, is to kill those who long for him.

Further down, he saw the sturdy buttocks, like the full-bodied fruit in the autumn. He knew that he would get a feeling of ecstasy when he touched it. When it was combined, it was cool and shuddering, and the soul seemed to split. Since then, I have been squatting with people under my body.

"Mo Xianjun!" Suddenly someone called him, "Mo Xianjun, are you there?"

The ink burned and looked back. It didn't stop the curtain from being opened. Linger came in and said, "How did you rush in a hurry? My mother asked me to call you to eat sugar rice cake, you ——"

She saw that Chu Ning was taking a shower and suddenly lost her voice.

Chu nightning: "..."

Linger: "..."

"Ah!!!" The girl screamed and slammed her eyes, and Chu Ning was also very poor-faced. She was so desperate to get clothes, but where did he want to get himself to run back and chill, there would be one or two The uninvited guest squatted into his house, and it was a ghost!

He has always been casual, and when he took off his clothes, he left it in the door. Did he go naked through the whole house at this time, and went down to the clothes at the bottom of the girl's eyes?

The smashing head was overwhelmed, and the ink burned straight toward him. He raised his hand against the wall and blocked his whole person in his arms.

The ink burned and turned to Linger Road: "Go out."

"Ah! Yes! Yes!" The girl was also scared, and after a while, she stumbled out of the door and ran away in shock.

Chu nightning: "..."

The ink burned his face and it was gloomy. When I confirmed that she was really far away, I was relieved and turned back.

Just facing the night, I was a cold face.

He discovered that this action was very similar to the dog that protected the food. He screamed and scared the intruder, then slammed back and went to the hard-won food.

His hand still supported the wall. In order to cover the Chu nightning, he posted him very close. It was easy to smell the smell of Chu Ningning, and he could not help but froze...

The mind is very hot and very dizzy.

Smell is the easiest to recall people's memories and desires, just like smelling meat will feel hungry, smelling plum will think of winter snow, and so on.

The same is true for love and desire.

The ink burns only feels that it is so violent, and the walls of the will that have been built up seem to be overthrown. The body odor of Chu’s body was a little sparkle, falling in his dry chest, igniting his animality and burning him into ash.

On weekdays, I was close, even if the night dress was neat, he couldn’t help but feel the heart, not to mention the person at the moment, not to wear anything, nothing to wear...

He hated not being able to grasp the cold, cold, and smudged wrists of Chu, and twisted people back to the wall, and then directly pulled off his clothes, licked this person, picked up this person, let His back is close to his chest, so he enters in such a violent and fierce manner, just like the past life, killing and killing, all in the sweat and wheezing, turned into fragrance.

Really can't... I want him.

The ink and breathing are suddenly heavy.

He didn't talk, and Chu Ning didn't say anything.

The two men clung to the wall like this, and they stood very close. They almost had to go to a place, but the muscles of the burning arm were tight, the meridians burst, and they shivered and supported.

Can't touch him, can't touch him.

Respect him and love him.

It is no longer possible to commit a foolish job of deceiving the ancestors.

He repeatedly said to himself, mechanically repeating in his heart.

The weather was cold, but his forehead had gradually oozing fine sweat.

Can't... can't... ink burns, you can't... don't think about it...

His throat rolled, trembling, closing his eyes, and keeping his burning eyes under his eyelids, but his face was already lost...

If it is the late night of the night, how can you not see the smell of ink burning?

But at this moment, his condition is not much better than the ink, or even worse.

He looks cold, but God knows how much perseverance he has spent to maintain his position, so that he can calm down.

The burning breath is so hot and heavy, with a strong breath unique to men, almost burns him. There are also the arms against the wall, so strong and strong, strong and powerful, he has not dealt with the ink after he was born again, but he knows that if it is a single fight, do not spell, then he is in front of this arm Only a part of the broken bones.

He didn't want to see the burning eyes, and the line of sight fell down, and he fell on the ink-burning chest.

Although they didn't stick in one place, but the ink burned away from him, there was almost a line apart. He could clearly feel the male tension that

was radiated from the hot chest, wide and blazing.

It is like the ability to melt the coldest ice in the world and turn it into a spring tide that is not a grip.

"Master respect..."

The young man suddenly shouted at him, wondering if it was his own illusion, and he felt that the voice of the other party was hoarse, full of moist desire/fire and heat.

Ink burned him countless times, calm, courteous, angry, joking, too numerous to mention.

But this is the first time he has heard a different "master", which is contained between the lips and teeth, mixed with the temperament of love/sex, seemingly dirty and confusing, and Chu nightning feels that the bones are numb.

Impossible, it is impossible for him to call him.

He is wrong, he wants more.

Dirty is your own heart.

He subconsciously stepped back, and the red/naked back hit the cold wall. He couldn't help but chill, his lips trembled, and he opened slightly, but he seemed a little confused.

The smoldering color is darker.

He looked at the wet, pale lips. Although he did not move, but he had already thought about it in his mind, thinking that he would bow down and kiss the lips of the late night, and the fiery tongue rudely invaded the forbidden land that had never been occupied. He imagined his own The hand grabbed the waist of Chu Yuning, vigorously groaning, and violent red marks on the skin.

How to suppress it, the blood of the burning blood is still the blood of the wolf.

The **** he released was always hot and violent. He even shredded the person who went to bed with him. He had to clean the other side from the inside out, and licked the last drop of blood, one inch of meat.

He can't change his vegetarian diet.

Closed his eyes and pressed his hot lava on his chest. He knew it was not good. He knew that the man’s desire would be similar to that of the beast. He had to drive away the rabbit that he did not know before the tide could be stopped.

He closed his hand and almost hoarsely said: "Master, I am going to give you... take clothes."

The heavy breath licked the eyelashes of Chu's late night.

The ink burned and turned, striding to the door and picking up the robes where Chu Ning was thrown there.

Chu nightning still relies on the wall, but feels that after a hundred miles of running, it is breathless. He slightly picked up the phoenix eye, saw the ink burning back to himself, flipping over the clothes he had taken off, and suddenly thought of the state of his own place, stunned for a few seconds, and suddenly woke up!

When the ink burned into the door, he was facing his back in the shower, and when he turned around, the ink burned and attached, and did not look down, so he did not notice his desire.

But if the ink burns the clothes at this time, and then look back, then the elders of Yuheng I, the name of the high-definition, the image of the Qing Dynasty’s long-lost abstinence, I am afraid that it will collapse in an instant and fly away.

Chu nightning was anxious in an instant.

Seeing that the smoldering has separated the underwear, holding it in his hand, he will look back when he sees him...

There are only two choices left in front of Chu.

First, the dress suddenly hurts the leg and kneels.

Second, poke him.

He has not made a decision in these two bad options, and the ink has turned around and said: "Master, you..."

What are you?

He did not finish.

The rest of the time, when he saw the foreground image of the eye, he broke all the way between the lips and teeth, and was deeply trapped in the mire, and could no longer be pulled out.

The author has something to say: Today, the bib has "J-sudden durian can't extricate himself". The wife of the wife is 0.5x, no matter how unhappy, and another knife gives the same unhappy teacher, the nest feels The master's jealousy and blindfold treatment are very sensational~ Crabs are cute! What?

Happy New Year~ Give everyone a happy New Year~

Chu Xiaoning: Happy New Year, have difficulties, find me.

Ink burning 1.0: I wish you all a happy new year, hey, the year of the dog is better than me.

Ink Burning 2.0: Happy New Year, I have difficulty finding me for help, haha.

Ink Burning 0.5: This seat gives you a handwritten [Tiger Year □]

Liu Gonggong: ... Your Majesty, you wrote another typo...

Xue Meng: I wish the New Year is as handsome as I am.

Teacher: I wish every girl here is better than me.

Mei Hanxue: I wish Zhu Jun, peach blossoms are more than me.

Song Qiutong: I wish everyone a better skin than me~

Linger: The chest is bigger than me~

Mrs. Wang: I wish you all a person who is as painful as Xue Lang.

Xue Zhengyi: I wish everyone has money! Make a fortune! Hahahaha!

Boss: I wish you all the best every year, and take care of them next year. Don’t spray me too much, thank you.

Meat Pack: Give everyone a lovely New Year! Thank you guys! muah!

Chapter 142

It was originally in the millennium of the burning of the ink, Chu night Ning brain electric light flint, almost at the end of the must-have, the arms overlapped on the wall, leaving the other side a solid and powerful back.

This kind of smoldering can't see his front, and Chu Ning feels that he is really alert.

This fool, who does not know that he is exposed to the underburning eyelids, is a low-lying **** waist, a full and firm hip tip, a pair of slender and powerful legs... He is like a rabbit that has peeled himself. The crispy yellow crispy grilled on the fire simply said, "Please eat, thank you."

The smoldering felt that the throat was dry, and the fundus seemed to have bloodshot eyes. He was forbearing for a long while, and said: "Master is this... what to do?"

doing what?

... um... this pose is a bit weird, how can you calmly confuse the past...

Chu night, the side of the face, half of the face, look cold, want to cover.

The smoldering has put down his clothes and walked towards him, perhaps because he is against the light, he always feels the expression on his face is chilling, like a wolf that has been hungry for a long time in the jungle, seeing a piece of tender meat. The meat is hung on the trap, the wolf hesitates, the hunger in the abdomen and the reason in the brain are fiercely engaged, the flames spread from the body into the eyes, the black eyes of the burning are very bright, exudes secluded Light.

Chu night Ning finally felt that something was wrong, the two words put on the bowstring, the tone was fierce, piercing the quietness of this.

"Back."

"... eh?" The smoldering sound of the ink burned in the throat, with some nasal sounds, it looked very sexy, "What?"

This is really an excuse to think of when Chu’s rushing to attack the heart, but since the sound is already in the ear, he is so hard to pull out that he has to calm down and calm down: "Since it is here, let’s go back."

Ink burning: "..."

"These days I’ve been busy, I’m sweaty, I feel uncomfortable.” Chu Xi’an tried his best to be very casual, very light and windy. “It’s always good to wash.”

He didn't know if he had cheated on the ink, and whether the lie was still natural.

But in short, the last ink burned his words, took a towel and poured it with warm water, and picked it up for the night.

Yuheng has always been wise in the night, which is really the most stupid thing he has ever done.

What is the most tormented in this world?

The person who loves is standing behind him, across a rough towel, a pair of generous hand rubbing all over his body, every place that has been touched is like sailing through the spring water, leaving a hot red mark. Although the strength of the smoldering power has converged, it is still very embarrassing. Moreover, his flesh and blood have never been so tempered by people. He only feels that the inch muscles are shuddering. He has to tighten his body to be able to barely maintain stability and stability. The person behind him saw his strangeness.

His forehead against the wall, in the place where the ink is not burning, the lips are tightly bitten, the phoenix tail is flushed with red, the desire is so hot and hot, even if the branches are thick, they are slightly moist...

He is still a person without emotions, and how, in the face of those who love deeply, endure such excitement and pretend to be high.

It’s too uncomfortable...

But if you ask about ink burning, what is the most torturous thing in the world?

I am afraid that the answer will be very different. He will probably say that the person is standing naked in front of you, his hand against the wall, his shoulders open, and the person is suspicious of himself, only handing over everything to you. With a towel that was in the way, and with a dirty mind, the hot hand passed over his body.

Of course, he knows that he is giving his master a back, but with a little effort, the person's skin is red, and he is bullied and abused.

His hand touched his shoulder blade, lingering on his waist, and involuntarily, his strength gradually became awkward. He felt the person under his body tremble slightly, but I don't know if it was his own illusion. He stared at the white fullness of the curve, restrained to see his eyes full of blood, so that he would not lose the bath towel, grab it directly, and pull it out. The red mark of the five souls.

He has already tasted the ecstasy of the people in front of him, and how, in front of this person, he swallowed his voice and became a gentleman.

It’s too uncomfortable...

The two men each suffered a long time, and then they would have to get out of the fire.

Chu nightning finally couldn’t help but screamed and said: "Well, let's go out, the rest of me will come, I will come by myself."

The smoldering was almost a sudden sigh of relief, and the forehead was full of sweat.

He sighed: "Yes... Master..."

The curtains slammed and the ink burned out.

Chu nightning has not returned to God for a long time, he is still on the wall, his forehead against the wall, his ear is blood red, and the traces behind him are not seen, do not know whether the ink burned or not.

"..."

He smashed the phoenix, seemingly because of humiliation, he bit his lower lip, hesitated for a long time, still reached out and took hold of his desire to be painful.

Originally he ran back and showered to suppress this filthy emotion.

The singer is not as good as the day, and by chance, the ink burns him into the deep sea of the sea. Chu Jingning, who has been relying on the heart and mind to resist humanity, finally can't help but relieve the **** desire that is almost overflowing in the form of the most ordinary and most embarrassing mortal.

His lips are slightly open, the phoenix is awkward, his face is pitiful, and he is somewhat wronged...

He was against the cold wall, his forehead was hot, his beautiful shoulders were low, his throat rolled, and he held a deep breath and whim.

Then sin, but it is so beautiful.

Like the white phoenix butterfly that broke into the cobweb, in the tidal wave, the powerlessness trembled with its wing feathers, but never again, can no longer take off.

He is always dirty.

Dirty to the bones, dirty and so miserable, so pitiful, seductive, and addictive.

In the end, Chu Xiaoning was almost resentful. He was on the wall with a fist. He was so embarrassed, so annoyed, so unwilling, so that the force used was great, the phalanx was worn out, and blood was leaked out.

"Still."

I don't know if I am licking myself or burning.

Chu’s eyes are moist, affectionate, hateful and hateful, and stunned.

In a blink of an eye, they have been in Yuliang Village for more than half a month, and the busy farming will end.

From the day of the bathing, Chu nightning burned the ink like a snake and beast, but he did not notice the smell of ink burning, but he could not stand his own change.

A person, light and elegant for a long time, will be particularly easy to carry, or Chu night Ning before moving to dislike others to do double repairs to do what? It’s really not awkward. The elders of Yu Heng really feel that they can’t stand it. They feel tired and disgusted.

He does not look at the picture of the **** palace, it is really unwilling to see, not pretend. For Chu Yuning, the things like "like" and "kiss" are acceptable, but if you get closer, such as soothing, such as intrusion, he will be blue and can't accept it.

This is like a person who has always been vegetarian. You give him a bowl of sneak peek at lard. He probably feels fragrant, but if you give him a grilled appearance with a browned-yellow skin, but with **** meat inside, he is afraid Disgusting death.

After fainting and venting that day, Chu Xiaoning was awake. He gasped and looked at the stickyness of his hand. He only thought that his pocket was poured with cold water.

The face is green.

What are you doing? It was not able to be self-sustained by a young man in his early twenties, but he relied on self-soothing to calm the tide of his heart.

Chu nightning straight behind the goosebumps, so after he met the ink burning, they all shunned three feet, lest one accidentally released the

savage beast in his heart, what made what he regretted.

He retired and the ink burned back.

The ink burned was also really scared. He found that his own desire for Chu’s late night seemed to be much higher than the prediction. The dam he built before was almost unable to stop the turbulent waves. The warmth in his bones was always at a time. The overflow came.

He knows that human nature and animal nature are just a difference. He is not willing to hurt Chu Yuning again because of this difference in his thoughts. Therefore, he also subconsciously evades Chu Yuning.

The distance between the two people was far away. On the contrary, there were more disciples of the disciples and the illusion of Master's charity.

The days are safe and sound.

On this day, the hunters in the village slaughtered a fat scorpion on the mountain. The villagers proposed to have a campfire at the small drying yard at the entrance of the village at night.

So each family took out some food, or cakes, or dried meat. The village head also opened two jars of sorghum, sitting around in a hot group, reflecting the bonfire and smelling the smell of roasted dumplings. Hey, eat

and drink, not so happy. Chu late Ning and Mo-burn did not sit together, the two separated a little far, burning in the middle of the fire, they looked at each other across the fire, and did not want to let each other discover.

You glanced at me and thought it was quiet, but the two eyes were always in the middle of the road, so the work was just unintentional sweeping, faintly hang down, and after a while, no one was prepared, secretly climbing on the other's cheek.

The orange fire is surging, and the firewood is buzzing.

There are laughter and laughter around, and they are all intertwined, but no one can hear them, no one can see them. It’s a month in the sky, just two hearts.

The wine opened by the village chief soon saw the bottom, but the people felt that they were not happy enough.

When I remembered that there was still a good pear on the altar in my house, I greeted me and got up and went back to get the wine.

Halfway through, I heard movement behind me.

He turned back: "Who?"

The footsteps of the cockroaches immediately rang, and then a pair of green and green shoes embroidered with yellow flowers slowly smashed out from the corner.

The ink burned a bit: "Linger girl? It's you."

There is a lot of drinking of Lingering wine. The snowy jade has a blush on the cheeks, and the lips are rich and bright. She stands in the moonlight, and her heart is full of emotions. The full **** are accompanied by some rapid breathing. She said: "Mo Xianjun, you wait, I have something to tell you."

The author has something to say: Start! The assistant lady is sent to the head! Sacrifice her one, happy dog and cat series! Tomorrow, the dog must understand his own heart! (In fact, I understand it soon.) Hahaha~~ Happy New Year! Happy New Year!

Today and tomorrow are in the New Year's dinner, so there is no way to reply, I am very sorry about QAQ, the day after tomorrow should be able to reply normally~ What?

Today's bib has a picture of Mrs. Tochigi's dog and Shizun's New Year, and it looks good! The dog's look is very heart-wrenching, but because they are together, so I am sweet and bubble, and the teacher's dress is thin and looks very suitable for being held in my arms. □ Bullying, ah, I am so excited, I shed nosebleeds. It’s so good to be cool and sullen, licking your feet, crabs and crabs! What?

The sound is already in the ear, powerful and difficult to pull out - from Li Bihua's "Farewell My Concubine", is not a common phrase, it is not a misunderstanding, mark the source.

The small theater "The end of this chapter is a random adaptation"

1. If Linger is the audience

Linger: "Mo Xianjun, you wait, I have something to tell you."

Ink burning: "Say."

Linger: "Let me ask, when do you drive?"

Ink burning: "..."

2. If Linger is a black guide

Linger: "Mo Xianjun, you wait, I have something to tell you."

Ink burning: "Say."

Linger: "Baked dumplings farmhouse wine a table of a total of 889, Xianjun is a card or pay now?"

Ink burning: "...not to say that the group meal is free?"

Linger: "Yes, but this is a bonfire party, at your own expense."

Ink burning: "..."

3. If Linger is a small customer service for the cat club

Linger: "Mo Xianjun, you wait, I have something to tell you."

Ink burning: "Say."

Linger: (dark 搓搓) **** leopard cat, intellectual short, hot and short, alternative cat-free, as long as the Zhang Yue card, all day no bottom line Ren Jun **** cat cat, Xian Jun consider?

Ink burning: ...have a white cat? You touch him, he fanned you ten.

Chapter 143

Even if the ink burns, it will be dull, and when she sees her hot eyes, there will be something unclear. Immediately, "Linger girl, you drink a lot, what will you say tomorrow?"

"I want to talk today!"

This girl is also awkward to pick up, her hair is scattered, her eyes are shining.

"..." The ink burns and is afraid of entanglement. I want to take it lightly, but the sleeve angle is pulled by her. The ink is good and funny, and says, "Let me let go."

"Do not let go." The so-called wine is strong and courageous, not to mention the guts of Linger is not small, this is not the day after the two-day, and the mind of the immortal priest is not a day, and he said aloud, "I like you, you like Dislike me?"

Ink burning: "....."

Seeing that the man did not respond, Linger was anxious.

When she came to Yuliang Village from the moment of burning, she felt that this man had a mighty heroic spirit. Later, he learned that he was the "Mc Master" who had been well-known in these years, and his heart became more and more deeply entangled.

It’s almost time for the farmer to die, and the ink will soon leave here. She is just a little girl in the lower circle. The only one who has the hand, only a pretty face and good posture, although she does not know how to burn herself. How to look at it, but if you don't express yourself at the moment, it will be very difficult to have another chance in the future. Therefore, with some alcoholic efforts tonight, she can courageously scream, and follow the ink burning, blocking his confession.

Such a torrent of courage, to be honest, some of the ink burned.

Linger has a pretty face and is very popular.

She thought that if she burned herself and promised herself, she would be fine. If she got such a handsome brother, she wouldn’t say it. If she climbed him, it would be like climbing a life and death. After that, she would not have to nest in this small broken village. Being salted and suffocating, you can live a comfortable life, just...

"Sorry, Linger girl, you still let go."

But one of his words, the air castle in her mind, was easily broken.

The redness on the face of Linger had not disappeared, and the paleness was up. It was very ugly at one time. After a moment, she hurriedly said, "I, where is it that I don't look good?"

"You look good everywhere." The ink burned very politely and gently broke her hand. "But I don't like it."

If he just left a few thin faces, then the phrase "I don't like it" can be said to be ruining and tearing her last face.

Linger’s eyelids filled with tears, and the sadness was second. Although she admired the ink, she did not have any deep roots. Instead, she wanted to be more focused, so she is more of a dream. Broken loss.

"Then you..." She replied with tears and asked, "What do you like?"

"I--"

In this sentence, she asked about the burning of ink.

What does he like?

Habitual, he felt that he liked the teacher's appearance, but when he reached the lips, he suddenly felt that it was not the case. He was too helpless at the moment and could not answer.

"You said, what do you like?" Linger stepped hard, a pair of eyes staring at the burning face, not letting him any change of look.

She is also a poor man. She has a sister on her head and married a regular cloth dealer who went to the repairing industry. She moved to Leizhou in the early years and lived a good life.

She went to visit her sister with her grandmother and carried a bunch of peppercorns in the countryside. But her brother-in-law thought that the fish was dry and smelling good, and they felt that their mother and daughter were chilling, and living in their own home was extremely shameful. Just rushed them back. This incident was deeply engraved in Linger’s heart. From that day on, she was not willing to endure her own poor days, vowed to live better than her sister, and later returned to the grievances of the year.

Therefore, she has been looking for an hero in the past few years, and she wants to commit herself to change her destiny.

She really didn't want to let the ink rain.

So she was almost anxious and crazy. Under the wine, she leaned on him. She had a soft body. In the summer, she walked across the field and the men would steal her eyes. She is In the injection, I want to use my soft body to tear open the armor of the ink master.

"Where is it wrong? I don't even want to think about it. I don't want to consider it. Just reject me like this?"

Her hot and soft flesh sticks up, but the ink burns and feels uncomfortable. She even pulls her open and her face is black.

"Linger girl, how long I have known you? How can I like you, how can I consider you?"

"You don't try to know how!"

When the ink burned, she came over again and immediately said, "Don't come close!"

"You don't like it so much?" Linger rounded his eyes and couldn't set the channel. "You are a little bit... a little bit..."

"I don't like it a little bit." Mo-burning felt that he was not clear enough. This kind of thing was completely broken, so although he was cruel, he added that "it is not a bit of a heart."

Linger is dumb.

I don't like it, she can understand.

But not heart...

There are a few men who have never been married. They can face a woman with a good face and a good body. With such a woman who is actively giving her arms, she is righteous and swearing, saying "I don't want to move"? Can you face Wenxiang nephrite, no desire?

She stayed for a while and said, "You... how can you... how can you..."

She is a bit hard to say.

She actually wants to say, how can you have no desire? This is not normal.

Mo-burn also felt her meaning from her sorrow, but he really did not want to explain more with her. He and her were just like each other, and they wanted to have a dew, but Lang did not have this idea.

What she loves, she likes it.

The low-burning ink said to her: "Sorry." She sneaked into the night.

The night wind blew his cheek, and he couldn't help but squint.

The conversation with Linger made him suddenly realize that he has always thought about love for a long time.

Linger asked him "What do you like?"

He seems to have never asked himself this question.

People who get very little warmth always have no right to choose. As long as they are exceptionally good to him, he will offer a lot of blood.

“What kind of like?”

This is a sentence he didn't dare to think about.

In fact, everyone in this world originally had their own special tastes and good tastes. When I was a child, I often heard other children pulling my parents’ clothes on the side of the road and said, “I like to eat this, this has chopped green onion.” Or “Auntie, this red lantern looks better than yellow, I like it. Red."

But he can't say that it's useless to say it. He can only eat the cheapest white noodle cake, but he has to open it, halfway with his mother.

Later, when he was in the restaurant, he would also steal the golden masters who came to listen to the drama. They watched them shake their fans and said slowly: "I like to go back to the green child, this singer, still want her. Well, delicate, sweet and sweet." This kind of sentence.

In fact, in the eyes of the ink, Tsui’s far away is not as good as Bai Rong’s, but who cares about his ideas?

No one will ever ask him "what do you like?", aesthetics, choices, these words are only related to the rich people, for the ink burning, what others give him is what, some should be grateful If there is a piece of clothing that can cover the body, it should be zero--"like"?

He is afraid that he is dreaming of idiots. Why can he like it, how dare he like it, and what qualifications do he like? He has only one commandment to struggle to survive.

After a long time, what kind of thing to get, what kind of habits to hold on to the bone marrow, and then more gold and silver jewelry entangled, Long Haorui brain smoked him to sneeze, but also failed to put this layer of his bones sour Covered.

Throughout the life of ink burning, when he was young, he fell into poverty. His emotions and sorrows are like the mud of the soles. It is worthless. So, "What do you like?" No one would ask him.

Later, he flew up, Jane was in the heart of the emperor, accompanied by the king with the tiger, his mind can only speculate, so "What do you like?", no one dared to ask him.

Just in the moment, Linger suddenly asked him this sentence, a few simple words, actually asked him.

He once thought that if he loved one person, he would have to be respectful. He would hold it in his hand and would not dare to have any mourning.

Just like he is like a teacher.

He thinks this is love, as if there is nothing wrong with it.

But at this moment, he vaguely understood, and things didn't seem to be what he thought.

Does he really like gentleness, more than like it?

He really likes harmony, is it stronger than like?

He really likes the eyes of the peach blossoms, more than the phoenix eyes, two-edge frost?

He... Does he really like Shi Mingjing? Instead of...not...

He didn't dare to think about the name, but his heartbeat couldn't help him, and the blood had become hot and hot.

The ink burned was shocked by his own love.

Love, love, love and desire are inseparable, can not be separated, are attracted by the appearance of the other party, be tempted by the voice of the other party, the smell of the other party, or even the other person’s eyes, want to encroach, want Own, I want to leave my own breath on the flesh that has nothing to do with myself, and I want to insert my own enthusiasm in the other side.

He always thinks that love is sacred, and that the one who loves is not to be embarrassed.

But how can it really be embarrassing?

When a loving, longing, and thoughtful body appears in front of your own eyes, how can you endure it without being hot and dry, not worried about the horse?

All love in the world, only love, and no clean.

It is destined to be contaminated with hot sweat, with a physical color, it is destined to be entangled, with heather's suffocation, it is related to 呻 / 吟, related to passion, it is destined to breed in the muddy wet bed The flower that wants to drip comes.

The ink burned in the night, suddenly stopped, his eyes bright and terrible, and his expression was blank.

There seems to be something broken in the skull, and he has been stalked by his stagnation, and the madness he suppressed by his stupidity has drowned him and squandered him.

He is standing in the same place.

Desire, desire.

Love.

Chu nightning...

He finally got the name out.

The sand is washed out and the treasures are floating.

It’s always Chu Ning... This kind of intimate emotion, such a fiery **** desire, has always belonged to Chu Yuning!

He felt that his eyes were black and his obsessions had been shattered in his two generations. The broken brick wall was washed away by the violent tide, and he was almost breathless in his heart.

He is at a loss.

Is it true that it will be like this...

The person he likes, his so-called love, has been wrong all the time?

When the ink burned and held the pear flower back to the campfire, Linger was gone.

Of course, everyone will not notice the departure of a young girl. Naturally, no one knows how to smear and talk to her. They still make wine and cheers.

After three rounds of wine, the townsmen played a game. They used the rice stalks to make a straw ring. When someone went up to drum, when the drums went out, the grass ring was sent to whom, who would be asked a word. Can't answer.

This is the fun of the peasants who worked hard in the lower cultivators. The gameplay is simple and easy to use. Even those who are insulated from play like Chu Yunning are not difficult to integrate.

"Okay, it’s getting old! Come, come and grab it!"

Laobai bitterly squinted from the bowl of the sea, grabbed a stack of paper, and unfolded it to read it. He read: "Is it a good-looking woman, or a good-looking fat?"

A circle of people immediately sneered.

An old-fashioned old face is red, and the paper is shouting: "Which question is written by this melon?" You are a fairy board!"

"Don't." A villager smiled and took his clothes. "Don't worry about the Japanese people's board. You should answer the question first."

The old white house was also sitting underneath, staring at him with a pair of bullfrogs. The old white hair was erected, and he was stunned for a long time. "I feel that I am similar."

Someone immediately laughed and screamed: "You said a ball, lie didn't mean it! You said to me a few days ago, I think the woman with big **** is good-looking, so good to raise a donkey, you don't tell the truth! Drink and drink! Fine wine!"

There was no way for Laobai. He bitterly licked his teeth and drank the wine. After he went down, he was not counted by his wife.

The late night of Chu was hidden in the crowd, and it was awkward and novel, but the problem was too rough. If he asked him, he would have no answer.

At this time, the village chief took a black cloth and said with a smile: "Change the individual to drum, change the old Zhang, let him play, who will change him?"

Chu nightning immediately said: "I am coming."

He walked over to the waist of the animal skin tied to the rough leather, took the drumsticks and sat on the floor.

The village chief carefully tied the blindfolded black belt for him, and debugged it around and asked: "Is it tight?"

"Not tight."

“Can it leak light?”

"No leaks."

The village chief smiled and said: "Then ask the singer to beat the drums. When you want to stop, you will stop."

Chu night Ningdao: "Good." He took up the wooden hammer, knocked on the leather surface, and then flexibly hit the dense drums, and cut and miscellaneous.

He was blindfolded, and he did not notice the gaze of the smoldering fire through the bonfire. It was so complicated and chaotic.

The ink burned at him, and the sparks were flying. Like the orange fireflies scattered into the night, he looked at the white man in the darkness, his eyes one inch and one inch, and the sharp knife crossed the forehead of the night, the tip of his nose, crossed His lips, chin.

Chu nighting, who was wrapped in black cloth, had an inexplicable temptation for him, but this time the ink burned without any temptation to slip away casually, he chewed and squatted carefully.

He tasted the taste of love inside.

He felt the tremor of his heart again, and he confirmed again... there is nothing wrong with it.

He has a love for Chu Yuning. That kind of love has nothing to do with the feelings of the master and the apprentice, and the kindness is even more difficult for the gossip.

He just loves him purely, longs for him, wants him.

he……

Finally, I realized that he loved Chu Ningning.

is love.

He was so confused, so paranoid, he was so stupid, so unclear.

It was only until today that he finally got to the top.

He is in love with Chu Yuning.

This section wants to be transparent. The layer of seal that has been accumulated in my mind has finally cracked. Many things that he once couldn’t understand, many of the answers he couldn’t get, are in this long-lasting love. It’s coming.

But he hasn't had time to taste it yet, and he has no time to think.

Just heard the sound of "咚", the drum sound stopped, and the residual sound spread like a dragonfly.

That grass ring was not too late, just at this time, it fell on his knees, he picked it up, looked up, saw that Chu night Ning was relieved, one hand picked off the black tied With the band, the phoenix phoenix that opened the two-month rushing, looked at it purely.

He is also curious and wants to know who the flowers are when he stops the drums.

So he was on the line of sight.

Chu nightning: "..."

Ink burning: "..."

Nothing is more embarrassing than when he was peeking at you. The two eyes are intertwined and each other is a little dodging.

However, Chu Xiaoning soon did not hide, because he suddenly realized that the ink burned the handsome and straight face, and now it was shrouded in obsessive complex feelings, crossed the bonfire of Venus, crossed the bustling crowd, so straight The ground, hot and exposed, without cover, can not hide.

Chu nightning slightly increased the Fengmu.

"Mo Xianjun is good luck." The village chief smiled and went to pull the ink up.

The ink burned hesitant for a while, and according to the rules, the braided grass ring was worn in the hair. His black box was very bright, but the people were somewhat overwhelmed. He wore the crown and carefully watched Chu Yuning. A glance. The dark-faced handsome face turned out to be red in this fire.

Chu Xiaoning was scared by his unusual behavior, so his eyes widened and he glared at him.

In the unconcealed sight of Chu Yuning, the ink burned down the eyelashes, licking the lips and not snoring, and it was a bit smooth and awkward.

It seems to be the kind of dull young man. When I was young, I was so clumsy, stupid and pitiful, and somewhat cute.

Chu nightning: "..."

If he is still scared, it can be said that it is embarrassing now.

... he is afraid to be jealous!

Otherwise, how can you feel that these five big three rough bears suddenly become so emotional, like eating the wrong medicine?

The author has something to say: Today, the bib has a "Frost, a sword, a meat bag" wife's wedding dress dog x master, from the wife made a dog to the teacher to sew a wedding dress dream (dog really Good sage, hahahaha~) The two on the picture look like a warm and happy ~~ 嘿嘿嘿~ New Year sees such a cute picture, really a satisfying ~ Crabs and Mrs. ~~ What?

Small theater "How did you react?"

Linger: Mo Xianjun, I haven't responded to you, I don't have any hidden diseases. (Don't take a look at it), do you want to ask an old Chinese doctor to show you the secret recipe of the ancestors?

Ink burning: ... girl, broken sleeves, find out.

Linger: Scared, your sleeve is broken? Then I will help you sew?

Chapter 144

The ink burned a piece of paper from the sea bowl and spread out.

When he saw the contents of the paper, he was relieved and then nervous.

“Is it?” asked the village chief.

When the ink burned, he showed the paper to him. The village chief groaned and said, "Haha, fortunately, with the emperor, there is no teacher or sister of the same class, or I am afraid to offend people."

Chu night Ning was originally very curious about what was caught in the ink. When the village chief said so, he was more curious. He stared at the note and seemed to be staring at the hole.

The ink burned and laughed. "But the village chief, you should be fouled by what you wrote on this piece of paper. Others are talking about one problem, but he is asking me three questions."

"Who is called Xianjun, I touched this one." The village head said, "If Xianjun is not satisfied, then he will lose it again."

Recapture and grasp what "the woman with a long leg looks good or the woman with a thin waist is beautiful". The ink burns and laughs: "If you forget it, then it is still this."

He said, he handed the paper back to the village head and said, "What I have drawn is to say three people who like life most."

Chu nightning: "....."

At this time, Linger’s eyes came back red, and she did not look forward. She was afraid that some people would see that she had just cried, and she was sitting at the outermost part of the fire, so she did not see her.

In fact, after the ink burned the problem, no one saw it. He felt that such a problem of excessive privacy, whoever was awkward, could not speak, so he simply stared at the fire.

The bonfire flashed in his black eyes, reflecting his handsome face when it was dark, he looked at the flame, and spent a long time, then:

"Let me talk about my mother first."

"My mother-in-law walked earlier. In fact, I don't remember her face any more. I only remember that when she was there, I could always eat something and sleep well." If she wants to say three people, she will be one of them."

The head of the village is beheading: "The feelings are deep, good, and count one for Xianjun."

"The second one is my brother. He treats me moderately. Although he is not a blood relative, he is better than his own brother."

For this answer, Chu nightning has long been expected, so no matter whether it is on the face or in the heart, there is not much wave. Ink burning like Shi Mingjing, this is a more obvious thing. At the beginning, he had already heard it in Jin Chengchi, and he was not surprised.

Just looking at the man under the night fire, he has a hard outline of a knife and axe, and he looks very handsome, and there are some gimmicks in his bones. A person's spirit is largely able to react in the eyes. The burning eyes are black and bright, extremely god-like, like a lamp that will never go out unless it is exhausted.

Those who have such a pair of eyes are destined to be extremely stubborn.

Chu Xiaoning is obsessed with such stubbornness, but unfortunately, this stubbornness does not belong to him.

The ink burned that Shi Mingjing was so good, and Chu Ning did not listen to it. He felt that the wind was a bit cold at night, so he poured a hot tea on himself and held it in his palm and slowly drank.

The tea warmed his throat all the way, fell into the stomach, warmed his flesh and blood, and even softened his heart.

He silently poured a cup, was about to drink again, and suddenly heard the ink burned the teacher, and then paused and said a sentence:

"There is still another person. The third thing to say is my master."

"Cough and cough!!" Chu nightning seems to be burned, tea smashed out, coughing again, a face rose red, he buried his head to wipe the water stains, but never looked up and looked at the ink.

The person who is so used to feelings, you pull him up from the ground, he will only panic for his own dust, want to hide back in the dark, curl up, hide.

But the smoldering apparently did not intend to give him the opportunity to escape.

This is a very boring person, but if he goes by him, he will always give you a back, a back of the head. He seems to be blazing, seemingly fierce, purple electric cream between the eyebrows, faint is the meaning of the Thunder attack, but the ink burns clearly, this is just a polished person / leather mask.

He has seen the gentle soul of Chu nightning, in the steaming water mist of Meng Potang, so poor, so helpless.

He didn't want Chu Jingning to go on like this again.

Chu nightning can no longer wear such a horrible mask. If the self-esteemed guy is not willing to pick it, then he will reach out for him.

The tea was only splashed a little bit, and it was wiped clean long ago, but Chu Ning was still washing the dry water marks repeatedly.

He used to be self-restraint, so he didn't look up.

Gradually I felt that the surroundings were very quiet, quiet and somewhat strange, and then the children were laughing and laughing, the voice seemed to be very low, but anyone could hear it.

"A Niang, Chu Xianjun is so stupid."

A Niang is busy covering her child's childish mouth: "Hey--"

But Chu Xiaoning still heard it.

stupid……

No, Yuheng in the night is insulated from the word "stupid" in his life. He is arrogant and fierce, and is -

"Master, you can wipe it again, I am afraid that the table will give you a hole."

The black cloth boots went to his case, the distance was very close, and it was almost offensive until it stopped. Chu nightning saw a dark shadow shrouded, the mountain generally suppressed him, pressing him almost breathless, pressing him a little humiliating, but also a little angry and angry.

Suddenly, he was somewhat resentful, and he was so weak as he was.

So he dropped the towel, and suddenly looked up, full of provocations, a pair of arrogant eyes with anger and smoldering ink, the end is the sword.

At almost the same time, the ink burned without respect, and said with a gentle voice:

"Master, you rationalize me."

This sentence is really like a curse. It is the same as the reaction of Chu Yuning. Only Chu Xinning knows that he is not because he burns "you rationalize me" and only looks up. This is just a coincidence.

But what is the use of this?

In addition to him, the ink is burning, and the people around him are all around. They feel that Chu Yuning quickly responded to his apprentice because of this request.

rapid.

Nothing is more humiliating than these two words, and I feel that my face is lost.

Chu nightning looks like ice, but his eyes are burning with sparks.

It can be hit, only the soft, warm eyes of the ink, like the boundless spring water, easily wrapped his anger, his sharp teeth.

Ink burns: "Master, the third answer is you."

Chu nightning nowhere to vent his anger, so he became expressionless: "... um."

His performance is really calm, really indifferent.

Very calm and calm, really worthy of the Chu Zong teacher who is fascinated by the human world, Chu night Ning secretly cheers for himself.

But the ink burned him with a funny smile.

Mo Zongshi thought, this Chu Zong teacher, afraid that it would not be a small fool.

Chu night Ning suddenly did not know that he was already in the apprentice's heart, and he posted a small fool's sign. He was more and more indifferent and proud because of his nervousness.

He said: "So? What do you want to do when you come over?"

The problem was beaten up, and the smile on his face was stiff.

Everything you want to do is burned.

But he can't do anything.

What does he like about Chu Ning? It was too late to discover, and the Sneak could not be chased, not to mention that he had spent two years chasing the footsteps of the teacher, and suddenly told him that he loved the wrong person and asked him to turn back. In fact, he was not in his own heart. Easy to accept.

If he is born again, he can understand his own mind, and maybe everything is still too late.

Up to now, this "discovery" is actually only a matter of increasing suffering.

The past life brought too much torture to the body of Chu Yuening. He used to regard the joy of the bed as the most arduous torture to this proud man.

Therefore, in fact, in the burning heart, Chu Yuening has always been a fairy-like image, not eating human fireworks, and there is no desire for love.

To destroy Chu Yuning, he has thousands of intimate methods.

However, it is better to be late to Chu.

He can't think too much.

Suddenly, I became very stupid. I only knew that I should keep a distance from the Master and hold the Master to the altar. I welcome it below.

This "like", in fact, contains a hot and secret **** desire.

However, the ink can't make Chu Xi Ning aware, he can only restrain himself, use the "teachers and apprentices" to carefully disguise this love, and then submit it to the front of the night.

The ink burned and replied: "Just want the Master to know."

"..." Chu night quietly looked at him.

Ink burning said: "Just, can't help but want everyone to know..."

"what do you know?"

The ink burned, the black eyes were very bright, the flames were very scorching, and they could cover up the undercurrent of the undercurrent.

"Know that I am lucky," he said with a smile. "By the best, best, best teacher in the world."

He used three of the best, very poor, and very hard expressions.

There is quite a rough and rustic style.

Chu nightning looked at him in an unpredictable way, only the eyelashes moved.

The ink burned deeply and didn't know where the courage came from. I just thought that if I miss this time, I am afraid that in this life, there will be no more time to express myself so unscrupulously.

Suddenly he suddenly fell down and wanted to sit in front of the case with the night of the night. Unfortunately, his figure was still too tall, so he was still looking down on the master.

Can't care so much, he feels that the heartbeat is so fast, the blood flow is so urgent.

"Master."

"..." Chu night Ning suddenly felt a little bad.

The man's eyes were so anxious that he couldn't help but lean back.

After all, it’s still a good idea to wear a heart.

"I like you."

He had no way to escape, and the Meilu jumping in the forest was stabbed in the legs and feet by the Orion's arrow, so he fell down. Chu night, Ning Yu looked at him, and there was a bang in his head. Nothing could be heard, and he couldn’t see it...

Like - this word is more subtle and fuzzy.

It is not as straightforward as the "love". It can burn other people's hearts when it is exported. It has a lot of ways of understanding, giving many opportunities for obsessed men and women, and can pretend to calmly express their feelings and vent their hearts. Overflowing love.

Ink burned silently: I like you, but I won't disturb you, forcing you, you think that what I said is like a teacher and a child, so that although I have regrets for me, it is better for you. It is.

Chu night Ning silently thought: You said that you like me, because of pity, because of the feeling of giving, the grace of life, this is not the one I want, but in exchange for your good feelings now, I have done All the things I can do, I have no strength, no chips to exchange more affection for you. I can get your approval of my respect as a teacher, and I love it. It is enough. I no longer insist on it.

They didn't say more words to each other. The people around them were only exaggerated.

Only the Linger in the corner, vaguely felt that there was something wrong, she looked at the handsome face of the ink, the face had a depressed desire, and there were some enthusiasm that made her feel weird.

However, she was temperament, and the people who grew up in the small village did not even hear about the goodness of Longyang. So she just felt strange, but no matter where it was, she couldn’t say it.

In this world, there are always some people who don’t like their lungs when they don’t like it. They are unscrupulous and can walk sideways. Tianwang Laozi is not afraid.

But once you fall in love, it is the fire cooking, the heart is hot, they are always eager to find out the inner **** desires of the other side, want to sink into the sea with each other, it is hard to divide.

But what if the other party really wants to discover it? They are sincere and fearful, afraid of the other side, afraid of being rejected, this is also afraid of that, but also afraid that it is the king of the king, this time is a chill on the tree called two, the gossip can not beat Things, they will think uneasily, God, the roar of the tree, really terrible, then he does not like me?

The most embarrassing love, often you guess I guess, you hide from me, you can smell the smell of sour smell through two miles.

In the past, the ink was raining, and it was the master of Mo.

Notorious, wise I.

He has been the worst evil ghost, and now he has become the best person, but this body is sour, he finally failed to escape.

What about Chu nightning?

That guy is always a fish in the net, and a little bit of love in the love can make him a headache, which makes him tangled.

You can still die to face, and scream, this is so rot, what can be talked about.

Really dead individual.

The author has something to say: today has a bib

"The coffin" wife's dog x teacher respects the morning after the morning (feeding and feeding, don't talk about it), a teacher who is exuding soft colors and hanging clothes, don't wear a shirt to hold his two dogs, ah, my The blood trough is empty, the brain fills up the dog and pushes the master in the kitchen, and the next simmering soup is how to do it, excited and full of blushing, 哎嘿嘿~ crab crab wife~

"Shuangye Jun" wife's four-square hot spring comics and Valentine's Day greetings (I have already seen the follow-up of the hot springs in advance, wow hahaha!! So I moved to the collar in advance!), the wife's pleasure is "double leaf" "Jun", the little friends who have fun can go directly to the wife to see ~ I also turned around in the bib, four fried chicken soft fried chicken sweet, pay tribute to the uncle who is dedicated to feeding the dog hormone feed 2333333, read After that, I smiled and my stomach hurt, and I was cured. Today, I still braved the pink bubble. Valentine’s Day is also fried with chicken and sweet. It’s a big piece of chocolate. They can eat together for a long time~ It’s so good, 嘿嘿~ Crab Crab ~

The small theater "The secret love is sour"

Ink burning

Not motivated: Who are you? who are you? Sorry, I have something, what? You are hungry? Then you go to the street to buy it.

After starting a crush: As shown in the text - God, the bark on the tree, really terrible, then does he not like me?

Chu Xiaoning

Not tempted before: Something to find me to help, nothing? So what are you doing? Are you busy?

After starting a crush: ... nothing can come to me for help.

Xue Meng

Not tempted before: Go away, ugly.

After starting a crush: Cough... Look carefully and you don't seem so ugly, although I am a little worse than I am, but I can barely see it...

Teacher

Not motivated: Are you not feeling well? Do you want to be tight? Come, sit, I will give you a diagnosis.

After starting a crush: I am not feeling well, can you accompany me for a while? Don't call the doctor, you can help me with a cup of hot water, just sit with me for a while.

Leaf forget

Before you move your mind: Everything is subject to the command of the Confucianism, except for orders that touch morality.

After starting a crush: Everything is subject to you. Touching morality... You will not touch morality, I believe in you.

Mei Hanxue

Not motivated: girl, sachet to send you, bracelet to send you, earcuffs to send you, step to send you, can you send me?

After starting a crush: Same as above.

Nangong Temple

Before you move: Go away, you are blocking me from feeding the dog.

After starting a crush: Come over and ride my dog with me.

Nai Platinum:? ? ? Wang Wangwang! ! (Master, say the best weight is 70kg?)

Chapter 145

The forest is dyed and the farming is over.

The villagers of Yuliang Village prepared a number of bags of large and small, containing some dried meat, rice cakes, spices, and coarse cloth. They rushed to the late night and burned the chest.

Although there is no shortage of food and clothing for death and death, this is a piece of mind for the villagers. If it is not collected, it is not good. Therefore, the two were not polite and helped the village chief to fill the plaque.

Linger also came, holding a bamboo basket in his arms, the basket was covered with a piece of blue and white cloth, the cloth was opened, the steamed glutinous rice cake was inside, and there were ten green shells that had been cooked. egg.

Before she came to the ink-burning horse, her **** and white eyes shimmered and wanted to see him, but she was embarrassed to think of her bold confession when she was half-awake and half-awake. After smashing for a long time, I smashed the past and raised the basket over my head. I said to the handsome man who had already started the horse: "Mo Xianjun, these... these are all cooked in the morning, you bring, and eat on Chuxianjun."

I don’t know what her move is, so hesitated, I don’t know if I should refuse it.

Linger understood his concerns and raised his head slyly, his cheeks were red, his eyes were awkward and a little hurt.

Although she is full of strength, she wants to climb a terrific fairy, but she is not the kind of girl who has no dignity and is refused to continue to stalk.

She said: "Xianjun rest assured that Linger has no other meaning, just want to thank this for most of the month, Xianjun cares for Yuliang Village."

The ink burned the bamboo basket. He sat on the horse and looked at her with his eyelashes. He said sincerely, "Thank you girl."

"Xianjun is polite."

When the ink burned, she could afford to put it down, and she felt some feelings in her heart, so she asked her more: "What plans does the girl have in the future?"

"Why did Xianjun ask this question?"

"I don't think girls are people who are willing to live in villages for a long time."

Linger smiled and had a grudge in his eyes: "I want to go to the repairing circles to see, I heard that the Confucian monarchs are benevolent, and they are willing to go to the world, and those of us who are in the world can only be in Linyi. If you want to get a job, he won’t leave us. I’m a good girl, I’ll cook, and I’ll always be able to mix some days.”

Of course, the most important thing she did not say - the Confucian disciples are the most in the top ten sects, the sects are vast, there are a total of 72 cities, Linyi is the metropolis of Xianmen, there are ten people walking on the road, there are five The monk, when she goes there, will find it easier to find a good husband.

Chu night Ning did not know her mind, listened to her going to Linyi, frowned and said: "The Confucianism is deep, not as simple as a girl thinks. If the girl wants to live in the upper boundary for a long time, it is better to consider Yangzhou Linling. ""

"Yangzhou can't survive, and the cost of eating and drinking is too expensive." Linger said, "Thank you for your kindness, and Linger has his own considerations."

Since she has talked about this, Chu Xinning knows that it is useless to say more, and he will do it.

The two carried a package full of Dangdang. When Chu Ning passed through the vicinity of Choi Die Town, he also paid special attention to the enchantment there. Fortunately, the spirit was abundant and everything was stable. So all the way to the horseshoes did not stop, at noon, they finally returned to the death and death.

Chu Xiaoning went to Xue Zhengxuan to exchange information. There was nothing to do with ink burning. He wandered around and bumped into a person at the bridge, and wiped the stone lion on the bridge.

I ignite my heart, I don’t know who made the mistake, and I was punished for hard work here.

The person who is punished will generally have some trouble on his face, so the ink burns he did not intend to go to the bridge. He was about to turn around, but he suddenly heard it, and the man shouted at him.

"A burning!"

"..."

Looking at it, it’s not the other person who is rubbing the lion. The ink burned for a moment, but I felt strange in my heart.

One is the stranger who is so disciplined, and actually has to be punished to wipe the bridge.

Second, it is the look of a weird teacher.

It’s been a long time since I saw my full-length sergeant, but I haven’t been able to recognize his current looks. Instead, as time goes by, I feel more and more unfamiliar, so I glance at the bridge. I saw that I didn’t recognize it.

"How are you here? Do something wrong?" Ink burned to him and asked.

The teacher looked a little embarrassed: "Well... I was fined with the young master."

"Meng Meng?" The ink burned and laughed.

This is nothing strange, Xue Meng made a mistake, not a new thing.

"What did he pull you?"

"I want to go to the back of the mountain to ban a few ghosts to practice."

"....."

"The result almost gave the enchantment crack that was sealed before the teacher walked away."

The ink burns and laughs: "Does he think that ghosts are cats, dogs and dogs? Say catch and catch, and raise and raise. You are, he is noisy, you should not follow the trouble, how can you not persuade him?"

The teacher sighed and his face was full of helplessness: "I certainly persuaded him, but it was useless. I was afraid that he would have an accident. He could only go in with him... forget it, don't say it, but fortunately it didn't matter what it was." Ah, let's talk about you. Have you been to the village of Yuliang Village with your teacher in the past few days?"

"Ok."

"How, are you still smooth?"

"Well, it's pretty smooth."

The two of them did not talk about saltyness for a while, and after saying goodbye to the teacher, a person who burned a person silently walked on the tree-lined path, and then turned back to look at it, he became more and

more aware of himself. The feelings are more of a kind of obsession, a habit, not a self-righteous love.

He used to think that he looked at the appearance of the teacher, felt beautiful, and felt shocked and comfortable. This is desire, but it is not.

People always appreciate the beauty of things. He appreciates the appearance of the teacher, but carefully discerns that this appreciation does not carry any embarrassing meaning.

He likes to watch him, as if he likes to see the red leaves of the autumn mountains and the lotus flowers in the summer. In recent years, there has been almost no mourning.

He is still the same as in the past, cherishing the teacher and loving the teacher.

But it is not the same as the past. Nowadays, the ink burns, finally understands what love is all about. He is not Liu Xiahui. His love should be moist and hot, accompanied by encroachment, accompanied by physical collision, accompanied by blood. The turbid liquid spurts.

He is a wolf dog and will sniff the rose.

But the gums, really want to mouth, eat of course will not be flowers, but flesh and blood.

At dinner, Xue Meng finally compiled all the books in the second book area of the library. He was so tired that he sighed and complained in Meng Potang. Even the favorite spicy chicken on weekdays did not make him happy.

I was playing with chopsticks in a boring manner. Suddenly I saw that Chu was born into the dining hall. It was a spirit, and she shouted and shouted: "Master!"

Chu night Ning looked at him and nodded at him.

The ink burns sitting beside Xue Meng. He, Xue Meng, Shi Lang, the three people have always eaten together, but today, the night of Ning came in, but the ink burned the dishes on the table and vacated a large piece. The place is coming.

"what are you doing?"

The ink burned and smiled at Xue Meng, and stood up and greeted him with a late night: "Master, come here."

Xue Meng: "....."

Teacher: "....."

Respect is one thing, but eating together is another matter.

People who can often sit on a table and lick their bones, most of them will not be too blunt, at least have to get used to each other, pouting, and suffer from the ugly eating of the other, occasionally dysfunctional.

瞧 Xue Meng and the look of the teacher’s face, although Chu’s evenings are calm and calm, they are still not used to accepting meals with him.

For them, occasionally eating with the teacher, it is the same as the entertainment, each one has to be stretched, polite, a meal is often stiff on the back, food is not known.

Chu Evening also understood this. He looked at the ink with a sigh of surprise, shook his head, and still carried some light vegetables, and went straight to the position he used to go.

I haven't eaten in Mengpotang for five years. When I sat down, Chu nightning saw a small piece of copper on the corner of the table. The above was actually engraved with the "Jade Heng elders" six small donkeys.

"....."

Is Xue Zhengzhen sick? !

He put the wooden pallet on the table and put it down. He sat down in the evening and did not eat two. He suddenly opened the wooden chair opposite him and sat down on the "Yuheng elders seat". Just in front of the plate of Chu Xiaoning, I was very close and almost touched it together.

Chu Xiaoning raised his eyes: "...How come you?"

"There is too crowded over there." The ink burned and smiled and picked up the rice bowl. "Come and eat with the Master."

Chu night, Ning Yu, Xue Meng, on their side, some inexplicable wonder: Where is it crowded?

Not to mention that he is inexplicable, the other two people who were thrown away by the ink-burning are also complex, quietly watching the table of the night and the ink.

Xue Meng muttered: "Isn't that dog thing crazy?"

Teacher: "....."

No matter how much the ink burns, he just feels uncomfortable when he is playing with the late night. He is a late-night person who picks up his mouth and is particularly tempted by eating and drinking. Often he does not eat this uncomfortable thing, but he tastes that. Disgusting, ink burns feel that this is not good, and you will get a problem when you are older.

He used to be too lazy to eat something late in the evening, but now it is different, and does not say that he likes this kind of thing, it is out of respect for the teacher, he has to feed his master.

However, feeding Chu Xiaoning is a matter of learning, and feeding a cat, can not be a hard brain, people will not want to eat, he also insisted not to come.

Therefore, the ink-burning machine moved, and a piece of fat and thin braised pork was placed in the Chu Ning bowl.

"Master, you taste this."

Sure enough, Chu night Ning frowned: "I don't like pork belly, you take it."

The ink burned and prepared, smiled: "I heard that it is very sweet, it is Jiangnan flavor."

Chu night Ningdao: "Jiangnan cooking meat, and this is not the same."

"You don't eat, how do you know that it is different?"

"It looks like you can see it."

"But the cook said that it is Jiangnan flavor." The ink burned off the net, ready to wait for the cat to hook, smiled. "Meng Potang's cook is an old cook. He said that there is still something wrong? It is a long time for the master to leave the country." I forgot what the braised pork in my hometown looks like."

Chu night Ningdao: "... nonsense, how can I make a mistake?"

I burned a piece of ink, and it seems that I really tasted it very seriously. I said, "I think it’s really a teacher’s fault. This meat is very sweet. Don’t you believe it?”

Chu night Ning suddenly did not notice the ulterior motives of ink burning, he was not awkward, picked up the chopsticks and picked up the braised pork in the bowl and sent it to his mouth.

"How?" The ink burned and smiled, watching the big white cat on the hook.

Chu Evening frowned with a serious brow and said: "No, the star anise is too heavy. I went to the cook and said, Jiangnan's braised pork is not the case."

"Hey--" The ink burned him immediately, and he couldn't help but be speechless. Who knows that this guy will be so true? If you really want to run out and argue with the cook, can you just show up? Busy, "The master is not in a hurry. This time the cook is busy. Since the master has tasted it, it is definitely not. After a while, I will go and tell him. Let's eat the food first."

Chu night, think about it, and then sit down and continue to eat.

The ink burned again and began to figure out to lie to him, this time caught a piece of fish.

Chu Cunning’s chopsticks paused: “Squid?”

"Ok."

"Don't eat, take away."

"why do not you eat?"

"dislike."

The ink burns and laughs: "Is it a thorn?"

"...not."

"But every time the master respects the fish, he picks the kind of thornless, or the thorn is easy to pick. The master should not eat the little squid, hahaha."

He was familiar with the softness of Chu’s character, and he was very good at it. Chu Ningning was fooled again. He was a little angry and said: “It’s ridiculous.” The squid that burned his ink ate and ate. It shows that you are not a fish that does not eat more thorns.

In this way, Chu Xianning, under the scam of ink burning, unknowingly ate more dishes than usual, almost all kinds of vegetables and poultry were stained again. Originally, a meal that was eaten very quickly was overwhelmed by the bulk of the time.

When they went out to clean up the tableware, Xue Meng had already left. The disciples of Meng Potang were only three or three, and the ink burned along with the night to walk back on the tree-lined path back to the Honglian Water Margin. The sun was late, and the twilight was four. Hehe.

The evening breeze, he walked his arms behind his head and suddenly smiled.

"Master."

"doing what?"

"If you don't do anything, just call you."

"...I see you are eating at night."

The ink burned and smiled more tenderly: "Yes, good support. Master, can I have dinner with you in the future?"

Ming knows that there is no other meaning in ink burning, but Chu Xinning’s heartbeat still can’t help but miss two shots, but his eyes are still very quiet.

"Why, have you quarreled with Xue Meng?"

"Nothing." The ink swayed and waved, laughing. "It’s just that I haven’t eaten with them for a long time. After five years, I sit down again and feel a little awkward. If Master respects me, then I will be tomorrow. Also find a location and eat it yourself."

"..."

Of course, he can't say that "I feel very pitiful when you eat alone." You can't say "I want to feed you more food." These words don't need to be exported, and the ink burns knows that it won't work. He can only show his softness. He has to say that he is pitiful. He has to say that he needs someone to accompany him. He has a good heart and he will not refuse.

The smoldering can almost see the shake in his eyes, only a little bit of strength.

So I continued: "But actually, I really don't really want to eat alone."

"Why?"

The ink burns down the soft eyelashes, half of the emotions in the smile are true, and half of them are born to seduce the late night: "I don't think it is true? A person casually eats things, it is called a belly." ”

He paused, in a splendid red glow, sweeping the broken hair blown to the forehead by the wind, his pear vortex deep, and he gaze at each other again.

"If two people eat together, chat, talk, eat a taste in the mouth, it is hot in the stomach. That is eating."

"..."

"Master, can you still be with you tomorrow?"

If the little wolf dog is hot and warm, it must be really confusing.

The ink burned stubbornly, he said:

"Master, I have been outside for five years, you wake up, I am eating with you."

"Without you, I am not used to it."

"I don't eat rabbit heads, I don't eat duck necks." In the end, he smiled slyly, went to Lasu's sleeves, and played rogue. "With you, eat onion tofu, sweet-scented osmanthus, you will Promise me, okay?"

He would like to say that this is okay, one said, Chu night Ning suddenly thought of what old accounts, his face sank, and finally sneered two times, said: "Can be, but in the morning you have to eat with me of."

The ink burned still did not respond, first agreed to say: "Okay, what is the same?"

"Salty bean flower." Chu nightning is not cruel, "plus seaweed."

Ink burning: "....."

If you dare to change this or Xia Shi reverse, remember the hatred when you eat hot pot!

Chu night Ning grinds the root of the tooth, one word: "There are dried shrimps."

The author has something to say: today has a bib

"Village grass ball" wife's Cang Yun dog x Wanhua scared you four squares, tapping cute hahahaha, want to give the younger brother a hug to touch the high ~ love him ~ wife last frame really painted Meng cried me,

hey, how can the little demon master be so hot and cute, and Wang’s dog who jumped up wants to marry him, hahahaha~ crab crab lady~

"Mulberry" wife's master respects the butterfly, and the side is gentle and kills the most. I feel that the master can talk to Fudie, the tree hole is some whispers, and then they are sold to the two dogs by the butterfly. Hahaha~ Master Hair style and look are very good ~ hit and knock on porridge ~ want to run up to steal the master and then run away, ha ha ha ~ crab crab wife ~

In the small theater, since there are swords and three squares today, then... "The swords and the three sects that the protagonists may play", the grievances of the girls who do not play the game 23333

Ink burning: I am playing pure, I heard that since ancient times, pure scum males.

Chu nightning: Do not grab my career upstairs.

Ink burning: Ok, then I play sword pure.

Nangong Temple: I have a dog in Datian.

Ye Forgiveness: Then play a big Tang city tube

Xue Meng: Tangmen Nightclub Fort, Guns know

Mei Hanxue: Mingjiao, why didn't I play? Because I am invisible.

Teacher: It seems that Wanhua will be better, play a flower brother.

Xue Meng: I really don't think about playing a flower sister upstairs? 23333 can be when I bind love milk, I don't mind your demon number.

Teacher Sister: (Smile) Little Master, let's come to Bibi Heights~

Chapter 146

Since that day, there has been a wonder in Meng Potang.

There has never been a "Yuheng elders seat" where idlers dare to sit, and there is a little rain.

The disciples who are visiting can always see the smoldering and the dinner of Chu and Ning, and the two people sit face to face, and the smoldering will always put some dishes into the dishes of his master.

"Hey, look, the ink brother gave the elders a piece of burdock, wow so big, I gamble that the elders of Yuheng will not eat."

Not far away, a group of disciples whispered and lowered their voices to place bets.

"I also gamble will not eat, Yuheng elders do not seem to love beef."

"Then I bet he will eat it. After all, he accepted the few pigeon eggs in front."

The group of people sneaked at the side, they held their breath and saw Chu nightning frowning, chopsticks pointed at the piece of beef, sinking his face and ink burning said something.

The distance is farther away, they can't hear clearly, but the ink burns seems to say two more words, and Chu's face is even worse.

The disciples who were not willing to eat in the evening, they would like to be happy, they looked too fascinated, and the spoons of the soup were almost sent to the nostrils.

"Look, the elders don't eat, he doesn't eat!"

"Don't yell at me with your elbows, whisper, if you are heard by the elders of Yuheng, you must make a bet, you have to peel off your skin!"

"Oh, I don't care, these twenty silver leaves are mine~"

The disciple said, he wanted to go to the silver leaf of the chip on the dinner table. When he had not touched it, he heard the person next to him lower his voice. He shouted nervously: "Wait, the outcome is not fixed. The elders moved the chopsticks again!"

"What?"

Looking at it again, it was true that Chu Ning had picked up the burdock. The gambler’s eyes looked at him and felt that his heart had been pinched up by the pair of white jade, and he couldn’t get up and it hurt.

"If you want to eat it, you have to eat it.... Twenty silver leaves, twenty silver leaves, twenty silver leaves..." The singer who sang the night will eat the burdock, and keep shaking his legs nervously. Suddenly his eyes were stagnation, and the whole person seemed to freeze. "Ah!!"

The elders of Yu Heng, even thrown the beef that had been pinched, and returned it to the burning bowl!

"....."

"Ha ha ha ha, win, win!"

"I said that the elders must not eat, come, the leaves are all for me."

The disciples who lost the bet sighed and sighed, suddenly slammed into the table, staring blankly at the head, staring at the direction of Chu’s late night.

I am wrong with the elders, I should not take your bet, I lost even the money to buy Lingshi this month!

Suddenly complaining about himself, suddenly, he saw the burning of his elbows moving, the tall body leaned forward, and he said a few words with Chu, and then the fierce disciple saw their ink brothers and brothers. I picked up the burdock, and even with some vegetables, I handed it to Chu’s lips again.

.....

? ? ?

This disciple was stunned - this is the intention to feed the elders directly! ?

Apparently, Chu Ning was also very unaccustomed. He unceremoniously took a chopstick and knocked on the chopsticks, and he said two words seriously.

That type is too good to understand:

lay down!

The ink burned and laughed at the chopsticks, vegetables and beef were put back, but not in their own bowls, but in the teacher's bowl, Chu night, no way, sighed, in more than ten chickens he did not notice In the eyes of the thief, they ate the vegetables in silence.

"..."

This table of gamblers has already seen stupidity. The disciples who thought they had won the battle were all stunned, and the silver leaves in their hands slipped.

However, the buddy who was languid immediately bounced up and resurrected with blood. His eyes were full of brilliance and eagerly said: "Ha ha ha, turn defeat into victory! Rebel is victory! Master brother, younger brother, can’t help, these leaves are still Got it to me, hahahaha, made a hair, and gambled tomorrow, haha, gamble tomorrow!"

There were two masters and apprentices who were unaware of it. The ink burned the chopsticks and slowly licked the rice in the bowl while watching Chu Xiaoning bow down and eat the burdock.

There was some heat in Meng Po Tang. The left arm sleeves were rolled to the elbows, showing a strong and slender arm. The muscles of the arms swayed and undulating under the honey skin. He took a bowl of soup and specially watched the night and never noticed. Add a few ribs in the bowl, the meat is at the bottom of the soup, it is not easy to see.

"Master, drink the soup, drive the cold."

"broth?"

The ink burned and blinked: "It seems to be, I didn't pay attention when I hit it, I forgot."

Chu night Ning looked at the noodle soup, floating a piece of oily cabbage leaves, smashing it up is delicious, so there is no push, take a spoonful.

"Well, drink?"

"not bad."

"Then don't waste it." The ink burned and laughed. "Let's drink more."

Chu night Ning faintly glanced at him: "Do you dare to say me? Don't play so many dishes after eating, you can't eat it, you have to share it for you."

"Haha, okay, then I will play less next time."

Seeing the late night of Chu, I nodded, and I won the soup bowl. The soup was a bit hot. He blew the noodle soup, and the heat was scattered, reflecting his resolute face was soft.

Hot soup is a very wonderful food. It is just a bowl of boiled water. It puts some meat and vegetables, but it can warm the whole person from the stomach to the heart, and drink soup with the favorite people. The feeling of satisfaction is like throwing a small stone in the water, and the layers of the lake are spread out and shining.

In the quiet of this life, the ink burned involuntarily.

The original years are leisurely, and I drink it in the mouth, just the taste of a bowl of soup.

For this bowl of soup, he used to grind his blood, kill people like numbness, and also for this bowl of soup, now he is remorseful and painful.

He holds the soup bowl and drinks it very quickly.

The inner uneasiness is also good for the uncertainty of the future, remorse and jealousy. At this moment, he is not willing to think too much. His good days are too few, so that he needs to **** it day and night. . He didn't want to taste slowly, and he was very envious of Xue Meng. Because he was born rich, he was always calm.

The ink can't be calm, he has so few things, so that he always screams and screams, and the things he snatches are afraid of being robbed, so he can only eat it immediately, he is almost in this respect. Retaining the original animal nature, I feel that only by eating the food into the stomach and hiding it in the stomach can he be assured that he really has this thing and no one can take it away.

When he was young, he and other children rushed to eat.

In the last life, he and the public Xianjun grabbed a world.

In this life, he only wants to grab this bowl of soup.

He knew that he had done a lot of evil things, fearing that his fate would be liquidated with him one day, so he only wanted to **** him a little bit of poor happiness, and then he took the road and ran away, leaving his destiny far behind.

And after all those who committed felony, Pan Ran repented to want to repeat the same, although the ink has been laughing, but his heart is still uneasy. He knows that "good and evil always report" is not a false statement. When it is getting cold and cold, he always feels that the peace in front of him is very fake. Just like a mirage, like a mirror, he will eventually wake up and return to the empty one. Wushan Temple, back to hell.

Therefore, he wants to grab a few more mouthfuls before the soup is cold.

In this case, if one day, he is really evil and bad news, spurned by the world, judged by fate, and once again pushed into the abyss of the cold pool, he can also go alone with this breath.

"What are you thinking?" Chu night asked him.

"Ah." The ink burned back to God, gently responded, and then smiled. "Nothing, I like to be in a daze when I am full."

Chu nighting looked at his empty bowl: "Drinked?"

"Ok."

“Do you seem to like today's pork ribs soup?”

"haha, yes."

Chu Xiaoning took his bowl and said, "I will add a little more to you."

He quickly went back and returned, and he ended up with a large bowl of broth, some hot, and after putting the bowl down, Chu Ning took his

fingertips and rubbed his eartips, warming his ears and lowering the temperature of his fingers.

He sat down again and said, "Drink."

"A good bowl."

"You drink a little slower." Chu said, "I don't have enough, no one will grab you."

The ink burned by this simplest sentence, he took the soup bowl, the dark eyes fell, with a shallow nasal sound, smiled and said: "Good."

Chu night Ning did not know, in fact, at that moment, the ink burned the greatest efforts of his life, did not hold the bowl full of soup, listening to the sound "not enough, no one will grab you", fell into tears Come.

After Zhou Ning went for five years, he suffered and blamed himself for five years.

Five years later, his master told him to come slowly.

The burning heart suddenly hurts and hurts. The more he gets closer to the night, the more he feels sad. In fact, if many things are not taken care of, they can't see the affection behind them, but he now looks at it with his heart, and he sees that he is so tolerant to him, so warm and good, so good.

He has ruined such people in his life.

How can you be able to grow up with you in this life?

His heart is shaking, he is struggling with pain, and he feels that he is not worthy. He feels that he should be far away from the night, and feel that where he came from, he still has a face to smile at Chu, and is good for Chu? brazen!

However, on the other hand, he is not eagerly eagerly--is it just like this, can it be like this, they are still very long in this life, let him redeem the sins that have been committed little by little, okay?

——

I am guilty and return from the corpse.

I used the hand of the previous life to be full of blood, and I took the mellow and warm soup of this life.

I hope that the rest of my life will not be able to afford it. After death, I will go to Purgatory. I just hope that you will be willing to hold it.

"Master."

I don't know when, Xue Meng is here.

The ink burned back to God. In fact, after he died in the night, he was almost guilty and uneasy all day and night. Soaking in such emotions for a long time, the whole person would look heavy, for others. It's not a good thing, so he's been trying to adjust his mood all the time, and it's been a little better in the last year.

But there are occasional one or two points in life, and he will still touch him. He will still fall into entanglement and self-abandonment because of one sentence and one thing.

He looked up and looked at Xue Meng, his face was gloomy, and Xue Meng was shocked.

"Oh, what are you doing with the dog? This kind of look at me? I owe you money?"

The ink burned and knew that I had just traveled with emotions. When I couldn’t get it back, I smiled and said, "I have a bit of food. Do you have something to look for?" You said, I went out to breathe."

"Don't, don't go, you are sitting, this thing is related to you."

"Follow me? What?"

The look on Xue Meng’s face is subtle: “If you say it, don’t lose it...”

Chu night Ning said: "Well, Xue Meng, just say it."

"Oh, oh." Xue Meng, who had wanted to sell Guanzi, listened to the teacher and immediately said, "This is the case. Just received the invitation, Song Qiutong wants to be a relative."

The smoldering of the ink burned, and there was no blood in his face.

But this shudder is not due to Song Qiutong, but Xue Meng - this life is very clear that Song Qiutong is a good thing, so hate can not walk around her, he and her now than Qingshui pay off, gossip can not beat.

Xue Meng...

Why does Xue Meng think that Song Qiutong will become a pro, will he be lost?

The whole heart of the ink burned tightly. He almost instantly thought of the false hook that had been smashed in the past, and the black hand that had never surfaced and was deeply hidden.

That person is also very likely to be born again. If this is the case, then the person will clearly understand the past of the burning of the ink, and know the sins of the past!

The ink burned white face, strong calm, and looked at Xue Meng quietly: "How come about me?"

"Isn't you unclear?" Xue Meng looked a little weird and said, "Today, the Confucian style door is to send a wedding post, the Miss Song, who also specially asked someone to send you a letter. You have to meet with her. What did she write to you? Ink burning, not when I said you, when did you get rid of her?"

"....." The burning of the heart is difficult, such as the thorn in the back, half a sigh, "write it to me? It will not be wrong..."

"Can't be wrong."

Xue Meng said, he took out an envelope from the placket and photographed it on the table in front of the smoldering: "The black and white words, written by Moxianjun, Kaiqiu, can you still be wrong?"

The ink glanced at the envelope, his heart was like a drum, and there were countless thoughts in his mind.

It is Song Qiutong's handwriting is correct, but why is this life and Song Qiu Tong Ping water meet, she will make a letter to herself before the big wedding?

Xue Meng’s arms are very unhappy: “Do you want to go back to the private demolition, or are you here to take a look at us?”

"..."

The ink burned side over the head, see Chu night Ning is also looking at himself, the sword eyebrows slightly squatting.

"Demolition?" Xue was mad, but he was the most incompetent to engage in the acts of men and women, and some were aggressive.

If this is the case, it’s escaping...

The ink burned only felt violent, and the fingertips that stretched out were all cool. He did not make a sound, took the letter and silently, and broke it.

The author has something to say: today has a bib

"Do not dog bliss" wife's dog cos master, that is, during the five years of the retreat of the teacher, the dog wears white clothes, and the younger brother of Nangong is a master, and the part that screams is hit. Cute, especially looking back and pointing fingers, today is also super like a master, really crazy crying ~ but I am simply poisonous, I used to have the picture in the album, and then the goldfish head has been forgotten to send out, today turned over the album suddenly remembered, the whole People have been given to Reggio by themselves, and they have given up their wives! QAQ

"Not a koi is the king of squid", my name begins to be a daily superstition. Hahahaha, the master and the dog, the teacher looks really very pure and dignified, and wants to give him the most beautiful jellyfish in the world~ The dog boy juvenile version of fried chicken handsome, as a Yan dog, I was stunned by the Yan value burst table dog powder, hey, crab crab wife ~

Mrs. "Mumu"'s dog's head, the juvenile version of the dog, his face value can make me forgive his stupid hahahaha, can't help but download it, when I change the WeChat head with 23333, like the dog's look, There is really a clean and pure sense of juvenile, which is completely different from the later zero-snake snake disease. Seeing his slight hairiness wants to reach out and rub his hair, hahaha~ crab crab lady~

"li-ruido" wife's single master, I feel very happy~ every time I see the single-person front view of the master, I will think of the ghost dog looking for the story of the master, and then I can't help but replace it. Thinking, ah, the dog can take the drawing to find the teacher, oh~ Master is also arrogant today~ haha~ Crabs and crabs~

Ink burning: Master, drink soup.

Ink burning: Master, eat meat.

Ink burning: Master, eat fish.

Ink burning: Master, eat snacks.

Ink burning: Master, drink.

Four ghost kings: What is the difference between the protagonist and the supporting role? It’s because I’m fat when I eat it, and he’s not fat enough to eat!

Ink burning: No, you are fat because you are an orange cat, and there is not much connection with the protagonist and supporting role.

Xue Meng: And four fat, you are not a supporting role, you are just a dragon set O (∩ _ ∩) O

Chapter 147

There was only a thin piece of paper inside, and a few short sentences were written.

The ink burned a glance, and the heart fell into the stomach. It was almost a sigh of relief, and it was discovered that his cold sweat had drenched the heavy shirt.

Xue Meng also came over and saw it.

"What?" At first glance, the brow wrinkled. "How is this kind of thing?"

"... otherwise it can be said, I said that I am not familiar with her." Under the light, the ink burned is really a smile, put the letter paper on the table, "You said things so embarrassing, really true I am."

It turned out that the ink burned in the past year, and left a lot of notorious evil spirits. Among them, there is a squid fine, which is a disaster for many years. Because of its high mana and remoteness, many monks Going to fight, and finally became the white bone it used to decorate the cave.

Although Yunmengze is full of monsters, it is a place that makes it easy for the monsters to cultivate into fine, but the squid is not an attacking high animal. It is reasonable to say that the demon that is cultivated will not be so strong. The ink burned with it for more than 80 rounds, and finally killed it under the "ghost" and cut open the fish belly, which became the reason.

"In that year, the squid was fine, and there was a stone in the abdomen." The ink burned and laughed. "This spar is a thousand-year-old sacred stone. It is the best stone. It is used to temper weapons, or to cultivate spiritual cores. The choice."

Chu Xiaoning said: "She is a sphenoidal beauty seat, what do you want to do?"

"I want to ask my husband for help. Her husband is a flaming spiritual nucleus. But in these years, she has been practicing too urgently, and she is in danger of getting mad. So I don’t hesitate to pay a lot of money. I want to ask me to buy Shu Jingshi as a dowry. Her husband suppressed evil."

Xue Meng listened and nodded: "The Qian Jin San also asked her husband to be stable, and her heart is rare."

The ink burned and smiled: "Where does she come from? Isn't it a hand to ask the Confucianism, she looks so good, soft words say a few words, which brother can refuse her? Can you change? ”

Xue Meng immediately opened his eyes: "I don't want to say that I seem to be faint."

"You don't be angry, I just make an analogy." The ink burned, and the letter was returned to Xue Meng. If the letter of death and death does not reply, it usually needs to be stored in the library, and the ink is burning. "Archive it."

Xue Mengyi: "Archive?"

"Don't return? Then you burned."

"...No," Xue Meng was anxious. "There is a big marriage, ask for a spiritual stone with you, and don't ask you to discuss it. She said that she will pay no hesitation, and her heart is sincere. Why don't you sell it?"

"I don't want to sell it. It doesn't matter if I keep it, but I have already given it to you."

"Give me, give me?"

"Yes." The ink smirked and pointed to the dragon city sabre at Xuemen's waist. He said, "Isn't you given a spar in the early years, let the uncle temper the dragon city for you? The city is no longer the same, you use it well, and there is not much difference with Shenwu. You still don't thank the squid fine?"

Xue Meng opened his mouth and couldn't speak for a long time.

"..."

He only knows that when the ink burns the world, he gets a gem, but he never cares what the gem is. For the smoldering, he always sighed with a sigh of relief. Regardless of whether this person is a wicked person or a good person, he has retained a little bit of conviction and a trace of rejection.

Therefore, when he said that the gems that burned him could be promoted to Longcheng, he was grateful in his heart, but he was also very wrong. He felt that he was favored by competitors for no reason, so he didn’t want to ask more questions. He took the Dragon City and went to the Snow Palace to temper.

What the smoldering ink burned to him turned out to be the "Shu Shujingshi" worth the price. Xue Meng suddenly felt more complicated and couldn't tell what it was.

Half a day is dry: "Thank you."

"You're welcome, you are welcome." The ink burned and smiled and waved. "Catch it."

Xue Meng’s face is even more stinky, and his mouth is hard: “I’m not thank you, it’s the one that lives in the West. I thank him.”

"Hahahaha, then don't eat squid meat later, give Engong Jide."

"Humph!"

When I laughed for a while, the smoldering suddenly thought of something. The pear vortex was deep and asked: "Yes, I was forgotten by you, and I forgot to ask. Who is Song Qiutong going to be with? Who made it so big, she just It’s a small sister, and it’s enough to alarm the Confucianist’s wide-ranging invitations. Is it a marriage with Bitan Villa?”

"no."

"Isn't it with Bitan Villa? I thought that the old man of the old man was very good, and the Confucianist door had a good relationship with them. He gave him Song Qiutong." Ink burned, "Which is that? Can you and the Confucianism Climbing the family, but also a big fanfare... It’s not going to be a snow palace?"

"What do you want!" Xue Meng gave him a look. "Why do you have to marry?"

The ink burned a bit, and the smile was a little bit stiff: "Who can she still follow?"

"Nan Gong Yu! You forgot, Confucianism, the wild horse, but the age of the wedding, Song Qiutong is so beautiful, with him no loss..."

He hadn’t finished it yet, and the ink burned and he got up and said with amazement: “Namiya?”

Xue Meng was shocked: "What?"

"She...what did she marry to Nangong? How could it be..." It was so shocking that the burning heart burst into a stormy wave, and for a long time it could not be calm, chanting, "Nangong Temple..."

No wonder he reacted.

You must know that at this time in the past life, Nangong Temple has been seriously ill and died!

In the past few years, he has bowed his head in the war of the emigrants. He has not cared about the big things of the famous people. The Confucianism Gate does not have much to do with him. He naturally does not care. Until now, Xue Meng suddenly announced the marriage of Song Qiutong and Nan Gongyi with him, and he suddenly realized that -

wrong.

All this is not right. The fate of this world has changed, not only on his own, but also on the Confucianism that seems to be unwilling to turn off.

The person who should have entered the coffin did not enter, but the white matter became a red matter, but he also wanted to be the wife of his last life as a wife...

The news was a bit stunned. He couldn’t swallow for a while, and he was awkward.

Also, is Nangong 驷 瞎 !! Look at such a woman?

However, the celebration still has to be celebrated. The gift is still to be given gifts. Since the head of the Nangong Palace has sent the invitations to the door, how can we not go? The wedding banquet will be held on the 15th of this month. Xue Zhengxuan arranged the sects and sent them to the two elders, who are ready to leave for Linyi.

In addition to him, in order to cultivate the truth, Mrs. Wang, Xue Meng and Mo Yan, are sure to go to the meeting. In addition, Nangong Temple specially invited Chu Yuning, saying that he was influenced by the elders of Yu Heng when he was young. Please ask the elders to show their faces, so Chu Yuning has to go.

"The Confucianist Gate is the first big faction today. Their young masters are married. People who have heads and faces all over the world are afraid that they will come to celebrate." Xue Zhengyi said, "The day of death is not a bark, but encounters such a scene. Still have to say some rules, don't want to show people jokes."

Xue Meng asked: "What rules are you talking about? I feel that I am already enough rules."

Xue Zhengxuan pulled his hair and said: "You are not wearing this crown, you wear a blonde crown."

"What happened to the blonde crown?"

Mrs. Wang softly smiled and said: "Menger, this is your first time attending a wedding banquet. Many things still don't understand. Auntie said to you, you can listen to it, and you can only kiss the whole family. The only one is the groom. Can be equipped with a gold headpiece, if you wear a blonde crown, it is to grab the pro, to make a big joke."

Xue Meng’s face suddenly rose red and screamed: “Catch the pro? No, no, no, I don’t grab the pro.”

When the ink burns, he teased him: "When you take the Song and the girl and put them in the small room, are you afraid of it?"

"You were put in the hut!" Xue Meng was ashamed and angry. "I don't wear it!"

Xue Zheng said: "I don't think you are very clear about the requirements of the wedding guests. So, I will give you a custom one, and it will be good to wear it."

He paused, especially looking at Chu Yuning, tentatively asked: "Yu Heng, can you?"

Other people Xue Zhengyi is not afraid, at most it is to make some jokes, but Chu Yuning this person, white clothes are used to wearing, if you don't mention him, it is not impossible for him to go to the wedding reception. Nangong Liu may be angry with vomiting blood, and the dying of life and the Confucianism can be tied.

Chu night Ningdao: "Yes."

On the night before departure, Xue Zhengyi gave everyone a customized wedding dress. These clothes were specially hired by Linyi's tailors. The system was strict, the lines were tight, and the appearance was very beautiful. Rao was such a picky person as Xue Meng. After receiving the clothes, they all satisfied and nodded.

The ink burned a stack of clean clothes, and went to the Nanfeng of the dead and dying, and went into the red lotus water. He said: "Master, my uncle asked me to bring this clothes to you."

He walked to the lotus pond and saw that Chu Ning was dancing a sword.

He remembered that the second weapon of Chu Yuning was a sword, but the sword was full of murderousness and had the power to destroy the earth. Chu Xiaoning never used it easily. But the knife can't be worn or not sharp, and the skill is not skillful. Even if the blade does not have any chance to be sheathed, Chu Ning will still take another sword to dance for a while from time to time.

At this moment, the moonlight was cold, and Xu was a hot sword. He took off his robe and left only a white silk shirt inside. The silk was slightly moved with the evening wind, and it was swaying and moving.

He didn't have the high pony tail that he used to comb, but he pulled his hair up and smashed a sturdy sorghum, which made him look extraordinarily spirited and thinner. The long sword contends, and the blade is like a snow. The attitude of his sword is just soft, and the feet are stretched. When the frost is rolled up, it is as light as the water. After the cold electricity emerges, it is like a dragon, a piece of relaxation. When I received it, I was at the best place. The ink was standing in the distance and I couldn’t pick it up.

Suddenly, there was a glimpse of Ning Meifeng in the late night, and the long sword pointed to the lotus pond. However, the movement was sharp

and the water in the pool was divided into two by the sword. It was forced by the sword and could not be combined for a long time. ! His toes were light and pointed, and he flew up and fluttered in the air. The arms fluttered in the center of the waves. The arms were wide open, the white sleeves were surging, and the gods floated to the gazebo on the other side of the pool.

"Master!"

The ink burned, afraid that he would run away again, and quickly chased the pavilion and called him. The moon is high, the night is cool, and the tall sea otter on the pavilion is covered with frosty snow-like white petals. Chu night is on the sharp corner of the pavilion, the placket is scattered, and the moonlight leaks into the jade. He hears the movement. He bowed his head and his eyes were black and bright. He gasped and his lips had the blood of the sword, so it was rare to look very beautiful.

"How did you come?"

The night wind blew the broken hair scattered in his forehead, and he narrowed his eyes.

"Come to give you clothes, you try it, don't fit?"

Chu night Ning gently smashed, suddenly remembered that the ink burned now is respected by the world, and after he woke up, he had not been

confronted with him, and he could not help but move his mind. He said: "You try to pick up my sword!"

The author has something to say: There is something wrong today, there is no way to reply, a little guilty 2333333 today, two more, the bib, the daily thanks and the small theater in the ten-point update, see you at ten o'clock~

Chapter 148

The ink burned, I didn't expect him to come to this trick, rushing to dodge, Jianfeng rubbed the chest.

"The Master must discuss with me, so I will try the clothes first, and my uncle will wait for me to return to him."

"Learn first, then try clothes."

"The uncle is in a hurry, the tailor is still in the temple, and there must be a place where there is something wrong."

"Then it will be a quick move."

"..."

This point is that Chu Ningning and Xue Meng are very similar. They are all the masters who are hard to press with the heart of the match. When the two men talked and answered, the long sword had already brushed through the ink and burned several key points. It was worth the loss of ink burned

for a long time, avoiding the flash in time, otherwise people are fine, the clothes may have to be given to the late night. Sore hundred holes.

Suddenly, the sword was spotted in the ink-burning shoulder, and Chu-night was in a timely manner. He only took the sword and slammed him. He sneered and sneered: "Mo Zongshi, is this the ability?"

The ink burned by this person could not be done, the clothes in his hand were not released, and smiled bitterly: "The teacher is not going to let me now, but is still bullying me?"

Chu night is like a bayonet, and the sword is slightly stunned: "Do you still want me to let you live forever?"

"Haha, this is not wrong."

"...Do you fight or not?"

"Well, I am playing, can I still fight?" The ink burned and smiled, shaking his head and pointing his fingers together. "Hell, call!"

Ghosts came out, but Chu Xi Ning’s hands were just ordinary weapons, so the ink burned did not infuse the spirits into the ghosts. He just took the willows, and the front was handed with a sword, and the ink burned a few feet. Out of the vine whip, entangled the sword of the late night. Chu Xi

Ning did not care, his wrists smashed, and he was free from shackles. His body shape had flashed like a ghost and quickly burned to the back of the ink. The long blade was horizontal and he resisted the neck from the back.

Chu nightning posted behind him, slightly gloomy: "You have no intentions, come back."

His soft and warm breathing lingered in the ear of the ink, the burning felt a hot, the throat was swaying under the blade, and he smiled lowly: "The teacher must not rush to say so full, then take a closer look, I have no intentions." ?"

When the voice fell, Chu Xi Ning was shocked by the burning of Liu Teng. I did not know when he had wrapped his arm around him. He actually kept him in the same place, and he could not move half an inch.

Chu nightning stared at his arm and looked at it for a long while, and suddenly his eyes lit up from a sharp light.

"Well? Yes, the foreword is recovered."

The ink burned and laughed: "Where do you want to receive it?"

"How are you staying?"

"I want the teacher to change clothes."

Chu night Ning snorted: "... decided to win and say."

He said, he will pour his own strength into the right arm, and he will be forced to retreat. Then he will plunder and smash away from the ink. At the same time, a sword flashes, and the volley swells and slams into the ink. go with.

There was no way to burn the ink, but I had to pick up the whip again. For a time, Liu Teng and the long sword creaked in the air. The two weapons did not feed the spirit, and there was no spectacular flow of the flames colliding with the flames, but one The style of the strokes is extremely high, and the clouds are flowing. The one-handed hand is still swearing to give the ceremonial robes for the change of Chu, so that the night will only use his right hand to fight with him, and see that the two have been dismantled over a hundred strokes. It is actually difficult to distinguish, it is difficult to distinguish up and down.

Chu Xiaoning’s breathing was heavy, and a drop of hot sweat smashed through his dark sword and straightened his eyelashes. But he and the ink burned harder, and he couldn’t distract him. The sweat dripped through the eyelashes and penetrated into the eyelids. He actually endured not blinking, a pair of scorpions like the night fire aurora, shining with amazing light.

The fighting spirit of Beidou Xianzun has been aroused by his own apprentice. He originally loved the fierce battle and competition, and he

was indifferent and cold on weekdays, only because he was in trouble. And the ink burns like a fire, slamming, lighting up his pool of spirits, and the flames shine in the air.

After they hit the end, the long sword made an ominous squeak because of the inability to carry such a strong impact. Finally, as the two men slammed in the air, they screamed and shattered into tens of millions between the two masters. Point iron powder crystal!

"The sword is broken." The ink burned helplessly. "Is it still playing?"

Chu Jingning’s eyes are already full of smoke. He has lost his hilt, and his white clothes are slightly open, and his body is straight and straight. He is simple and powerful: "Hit."

"..."

The ink burned before he could recover the ghosts. The night of the night was very sensitive, like a full string, an arrow out, and a cheetah in the forest. The eagle in the snow rushed toward the ink. The ink burned and hurriedly removed the ghosts and raised the hand block. The two men regained their high and low levels in a new way, and they were hard to beat.

Close-family melee and war-fighting warfare are different. People with strong and tall figure tend to be more likely to take advantage of it. What's more, Chu Ningning and Mo-burning are almost the same, so this time, Chu Xiaoning obviously ate. deficit.

Ink burned: "Master, don't fight, don't use spiritual power, tell the truth, you can't beat me."

Chu night Ning angry: "Reverse arrogance!"

"If you don't arrogant, if you are angry, then I will let the Master take ten strokes."

"Ink rain!" Chu night Ning was furious and angry, and the effort on his fists was faster and more awkward.

The jellyfish flowers are falling, soft as the wind blows the snow, and the two men and the men under the tree slammed their legs and slammed their legs. After more than eighty rounds, Chu Ning gradually felt that there was some overdraft in his physical strength. He first practiced the sword for half an hour before the ink burned. Later, he used the blade and ink to burn more than 100 rounds. Very tired.

But his eyes are very bright, his heartbeat is also very fast, and a handsome face is full of spirit and glow.

The more they struggled, the longer they struggled. The strength of the fight was more glued. The night of Chu’s death was sideways, and the elbows fell to the ink-burning chest, but they were caught by the ink.

The two pressed against each other, their arms and arms were shaking...

Chu’s arm was so tightly held by the ink, and the long, slender fingers seemed to crush him and pinch his bones.

The animalism and conquest of ink burned were also burned in the slap of the flesh and meat. He suddenly used force to finally control the power of Chu’s late life, and then suddenly turned his backhand—

Chu night Ning suddenly stunned, waiting to return to God, has been firmly burned in the sweaty arms.

"Is it still playing?" The back of his body burned with a scream of laughter. His back was close to the ink-burning broad chest, and his heartbeat was ups and downs. The young man’s chest was like a hot fire, and the iron was strong, like a rock that was burning. I have to take him all in, and get rid of it. The ink-burning lips and teeth are attached to the back of his ear, and the breath of the breath is hot, all sprayed on the back of his naked and exposed neck, and Chu Yuning has a sorghum, no hair blocking, and can feel the other tiger and wolf. The breath, almost like this, put his entire male tear through the tears.

Because of the sweat, the violent stagnation is lingering, moist like spring water...

"Master, still playing?"

"..." Chu nightning bites the lower lip, and the phoenix climbs red.

Damn, he is not willing!

Just wanting to fight again, the ink-burning lips are posted at this moment, as if it was a coincidence, if there is nothing in the ear lobe, the rough and warm feeling, let him slammed a goose bump, Chu The evening cold hair is upside down, biting the teeth and cutting the teeth: "You give me away!"

Although his words are fierce, his body is uncontrollably trembling in the ink-burning arms. Fortunately, because of the fight, the ink can't tell what he is shaking because of what he is. In fact, the ink can't be self-protected. The heart found the abnormality of Chu Xiaoning.

Chu Xiaoning heard his low opening, his voice hoarse, very similar to the sound of deep feelings, with some ridiculous chuckles: "After letting go, will the Master be willing to go back to the room to change clothes?"

Chu nightning was provoked by the phoenix, and he said: "... let go!"

His evasive exchange for the more powerful and rude restraint of the other party. Chu’s arm was pinched almost to be misplaced. His body was soft and he couldn’t help but hoarse and snorted.

This sound is too much like a slap in the bed, the ink burns fiercely, and the lower body immediately reacts. The body of him and Chu Xinning is now close to him. He fears that the master can immediately perceive his own hot and hard anger. How can he let Chu Xining know? He almost subconsciously pushed away the late night, and did not dare to suppress the other side from behind.

That is to say, at the moment of letting go, Chu night would have been empty, and the end was suffocating, holding his arm that was pinched, and looking back at a whip leg, using a real force to smash the ink that could not be prevented. At the ground. Where does the ink burn, this guy will suddenly scorpion, the whole person is stunned, lying on the ground, feel that the ribs are broken, and the pain is frowning.

"Master, you are too..."

It’s a bit of a victory.

In the latter half of the sentence, I dare not say that the ink burned and swelled the painful eyes of the water vapor, and tried to look up to see the night.

He saw that his master's robes were scattered, and the white silk robes had already been wide open because of the fierce struggle, revealing a tight and smooth chest, and rushing together with the rapid breathing. Chu night, gasping, he violently pulled his scattered clothes, the amount of hair

scattered, the corners of the evacuation, because the fight is fierce, he is still thin red at the end of the eye.

Chu nightning slowly stood up straight, looking down at him from top to bottom, his chin raised slightly, his eyes glazed, majestic and proud.

He calmed and said, "You lost. It doesn't matter if you are tall."

The ink burns and laughs. When you speak, there are blood bubbles in your mouth: "Don't you lose? Even the bones must be kicked off by the master."

"..."

He said that Chu Xiaoning was a little guilty. He just played very smoothly. He didn't remember whether he had the last leg. He used to lean over the chest rib that burned his ink: "Where did you kick?"

"This side..."

"Does it hurt?"

"..." The pain is affirmative, but now I am not a fifteen or six-year-old boy, and it looks like a teacher.

Chu Xiaoning saw that his face was not so good. He reached out and took the stack of clothes. The other hand tried to force the ink to stand up. He expected that his strength was too much, and the ink burned and sank. Gao, he did not pull under this pull, but the whole person fell on the burning body. He heard the pain of the person under his body, and quickly sat up, did not think much, and went to see the burned injury.

"Do you want to be tight?" Chu nightning's face is white.

The ink burned and frowned, and the hand was added: "You will come down from me first."

Fortunately, I can still speak, it seems that there is no crush.

Chu nightning was busy preparing, but the people who were offensive often didn't get up very easily when they fell down. The legs were actually soft, often not stable, didn't stand, and some fell into disarray.

This fall, not the position, is burning on the waist, Chu night Ning did not pay attention to the beginning, but he wears very little, only a thin layer of silk cloth, and this position is so embarrassing, he moved Almost immediately, I felt that there was a huge thing in the hard state, and the sword was smashed and smashed underneath.

The author has something to say: Today, the collar has "not the koi is the squid king", Xue Meng, the dog 0.5 and the assistant sister, I saw the handsome chicken of the fried chicken, want to give the straight man a cute hug Feeling high ~ ~ straight man Meng is the most handsome, I turned down, Shi Zun and the dog sold cheaply, this little Phoenix I took away! Yan control! Face! Hahaha ~ 0:5 today is still in the world (really not messing with the world?), and the assistant lady sister Meimei 哒~

Small theater "The way to burn the ink"

Chu nightning: Come, I will play with you.

Ink Burning 1.0: Don't don't, beat the Master, Master makes me ten strokes or beats Master QAQ

Chu nightning: Come, I will play with you.

Ink burning 2.0: What should I do if I lose? Losing me, I feel so bad. ^_^

Chu nightning: Come, I will play with you.

Ink burning 0.5: (playing eyes) still have a fight? Is it yesterday that I didn’t bully you enough?

Chapter 149

Chu nightning: "....."

Ink burning: "....."

Almost in the rushing place, Chu Yuning did not know where the strength came from, and suddenly climbed up, his lips trembled slightly, his face was white and a burst of white, like amazement, and it was as scared.

Weifeng Hehe Yuheng elders, actually, actually, really seems to be scared.

When the ink burned, he was very upset. He was stunned by the painful chest. He sat up and cautiously said: "Master..."

Chu Xiuning was stepped back like a tail, and took a big step back.

It’s really hard for him, and a pair of phoenix eyes can actually get rounded.

It seems that it is really amazing...

The ink burned and smiled: "I can't help, I am not... I..."

But I don't know what to say.

It’s the night of Chu’s thoughts in the brain, and what is it? What am I not? How does ink burn? Did you feel wrong? But if there is no response, is it usually so hard? That should be more...

Suddenly thought of the **** ranking list, with four words on it.

It’s not a vulgar thing...

Chu nightning's entire face was red, and he saw what he wanted to say, and raised his hand violently: "Don't say it, you go back."

The ink burned only thought that he was irritating him, and he would stay there again. He endured the pain and climbed up. When he got up, he maintained a half-squatting posture. He said lowly: "Master, sorry, I am not on purpose."

"..." Chu night Ning looked at him intricately. It looked like he was thinking about a lot of things. In fact, he didn't think about anything. His mind was already stuck in the words "not a vulgar" and would not turn.

The ink burned away, and Chu was born in Ningyuan for a long time.

The thin hair on his arm was vertical, and the whole person looked a little sluggish and a little worried.

Suddenly I remembered that they went to Jinchengchi for swords early. When they were in the hot springs, they burned their inks accidentally. At that time, they also met their own mistakes, but the time of contact was too short. Chu Ning was not sure if he felt wrong. But just now, the ink-burning pro-mouth said sorry, not intentional, it also shows that he is really true...has a desire...not his own illusion.

Although I know that men sometimes have a desire to fire because of the sights they see in front of them, this is normal, but Chu Jingning asks himself and does not feel that he has any attractive places. The world is more than his handsome people. Is it that the ink burns like a hot sweat and a mess?

...this has something to look at.

Confused to be confused, but the touch of goose bumps between the legs can not fade for a long time, even though it is so fresh through the clothes, so embarrassing.

In all sorts of confusing thoughts, he suddenly had a bad idea.

He couldn't help but think that such a flood of beasts, if they are out of the cage, who can stand it?

Chu night Ning Yin bite the bite of the molars, but the flushing on the face is difficult to eliminate, the content of Feng Yuli is blurred and messy.

It was like a fever, and it was entangled in the heat.

After standing outside for a long time before returning to the room, Chu night Ning removed the hairpin, bite the hair band between the lips and teeth, lifted the hand and re-closed the long hair, and then tightened tightly and tied into a ponytail.

He breathed a sigh of relief and looked up at himself in the bronze mirror.

The phoenix eye is narrow, and when it is not smiling, there is always a sense of majesty and sorrow. It is not flattering.

The bridge of the nose is not too high, the curvature is soft, the outline is not too vivid, and it is not flattering.

mouth……

Forget it, this mouth and the mouth will say the same, very thin, cold color, no temperature, of course, is not flattering.

Who knows that the smoldering is what crazy, there will be such eagerness.

Chu Xiu Ning has always been very conservative and stereotyped, and he knows very little. The kind of ridiculous book is even dirty when he touches it, so he stares at the mirror for a long time, or everything. Can't figure it out.

It’s gone.

Then simply don't think about it. There has never been a love experience for the elders of Yuheng. After all, men don't necessarily have to react when they want to come. Maybe this is just a coincidence.

The next day, Xue Zhengyi and Mrs. Wang stood in front of the mountain gate early, waiting for the other three people to attend the meeting. The first person to come is Xue Meng. He used to wear the blue and silver soft armor of the dead and the old, and he always looked sharp.

But today he wore a elegant and elegant robes, his hair was combed simply, leaving only a jasper scorpion, the temperament of the whole person was somewhat different, and the end was graceful and graceful.

When I saw my parents, he was a little embarrassed and pulled his own sleeves. This is what he said: "Hey, Auntie."

Xue Zhengyi couldn't help but admire: "Menger is so beautiful, and your mother is a mold."

Mrs. Wang hangs a pair of eyes, about being praised by the husband, and her face is red.

She and Xue Meng waved and said, "Come, Menger, come over."

Xue Meng Li was in front of her, and she looked up at him for a while. Her eyes seemed to be lingering. Time flicked. After a long while, she sighed softly: "This clothes lined you, it looked white, very good."

Xue Meng laughed: "It's not good for my mother."

"You will also be poor, and look like you." Mrs. Wang said, some feelings, "I have been going for more than 20 years..."

Xue Meng seemed to expect what she was going to say next. Suddenly her smile was stiff and the subconscious stepped back half a step.

But what is the use of this half-step, or can't escape the mother's chanting.

Sure enough, Mrs. Wang took him the next moment, and she said: "Menger, today we are going to the Confucianism Gate and giving a congratulation to the Nangong Gongzi. You see, you are almost the same age as him, is it right to talk about marriage? How old is it?"

"Aunt, I haven't wanted to be a family... I don't like anyone..." Xue Meng said.

"Mother knows the people you didn't like, so this time you go to the meeting, you pay more attention to the girls of other families. You don't have to be rich and rich, the national color is fragrant, as long as people are good, you like, the mother will definitely give you Take a good look, find someone to tell you about the media."

Xue Meng’s blush: “There are still no sings in the eight characters. What did A Niang think of directly?”

"Mother is just mentioning it..."

"But I don't see anyone. Auntie, you said that the women who have seen the monks in the world have not looked good. I have to marry them. Isn't it that I am suffering? No, no, no. "I don't know what to do." Xue Meng's head shook like a rattle. Suddenly, he had a chance to move. "More, why are you only urging me? Is the ink burning one year older than me? Why don't you worry about him? My teacher respects -"

"What is the realm of Yuheng elders? Are you comparing with him?" Mrs. Wang is a little funny. "Okay, don't force you, mother is just saying this, you want to pay attention, but you really haven't seen it." If you are on the list, then you can forget it. Can the mother tie it to you?"

Xue Zhengxuan pondered for a while and said: "But I think Menger said it well. Last time, I mentioned the Taoist with Yuheng."

"Ah?" Xue Meng heard, very surprised. "Hey, you told the Master to mention this kind of thing? He didn't turn your face?"

"Flip your face." Xue Zhengxi smiled, "carry me out."

Mrs. Wang: "..."

Xue Meng haha laughed: "I will say, my teacher respects the bones of the fairy, not the gods are like the gods, like him, people have long been desperate, what do the Taoists do?"

Xue Zhengyi sighed, apparently still not reconciled, and was about to argue with his son. Suddenly Mrs. Wang covered his mouth with a sleeve and whispered a sentence: "Fei Jun, I have to say it again, the elders of Yu Heng are coming."

In the morning mist that was not scattered, Chu nightning walked on the wet bluestone plate, walked wide, robe and first, and the sleeves floated.

He wore an embroidered acacia robes, the body is a straight white moon, and the edge of the mouth is pressed against the gold thread. As the steps move, the gold line faintly sways in the sunlight, and the hair is a white jade. The appendix is inlaid with a plum flower carved into a plum, and the whole person is dyed with dignity in the net, with loneliness in the cold.

At that moment, Xue Zhengyi suddenly had some powerlessness, his mouth opened and closed.

He thought, or Xue Meng said right.

Such a person, what kind of woman should be placed next to him, can not be annihilated by his brilliance, because his momentum is dusty?

The gods went to the mortal world, stood in front of the mountain gate, frowned, and looked at Xue Zhengyi.

"Respect the Lord."

"Haha, Yu Heng, the clothes are fit."

Chu Yuning raised his hand, a thread and shape were extremely complicated sachets, shaking in the air, he said: "This sachet sent with the robes is not the same as the ordinary."

"Ah, it was played according to Linyi's rope art. What happened?"

The tall and unpretentious **** of the gods, Wei Yan Jian, he said: "It is too difficult, will not tie, please respect the Lord."

Xue Zhengyi: "....."

He taught Chu tonight three times, Chu Ning still couldn't get around the knot, and finally gave up, Xue Meng couldn't stand it, took the initiative to ask the helper to respect the sachet, and put it on his waist after three or two. Chu night Ning squatting, very unexpected, praised: "Not bad."

Xue Zhengyi couldn't help but turn his mind next to him. He thought, God, if such a person does not have a Taoist, will he really not die in life and will not take care of himself?

After a while, the ink burned, and his face was not very good. Yesterday, he was too embarrassed by Chu’s night, and he was too embarrassed to find someone to heal. Others would definitely ask him who the wound was, he always Can't you say that it is thin and light, and the elders of Yuheng are being defamed?

You can only meditate on your own, and it will be better at this time. It will not be difficult to breathe your chest.

But he saw him standing next to Xue Zhengyi, quietly waiting for him. This man is wearing a white embroidered gold silk dress, the neckline is high, and the abstinence is solemn - a handsome man who is serious.

The smoldering felt that the chest was moving, and it was hard to straighten the air. It seemed to be smashed again, and it could not breathe.

"cough!"

This is terrible. He likes a man he can't like, he vows never to touch again.

The old ghost of the two generations is really like a young man in his early twenties. Young and impulsive, bloody, because of a look of a favorite person, a change in clothing, it feels like a mess in the world. From then on, happiness is related to him, sorrow is related to him, heartbeat is related to him, breathing is related to him, and even the moonlight shining into the window, an ant in the moonlight, attracting the genus of the ants. They are all related to that person.

He felt very frustrated in such a favorite, very wrong.

Because one flower and one leaf are all him, but he can't get it, he can't pick it.

Damn, it’s hard for him everywhere.

The party affairs were temporarily handed over to the elders of the wolf, and Xue Zhengyi took the invitation and took his wife to the road.

In the array of Chu nightning travel, as long as it is not a schedule, it is often a carriage, this time is no exception. A group of people are leisurely and leisurely, slowly going along the official road, all the way up the mountain to play with water, encounter some little demon mobs, but also help to get rid of it.

After doing this for ten days, they arrived at Yucheng.

Yucheng’s rouge is famous. As soon as he arrives in the city, Xue Zhengyi first takes Mrs. Wang to buy rouge. Xue Meng’s disgrace to his old husband’s wife is also greasy, and the goose bumps are not willing to keep up, and they are looking for them. I took a tea stand and waited for my mother to come back.

The revisiting of the place, the three men and the teachers have some feelings.

Xue Mengdao: "Unfortunately, the teacher is not there, or it is exactly the same as when I asked for a sword six years ago. We can go to Xuying Peak to play."

The ink burned and laughed: "You are not afraid of the fake hook Chen still stay there, see you coming, pull you into the bottom of the lake and retell the old."

Speaking of false hooks, Chu night Ning frowned: "He seems to have no action in the past five years?"

Ink ignited: "I don't think it's good. I have had a few big messes. It's all suspenseful. It's related to Shenwu. I suspect it is him, but there is no evidence."

Xue Meng played with the cup in his hand and looked at the ink and said: "I don't think those unrelated cases have anything to do with him. You think, a few years ago, he tried his best to find the essence, you are the essence of Muling, he will You are going to harm you behind you, so he should be looking for people, not weapons."

Chu Xi Ning Shen Shen said: "But in the past five years, there has been no continuous disappearance of living people."

Ink ignited the martial arts: "I have not encountered any containment or traps. But it may be that I have not been able to travel for five years. He does not know where I am."

All three people were silent and thinking, until the proprietress sent them the tea and fruit, Xue Meng only scratched his head: "You said, he should not be a bad thing to do more, do you have to burn yourself to death?"

"..."

"Don't look at me like this. Generally, the evil spells are not easy to be countered." Xue Meng screamed. "Otherwise, why haven't he had a big move for five years?"

The ink burned suddenly: "There is a possibility."

"what?"

"You see, Master has not done anything for five years."

Half of the ink was spoken, Xue Meng knocked him with chopsticks: "What do you mean? Do you suspect that the fake hook is a master?"

"...Can you wait for me to finish the words." Insinated, "I am making an analogy. I am thinking, if those suicides are not related to the fake hooks, then he really did not do anything in five years. Big things. So, is he likely to be like the teacher, for some reason, such as being injured or for other reasons, must stay somewhere and can't come out."

When he talked about it, he suddenly thought of something and slammed it.

"Master respect..."

"how?"

The ink burned his head first, and did not seem to believe in his own thoughts, but hesitated for a moment, still screaming four words: "Master of sin..."

During the past five years, other masters did not know, but apparently there was one person who was also trapped in the Honglian Water Margin as Chu Yuning, and never left in half a step.

Master of guilt.

However, this idea is too big to be rebellious. The master of guilty again said that he had also given the grace of the late life of Chu, and it was not clear what kind of emotions in the heart of the teacher’s heart were against the crime. Therefore, I really don't dare to be too rash.

Chu night Ningdao: "Don't think about it, it won't be him."

He said this sentence understatement, but there is no hesitation.

The ink burned and nodded immediately. Since Chu Xiaoning was not willing to talk about his past when he was young, he would never ask too much.

He continued to think: "Then, are there any other masters who have never appeared in five years?"

"The head of the lonely moon night is Jiang Yan." Xue Mengdao, "Lingshan Conference, all the heads are all in place, he is not sick, rarely appear."

The ink burned and laughed: "Is that your mother's brother? Do you doubt him?"

Chu night Ningdao: "Jiang Yan is very self-satisfied, never willing to live alone under the Confucianism, so since Nangong Liu became the first of the

top ten sects, he did not go to any gathering, not only these five years. ”

"Then there is no more." Xue Mengdao, "Hey, forget it, don't think about it, don't think about it, the clue is too little, I think my brain hurts."

It happened that at this time, Mrs. Wang and Xue Zhengyi came back. It was already late, and five people were ready to find a place to stay in Yucheng.

Xue Mengdao: "I know that there is a special inn, and there is a hot spring pool to soak."

Ink burning: "..."

He used his toes to know which one Xue Meng said, not the stack that they stayed in when they were young?

When he was in the hot springs, he still had no brains to plant in the arms of Chu Yuning...

Thinking about this festival, he couldn't help but cough and silently twisted his face away. He didn't want to be noticed by his own eyes and expectations, but his heartbeat was involuntarily faster.

Xue Meng, this person is actually a bit exaggerated. He likes to hold things hard, and the stains can't be seen. He doesn't like things to die on, and a stick is not a chance to turn over, but the so-called Zhizi Mo Ruo, Xue Zhengyi I felt that my son’s words could only be trusted in half, and he asked me: "The inn has lived in the inn, how do you feel?"

The ink burned and coughed twice, and did not dare to look directly at the uncle: "...is not bad."

"Then go live." Xue Zhengyi made a decision. The ink burns in the palm of your hand, and the fingertips pick up slightly because of the inner movement.

He bowed his head and looked like a docile and gentle "hmm". But what I thought in my heart was: myself... can I take a bath with Shizun again like I did in the past...

He couldn't help but recall the smog in the water, and the night of Ning Yu Changjun Xiu's body, the lines are fierce and tense, full of seductive and intrusive tension.

But if it is really with the bath of the late night, the steam is blurred, can he really hold back?

After the discussion, the other people have already got up. Xue Meng finished eating the peanuts on his hands, and also patted the broken ends

and stood up. He turned his head and looked at the cousin who was still sitting in the same place.

"What is it, go?"

The expression of ink burns is subtle. I don’t know if it is the reason for the sunset. His handsome face seems a bit red.

He reached out and poured another cup of tea on himself, insisting that he would not stand up, but he continued to sit a little, and said with a few cough: "...there are so many not finished, wasted, you go first I know the way, I will come over after drinking tea."

The author has something to say: cough, although some small partners should know, but it is still science, men really do not have to react when they have desire, excited, when the mood is very good, even somehow Time will really...emmmmm...

Speaking of this, I suddenly thought of an answering master. This answer is a boy. Once he was in class, he was named by the teacher. He had no distractions, recited, and then inexplicably bo. That is One summer, the boy was wearing the summer trousers of the school, it was easy to see, the answer said that he could not forget the female teacher’s sweet look and the blush on his face. Hahahahahahaha wax!

Today's bib has:

"Frost a sword and a meat bag" wife's soup four grid, what? Yesterday, there was a hair, I thought that the wife had finished painting, but the goose is wrong with QAQ, I am guilty, cut belly! A slap in the face! I think the wife's manuscript is sometimes better than the board painting. Hahaha, in fact, the pencil painting master really knocks on the beauty~~ love you! The heart is sprouting~~ Come on the dog, such a lovely teacher will feed you soup, what are you dissatisfied with, hahahaha~ Crabs and crabs~

"Not a koi is the squid king" wife's light armor Xue Mengmeng, holding the piano master and beaten the teacher 昧 (Shi Yan: Why is it that I am so strange story? Beat the teacher?) Hahahaha ~ Meng Meng knocking handsome, In fact, the beginning of my brain, the Meng Meng light armor is the clothes of Tangmen's broken guns, but the wife's painting is better to see ~ and the master of the piano is super graceful and luxurious. Ah ~ there are poor teachers, I was beaten as soon as I appeared on the scene. I was so pitiful, I wanted to give the teacher a hug~ Thank you wife~~

"Mulberry" wife's master respects the sword map, with the update of yesterday's update is better, suddenly thought of things, how to go to this poem, 23333 feels the teacher respects a sword, a child no longer talks, Hahahaha~ I have seen a lot of gentle and correct teachers, but I rarely see the masters who are aggressive and domineering. In fact, the masters are still very fierce. You should not be confused by his inner (feeding, others don’t all say not to be His appearance is confusing!) Tap handsome! Crab crab lady~

"It's better to go to eat together." The wife's salted-headed dog, poodle and the teacher who likes to curl but refuses to admit it, has a loving brain hole, and the wool-rolled dog is so cute. Suddenly I think salted eggs are also very interesting ~ and can smoke, I really want to let the dog smoke a few

times! I feel that some occasions come to the root of the smoke, the scene will be particularly perfect, however... This is nitrogen fixation 233333, thank you wife for showing me a salted egg version of the two dogs, the bear also knocked the level of Meng ~ ~ what?

The small theater "I heard that Xue Mengmeng is very picky, as if there is a throne in the family to inherit, then I don't know the sexual version of the protagonist, he will not be satisfied"

Miss Ms. Yu Weiyu

Result: pass

Reason given by Xue Meng: I can't marry my cousin.

Teacher's enchantment

Result: pass

Xue Mengmeng gave reasons: beautiful is pretty, but also wise, temper is still docile, or graduated from nursing major, it is quite good, that is, the chest is not big enough, the hips are not upturned, the body is a little lacking, forget it. I will see if there is any better, but I still have a phone number for this young lady. If there is no better, I can consider contacting her.

Miss Nan Gongsi

Result: pass

Reasons given by Xue Mengmeng: This woman is definitely the most wonderful person I have ever seen in a blind date. My temper is bigger than me. I also say that my family is the first local family in Shandong. Her father is the governor of Nangong. Without the right eye, I talked to her. She managed to tease her own dog. Is there such a thing to look down on? I am also the only child of the village head of the village of Lushan. I am more and more eager to rely on me. How can such a person be able to do it, right? Nima, she still shows off her life in a circle of friends, saying that she is silly in one or three Ladi, two or sixty-six open lazy base mud, on a private jet on Sunday, it is Chen Duxiu's show that is more beautiful than the show. I endure the contempt and euphemistically comment on her: energy saving and emission reduction everyone is responsible for protecting the environment. The best girl to look at. She actually returned to me: Poor than not bother, two-way clearance. Rely on, take the customs to get off, to see who is pulling the black who is fast! hate!

Miss Ye Xiexi:

Result: pass

Reason: This young lady is good, her height is right, her character is smooth, her attitude is correct, her family is innocent, although she is not very good-looking, but her life is also very good. I have added her friends. I

planned to ask her to go this week. Eat Mala Tang, you can eat it for 16 yuan. Don't think that I am slamming. I just want to see if she is a poor person who loves the rich. I am afraid that she likes me because I am a rich second generation. I want to install a poor ratio first. She promised me, and on the day of the date, I sent a message to Xiaoye’s sister, but I received a reminder: The other party is not your friend... emmmm, where am I doing something wrong? I only remember the night before, Chen Duxiu's show, Nangong, Jinjin, did not send the circle of friends who drove. I commented on her and dragged her down... But what does this have to do with Xiaoye's sister? Is Xiaoye’s sister the trumpet of the Nangong worshipping the golden woman? Thinking hard about QAQ

Miss Chu Yu Ning

Result: pass

The reason given by Xue Meng: My mother said that her eyes are on the eyes of a fierce woman.

Miss Mei Hanxue

Result: pass

Xue Meng gave the reason: she is very beautiful, she looks a little mixed, but I sent her photo to one of my classmates, there are more than 100 men in the group, suddenly jumped out of 80 More than that, she said that she slept with her... I was forced in an instant, the key is that she is the daughter

of my father’s friend, I don’t know if I want to tell my father’s friend about this situation, let her take care of herself. Daughter, what to do, hurry, online, etc.

The above is the dating record of the straight male Xue Meng who has to inherit from the throne. The small theater in tomorrow will update the inner feelings of the young ladies and Xue Meng.

Miss Nan Gongsi: tmd is very good, this man is simply wonderful! tomorrow! Let the aging mother take a good look at this bird stuff straight male cancer! It’s really hot!

Chapter 150

Speaking of it, this town was famous for Xu Yingfeng, but it happened to be a fake hook. The weapons of Jin Chengchi were destroyed. After many years, the town gradually fell, and many supply and demand swordsmen The inn of the hotel was closed because of the downturn in business, and it was changed to a different business.

However, the inn with the hot spring pool that the mentor and the apprentice stayed together was still stubbornly alive, and because the Nangong Gongzi was married, the guests who came to the Confucianism Gate to come to Hexi would first settle in the city, and the inn actually went. Restored the vitality of the past.

Xue Zhengyi opened the bamboo curtain and stepped into the lobby: "Boss, stay in the store!"

"four people?"

Xue Zhengyi still did not answer, he heard a low voice behind him: "No, five."

It turned out that the ink burned out urgently, and it happened to be here at this time.

Xue Meng saw him and was a little surprised: "So fast?"

The ink burns first, then the face is black, secretly angry, is it slow to kill? Sitting at the tea stall and reading a few words of the Qing Mantra.

But he also knows that Xue Meng said that it is not the same thing that he thinks. It is not good to attack, but he has nodded in a rather subtle way.

"You swallowed the seeds, and the shells didn't spit."

Ink burning: "..."

"There are five guest officers, how many rooms?"

Xue Zhengyi said: "I have a room with the insiders, and there are three more good rooms, four in total."

The ink burned to the uncle to arrange this. The face was quiet and silent, but his heart was vaguely inciting. He actually secretly hoped that the

dialogue with the year could be reproduced again. The boss told them that they were full and had to squeeze, so that he would...

In fact, he still can't do anything, but if he can stay in a room alone with Chu, he feels very hot, somewhat uneasy, and a little excited. He is still in the blood vessels, and he is still a wolf and a tiger leopard. Blood.

However, coincidence often does not have so many times, this time the shopkeeper is very happy to say: "Good Le, four rooms!" He turned over to the cabinet to take the key, and shouted in a long tone, "Guest, two Lou, you are pleased -"

The ink burned him with a silent look, and the eyes were a bit gloomy.

He thought, stupid things, so happy to open four rooms? What is happy! What is happy! I am so happy to make more money!

"Fire, what do you do with the table on the counter?"

"..." The ink burned back and smiled. The place where the board is facing down has been cracked by him for a few traces. I am afraid that it will be broken when I use it again. "Nothing."

When he took the key from Xue Zhengyi’s hand and went upstairs, the ink burned to the room where he belonged, and suddenly he stunned.

Turning his head, he saw that Chu Ning was also watching him.

"Do you live here?"

"Well... yeah." The ink burned for a while, first hangs the eyelashes, and then can't help but raise his eyes, the black scorpion looks at the face of Chu's late night, "Master respect still remember?"

"...remember what?"

Ink burning refers to the door of his own, saying: "When we come to the sword, the master is the room."

"..."

The ink burned carefully and looked at him. The voice was very forbearing, but he couldn't hide the faint expectation: "Master, do you remember?"

Chu night, I thought, how can I not remember.

Going up to this level, the past is coming up, screaming with the old stairs that have been in disrepair, and the decaying taste of the wood after being soaked in the years, slowly rises.

He could almost see the young boy burned open the door, with a cynical look on his face, grinning at himself, the pear vortex was very shallow, and the years were deep.

Seeing him for a long time, the ink burns seems to be a little disappointing. He hangs his eyes and says: "It may be that I remembered it wrong and confused it..."

"Yes."

The ink burned and looked up.

Chu night Ning looked at him, and seemed to smile lightly: "You remember correctly, it is this."

This sentence is like a star fire, clustered to ignite the darkness of the ink-burning fundus, and the corner of the ink-burning mouth gradually opens a sweet smile, as if eating a delicious candy, and pointing to the late night of this Room, said: "And, the Master lives today, it was my previous one."

He is very happy and said that the rate is true.

Chu Xiaoning listened to some embarrassed things, and did not laugh, and angered: "This can't be remembered."

Speaking of the path, he pushed the door into the house and shut the ink on the outside.

"....."

Hey...who is doing something wrong, making him unhappy?

It’s night, the ink does not dare to go to the bathhouse to soak in the hot springs. Some things are not afraid of 10,000. I feel that I am close to the threshold of desire. If Chu’s night is more than one-and-a-half, he does not know. I can't hold back to be a gentleman, not to pick this flower of Gaoling.

He was lying on the bed with his head on his arm. It was really boring, and he began to think about his way of getting along with Chu.

He is a less intelligent person. He feels that Chu Ning is like a big white cat. He wants to be nice to Chu, and wants to take care of this white cat, but he always picks up two hairs and exchanges for white cats. One of the claws seems to be uncomfortable and unsatisfactory.

He felt very guilty, but he really didn't know where the cat could touch, and where he couldn't touch it. He was like a man who had just raised a cat. He knew nothing about it, and only slammed the white cat in his palm.

Then I exchanged a roar and slap.

The ink burned over and blinked, it was very depressed.

Suddenly remembered, the layout of this inn, the bed in the next room and myself should only be next to a wooden wall.

When the thought came out, the ink burned even more, and he felt a bit dry.

Did Chu Ning go to take a shower? Still preparing to go?

But I didn’t hear much about the movement in his house... If Chu Ning would not go to take a bath, then at this time, is it already lying down? Then they are actually very close. If there is no thin wooden partition in the middle and they are separated by two, they are already lying together...

Lying together. This thought made the blood of the young man hot, flowing like a shallow volcano, just not squirting.

He couldn't help but sleep more inside, clinging to the wallboard, the walls of wood and clay were different after all. The planks were so thin that they were only three fingers wide.

In the ink, Chu Niening lay down three feet wide, took off his clothes, or wore only a thin coat... He closed his eyes and swallowed his throat. He felt his heart burning and burning. The whole body, burned to the corner of his eye, he did not blink, but if it opened, there must be bloodshot, flushing.

Ah, then he suddenly remembered another thing - it was too exciting, and he was taut and the blood was flowing down.

He used to lie on the bed where he was sleeping in the night.

The memory of a long time is so damp, sinful and sweet, and the ink burns to recall this thing, the scalp is hemp. He remembered that he had been in the hot springs that year, and accidentally fell into the night of Ning Huai, so that the feeling of hotness could not be eliminated. He could only rub himself on the ground, and his forehead against the wall would be like that. Want to vent out...

The ink burned slightly and half of the eyelids, the eyes were dark, the dark places were like rocks, but there were reddish melts flowing under the stones. He once again put his forehead against the wall.

The heart is like a crack, and I was so stupid in the past, clearly so bright desires and love, how can I not find it...

He put a hand on the wall and pressed it, but he couldn’t help it.

I thought that when I didn’t love, I could think of Chu’s venting unscrupulously, but I fell in love with him. He was destined to be separated from a wall in his life. He could not even make a dream. He felt dirty and Chu. The night of Ning.

Sustained desire, this is too tough for a young and **** young body, his nose is against the wall, his hot body is sticking to the thin wall as much as possible, his thoughts are chaotic, His eyes are blurred, and he even has a glimpse of illusion in the increasingly lush mood.

It seems that the breath of Chu Xiaoning, the scent of sea bream on the shadow of the night, has passed through the gap of the wood grain, seeping into his bed, and wrapping him tightly.

The taste of Chu Xiaoning is seduce him, and he is pitiful.

Seduce his beast / desire, pity his humanity.

Seduce his desire / fire, and pity he can't ask for it.

In this kind of seduce and pity, the ink burned his eyebrows painfully, his hands supported the wall, the roots of the joints were distinct, and the blue veins burst into one.

Contrary to his violent look, it was his almost choking request, and he whispered softly: "Chu Ning...night Ning..."

He did not know that on the other side of the wall, Chu Xinning did not dare to go to the hot spring pool to bathe. He did lie down as if he had thought about it, and he was thinking about him and eager for him. Chu night Ning's long fingers also rubbed the cold wood, and his forehead also touched this ruthless wall.

The two of them, the misunderstandings of the past lives, are so deep that they are separated by a huge abyss. Therefore, in this life, they poured water with blood, filled the abyss into a sea of blood, and rushed to each other, but because of a barrier, they could not see the turbulent tide of each other, and they could only be flooded by their own love.

But they are so close that they have already posted.

Nearly the ink burned as if I heard the heartbeat of Chu Xiaoning, and Chu Yuning, as if I heard the breath of ink burning.

"Hey!"

I was shocked, nothing good: "Who?"

He shouted, and Chu Ningning next door was also surprised. Then he realized that the ink was really sleeping on the wall, so close to his own, that this low and hoarse voice seemed to be shouting on his pillow. of.

"..." Chu nightning could not help but pinch the fingers, and opened a pair of phoenix eyes in the dark.

"I, Xue Meng." The man outside said, "My mother said that she put me and your luggage together, you open the door, really, wait for a shower."

Eavesdropping is of course not a good thing, but Chu night would rather think that he did not eavesdrop. The board was too thin, and the room was too poorly sounded. It was Xue Meng’s too loud.

In short, he should not listen.

Chu Xianning thought this way, wrapped in a quilt and leaned against the wall.

The buzz of the bed came from the next door. After a while the door opened, and Xue Meng’s voice rang again: “Hey, how have you slept? So early?”

"I am sleepy." The ink burned a little embarrassed. "Hurry, sleep half is awakened by you, take your clothes and walk around."

"Why are you so anxious?" Xue Meng paused, and the voice brought a trace of suspiciousness. "So early, I dropped the door bolt, and I was bored in it. I told you two words and I was in a hurry. You should not It will be..."

what are you doing?

In the late night, Chu’s eyes widened, and he unconsciously thought of rubbing the edge of the lotus pond with the burnt limbs. The young man was too hot and high-spirited, and seemed to be able to take human life when he was ready to go.

A young man in his early twenties, like him, does not practice the abstinence, how many boiling magma will be hidden in his body? How long does it take to vent once? These Chu nights are all unknown, he has been ignorant for a long time, he does not understand.

Now, he wants to know a little, but it hurts his face and can't let go of his pride.

He is such a proud person, who can he ask this kind of question? I can't just pull a disciple and say, "Sorry, harassment, I want to ask the ordinary adult man, should I solve it in a few days?"

... I think that I feel perverted to be indescribable.

Of course, there is such a book related to double love and love in the life and death, but to borrow each book, you need to register and create a book. Chu nightning can't imagine the following words appear on the borrowing book:

"On the couch, the biography", "Desire of the sea"

Borrowing people, Yu Heng elder Chu late Ning.

... killed him.

The author has something to say: today has a bib

"Not a koi is the king of squid", the cat's version of the summer version of the wife, knocking cute ~~~ and the tail hahaha wants the sun he ~Q version Shizun and his mech nanny, mech people will cook Healing will also take a bath, Yuheng produced quality is guaranteed, Zhu Jun does not consider a dozen 23333 and the previous chapters of the fight master, this picture is really cool, can feel the wind flowing through the screen, feeling The sword of the teacher will be waved in the next moment! Really tap like ~ thank you wife ~~

"Shumu" wife's master swords! The color version, after the finish, the master's dignity is still there, but the Qingzheng ethos is more vivid, and there is majesty between the eyebrows, but still can't stop me from thinking about the sun. Willn't it be violently smashed by the dog?) The color matching feels very comfortable~~ There is a spring atmosphere! Hey~ Thank you, wife~~

The small theater "You know, the sexual transfer to the king's feedback on the blind man Xue Mengmeng"

Ms. Mo Weiyu: Holding the day, I feel that the matchmaker’s brain is broken. I don’t know about the relationship between the characters before the blind date. I am sitting in the cafe and drinking coffee. As a result, I see that the person who came in is my cousin, Nima. Is the rich and handsome in the mouth of the matchmaker? Hey, hahaha, sorry, my coffee sprayed him.

Miss Shi Jie, Miss: I gave him a WeChat out of courtesy, but I think I should not take the initiative to talk to him. In fact, I don’t particularly care about the height of the boy, but he is wearing a shoe that is obviously taller and more upright. I told him that his net height is one meter eight. I feel a little unacceptable... In fact, he tells the truth, I will not laugh at him. Hey, short is not a problem, but at least it must be sincere.

Miss Nan Gongsi: The old lady is a dog! ! ! After a long day, I can finally spit it out! What kind of ghost do I rely on? I just introduced the family situation in a courtesy manner. I told him that my father is the governor of Nangong. He told me to beware of fighting corruption and promoting honesty. I told him that my family opened the factory. He told me that he had recently cracked down on rectification... In the end, I didn't know to

talk to him. I was afraid of cold spots. I was thinking about talking to him about my dog. As a result, he pointed to my family's Samoyed and said to me: "This Chihuahua is very beautiful in your family. "Chihuahua your head! If you don't know animals, just shut up and don't talk! It’s hard to end this blind date, add a WeChat, and I will forget about it. result! Guess what? I sent a circle of friends to the sun, and he came to comment on me to let me save energy and reduce emissions, saying that environmental girls are the most beautiful, knocking your grandmother! I haven't sent our Weihai Fortress yet! Was he asked to comment on me: "The most beautiful girl / gun girl?" Tossed, the bar is fine, does not explain.

Miss Ye Xiexi:

It looks a bit poor, but people are fine. I don't mind going to eat him for 16 yuan. Anyway, if I don't have enough, I can ask him to go to the hotel opened by our company to have a buffet. Remember to write it on my account. Ok, two people are together. In fact, it doesn't matter who spends more money.

...but I can't stand him diss the big lady of our boss.

Drag black.

Miss Chu Yu Ning:

If I don’t look at the dessert that I haven’t finished eating at a table, when I say “My mother doesn’t like the woman on the eye”, I should leave it. Then

I thought about it, why bother and the idiot, I still finished the last strawberry milk cake and then go...

Miss Mei Hanxue:

Emmmmm, this little brother is a bit familiar, have I slept on him?

Forget it, there are too many people who have slept, and I have not impressed me for the second time. Life is too short, and I can't step into the stomach. what? Say I am too swaying? Yeah, how do you know, the grouping of my WeChat circle of friends is like this: 10cm to make fun of me, 15cm to play, 20cm to play, oh right, there is a group of "not a vulgar, amazing" I am going to marry him to this person, but I have never encountered it before, oh, I am waiting for nothing, waiting for nothing.

Xue Meng: "I will endure the rest of the people. In the end, Ms. Mei, I have trouble telling you how long it is to say 20cm. 15cm is already excellent and good, 20cm are you dreaming?"

Don't burn: "...cough, there are still some, like me..."

Xue Meng: "???"

Chapter 151

I was thinking about it, and I heard the next door burning low: "Where to see you, nothing, take your clothes and roll."

Xue Meng stunned: "I see where you are?"

Ink burning: "..."

Xue Meng stared at his cousin's face for a long time, suddenly pondering the taste, not to be confused, said: "Think of what is messy! I want to say, you closed the door and locked, it should not I would like to have a lot of people in the shower room. I want to take a shower in the room myself. You are full of thoughts! I also lean on my head!"

Chu nighting in the next room was black and black.

Full of thoughts...

Xue Meng vomited heavily, slammed the ink up and down, and then said: "I didn't think of the code. You said this is to mention me, you just can't really

be -"

"... aren't you taking a shower? So much!"

"No, I suddenly think that you are very suspicious." Seeing each other's tone is so bad, with a star fire in his black eyes, Xue Meng feels more and more wrong. "You just ran into the green building when you were weak." Walking around, but you don’t even have a little romantic affair. How suddenly did you turn your temper?"

"..." The burning of the ink seems to be somewhat silent. Chu Yuening is waiting in this silence. He actually wants to know how the ink will answer.

The longer he is silent, the more anxious he is. Why not snoring? awkward? regret? still is……

"Do you really want to know?"

The ink burned open, and the sound was angered.

Actually, there is still face anger.

Chu night Ning is amazed in his heart. He thinks Xue Meng is quite reasonable. There is no reason why you are not happy because people have dug your old one.

When the last one didn’t have time to finish, I heard the ink burned and said, “I’m tired, I’m tired, I feel boring. Ok, you can roll.”

Chu nightning: "....."

Xue Meng: "....."

After a long death, Xue Meng broke out a roar that the entire inn would have heard: "Mini rain, you are a shameless dog thing! Stinky!!"

"Come on, what do you say, go out, don't bother me to sleep."

"Don't touch me! Hate!"

"Where am I hate?"

"You, you--" Xue Meng said, a handsome face with a red face, he originally wanted to find uncomfortable with the ink burning, and the result was that he was expected to be burnt and shamelessly rebellious. I remembered that I

was twenty years old. At this age, Nangong Temple and the first beauty in the realm of the real world became pro. The four sons of Jiangdongtang were already the shackles of three children, and the Kunlun stepping snow palace that Mei Han Xue...

Mei Hanxue has not died of flowering disease.

It seems that only himself is still a child without emotion, Xue Meng feels very wrong.

He didn't grieve because of his lasciviousness. He was actually not good at all, but he felt that he was burned down in this respect. He had ten streets and eight streets, so he was very angry. If you don't mention it, if you are ashamed of it, then Xue Meng's mentality will probably be another kind, but the smoldering of a stunned face will be thrown impatiently.

"It's tired, it's enough."

Xiao Xue’s master felt that he could not bear it, and his self-esteem was hit.

He "you and you", you have been for a long time, and finally angryly sighed with ink: "It is annoying anyway, you are not a person!"

Said to slam the door and go.

Chu nightning is also a bit stunned, although he is calmer than Xue Meng after all, he heard that the burning of the ink is the heart of bullying Xue Meng, but the heart can not help but the tide of the river, can not be calm for a long time.

The word next door is too rude, and the low-drinking scorpion is like a male lion with a tangled breath in the jungle. The low roar and rough words are combined into one, like a thick hot tongs fire stick. Breaking into his heart violently.

Chu night Ning throat swayed, his eyes were gloomy and flashing.

Before the ink burned, it was because the brothel broke through the ring. Of course, he knew that the ink was not as pure as Xue Meng. It was just the previous ink burning. It was not enough to make a sigh of relief. He couldn’t help but ponder and paint it in his mind. Scene.

But at this moment, the old things are revisited, and Chu Ningning couldn’t help but think that the sturdy body that he had seen, hot, smooth, smokey and smoldering, had been with those charming, white, tender and delicate teenagers. I was lingering and swayed in the little white face of the fine skin.

He felt that he was burning again in anger, and his heart was like a feather.

In such anger and eagerness, Chu Xinning’s eyes are slightly reddish, and in the dark, the color of a sea otter...

Xue Meng went and returned.

"Open the door!"

"……what happened again?"

"Let’s quarrel with you! My clothes!"

"Take it on the table."

"Hey!" Xue Meng walked away with his clothes.

This time it was quiet, Chu nighting heard the heavy footsteps, and then the bed was snarling. He really heard the man next door lying back on the bed, he even seemed to feel The swaying of the bed supports the hot shape of the mountains.

He felt very thirsty and thought of getting a glass of water.

But he heard the ink lie down. He knew that he was getting up. That person could certainly hear the movement here, so he couldn't move, like a piece of Danxia rock with a cold and cold appearance.

Next door, the ink burning is actually a little uneasy.

The man who wants dissatisfaction always looks violent. Xue Meng has to pick this time to disturb him. One to two, there is no control, and the one who has not been ashamed of it, I don’t know if Chu Jingning heard it.

If you didn't sleep, you must have heard it...

He lay in bed, the more he wanted to regret, turned back and forth, Chu night Ning also listened to his screaming sounds in a place separated by a wall, sharing his anxiety.

After a while, Chu Xiaoning heard a low-pitched sound: "Master..."

"!"

After all, the smoldering of the smoldering was awkward and unbearable. He couldn’t help his heart, and he tried to call Chu’s late night to see if there was any reaction from Chu’s late night.

"Master, are you sleeping?"

"..."

"Can you hear it?"

Chu night, like a drum, feels that his heart is too loud, very embarrassing, so the quilt is quietly pulled over the head, trying to use a layer of quilt to cover the heartbeat that the other party could not hear.

"Master respect..."

But this quilt, the sound of ink burning is close at hand, as if they were lying on a bed, as long as the night of the night, when you open the bedding, you can see the handsome face and the naked chest, looking sideways With him, the bright, bright eyes, like a wolf-like tiger, stared at him eagerly, and swallowed him with blood.

"Can you hear me?"

When Chu Ning made up his mind and did not hear it, he naturally knew that the smoldering was so asking, he hoped that he did not hear.

Otherwise, they will meet each other tomorrow morning.

The other party screamed at him a few times, and saw that there was no movement in the night, and he sighed softly. The ink burned really thought that Chu night was asleep, and let go of his heart, but he felt a little regret.

He wants to let him know how to marry him.

But Chu would rather ignore it, he could only rub the thin wallboard that blocked the two people. First, the rough fingers rubbed the past, closed his eyes, as if he was touching the chest of the night, and then the hot lips. Paste it, gently whisper, like the lips of Chu Yunning in the proverb.

The ink burned: "Don't bother... I only want you..."

But this sound is too light, Chu nightning did not hear, he wrapped himself in the bedding, his face and heart are very hot, after a while, he heard the slamming sound of the next bed, seems to be lying The people above were very anxious and turned up angrily.

He said: "Fuck!"

Chu night Ning suddenly had an animal-like sensitivity, and he predicted that he might hear something. He felt that his hair was upside down for a

moment and he wanted to block his ears. But just the tip of the finger moved and it hangs down.

He squinted in the quilt, after a while, he heard...

He heard the low-spirited breath outside the quilt, which was rhythmic, violent and fierce. Chu’s arm had a goose bump in his arm. In such a voice, he felt that the spine was numb and soft. .

The breath of breath is so sexy, so sinful, squatting in the throat, depressed and unrestrained, he heard this voice, what else does not understand.

Chu night Ning closed his eyes, he felt uncomfortable, his lips slightly open, and some trembling.

He thought of dreams of being wet many times. In his dreams, he saw all the bodies burned and honest. So he closed his eyes, but he clearly imagined the scene outside the quilt. He felt that the ink was burning beside him, stretching his strong and strong body lying on his back, his black eyes burning, his faint luster...

(The car is driving, moving the collar)

After the release, the front of the eyes was a blur, Chu nightning did not know how he would break into the thick love network, he did not have the

strength, kneeling on the quilt, his eyes blurred, gasping low.

He is rejecting desire.

But I am willing to sink into love.

When desire and love are intertwined, **** seems to become less acceptable. Therefore, the venting of Yuliang Village, which was self-defeating, finally became no longer the same. He still felt ashamed, but the shame was ruined by the bottom of his heart and was swallowed up by comfort and excitement.

Suddenly, I was so eager, eager for the disappearance of the wooden wall, and the same sweaty ink burned through, undulating hot chest, sticking to his back, gasping, kissing his shoulder, neck.

Chu night, Ning, but lying down, he thought, if this is the case, then all this is complete.

Then he will be enough.

The next day, the ink ignited early.

Here is Linyi, the taste of the dishes is not suitable for eating, and there is no light dish in the inn. So he went to the West City to buy some ingredients and prepared to borrow some kitchen to cook some things for the teacher.

There are some men chasing people in this world, and thousands of tricks can be made out. It’s not an exaggeration for a full meal, but as long as you can’t catch it, you can turn your hands and turn around. There are so many beautiful people in the world. It’s impossible to spend more than half a thought on the subject.

But the ink burns differently.

He chased the teacher and spent two lifetimes.

Now that I understand my own mind, I also know that I can never have more friendships with the masters and apprentices in my life, but he is still willing and willing to be better than Chu.

Knowing that it can't be done, this point, after his death, he has not changed.

"The son, come out to buy food so early, look at this radish, buy a little go? You can be watery."

"The son, the jewelry here, the handkerchief necklace, the head flower, whatever, the craft is good."

"Come on, take a look, all kinds of spiritual stones, tempered weapons are essential, come and come -"

The ink burned originally intended to buy the food and left, but he took a basket full of Dangdang, passed through a grocery store, and saw a pile of beautiful small pieces on the table. His gaze was attracted by one of the things, and he unknowingly walked over and stopped at the counter.

There was a man standing there, wearing a hood, and looking at the dazzling array of merchants.

The man raised his hand, under the black sleeves, revealing a very pale, extremely delicate and beautiful five fingers, because these five squirrels like fingers, ink burned to notice this person.

He looked at his body and thought it was a man, but he saw the hand and felt like a woman.

So he turned his head and looked at the person's face with some curiosity, but only saw the black gauze covering, only revealing a pair of cold and cold eyes, and the eyes were also covered in the shadow of the big cap of the cloak, the sly is not so clear. .

The two looked at each other and the ink burned habitually at him.

The man withdrew his hand, which was originally intended to touch a piece of Lingshi before the booth. The smoldering light saw his thumb wearing a ring.

Silver snake pattern, scales are sturdy.

Suddenly, he felt that the serpentine on the ring was familiar. When he looked at it again, the man had already taken his hand back into the wide sleeve. He did not salty and glanced at the ink, and then turned away and left. .

"It's a weird..." Mo-burned muttered. However, the Confucian monk is overjoyed, and the wedding posts are widely distributed. Recently, it is true that some strange characters are going to Linyi. This kind of body is covered by the cloak, but it is actually nothing.

At this time, the ink burned and heard the back door of the small shop ringing, the curtains picked up, and the proprietress came out from inside.

The ink burned the black man's things behind him, smiled and pointed to one of the same spirits, and asked: "The boss, this, how to sell?"

Chapter 152

The proprietress just released the door bolt and yawned and lazily stretched out to prepare for business. She was sleepy, suddenly seeing the bright morning light, a tall and handsome man stood at the door of her shop, obviously a sturdy, straight and loose posture, should be equipped with a sword, a knife, walked coldly through the market No one is jealous.

But this handsome man, smiled and smiled, the cheek vortex was light, and the eyelashes were thick and gentle.

In the arms, still holding a bamboo basket, the basket is not a spiritual stone, not a magic scroll, but a basket of fresh fruits and vegetables, apple red, radish white fat, lettuce green onions and green leaves to explore, the top of the dew crystal drops.

Lined with his handsome face.

The boss yawned half of the yawn and froze like this, staring at the scene of the blood and tenderness in front of her eyes, squinting, and returning to God for a long time.

"The boss wife?"

"Hey, what does Xianjun want?"

"Just this." Ink burned a pair of light red spar pendants, "How to sell?"

"The son has a good eye. This pair of pendants is made of a good dragon blood crystal. It was carved by the craftsmen of Kunlun Palace. Although the materials are not expensive, the sinkers themselves are very strange. Dragon blood crystals, the son must know, will The wearer's body temperature rises and turns red..."

The proprietress said that she smiled here; "Since Xianjun is a pair, it should be a one who wants to be with the double repairer? I don't know which Xiangu is so blessed and can climb you. When you buy a pendant, you can't lose it. Go back and wear it. When you double-build it, you can have fun."

The original burning of the sinker, I only think that the dragon blood crystal is a good good product for warming the cold body. The night of the night is rather cold, and it is better to wear the cold.

But listening to the boss said, the heart can not help but move, thinking of the night of the night, the feeling of the pendant is fascinating, the pendant is bright red because of the owner's high body temperature, like the **** beads on the tip of the knife.

He coughed softly: "Let's do this, wrap it for me."

In order not to let Chu Xi Ning feel strange, the ink burned Xue Meng, Xue Zhengyi and Mrs. Wang also bought a gift. After returning to the inn, he put down the miscellaneous things, and found the wrapped dragon blood from the clothes. The small paper bag of the stone, the drop-shaped pendant lying on the head has become blushing because of his body temperature, he picked one left and the other hung around his neck...

After doing this, he finished the whole coat and made sure that the sinker would not be exposed, and then picked up the rest and repacked it.

He touched his mouth and felt that his heart beat a little faster. The ridiculous things of the past life have been experienced. Now, for the sake of this intimacy hidden under the clothes, he can’t help but feel surprised.

"Give me?"

When eating, Xue Meng took the ink spike to his sword, revealing a ghostly expression.

"What do you give me this? You should not be for yesterday, would you like to apologize to me?"

When I mentioned the last night, the ink burned because I didn’t know that Chu Ning was awake at the time, and it was quite calm, and it didn’t move at all.

However, Chu Xiaoning was a little bit uncomfortable. He picked up the tea cup in front of him, his throat twitching, and concealed a few mouthfuls of herbal tea, which only picked up the look on his face.

Ink burning and Xue Meng smiled: "What do you think, you are the first to provoke me. This is what I think is good-looking, I just bought it and gave it to you."

He paused and said: "It's rare to come out together, always buy something. I bought it for Master and my uncle. They are all little things, not worth a few dollars."

"Do we have it too?" Mrs. Wang looked surprised.

"The aunt's box is the agarwood powder box, and the uncle's is the folding fan pendant." The ink burned, presented a gift, and finally gave the dragon blood spar to Chu Yuning. "There is this, it is the master."

"……what?"

"A pendant." The palm of the hand is hot and hot, and some are sweaty. "Dragon blood spar can drive the cold. Linyi is rich in this kind of stone, and buy it to warm the body."

Chu Yuning took over, this stone is not expensive, but it is very useful. He said: "Thank you."

"Don't thank, the teacher is wearing a donkey?"

Chu nightning looked at the ink, but did not see the intimate and awkward selfishness of the ink, naturally put it in the neck. The light red spar glowed brightly, Xue Meng groaned, and couldn't help but say: "Good-looking, this is good, better than my sword spike. Where did you buy it? I also want to get a wearer."

Ink burning: "No, there is only one on the whole stall. I still want it, I can't buy it."

Xue Meng was disappointed, picked up his own sword and looked at it, and turned his head to look at the dragon blood spar between the night of Ning, and muttered: "...I don't believe it, anyway, this thing is more, wait until now. Confucianism, I am going to ask Nangong, he must be a lot, piled up like a mountain..."

I didn’t care about him, but I took advantage of Chu’s late night. When I saw the night, I put on the pendant, but I didn’t put the meat in it. Instead, I

hung it outside the clothes. I couldn’t help but feel anxious. I for a while, I couldn’t hold back. Said: "Master, this pendant is not hanging outside."

"Ok?"

"It's going to be inside you," he said, looking around and trying to help Chu Yuning to collect the sinker. He was too close, and he breathed the ear of Chu-Ning's ear. Late Ning pushed away.

Chu night, low-lying, low-pitched, his face is very cold, but the ink burned this time carefully, he saw Chu Yuning's ear edge with a layer of jellyfish red, both pitiful and cute, let people I couldn't help but want to kiss me, put the trembling petals in my mouth and suck.

The ink burned a little surprised, he was thinking, why did Chu nightning blush?

I don’t seem to have done anything too much. If it is to help him play with the pendant, it’s not awkward...

Think about it carefully, think of the sentence just said.

"It's going to be inside you."

The ink burned the whiskers and the face rose red. If his skin is much darker than the night, he is afraid that it will be more obvious than the late night.

He swears that he only said this sentence, really did not want a pun...

He immediately felt wrong, and he did not think about it. He would like to be so arrogant.

The ink burns and is puzzling. Until Chu night, with his ears in his ears, his face sullen, and he put the pendant into the plaque without saying a word, he did not think of it.

Last night, a three-finger wide wooden wall made Teng Xianjun miss too many wonderful things. He missed the spring and the green, and missed a late night with a **** flesh and a sorrowful feeling. He didn't know anything about what happened on the bed between the walls, so he certainly wouldn't understand that at this moment, Chu Ning was still wrapped in the muddy yesterday, swaying for love and shaming for love. , sensitive to **** desires.

Because of that dream, because of the hot and cold bed in his dreams, because of the thought that he did not want to be discovered, he would be uncharacteristic and think of this simple and simple sentence.

Chu Xiaoning looked up at him and felt that his heart was a little hot. Yesterday’s evil fire still did not completely fade away. He reached out -

The girders of the teapot were held by the ink.

"Less drink a little, this tea is cold and hurts the stomach."

"..." Chu night quietly silent, looking at him, his hand still stretched out, indicating that he wanted to drink herbal tea.

"I am going to give you a cup of hot."

"No need to……"

But the ink burned has gone to the shopkeeper. After a while, he took a pot of freshly brewed hot tea and poured a cup to Chu Yuning: "Master drink this."

"Yeah, Yuheng, you drink hot tea, cold is not good, really hurts."

Chu night, no way, can only take the cup of hot tea, blowing, but did not drink, put it at hand.

His heart is already very hot.

When it heats up again, he is afraid that the last layer of thin ice in his eyes will also be destroyed. When the boundless spring water overflows, he will look up and stare at him, and he will no longer be able to hide his thoughts.

Then where is the face of his Beidou Xianzun?

The group used it too early. When preparing to leave the store, a group of people came in outside.

The head of the cloak with a light blue grass and a thick cloak, covering his face, looked very low-key and would not be noticed in the crowd, but he entered the inn and saw Xue Zhengyi, but took the initiative to come over. The rules and regulations are a must.

"Shu Bo is good."

"you are……"

The man saw the cloak hat, Xue Meng saw, "ah", and stepped back, Xue Zhengyi smiled: "Oh, is this not snow?"

Mei Hanxue raised his face. His skin was white and high in nose, his eyebrows were distinct, and his throat was deep. There was a kind of

handsome and beautiful beauty that was clearly different from everyone. Moreover, this person's skin is very good, even though the house is dim, it still emits a faint glare, perhaps because he grew up in the cold and cold Kunlun snow. His eyebrows are soaked with frost and snow, which is both clear and transparent. Lonely high.

All in all, looking at his temperament, no one believes that he is the flower of the world, the plum blossoms.

"There is something in the palace. I came here today. I didn't expect to meet Xue's uncle here." Mei Hanxue was too cold, although he smiled politely, his eyes were light, and he was cool. Qi, "Small scorpion will come to ask my uncle and my aunt."

"It’s very good, very good, oh, it’s good if you have such a courtesy."

Unexpectedly, Xue Meng listened to this sentence, but he was not happy. He kept his eyes on the back and launched a small poison arrow to Mei Hanxue. One was more evil than a poke.

He thought, this grandson of Mei Hanxue! A set of people in front of the set! Obviously, it was a stinking rogue that was not eaten by men and women. When I first reached out to touch his waist in Taohuayuan, now standing in front of the elders, but a serious and desperate desire to be like a sorghum, this guy can really play!

Mei Hanxue did not even look at his childhood playmate, only his eyebrows and eyes were narrow, and even the opening and closing of his lips was not large. He was extremely disciplined: "The uncle said, laughing, Xue Gongzi’s pride is Lingshan. The first leader of the conference, naturally, he has something extraordinary."

"Yeah, hey, this guy is my defeat?"

"Menger..." Mrs. Wang was quite embarrassed, and reached out to pull Xuemeng. This violent phoenix was finally screaming, but she still braved the fire in her nostrils.

Mei Hanxue said: "Is the uncle going to the Confucian Gate?"

"The time is almost the same. It doesn't matter if I used to go earlier. Anyway, the most bad thing about Nangong Liu is the room. He doesn't say that one month before and after the wedding, is there a whole city of Confucianism to give guests a foot?" Xue Zhengyi Laughing, "Let's go through it first, so that the younger generations can get more contact with each other."

Speaking of Xue Meng, the meaning of the words is to give Xue Meng to find a daughter-in-law.

Xue Meng: "..."

"Does snow not go directly to the Confucianism Gate?"

"The palace owner has explained some things and wants to buy a lot of Lingshi back, so I will stay in the vicinity of Yucheng for a few more days, and I will have time to go before the big day."

Xue Meng whispered: "You are obviously afraid that you have passed away. The girls who are disappointed by you in the famous school are playing with you and playing you as a dog."

The ink burns the tip of the ear and smiles: "What do you say about Meng Meng? What dog?"

"..."

Xue Meng snorted and hugged his arms: "Nothing, I am thinking of the law."

"Oh, what you are afraid of is the method of folding the plum."

"You talk again!!"

Mei Hanxue listened to them and you said one sentence, and finally looked at them. Xue Meng’s eyes were on him, and suddenly he was slightly stunned.

He felt that something was wrong. This plum was strangely snowy. He obviously saw him in Taohuayuan last time. The grandson’s eyes were filled with peach blossoms. The eyes were like laughing when they were angry.

But in front of this person, don't talk about peach blossoms in the eyes, not even the silk waves, the whole is cool, neat, abstinence, these eyes, as if laughing, are angry.

Xue Meng blinked, and for a moment, when he thought of the Battle of the Sky, Mei Xuexue took the snow palace disciples to help, and in front of everyone, it was also a human-like dog, and could not help but be furious. How can this guy play like this? Why are you doing this? It’s a human face! Sven scum!

"Hey, Menger, where are you going?"

"The room is too stuffy! I am going outside to wait for you, talk about you and come out again!" Xue Meng said, striding to the door, a curtain, anger went out, the arrogant son is really wronged.

He was puzzled, and the house was full of scum smell. How did he get rid of him except him?

Good luck!

The author has something to say: I didn't get on the bus yesterday and remember to get on the bus. After half an hour, Weibo deleted it~

Bib Eddie: Meat Devil

Today, the bib has: "Zhudao 14" wife's master single, low-lying gaze at this angle the most poke people ~ ~ happy to hold the face circle ~ 哎嘿嘿, tap soft and beautiful, like to write some The story of the young version of the teacher respect ~ ~ thank you wife!

"94 is not 7" Mrs. Song Qiutong's sister, beautiful enchanting 嗷嗷嗷~ Song sister was ruthlessly abandoned after the assistant lady was on the line. Finally, she was cute and painted her. Song sister shed tears of relief, thank you wife~

"The moon red maple" wife's dog x master, is the story of the spring festival, the wife also wrote a poem himself, give me a knife early in the morning, the mood is beautiful ~ my heart is hurt every day Hahaha~ Thank you wife~

"The coffin" wife's dog x master respects the color version, the finish is more abuse than the colorless, and it hurts my brain. I want to say that the

expression of the fish is full, everything is not at all In the middle, I have my heart QAQ thank you wife~

"Ming Zhi Lian L" wife's cat version of the master, want to leave the teacher's cat beard, even if the cat is still so powerful and handsome, really want to make people feel hug, But I am afraid of being scratched~ It’s really good to paint~ Thank you, my wife~

"Twenty-four ghosts" wife's mentoring and four-person group, the teacher slammed and looked good, the teacher respected and knocked good-looking, the dog's mouth was covered with a love, so cute hahaha~~ a little curious for the other three The individual is orange, the dog is green, my wife, do you want a green dog! Hahaha~ Crab Crab~

Xue Mengmeng: Mei Hanxue, why are you fine?

Mei Hanxue: You guess, there is a prize in the guess.

Xue Mengmeng: What is rewarded?

Mei Hanxue: Qin Huai Qing Lou vip gold membership card, the young lady in the 18 martial arts all-in-one proficiency, guaranteed to let you out after the high-spirited, confidence multiplier, from now on in front of your cousin to look up.

Xue Mengmeng: ...you tm is old / 鸨吧==

Thank you for changing people today~

Chapter 153

Gas is returning to the air, the road still has to catch up.

After bidding farewell to Mei Hanxue, they went from the city to the city, and spent more than half an hour, finally came to the world's first big school - Linyi Confucianism.

From the name, you can understand that the Confucianism is based on Linyi. In this city, there are 72 large and small ancestral temples. Because the mansion is too big, from the front door to the back door, you need a meal for horse riding. Time, so these houses are simply called "City". The 72 cities of Confucianism have their own functions, and the system is clearly defined. . Rao is Xue Meng, who is disgusted with the upper bounds in the bones. When he stood at the gate of the city, he could not help but shake.

Tian Huanggui gnome Fengmen.

This statement is really true.

They came to the main city, which is the largest city of the Confucianism Gate. The white wall is covered with tiles. It is connected to the sky, the

four corners of the building, and the north and southwest sides are surrounded by stars and stone. The main city gate is painted red and stretched. The car and the road that came out were five feet wide, and the long road that looked at the end of the road was covered with the finest refining stones. Nothing was needed to bring this kind of stone, just stand on the head and gather the spirit. Force, although not a lot of collection, but the truth of gathering sand into a tower everyone knows, so each of these stones can be sold for more than a thousand dollars.

Xue Zhengyi sighed: "It’s good to have money..."

Mrs. Wang laughed: "Would you like to have a refining road in the dead?"

"No, I have a square in each village in the Xiujian area. This stone is full of spirits. Generally, the little devils are afraid to come close. If you can shop one in each village, you will encounter the demon, and our disciples can’t catch up. At that time, I can hide and hide." Xue Zheng squatted, licking his fingers and calculating his mind, shook his head. "It's a pity that I can't afford it."

Xue Meng listened and sighed: "The sorrow of death, oh, a little poor."

"Yeah." Xue Zhengyi nodded like a garlic. "I also practiced the same way. I don't know where the Confucian Gate came so much."

At this time, Chu Evening, who had never heard anything, spoke: "The Lord knows that the ordinary disciples of the Confucianism Gate are

demonized, how much is the two people entrusted?"

"I didn't ask about it, how much?"

Chu nightning extended four fingers.

"Four hundred silver?" Xue Zhengyi widened his eyes. "So expensive?"

Chu night Ningdao: "Four thousand gold."

"....."

"The wealthy merchants in the upper bounds are many, and it is easy for the Confucianism to come to the money. To honor the Lord’s entrustment of 80 silver, how can they catch up with them? What's more, sometimes the Lord does not take the text." Said, his eyes are very soft, "Go, go to the city."

The sects of the sects are often very disciplined. The ceremonial department of the Confucianism Gates waited at the gates of the city for these days. Although they smiled at everyone, what kind of guests came, how much they were, but the heart was clear.

After a small repair of a FIT, they will accompany them to visit and then take them to their homes. Some small sects of status will be led to see the elders of the Lord, and will be received by the elders.

As for the shackles of the top ten sects, the Confucianism is not on the shelf, and they are asked to rest in the warm room. When the Confucian door is in the middle of the house, they will come to the warmth to meet the VIPs.

In the warm pavilion, there is a strong scent of dragon scent, and the soft carpet can be almost trapped in half a foot. The pavilion is filled with delicate camellia, eight different colors of the same plant, that is called the Eight Immortals crossing the sea, the white petals are a little bit Blushing, it is wrapped in red makeup, the petals are stained with red veins, it is leaning on the bar, these Xue Zhengxi do not understand, but Mrs. Wang understands that each of the books here is absolutely Good top grade.

Xue Meng did not understand, see one of the white mountain tea open charm, soft petal body with a pair of black star spots, feel fun, reach out and touch.

Chu nightning said: "Don't move."

"why?"

Chu nightning did not speak, just shook his head, and Mrs. Wang sighed and said: "The treasures are charming, so one can sell 10,000 gold."

"..." Xue Meng's face was ironed and the hand was retracted, and then sat in the cushioned chair.

He thought of the ranking book he had seen in the book stall. At that time, he was angry because he did not have himself in the top 100 young people in the realm of comprehension. At the moment, he felt that the book would not deceive him.

On his forehead, he printed a **** word:

poor.

But then again, the book doesn't know where to go. He hasn't had time to finish it, he lost it...

After a while, the curtains of the red coral freshwater pearls creaked, and the two delicate and graceful women’s dresses, the snowy scented clothes of the Confucianist door, floated to the left and right, and picked up the bead curtain. Coveted and knees, the sound is like a sputum.

"The head is coming to Xianjun."

The voice fell, a 40-year-old man smiled and stepped into the door. He looked plain, some books were angry, it was an ordinary appearance that was thrown into the pile of people and immediately drowned. In addition to the very white birth, there seems to be nothing. A remarkable place.

But as soon as he spoke, the ink that sat there drinking tea almost didn't spray the tea out—

"Oh, Xuezhangmen, Xuezhangmen, the district hopes the stars, the moon, every day, I hope that you can come to the Confucianism Gate earlier, you see, you are here, heroic, imposing, heroes of the world, Who can get along! It’s so good, the house is full of enthusiasm! Good! Good! Good!”

Xue Meng: "....."

Ink burning: "....."

In the face of the first party in the world, facing the top ten deaths of the top ten sects, it was spared no effort, big awards, three consecutive "good!", a louder than a loud, a louder than a loud.

He is so eager to praise Xue Zhengxuan, Xue Zhengyi is of course very useful, smiled and said: "Where, the head of Nangong is really polite."

"It's not polite, the district is sincerely envious of Xue Zhangmen, Xuezhangmen generation Yingjie, prestige, preaching, and then looking at the district, people are not interested in middle-aged, it is a dead body, empty fat, really self-proclaimed Not as good as it is."

Nan Gongliu said that the hot entanglement, Xue Zhengyi originally wanted to marry, but the peacock tail could not hold back, and some unfolded: "Don't dare to be, don't dare to be, haha, hahahaha, the head of Nangong is too modest."

In the past, when the ink burned, he did not deal with Nangong Liu. When the Turu Fengmen, the man quickly ran away. The ink was too lazy to pay attention to such a miscellaneous fish, and he did not die in the end. I still escaped and went out to hide my name for the rest of my life.

For the first time in his life, he was so close to Nangong Liu, but when he looked at his tone, he didn't like it, and he lowered his voice: "It turns out that the head of the world's first faction is wonderful."

Xue Meng heard it, and it was hard to agree with him. He whispered: "Yes, you see him open his mouth. It is really a tongue and a lotus flower. I can’t smell the flowers in the house. Oh, only Nangong Liu The sweetness of the mouth."

Nangong Liu boasted the old, and boasted.

"Hey, this is not the pride of the sky, Xiao Xuegongzi?"

The poor and the young master Xue Meng, people are not short.

He did not salty and arched his hand: "The head of the Nangong."

"It’s a hero, a young boy, handsome! Awesome! Look at this nose, this eyes, oh, spirit! Sure enough, the tiger father has no dogs!"

Xue Meng: "....."

Nangong Liu Huitou said to Xue Zhengyi: "Xue brother, the district is really smashing you, look, look at today, which son has a half-inch spirit of Ling Lang! To say me, a big comprehension, so many young leaders If the lang is called the second, then no one can call the first!"

Xue Meng was still standing, and he hated him, but Nan Gongliu did not seem to see the alienation of Xue Meng’s face. He sang a basket of enthusiasm and sighed his brain to Xue Meng, and took a good little Xue Gongzi. They all fainted, and in the end they even showed a smile.

When he whispered again to talk with the ink, he said: "Cough, this Nangong head, although exaggerated, but it is a big truth."

"What is the truth?" The ink burned funny and squinted at him. "You say that you are the second in the world, no one dares to call the first?"

"What's wrong, I am the Lingshan Conference..."

"That is the game. Many of the scattered trainings are not involved. Do you think that Yingjie in the world can really compete in that small stadium?"

"....." Xue Meng's face turned red. After a while, he did not hesitate. "Forget it, know that you envy me."

If it is young, the ink will inevitably have to laugh at him again, but now that the words are on the lips, I feel that Xue Meng is arrogant and narcissistic about this temper, and there is something to fight for, so he nodded and smiled: "Well, envy you, you are the best."

However, when I looked up at Nangong Liu, the smile at the bottom of my eyes was absorbed.

There are many kinds of wicked people in this world. Some people can’t go wrong, sin can go through the sky, and all the world can’t wait for it, and it’s quick after killing.

But some people, that can be awesome, they rely on the three-inch tongue, the ability to slap the horse, clearly rotten into the bones, but not despised

by everyone.

The past life is the first kind of person, but what he hates most is not the good people in the world who are against him. He does not hate Mei Xuexue, does not hate Xue Meng, and he even admire Ye Yexi Shi, poor leaves forget.

He hates Nangong Liu most, and as long as there is a point to use, he will lie on the ground and lick the acne.

Damn, awkward.

Since the Nangong Liujin came, Chu Yuening has been standing by the window, watching the Jingfu door house outside neat and magnificent.

The high place was in a hurry, and the soft curtains covered by the window blew for a while. Chu night was standing in the raft, and the face of Nangong Liu’s face was so hot that he was condensed and quickly packed up and walked toward the window. go with.

"Chu Zongshi..."

Chu Xiaoning did not look at him, and looked faint. He said: "The head of Nangong, between you and me, is known to know the bottom."

The soft scent of spring water was moved to his face by the east wind, causing him to be impatient. He raised his hand and slammed against the annoying thing, faintly said: "You don't have to Greetings."

Nangong Liu smiled and said: "There is no other meaning in the district. I thought that I haven’t met with the master for many years. I would like to greet him. That’s all. Master, why should you reject people thousands of miles away?”

"I came to Nangong." Chu Yuening still did not turn his head. "Not for you."

"When you see you, you will be very happy. Although you didn't accept him as a disciple, you have an enlightenment for him. After you leave, he often tells me to miss you."

"..."

Seeing that Chu Ning finally did not say anything, Nan Gong Liu said: "Zong Shi, when you are in the shadow of the butterfly, you go to justice and make the world admire. Later, you got the master of sin and saved, returning to Yuanyang, but you must still Didn't recover? Confucianism has specially prepared twenty of the best souls for you, for the world's fairy, to express your heart to the master, and also ask the master to accept -"

"Nan Gong Liu."

Chu Xiaoning finally looked back at him, but the name in his mouth has changed. He withdrew his arm against the scented yarn and turned around, and the figure seemed to melt into the vast sky.

He is like a flame, his eyes are cold and frosty, his eyes are extremely gloomy.

"Don't leave me under the heights, a Confucian door in the district, how can I thank the world's fairy? Who gave you the face."

"..." Nangong Liuzui Jiao pumped, and the face laughed and finally did not fall, half smiled. "You see why this is why..."

Xue Zhengyi knows that the relationship between Chu and Ningliu is not good, and the entire comprehension community is clear. When Chu Xiening was fifteen years old, Nangong Liu worshipped him as a guest, good and good, and served like God, but In a few years, Chu night Ning suddenly turned to the face of the Confucianism Hall and Nangong Liu. Two people, you said a word, what is the "Golden Pool", "Shenwu", "the requirements of the bottom of the lake" and "moral" "Long illness", "Mrs." Anyway, people are also confused.

But everyone knows that Chu Yuening was finally furious and took the case.

"He was under Lu Wanjin at that time. He had more than a thousand pieces of Lingshi Lingfu every month, but he didn't take it. Don't take it. He stood in front of the temple, untied his waist and squandered all the money, and then returned all his money. When he did not pick up the place to worship the guest, Nangong Liu gave him the best master Yuguan, scattered long hair, and returned the jade crown to the Confucius Gate.

- This is the bridge section of many of the story-tellers who are talking about it.

"Nan Gongliu was ugly, but he still tried to make a round, so he said to Chu Zongshi: 'Xian Chang has been working for this door for so long. Even if he wants to go, the money to be settled is still to be settled. Confucianism does not want to fall. A cheap tongue.'

Chu Zongshi said: "In the past, I used to live in front of the temple, only to report the lady's meal. Now that my wife has passed away, your faction is at odds with me, and I have no intention of staying. Silver money is not necessary, I am ashamed to eat Jun. ‘The words turned around and turned away from the Confucianism. ”

Xue Zhengyi originally thought that Mr. Shuo was exaggerating the facts. Therefore, he tried to ask how the Confucianism of the late night of Chu had offended him, but he did not like to talk about people behind his back, so he only shook his head and never speak.

But now, it seems that Mr. Shuo’s words may be worthwhile.

Mrs. Wang saw the atmosphere stale, could not help but come out to play the round field, softly said: "Elder Yu Yu, you do not want to be angry, how can you be mad?" and turned to Nangong Liu, a tribute, "Namong Xianjun, your Good intentions, we have received it, but there is no shortage of Lingshizhen medicine for your life and death, and we can’t accept your soul.

"...haha, my wife said it is good, it is a district that considers a week." Nangong Liu picked up a step, and he was as good as a runner. "Yuheng elders, offended, please don't go to the elders."

The ink burned aside and looked at the heart. This person was stunned by the teacher with a cold face, but he could still laugh so calmly and really.

Thinking about it, I bowed my head and drank the sunshine tea in the mouth.

Whoever thought it was the time when he was drinking tea, and Nangong Liu smiled and came to him.

The author has something to say: the name and appearance of the camellia flower, and the introduction of Jin Yong's "Tianlong Ba Bu" twelfth "Don't get drunk", it is hereby affirmed.

The scarf was issued with 151 chapters of the removed meat. I didn't have time to get on the car. I went to eat it early, and I deleted it tomorrow. I was afraid of being reported color/love po main == hahahaha~

Today’s bib has

"Boss" Miss Sister's dog walks, comes with bgm's illustration, it is static but especially dynamic, the dog's eyes and the leaves in the mouth are great, cool, don't want, good ! Crab crab lady~

"Not the koi is the squid king" Miss Xue Meng, the handsome and the ruined innocent, this straight man I want, whoever yells with me, laughs really is a ghost! Crab crab lady~

"Mr. Grass Ball" Miss Sister's... Meat... God! Really god! I saw that she told me that there was meat, so I looked at it eagerly, then I got on a fake car that never looked back, hahaha, laughing, I rolled down from the bed~ Mrs. Crab~

"Twenty-four ghosts" Miss Sister's young dog, warm and soft, softly tapping cute~~ I also want to wear cotton jackets~ I feel the sun is coming in~ Crabs and crabs~

"Qindao 14" Miss sister's juvenile version of the teacher, very handsome ~ cat ears soft and want to touch ~ 嘿嘿 ~ just and today also to talk about the mouth of the book, talked about the past of the young master ~ crab Wife~

"94 is not 7" Miss sister's dog x teacher respects Honglian water 榭 memories illustration, grateful grateful ~ knocking love you ~ ~ In fact, the red lotus otter is really a dog and dog, not right, a big robbery in life, Crab crab lady~

"Frost flower and a sword" Miss Sister's leaves are forgotten, the small leaves are so mischievous, the Nangong 驷 your conscience will not hurt! For your behavior of animals, I just want to say a word: bring me [doge]~ beautiful and beautiful, Ye Gongzi 2333~ Crabs and crabs~

There is only one sentence in today’s small theater:

[Straight male Xuemeng is a brick, where is the lack of where to move]

Chapter 154

This is very bad. This room, after Nangong Liu came in, Mrs. Wang, Xue Meng, Xue Zhengyi, immediately got up and treated each other with courtesy.

But Chu Xi Ning did not have this mood, so he was still standing by the window.

The ink burns, the Confucianist door for his life is a smashed sect by him, even if the appearance is glamorous, he knows that there is only one piece of sand in the bottom, nothing to be awesome. However, he did not really want to give Nangong Liu the embarrassing meaning, just got used to it, so he never thought of standing up.

This scene is weird.

As a master and an elder, Nangong Liu Yan, smiling with a smile, not angry, his face is still full of steaming familiarity.

As a guest and a younger generation, the lazy sitting posture of the ink was caught. He stood with his legs and leaned against the chair of the Taishi. He still had a cup of hot tea in his hand.

Xue Zhengxuan did not pay attention to the action of ink burning. At this time, he turned back and could not help but be embarrassed.

This ink is too unruly!

"This is... In recent years, the famous Mo Zongshi."

The ink did not drink, and covered the lid and raised his eyes: "Yes."

"It’s really a hero -"

The ink burned him and interrupted him. He smiled and said: "Namong Xianjun, the hero has a young boy. You have already used it on my cousin. Don't use it on me?"

He has a gentle tone and a gentle smile, which seems to be very polite. But what he said was a little bit rude. He didn't even stand up. After he finished this sentence, he restarted the tea pot. The celadon cover scraped the edge of the cup and then opened the misty mist. .

Dangling thick and long eyelashes, put your eyes on it, and drank the tea slowly.

He is young, handsome, tall and calm, and the posture is as if he is the mainstay of this Confucianism, the person standing at the peak of the whole comprehension, and Nangong Liu, but he is the next dog.

"Haha, the Mo Zong teacher said that it is good, it is only a shallow area, and I can't think of a better wording, so --"

"Where is it." The ink burned down the tea pot and raised the smile. "Nan Gong Xianjun has entered the room since he entered the house. If you say good things, you can say that if you can't talk, who can say it?" ?"

"Oh, the praise of Mo Zongshi, the district can not dare to act."

"Who said that I am complimenting you." A pair of black and bright scorpions looked at him and smiled. "It is not necessarily a good thing to talk too much."

Xue Zhengyi couldn’t stand it anymore, he whispered his voice: "Fire children!!"

In his view, Chu Xiaoning and Nangong Liu’s face are still excusable, at least for the antecedents, Chu Yuning also has this identity, but the ink burns...

The ink burned but did not pay attention to Xue Zhengyi, but to Nangong Liudao: "These compliments, Nangong Xianjun still keep talking to other younger generations, I am a rough person, I don't understand, I don't want to listen."

Xue Zhengyi: "....."

Of course, ink burning knows that he is doing this, and his uncle will not be happy, but he does not regret it.

There are too many disgusting people in the world. Chu night is very angry and tempered. He is always willing to be the first bird. When I was demonized in Luo's Fibre House a long time ago, Chu Xiening would insult a weak woman because of Chen's family. Regardless of her own reputation, she would open the skin of Chen, who is the client.

Chu, Ning Mingming did not do anything wrong, but he was always slandered by other people, saying that he was "cold-blooded" and that he was "deliberately guilty" and that he was "not close to human feelings."

Mo-burning does not want people to say that his master respects "no number of gifts."

Therefore, he would rather be more outrageous than Chu’s late night, and he would be even more overcrowded. He only used such a stupid way to protect Chu’s lateness behind him. Therefore, in this room, all three people

received the flattery and kindness of Nangong Liu from the etiquette, but there was no ink.

This is not a temporary rise. Since he knew it, it was Chu Yuning who carried him and climbed back from the sea of corpse. Since he saw, the sorrow of Meng Potang, the bowl of hand. Since he went to the depths of **** and rescued Chu Ningning, he swore

As long as Chu Ning is still willing, he has always stood with Chu Yuning.

Nangong Liu Yilian touched twice, and changed to be the head of another family. He had already been furious and rushed.

Can Nangong Liu did not, he only did nothing happen, and he said a few words with Xue Zhengyi, and he was very embarrassed by Xue Zhengyi. He pulled the Nangong Liu to the side and apologized. Said that he is not in charge of discipline.

Nangong Liu smiled and said: "Oh, young people, who is not bloody? I think Mo Zongshi is really a temper, very good."

After seeing Nangong Liu, the disciples of Confucianism led a group of people to go to other hospitals.

The ink burned all the way, and Xue Meng turned to look at him: "You shouldn't just be a German, just cursed by the head of the Nangong..."

"Go and go, you are cursed." The ink sighed with tears in his eyes. "I... Auntie, I can't smell too heavy incense, just the house - Auntie! The spice is really too... Oh! Too..."

"It's too bad."

"Ah, the teacher - Auntie - respect."

Chu night Ning handed a handkerchief to him, and frowned and dismissed: "Scratch, no look."

The ink burned with tears, and smiled and picked up the handkerchief embroidered with Begonia flowers: "I still feel sorry for me, thank you Master."

Chu Xiaoning was said to be a bit embarrassed by him: "Who hurts you."

"Yes!" Xue Meng refused to accept the air. "Whoever hurts you, the most distressed teacher is me!"

The ink burns a little contempt: "How old are you still more than people." Turning to the hand in his hand, the color is correct. "Look, the master promised to embroider a piece of the same before, do you have it? ?"

"..." Chu night Ning smashed the handkerchief and screamed, "Mini rain!"

Xue Meng listened to the first glimpse, and then angered: "Ghosts believe that Master will give you an embroidered handkerchief, daydreaming is not what you do, stinking."

The group of people spoke and came to the other hospital where Nangong Liu arranged for them. There were four entrances in the other house. Mrs. Xue Zhengyi’s wife entered, and the other three went into each other. The winding path in the courtyard was quiet, and the flowers were shadowy. The sound of turbulent water is endless, and the end is elegant and chic.

But the smoldering was just fine. As a result, it was the yard that I wanted to live in. The whole person was stunned. In the meantime, the eyes were unconsciously covered with a layer of ashes, and then they followed the crowd into the courtyard. When it comes to bricks and tiles, the mood is getting more and more depressed.

This is a place where the Confucianism of the previous life, which left a deep impression on him.

At this time, he was no longer able to think about it. If it wasn’t for his life, he would change his life, maybe he would still go to the old road and

become the emperor, so when he came to this time, he should also be worth millions. Chess pieces, will be a generation of famous doors for the scorched earth. Thinking about this, I couldn’t help but be cold and sweaty. For a time, thousands of people rushed to the chest.

The ink burned closed his eyes, and he could hold back his emotions. It was no longer a young boy with a sharp heart, so no one saw the haze in his heart.

They each went back to the room to rest, and the ink burned in front of the other hospital that was reserved for them. They held hands for a while, but did not push the door in.

The maids in the yard were a little nervous, and asked carefully: "Is Xianjun dissatisfied with this room?"

“Oh, no.” The ink burned back to God and smiled. “I feel that this yard is very similar to a place I used to live in. It’s just a touch of scenery.”

"That's a coincidence. The slaves thought that Xianjun didn't like it. If Xianjun had another request, just say it to the slaves. The slaves should try their best to do it for Xianjun."

The ink burned and smiled: "I have nothing to do, you are busy with yourself."

When he finished, he looked up and saw that there was a thick hundred-year-old laurel tree in the courtyard. The shade of the tree was like the ghost of his past life.

His eyelashes trembled slightly, his heart stunned.

Suddenly, turned and called the maid who was leaving: "Wait a minute!"

"What else does Xianjun want to order?"

"...I want to ask you about yourself." The ink burned, and he lifted his eyes and looked like a torch. "Do you know, there is one..."

"what?"

"Forget it, don't ask this, let's ask another question." Ink ignited, "Do you know where the leaves are?"

The maid said: "Ye Gongzi is a pro-disciple of Xu’s elders. He and Xu’s elders live in a yard. If Xianjun wants to see him, it’s fine to go there.”

The ink burned the words and let out a sigh of relief. The last time he met Ye Ye, he was in the restaurant. Ye Yexiu asked Nangong to go back with

him, but at that time Nangong refused, Ye said, "If it is because of me You don't want to go back to the Confucianism, then I will go."

In fact, he has some thoughts about forgetting the past. He feels that the past life has been suffering from enough. Ye Yexiu and Chu Yuning are actually very similar. They are all gentlemen who are unrepentant, but only one restrained and one blazing. They didn't get a good end.

The smoldering is remorse for what he used to be, so he hopes that he will have a better life in this life. He couldn't help but be grateful. Fortunately, Nangong Temple did not do so absolutely, and it was really a rush to leave.

The elders of Xu’s elders are called “Sansheng Bieyuan”. It is said that the meaning of “one drink Meng Po Shui, forget the three things”, Xu Chang’s wish to show that when life is in the world, the things that are forgotten will be forgotten, not Staying in my heart increases my troubles. Anyway, after I die, I will no longer remember when I go to the bridge.

It sounds like a very pessimistic person. It’s no wonder that the three sticks that have been forgotten are not able to make a gourd.

"Interesting, this parrot is really clever, come, back for a while, eat, drink, and squat in the lane..."

Please guard the night, confess to the intention, have not bypassed the wall, I heard a man lazy laughter from the yard.

The ink burned a few steps forward and saw a man in the middle of the sun standing in the early thirties. The man was wearing a piece of light clothes, and there were still a few patches at the corner of the robe. He was not wearing shoes, standing on the cold stone bricks with bare feet, holding a handful of melon seeds in his hand. Teasing a long-tailed snow-white-blue-eyed parrot.

The parrot fluttered around the wings and swayed back and forth on the shelf. It seemed to be very proud. He sang high and said: "Ah~ a sip of food~ a ladle drink~ in the alley~"

"Well, okay, yes. You are smarter than the little leaves. When you are a little leaf, you can't beat you. You can't live without it." The man fed the parrot a nut. "Come, you Lao Tzu rewards you." ""

"....."

This man and a bird claim to be Laozi...

What does it mean that he is a bird?

The man turned around and saw the ink burning next to the wall. He first licked a melon, then smashed it, and suddenly smiled. His smile was bright, but he brought some smashing taste in the bright sunshine. The whole person looks very chic.

"Ink and ink master?" He laughed. "Fortunately."

The ink burned and laughed, and said: "Fortunately."

After he smiled, he carefully looked at the man's face. He felt that there was something good. When he used to kill the Confucianism in the past, he seemed to have seen this person. He is...

"Father, why don't you wear shoes and run around?"

Suddenly a familiar voice sounded, obviously a faint sentence, but the ear is like a spring thunder.

The ink turned around and saw the leaves forget to come out after the half moon arch. He was still so long and straight, his eyebrows were warm, and he held a pair of bright yellow satin in his hand. He walked over to the youth and leaned down.

Father?

The righteous father of the leaves...

The blood in his heart rushed over the wolf, and he could almost hear the cry of the world, heard the sword colliding, and the drums contend.

"Father of the Father!!!"

In the memory, he violently turned out a **** face.

It’s the leaves, the leaves are crying and crying, and the sound is cracking. When he slaughtered the Confucianism, Nangong Liu sneaked away, the seventy-two city dragons had no heads, and the time was chaotic. Later, the first method of Confucianism Xu Elders stepped forward and smashed the sand, and together they smashed the chaotic soldiers that could be destroyed in an instant, and resisted with Ye Yexi.

He clearly did not surname Nangong, but did what the Nangong head should do. He lived with the 72th city of Confucianism with the elders.

He is obviously not the biological father of the leaf, but when he is filled with the sharp knife of the spiritual flow, he stammers in the back of the leaf, and he is in front of the leaves, and he is protected by the flesh and blood. A momentary.

At the time, the ink burned and stood on the wall overlooking it. He saw this scene, and his mouth floated with a twist of laughter - God knew how much he was at that time.

There is no blood, there are people in this world who are willing to die for another person!

His narrow heart is full of shock, all the pain, he feels like crazy, his eyes are blood red.

He was thinking, good, great, Ye Hao was so lucky, he was drizzling... If there was a man in this world, except for his mother, he would be willing to die for his drizzle, then he Why are you going to this step today? !

Heaven is good to everyone, only so embarrassing to him, so vicious!

He wants to destroy all his jealous people, let all those who warm up the group roll down the hell, why only he does not have a good day, no warmth, the only person who is gentle to him, has already died.

He only has a little warmth, why should he take it away? ! !

He hates!

"....."

Looking back, I think that I only feel that I was so stupid. In this red dust, there is also a person who is willing to die for him. He missed it himself. It is his own disappointment. He does not know.

The ink burned his eyes and smashed his eyes, calming down the inner surge, and then raised his eyes again.

He knows who this man is. He is the master of Ye Forgiveness, and he is also the righteous father of Ye Forg, Xu Sulin.

On the second day of the Turu Fengmen, he died in the war to save the leaves.

The ink burned and turned around, and the heart was bitter, but I couldn’t bear to look at the smiling person in the sun.

He went to say hello to Ye Yexi.

"Ye Gongzi."

Ye forgets that this ink is standing in the distance, and he can't help but smile. "Ah, the brother of the ink has come, and I haven't seen it for a long time."

"long time no see."

In fact, Ye forgets this life with only a few faces of ink burning, not very familiar, so he continued to smile: "Is it coming to my righteous father?"

"..." The ink burned and looked at Xu Shuanglin. He was awkward and shook his head. "No, I am looking for you."

"Small leaves, how long has it not been in this yard to come to someone who is looking for you? It's not easy." Xu Shuanglin lazily smiled and stuffed a melon into his mouth. "Where did you meet the Mo Zongshi?" ”

"Taohuayuan knows."

"That's good, that's good." Xu Shuanglin smiled and threw the remaining seeds into the bird bowl and said, "You young people talk, I will go somewhere else."

Ye forgets to pull him: "Father, why don't you wear shoes?"

"Oh, forgot." Xu Shuanglin put on his shoes with a smile and said, "This is always good."

But the ink burned with the lingering light, the man slowly crossed the corner, then leaned over and took off his shoes, so he just broke into his arms and walked away.

"....."

This pair of father and son's appearance and temperament is really a violation of the law, because of the reason of the heart, Xu Shuanglin grows very young, his face will not be old when he is 30 years old, and it is like a brother who has forgotten.

Combined with the temper, this person is somewhat self-willed, not like a brother, it is like a younger brother.

So the sturdy "three-year-old hospital" plaque outside the door is funny?

Ye forgets and burns shoulders side by side, walking slowly along the avenue.

There are many flowers and trees in this yard, but at this time it is winter, Wanmu is dying, only some yellow leaves are hanging on the treetops, and the wind blows and trembles.

"Sorry, I was laughing in the last time in the restaurant."

"Nothing." Ink burned, "Are you still okay these days?"

It is a little regret to say that the export is such a thing, because the person who has forgotten the past, even if it is too bad, will not boo. Sure enough, Ye forgets to smile and says, "Yes, what about you?"

"I'm fine."

The relationship between the two is actually not so familiar. The ink is coming to him, just because he thought of the past life, he felt uncomfortable in his heart, and he wanted to see the leaf forgetting that is still alive. He really got along with Ye Yexi, but he I don't know what to say.

There are a lot of secrets about the resurgence of the leaves, but these secrets can't be said. He really has no topic to talk about. The two are dull and scattered. The leaves are forgotten and asked: "How about Xia Shi?"

The ink burned a bit and smiled: "Do you remember the name? It's amazing."

"His name is especially easy to remember."

"Haha, too, Xia Shi reversed this time, and you can see him later."

Ye forgets a little accident: "He is coming too?...There should be no door to please..."

"You still don't know who is the Xia Shi reverse?" The ink smiled. "I tell you, this thing is really long."

So he said that the late cause and effect of Chu Xiening is the Xia Si counter. After listening to it, Ye Hao sighed for a long while and sighed: "Which is so lucky, you can get this person as a teacher."

Ink burning said: "How lucky the Confucian door is, you can get Ye Gongzi as a disciple."

Ye forgets a little embarrassed, slightly smiled: "Mu Gongzi has passed."

They walked to a small floating bridge painted with mahogany. This road came along with some dead branches and leaves. Only the green and bright here, planted bamboo and arrogant snow, and the high festival did not change. The water of the Confucianist Gate exerted spiritual power and would not be frozen. Therefore, it stood at the bridgehead, and at the foot was a stream of water, and the two ends were surrounded by blue.

The ink burned back and saw the leaves lingering and staring at the crystal stream. The black eyes were constantly floating and swaying. People were still the same person, but the cockroaches on the face could be seen by anyone.

It’s too cruel for him to be a relative to him.

Suddenly, I couldn't bear it. I saw that I had paid a lot of money, but I couldn't get someone to look back at the moment. I asked him: "Ye Gongzi, it's better to be dead and dying."

"what?"

"..." I felt stunned when I spoke, and I knew how Ye Ye would answer, and the ink sighed. "I just asked, the son didn't have to be in my heart."

Ye forgets to smile, he originally laughed handsome and handsome, seven points of British, three-point beauty. But today is still the same person, still the same laugh, but the cheekbones have been slightly sunken, seven points of heroism still, three-point beauty is exhausted, only two pools are sad.

He wanted to hide, but the sadness was too deep. He used all his strength and still didn't hide.

He smiled and said: "Is it the original brother of the ink, is it to dig people for the dead?"

"Haha, yeah yeah, but Ye Gongzi should not come, so it’s just a joke."

"Well, my righteous father is still here, I will not go."

"What should I do in the future?"

"..." Ye’s thoughts seem to have a pain, but I can’t answer it immediately. What should I do in the future? He did not know that he felt that he was a moth, and that Nangong was a light. He always wanted to go with the light, even if the consequences were broken.

Can Nangong don't want him.

"Just, I still do what I should do in the Confucianism." Ye smiled and smiled, "Assisting the head, assisting the righteous father, and later, assisting the Lord."

He paused, his hands clenched into fists, and the knuckles were pale as jade.

The ink burned the heart and was shocked by the fact that Ye was able to speak out the last half of the sentence calmly. He could really say it.

"Assisting Mrs. Shao."

After he finished speaking, it seemed that he could no longer bear it. He lowered his eyes. But just for a while, he looked up and looked at the ink in a gentle and gentle manner, and his face still smiled. The whole person stood in the cold winter like a bamboo.

Suddenly the west wind started, blowing up the snow floating in the bamboo forest, like a flower flying around.

At that moment, the ink burned, no, Nangong can not be married with Song Qiutong.

Chapter 155

The day of the wedding of the Confucianist Masters was getting closer and closer, but suddenly there was a rumor that began to spread among the guests of the major sects.

"Zhang Gongzi, when I heard about it in the near future, I felt outrageous when I heard it, but if I think about it, it’s true that ten or eight/nine is true. Do you want to hear it?"

"Coincident, I have a secret here, it is about the Confucianism, it is also shocking, it should not be the same thing you want to say."

The other party raised the eyebrows with deep meaning, meaning: "Is the secret that Zhang Gongzi knows, is it only related to two people?"

"It is true."

The two men changed their eyes, and one of them lowered their voices: "First, let me know, I heard that the leaves of the Confucianist Gate are forgotten, and..."

The other person couldn’t stand it when he heard it. The man’s demeanor didn’t go away. He laughed loudly and slammed his thighs. His eyes flashed with the glory of the gossip. He was excited: “Yes, right! Hahaha laughed at me. This is the story! The leaves of the Confucianist Gate and Song Qiutong are dyed!"

"It’s really a good thing. I don’t want to go out and go through thousands of miles. I didn’t expect anyone who didn’t like to hear the words of gossip.” But when I talked about it, the voice was lighter. Here, Linyi, wherever I can go, I can hit it. Those who are on the Confucianist door are afraid that there will be ears in the wall."

There is no ear in the partition wall, but it is hard to say, but the three are tigers. It is true. This thing is like a cotton wadding in the water. It gradually expands. Even if no one sees it, the content is more and more full. The more fragrant...

In the end, even in the small villages outside Linyi City, the civilians who did not cultivate the immortals knew it, and the fields were spreading.

"Dog brother, I tell you a secret, you don't want to talk to people."

"What secret? So careful, listen to it, I don't know if I have a tone, I will never go out."

"Then you have to listen, the Confucianism has a terrible scandal, that Song Qiutong, you know, that is the woman who is about to marry Nangong, who

is really a small woman, a dog I don't know, she, she has long been carrying her fiancé, and she has been with her leaves!"

"How can this be?!"

"How is it impossible? Don't you know that Song Qiutong was taken out of the auction in Xuanyuan, that is, Ye Yexiu, she looked good, moved her mind, bought her back to double repair?"

Li dog egg is very shocked, his mouth is wide open, and he screams for a long time: "Heaven, God, how can there be such a thing..."

The cognition of the villagers' Li dog eggs was subverted. When they slept at night, they chatted with their wives and children, and said with emotion: "Spring flowers, you are still good."

The villager Zhao Chunhua blinked his eyes: "What's the matter, suddenly said this?"

"Look, you are ugly, fat, short, but diligent and able to live, unlike some women, carrying their husbands to steal the man, not to follow the woman."

Zhao Chunhua was annoyed: "Where am I ugly? I don't have a yellow face?" Then he was curious. "Which daughter-in-law broke the shoes? I don't know."

"It’s not the people in the village. It’s the gangster who drove the sword on the sky.”

Zhao Chunhua was shocked: "Who is it?"

Li dog egg said: "Who is married recently, who is it."

Zhao Chunhua did not think about going to the Nangong Temple. After a while, he suddenly understood and slammed up from the bed: "Oh my God, it’s awful! Is there such a thing? You don’t talk about it. ""

"How can I talk about it?" Li dog's egg is quite chest-high, in order to let his wife believe in himself, he vowed, "I have a friend to see, the Confucianist Ye Yexi and Song Qiutong adultery! The two people carrying Nangong Temple, I have already slept!"

The **** feelings of men and women are often one of the fastest things in this world. The rich and the rich, the repairs are not true, they are willing to talk about capital. In a twinkling of an eye, the guests gathered in the Confucianist Gate know more or less the scandal, and they have been passed to the late night of the Chu, and their content has been rich in wings. Even the leaves of the past one year and the Song Qiutong meeting are depicted. It is clear that it is clear that Song Qiutong was married to Nangong at this time because he had already had a child who had forgotten his past, but he was reluctant to be ignorant and unwilling to recognize his mother and son for his own future.

"Don't believe that you are waiting for you to see if the child is born like a Nangong, or like a leaf!"

Chu Xiaoning understands Nangong Temple, but does not understand Ye Forgive and Song Qiutong, so he is not sure whether it is true or not. He only feels very annoyed, but he is a good person who is good at dealing with the well-defined evil, but for this kind of If he is erratic and involves men and women, he will be helpless and he will not know what to do.

On this day, Nangong came to visit the other hospital, and Chu Evening had beaten him once and for all, but Nangong’s words were not heard. He was still very happy to tell him that he was holding a white gold. Anecdote.

"I planted it a few days ago, and it is quite smooth. The sika demon wolf will be in the next month. I don’t know if this nest can give birth to a few wolf scorpions." Nangong smirked, "If you give birth." I have a good taste, I let my father send one to the dead."

When I heard it, I felt that this was a good opportunity. I said, "Well, I am afraid that the little wolf is not pure."

"How can it be impure? Naobai and the female wolf are all cultivated by the snow wolf, pure."

"Are you sure that the sika wolf had not been paired with other wolves before?"

Nangong stunned: "Where can you, the sika wolf is raised by Bitanzhuang, and the whole manor is one. She wants to match it, and she has to rely on our family."

Chu nightning felt that he had been very red and naked, and he understood it very well. He compared people to wolves, suggesting that Nangong驷 would pay attention to those gossips. How could Nangong驷 not understand it?

Chu night Ning thought about it, thought that he might not have said that it was too in place, and thought about it, and said: "Bittan Villa has only one demon wolf, but when it comes to Nauru Platinum, it must always be in Confucianism. Have you lived for a while? You have raised so many wolves, do you say that..."

"No, no!" Nangong smiled heartily. "The guru was worried about this? The sika and the white gold are caged, locked in a cage, and there are other opportunities."

"....."

Stupid you forget! ! !

Nangong 浑 浑 浑 浑 楚 楚 楚

Listening to him, Chu later thought that he did not understand Song Qiutong. The rumors were a bit true, and he was not sure about it. He could know more about this younger couple in Nangong. It is not a good thing.

So he nodded and stood up: "Yes, then go find her, I am waiting for you at Xiaoyue Campus."

When Nangong was gone, when he was discharged from the hospital, it happened to be in contact with the ink that came back from the outside. The two men walked together in front of the wall, and the ink burned into the courtyard. They saw that Chu was standing under the sweet-scented osmanthus tree in front of the red. The small mud stove is steaming with misty water, and there are two teapots on the stone table.

"Master, Nangong is coming to you?"

"Well, let me go to Xiaoyue Campus to have a look at the wolf he raised." Chu Yuning said, turned and went back to the house. "This dress is inconvenient to ride, I am going to change clothes."

The demon wolf is fierce, although the ink burns knows that Chu is rather able to resist, but he does not feel relieved to let him alone, so he said: "I will go with Master."

Chu night Ning heard the words and stopped, and gave him a look: "Would you ride a wolf?"

The ink burned and laughed, and the black eyes were very bright: "Why not? My equestrian is good, the analogy is bypassed, let alone riding a wolf, riding everything is good."

Chu night Ning is trying to sneer at his two sentences. Suddenly, he feels that "the ride is good at everything." This sentence is a bit confusing. Unexplained wetness, flashing through the scenes that have appeared in the dream, thinking of the two in the dream. Posture, think of the sweat of the smoldering abdomen, and the powerlessness of his own arrogance on the couch. It seems that he really became a smoldering body and he was galloping.

Chu Xiaoning’s face was red.

He whispered aloud: "I don't know shame!"

I don't know if it is burning, or I am licking myself, and I turn to the door and enter the house. Only the curtains that are half-volume outside the house are swaying, like the person hiding in the house, the heart of the trembling.

Xiaoyue Campus is a vast and innocent pasture. If it is cold today, the grass is bleak, and the green field is covered with a thin layer of frost. The winter is not salty and hangs in the sky, but it is covered by the clouds. Cold, the sun is even more perfunctory, lifeless, but it is the end of the Confucian style of the private hunting jungle, pines and cypresses, needles fluffy, looking a little golden yellow, as if the fluffy fluffy Fetal feathers.

Nangong Temple stood in front of the wooden fence and was talking to Song Qiutong. Suddenly he saw two people coming from the mist. It was Chu Yuning and ink burning. He couldn’t help but be slightly stunned, and then smiled: "Mo Zongshi, you are not I will give you the honor of your teacher, so I will follow you?"

"No." The ink burns and laughs. "I am coming, I am afraid that if the teacher encounters something that does not go well, I will not be able to catch other people's anger, and I will be angry with Nangong Gongzi, so many of them will be wronged. So I am specializing in doing it. Received by air."

"....." Chu night Ning gave him a look, coldly said, "I see you are to make a fire knife."

"Hey." Song Qiutong, who stood behind the Nangong, listened. He laughed out loudly. She lifted the soft eyelashes like the two curtains. From the fiancé, she walked out, and the end was beautiful and moving.

She squinted at the ink and the night, and smiled softly: "The long time Chu Zongshi and the Mo Zong division are deeply in love. Today, it really is."

The author has something to say: I am late, but I am not busy with the expected day, exhausted and collapsed... There is no small theater today, I just want to be a Geyou on the sofa ==

Today, there is a dog in the bib, "The coffin", the x-master, the aunt, the clothes are well dressed, but the color is full of feelings. This is how QAQ must be my illusion! It’s so nice to watch it~ I don’t have to press my head, I’m going to be too good, wow, crying thick~ Crab crab wood lady~ What?

"Qingyuan-cultivation" wife's master is so beautiful, there are players who have pictures to set up their feet, both of them are beautiful, but I prefer the monochrome one~ I feel more like it~ I like it. ! Have a gentleman's demeanor like a bamboo ah~ Crabs and crabs~ What?

"Not a koi is a squid king" wife's single dog, feeding and feeding you and the wife upstairs is a good discussion. A teacher respects a dog hahaha~ Although the wife said that the dog is too difficult to draw, no fine Hua, but I feel very fine, the evil look is also fried chicken praise, zero point five did not have to run, super handsome ~ crab crab wife ~ what?

"94 not 7" wife's dog x master, both are very good to see ~ happy ~ Xianxian 哒 ~ ~ knock carefully ~ ~ Master's clothes are elegant and elegant ~ 哎嘿嘿 ~ ~ ~ like! Crab and crab, what?

"Doubs of doublesaya" last night because I was too stupid, I forgot to send it when I was a little more, handsome swords and doubles, so I have a sense of picture~ It’s so exciting~ I don’t want to be together with the two roads, please join us. Going to fight the military lord, the military lord is not a dream. 2333 Yesterday, when I made it up again~ I will make it up again today. I am really guilty, and I am guilty of sin. Hahaha~ Crabs and crabs~~

Chapter 156

Chu Xiaoning looked at her up and down. Before that, she felt that this person had a national attitude in Xuanyuan Pavilion. At this moment, it was a fascinating scent. If the Ming dynasty reflected the sun, an ebony-like hair could shine. It’s really beautiful in the surrounding area. It’s no wonder that Nangong will like it.

Thinking this way, I couldn’t help but quietly glance at the ink and I want to know what the reaction will be.

Unexpectedly, the line of sight was opposite to the ink burning. The ink burned did not go to see Song Qiutong. It seemed that Nangong Temple stood next to the air. Instead, it was always staring at himself. The two looked at each other. The ink burned gently and smiled.

Chu Xiaoning was seen by him, but his face was pretending to be calm, and he and the ink burned for a moment, which turned his eyes away.

"The Xiaoyue campus has a lot of demon wolves. The most brave is Naobaijin. I also like it most."

Nangong驷 led everyone to the center of the empty grassland, took out the jade flute with the waist, and blew three whistles. After a moment of silence, in the distant Maolin, the demon winds are everywhere, a snow-white light and shadow is like a whirlwind, and it jumps out from the forest. Almost in the blink of an eye, a whole body of hair is crystal clear, and the claw-winged gold demon wolf leaps into the air, and the body is pulled into a smooth flow. The arc, it screams "嗷呜-", the cold winter is reflected behind it, and then it falls down and steadily stops at Nangong.

"Hey!"

Nangong squatted forward and touched its fluffy neck and smiled back: "Guru, you see, it's all so big, it was a little **** when you left."

"In the year I left, it was already as tall as an adult man." Chu night Ning no expression.

"Hahaha, are you? I always think it's a small one, it's still awkward."

"..."

"Guru, you can ride and ride."

Nangong said, and he blew the flute, and called two other snow-white wolves from the woods: "Mo Zongshi, are you also playing?"

The three men turned over the back of the demon wolf. Nangong said: "Hold the rope chain or the neck hair, and the legs should be clamped. It is almost the same as riding." After he finished, he bowed to Song Qiutong and said, "Qiu Tong, you ride with me." One, I will take you."

Chu night Ning originally thought that he would not, but across the back of the demon wolf, tried to take a few steps, it also felt that there is nothing difficult, even because the demon wolf is quite spiritual, can clearly understand the rider's mind, so control Ordinary Hummer is much easier.

Nan Gongxiao smiled and said: "How? Run a circle?"

"Where can I go anywhere?"

"All right, Houshan Linyuan and Xiaoyue School, just run."

Ink burned and said: "Is this going to be a game?"

"Come to a game." Chu nightning looked at Nangong, who was riding with Song Qiutong on the demon wolf. He thought that this was an opportunity to enhance the emotional feelings of the couple, and he readily accepted it.

Nangong smirked and untied a stone bracelet on his wrist and said, "In this case, we will first go to Ganquan Lake in the north of Linyuan and catch the five groupers. The first person to return here will win. How about this chain as a color head?"

"The seven-star spirit stone chain, Nangong Gongzi shot is too wide."

“I am very happy to buy a thousand dollars.” Nangong驷 tightened the rope chain and bowed down to Song Qiutong. “You are stable, don’t fall, if you run fast, just tell me.”

The ink burned Song Qiutong and smiled. "I am afraid that the chain of Nangong Gongzi can be taken out in advance."

"Hah, I am a little boy, but I grew up on the wolf's back. Don't say that I bring one more person. Even if I bring one more, that's a little meaning. Let's go, I will start with three or two."

"Three, two - one!"

When the voice is falling, the three white light and shadows will be smashed out like a forest feather arrow. They will step on the Xiaocao grassland and jump to the end of the hunting garden and disappear into the depths of the jungle.

Chu Xiaoning also slowed down at the beginning, followed by Nangong and Song Qiutong, but then Song Qiutong’s screams came from time to time, listening to the ears for a long time, and the girl’s delicateness, he could not afford it. I couldn't help but speed up and overtake the past.

With the exclamation of "You are slower" behind you, Chu Yuening gradually felt the joy of riding a wolf. This kind of beast is really smart, he even needs a little touch of his fingertips. Platinum can understand his mind and react immediately. It is no wonder that Nangong is a rare animal.

The winter winds came from the wind, but I didn’t feel the cold. Chu night Ning looked up and looked at the mottled sunshine in front of me. It continued to sneak through, and then rushed through like a flood, rolling away, and laughed. I felt that this flight was so dripping, so he drove the white-haired blonde to run wild, and the wolf claws stepped on the thick coniferous forest and raised the dust.

Behind him, the ink burned against the black-clawed wolf, and followed closely from beginning to end, that one must, in the chest of the night, actually had a hint of comfort and peace of mind.

Suddenly he did not feel so sure that he finally had the power to move forward arbitrarily. It seems that no matter where he ran, there would be such footsteps behind him. Such a person would continue to reverberate and not separate.

Chu nightning arrived at Ganquan Lake almost at the same time as the ink burned. The blue waves were full of water, the lake was clear like Xuanjian, the water system was extremely rich, and the two sides of the lake were nourished by the spiritual stream. The flowers and trees were not affected by the four seasons. The orange trees in the winter still remained. The leaves are leafy and green, and behind the green leaves, there are countless golden fruits, and the wind is filled with a sweet citrus fragrance.

Steadyly falling to the ground, Chu nightning looked around and said: "It is a good place for Zhong Lingxiu."

The ink burned the black-clawed wolf, and came over and smiled and asked: "The teacher likes it. When you go back, you will plant a lot of fruit trees in the dead and dying. You will raise the spirits all year round, and you will pick them if you want to eat."

Chu night Ning snorted, no choice, went to the lake, raised his hand to call the day to ask.

The ink burned and didn't look right, stopped him: "What?"

"Catch the fish."

"...the master should not want to open the wind, so that the fish in the lake will be twisted up."

"What do you want?" Chu night Ning gave him a look, and he threw the golden vines on the lake, and then whispered to the lake. "Would you like to be tired?"

So said three times, Chu night Ning took the day back, the golden leaves of the leaves, there are actually a few fat head fish can not love to turn over three white eyes spit a bubble look at the sky.

Chu Xiaoning looked at it and turned to ask for ink: "Does he mean grouper?"

"Ok."

".....Do you know what the grouper looks like?" Chu said that after he finished it, he felt that it might be too sharp to ask, and he simply picked up the whole question and lifted some fish caught up to the ink. Look at it, "Is there inside, is there?"

"...I still take it for the teacher."

The ink burned ten fish and placed them in the sacs of the two wolf's necks. Chu nightning put a few fish that didn't want to live, and put them back into the water. Said: "Life is too short, bothering the kings, and forbearing for a while."

Hearing such a sentence, the ink burned only that the man was both funny and cute. He put the last stone spot and turned around. He saw that Chu Ning came from the shore of the Bishui cold pool and the lake was at He was squatting behind him, immersing his white figure in a gentle, full of embarrassment.

Suddenly, he had a strong desire to make a big step. He wanted to take a big step and hold him in his arms. He wanted to kiss him. He wanted to touch him very gently. He wanted to smash him and wanted to pull him into the orange grove. He pressed him to the tree and lifted his leg to invade him infinitely and violently.

He looked at the late night, and he was more and more close, and he was shocked that his cravings were so contradictory and so strong, the softest and the hardest were born.

Love, love.

Isn't that what it looks like?

Hard heat is to cut off your fiery blade.

Soft, it is the tenderness of your spring water.

"Nangong Temple is also true." Chu Nighting did not see the darkness in the eyes of the burning eyes. He went to the front of the ink, and looked at the sacs on the neck of Naobaijin. "Take a girl, run so slowly." ""

"May be doing something else."

The smoldering brain was a little feverish. His wolf-like gaze stared at the white-necked neck of Chu’s bow when he bowed his head. The abdomen was hot and dry, and he whispered without hesitation.

Chu night Ning stunned: "What?"

"..." This is the reaction of the ink, and I feel that I have lost my voice and coughed. Don’t go too far. "Nothing."

Chu nightning has been pondering over the taste, his eyes wide open, and then dangerously picked up, looks thin and angry: "Think about you, get on, go back!"

The ink ignited the lips, and wanted to say "not the horse, it is the wolf", but look at the late face of the Chu and the red tip of the ear, and then swallowed it.

He was somewhat sorry to see that Chu Ningning rode his hand on Naobai Platinum, and the end was unconstrained and unparalleled. He is eagerly

hungry. He thinks that if Chu is rather a man, he will be soft, and he will not be able to get on the horseback. The wolf can't get on his back. He can only come to his arms.

He was immediately shocked and guilty of his thoughts, and he shook his head subconsciously.

This move happened to be seen by Chu Xiaoning, and Chu Ning asked him: "What happened? Why did you shake your head? I still said that you are wrong?"

"No, the Master is correct, and I think too much."

But I am not thinking about the break of Nangong and Song Qiutong.

The person I think is you...

Then the ink burned and thought, hey, if you can interrupt the legs of Naobai Platinum, then there is no wolf to ride on the night, maybe the face will be rewarded, and the black paw willing to go to him.

He wants to hug him again, like a person who is dying of thirst, and misses the nectar that was once ruined by himself... The ink burns in such a lingering whimsy, all the way to the night, and then back to the whistle

When I was on the school campus, I saw that Song Qiutong and Nangong Temple were already waiting there.

Song Qiutong sat on the ground, and the jade's ankles came out with blood marks on his head.

It turned out that she ran halfway, forgot that the Nangong had to tighten her legs, so she was scratched by the thorns. Although it was a minor injury, Nangong Temple would not let it go, so she would bring her back in advance.

The ink burned her legs and feet, and the feet are also good-looking, but compared with the Chu night, it is far worse, and she has quite like Song Qiutong’s feet in her previous life.

It’s awkward.

He now feels that Chu is rather good at everything, looking at it horizontally, looking at it vertically, even the pair is always cold and uninviting, and he feels that it is arrogant, it is temperament, Chu It’s so good to be late, it’s so beautiful, it’s good to die.

I saw that he was jealous, and he was jealous. He was blinded by his eyes.

"I am willing to gamble and lose." Nangong is very cool, and the chain of Qianjin is handed to Chu Yuning at random. "This is for the master."

Chu Xiaoning looked at the chain and said: "The Seven Stars are good at raising the core of the spirit. I really need it. Thank you."

The ink burned was not a taste, and somehow sighed at the side: "I will buy you a better next time."

"What?" Chu night Ning did not hear clearly, looked back at him.

The smoldering saw that his pair of phoenix eyes were so close, and his face was clearly reflected in the water, and the distance between you and me was slightly diminished.

Ink smirked: "I said, next time I see a more suitable teacher, I will buy it back."

"it is good."

Chu Evening’s crisp and conscientious promise made the ink burn more happy.

He even went to see Nangong Temple with care. The Nangong Temple did not care about this. He also tried to let the Nangong know that the teacher would accept your things. If you accept me, you will not. You see, he and I are not seen at all.

Chu night Ning said: "You remember to let the boss open a bill, I will give you the money when I arrive."

Ink burning: "....."

Ten freshwater stone spots were taken out from the Qiankun sac. Nangong took them to the hunting cabin next to the Xiaoyue school ground. There was a gray furnace in the outside, and the pots and pans were all available. Going up to the mottled old, compared with the magnificent grassland, it is not built in the same period.

Chu night Ning pointed to the fence and stopped in front of a bunch of reins on the fence. The reins had been hit by countless winds and rains, and it was no longer the appearance of the original.

Nangong took the spices and came out of the wooden house. Seeing that Chu Ning was watching the reins, he smiled and said: "That was the year when the guru left, and I was here, it was fading."

Chu nightning did not speak, just sighed softly and sat down on a low stool made of wooden stakes.

When he played for Confucianism, Nangong was only a child, and he often took him to Xiaoyue School. The hunting house was still left at that time.

The fire soon became born, and the grouper was worn on the branches of fruit trees. The fat fish fat was scented from the crispy skin and exuded with a strong meaty smell.

Nangong was divided into six demon wolves by the wooden fence, and the remaining four were sprinkled with salt and distributed to the crowd.

Song Qiutong only ate a few mouthfuls and handed the grilled fish to Nangong Temple, which had already swiftly licked a whole fat fish. He said, "I don't eat it. The son of the son divides it for me."

Chu nightning looked at them and saw that Nangong had picked up the grilled fish. He was very happy to eat the second one. I thought that this Song Qiu Tong was up and gentle, it was an individual, and the rumored red apricot. The woman who came out of the wall was like a slang, and she couldn’t take it seriously.

Thinking about it, a lotus leaf was handed over, and the top fish was finely subdivided. The main thorns were removed, and the white tender meat was hot and coke.

Chu Xiaoning was slightly surprised and turned his head. The ink burned the silver short dagger that he wore. He smiled and said: "Master, eat this."

"Where are you coming from the lotus leaf?"

"When I was catching fish at the lake, I took it with me." The ink burned the fish to him. "It’s hot to eat, it’s not good."

Chu Evening took over the lotus leaf, and his heart twitched and said: "Thank you."

He really didn't like to eat fishbone, and the treatment of good stone spots was instant. Chu nighting was eaten piece by piece, and he didn't feel tired. After all the food was finished, the tea that was hung on the fire also rolled. Song Qiutong got up. Take off the iron kettle, pour a cup for everyone, and put your hands on it.

"Chu Zongshi, please use tea."

The filigree jade hand holds a small cup of white porcelain, the arm is like a moon, and the wrist is a little bit cinnabar.

Chu night Ning suddenly remembered that when the auction was held at the "Xuanyuan Pavilion", the owner said that her wrist was spotted by a cold

scale sage, and she wanted to come to this one. Since it was in the palace, Song Qiutong and Ye Forgive It’s even more nonsense to have this incident.

Thinking about this, Chu Xi Ning’s heart was finally relieved, and Nangong Temple was a purely unintentional person, like a wild horse on the grassland, like a lonely wolf, with a knife and a knife, and such a person, Chu Evening is not annoying, so he does not want Nangong to meet people.

Song Qiutong’s tea was in front of the ink, and the ink burned, but he did not drink it. He stumbled to the side and smiled. “Song girl, I have something to send to you.”

The author has something to say: Today's bib has:

151 chapters of the unicycle, the crabs and the "village grass ball" wife ~ you know, the speed is too high, delete it tomorrow, go to eat meat soon ~ I wish you all happy ~ I will drink some water to calm down, see I am so excited that I can't help but ban my nose and blood. I just want to go to the Master. (Hey, I can't help!) If you are still driving, you can see that the 0.5 car is really too happy. Crab crab lady~

"The coffin" wife's dog alone, seeing my old face, a red deer smashing, can not stand this kind of eyes and open chest sputum exposed chest muscles ~ hold his cheeks and keep spinning, the dog is really Too handsome, this little hooligan-like look is simply killing me and saving my life! Crazy joy! Mrs. Crab Crab~ whispered: The wife of the solid wood had also made a map of driving before, very delicious, I can’t forget 233333

The small theater is the end of the episode EG version "The protagonist has something for you"

Ink burning: Song girl, I have a pot of oil to give to you.

Ink burning: Xue Mengmeng, I have a group of foundations to give to you.

Ink burning: Teacher sister, I... Hey, forget it, nothing.

Ink burning: Ye Gongzi, I have a wedding to give you.

Ink burning: Nangong, I have a pair of glasses to give to you.

Ink Burning: Master, come to my room tonight, I have a 100 million project to give to you.

Ink burning: emmmm... seems to have missed something... scratching the head... can't think of it, forget it.

Mei Hanxue: ...

Chapter 157

He said, taking out a thin bracelet, the chain of brilliance, from the mother of the East China Sea and Zhu Rongshan's enamel and crystal string, at first glance is a valuable object.

"You have been studying books and want to ask for squid spar, but it is unfortunate that the stone has been taken by my cousin to refine the sword. I have not prepared any other gifts, bought this water chain, you should wear it properly."

"This... this is too expensive, Qiu Tong is afraid that it can't be collected..."

"Where is there a gift?" ink burned and laughed. "Not to mention the water and fire chain can also suppress the fire power, but it is only suitable for women to wear, you wear it on the body, often accompanied by Nangong Gongzi, how much can be gentle It’s a practical thing to look at his spiritual flow."

Song Qiutong looked back at the Nangong Temple and got the approval. This was the first time that he took the chain and politely performed a ceremony. Wen said: "Thank you, Master Mo Zong."

Four people drank tea and sat down for a while.

Chu Xiu Ning cares about the lifelong events of Nangong Temple, so he will pay more attention to these days, whether the details of the wedding ceremony have been arranged properly, and do not temporarily make trouble.

Nangong 驷 驷 把 把 把 把 把 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 南 南 南

candles, but he never stayed in the new house.

That night, he drank too much, red candlesticks, and the account was stunned. He provoked the bride's red and shy face and stared at it for a while. Before a major ritual of life, people are always prone to flooding the ages, and the feelings of the sea and the sea, even if they are stepping on the immortal, it is no exception.

He suddenly felt so unreal, his eyes seemed to penetrate the blush in front of him, falling into the blizzard of years ago.

When he was in the cold wind, when he was in the cold... When he was about to starve and die, he was pity and looked at the rice soup that the man had brought... When he first came to life, when he was uneasy... When he picked up his toes and went to the moon to break down the sea... When he was kneeling in front of the night, when Liu Teng added...

He had thought about it, and one day he would step on all the celestial beings to respect the world.

"French, what are you thinking?" Her lips whispered, her eyes condensed, and the breath she breathed out was sweet and extravagant, just like his high status today.

He seems to have everything, beauty, status, power...

What is he still unsatisfied with now?

He couldn't think of anything unsatisfied, but he felt very empty. The whole person stood on the peak of the material, and there was only one low-lying face around him, which was ambiguous.

He walked through these charming faces, and they praised him and praised him. They welcomed him, and he married him, and they had the same face.

He heard someone calling him in a fascinating manner, and his voice was soft and tender like a peony flower: "The husband... the husband..."

He felt sick and felt disgusted. He wanted to get out of this tide of fans, but this sweet voice wrapped around him like sugar.

He violently pushed Song Qiutong away, the charming bride was rude, and fell on the red-and-red room of the scarlet cave. The gold and silver spots were shaking, the swaying, the illusion of jewels, and the burning of everything It is so distorted, so unreal, the golden light is like a wildfire, and the red candle is like blood and tears.

He feels disgusting... but he doesn't know who is disgusting, Song Qiutong? Or become such a self.

He took the door and went.

In the last life, few people in the world knew that on the day of the wedding of the Queen, the Queen Song Qiutong was left out of the cold, and the ink burned a golden red Huashang, pushing the threshold of the red lotus.

He walked in. After a while, the candlelight of the otter went out, and Song Qiutong’s newlywed husband stayed there for a whole night.

Until the twilight of the second day, Xue Meng slammed the dying of life and death, and the ink burned the door openly, tidying up the scattered dress, with a look of obscene lameness, and walked to the front hall.

What happened to the night in the red lotus water, but it was completely unknown to outsiders.

Say goodbye to the Nangong 驷 two people, Chu night Ning and Mo Yan together return to the other courtyard.

Chu night Ning suddenly did not salty and asked: "Nan Gong said that Song Qiutong looks good, what do you want to do in a daze?"

Ink burning said: "I am thinking about her wearing a wedding dress."

Chu nightning still suddenly gave birth to a burst of jealousy. He shook his sleeves and looked very cold: "I don't think about it, other people's fiancee, what can you remember."

The ink burned: "Who said that I missed her, I was thinking about her wearing a wedding dress, that's it. It's not as good as the teacher."

"....."

This is a anger to vent, but I can't help but be stunned by the little wolf dog.

Chu’s face was white for a while, and he couldn’t say a decent word for a long time. Finally, he waved his sleeves and said: “The ridiculous thing of the ghost ceremonies is not to be mentioned in the future.”

The ink sighs in my heart, I don’t want to mention it, you have to ask me, I don’t want to lie to you, praise you, and be murdered by you.

But being fierce by you, I feel very sweet.

I think that I have lost you, I just feel that you have been scolding for a lifetime, and you are like being soaked in a sugar jar.

What to do, I can't do it without craving you.

The days have passed very quickly, and one day, the day of the big marriage of Nangong is coming.

The Confucianist Gate has been filled with guests from all corners of the country, whether it is the head of the big door, or the scattered rivers and lakes, or even some wealthy merchants who have no spiritual power, all of which are not coming in advance, are salty on this day. Before the main city, for a time, Huagai Ruyun, the horses and horses weaving, dressed in costumes of men and women, the body of silk and the emerald of the anti-light of the Confucianism Street is like a galaxy inversion, the stars flow.

Xue Meng was dragged by his father all the way to say hello to those women of similar age.

"Wang Xianjun, I haven't seen you for a long time. Fortunately, I will be lucky. Oh, isn't this a small mandala? It's so big, it's so bright and moving, come, Xue Meng, come and ask your uncle Wang Bo."

Xue Meng reluctantly moved over and opened his mouth: "Wang Dabo is good."

Xue Zhengyi slaps in the back of his head, smiles on his face, but bites his teeth and says: "It is Wang Bobo, not Wang Dabo."

"Ha ha ha, the same, all the same, the pride of the sky is really handsome, raw like you, old Xue, you are blessed."

One to two, Xue Meng was pushed and "Little Man Tuo" went to the garden to hang out, Xiao Mantuo this year, sixteen, it is the twenty-eight Fanghua, the whole person seems a bit cold, and Xue Meng shoulder to shoulder for a while, Tao: "The elders push us out together, Xue Gongzi will not understand."

"Ok."

"But I said in front of you, you can take a walk, but Xue Gongzi is so heart-like, I really don't like it. So you don't think about it."

"Oh... um??"

Xue Meng was shocked. He stopped and slammed his face, waiting for the little mandala.

The small wildflowers carried the chin, quite arrogant, quite stunned by Xue Meng’s face, and said coldly: "I have my own heart, even if you are enamored of me..."

"Are you sick?!" Xue Meng froze, "I?" He pointed his finger at himself, his face stunned, "I love you?"

"Why don't you pull me away from a deserted path? Isn't it a ghost in your heart?"

"Why don't you say that there is a hole in your mind!"

Xue Meng’s tempering temper came up. He was angry and his eyes glared at the fire. He couldn’t stop repeating: “I like you? I like you? I-”

"You said that I liked what I did so many times? You are a disciple!" The little mandola was very staunch, one foot, one looking up, and a slap in the face of Xue Meng.

Xue Meng had already stunned in front of his eyes, and he was slap in the face of this pink little hand for no reason, but he was vomiting blood. If it wasn't for Mrs. Wang who had taught him to politely on a weekday, I am afraid that he had already pressed the little mandala to the ground and made it into a trumpet.

At this moment, a man with a pale twilight and a tall nose was coming from afar. When Xiao Mantu saw it, he first squatted, and then in the moment the tears filled with sorrow, and the singer said: "Mei Gongzi!" went straight to the man.

The man who came in was Mei Hanxue. He didn't think that he had gone so a remote path, but he could meet other people. He obviously stunned, but he

saw Xiao Mantu flying toward him. He raised his hand and fell. An enchantment, awkwardly put the girl outside. The girl was caught off guard, and the porcelain slammed into the enchantment of the power of thunder and lightning, and she screamed and fell to the ground.

Mei Hanxue did not intend to help her, looked down at her and frowned. "Girl, you admit the wrong person."

"How can it be wrong? How could it be wrong... That year you promised me a golden sachet, and said that I will be unforgettable when I see you. When I am eighteen years old, you come to marry me, you... have you forgotten? ?"

Mei Hanxue: "....."

"Mei Gongzi..."

"You really admit the wrong person." Mei Hanxue did not say more, just shook his head, dropped such a sentence, and walked past the girl with tears.

Xue Meng witnessed this scene, only feeling good and good.

Qi is the temperament of the plum and snow, and when I put on my pants, I don’t recognize people. It’s so ruthless. It’s no wonder that I only dare to

take the path in this occasion.

It’s good because he didn’t think that the little mandala likes the guy who is Mei Hanxue. Mei Hanxue is the same as his name, and he is flowerless and ruthless. It is said that it is completely two after hooking a woman and hooking a woman. Face, little mandala loves him, it really fell eight years of blood mold.

Mei Hanxue walked up to him, glaring at the light-colored scorpion, looking at him for a moment.

Xue Meng thought, what do you see? Do you guys dare to look at me like this? You are famous all over the world. I am famous for shaking Kyushu. I can't lose momentum.

Then he proudly looked up and swept Mei Hanxue with a two-five-like eye-catching tail. When he was completely wrong, he was quite majestic and screamed in a humble manner.

"How is your face swollen?"

Unexpectedly, Mei Han Xue went halfway, and did not leave. The footsteps stopped, standing in front of him, squatting in the distance, faintly watching him.

"Swelling is quite chic."

Xue Meng didn't come up in a breath, still couldn't stop the car, and proudly "snapped".

Mei Hanxue: "....."

"....." Xue Meng's face quickly rose red, suddenly turned his head, murderous, "You control me? I walked carelessly!"

"Then you will walk or look at it later." Mei Hanxue said calmly. "It is not easy to fall into this way."

Then he left, leaving Xue Meng to stand in the same place for a long while, only to anger and jumped to the foot: "Mei Xuexue! You are the grandson of the dog! You, you give me waiting! I am not with you!!"

Affected by a stomach, Xue Meng ran out of the garden with red eyes, running too fast, cold and not against a person's chest.

Xue Meng was furious and shouted: "What! Don't you walk for a long time?"

As soon as he looked up, he was a tall and handsome man in Tsing Yi. The clothes were embroidered with golden silk embroidered with Du Ruo, and the top of the head was covered with a sapphire crown. The two curtains were long and soft, and they were covered in front of the eyes. He lifted it up. In the middle of the river is the misty rain in the south of the Yangtze River.

The man pushed Xuemeng and adjusted his own dress. His mood didn't seem to be good. The slender fingers touched the front folds. Xue Meng saw the Xuanwu back armored silver ring on his index finger. For a moment, suddenly shocked: "Jiang Yan?"

The head of the lonely moon night, the world's first richest ginger!

This person is similar to Xue Zhengyi, but his mind is different. Jiang Yan’s appearance is also in his twenties. This person is rich and rich, and his appearance is extremely polite. It is indeed the darling of heaven.

At the Lingshan Conference, Jiang Yu didn't come out of the top ten heads. At that time, Xue Meng still thought about it. He didn't know what the missing guy looked like. Today, when he saw it, it was a hustle and bustle. The eyes stared at the people and looked at them.

Jiang Yan calmed his face, but he didn't have a good temper: "The name of the lord of the party is also what you can call? Ridiculous."

When Xue Meng heard this, he only felt that the humiliation was more than a hundred times better than that of Mei Xuexue. Immediately he said: "What is it? If you are older, you are not allowed to call your name. You still have to call you a head. Is it sinjun? Nangong Liudu is not as big as you!"

"Good, no rules!" Jiang Yansen said, "Who are you a disciple?"

"Why do you ask me to answer? What are you? The group of the lonely moon night listens to your order, I still have to buy your account? I will not tell you! I see you are a -"

"Menger!"

Suddenly a soft voice sounded, Xue Meng slammed his mouth, staggered Jiang Yan, looking behind him.

Mrs. Wang did not know when she came over. She probably heard the sneak peek of Xue Meng, so her face looked pale and anxious. She quickly stopped: "Menger, let’s not say, you come over, Come to A Niang."

Xue Meng glanced at Jiang Yan with a sullen look. He walked toward Mrs. Wang and bowed his head down smoothly: "A Niang."

Jiang Yan stood in the same place for a while, and slowly turned back, narrowing his eyes, and the beautiful eyes of the two Ming Mingsheng flashed with all the malicious light.

He looked at the mother and son next to the powder wall, and he said coldly: "Oh, this is the pride of the sky, Xue Zhengyi's good son, Xue Meng?"

Mrs. Wang: "..."

Jiang Yan’s eyelashes shook for a moment, then closed her eyes, and then opened it, the inside was full of ridicule: “It’s a kind of Xue Zhengyi’s kind, it’s really good.”

"You are not allowed to insult me!"

"Menger!" Mrs. Wang immediately grabbed him and pulled him behind her, then white-faced and greeted Jiang Yan with a sigh of relief. "The dog is Xue Meng, he is used to it, and he still wants to see the **** head."

"Oh, Jiang Zhangmen..." Jiang Yan is like a snake. He immersed the three words in the wet lips and swallowed it for a while, then swallowed it slowly. Then he said, "No problem. He has a half of your sister." Blood, counted up, I can recognize him as a foreigner..."

"Who wants to be a foreigner! Don't look at your ugly face, let's roll it!"

"Menger..."

Jiang Yan smiled coldly and stared at Xue Meng for a moment. His eyes slowly shifted and fell on Mrs. Wang’s face. Mrs. Wang hanged her throat and said, “Please don’t bother to make another joke. It’s no longer lonely. The disciples of the moon night, and where can I still talk about the generations."

"...good." Jiang Yan nodded and said coldly. "Good, great. Today, I have to see the old man and the son of the old man. It really makes the eyes of Jiang open. I don’t know the place where the pickles are. How to raise people, good white magnolia, can also get a plaster."

"Jiang Yan! You **** again! I am tearing your mouth!"

Xue Meng listened to this person in front of his face to insult his mother, when the blood rushed to the top of the head, desperate to go forward, Mrs. Wang Ladu could not hold him, seeing the situation out of control, suddenly heard a loud noise in the sky A sly fireworks exploded and the bells and drums rumbling. The singer of the Confucianism Gate spread a sentence to the seventy-two cities in a flash.

“Hundreds of home-style banquets will be held in the poetry hall at the time of the ceremony, and I would like to invite all of you to come and enjoy the light-”

Jiang Yan looked coldly at Xue Meng, and turned his sleeves and turned away.

The author has something to say: today has a bib

Mrs. Chi's dog was exchanged with the teacher's identity, and the dog became a teacher. Chu Yuening became an apprentice. Suddenly, this brain hole is really beautiful. If this is a misunderstanding, it will be much less. I will wrap around such a big bend. Suddenly I feel so sad and soaked my nose. The Shizun version of the dog really looks steady and gentle, but still has a little hooliganism. The monkey likes it. ~ Crab ~~ Thank you!

"Frost and a sword" wife's small leaves, oh yeah ~ knock cute ~ on the finished hin beauty ~ ~ after finishing the color value has improved a lot ~ sweater cat ears with watermelon, Nangong aunt eyes 瞎, so cute Do not want the small leaves, want to smash Song sister, did not save, sent to the ophthalmic operating room, 23333 crabs, you yo ~

"Yunshui Xingchuan" wife's closed-sighted master, the teacher's eyes closed is very Buddhist, Junxiu 嗷嗷嗷~ really is the man who is out of Buddhism! (Master of guilty: ...Is not a handsome show?) Like ~~ Crabs~ What?

"Twenty-four ghosts" wife's cat and dog bed fight group ~ 么 哒 group ~ and Snow White series of masters, Meng Meng, dog and teacher, ha ha ha ~

cute hin ~ monkey look ~ thank you cute When the class is busy, it is also mass-produced~ Crabs and crabs~~~

"Stupid Meng's Forgotten Chuanchuan" Master and Begonia Flower ~~ Side Yan Shizun is very warm oil ~ ~ Big white cat is the most beautiful, does not allow beautiful teacher and beautiful Song sister to rebut 23333, very good look ~ crab Crab, you are more than heart~

Small theater "A post on the bbs of the dead"

The landlord [anonymous]: I want to ask for "Hong Lian Shui 榭□□i", HD no code no deletion, thank you

1st floor [gentle gentle as water]: love can help, grab a sofa

2nd floor [Mrs. is beautiful]: What is that? Literary film?

3rd floor [opening the roof of the elders of Yuheng]: Going upstairs, martial arts action film, a man hit another man, hit the ground, hit the body, push on the wall, kick the legs and beat There are all kinds of fighting postures, strong, and the scene is extremely exciting. I have seen it and I am very educated.

4th floor [no one is more powerful than me]: What? What does it have to do with the red lotus? Is the teacher... cough, is it a collection of Yuheng

elders? Then I want a copy! Raise your hand!

5th Floor [This seat is flattening you]: Count it upstairs, you will want to die after reading it.

6th Floor [Administrator · Yu Heng Elder]: This post violates the rules, for Shenlou treatment, if there is a reply, delete.

Chapter 158

The sects of the sects, the feast for three days, the first day is to pick up the wind, held one night before the wedding ceremony, as the name suggests is to the guests to wash the dust. But the biggest excitement of the night was not at the wine table, but at the school yard. According to the rules, in the evening of the same day, before the sun sets, there will be a highly respected elder who puts three red-skinned horn deer into the Linyuan. Then the bridegroom father selects twenty-two unmarried men and women to let everyone Go to the court to compete.

Three horned deer, if a guest hunts a horse, they can get a million gold heads. In the end, it is the gimmick of the rich and fascinating sects of Confucianism and Solitude.

The poetry hall is at the height of the house, and Biva flies down and looks down from inside the temple. The hunting forest not far away is shrouded in the setting sun.

The guests arrived in Qi, and gave a gift to Nangong Liu Hexi. The Nangong Liu was a noble and noble person. They all politely returned to the ceremony and invited them to the table. They were busy for half an hour, and all the guests sat in the position. A ring of bells in the music house rang, and the night banquet officially began.

"I don't know which guests will be allowed to go to the Linyuan in the head of the Nangong Palace."

"I don't mean to arrest you. I want to say it. The luck is particularly good. You think about it. Hunting the spirit horn deer, the reward is ten million. Others who don't have hunting deer can also get the forest. Other beasts, or fairy fruits. Where else will there be better things in this world?"

It was a lively discussion, and the temple door suddenly opened. Nangong Temple and Song Qiutong were on the same floor. Lang Jun was pretty, and Jin Hong was intertwined. The two men came to the front of the palm.

Nangong Liu got up and smiled and nodded. He said with aloud: "The guests come from all corners of the country, and the major Xianmen Houses. You can come to the Confucianism Gate in your busy schedule and participate in the children's wedding ceremony. It is a great fortune."

The following guests are holding their heads: "The head is really polite."

"The younger son and the younger lady are only a rare pair of people."

"Yeah yeah."

The words of these aunts are almost exactly the same as those of the fans when they were married to each other. The ink burned and bored, and the

eyes subconsciously patrolled the crowd, and soon found the leaves of the elders sitting next to the frost forest elders. .

The leaves are squinting, and they are still simply dressed. They are eating the dishes in the bowl and never look up to see Nangong.

His expression is good, his manners are all, everything is the same as usual, even more calm than usual, perhaps because he has been working hard all the time, so such people are already very clear that they are powerless to compete with their lives. Looking at him, he suddenly remembered that he liked a bunch of pagoda lanterns sold in the night market when he was a child.

The lantern is very delicate, and every tile is outlined, but the price of the old artist is not low, so the lantern is good, but it has not been sold. Of course, the ink can't afford it, but he almost waits for the night market to open and then goes to the stall to watch it for a while. The light of the bubbling lights is flowing, and Huaguang is solemn, illuminating the black eyes of the child.

Until one day, a pair of young men and women came in, all dressed in silk satin, the girl took a fancy to this pagoda lantern, only spoke like a spoiled, the man next to her took the money Lanterns are sold.

The pagoda was taken away, and the ink burned his head. He watched the old artist take it off the wooden shelf that had been hanging for a long time, and handed it to the girl’s hand. The swaying lights finally illuminate the

ink. The face, and then with the pair of monks, disappeared at the end of the night market.

At the time, the ink burned and felt very uncomfortable, but it was also calm and calm.

He is the same as the current leaf forgetting. In fact, when they see the first look of the pagoda lantern, they know that such a luxurious thing is destined not to belong to oneself. In fact, every night when they are illuminated by the pagoda, they have already practiced the loss of this ray of thousands of times.

Not let go, can relieve.

From the very beginning, I was soberly aware of what the outcome would be, so I never dared to pick it up.

"Come and come, grab the shackles, grab the shackles--" The main servant of the Confucianism Gate, holding a bronze entangled scorpion, came to the front of the sacred face with a smile, and held his head to the front of Nangong Liu. At the head, Ji Shi has arrived, please also grab the door!"

"Good! Come! South Palace head to catch one!"

Nangong Liu Xiaodao said: "That district is respectful, it is better to be reverent, take twenty-two signatures, and the young heroes who have been drawn, please be sure to show your face and participate in night hunting. If anyone does not want to go, then trouble ahead Say, thank you, thank you!"

After waiting for a while, there were several martial art servants who were low-minded and courageous. They asked their parents to go up and let the Nangong head take their name away from the squat.

Xu Shuanglin looked at Ye’s forgotten eyes and smiled lazily and asked: “Do you want to go to play with small leaves? If you want to go, I will make a hand for you and open a secret door.”

"I won't go." Ye forgets, "Father, you bother to talk to the head and put my name apart."

"How come that, in case of it, there are ten million gold."

Ye Forgiveness: "..."

Xu Shuanglin’s temper is far more docile than a adopted child. He thought for a while, and his mouth curled up with a sly smile. He said, “If you don’t want to go, let me go.”

"Father... you are forty years this year..."

"What's wrong, I look young. When I go to get the three deer back, 30 million gold will be handed. The windfall is not taken, the earth is destroyed."

Xu Shuanglin insisted on his own way. He did not see the frustration of the righteous son. He pulled his shoes and smiled and went to Nangong Liu. He said a few words next to Nangong Liu, and others would only think that he would take the sign of Ye Shixi, who knows that he loves money and wants to go in and play.

Nangong Liu quickly picked out the guests who were competing.

"Shen Feng, Lin Biao, Qu Yuran..."

The elders of the frost forest stood by, took over a sign in the hands of the head, and reported them one by one, slowly and calmly; "Oh? This is a bit powerful, the pride of the sky, Xue Meng."

Soon twenty-one people were selected, and the last one was worse. The elders of Frost Forest were very thick and smiled and raised their hands: "There is another person who is me, an old bone, please advise." Knowing the temper of this elder, not obstructing, only smiled helplessly, giving everyone a fuze.

"The winners, the fuzes are the evidence, after the three voices, the three spirit horn deer are caught, and the hunting is over." Nan Gongliu said, "I will wait at the Xiaoyue campus to welcome you back. Winner, rewarding millions."

Everyone is screaming and applauding, and they are cheering for their acquaintances.

Nangong Liu said with a smile: "In addition, the children are entrusted to add another one, the first one, and the demon wolf ten. The **** relationship, take home!"

Demon wolf!

Such a precious beast, the black market is a hard to find, ten!

The hall was boiling, and some people couldn't help but stand up and shouted at the chosen door: "Brother, it's up to you! If you take the first, look back at your boots and I will brush you for one year!"

I laughed loudly.

Some women are not convinced, shouting loudly: "Teacher brother, compare them all, if you win, I promise to double repair with you!"

"Wow - this is good, this is amazing, hahaha, who is so spicy?"

For a time, in the poetry hall, the laughter and the words were boiling against the sky. In the eyes of those who lacked interest, they all showed some expectation, and looked at the grand enthusiasm with the wine glasses.

The ink burned away in a laughter, and said with Chu late Ning: "Master, I will go to the hunting ground with Xue Meng, you sit and eat well, wait for me to come back."

Chu night Ningdao: "Go, take a little bit of Xue Meng, he is too rash."

"it is good."

The smoldering and the rest of the 20 people walked down the brightly lit hall of the bright and beautiful, Chu Xiaoning looked at the young and handsome men and women's handsome and straight posture disappeared into the night, the red cup of the daughter in the cup.

He feels that there is money in the next life to create an aura stone road. His apprentice, he is most confident.

30 million gold, at your fingertips.

After the birth into the forest, but in a flash, the ink burned Xuemeng have not had time to return, the sky slammed the first bright red fireworks, Nangong Liu Yan surprised, hit the sigh: "It is really powerful, I am this I haven't finished drinking tea yet. I have already hunted the first deer. I don't know who is a disciple? So brave and admirable!"

Li Wuxin of Bitanzhuang sat next to Nangong Liu, and he said with a smile: "If you have Yaxing in the room, why don't we bet on a game? These 22 young talents, who are the deer, the 50,000, Lee came out and gave the Nangong head to help?"

Everyone seconded, so the twenty-two wooden sign with the name was placed on the long list, and the red one was placed below. The people who wanted to bet went forward to write down the chips and the money.

Xue Zhengxuan turned his head and followed the night of Chu: "How does Bitanzhuang give 50,000 heads, so few, is the old man named Li very poor?"

Chu night Ningdao: "Small gambling, big gambling hurts."

Xue Zhengxuan sneered and asked Chu Yuning: "Would you like it?"

Chu night Ning looked at him with a stern look and did not say anything. Xue Zhengyi was hairy on some of his necks and shrank his neck. He said, "Well, know that you don't like it, then --"

“What do you want to do?” Yuheng elders untied the purse and photographed it on the table, with no expression on his face. “If you come, you will be hurt.”

"..."

Xue Zheng took him for a while, just like a ghost, and then asked: "How much is it?"

"Three hundred thousand."

"..... so much? What should I do if I lose?"

"Can't pay." Chu said, "Do you want to repair the stone road? If you make more money, you can repair a few more in those villages that are particularly heavy."

Xue Zhengyi: "Really? Xuemen wants to lose?"

"I won't lose, your son, you should be clearer than me."

"....."

Seeing Xue Zhengyi still uneasy, Chu night Ning very simply said: "If you lose me, win it, go."

The squadrons have been filled with names. The small sects that didn’t really want to gamble were really itchy, and they couldn’t help but spend some money to come up with luck.

Nangong squatted and felt fun. He got up and wanted to gamble. Song Qiutong called him: "French, why are you going?"

"Win some money and buy jewelry for you."

Song Qiutong didn't talk, and he was flustered with a sleek face, and his forehead was smashed with black hair, and he was particularly shy and pitiful. Chu Evening had no intention of glanced over there, saw the sweetness of the newlyweds, and felt awkward. He quickly turned his head back, so he did not see the restlessness of Song Qiutong’s face.

Nangong stunned and took the pen. He walked over before the long case. He was preparing to pick a personal selection and write a chip. He suddenly heard a sharp voice behind him. Only between the electric and the flint,

Nangong’s reaction was as fast as a wolf. He squatted sideways, swept back and swept away, and a white snow smudged his cheeks and flew over, "Hey!" and slammed into the main pillar of the main hall of the golden nanmu.

Sprinkles of powder, three points into the wood!

"who!"

"There are assassins!!"

"Alarm! Blow the ring!"

The sharp whistle sounded through 72 houses in Washington, and the songs were warmed up and the happy poetry of the poetry was in a mess.

Nangong’s eyes were dark and faint, with faint scent. He slammed the blood on his cheeks and strode to the pillars and looked up.

It was just an ordinary feather arrow. It actually penetrated into the depths of the hard Nanmu. There was a small bamboo tube on the feather arrow. Nangong’s face was taken down and the bamboo tube was removed. The dog’s teeth were fierce, and the sealing wax was blown. A letter comes.

Nangong 驷 驷 笺 笺 笺 笺 笺 笺 笺 南 南 南

good. It was really ridiculous. I don't know who made it. I played such a bad joke. This is really..."

"What is it?"

On the corner, suddenly a low-pitched voice was heard.

Everyone is discolored, and the leaves are forgotten. Before the Nangong Temple, Chu Ning also stood up and stared at the place where the sound came.

To know that Confucianism is such a grand event, the disciples responsible for martial law are high-level disciples of this school. This person actually came to the top of the poetry hall without knowing it, and he was still unconscious when he made a sound. Obviously It is not a general generation, it should not be underestimated.

"The head of Nangong, I kindly remind you, don't let your son lick a woman with a watery lotus flower for no reason. You not only don't listen, but instead say that I am full of paper, it really makes me open my eyes."

The voice was not received, and a black shadow flashed. When others were clear, he had already held his hand in the center of the main hall and stood in the crowd of Wuhuan.

"what--!"

"Escape, run away!"

The people who were close to each other were shocked and stunned. The tides generally fell down, and a circle of people was scattered around him. The brothers and sisters guarded the younger brothers and sisters, and guarded the disciples. The young man was guarding the young.

The black man wore a sly bronze mask and a black cloak, faintly said: "What do you want to escape? If I want to hurt, this temple should have been bleed and bleed. I will stand up."

The author has something to say: Hey... I think the mystery of the first gambling game is almost already visible. 23333

Today, the collar has

"Mulberry" wife's master is single, knocking and looking good, can stare at him for five minutes, from the eyes to the hairstyle are impeccable and simply cry, I hope to become the wife's hand Pendant, let me be a hand pendant! It’s a tiger’s landing hug!

"Snowy sword" wife's Xue Mengmeng, disgusting the dog brand dumplings cute cute to the explosion! Let me perform an in-situ explosion! Meng

Meng is so cute that I can't afford it! Don't eat the dog dumplings! Let me make a bowl of yuan for you! After eating, you can become the most handsome man in the real world! Hey!

Small theater "born anti-bone"

Ink burning: I heard that high cold is not very good at drinking.

Chu nightning: ridiculous, I am not drunk.

Ink burning: I heard that high cold is not good at gambling.

Chu nightning: ridiculous, I will win every gamble.

Ink burning: I heard that Gao Leng was not bothered by the Lantern Festival and said to my boyfriend that I love you.

Chu nightning: ridiculous, I...

Ink burning: Haha, I know that the Master is not the same as the other glamorous goods outside. Come, you say, I listen.

Chapter 159

Nangong Liu seems to be calm, but his forehead has already produced a fine sweat. He estimates the strength of this person in his heart. He feels that he is not guilty, and he is more and more flustered, but it is only because of the face of the world’s largest party. Hard to scalp: "Who is this? What is the intention of the night gnome?"

"I said it, I just want to mention you, don't let your son not be jealous."

When he said this, the four guests couldn’t help but look at each other.

The Confucianist Ye Yexiu and Song Qiutong have been infected with this matter. They have already spread all over the streets and lanes, and they are all well-known. I am afraid that only Nangong, who is not aware of it, and Nangong Liu.

However, the wedding placard has been issued, the marriage book has been lowered, and at this time, what is the face on the face of Confucianism? Nangong Liu’s lips shook for a while, and made a cold cry, saying: “Who is a dog, as long as he likes it, he will not worry about outsiders.”

The black man smiled and said: "The big heart of the head, there is no such thing as Song Qiutong. Is this your Nangong family, or his Ye family."

Song Qiutong was furious and his face was white. A pair of beautiful eyes screamed and shouted: "You are bloody!"

"How can I spurt blood, you and Ye Yexi, what good things have you done, is it not clear in your heart?"

Ye Ye did not want to mention himself, suddenly stunned, and for a long time, I knew what the black man was saying, but his first reaction was not angry, but he was laughing.

"What are you talking about?"

"I have never said nonsense, but it is true and true, and I saw it with my own eyes." The head of the black man said, "You have saved the Song Qiutong at Xuanyuan Pavilion, and this is what the monks know all over the world. Ye Gongzi, what is your heart?"

"Seeing it, you can't bear to wear your hand."

"A good one can't bear the sleeves. You saved her. Let her be free. What do I do when I go in and out and take her with me? Let her go back to the Confucianism with you, and accept her as a waiter?"

"Song girl is a sphenoidal beauty seat. This is also known to the world. If I let her go, she will be immediately targeted by the unscrupulous, so that she will bring back the Confucianism Gate and give her a place to stay. ”

"A good place to stay, Ye Gongzi is really Liu Xiahui, accompanied by a stunning beauty all day long, there is no such thing as abruptness."

The black man’s words are quite ridiculous, but the leaves are not sorrowful, but they say: “Ye is innocent.”

He said so, but everyone does not believe that ordinary people are always willing to measure the chest of all people with their own knowledge. Most of these people come from the upper cult, if they get the sphenoidal beauty seats, even if they have broken their blood It is necessary to protect the baby in the arms, or stew directly to eat, who will believe that the leaves are innocent?

Therefore, a group of people exchanged their eyes, and they could not help but feel indifferent. In the uneasy atmosphere, they also gave birth to some obvious pleasures.

Nangong 驷 沉 沉 : : :

"Nangong Gongzi, you really don't know the people's heart." The black man walked in the hall, he walked around, suddenly stopped in front of Song Qiutong, and smiled at her two times, opening the way, "Song Girl, your husband is so blindly trusting you, no wonder you can face your heart and not jump, stand in this place, and behave as the Lady of the Confucianism."

Song Qiutong is far less calm than the other two. She is nervous: "You have to humiliate me!"

"What is your innocence with Ye Gongzi?" The black man talked and said, "After you were saved by him, he volunteered to serve him. When you were in a private meeting, you thought no one was around, but you didn't know. I have been watching in the dark, you have to think about people, unless you are..."

Song Qiu Tong shouted and interrupted him: "You are nonsense!"

"If I am nonsense, why are you shaking?"

"I, I am angry... I..." She went to see Nangong, "The son..."

Nan Gongyi returned to her side and held her behind her. A pair of wolves were generally gloomy and cold eyes staring at the black man: "You don't want to have blood."

"Is it bloody, I will say one thing, you will know." The black man smiled. "Namong Gongzi, you Song Meiren has a drop of red dragonfly on his left leg, isn't it?"

Nangong’s words are heard: "You..."

"About the size of the rice, the color is bright, not dark red, but blood red. If I didn't see her and Ye Gongzi for fun, how could she know such details?"

"This……"

"Zongzi!" Song Qiutong was frightened and took the sleeves of Nangong, with tears. "No, no, he yells at me...he must be when I bathe..."

“What good looks are you taking a shower?” The black man was a little unhappy and interrupted her. “It’s better to go to the jade and elders to bathe and change clothes.”

The elders of Yu Heng were sneaked into the bath by the female disciples. It was also an epic sensation in the realm of the realm. At this time, everyone felt that it was a bit funny, and the courage was still looking at the night of Chu, but it was late. Ning's face was amazingly murderous, and they turned their heads down.

The black man walked around Nangong and Song Qiutong, and suddenly he thought of something. He smiled and said: "Yes, I suddenly remembered one thing. When Ye Gongzi photographed Song girl, Song girl wrist There is a sacred sandstone that the cold scale sage hand personally clicks. If the Song girl is really ice-clear and jade, and I am full of foul language and filth with her, then there must be a little cinnabar on her wrist."

He paused, and Song Qiutong, who was miserable and shivering like a sieve, smiled and said: "Song girl, if you really want to be innocent, why not take the Shougong Sand Show with everyone, how?"

Nangong stunned and turned back to comfort Song Qiutong: "Nothing, you give everyone a glimpse, you..."

But when he saw that Song Qiutong’s lips had faded from the blood, the whole face was white like paper. He shivered and couldn’t help it. After a while, some doubts: “How are you... what?”

Song Qiutong loosened the hand of Nangong Yu, stepped back, clutching his sleeves and shaking his head with tears.

"No... no..."

Nangong’s eyes were wide and wide, as if what was known to happen, he could not speak.

The black man sneered: "What's wrong? Don't you dare?"

"No, it is not like this... I don't know..." Song Qiutong fell to the ground, and suddenly the tears rained, and said, "I don't know, I don't know... I beg you... let me go. ....."

She clung to her sleeves and prevented others from seeing it, but such a desire to cover her is like telling everyone that the sacred sand on her wrist is indeed disappearing as the black man said.

She is a virgin, but she is not married yet, but the red marks on her hands have disappeared.

This time I jumped into the Yellow River and couldn't wash it.

The black man is about to say, suddenly heard a cold and chilling sound, and in the light, Chu night Ning is tall and straight, saying: "Song girl's wrist sand, a few days ago, still with you It’s said that Song Ye’s two people’s confession does not match, and it’s fearful that you will be murdered.”

The black man did not know why, and his eyes flashed a little silent, and the aggressive momentum was inexplicably turned into an invisible when he turned to the night, ":....."

For a long while, the black man sighed.

Some of you feel that you have been mistaken, and this man who has to smear his mouth to push the man to the road, seems to have some connivance in his tone.

"Chu Zongshi said that it is correct, but I just did not say that Song and Ye had been private before, but only said that the two were infected, really want to talk about private time, about a few days ago. ”

Ye forgets to mutter: "...is ridiculous..."

Chu night Ning face cold, imposing manners: "There is nothing in the air, your words are false and real, let me first trial."

"you……"

Between the words, Chu night Ning pointed to the golden light flashing, the black man's pupil stunned and gathered, sideways to avoid, the danger to avoid the fiercely out of the Shenwutian asked.

"What is Chu Zongshi doing?" The black man is helpless and funny. His body is very good. Chu Ning's rattan whip can't get rid of him for a while, he doesn't fight back, so he is so full. Liu Ning's Liu Teng chased after running. The atmosphere of the tightness suddenly became a bit funny, and

there was some faintness in his faintness. "Don't hit me, I haven't finished talking yet."

"If you want to complain, why don't you pick up the mask and talk about it!"

"You want me to pick it up. I will pick it up for you. I can't do it now."

"Why not!"

"I don't look good, under the lights, I scare everyone."

The black man escaping from the sky and ran for a long time, seeing the night of the night, the law was fierce, the more fierce the war, the unsatisfactory darkness, the side flashed to the back of the wooden pillar, escaped the sky and asked for a splash of gold, and said: "Leave the past, you are not a gentleman? Today I will let the world know your true face! You buy a woman's double repair, forcing Song Qiutong to serve you, you care for the people, bullying the wife of the Lord! You - you are a clothing animal, a human face!"

Ye forgets the wrath: "What's the mess, what to say?!"

"Is it wrong? Song Qiutong's Guardian Sand is not, don't you know?" The black man hid and whispered. "She was in front of you the day before,

saying that she is the unmarried of Nangong. Wife, please open the net, don't want to entangle with her again, but you insist on not listening, you still say -"

Ye forgets his face and is mad, and gnash his teeth: "What else do I say? You edit!"

"You have forgotten what you said, but I want to mention you, you said at the time," the black man cleared his throat, changed his tone, and imitated the tone of the leaves. "Song girl, I have a lot of money, But I made clothes for others. Now that you have the green eyes of Nangong Gongzi, you have to retreat from me and break with me. You think it is too beautiful."

At the end, "ha ha ha" laughed three times, that tone, full of land rogue.

Ye Forgiveness: "....."

The author has something to say: Well, everyone in the first game should know who it is~

But this person is very good at the end, why do you want to pour dirty water on small leaves? Tomorrow will open a prize~嘿嘿嘿~(It is estimated that today, a small partner can be sure what the answer to the second game is, face and face)

Today, the bib has a color version of the teacher’s sword, which is not the koi carp king. Yesterday, I was addicted to the code word. I didn’t have time to see it before ten o'clock. I am guilty! Cut the belly! The line version of the teacher's sword has been knocked and watched, and the finish is even more beautiful! Just want to ask my wife why it is so powerful QAQ I burst into tears! Hao Junxiu is so good~~ Crabs and crabs~~

Starting today, I began to enter the Confucian Gate copy to decrypt the monsters to open the boss, the old rules, in order not to affect the rhythm, this story does not update the small theater ~ what?

Chapter 160

The surrounding guests listened, and many people have already revealed the sorrowful color, and their eyes swayed between the leaves, the Nangong Temple and Song Qiutong.

Someone whispered: "It’s a scum..."

"Nangong Gongzi is still not angry?"

"The original Song girl was forced to helplessly, only... Hey, this is no stranger to her... She is a daughter's house, what can I do in front of the two sons who are in the limelight?"

The black man learned the love, cold and could not be prevented from being asked by the sky, but fortunately he avoided the urgency, the injury is not heavy, and was not entangled, but the cloak still broke a hole, blood spatter, he snorted, dare not Slowly, I can't hide from the late Liu Ning, but I still haven't let go of the leaves.

"Ye Gongzi, the day before, Song girl did not dare to admit, I am afraid she is worried about hurting you and the Nangong son. But the sky has eyes, the

mirror is high, you are not a little shy, not planning to be in everyone Do you bow your head and plead guilty?!"

The leaves are ecstatic, but they are also ridiculous. They say, "Ye is guilty."

"You are not guilty, is it still the sin of Song girl alone? Although she did not resist, but I think it is only because of your coercion, do you still want to say that she is actively recruiting you? Instead of you forced her? ”

At this time, Nangong, who had never spoken, suddenly turned back and looked down at Song Qiutong’s eyes and reached out to help her.

Song Qiutong thought that he reached out and wanted to confirm the sand on the wrist. When she woke up this morning, she found that the cinnabar on her wrist was gone, and her heart was very flustered. However, the more the case was darker, the explanation was unclear. She thought that it would soon be a candle with the Nangong Temple. At this time, this cinnabar will disappear by itself, so it is better not to say anything in the past two days, so as not to increase the misunderstanding.

Unexpectedly, someone would splash her dirty water...

I thought that I was indeed saved by the forgetfulness of the leaves. I used to be the servant of Ye Yexi, and then I thought of my cinnabar, and the red dragonfly on my leg was clearly pointed out. It was a hundred words. The lieutenant, I don’t know what to do.

In the midst of chaos, she lifted the wet scorpion and looked at the scorpion. I saw those people looking at her in a thin and pitiful manner. They whispered in whispers, and they talked a lot, and they saw the leaves lingering and standing, and the face was pointed by thousands of people. The guests spit.

The black man was still running around by Liu Zongshi's Liu Teng, and he couldn't help but scream: "Leaves forget! You and I have been complaining for a long time. Today I will expose you. You are a hypocrite! You are confidant." Miss Lord, forcing a good girl, why is it poisonous!"

Song Qiutong’s glimpse, almost suddenly realized how to do it himself. It’s impossible to wash the charges. Listening to the tone of the black man, the person seems to be deeply enemies with Ye Yexiu, trying every means to destroy Ye Ye. The gentleman’s reputation as a gentleman.

She can't afford the sin of forgiveness, but if she follows the words of the black man and says that she is forced by Ye Forget, then at least...

She almost hysterically shouted: "It is him who harms me!"

Nangong’s hand suddenly froze, standing in the same place and staring at her. It seems that the unmarried wife was really tarnished by her father’s right arm. The whole person was shocked.

Song Qiutong hides his face and weeps sobbing and says: "Yes, Ye Gongzi bullied me, he...he forced me... I never promised..."

Nangong glared at her, the candlelight was bright and dark, his eyes suddenly and suddenly, and he was half-squatting. He put down the hand to pull Song Qiutong, his voice was hoarse, and the fire was splashing: "Do you know what you are talking about?"

Seeing his anger, Song Qiutong’s heart is even more embarrassed, crying: “The son, can’t live... I’m afraid that the son can’t let me, so...have been...had never said...I’m more afraid...more afraid When he comes out, he will let Ye Gongzi and the son of the sinister, he will be reused by the head. If you have a gap, where can the Confucianism door have a half-point?" She said, squatting down, long sleeves, slender shoulders I couldn’t help but tremble, and it’s sad and sighing.

"Qiu Tong really doesn't know what to do... I don't even dare to ask the head to be the master. I am humiliated and can only hide it myself... Gongzi, Qiu Tong has something to do with you, but... but it is true to you..."

Nangong was pale, and retreated. He shook his head and repeated in his mouth: "Do you know... Do you know what you are talking about?"

Song Qiutong's blue silk is covered with fragrant shoulders, and the light in the shadows is like a satin-like glare, which makes her whole person pitiful. She mourns and sighs: "It is not good for Qiu Tong, and I shouldn't be squatting, but I am lonely, I... ..."

Nangong 驷 suddenly violently drunk, interrupted her words: "Do you know what you said!!"

"I..." Song Qiutong was violently shaken by him, and looked up on his face. The clouds and flowers were damp, the delicate face was full of tears, and his lips could not tremble. "I..."

"Do you actually do this kind of thing? You, actually dare... you can actually do this kind of thing!"

When everyone listened to Nangong’s words, they frowned and exchanged their eyes. What's more, they couldn't help but whisper: "I have heard that Confucianism is respected by men and women are mean, but I didn't expect such a thing." The Nangong blame is not a leaf forget, but a plain-scarred Song girl, it is really chilling."

"Yeah, he really is very good."

When Chu Ningning heard Song Qiutong’s own admittance, he had already recovered Liu Teng. At this time, seeing Nangong’s reaction, he was somewhat awkward.

In his memory, although Nangong Temple is occasionally arrogant and arrogant, but still good in character, it is not such a person who is unclear. If

this matter is true and correct, it should be pursued, but it should be pursued, not Song Qiutong.

But at the moment, the anger of Nangong is actually all in Song Qiutong... How can this be?

Among the guests, only Mei Hanxue, one of them sat in the room while drinking, while screaming. If Xue Meng is here at this time, he will find that Mei Hanxue and Fang Cai’s own glimpses, and they are completely two appearances. He is now in a general posture with the romantic seeds in the Taohuayuan, with the eyes in the spring and the gestures. Very awkward.

Song Qiutong was still crying, and pushed all the ugly things to the leaf. The leaf was forgotten by her identification. It was a word that couldn’t be said, only eyes wide open and squatting on this one. The woman who was photographed from Xuanyuan Pavilion.

"It is Qiutong who is weak and has no courage before Ye Gongzi is light and thin. He is self-deprecating to prove innocence. The body of Qiu Tong duckweed, all the benefits, is given by the son, now... now knowing that there is something wrong... I... The son is falling..."

After listening to her wailing, Nangong驷 raised her head and closed her eyes.

The original warm and warm light, now shining on his face, but the shadow of black swells, his eyelashes shaking, seems to be pressing what he is trying.

The two palms became fists, and there was no flesh and blood. His throat was tumbling and rolling, just like the waves in his heart. He was patient, his cheekbones were cold, his foreheads were violent, he was patient, his bones trembled, his blood was burning.

He endured, and finally couldn't help it. He screamed and screamed, and the sword slammed the case in front of Song Qiutong a few times! The cup is a mess!

"Song Qiutong, do you know... my life, the most hateful, the most hateful, the most intolerable, is to lie!!" He said with a sigh of relief, "Leaves forget!!"

"……Little Lord."

"Leave the past, you give me over!"

"..."

Looking back, my eyes are red and wet: "Come on!!"

The leaves have forgotten to go, and the people who watched the drama felt that the sword of Nangong’s next moment would have to be poked straight into the chest of the leaves, and the animals of the virtual and the snakes would be directly smashed, and the heart would be pulled to the ground. I was holding my breath and staring at all of this in my eyes.

Nangong sighed and stared at the leaves for a moment, and hoarsely said: "...you, solved the tuning."

"Transformation?" Everyone stunned and looked at each other. "What is this about transliteration?"

"Yeah, hey, but it’s strange, what does this leaf have to do with the tuning? Is his original voice terrible, will it scare others? Or is there anything he can’t see in his original voice?"

The leaves are reminiscing, but they are coveted: "There is no master, you can't solve it."

Nangong stunned and stared at him: "What do you say?"

"Ye Mou has been using the sound-changing technique since the age of thirteen, and has used this voice for ten years. The sound-changing technique has gone deep into the spiritual core." Ye forgets the news, calmly, "again I can't recover the original voice."

"..." Nangong 驷 stepped back, yelled, and after half a squat, looked up at the man who sat on the high face and muttered, "Father?"

Nangong Liu finally spoke: "Hey, this is a pity, but... It’s true that the change of voice is a voluntary decision. Now it’s unexpected. You don’t have to think about it."

"but……"

Nangong Liu walked down the high platform and stood behind the clumps of guards. He held his hand and said: "For the father, you know that you have a friendship with the leaves. I am grateful to him for his loyalty in these years. But it is a matter of gratitude. One thing, he... confession Song Qiutong, ignoring the human genius, deceiving the lord, is a crime of death."

I didn’t think that Nangong Liu actually said this, Nangong said: "Father!!"

Nangong Liu waved his hand, and a blue light flashed. Nangong was immediately shrouded in a **** enchantment. He was first stunned and then groaned in anger, but the enchantment was the rule of the Confucianism passed down from generation to generation. "The enchantment", because the Confucianism Gate once happened to take the position of the uncle, so the son of the head signed a **** deed with his father at an early age. This enchantment is the father’s special purpose to

detain his son. Even if the Nangong 驷 force is stronger, it will not be able to break free.

When he shouted in the enchantment, he was even sealed and could not be passed outside...

Nowadays, it is better to admit that Ye Yexi and Song Qiutong have been confessed, and it is better to shake off other secrets of Confucianism. Nan Gongliu came to the black man and bowed his hands and said, "I don't know if Mr. and Ye Yexi have anything to do with the festival, but thanks to Mr. today, the district is really unfortunate."

The black man faintly said: "The Nangong head is polite."

"Come, come and forget the leaves! Go to -"

"Slow."

The black man suddenly stopped, and Nangong Liuton was uneasy, but his face still smiled and said: "What advice does Mr.?"

"I was thinking, the lang just said two things about the sound-changing technique. Why do you have to rush to imprison Ye Gongzi?"

"Cough, this is the private matter of my Confucianism, it is inconvenient to elaborate here..."

The black man smiled and said: "The head of the prince is in order to face the face of Confucianism. It is really clear what is called abandoning the car. Poor Ye girl was born and died for more than ten years, and now you are trying to preserve your own dignity. Make her innocent."

As soon as this statement came out, the others had not yet reacted, but the face of Nangong Liu suddenly changed.

Under the seat, Mei Han Xue smiled and sipped a pot of wine, took a drink, and let go.

The face of Nangong Liu looked a little sallow under the candlelight, and he smiled and asked: "What leaf girl... sir you..."

The black man’s eyes were stunned, and the voice echoed clearly and loudly in the hall, with a word and a word.

"Leaves forget, it is not a man at all."

Chapter 161

"Leaves forget, it is not a man at all."

"....."

A few silences, suddenly boiling!

The guests in the hall were eclipsed, and all the sights were concentrated on the leaves of the forgotten, and the leaves were hungry, their eyes closed and their eyes closed.

Not a man? !

This handsome and upright young man, actually... is it actually a girl?

This sentence is like dripping into the sputum. In a flash, there is a hot air wave. Some people take a breath of air, and then the screaming sound and the splashing oil are smashing.

"Is the leaf forgetting to be a daughter?"

"God... how come..."

"It's no wonder that Nancai didn't blame her. He knew this thing clearly! So Song Qiutong just..."

“It’s all about self-protection and planting people!”

"It's too sinister! I didn't do it without doing it. Why do you want to wash the charges and blame others?"

"But I still don't believe, how can Ye Yexiong be a woman? I can't get it at all..."

The cold eyes of Nangong Liuyan flashed, staring at the black scorpion exposed by the black man, saying: "Mr. Do not rumor, where is the evidence from you -"

"If you don't feel guilty, let the Nangong 驷 be released." The black man said, "Fortunately, the sage is wild, but he is still a gentleman, not as cold and ruthless as you are."

"..."

Seeing a layer of greasy sweat on the face of Nangong Liu, pinching the fist, the black man is cold and cold: "Why, you put it."

Nangong Liu Yan sleeves: "The district is not a child of discipline, but it is not possible for an outsider to dictate his hand and put it on the ground!"

He said that although he did not admit that the black people said it was true, everyone’s heart was already like a mirror. Those who did not believe in the words of the black people could not help but shake their minds and re-evaluate the leaves. The handsome face, trying to find out what she was doing as a woman.

At this time, the crowd suddenly had a personal voice: "The head of the Nangong, this is what you are wrong."

Everyone turned back, Mei Hanxue wearing a fox, graceful and cheerful, standing in a light and shadow, said: "Ye girl is a heroic, but it is a true daughter, the head of the body For the man, he should be pity and cherish the jade. As an elder, he should be generous and kind. How can he bully a girl in order not to lose the face of Confucianism?"

He said, walking slowly to the front of the temple, smiled and said: "Small sorrow is not awkward. I once had a relationship with the flower girl and the leaf girl. At that time, she felt that she was cool and heroic, and unlike the Fufeng weak willow, she loved it. The mouth is stupid, but the words

are offensive to the Ye girl, which makes her heart abandon her, and has a dispute with Xiaoyan. After the coach Ye Hao’s high-profile move, she can’t help but sigh that the Confucianism is really a hero, and the female repair is also an extraordinary skill. The door secretly applauded, but today I saw the head of the monarch acting... Oh, but I feel that the Huang Feng Confucianism is not worthy of such a proud face."

"...Mei Xianjun, you and Ye Yexi have only one side of the relationship, it will be wrong to be wrong." Nangong willow face dull, but still dead and bite between the lips, said, "Read in Kunlun step For the sake of the Snow Palace, I don't care about you, so don't leave your eyes again."

Between his words, it is not as calm as calm.

The black man sneered: "The name of Mei Gongzi is famous all over the world. If he does not see that a person is a man or a woman, I am afraid that no second person in the world can see it."

Nangong Liu listened to him and said that he could not help but anger and burn hard. He said: "Mr. still only slammed the leaves and forsaw the insults of Song Qiutong. At this time, he said that Ye Yexi was a woman. So he turned upside down and wanted to disturb my Confucianism. Clear, bad, my door is famous!"

Black man said: "If I don't make this decision, how can I let Nangong son see the true nature of Song girl? If he is wrong, it is really disgusting for most of his life."

"But you only know what is said to be justified! What's more, if the leaf is a woman, how does the cinnabar on Song Qiutong's wrist disappear?"

"You ask her, ask me what to do." The black man sneered, "not to mention the fact that you have thousands of male disciples on the door of the Confucianism. If you have the heart, you can take them. One question and one question will definitely find a satisfactory answer."

This matter is related to the face of Confucianism, so everyone is silent, no one speaks, but the innocence and curiosity in the eyes can't be hidden. Nan Gongliu feels that the thorn is on his back in such a gaze. After a while, I suddenly turned my head and said, "You come over!"

"..."

"You said by yourself, did the Song girl yell at you?" Nan Gongliu stared at the face of Ye Shixi, he was betting, and he still held the most important chip in his hand. He knows that Ye Forgive has a deep affection for his son, and he does not want Confucianism to be famous. "You tell everyone, what is your identity!"

The leaves are always obedient, from small to large, the most sturdy piece on his board.

He even clearly remembered that when he was thirteen years old, he was ordered to come to the magnificent hall of Confucianism.

The temple door is close, only two of them.

He sat on the icy seat and looked down. The 13-year-old girl had not yet gotten out, dressed in a green scorpion, with a satin on her hair and a small silver bracelet on her hand.

He smiled and said to her: "Forgetting it, calling you today, I mean you already know."

Ye forgets to squat down and grows down: "Yes, respect the Lord."

"Your righteous father has been seriously injured many times before, and his bones are damaged. It is no longer suitable for the dark guards. You are his adopted daughter and the childhood sweetheart. I can't believe other people. I can only believe you."

Ye Yexiu did not get up, still quietly lie on the ground, under the bun, revealing a slender neck, like a lamb licking the neck.

Nangong Liudao: "Your talent is outstanding, the future is immeasurable. I have the heart to plant you as the leader of the Confucianism, and then lead a city in the seventy-two cities. In this way, you can both worry about your righteous father. It can become the right arm of the deaf child. Since then, he is in the dark, you are in the dark, and share the centuries-old glory of Confucianism."

He paused.

"However, if you don't want it, then it doesn't matter. How much can your father support you for a while? I will find someone who is more suitable. This is a great sacrifice for you. I have a lot of things in my heart. You don't have to reluctantly."

When Nangong Liu finished, he changed his position on the high seat and waited in a hurry. This girl has no father and no mother, and she has no support. He has full confidence in his heart. He waits for her to nod.

Finally, Ye Ye had straightened her back and she looked at him quietly.

There was such an instant, Nangong Liu felt chilling, and it seems that her own calculations and smirk were all seen by the girl, but the next moment, Ye forgets: "My life is given by the righteous father, to report the father, I Nothing unwilling."

Nangong Liu Jing had a mustache and sighed: "In the end it is aggrieved to you."

Ye forgets the silence and indifferently says: "I should thank the Lord, and my eyes will be added."

Nangong Liu Yanfeng turned: "But, Confucianism has always been male and female, and women are always weak and weak. It is the woman's benevolence. This is the only man in the world who can serve the public and be a commander." You are so smart, you should know how to do it."

Ye forgets the silence for a moment, in front of Nangong Liu's face, coldly took off the silver bracelet on his hand, smashed the ribbon, and then she removed the upper jaw, only the white jacket. After doing all this, she will release her hair and turn it into a ponytail. The sun shines in and shines on her. She has a straight back and a strong look. Although she is still young, her temperament is like a pine.

"Not bad." Nangong Liu dripping does not leak, reminding her, "I will dress like this in the future, but don't forget, there is sound."

Leaves forget to drop the eyelashes. She has already discovered it when she came in. Before she had her seat, she had already put a golden scissors in advance.

She picked up the scissors and licked them in the throat.

Blood ticks.

"The old sound is annihilated and will not change for life."

She slowly spit out the eight-character curse, then closed her eyes and threw the scissors off the front.

The blood on the scissors was mottled. Nangong Liu stared at it for a while and said, "Good, good. From then on, you are the successor of the dark city leader. It is the Ye Gongzi of the Confucianism Gate. Even if it is a nephew, I will ask him to let you three. Minute--"

The leaves are forgotten, but they are another kind of juvenile voice.

"I am sorry to ask the Lord, and I will never let the righteous father be alone. I am willing to share my worries."

Therefore, Nangong Liu is too clear that Ye is a man of this moment.

After ten years, I learned to be a man, and I didn’t leak water. When I was born, I took my secret medicine every day. I was born with a painful drug, and I became a male body.

In his eyes, she is a dog raised by the Confucianism, and she will never betray her in order to raise her health.

Ten years ago, she cut her throat and sprinkled blood forever.

Today, she will not disappoint him.

He bet on the past will help him.

As long as Ye forgets to say "I am not a woman", what can happen if everyone does not believe?

The black man obviously thinks the same way. He walked in the first two steps, standing in front of the leaves, and raised his hand to block her way. He said: "Nan Gongliu, Ye girl has exhausted the effort for your Confucianism. Now that you can't argue, can you use her for the rest of my life?"

Nangong Liu Zheng wanted to open up and argue again. Suddenly, in the distant night sky, an orange-red light spot rose into the sky and suddenly exploded. Some people also caught the spiritual horn deer.

However, in front of this Confucian secret, it is no longer important to deer who is dead. No one cares who actually got the second. Everyone’s eyes are still firmly locked in the center of the main hall, where the tables and chairs fall to the ground. Broken in half, the mysterious black master is between Nangong Liu and Ye Forgiveness. The groom tonight is trapped in the enchantment by his father, and the bride is kneeling on the floor, with tears on her face and tears.

It’s just too surprising. From accusing the confession, to the husband and wife, to the daughter’s body, now the Confucianist’s head is dead and not

recognized. This is a lively event, I am afraid that after three or five years, people will talk about it in the wine cellar.

Who will manage the three poor deer?

Therefore, no one noticed a dark red mouth slowly cracking over the jungle until the sound of fireworks suddenly rang, and the forest was soaring, and fled to the depths of the night until twenty messages were heard. The fireworks burst at the same time, and the night glows into a sea of Shura.

The people of the poetry hall suddenly felt that they were wrong, and they flocked to the guardrail to see -

"what happened?"

"How do all the fireworks blow up together?"

"Look at you! Above the sky! What is that?"

"...day crack!!!"

"It's a crack!!"

In the time of the temple, there was a dead silence, followed by exclamations and screams: "Ghosts are cracking! How can there be ghosts in the upper world?"

"On the top of the hunting forest!"

"Brother! My brother is still there!"

"sister--!!"

The crowd is like a fish in the pool, and the black scorpion is squeezed into one place. The horror and shock are the baits put into the pool, causing a wave of water. At this time, I also don’t care about the martial art scandal. The secret of the rivers and lakes, Nangong Liu is probably to save the face, and screamed with aloud: "There are no secrets in the world, but a ghost in the sky, only in the Confucianism, Nangong Liu will never make guests feel bad in the fall!"

Speaking of waving his own sword, stepping on the blue-streaked hilt, Yu Jian stands in the night wind hunting.

"The five styles of the Confucianist Guards immediately went to the jungle to investigate, and the other elder disciples, guarding the poetry, and protecting the guests!"

He said that it was like trying to escape the black man's interrogation. He led five guards and hurriedly went to the Xiaoyue campus to go to Yujian. The wedding banquet was not even cleaned up.

"Well, how can this happen suddenly?"

"Yeah, there has never been a ghost in the upper world. What is going on here?"

On the floor of the jade-embellished jade, the hearts of the people who are in the upper bounds are used to the pampers. In the face of the infested ghosts, they are more afraid than the responsibility. It’s okay for them to kill the big demon, but the sky is not the same. If it’s the upper layer of hell, it’s the ordinary ghost. It’s okay, but if it’s a shocked five years ago, it’s cracked. It’s infernal **** –

They had a chill, and they thought that the masters like Chu Xiaoning died in the fight. They couldn’t help but be self-defeating. They squeezed into the vermilion and looked at the scarred cracks in the distant sky.

Chu night Ning got up and said to Xue Zheng: "Respect the Lord, this crack is not the right color. After the split, it is very likely to be several layers after hell. I don't worry about Xue Meng, I will go and see."

It was said that Bai Baihua’s clothes rushed to the ground and went straight to the front of the shackles. In the eyes of everyone’s surprise, they only sneaked on the blue tile roof next to them and quickly went away.

"Yu Heng -!" Xue Zhengyi is about to call him, but the night of Ning has disappeared into the dark night.

He snorted and wanted to jump down, but his shoulders were caught. One turn, the bronze mask on the last grin, the black man patted his shoulder and lowered his voice: "Uncle, you are here to guard the aunt, the master is there to follow me, you can rest assured." ”

Xue Zhengyi was shocked: "burning-"

The black man raised his hand and gently pressed it to his lips and shook his head.

"..." Xue Zhengyi did not think that this black man would actually be burned, and the ink burned did not wait for him to ask more questions, and he held it with one hand, like an eagle, jumping into the darkness, he The cloak swelled and rolled like ink. After a while, it disappeared behind the same vault.

"Master!"

The ink burned lightly ran halfway along the eaves, and was too slow. He summoned a sword that he had set a contract with himself. Yu Jian quickly caught up with Chu Yuning.

He raised his hand and opened his own mask. The bronze was pushed to his forehead and revealed a handsome face: "Let me."

Chu Xinning's nephew suddenly became big: "How is it?"

"Up, I took the teacher to honor the sword in the past, and then talked with the teacher on the road."

Chu nightning took the hand that he had stretched out, lifted it up and lifted it, and settled it firmly on the blade. Then he wanted to loosen the ink, but the thick and rough hand was tightened more and more. The ink burned and stood behind him. As soon as he spoke, the unique burning sensation of the young man lingered in the back of his ear, and the hot and cold night wind seemed to become hotter.

Ink ignited: "This sword is too strong, flying fast, and the master is hurrying."

The two men took the sword and took the wind. Chu night Ning asked: "Is everything on the hall of Fangcai, are you good?"

"Well. I have been walking in the rivers and lakes these years and I have heard a lot of things related to Song Qiutong." Ink burned the road. "She has no courage to do anything to kill the massacre of the massacre, but it is a full-scale descendant of the stone. She was really married to Nangong Temple, and later became the Lady of the Confucianism, I am afraid that this martial art will be much worse than it is now."

Chu night Ning said: "The Confucianist door will not be worse than it is now."

After he finished the sentence, he frowned and looked at the black cloak with his eyes burned. His heart was a doubt: "...when you say, how can you know that Ye is a girl?"

Chapter 162

"Her words, I don't know how to respect the Master. I knew it as early as Taohuayuan."

In fact, I have known it in my life, but this thing can’t be told the truth with Chu. The ink burned and laughed: "When I walked on the road, I heard Mei Xuexue and the people who stepped on the snow palace and said about her. At that time, I believed that Mei Hanxue’s eyes could not be mistaken. Later, I watched it and confirmed that Ye girl would not be a man."

"Why?"

"Isn't the Master knowing that her clothes and collars are always tall? It's the kind that covers the neck. The standard is very strange. Ordinary people have one or two pieces, and she is one."

"……Did not notice."

When the ink burned, he took the empty hand and gestured at the night of Chu: "It’s almost like this."

He said, the fingertips inadvertently ran into the throat of Chu’s lateness, and the slightly raised place was very fragile. He couldn’t help but grind the shackles there. He thought that his master was so embarrassed. Then the wildness is difficult to tame, but it will expose the weak place of the throat to his fingers, and it is too exciting for him to pinch.

For a moment, I forgot to go to see the road. The sword was very fast. I heard that Chu Jingning’s "Be careful!", it was too late to get the momentum, and the slash was so straight that it hit a towering giant wood. .

"Hey!"

The ink burned completely, but I remember to hold the hand of Chu Yuning tightly. He anxiously called the phrase "Late Ning", but the call was too urgent, and the sound of the broken forest in the ear was so noisy. Did not hear clearly.

Chu nightning is simply faint, Yu Jian Yu Jian, what sword! Is it not good to step on the eaves in a down-to-earth manner? It’s a must!

The two actually fell to the ground on the ground. The ink burned first and the back slammed into the woodland of the gravel. Although it was not broken, the pain was certain. But he was lying on his back, watching the starry sky flashing through the branches, and suddenly he felt very happy -

Haha, fortunately, the person who fell below is him, not Chu nightning.

He couldn't help but laugh, although Chu nighting hit his chest and hit his ribs, but he couldn't help but smile. He bent his eyes, opened his mouth, and dimples deep. Full of obsessive meaning.

When Chu Ning looked up, he saw him laughing like this, and could not help but anger: "What are you laughing?! Are you stupid?"

Ink burned and took him, and put him in his arms, although it was not suitable, but this time, he just wanted to raise his hand to touch the night hair of Chu.

He thought so, and he really did.

Chu night Ning said right, he probably is really stupid.

"Master respect..."

He glared at the late night's hair, and the night seemed to give him a key. The box that banned the private **** desire was opened. The relatives in his words could no longer be controlled and flooded.

This voice is too irritating, and it is so tired that the night of the night is a stiff, and the heart is flustered. He rushes to pick up his own awesome

majesty: "What to call? Royal sword can also fall, good ability."

The ink burned and sighed softly. Finally, he touched his hair and cleared his throat and smiled: "The teacher blames it, please ask the teacher to get up from me."

Although he thought in his heart, please ask Master to lie in my arms for a while.

But this kind of words is obviously not exportable.

Chu night Ning black face, and rose to the ground, and the ink burned along.

"How?" He asked hard, "Where is it hurt?"

"Nothing." The ink burned. "I have a thick skin and I can stand it."

When Chu Ning just wanted to say something, he suddenly found a snoring flower on the head of the ink. It was estimated that it was knocked down when it fell. It happened to fall on his top, and he could not help but squint: "Your Head..."

"Is there any injury?"

The ink burned his hand and touched it, but it was good.

"No, it blossoms."

Chu, Ning Xin, took the flower and handed it to him with no expression. The ink burns a little embarrassed, and it is quite subtle and squatting on the back of the head, and the smile is even brighter.

"..." Chu Yuening turned his head and coughed. "If it's okay, go ahead."

Ink burning said: "御-"

"Not royal." Chu night Ning suddenly looked back, glare, "light work!"

"...light work will be lighter." The ink burned and waved, reluctantly took the epee back to the shackles.

However, the deeper the forest, the denser the trees, the speed of the sword is actually not as fast as the light, and the night of the night is good, and the water is swept away.

The cool breeze hits the face, and the ink can't stand the stirring heart.

Chu Xiaoning’s voice suddenly came from the front, and his tone was very dull. He asked very carelessly: “Song Qiutong’s leg is awkward, how can you know?”

The ink burned a glimpse, and it was too late to prevent it. The "砰" sounded, and the master of the genre Hehe Mo once again slammed into the pine tree.

Chu nightning: "... Are you blind at night?"

"Oh, no." Ink ignited, "Sorry, I have a snack today."

Chu nightning slightly frowning, then seemed to think of something, furious: "Song Qiu Tong's squat on the leg makes you not think about it? The person who cultivates the Tao is the most important, and you are so eager to see the beauty." What are you still doing?"

The ink burned for a while, but I thought that Chu Yuning said that it was very reasonable. However, Chu Yuning made a mistake. The beauty of his greed is not Song Qiutong, but the temper in front of him is like a snow leopard. Angry man.

He sighed and looked at Chu's eyebrows very softly: "Master, I don't like the look of Song girl. You think too much. There is a mole on her leg, that is the person I used to listen to Xuanyuan Pavilion. Said, not by the eyes, the master should not be angry."

"What kind of gasiness do I have?... Well, I ask you, since Ye Yexi is a woman, how did the cinnabar in Song Qiutong’s hands fail? This should not be a coincidence."

"It is no coincidence that Master respects still remember, I gave Song Qiutong a string of bracelets before?"

"Ok."

"There is a technique on the chain, which is what I created." The ink burned. "It took four days to create a bad one, but within a short time, as long as Song Qiutong wears the chain, it can cover it. The cinnabar that she fell on the hand of the cold scale."

"....." Chu nightning does not speak, but the look is not good.

He felt that there was something burning in him.

The burning of the ink has changed a lot in the past years, and I have learned the temperament of my own 70% of my nosy, but the so-called idle

things, that is, the road is not fair, and I help each other. This is a lot of trouble, even when it is too much to create a small spell to expose someone's true face and prevent her from marrying the Confucianism.

Unless Song Qiutong and the ink burn have a big holiday, or if the leaf forgets and the ink burns, then this guy should not do this.

In this silence, the ink burned, and he also felt the mood of Chu Yuning.

He flew over the distance behind the night in Chu, and said: "Master."

"How." Chu night is faint.

Natural things can't be said in the past, but the ink does not want to be uncomfortable in Chu Xinning's heart. When he thinks about it, he decides to tell half of his heart the true feelings of Chu Zhongning: "Master, Yeh, she is a A particularly good person, she spent a lot of money at Xuanyuan Pavilion, and saved a woman she had never met. You know this too."

"Ok."

"But the leaves forget the Nangong Temple, and the Master is not worth it?"

"... okay, I can see it tonight."

"It’s good to see the teacher. I know the true identity of Ye girl, so I always understand her heart. Besides Song Qiutong, she didn’t know that Ye was a woman, so she just feared her. However, there is no mourning. But if she is married to Nangong Temple, then the Confucianism will not necessarily keep this secret for her. With the heart of Song Qiutong, she must regard the woman who likes Nangong as the eye."

When the ink burned, he thought of the past life. Song Qiutong felt his private love with Chu and Ning, and hated it in his heart. He even took advantage of himself to be in the palace and unplugged ten nails from the night.

What would a woman like this fall into her hands? The answer is self-evident.

The evils that Song Qiutong did were the same as nail-nailing. It would not be too sensational enough to hide her behind other people’s evil deeds, enough for her to linger in the bad habits of others.

This world, like doing good and doing evil, is the sky that falls down high, and the most kind people, such as Chu, are pushed out by the hands of a pair of weak people. First kill the most vicious people, such as stepping on the immortal, the world is altogether, and thousands of people kill.

However, if it weren't for the pile of little evils piled up, the torrents of the years, if not one of the wicked people who were not sinister and wicked, slashed a knife and a scar on the burning body.

Then, in this world, will it really breed the rain of the immortal monarch?

Chu night Ningdao: "Do you have to be afraid of getting angry?"

Mo-burn also knows that this time his own sharp edge is too strong.

However, Ye Forgetting is the blood of his past life. In this life, even if the Confucianism, the glory and the rise and fall of the Confucianism are not related to him, he also owes a leaf to a human life, so even if it is outrageous, even if it is doubtful, he will go without hesitation. Did it.

Not only is he late at night, he wants someone who has been treated badly in his previous life to have a better life. He still hopes that he can make atonement.

"I am afraid of it," said the ink. "But I know the truth and always want to be safe."

Although Chu Evening still feels that this is too aggressive, but listening to him, he did not think much more. It happened that at this time, a strong

sweet smell came from the wind, and it was still with him. There is some kind of strong spiritual flow that suddenly comes up in front.

Not yet, the reaction of the late night, the ink burned has changed color, he whispered: "Not good. Is the chess game!"

"In that direction."

In the thick night, the hurricane filled the wind, and the ghosts in the sky had climbed out of the ghosts. The ground raised five towers of skylights, which were the five roads of Jinmushui, which was exactly the same as the color of the town.

Chu night Ning eyes cold and said: "It is him."

The ink burns naturally knows who he is talking about, Jin Chengchi, Taohuayuan, Caidie Town... Five times to stop, and now come back, is the person who has been behind the scenes, the fake hook Chen!

However, there is a vague feeling in the burning heart. This time, the chess game is completely different from the previous ones. There is no disguise, no disguise... That person seems to feel that winning the prize is in the grip.

The birds in the forest were startled, fluttering and fluttering. The ink burned and rushed, and Chu Yuning rushed to the sky.

Closer, seeing the fascination in the cracks, the ink burned and said: "Infernal hell..."

This time, as in the case of Choi Die Town five years ago, it is still hell!

The ink burned almost eagerly looked back, grabbing the arm of Chu Yuning: "Master, don't go over!"

"...don't talk silly."

Inkburn also knows that this is a stupid thing, but he has seen two lives in his life, and the consequences of the two days are like a nightmare. Now, seeing this for the third time, how can he not Worried?

But "you don't want to go", what is the use?

A person's heart is extremely difficult to change. The person like Chu Xiening, even if he gives him the opportunity to choose thousands of times, he will not turn around in the face of the disaster, so he looks at Chu Ningning. I don't know what to say.

Chu night Ning looked at him and said: "Reassured, I will act cautiously."

After the words, raised his hand and called out the sky to ask, the golden Huaguang swayed between his slenderness, and the fire spattered.

The ink burned tightly on the eyes of Chu Yuning, and finally sighed, and also a glaring brilliance in his hands. He was smashed out of the air, holding his fingertips at the fingertips, and the flaming red glow and the golden light of the heavens reflected each other. When the weapons are seen in the world, they are all stable and strong, and they are irresistible.

"... well, I know, I don't advise you. What the Master wants to do, I am with you."

The light of the spirits is reflected in their eyes, the fiery red is burning with gold, and the gold is smudged with red.

"I am with Master."

Chu Xiu Ning looked at the appearance of fighting with his own, and felt that it was warm and incompetent. There were too many emotions in the eyes of the ink, and some seemed to be no longer a teacher or a man, but he did not Dare to determine what the extra feelings are.

So he raised his hand and poked his ink on his forehead and said, "No reward."

The ink burned for a moment, and when Chu Ning’s hand was pulled down and held in the palm of his hand, he tried his best to restrain himself from getting to his lips. He smiled and said: “Well, there is no, let’s go.”

The martial arts of the gods is like the shadow of the night, and the golden red gradually rises to the core of the hinterland of the hunting jungle.

Ganquan Lake.

Chu nightning and ink burning rescued, hiding in the orange grove, looking over there. The spiritual stream that feeds the lake is cut off. In the harsh cold night, the lake has a thick layer of ice, surrounded by four formations, each with a sleek weapon.

Chu Xiaoning whispered: "Four martial arts with different attributes?"

The smoldering was a glimpse first, and then the following: "The martial law was stolen in the past five years, and it really was related to him..."

"But when he was in the town of Choi Butterfly, he used to be a living heart. How did he suddenly change his position?"

What is the name of the ink burning, but the mouth is stopped by the night of Chu: "Beep, look over there."

Followed by his gaze, the smoldering saw a group of Confucianist Guards walking slowly in the distance to the lake, and the young monks who had been hunting in the jungle were also among them. Their chests were drawn from a steady stream. The flow, toward the different attributes of the martial arts gathered together, these powerful pure spiritual power to let the light of the martial arts continue to enhance, the light straight through the Han, and then in the night sky to open a huge crack, the mouth of **** is crazy The ground bite open.

The ink burned his eyes: "What are they doing?"

"It seems that these guards have lost their senses, and it seems to have been manipulated by the Zhenqi chess game." Chu night Ning's eyebrows are tight, his face is full of gaze, his eyes glanced in the crowd, suddenly stopped. His face suddenly became pale, and it was an uncharacteristic, holding his inky shoulders tightly and his fingers trembled.

"..."

"What's wrong?" The ink burned and turned. After a while, he saw a familiar figure walking in the crowd and said: "Xue Meng?!!"

Chapter 163

As one of the more than 20 young people who competed in the forest, Xue Meng was buried in a precious chess piece. He was walking around the lake, his eyes were empty and the ghosts in the sky, he and Others swarmed up, brave and fearless, as if they were not afraid of death and fear of death, and those ghosts were shackled under the sword to prevent them from destroying the formation, but those who escaped to the periphery and fell into the night, they were sleeved. Regardless of.

The purpose of these pieces is obvious, they are guarding this five-line array.

Chu nightning sees the apprentice being restrained, and for a moment, he can’t stand it. When he sees it, he will get up and pluck out, and the ink will slam him.

Chu nighting bites his teeth, whispered: "Let's go."

"Don't go out, wait -"

"How do you wait? That is Xue Meng!"

Chu’s strength was too great, and the one-handed one couldn’t hold it. He had to hug him, and the whole man was crushed into his arms. He grabbed the mouth of Chu’s late life and let him struggle in his arms. Die did not let go, the ink burned in his ear, and the hot breath sneaked in his ear.

"It’s too aggressive to go out at this time. Don’t be so arrogant, listen to me. Ah?”

Responding to him is a backhand elbow, burned and burned, Chu night Ning opened his hand and took a breath, Fengfeng was full of anger, his voice was low: "The treasures of the game, the spiritual loss Quickly, here are all ghosts. If there is a mistake, he will be dead!"

"Will not."

"..."

The ink burned his hand, his eyes were blazing and firm: "I understand the chess game, you believe me."

Chu night, seeing him so harsh and awe-inspiring, can not help but sigh, breathing slowly slowed down. At this time, there was a strange whistling in the distance. They suddenly turned back and saw a goblin bursting out and rushing toward Xue Meng.

"brush!"

The dragon city curved knife reflects the frost of the moon, Xue Meng is as light as a swallow, and the blade will instantly smash the ghosts!

"In the living of the precious chess pieces, the spiritual power is gradually depleted, and it is not as good as it used to be. But he is under controlled time and will not have anything for a while."

Chu night Ning turned to look at him, his eyebrows rolled a mark: "Why are you so clear?"

"...you can see it."

The evil spirit fell, and soon broke into ash. Xue Meng smashed the dragon city scimitar in his hand, and the black blood beads continued to flow down on the blade, dragging the traces of the twist on the snow.

The moon shines on his face, his face is cold and his face is dull.

The burning heart is tight.

Xue Meng has never been sinned as a chess piece in his life. Who is it...? !

Suddenly there was movement in the distance.

The ink burned back to God, whispering: "It seems that someone is coming."

In the forest, two people came along, and along the frozen lake, they came to the eye. At that time, there was a radiance of green eyes. One of them had a sacred martial arts in his hand, but because of the angle, the smoldering did not see what the martial arts were.

The man slammed the ice layer and put the gods into the eye. In an instant, the center of the eye was shining, the clouds were moving away, the moon was exposed from the thick clouds, and the cold light shone on the ice. Illuminated the figure of the two people who stood in the eye.

A Chinese dress is inlaid with gold silk, and it is graceful, but he is covered with a thick shackle, wearing a bucket and can't see his face. The other is cold and barefoot, and it is not too bad.

The man looked up and looked at the sky.

The ink burned and widened his eyes.

"how is this possible!"

- Xu Shuanglin? !

It was extremely shocking and shocking. Xu Shuanglin... Frostforest elders?

He is the righteous father of Ye Forgetting. It is the good man who died in the front of the world with the flesh and blood, and died under the knife. How could it be him? !

Chu nightning did not know the horror of the burning, he patted the shoulders of the ink, whispered: "Up."

"Why didn't he appear?" The person wearing the fight around Xu Shuanglin spoke, and the ink burned, it was the sound of Nangong Liu.

Nangong Liu’s tone has obvious anxiety and sorrow. He can’t help but curse: “Damn, are you mistaken?”

Xu Shuanglin said: "Let's wait and see."

"Come faster! Tear this day more and more, I don't know when those guests will send people to come over, it will be too late!"

"I know that you are in a hurry, but can you not tear the cracks bigger? Isn't it clear? The last time in the town of Choi Butterfly was because of the urgency of the situation, so that the situation was out of control, and the top ten sects came to you. You can't stand it. If you are angry, you will still lose your weight."

"……Ugh!"

Xu Shuanglin closed his eyes and said: "Hey, you can't easily find the five martial arts of different attributes, you can absorb the aura of the cumulative monks, so you have to endure for so many years, where is this short one night. ""

"You said it is good." Nangong Liu took a deep breath and sighed. "I have been waiting for five years... No, it’s five years. From the day I became the head of Confucianism, I have been Waiting..." He rubbed the finger in his sleeve and his eyes flashed in the dark night.

Nangong Liu Mutter: "I have been waiting..."

"Don't wait."

Suddenly a fierce male voice rang in the empty lake, like a thunder and lightning, and the two men on the lake looked up.

When the moon is empty, Wan Hao Song Tao, a slender man stands on the treetop. He is holding a long, narrow phoenix eye, and the moon-white smock is rolling over. The dark coat lining his face is like a condensed jade in the ice. The bone is oozing in the middle.

"Nan Gongliu, it is here."

Nangong Liu was shocked and then gnashed his teeth: "Chu Ning...!"

It’s rumored that the golden light is blasting in the sky, and the scorpion of the late night is sullen, and the whole person is more and more dangerous.

"A good night, Yuheng, Beidou Xianzun, how did you not let you die in the colorful town of Caidie, now it is bad for me, and the animals!"

Chu night Ning Yi, a low eyebrows, sighed: "The original disaster five years ago, what is yours?"

Nangong Liu saw things ruined, and it was unintentional to hide. He sneered: "What is it?"

Chu nightning lifted the sky and asked for the finger to pass through the willow. The rattan whip was polished one inch and one inch at his fingertips, and the light was almost platinum. He is like an eagle: "...In the beginning, you Jincheng pool for swords, the spirit of the pool will be exchanged for your wife's spiritual core, and you will kill the heart and throw it into the lake. I was sick at the time. In the bones, I hate to kill you, but you said to me, Nangong is still young, can't live without a father... You said that you are a moment of fascination, remorse... You also said that from now on, when you are Confucianism No longer evil, you..."

The willow rubbed to the last tip, and the golden light burst.

Chu night Ning silver teeth bite: "Nan Gong Liu, you hate it, why is it poisonous!"

"Quiet me?" Nangong Liu suddenly smiled in a low voice. "How does Chu Zongshi not blame himself for being young and young? At that time, he was still a fifteen or six-year-old boy? It was very naive, and I was a few words, a few tears, and then I took a scorpion and made a scorpion, and let me leave my feelings. Oh, why don’t you think about it, I have today, and you can’t get away with your network?”

The voice has not been received, and the hurricane has arrived.

Tian asked to break the dark night, and went straight to the place where Nangong Liu was standing. In a moment, the dragon danced, the flame broke through the sky, and the whole frozen lake was half-in-a-half, and the ice was broken!

And Nangong Liu screamed: "Everything!"

The group of people who had been walking around the Lishui Lake had a look of light. They turned back and rushed toward the direction of Chu’s late night. Xue Meng’s fighting power was the best.

clang!

Longcheng and Tianwen slammed into each other, and Chu night was afraid of hurting Xuemeng. He was evacuated in time and swept a few feet. He looked at him: "Nan Gongliu, you take someone else to make a wedding dress, what is the skill?!"

"Hah, let you have nowhere to start, kill me, this is my skill." Nangong Liu laughed. "You fight, they are all living people, just in my precious blacks, Chu Late Ning, this little Xue Gongzi is your apprentice? Can you go to the hand? You can’t do anything, you sit and wait, you are like Jin Jinchi, more than ten years ago, you can’t do anything, you can only let me go, you——"

Suddenly, you can't go down. The smile on your face is like a sudden drop of cold water, and the black charcoal fire is carrying residual smoke.

- Chu nightning's eyes are too calm.

He stared at Chu Yuning, and the calmness on the man's face made him suddenly uneasy, shuddering, and Nangong Liu's lips twitched, and it seemed to be a little guilty: "What do you want to do..."

Chu night Ning did not talk nonsense with Nangong Liu. He was in a cold place, raising his hand and waving the sky, and shouted: "Heaven, thousands of people!"

Dozens of golden vines rose up and locked the shackles of the cherished pieces. A huge and powerful giant vine was like a dragon rising from the ice in the ice lake, and the ice crystals splashed. The night flight was sitting on the ancient vine. Wu took the wind and the clothes fluttered. He raised a long, powerful hand and made a word.

"Nine songs, call."

Silk enamel glowed from his palm, and he gathered in his knees into a black guqin. The guqin's tail was rolled over like a tree with vitality, the tails were leafy, the flowers were blooming, and the roots were rooted. The strings are clear and ice-white, and the strings are constantly chilling.

Shenwu nine songs.

The most common trick used by Tian Qiao is "wind", it is a killing trick, and the most common trick of Jiu Ge is "颂", which is the trick of healing

the heart. Chu nightning only gently plucked a few strings, played a small section of "颂", those who were ridiculed in the chess game revealed a confused look, they were still asking about the vines Struggling, but at this time, looking around, it seems that some are confused.

Nangong Liu was angry, and his mouth cursed and meditated. His forehead was violently violent, and he competed with Chu’s night, and he couldn’t support it. He looked back and angered: “Shuanglin, to interrupt his piano!”

"...I? Oh, okay."

Xu Shuanglin sighed, quite helplessly wanting to fly toward the top of the giant wood where Chu Yuning was located, expecting a black shadow to flash into the air, the ink burned in the wind, raised his hand and whip, stopped his Going on the road.

"Frost forest elders, please advise."

Xu Shuanglin blinked and suddenly laughed and said: "Block me? You are really a teacher and a person, I am moved."

Chu nightning is playing against the ink and burning: "enchantment."

"All set up."

It turned out that there was no ink burning, and it was ordered to add an enchantment barrier in a circle around Lishui Lake. Although this day's crack is not as exaggerated as that of the butterfly town in the past, but the **** is imprisoned in the infinite hell, the devils and demons who have lost their minds and lost their minds. It is better to escape three or five. If there is more escape, then the red dust may be afraid. It is also a **** hurricane, and it must not stop for a long time.

The ink burned and the frost forest handed over the hand, and the two eyes were dismantled in the blink of an eye. The ink burned said: "The elders of the frost forest always try to run to my master. The person you should deal with is me."

"What?" Frosty Lin suddenly laughed. "Is this a fight to force the object? Isn't I saying that young people, you are too fierce, uncle is too old, afraid of not being as rude as you can."

Ink burning: "..."

"Come with you, you have to be broken." He smiled. "Little brother is forgiving, let me water, let me play with your master?"

In fact, I don’t know how to face Xu Shuanglin. He has seen Xu Shuanglin’s death in his previous life. He knows that he should not be a wicked person. He suspects that the people behind this life, in addition to Nangong Liu, actually have his own, and at one time, there is no way. So silent, just focus on the trick with him.

Hell has the same ability of interrogation as Tianqian. As long as he stalks Xu Shuanglin smoothly, it is not difficult to ask him what he really thinks, but Xu Shuanglin’s body is light, and between the advance and retreat, he is more and more savvy than Nangong Liu. Swinging, like a paper basket flying above the fragmented ice lake, the red light can only hit him, but can not firmly lock him.

What's more, because he is the righteous father of Ye Forgetting, before the things are not made clear, the ink-burning man can't help but leave a three-point feeling...

Xu Shuanglin suddenly and sighed with a sigh of relief: "Almost, Mo Zongshi, I can't tell you first."

I don’t know why he said this, he said: "What?"

"Because I want to bully your master."

Xu Shuanglin raised his hand, his fingertips flashed light and shadows, and a white practice screamed in the direction of the high place Chu late Ning Fuqin.

The most ignorant of the burning of the ink was late, and suddenly distracted. Xu Shuanglin was dark, and the other hand pulled out the waist and folded the fan. He handed it to the ink and throat.

"brake--"

霎 血 血 血

But this thought only flashed through the ink-burning brain. When he saw the martial arts floating in the air, he never thought of it again. The whole person was like a whips, standing stiff, saying no. Half a word.

Because the eye-catching weapon that brings together the attributes of wood is actually...

Stepping on the sinister blade of Xianjun - Shenwu does not return! !

The ink burned and felt a bit of pain in the chest, and the eyes were black and black, and there seemed to be some sort of slang that he could not hear. He couldn't breathe. He only felt that the blood of his previous life was smothered from the night, soaking him all over. He was disgusting, dizzy, and his heart was mad...

Seeing that Xu Shuanglin took what he was going to do, he couldn’t think too much about it, raised his hand and wanted to recall Shenwu. However, when the spiritual power explored it, he heard that the sound of the piano in the late night was suddenly stopped. He suddenly felt that he was not right, and he endured the inexplicable sorrow and went back.

The pupil collapsed.

"Master!!"

How did he forget it! ? Chu Lingning's spiritual core is fragile. As early as Xuanyuan will come out, there is Langzhong said that it does not seem to have some kind of rejection force with Chu Xiening. It will counteract the late night, which will make Chu Xiening originally weak. The spiritual core is even more unbearable.

How can he forget it!

The ink burned off the connection between himself and the non-return, flew over the giant vine, and leaped forward at the moment before Ling Teng, and hugged the painful pale night, and fell with him. Next to the orange grove.

At the same time, Chu Tianning’s call for the masses of people has broken down, but fortunately those who have been tempted have been confused. Although they have not fully woken up, they no longer listen to the instructions of Nangong Liu, one by one. Suddenly standing, his face is a dreamlike look.

"Master!" The ink burned and was anxious and remorseful. He was kneeling in the snow, holding a cold-eyed Chu nightning, and constantly stroking the face of Chu Yuning. "How are you?"

He saw that there was **** oozing out of the mouth of the night, and he was so distressed that he wiped his hands and wiped it with his hands. When he wiped it, he suddenly thought of the past life, and the night was so lying in his arms, at the foot of Kunlun Snow Mountain. Seven bleeds and

died. And as he is now, he wiped the mottled blood, but he couldn't wipe it clean.

Such as a cone into the heart.

His eyes are red: "Is it very painful?"

Chu nightning was too much affected by the suffocation of the suffocation. He felt that the suffocation was flowing to his chest in an instant, like to cut his chest.

Even worse, there seems to be a lot of broken illusions in his eyes that are twisting and shimmering.

He shook his head and tried to open up the ambiguous illusions, struggling to see the Nangong Liu, and only glanced at him, and the last blood on his face suddenly faded and quenched.

He didn't know where the strength came from, and suddenly grabbed the ink-burning arm, dumbly said: "That, beware!"

The ink burned his face like gold paper, and a pair of scorpions flashed with great shock, reflecting the fire...

Fire?

He turned back, and there was no longer a little ghost in the cracks, but a **** of lava, and the ground fire blew from the sky. The ghosts that escaped at the same time were all burnt in this raging evil fire, and even the screams of sorrow were too late to be sent out, and they turned into a burst of blue smoke.

How is this embarrassing situation?

Hell lava hanging in the sky, like a magnificent golden red waterfall, slowly and calmly flowing, sinister and magnificent, lava flowing to the lake, the ice and the lake are actually lit with firewood, and began to burn. Standing at the forefront of Nangong Liu and Xu Shuanglin, the most powerful water curse was opened, so that it would not be swallowed up by the fire.

Although the flow of flames is slow, it will soon be burned to those who stand in the dead and have a good game.

The ink burned and slammed, and the hand was printed, but he was unfamiliar with the water system. He was half-closed. He was holding his hand in the middle of the night, and his face was pale. "The knot is wrong. I am coming."

The ink burned him, let him sit up on his own, but stopped his hand: "Don't move again, you teach me."

Although Chu Yuening has hesitation, he also knows that his spiritual power is damaged for a while, and he may not be able to apply spells. The matter of human life cannot be vague. So he took the ink-burning hand, put his ten fingers one by one, put it in the right position, and then hoarsely said: "The curse."

The spirit flow overflows from the fingertips, quickly opening the enchantment in the air, forming a blue wave of water, wrapping the lost minds of the mind.

Chu night Ning was a little relieved, trying to boast a few words, and squinting the eyelashes, and seeing the light of hell, the handsome face had a wet tear.

He... how did you cry?

Who is it?

Chu nightning is a bit stunned.

Shi Yi is not here, Xue Meng is not injured, other people do not know the ink, so, can he rush to greedy, ink this tears, for himself?

"...don't cry."

The ink burned back to God, and it was almost rushing and rubbing his face indiscriminately.

"It’s such a big person, like what it looks like."

The smoldering eyes only looked at him wetly and asked him: "Is it painful?"

Hearing this, Chu night Ning stunned, and then the pain did not put out the chest, a sudden softness like the warmth of hot spring water. Sadness and gentleness are intertwined, sour and painful, sweet and awkward. For the first time in his life, he was born with a personal relationship related to the catastrophe. It is out of place, but it can't be stopped.

"A little bit of injury, probably only summoned two gods at the same time, the spiritual loss is too great, so the old disease attack." Chu night Ning raised his hand, hesitated, touched the ink burning hair, "don't worry, I don't It hurts."

Then he turned his head and went to see the fire of **** in the Haohao soup, the flame red lotus.

The twilight gradually sank, the bottom of the eye hurts and the eyes are calm and steady.

"You have seen what Nangong Liu will do and find a good time." He paused, and then no more when he spoke, "kill him."

Chu night Ning eyes are extremely hateful, and there is more remorse.

Nangong Liu said that it was good. In the Jincheng pool, it was the 14-year-old who was involved in the red dust. He didn’t know the world. He let go of Nangong Liu, who had already revealed his demon face, even to take care of the stability of the upper circle. In order not to let the young aunt know, he did not let Nangong Liu give his wife the truth to the world.

It was his innocent innocence when he was young, too much goodwill, which made him into a situation of the present, and he put the tiger back to the forest, and provoked the red lotus industry at this moment...

What does Nangong Liu want to do!

Chapter 164

Like responding to him, in the rolling melt, suddenly a huge lame foot is taken. The nail is as wide as the rut. This foot falls in the Ganquan Lake, and half of the lake is filled. Then the other foot fell again and stepped on the countless orange trees on the shore.

A huge roaring roared out of the sky, it turned a stiff skull, screamed in the sky, and screamed nine times, then held a shackle of a sharp axe, "嗬————" slammed ashore.

A huge axe into the soil, stirred up layers of heat waves, mud and stone rolling, grass and wood fold.

Seeing Xue Meng standing in the place will collapse, and suddenly a blue light, actually Nangong Liu holding a pair of swords, throwing out the aura and resistance. Only heard a bang, two forces collided, and the mud and broken wood burst. Xu Shuanglin supported the water system enchantment next to him and said: "Hit him between the two ribs! Have you seen it?"

"I have seen it." Nangong Liu gnawed his teeth and slashed his teeth. It was a soft appearance of the singularity of the singularity of the singularity. The ink burned and fixed, and I saw a fire in the chest of the skull. The shadow in the flame was a human figure that was tied. He wants to see it again, but

it is not really because of the fire and the violent movement of the giant gong and Nangong Liu.

It is reasonable to say that Nangong Liu summoned this one from the **** to pay tribute to this one, and how to say it should be to let it be ordered by himself. But looking at Nangong Liu’s current posture, it seems that he has been forced to work hard with this thing.

This is really weird...

But there is no time to think about it, Xuemeng is still standing in the same place, and then it will be affected by this fight. The ink burns recalls the signing gesture of Chu Yuning, and he sighs low: "Hell, people!" The ten red willows came from all sides, and the pieces on the shore were wrapped up and then retreated to the periphery.

"Yes, you use it well."

The words of Chu Xiaoning definitely make the ink warm in the chest. At this moment, the people who like it are around, and the people who want to protect are also sheltered by the martial arts. The ink burns this time and they watch the battle, and the mind is more stable. .

He found that Nangong Liu’s attacking method was not able to get on the table, but the evasive and defensive are first-class. I don’t know if this person is not a child who prefers to practice this kind of spell. It’s no

wonder that he used to kill Confucianism in his life. The head of the escape is faster than the rabbit.

Although the giant squad's offensive was hot, but due to the shape of the body, the action was sluggish, but for a time did not hurt the Nangong Liu half points, Nangong Liu along its forest skeleton is getting higher and higher, his robes show, the red tassels of the fight Fly - he stood on the chest ribs of the giant python, and through the white bones, he saw the person hanging in the heart position...

Nangong Liu Xian was a big drink, like a person who was relieved after the extreme suffering. The voice was twisted and twisted, and then he laughed loudly: "Ha ha ha... hahahahaha! I found it! Finally... I finally found you!!"

His twinkling eyes were bloodshot in the depths of the fight. He was angry and ecstatic, and said: "I found it!"

Wrapped in the flame is a man with a close look, who is thin and fragile, without a look that is too colorful, and a face that is easy to forget.

Nangong Liu constantly murmured, almost mad: "I found it, I found it... haha, hahahahaha... I found you... I found you..."

He jerked his sword in the blue light, and smashed toward the core of the giant python, the sleeping man!

Unexpectedly, at this moment, the dead man was suddenly looking up and suddenly opened his eyes. Xu Shuanglin shouted in his head and yelled: "Don't look at his eyes! My mother told you not to look at his eyes!" But Nangong Liu and the man are too close, he is almost unprepared and the man Four eyes are opposite, Nangong Liu only had time to see the eyes of the dog-like round eyes, the pupils were scarlet, flowing out of blood and tears, and then they felt the tears in the body.

He shouted "ah" and slammed down from the sky and fell to the ground. If Xu Shuanglin would hold up an enchantment to protect him, he would be able to break his muscles.

Xu Shuanglin walked quickly, and a pair of bare and bare feet squatted on the ground: "What do you think of him? Didn't you tell him about it, will you feel the suffering of his soul? You..."

Half of the mouth was spoken, and Nangong Liu staggered from the ground, and his fight fell, revealing a mess of hair, and messing with the next pair of panicked eyes.

"Ah...ah!"

The moonlight shone on his face without any cover. He rubbed his fingers and glared at his face with great pain, but it was useless. All the skin exposed to the moonlight night quickly began to split, burst open, and rolled out bright red. The tender meat, the blood does not flow down.

"what!!!"

Nangong Liu screamed and tried to cover his face with his sleeves, but this made his hands and arms also exposed in a panic, where the flesh began to tear quickly and flesh and blood mottled.

The ink burning and Chu nightning looked at the distance, they are unbelievable - what happened to Nangong Liu?

He actually... can't directly shine into the moonlight?

The robes were smashed, and the eagle-winged hunting shook. Xu Shuanglin took off his robe, and covered his face on the face of Nangong Liu. He covered him tightly, and he stood in a white coat and stood in the winter night. Also don't feel cold at all. His clothes were slightly open, and his head was strong and his chest was slightly undulating. When he saw Nangong Liu soft as a squatting squat sitting on the ground, he was annoyed at the moment, picking up bare bare feet and kicking his head in disrespectful manner. One foot: "When you sit and do something, you can't get it! If you have gathered up the spiritual power, you haven't killed it yet. You shouldn't think about it in your life!"

Who knows that Nangong Liu’s wasteful glutinous waste snacks, even a nose and a tear sitting on the ground, cried: "I am so dead... I am not as good as death, I am really as good as death... I have blood on my face... ...the hand is also... I can't stand it... Frost Forest, I can't stand it... You are for me..."

"I am for you and me for you, everything is for me!" Xu Shuanglin was so angry that he slammed his face on his face. "Why don't you just give me the position of the head, let me take it for you." Forget it!"

"Do you think I don't want to!" Nangong Liu was thrown to the ground and squatted. "Do you think I don't want to! I have been tired! The curse left by Luo Fenghua has killed me forever! He made me here. You can't take off in the eternal world! You come! I can't wait for someone to replace me! I just hate to pick up the ring!"

“Luo Fenghua?” The ink burned low. “This name is so familiar, like where I heard it.”

"...that was the door of Confucianism before Nangongliu." Chu Yuening listened to the dialogue between the two of them, and his eyebrows were very tight. "Only two years later, he died of malaria."

The ink burned a bit: "The Confucianist generation was inherited by the Nangong family, and how could there be a name for the family? Shouldn't it be Nangong?"

"Normally, it should be surnamed Nangong, but Luo Fenghua is the leader of the Confucianism through the right to seize the right."

Listening to Chu Yuning’s saying, the ink burned up and remembered that a book he had read earlier actually mentioned this person when he recorded the history of the Confucianism, but there was not much ink, but because of

the history of the Confucianism Huge chaos, the enmity and grievances involved in it are too many, and there is really no interest in watching this family book. Therefore, when reading, he only turned it over and did not go into it.

He slightly widened his eyes: "The Confucianist Gate was shackled?"

"Well. Because this thing is not glamorous, and involves the current head, so few people will mention it now." Chu Xi Ning said, "Nan Gongliu is a hard-won position. When he was young, his father went into flames. He died. Although he was appointed as a successor before his death, Nangong Liu had a younger brother. The younger brother was very proud and unbelievable. He refused to accept this decision. He won the Confucianism and the ring on the night of his father’s death, replacing the Nangong. Liu, become the master of one."

"The person in the position should also be his younger brother. It should also be called Nangong. How can it be surnamed Luo?"

"You listen to me." Chu Yuening looked at the distant Nangong Liu Yan to climb up from the ground, draped the clothes given to him by the Frost Forest elders, and once again went to the flames of the giant chest to continue Dao, "Nan Gongliu’s younger brother was **** and brutal. After just three months of taking the position, he killed two of the masters of the upper monk, saying that it was because of the Lingshan Conference. These two people were because of the Confucianism. I gave him a little shoes to wear, and did not judge the outcome fairly.... Later, it was a mischief. All the people who condemned him were arrested and pulled to the square of the Confucianism, and they dug their eyes one by one. I did not see it. I

have seen the catastrophe, but there are books on it. The eyes he dug down were loaded with three carriages before they were all shipped away."

The ink burns in the heart, silently.

At this time, he should be angry with a few words to be normal, but what position does he have to export?

In the rest of his life, Chu Xiening did not know what he had done in the past. He burned the people of the city of Confucius in the 72nd city because of his own private sorrow. He also hanged the city owner of one of the cities with Lingqi. In one breath, he tortured him for a whole year before he let the man die.

In fact, this time I came to the Confucianist Gate, and I also tried to avoid the face of the city owner. The hatred of him and the man was too deep.

He is afraid of seeing him, and he will make something mad.

Until now, there is still fierceness.

What qualifications does he have for others to be **** and brutal?

Over there, Nangong Liu stepped closer to the core of the giant python, and once again went to the burning flame. The closer he is, the closer the sword is in his hand.

Chu night Ningdao: "Luo Fenghua is the master of the man, and he is unacceptable to his atrocities. He and the Nangong Liu are transformed together. The two men started their troops one night and successfully drove the man off the door of the Confucianist door. However, under the power of power, Luo Fenghua held the palm of his hand and did not hand it to Nangong Liu..."

The ink burned: "Is he wearing it himself?"

"Not bad." Chu said, "Every martial art door is attached with a powerful spiritual bonus. These tokens recognize the Lord, and the ring of the Confucianist Gate is the same. Whoever wears it is, unless the sects change hands. Otherwise, only death can be broken."

"...Now Luo Fenghua died in power for two years. Is it because Nangong Liu killed him in order to regain his position?"

Chu night Ning shook his head: "The Confucianism is saying that Luo Fenghua is sick and dead. After he died of illness, Nangong Liu regained his finger, but the truth is, no one can say it. You see Nangong Liu Fei trying to lead this monster. Coming out of the fight, swearing in the mouth and cursing something... I am afraid that things will not be that simple."

The smoldering also felt that things would not be so simple, but he still had a question in his heart: "What about the younger brother? The younger brother of Nangong Liu, after being ousted from the stage?"

"Dead." Chu Xi Ning said, "On the night of the transformation, Luo Fenghua cleared the portal and personally understood the life of his apprentice. It is said that it was a thousand knives and became a meat."

Ink burning: "....."

He couldn't help but burst into a vain heart. If his heart was done in his previous life, he would know that he would have to clean up the door. He would also want to clean up the door and smash him into pieces. ?

I was thinking about it, and I heard a loud bang. The sword of Nangong Liu stabbed the man wrapped in the python, and screamed at the moment, causing a very painful roar, the giant bones of the white skeleton. Stepping on the ground one after another deep pit, it angered and waved, slaps a large piece of orange grove, the golden fruit rolled down and was crushed.

In this sigh of blood and fruit, the giant python suddenly stood still, and then slammed on the ground, the lava splashed, and its white bones turned into powder, and the smoke disappeared...

Nangong Liu took out a long sword and grabbed the man who fell from the giant clam. He said with ecstasy: "I did it! I am free! The curse is broken - the curse is broken! Hahahaha!"

He fell down the wind and landed on the ground. At this time, a group of distant sights were not right. The monks who came from the poetry hall also came to Ganquan Lake.

On the night of the lonely moon, Jiang Yan saw the roaring magma. The face of Qingjun’s solitary face was amazed: “There is no fire?” He immediately raised his hand and lowered a layer of water powder on each of the people behind him. The spell skills of a martial art defense are different. Generally, they use enchantment, but they can use the spirit powder to protect against the blaze.

After doing all this, Jiang Yan looked back and angered and asked: "Nan Gongliu, what is going on?!"

Nangong Liu did not answer, he clung to the man who came out of the giant clam, the flame wrapped around the man's body had disappeared, and there was power and consciousness lost. He did not blink again, but There is no difference between ordinary dead bodies and weak powers between the claws of Nangong Liu.

Xue Zhengxuan saw the ink burning and Chu nightning, immediately rushed over, anxiously shouted: "Chun children, Yu Heng, are you okay? Meng... Menger?!!"

The ink burned and appease him: "Xue Meng is fine, he is there -"

Xue Zhengyi looked at the place he pointed to. Seeing that Xue Meng’s whole person was wrapped in a huge rattan, only a pale face was exposed, and he could not help but change. He stumbled and went to Xuemeng. . The ink burned him: "Uncle, he is only temporary and will be good. It will be better in a while. He will be safer in the vine, you don't go, you stay with us."

Xue Zhengxuan hurriedly said: "What happened in the end?! It seems that there are ghosts coming to the world, the head of Nangong..." He said, looking back, seeing Nangongliu standing in the lava, and his arms The lifeless dead body, the voice suddenly stopped.

He suddenly felt that something was wrong, that dead body, how familiar?

It seems that a long time ago, it was really too long before... He seems to have seen this man’s face...

This person's five senses are too ordinary, it is easy to drown in the past years, Xue Zhengyi can not remember for a moment. But he didn't think it was right. It was all wrong. At this time, he saw Nangong Liu suddenly raised his face, his face was **** and his mouth was wide open.

Nangong Liu laughed haha, and his eyes shone with strange brilliance, which was completely different from his usual charming and welcoming appearance.

There are leaves in the crowd who have arrived, and there are also Nangong Temple.

Nangong whispered: "Father..."

Ye Tsang has seen Xu Shuanglin next to him, and he said: "Father?!"

Xu Shuanglin glanced at the leaf and shook his head, indicating that she would not come over. In the fiery lava, his clothes were slightly open, and the loose white blouse swayed with the wind. His face was covered with a lazy smile, and his chin was slightly lifted, looking at the lively hustle and bustle of the eyes, the red lotus hell.

The bare bare feet stepped on the ground, the rounded toes moved, and the sparks of the stars were stepped on, then he lowered his head and seemed to be waiting for something. The fire reflected in his eyes, like a golden red squid from the dark night pool. Midstream.

"Yeah!!"

Suddenly, a female repair in the crowd burst into exclamation.

Xu Shuanglin did not look up, just smiled. He certainly knew what had happened, and he had heard the sound of chewing on flesh and blood.

Behind him, Nangong Liu hooped the man's shoulder. Under the moonlight, he tore the man's neck and greedily sucked the plasma juice.

After that scream, no one made a noise, no one accused, and everyone didn’t understand for a moment what happened in front of this scene. Everyone was shocked...

The world’s first Confucianist, the head of the palace, Nangong Liu, actually so stunned and licking a corpse?

How can this be……

"father!!!"

Nangong Temple was the first to collapse. He went crazy to Nangong Liu, and Ye Ye couldn’t hold him. He ran with him to Nangong Liu.

"Father, what are you doing? What are you doing?"

"Head -"

Nangong Liu was not smug, still chewing, and the clothes he used to cover his face had long since fallen. The red flesh of the flesh was rolling over under the moonlight, causing him to become more and more painful. The more pain he suffered, the more he went to chew. The flesh and blood of the corpse, as if it was a sweet spring, is a bitter medicine, and he is unreasonable.

Some monks couldn't stand it, and the voice of vomiting came from the crowd. Some people whispered in a powerless way: "How could this be..."

"Crazy... crazy..."

"Disgusting……"

The moonlight slowly moved, and it was photographed on Nangong Liu. The Nangong Liu first bowed his head, and the mouth was drowned with water and pus, and then he suddenly looked up and opened the mouth of the sticky blood basin. He trembled and screamed: "Ah!! !!啊啊啊!!!"

The flesh and blood on his face did not heal because he had eaten the man's body, and the pieces were still split in the moonlight.

He was full of blood, only white in the eyes, he threw the body on the ground, stepped on his feet, and slammed back to Xu Shuanglin's clothes, the animal snarled: "What happened? Why? No use... no use!"

His meridians and roots burst, his hands trembled, his eyes were covered with bloodshot eyes, and large teardrops rolled down because of severe pain.

"Pain... hurt me... hate can't die... hate can't die!!" He sipped low, almost desperate, suddenly he thought of something, and released Xu Shuanglin, bowed his head to the heart of the man, " Spirit nucleus! It must be that power is not enough... I want to eat his spiritual nucleus! Spirit nucleus... Spirit nucleus..."

He sneaked into the swordsman's chest, and he couldn't help but rub, full of blood, almost mad.

At this moment, a claw clawed into the back of him, and he pierced his chest rib!

Blood arrogant!

When Nangong Liu was awkward, it seemed that he had not reacted to what had happened, and he did not feel pain. He looked back so slyly.

He stared at the bloodshot eyes and saw Xu Shuanglin carrying his face with a clean, refreshing face with a smile.

"What to eat? You are a waste of this kind of person."

Chapter 165

The claws that infuse the spirits are plucked back, bringing out a large piece of bright red.

Nan Gongliu’s lips opened and closed, and they closed together. They couldn’t say a word for a long time. He didn’t seem to think that Xu Shuanglin would open a hole in the back. After half a squat, he spit out a big blood. Straight down to the ground.

"爹-!!!!" The screams of Nangong's screams teared the sky.

"Head!!"

"...!" everyone was shocked.

Xu Shuanglin calmly and calmly down, and casually took out a fruit from the sacred sac, stuffed it into the mouth of Nangong Liukou, forcing him to swallow it.

The ink burns the tip of the eye, and suddenly changes color: "Ling Chi fruit?!"

Xu Shuanglin fed to Nangong Liu, it was at that time in Taohuayuan hanging feathers a sigh of relief, let people survive can not ask for death Linghao fruit! When Nangong Liuton was in pain, he didn’t want to give birth. The whole person was like a shrimp, and he was huddled with enthusiasm. Xu Shuanglin looked at him, his eyes reflected in the fire, and his eyes were very warm.

"He said, I have pity that you have lived for most of your life, but after all, it is still a waste of people."

Ye forgets the truth and says: "Father?!"

"Father...you let go of my father! You let go of him!" After all, the blood is thicker than the water, even if Nangong Liu is unbearable, seeing him so terrible, Nangong is still unable to bear the heart, angered the crown, he attacked Xu Shuanglin However, Xu Shuanglin was out of the world with a single hand.

Xu Shuanglin turned his eyes and gave him a cold and cold look.

"Elders talk, what are the younger generations, give me a sigh!"

Said to stop the volley, a finger, Nangong 驷 only feel that the back fell a thousand pounds, actually standing can not, dead bite the teeth and endure the shackles, still heavy knees.

"Auntie," Ye was forgotten to protect her in front of Nangong. She couldn't hold a sword against Xu Shuanglin, nor could she stand by and watch her. She felt pain and sorrow for a moment. "Father, don't hurt him..."

"Who wants to hurt him, what is he?" Xu Shuanglin turned his gaze back and landed on Nangong Liu. Then he lifted his foot and kicked the cheeks of the Nangong Liu blood flesh. "After many years, now in the world." I can’t help but talk about it with this person.”

Nangong Liu Yan coughed up a large mouthful of blood: "Syrian old? Narrative old! You didn't tell me, as long as you recall Luo Fenghua's soul from the infernal hell, the curse he imposed on me can be broken? I can recover from healing. No fear, no fear of the night. You lied to me... you actually... you lied to me..."

Hearing this sentence, the young monks have not responded, but Xue Zhengyi’s generation is all discolored, and Xue Zhengyi slams into the young corpse.

"Luo Fenghua?"

"It’s Luo Fenghua!"

Lying on the ground, it was the master of the Nangong brothers many years ago, and the short-lived leader who once took power to seize power, the only surname of the Confucianist door, and the body of Luo Fenghua!

"You think it's too beautiful." Xu Shuanglin laughed. "The curse is broken. You killed him personally. Now you drank his blood and ate his flesh. You are so cruel, actually want to curse and break? You It’s so naive.”

"Don't I drink his blood and eat his meat?! Although I took the power to send him to die early, but he left a curse on the head ring before he died, let me wear it - this More than ten years! No day... Keke, no... No day... I can have normal days at night! I... Don’t... Don’t...”

"It should be." Xu Shuanglin said with a blank expression, "It should be too." Suddenly twisted and laughed, he simply squatted down and lifted the face of Nangong Liu, saying: "You are doing very well, no one can do it. Better than you, better, more obedient... no one can be more stupid than you."

He smiled wickedly and summed up: "Waste."

After Xu Shuanglin finished, slowly got up, it was a warm and peaceful smile with a solemn and peaceful face. He spread his arms and said to everyone: "All the guests, the dinner was finished, and Xu had a snack after dinner. Please have a taste together."

Someone yelled: "Xu Shuanglin! What are you going to do?!"

"In fact, there is nothing, but I would like to invite you to share some interesting things. The Confucianist martial arts cultivating the real world for centuries, the stinking scandal is too numerous to enumerate, and one of them, Xu has waited for more than ten years, today is in the whole world. The face is made public."

He said here that the sound is gentled by the sorghum.

Then he gently said: "This is probably the Confucianism, the last secret history."

Nangong Liu listened to him, and suddenly there was a strong fear in his heart. He screamed sharply, his lips trembled, and he could hardly speak. Only one pair of eyes stared straight at the melt. The person on the top: "You...what are you...who?!"

Xu Shuanglin turned his face and smiled a little, not answering.

Suddenly a radiance appeared in his hand, and a dagger appeared in his palm. He gripped it hard and cut the flesh. The blood rushed out of his hand. He licked the blood and drew a pattern on his arm. Then I gently blew and said: "The West Window is a flat boat, and you will come to the dream."

Then he turned back and smiled: "Hey, if you want to know who I am, after reading these things, you will know."

The ink burned to resist what he did, and was gently stopped by Chu Yuning.

"Master?"

"It's not a curse, it's a dream enchantment. It's very similar to the kind of magic of the Taohuayuan Yumin. It is a spell that allows everyone to see his memories." Chu said, "Let's wait, see him." What to say."

Xu Shuanglin’s brilliance of the brilliance of the wind in the wind, the higher the flying, the more the expansion, the moment the entire Lishui Lake was enveloped. The shredded memories are like sand powder, which slowly falls from the sky, and the lake is quickly covered by Xu Shuanglin’s memory...

Just like heavy snow, the ground was replaced with new clothes. As the power of the FDC continued to overflow, the scene changed.

Although everyone still stood around the Lishui Lake, the grass and lava in front of them disappeared, and eventually became the appearance of the Confucianism.

The Fei Yao platform in this illusion is empty, only two people sit and stand.

Standing people are barefoot, dressed casually, and their hair is not well combed. Some crowns are worn and even worn, it is Xu Shuanglin. The person sitting in the dark red robes, the face is white, is Nangong Liu.

Nangong Liu stroked the palm of his hand on the thumb, and his face sparkled with excitement and anxiety.

"The five gods are ready?"

Xu Shuanglin said lazily: "You have already asked the ninth time. If you ask me the tenth time today, I will not let go."

Nangong Liu was unbearable because of his heart, and he couldn’t help but shake his legs: "Well, good, then wait for the guests to arrive, wait for the day of the big wedding.... You will give me a look at the list of sacrifices, I will see Seeing that the number of people on this roster has not come yet."

Xu Shuanglin threw him a book, and Nan Gongliu couldn’t wait to turn it up. His eyes were very fanatical. Like a thirsty man drinking water, he slammed the book. He counted it again, not worrying, and the second time, the finger poked on the page, as if to poke a book out of a hole.

"All come together." Xu Shuanglin saw him mad at the words, and said, "Twenty-five lines of pure people, and count the five-line spiritual guards you have compiled these years, the power of these people." Together, with the help of Shenwu, the power is not as good as the direct use of the essence of the spirit, but it is enough. Guaranteed to open the door to hell."

Nangong Liu Yan tightened the book and couldn't help but nod: "Good."

"But this is the last opportunity. If you mess up again, if you want to break the curse, I am afraid it will be more difficult."

"Never swear!"

Xu Shuanglin lazily said: "You should say, never swear."

"Well, it will never be embarrassing, and it will never be embarrassed." Nangong Liu Dunton, and again, "Shrimp Forest, I am still not at ease, let's plan again?"

"... Big Brother, you have been right ten or twenty times."

Nangong Liu does not care: "More than a few times, it is always good to be cautious."

Xu Shuanglin seems to be helpless: "Oh, follow you."

Nangong Liu will calculate: "When the grandmother is on the eve of the wedding, all the guests will come to the poetry table. I will arrange for the arrest and take out the 21 signatures that have been marked in advance." He looked up to see Xu Shuanglin. "The next time it's your turn."

"...well, I will ask for the same." Xu Shuanglin had no choice but to be with him. "After entering the jungle, I led the sacrifices to the edge of Ganquan Lake and planted them with precious pieces. Let them obey and give spiritual power to Shenwu. After this event is successfully completed, I will manipulate everyone, launch fuzes in the air, and tear open the cracks in hell."

"Good, good!" Unlike Xu Shuanglin's laziness, Nangong Liu appeared very excited. He talked on paper. "After seeing the fireworks, I led the five guards to take the lead in rushing to the hunting forest. You meet, and then we make the five guards into a chess game and sacrifice it!"

Xu Shuanglin nodded and concluded: "There should be no mistakes."

"Never any mistakes can be made." Nangong Liu clenched his fingers and his face turned blue. "I have had enough, I am fed up..." He murmured for a moment, jerked up and asked Xu Shuanglin, "Shrimp Forest, no need." Is there really no problem with the essence of the spirit? In case the power of the gods is not pure enough..."

"You can rest assured that these five gods are the best of the best. The peaks in the peaks, the ability to move mountains and reclamation, and the success of the spirits."

"In case? I said that in case, the gates of **** can't be opened, and in the same way as the town of Choi Die, someone came out to hinder... You see that Chu night Ning!" Nangong Liu Yandao, "What night jade Hengbei Dou Xianzun, nosy! In the last time in the town of Choi, beaten and killed him, this is a big good thing, who knows that the old vulture has the ability to let him come back to life - hate!"

When I saw this, I was not angry in my heart: when the town of Choi Butterfly was shocked, Confucianism also sent a large number of monks to chaos, and more than a hundred Confucian disciples also died in the scuffle, and both of them were well aware. .....

So who is the fake hook?

Is Nangong Liu, or Xu Shuanglin? !

"Chu nights should not be killed." Xu Shuanglin in the illusion said, "He is a capable person, it is easy to die, it is a pity."

"How can I have the ability? I can't understand his face that is proud of going to heaven!"

"Oh, let me say that, I think of it, the head of the fairy, you have seen Chu night in the past few days, how, death and resurrection, has his spiritual strength been damaged?"

"How does the spiritual power do not know, but the temper is not reduced." Nangong Liu hates hate, "The high is on the top, no one in the eyes. I am in front of him **** like a dog that has been rolling in the mud!"

Xu Shuanglin laughed: "The metaphor of the head is interesting."

"You don't mention it, but I will be angry with you! I am the lord of the world's first major door, and I will count on the late night of Chu, and I will look at his apprentice's face. His apprentice is amazing. Master Mozong, there is no rules, and the temper is worse than his master."

He sighed and his eyes glowed with a malicious glow.

"A good spirit of wood, I only hate that I can't give up the martial arts. I don't have to use it. Just like the original plan, take his flesh and blood as the pillar of the people to sacrifice the heavens! Go to tear the door of hell!"

"Jinchengchi, Taohuayuan, failed twice." Xu Shuanglin said, "He later spent five years alone. In five years, we could hardly find his whereabouts. The only time he lured him to be fooled, he was seriously injured by the Yellow River otter, but that The boy was born with great fate, and was saved by Jiang Yan who passed by. Now the ink-burning wings are abundant, and it

is not the 16-year-old boy who was in the first place. We can’t move him. The essence of the spirit is not working. ""

"Wait!" Nangong Liu said, "When I break the curse, I will increase my skill. Whenever I am a master of Chu or a master of Mo, I have to kneel in front of me to listen to my command!"

Xu Shuanglin listened to him and said that he just smiled and did not answer.

Nangong Liu himself was calm for a while, and gradually calmed down. He sighed and stared at the ring in his hand. Suddenly said: "Shrimp forest, five years ago, you gave up looking for the essence of the spirit, not only because of the burning of the mountains, Where is the whereabouts?"

"..."

His eyes slowly moved from the ring. Nangong Liu said: "Because, if you check it out, you find that the earth spirit is a leaf forget, right? You are reluctant to give up your adopted daughter. She is yours in this world. The only relatives..."

"I don't have any relatives in this world." Xu Shuanglin interrupted him with a blank expression. "Moreover, you know that the fire attribute is the lang, even if I am willing to forget the past, can you be willing to give up?" ?"

"But it." Nangong Liu waved his hand and looked awkward. "Since Shenwu can be replaced, there is nothing to say, don't say it, just like this."

"What if the gods are irreplaceable?"

Nangong Liu was shocked: "What do you mean?! Don't you say that there is no flash?"

"Why should the head be nervous? I am only suddenly curious. If only the five living human spirits are used in this world, and the sacrifices made by the children can successfully make the door open, and the Lord will make choices. Continue to endure. The curse of the curse, or..." He sneered at the corner of his mouth and did not say anything.

Nangong Liu did not answer. After a long time, everyone thought that this recollection would end like this. Nangong Liu whispered softly and said: "People don't do it for themselves, they are destroyed."

"!"

Hearing this, everyone has rippled on his face, especially Xue Zhengying, who loves his son. He is completely unable to understand the choice of Nangong Liu. He is angry. "Aridly... Tiger poison is not eating. Son, in order to survive, sacrifice your son? It is ridiculous!"

The Nangong 驷 僵 站在 站在 站在 站在 , , , , 南

The scene is black, and the crystal memory fragments are once again swaying and slamming, making the shattering sound of the wind chimes.

When the illusion lights up again, the sky is high and the sky is wide, and the snow-capped mountains reflect the white light. Some people exclaimed: "Is it a gold pool?!"

Chapter 166

It is Jin Chengchi, and the inscription on the side of the pool is "difficult to travel" and the writings are powerful and the writing is bright red.

There are still only two living people in the scene, Nangong Liu and Xu Shuanglin. The reason why there are only two living people is that there are countless dead people lying on the ground.

Or it can be said that there are some dead monks.

"Quicker, and then seal the road to prevent other monks from going up the mountain, I am afraid it will cause doubt."

"It's all right." Xu Shuanglin stuffed a scorpion into a black box, and then meditated on the curse. The monk staggered from the ground and walked up to the two, and slammed back. The golden pool that floated with ice was in the pool. Xu Shuanglin said: "I am not skilled in this ban. If I am more sophisticated, I don't need to feed them one by one. If I volley a little, I can follow the order and let me send."

"so smart?"

"Otherwise, how to call it a ban. Even if it is cultivated to that extent, it is just a fur. I have seen someone..." Xu Shuanglin suddenly said nothing, smiled. "I mean, I saw someone in the book. It is possible to preserve all the consciousness of the creatures, and at the same time let them be willing to listen to them. That is very powerful. I can only control the flesh, but I can’t control the spirit, and it’s still far away.”

Nangong Liu nodded. "You don't have to practice too well. It's not a good thing to attract attention."

"The Lord said it."

"But you want to come up with this method - to unlock my curse, you need to open the door to hell, and open the door to hell, and you need the golden wood, the fire, the earth and the five elements. The essence of this world is not easy to find, We can't always test the past with a door, but you have the ability to change the Jincheng pool to the ground. Those who are seeking the sword are the spiritual cores, and all of them will honestly tell you that it is a good thing to enjoy."

As he spoke, he took out an orange from the cockroach of the horse next to him, peeled off the skin, and sighed while eating: "The frosty forest, the golden monsters of Jin Chengchi can't fight you, you can really resist."

Xu Shuanglin smiled and said: "Jin Chengchi is an ancient vestige, but after hundreds of millions of years, the power of Gou Chengong has been cut to a

very small extent. Otherwise, I can take advantage of it by my ability. The Lord respects it."

Nangong Liuhaha laughed: "Well, how can I reward you?"

"I have nothing to ask for."

"Oh, no, you have to say one."

"The Lord rewards me with half of the oranges."

Nangong Liu Yizhen, then smiled: "What is this?" But still peeled the orange, handed to Xu Shuanglin, "The whole is for you."

"Half is good." Xu Shuanglin smiled faintly. "I don't want much."

"You guys are really weird. That half is half."

Nangong Liu said, handing over the orange meat, Xu Shuanglin's fingertips have blood, not convenient to pick up, directly from the Nangong Liu fingertips to eat, and sighed: "sweet and juicy, tastes good."

At that moment, Xu Shuanglin’s smile seemed to be awkward in the sun. The orange juice smudged some of the mouths that stopped at the corner of his mouth, and he stole his tongue and smothered the poisonous snake.

Nangong Liu suddenly felt a little scared, and immediately took his hand back, but his face immediately revealed an annoyed and confused look, and he did not seem to understand what he was afraid of.

Xu Shuanglin suddenly said: "Look at that."

"What?" Nangong Liu Wenzhi looked, after he had to squat, his eyes widened, and a slightly fat face showed a very complicated look. "Yes...it..."

"Cannibalism." Xu Shuanglin smashed the dead squid, fell on the sandstone shoal and leaned over to look at it. The lion-faced fish monster licked his mouth and showed **** mottled canine teeth. A pair of gray-black eyes burst into the air, and there was no light inside.

Xu Shuanglin licked a little of his blood and smelled it. He couldn't help the bare feet of the underground consciousness, frowning: "Vo, really stinky."

He stood up and kicked the squid: "This should be a rare evil beast in the Jincheng pool. Although it was a sacred beast that stayed in the pool to keep the martial arts, it was a long time to change a lot of things. The devil can be detached, and the gods can fall, not to mention a beast."

Nangong Liu said: "It was that year... I want to offer the heart of Rong Rong..."

Everyone outside the illusion heard awkwardly. Except for Chu Yuning, who already knew the truth, the rest of the people were even more surprised: "What?!"

"Let's... that's... that's..."

Someone is chanting, and some people have looked back at Nangong, and they are both wrong and pity: "That is his..."

Nangong was first stunned, and then all began to tremble. He squatted back and the whole person fell to the ground. A face was paler than the dead, more terrible than ghosts.

"Mother? Impossible... impossible!"

Ye forgets to endure the tears: "Auntie..."

"Impossible!!" Nangong tends to be mad. His handsome face is distorted by fear and anger, grief and horror. The facial features are almost dislocated. He can't listen to anyone's words, and no one can hear anything." Impossible! My mother died when she killed the monster! My father told me that she was dying when she killed the monster!"

Then he suddenly shocked and muttered to himself: "There is no heart... I am dying..."

He didn't cry, his eyes were rounded, his eyes were cracked, he couldn't stop hoarsely, from whispering to low drinking, from low to simmering, from screaming to mad roaring: "Take your heart!!! !!"

The memory flashed back.

That year, he was still very young. His parents and his party set off together and went to Jinchengchi for swords. He remembered very deeply. On the first night, because of his fun, and Naobaijin was so crazy in Houshan Linyuan, he was sneaked back into the house and wanted to pretend to endorse, but he did not know that his mother had been after dinner. I came to see him, I wanted to give him a new embroidered cloth quiver, and I found a circle. I didn’t see anyone at the Gongzi Mansion, and I knew that he had stolen and went out to play.

Rong Rong is a very cold-skinned woman who has never been intimately loved by Nan Gong. When she came to Nangong’s bed again, Nangong was holding a roll of “Easy Travel” and shook her head and read it. Rong Rong let him stop and asked him: "What did you do after dinner?"

Nangong Temple did not know that Rong Rong had already discovered that he had touched the fish, put down the book, and scratched his head and smiled: "Mother, I, I endorse."

"Is it always back?"

The child is afraid of being punished, and he is still swearing, still nodding: "Hmm... um!"

Rong Rong slightly lifted Xiuyi's neck, raised his chin, coveted, and his eyes were cold: "Lie."

Nangong was shocked and blushes: "I don't."

Rong Rong did not say much. After taking his bamboo slips, he asked: "What is the previous sentence without the world?"

"And...and the world...and..."

"And the world is acclaimed and not persuaded!" Rong Yuxiu is close to the eyebrows, and the bamboo is simply taken to the case, and Li Xiang, "Nan Gongyi, how does the mother teach you on weekdays? So late, how can you still learn to lie now?!"

"mother……"

"Don't call me!"

Nangong saw her annoyed and couldn't help but panic. Compared with his amiable father, he actually feared his mother, who had always been pretending to be in and out.

"You are too disrespectful."

The little child couldn’t help but be blinded. For fear that she would blame herself again, she would argue with a trace of luck: “I, I didn’t come back too late, just after eating for a while and playing outside for a while.”

Tolerant of him, the mother who had not been so flamboyant, was increasingly disappointed and increasingly angry in the sophistry of his son's brains.

"I will return when it is dark -"

"Snapped!"

A loud slap in the face interrupted the words of Nangong.

Rong Rong’s chest ups and downs still maintain the posture of raising his hand, and he screams with anger: “Nan Gong驷! Greed, swearing, killing and looting, it’s my Confucian gentleman’s seven, can you learn where you have gone? Still want to lie to your mother?!"

Nangong was beaten by her. After a while, she returned to God. When she was in tears, she was full of eyes. He also grievances and shouted: "If you are not so fierce, I, what should I do to deceive? You If you don't move, hit me and yell at me... You, you are not good at me! I don't like you! I like you!" Then he ran out to find Nangong Liu.

"You stand for me!"

Rong Rong slammed him and his face was extremely ugly. She pointed a finger at the nose of her son with a finger of fresh red cardamom, and her eyes raged.

"What are you looking for? You are a singular singer, you have to slap a horse, he is a waste. Can you not learn from him?! Give me a seat!"

"I don't want it! I don't want it!"

Rong Rong bites the silver teeth and drags the continually struggling Nangong 驷 back to the seat, but when she let go, the Nangong 驷 ran again, and finally Rong Rong had to raise his hand and slammed a ban and

tied him all. Nangong fell to the ground, but it was humiliating and annoyed. It was like a trapped beast in a cage, and he kept breathing.

"You let me go! I don't want a mother like you! You...you never said anything to me, you never care about me, you will only marry me...you will only marry me!"

Rong Rong's face was red and white, and his lips trembled slightly. He said, "You give me the honesty to stay in the house, and let me go out and read it. I will check it tomorrow. If it is stubborn, I will..."

She said that in the end, it was a bit stunned, what happened? She didn't really know that she had always been a **** wrist, and her temper was fierce. Even if she faced her weak husband, she could unscrupulously reprimand in public and give him a color look.

But Nangong驷... What can she do?

She stood there for a while, but it was sour and resentful. She was sad and helpless. She was irritated and attacked. She could not help but cough. She was an old person who coughed and coughed. However, she didn't care. When she was not seen in Nangong, she wiped it with her hand and then hoarse and sullen.

"Hey, you are still young, this is right or wrong in the world, and it is often not seen by your eyes. Sometimes people who are tolerant of you may not

expect you, the people who are harsh to you, too I don’t necessarily look at you bad. You are weak and incompetent, let alone...” She paused, didn’t say it immediately, thought about it for a while, gave up the sentence, and said, “Mother does not want you to be like him in the future. The monk became the head of him."

Nangong licks his lips and does not speak.

"You are stubborn, you don't have to worry about your studies. These are not big things, but how can you learn to lie and deceive? I have always been a gentleman of the Confucianism, and I have always adhered to the gentleman's style, and I have a face that is based on the celestial beings. I never teach you seriously, but I am your mother. If he doesn't tell you, let me talk to you and repeat it with you once and for all. Even if you don't listen, even if you think I am harsh, even if you hate me."

"...I don't tell me, it's because he treats me as a child, he makes me happy, he is happy, what about you?!" Nangong yelled, "What kind of mother, you only use me as a Confucianist The young master, when the head of the future! I am with you, there is no good day! I don't listen to what you said!"

Rong Yu was very annoyed, and there was a trace of abnormal flushing on the white cheeks. She covered her face with a mask, and she coughed for a while, then she gasped for a long time and then severely said:

"Okay. If you don't listen, I will always talk to you and tell you that you will understand it one day."

"..." The child was so bad that he simply grabbed his ear.

Rong Rong sat in the chair and slowly calmed down, but her heart still burst into pain. She remembered the injury she had suffered when she was demonized in her early years. Although she drew medicine every day, she still turned to sinking and became sicker. Heavy, and then look up at the look of the child under the lamp, and closed his eyes.

For a long while, she was a little slower and said, "Hey, my mother can't stay with you forever. I will not be able to stare at you any more, I can't wake you up anymore, I just hope that you can understand it later..."

She suddenly did not say anything more.

Because she saw Nangong squatting on the ground, her little body huddled together, crying in her forbidden curse, her child, the child who had been happy, happy and bright, playing in her In the middle of it, I cried and cried.

For a long time, I stood up slowly and walked up to the forcing enchantment. I raised my hand and tried to untie it. I wanted to lean over and hug, touch his red cheeks and kiss his forehead.

But she endured, she was still standing still.

She slowly finished the second half of the sentence: "You must know how to blame, blame, kill, and rob, it is my Confucian gentleman."

"I don't understand, I don't want to understand, I... I..." Nangong驷 raised his tearful eyes and cried out to the mother who had cursed the curse. "I hate you! I don't have a mother like you!" ”

"....."

At that moment, outside the forbidden curse, Rong Rong’s face was so pale, and the face of cold and cold was like heartbroken.

That face, how many times in the past 20 years, appeared in Nangong’s sleep, when the pillow was already wet, when I was like a poisonous scorpion, waving a chee, squeezing the vicious juice Into the mother's heart.

Pain, really pain.

After a lifetime, it will not be released, and you will never be able to reconcile with yourself.

On the third day, Rong Rong did not come to the house to see him. He only asked the maid to send him a quiver embroidered with camellia and a letter.

The letter on the mother's notes is solemn, there is not much good language, only to know that the child has been martial arts in recent days, loves the bow and arrow, embroidered a rucksack, and used it for him. He also said that he would go to Jin Chengchi with his father. After he came back, he would take another "Easy Travel" and hope that he would not be willing to play again.

What about him?

How did he do it?

He was full of anger, and he was filled with resentment. He took a knife and slashed his mother’s sewing sac into several pieces. He threw the mother’s letter into the fire pit and burned it into ash. He tore up the free ride on the case. The young and middle-aged children who are divided and divided feel very happy.

He retaliated against her.

He hates her.

He wants to let her know that he will never listen to such a bad teacher's teachings, he will never compromise, he...

His fangs and mouths were extremely vicious, and he was struggling to build up the walls.

He waited for his mother to bow to him, admit his mistakes, or maybe... at that time, he was only using his pitiful malicious, wanting to exchange a soft word, a hug.

But he didn't wait for anything.

Admit mistakes, hugs, remorse, gentleness.

He waited eagerly, waiting to declare war on the woman again, then -

He waited for her bones.

"The Confucianist Gate was attacked by the night forest, and his wife was guarded by his body and died through his heart."

When Fusuke came back, Nangong was standing on the edge of the city hall where the Confucianism gates smashed into the sky. The white plaque and the paper money were scattered. He was the only nephew, standing at the front and waiting, according to the custom, the elders fell, The lady’s beggar can cross the fire pit and be carried back into the martial art. At this time, the scorpion must cry and cry, and grab the land to meet the mother's spiritual return.

But Nangong can't cry.

He feels so ridiculous, everything is so false, it seems not true. The sun shone on the ground and stunned the white light. He was dazzled and disgusted.

not true.

……not true! ! !

If so, what should he do? How can he accept... In this life, the yin and yang are separated, and the last sentence she said to him is "gracious grievance, murder and looting, and it is my Confucian gentleman."

And what did he answer her?

He didn't want to remember it, but it was so deep that he hated that day, and the shouting was so boneless. The face of the mother was so sad and sad outside the enchantment.

pain……

It hurts really.

He said that in his life, the last sentence to his mother... He said...

I hate you.

I don't have a mother like you.

The coffin helped, and the elders broke the porcelain pot next to them. Thousands of people cried in tears. The father was already crying beside the coffin, and Nangong was just standing there, his hands clinging to the tea flowers that he had cut. Arrow sac.

The bright red petals, the yellow peony, the flowers covered with snow, proud of the snow, as if her warm fingertips just touched the noodles, and opened this purple. I don't know if she had a hunch before her death, or it was a coincidence. She embroidered very carefully, and the flowers were vivid, as if to embroider the love that she did not say, embroidering all the shackles and squats of her life. In the first line, locked in this small cloth quiver.

Nangong Temple is holding it tightly.

That is his mother, his mother, the one left to him in this life, the last thing.

Chapter 167

The illusion does not disappear because of the pain of Nangong, and it is still cruelly continuing, spreading the vulgar truths of the year to everyone.

At the edge of Jincheng Pool, Nangong Liu used his feet to grind the face of the cannibal, and looked around and said: "The beast."

"The beast wants the lady's spiritual core, and the Lord can not give it." Xu Shuanglin said, "But the Lord is for the martial arts, or sells his wife."

"What sells and sells, don't say it is so ugly. Rong Shijie was originally poor, and invited the best doctor of Lin Lingyu to see it. She said that she is running out of time. If she is healthy, how can I? Willing to dedicate her to this evil beast."

Xu Shuanglin raised his brow and did not speak.

Nangong Liu stared at the cannibal for a while, and suddenly he was angry and complained with anger: "The fate is unfair."

It seems that he did not expect that his fame and fortune would still blame his fate. Xu Shuanglin was a bit surprised and laughed: "What?"

"I said that the fate is unfair."

"..."

"Why do some people ask for a god, and what the beasts are asking for is a song of sings and sings. When I am here, I am calling a beast, but I want my wife's life. How can I?" How can I choose?"

Nangong Liu looks very angry.

"When I was in Jin Chengchi's request for Shenwu, you also saw it. With the silence of the servant, the master accused. The Chu nightning... Mom, a fifteen or six-year-old boy, even dared to violate me, full of morality and morality. It looks like... I really stand and talk without hurting! I don’t believe that if he is to make a choice, he will choose the former in a wife who is dying and a powerful and powerful!

Xu Shuanglin smiled: "That can't really be said. You don't look at me like this. I mean, they are the kind of gentlemen, you can never guess what you think."

"What else can you think? It’s nothing more than a name for the history of the world. Can I not know them?"

Nangong Liu Yue thought more and more wronged, cursing and kicking the squid.

"Since I became the head of the game, I really suffered aggrieved, the curse did not say, I had to smile at the smile all day long... I also lost my voice, I could suffer the humiliation, or I was afraid to ask for a sword. That year, I had to die in the hands of Chu Yuning."

"You said it is good." Xu Shuanglin actually smiled. "I also think that Chu Ningning really wanted to kill you. But I didn't expect you to persuade him to move, not only from his day." After a death, he sealed his mouth so that he did not publicize what you did at Jincheng Pool. To say that the life-saving ability, I still admire the head of the king."

"He also knows that Confucianism can't be chaotic, and how can he be angry again." Nangong Liudao, "Why, I still have a child, let him think that his mother is a deceased and killed, but it is more than his true stimulation." It is much smaller."

Xu Shuanglin sighed and nodded in a fair position: "No wonder he has to go. If I am him, it should be disgusting."

"Do you think I think? I have a choice? I said it--" Nangong Liudao, "The fate is unfair."

When I saw this, someone quietly looked over to Chu Yuning, and said: "Is it true that Mrs. Rong actually knows about it?"

"He knows that he still helps the Nangong Liu, and he doesn't even tell the world."

"He is probably afraid of things. He was only fifteen years old. If he really offended the Confucianism, he couldn’t eat and walk."

Someone whispered to Chu Yuning: "I don't think so. He just lost it because of the small loss. You didn't say that Nangong Liu didn't say it. Chu Zongshi didn't tell / the truth. It was because Nan Gongyi knew it was sad."

"But he is a little bit different. Is it important for a child to be a child, or is it important to be a master of the school? Hey, if he said it earlier, the Confucianist door would not be in the present situation."

"If you can't say this, if he really said it in the past, I am afraid that there will be a big chaos in the upper repairing world.... In short, everyone has their own choices. If you change to you, you will not be willing to stand up."

"Oh, that may not be, it is me, I will definitely come out immediately to break the true face of Nangong Liu. This kind of thing, you have to stand by, it is equal to accomplice."

Their voices are small, but their ink is good, and a few words float into his ears. When he is angry, he is about to talk about it, but his sleeves are pulled.

"Master!"

Chu night Ning looked faint and shook his head: "No need to say anything."

"This is not the case at all! They didn't understand it? In that case, how can you make things public? Who can't tell the priorities? Clearly-"

Chu night Ning faintly: "Im?"

The ink nodded.

Chu Xiaoning said: "What do you have to do?"

The ink burned and nodded.

Chu night Ning said: "Yes, then you help me with an ear."

"..."

"I don't want to argue with it, but I don't want to hear it. You help me, wait until they don't say it, and you let go."

The ink burned really went to the late night of Chu, and raised his hand, one side, holding his ear. He looked at the people in front of him and only felt very angry and very distressed. He really couldn't understand why he had done everything so well, and would someone be dissatisfied? This person's two generations seem to be living for others. I have never been selfish for a day. Why is it that as long as one thing is controversial, as long as one thing is not so black and white, it is necessary to be poked by so many people. ?

It seems that things are always like this. People are used to being grateful for a good deed of the wicked, and biting a bit of a good man's fault.

The predecessor stepped on the immortal murder of countless people, and the wrong medicine was given on a certain day, and the masters of the Wushou Temple were given 10,000 gold each, so they were praised by people. They all said that they stepped down to form a knife and became a Buddha. During that time, people were in the mouth. Because of this little good deed, because of this little good deed, it is full of dazzling brilliance.

And what about Chu Ning? Chu Yuning is an undisputed guru, a fairy who is the best in the world, so if he is a star or a half, he will be inadvertently speculated.

How many times are the case.

Chu nightning is doing things, and some people roar him cold-blooded.

When Chu’s work was soft, some people questioned him for fear.

During the five-year tour, the ink-burning people even heard someone talking about the outside of the coloring town of Chendie, and there was a voice that Chu Xianning was trying to seduce the public, so he whip his employer and hurt the mortal.

"He is a wood man without conscience, or you look at it. Where do normal people have no friends?" Look at this late night, at the age of fifteen, he rebelled against the master of sin, and later he has been alone. Big, who wants to be his friend?"

"Yeah, in the same year, the Chendie of Caidie Town, how is it wrong, it is also the employer, Chu nightning is so heavy, then regardless of the face of the sect, regardless of the rules of the fairy door, I think he is lonely for a long time, and my heart is somewhat distortion."

Psychological distortion?

Who is distorted?

Isn’t this person paying enough?

Is it really necessary to squeeze out his blood, chew the meat, and even sacrifice the bones to go out, is it right, is it good, is it a veritable Chu Zong teacher?

The ink burned his ears, and Chu was rather tall and slender, but standing in front of the current smoldering, his head was only to his chin. Chu Evening was not a weak and weak person, but the ink burned his eyelashes and looked at him, but suddenly he felt very pitiful, could not help but give birth to unlimited love and softness.

He wants to hug this person more than ever before.

Without love/desire, just want to hold him, and want to give him a warmth in the flesh and blood between the heavens and the earth, nothing more.

For these questions, but the question of the export, and the words "If it is me, how must I, how?", Chu Evening is more than the burning habits, it seems very dull.

At this time, Jin Chengchi’s memories were over, and the memories were re-collapsed and reorganized. Chu Yuening turned his eyes away and landed

on Nangong Temple.

Nangong squatted at him, kept groaning and never stood up again.

Chu night Ning sighed softly.

He and Nangong Temple, although there is no name for mentoring, but there are masters and apprentices. If you can, he really hopes that Nangong’s life will be that he is unfortunately killed when he killed the monster. For so many years, the paper was still penetrated by flames and burned to ashes.

In the eyes of Chu Xiaoning, the Nangong Temple, now squatting, and the child who was in the hall of the temple, overlapped in this way.

The child was awkwardly carrying a sneak peek, but his back was very raw, and he couldn’t even get up. He wiped his tears and slowly turned his back to his mother.

"There is a fish in the north, and it is called 鲲. The big one, I don’t know how many thousands of miles. It’s a bird, it’s called Peng...” He groaned, every time he stopped, his young and tender face There are pains that should not be suffered by this age. "And the world... reputation... without persuasion, the world...not...not adding...frustration, it must be ... inside and outside, Debate..."

The soft voice of the child came to an abrupt end. He didn't carry it down. The little body was trembling gently, like Puliu in the wind. He finally covered his face and couldn't stand it anymore. He burst into tears.

"A Niang... I am wrong, my nephew is wrong... You wake up and wake up well, A Niang... I am no longer playing, you wake up, you teach me again, okay?"

Later, Xiaoyao Tour became a essay written by each of the early lessons of Nangong Temple, accompanied by him, from coveted children to the genius of Confucianism.

Mrs. Rong left and could never teach him.

Soon after, Chu Yuening also left, and did not look back.

Nangong Yu has never been a teacher. He relies on this old sac that is patched by the seams. With the phrase "gracious grievance, murder and piracy, it is my Confucian gentleman who can't do it." In the first door of the world, he grew up to be a different person from his father.

At this time, the death of Mrs. Rong has passed for nearly fifteen years.

The illusion once again gathered. This time, in front of everyone, it was the sleeping hall of Nangong Liu. It was the night of the full moon. The

Nangong was huddled on the bed, and the mat was covered with a mat, and Mrs. Zhu was obviously summer. However, Nangong Liu was wrapped in several layers of thick scorpions, constantly shaking, and his lips were blue.

Chu nightning shot the hand that burned the ink: "Let it loose, I want to see it."

Ink ignited: "You can also not watch, I will tell you." He still didn't want to put down the hand that licked the ears of Chu, but he was shot twice by Chu Ning, but he knew that he had to hang his hand. On the one hand, he was still very gloomy and swept around. He wanted to say who is going to say that he was not in the middle of the night. He stamped himself in his mind and went back to find these people alone.

In the illusion, Xu Shuanglin walked in through the doorway and walked a slap in the same place. There was no rule. However, Nangong Liu seems to get used to it, and did not care. His eyes were bloodshot and he asked: "Shrimp forest, medicine? Medicine?"

"With it, it failed."

Nan Gongliu shouted "Ahhhh

"It's already closed. Today is the full moon. Even if you don't go out, you will feel pain." Xu Shuanglin said, "It's useless, you can't escape."

"No - no! Medicine?" Nangong Liu is a bit mad. "Pharmaceutical medicine!! You can say it! I believe you! Medicine!"

"I read through the scrolls again. I can't match it. The evil in your body is too poisonous. You have to have one thing to unlock."

"What?! I can give anything you want!! Just give me medicine! Give me medicine!!"

Xu Shuanglin said: "I want to cast a man's spiritual core."

"!"

Nangong Liucha was pale in the face.

"Spiritual nuclear... you want... you want his spiritual core?"

"Have it?"

"How can there be!!" Nangong Liu snarls, hair is scattered, mouth drooling, "You know who cursed me! My good teacher, that waste... pustules... gentleman! Luo Fenghua! He married me The position, when I drove him off the throne, he had already smashed his corpse! I also pressed his ashes into the **** pool of the feng shui, sending him the soul into the hell, never surviving! His bones are ruined! You want me to find his nucleus? How do I find it? How do I find it!?!"

Xu Shuanglin calmed for a while, waiting for Nangong Liu Yan to finish, gradually becoming desperate, and his throat was sobbing, he slowly said: "I still have a way, just hard to do. Do you want to listen?"

"Say... talk, you are going to say!"

"Luo Fenghua is dead, but you should know that the ghosts that broke into the infernal **** have been recorded in "The Dead", although they can never be super-life, but they can aggregate the three souls and seven scorpions, giving birth to the skin and flesh of life, forming a ghost, the more It is the tragic death of a ghost, the stronger it is, and some even grow a giant python outside the ghost, protecting the soul."

"What about that? I can't go to **** in hell."

"You can't go, but he can come." Xu Shuanglin smiled slightly and looked very peaceful in the candlelight. It seemed to be talking about which friend to go to drink tea tonight. "Ghost and Yang are enchanted. Barrier barriers, as long as the aggregation to the pure five aura, can tear open the gap of hell."

"Tear open... the gap in hell?"

Xu Shuanglin smiled and said: "Yes, tearing open the gap, and attracting Luo Fenghua's ghosts. The ghost is exactly the same as the body before birth. There is also a nucleus. You eat his flesh and blood, and then take out his spiritual core, not cursing."

He paused and said: "It’s just that the five auras are a little difficult to gather. It is best to need the best spirit of the best... Don’t worry, let me think about it."

Nangong Liu opened his mouth and wanted to say something more. What he could send out was a terrible mourning. He swayed and slammed on the bed.

"Is there really such pain?" Xu Shuanglin sighed. "Your master, I must have hated your sorcerer, and it would be a pitiful curse on the ring. It is really pitiful."

"Hey..."

"Okay, forbearance, it won't hurt if it's dawn." Xu Shuanglin said, sitting down on the bed, his legs crossed, one hand holding the shackles, one hand licking his feet, "I am accompanying You, talk to you, distract and distract, you are not so painful."

The whole man of Nangong Liu arched into the depths of the quilt and snorted and gasped.

Xu Shuanglin said: "Hey, what are you talking about?...Do you want to talk about it? He is also a child who is not easy. The natural spirit is violent and it is easy to get rid of the evil spirits. This seems to be the dysentery of the Nangong family. I heard that he was a great-grandfather. Is there something wrong with this?"

The Nangong squash was under the quilt and swallowed: "Well."

"What are you going to do?"

"What to do." Nan Gongliu’s voice was fighting. "His illness is better than mine, so much better. After he married his wife... all of them can pass the double repair and suppress the flow of the spirit. You, Still... still care more about my curse..."

"I don't always care about your curse? But the more you think, the more painful you will be." Xu Shuanglin turned his head again and smiled with his toes. "But this double repair will not be right. The body of the companion is so good? I heard that my great-grandmother went to a young age."

"Waste, nonsense."

"Oh, I just asked casually. I didn't think she was really dead because of the double repair." Xu Shuanglin exclaimed, "The Confucianist door is really deep, and the head is actually going to take the wife's life to help him through the disaster."

"Women's life... this is... useless."

Xu Shuanglin smiled and said: "So look down on women."

"Too much training, you don't understand."

"I don't understand, what did the head say?"

"The Confucianist Gate, when you are a gentleman."

"Yes."

"What is a gentleman? Is it a man, do you understand?"

"...hey, it’s disrespectful. The head, you misinterpreted this sentence, fearing that you should live too hard from the hero."

Nangong Liu Yan said: "You haven't married your wife, you don't understand. Women... It's useless, only to pass on the family, it's their responsibility. Grandmother can sacrifice for her grandfather, and she is willing..."

"Is willing?" Xu Shuanglin smiled. "So, do you have to find someone who is willing to do it with him and kill him?"

"...has already found it..."

Xu Shuanglin said: "What? Who? Who and who?" He looked very gossip, climbed into the bed and almost climbed out of the quilt. "Yes, you have even the Confucianism in your heart." The lady of the young master has a choice, then you will talk to me soon."

Nangong Liu wrapped his quilt in the depths of the bed and endured it for a while. He was hoarse and said: "You are a righteous woman, and the leaves are forgotten."

"!"

Chapter 168

In the picture, Xu Shuanglin’s eyes widened, and most of the people outside the picture were caught.

When the ink burns here, I feel that something is wrong.

He is a person who has lived for two generations. This conversation is connected with some of the things of the past, and he has to ponder some intriguing details.

He knows that Ye’s reluctance to Nangong’s friendship is not just because Ye Ye’s death was before he was asked to bury it with Nangong, but because in the last life, the female identity of Ye’s resignation was very early. In the world, Nangong Liu Qin points her and lets her marry Nangong.

This section now seems to be completely a father who is looking for a double repair to his son, but not long after the marriage agreement, Nangong 弛 毙 毙 , , , 叶I don’t think that it’s just a coincidence that Nangong’s death was in that year.

He doesn't think so.

On the screen, Xu Shuanglin's fingers clenched into fists, although his face still smiled, but the tone had some coolness.

"Do you want a little leaf to marry an aunt?"

"Well, she is the best."

“Where is it right?” Xu Shuanglin laughed. “You used to cultivate her as a Guardian, and made her look like a man and a woman. Now she says she wants to give her a nephew. You are not afraid of you. Abandon her."

"He really is not happy. I originally saw him often talking with Ye Yexi, laughing and laughing, waiting for her, and thinking that he can accept it. But I told him about marriage, but he was furious, saying that he did not I like leaf forgetting, the reason why she cares for her, because she is a girl, it is not easy to mix in the dark city. He refuses to accept this marriage."

Xu Shuanglin: "..."

"How can I compromise? He will have a big fight with me. I said that I don't respect his determination. I deal with his lifelong affairs at will. I can't avoid it, and I am indifferent to it. The more I tell him, The worse his attitude is. In the end, he even felt that I was ignorant of the leaves. I really

didn't know what to do." Nangong Liu Yandao, "Does he not disapprove of her not looking good?"

Xu Shuanglin is quite fair: "...If the first door suddenly makes you yell, you don't like women, can you be willing? I think this is really not a good problem, you really don't respect him."

"He is superficial! His wife wants to be useful, good, if he likes a beautiful girl, after the body is stabilized, can't he be satisfied again?" Nangong Liu sighed, "Hey, this blames me for the first time, coughing, No... In time, I didn’t take the leaves to forget the thoughts of my nephew. If she was still the same, she would love her.”

"You are too ridiculous." Xu Shuanglin said, "I don't accept it."

"Unless he doesn't want to die. It's very painful to be a double-educated person with such a nuclear tyranny. If you are an ordinary woman... I am afraid, I am afraid I can't stand it..." Nangong Liu breathed a sigh of relief. She is willing and able to withstand it."

"How could she be willing?!"

"I asked her."

"……what?!"

"I asked her, I have already told her about this," said Nangong Liudao. "She is afraid of being awkward and better than being afraid of her death."

"..." Xu Shuanglin didn't talk, his head was hanging down, and he didn't know what he was thinking. He said, "She is really a fool."

Seeing this, the ink burn can almost be determined - where is the Nangong Temple in the last generation? Ten or eight/nine is Xu Shuanglin’s own killing.

Nangong is dead, and Ye will be able to survive.

The reason why Nangong Temple is still alive in this life may be because of Song Qiutong’s business. Song Qiutong is a sphenoidal beauty seat. It was originally a perfect fit for a double-education. She married her to Nangong, and her father’s nature has nothing to say. She even thinks that it’s a drop in the sky, and she will not force Ye and the Nangong. I am married.

Since the marriage contract between Ye and Yu is invalid, Xu Shuanglin does not harm Nangong in this life, and that is completely true. However, there is still a bit of ink burning and puzzling - Xu Shuanglin is now smashing up, it is simply a maddening devil, but such a devil, why is it so important to see the leaves forget? It’s just a foster daughter... who is horrible and indifferent, what is he obsessing?

What is it asking for?

This period of memory is not long, and it will soon end. When the illusion lights up again, the time is a lot earlier.

Nangong Liu Yan went up obviously younger than now, and has not been blessed. In his hand, he flashed the small objects of the bluish brilliance, and everyone looked at it and found that it was the ring of the door of the Confucianist door.

When the ring was put on, it could not be taken until the day when he left, and the Nangong Liu in the picture had not yet worn it, so he proved that he had not become the true master of the Confucianism.

There was a servant who came in and squatted, and the robes on the servant were still stained with blood. It seemed to be a battle. In this memory, it should happen that Nangong Liu Yanshi regained the night when he was in charge.

"Head, Luo Fenghua's body, what should I do?"

Nangong Liu turned the ring and thought about it: "I am buried in a hero, he is a good man with my mentor, giving him a personal return."

"Yes!"

I left with the waiter.

The ink burned slightly and frowned. He felt a little strange. According to the memories he saw only, the Nangong brother’s master, Luo Fenghua, was clearly smashed by the Nangong Liu, and the sacred blood pool was turned into a ghost. Hell, never eternal life.

But how do you say that Nan Gongliu buried his master in a hero?

In the illusion, Nangong Liumo glared at the ring of the door of Bi Yingying. The complex flashes of complex and strange luster seemed to be somewhat fearful but full of desire.

His throat was agitated, and finally he slowly raised his hand, reflecting the candle, and putting the ring on his thumb.

He stared at his hand, looked back and forth, and his mouth slowly swelled up, seeming to burst into a bright and happy smile, but the smile spread was not half, and it stopped.

Nangong Liu shouted, suddenly planted from the throne of the throne, and all of them were shaking.

"Ah-! Ah!"

"Head!"

"What happened to you?"

I was busy helping to help him. I expected Nangong Liu to look up, but it was blood on his face. Only then did the end face suddenly tear open countless tiny mouths. Those mouths were torn and immediately healed, healed and immediately torn open, blood is not The ground stopped from the mysterious scars.

"What happened!" Nangong Liu panicked, "pain... it hurts...how...how is this? How is it going?!!"

Footsteps came from outside the door.

A man against the moonlight, with a pair of smooth feet, stepping on the cold bricks and stones, came to the front of Nangong Liu, a robes, half a squat down.

This person is Xu Culinlin, who is younger than he is now. He leaned over and pinched the face of Nangong Liu, and Nangong couldn’t help but wheezing, tears and nose mixed with blood. Xu Shuanglin seems to be a little disgusting, frowning, and then asks: "How come suddenly?"

"I don't know... Dao... I don't know... Mr. Frost Forest... Mr. save me..."

At this time, Xu Shuanglin was only a helper of Nangong Liu, so Nangong Liu called him Mr. Frost, not an elder.

After some investigations, Xu Shuanglin grabbed the right hand of Nangong Liu, looked at the shining ring, and changed his face: "Is this attached to the murder?"

After hearing the name around, the pros were all taking a sigh of relief. Only Nangongliu was actually awkward. I didn’t know what the curse of life and death was. I only looked up with tears and couldn’t hold my nose. A crystal nose ran out, and blood stained, dripping on the floor tiles.

"Ah, what is that?"

"Death curse."

Xu Shuanglin's face is very unsightly.

"This ring was Luo Fenghua's death curse. After he cursed a person wearing a ring, as long as he shined on the moonlight, his skin would split and he would die like death...night."

"what?!"

"More than that." Xu Shuanglin's hand stroked the jade of the ring, and felt the turbulent flow of the head. "In the fifteen-month round, even if you don't leave home, the walls are sealed, and the night is not coming in. Still feel the pain of a thousand knives, and escape is inevitable..."

He opened his eyes and looked at the uninhabited Nangong Liu, who slid to the ground, and whispered.

"To the end of the dead."

Under the thick and stinky blood, the pupil of Nangong Liu suddenly gathered, and it looked like a stunned squirrel, and a poisonous snake in the black cave.

He twitched in a funny way and murmured: "Is it dead?"

"Ok."

"Broken, can't break?"

"Can't break." Xu Shuanglin said, "At least I can't think of any way to crack at this moment... only later..."

He still didn't speak, and Nangong Liu broke his hand. He screamed and climbed down the steps. He dragged a **** stamp on the cold and smooth floor tiles. He screamed and laughed, his voice hoarse and twisted. Extreme, sharp like a needle, and many people outside the illusion can't stand it, blocking his ears.

"Ha ha ha - curse me? Do you curse me?"

"Luo Fenghua! You took the seat of my Nangong family. I will oust you from the stage and leave your whole body. It is already... It is a matter of course! You actually cursed me? How can you bear it - how do you have a face! !"

"I am reading you... the grace of the profession... I am buried in... I am buried in a hero... Ha! Hero! You have to make me suffer from night and night, and my skin is fleshy - to death!" Roaring, one inch and one inch moved to the entrance of the main hall, crouching in the dark shadow cast by the red bronze door of the main hall. The fingers twitched and slammed, and could not help but hit the ground.

"To the dead, how can you worry! How can you care? Animals! Animals! You ruin me forever!"

"Head of the door..." He couldn't bear it. In the past, he wanted to bring him back, but Nangong Liu screamed and sipped, and he was crazy.

This group of **** and fuzzy faces has always been weak and incompetent more than any other color, but today is not the same. His face has a bitter hatred, wildfire jumping in the pupil, burning the reason and the coke, the grass is not born.

Nangong Liu Xiasii said: "Through me... the first... the order..."

Listen to the order with the aunt.

"The former generation of the boss Luo Fenghua, sinful ... evil ... ... unforgivable! The fate will be his will ... thousands of knives ... broken, corpse, million, paragraph -!"

Xu Shuanglin stood quietly beside him, listening and listening, not seeing any expression: "....."

At this time, a new round of tears came, Nangong Liu couldn’t stand it, collapsed and collapsed, but he cried again, but while he was crying, he was still the first command to put him on the throne of the Confucianism. One word and one sentence, all squeezed out from the back molars: "Sinking... blood pool..."

You curse my flesh and blood to the dead.

I sink you into the infernal purgatory, and never live forever.

At the end of this illusion, Nangong Liu smashed his empty eyes, his voice was like a broken pottery, extremely hoarse, and he murmured: "Luo Fenghua, the beast... you are a beast..."

The memory debris began to collapse like a snow flake. The secret of the Confucianism that was revealed by this inch of light made almost everyone see the gods in the presence. Some people, such as Ye Forget and Nangong, were because of their personal affairs. I have to watch, and more people have been provoked a kind of pleasure to see other people's hidden diseases.

He is one of the most ugly emotions in the world. How many of those who were invited to participate in the Nangong Palace’s marriage were really sincerely obedient to Confucianism? How many have passed through the magnificent three-out, through the aura of inch-inch gold, to see the seventy-two cities in the sky, the heart is only admire, no red eyes?

The taller the towering loft, the more it collapses, the more it will attract people to watch. The melon skin is full of land, and the spit star is splashed three feet away.

The pain of others is always the street, the best talk after a meal.

Some people are reluctant to look at it again, but this matter is very doubtful and matters. Although Xu Shuanglin's memories are no problem, he can explain the changes of Jin Chengchi and Taohuayuan, but he still feels that there is something uncomfortable.

He always felt that something was wrong in this memory.

……what is it then?

He raised his eyebrows and thought about it dullly.

But suddenly there was a glimpse of the light, and there was a flash of light in the distance. But since there is an illusion that is going on here and again, no one will look outside the forest, so I have not noticed it -

The ink burned for a moment, and then his face suddenly changed, shouting: "Hog!"

Everyone heard the words turned around: "Hidden fire? Where is there a fire?"

"Over there - over there!"

"No! There are also here!"

No one thought that when they looked at Xu Sulin’s memories, the Confucianist’s all directions and the seventy-two cities ignited a raging scarlet fire. The fire was still far away, and the jungle they were in was deep. If you don’t pay attention to it, you don’t know.

The robbery is one of the fierce fires. Unless it rains heavily, it will be extinguished with nectar. Otherwise, it will not stop if it does not burn the grass that burns around.

The thick smoke was born, the fire was like the water splashing on the surface of the water, and it quickly smudged around. It is far from the seventy-two cities that there are a few meteors flying to the four fields, but look carefully, where is the meteor? It is clearly a Confucian disciple who escaped from the sea of fire and flew out of the sword.

When everyone in the forest saw it, many of them suddenly lost their color and shouted: "What happened?"

Some people immediately turned to the poetry hall and screamed at the name of the companion. Xue Zhengxuan is also a face change, because Mrs. Wang is still there, she will not be the sword of the sword...

"A burning! Yu Heng! Menger will be handed over to you, I will go to my wife -"

The ink burned also was very heart-felt, nodded: "The uncle is going, leaving the aunt to leave, there is us here, I will never let Xue Meng have something."

Xue Zhengyi patted his shoulders hard and swept away from the poetry hall where the fire rushed.

Seeing the sudden chaos of this group, Xu Shuanglin quietly stood in the same place, suddenly opened a very bright smile, and he smiled and said: "The good tree is a scene of disappointment."

Looking back at the ink, see Xu Shuanglin hit a ring, let the radiant memory fragments like millions of snowflakes, gathered in his palm.

Surrounded by a sea of fire, the sky in the sky is still not closed, or the golden red melt is constantly flowing, spreading to the forest at a very slow speed.

The ink burned and stared at Xu Shuanglin, and suddenly felt chilling.

This person, the **** in the eyes, the rhyme is not right, this kind of eyes is too familiar with the burning...

In the past life, he was at the top of his life. He was in the empty Wushan Temple. After he died in the night, he often looked at himself with such a horrible eye.

Filled with madness and blood, self-destruction, want to let everyone bury their eyes for themselves.

"Do you want to ruin the Confucianism?"

When I heard the ink burning, Xu Sulin’s reaction was that the two toes were intertwined with each other.

Then smiled.

"What about it? I ruined my own home, and I got you in charge?"

"Your own home..."

Xu Shuanglin stepped on the melt stream and walked to Nangong Liu. He grabbed his back collar and picked him up from the ground. He raised his eyelids and said, "Yes, my own home."

He forced Nangong Liu to face his face, then raised his hand, in the face of Ling Qiaoguo sighed, the face of Nangong Liu, who was not as good as death, raised his other hand, slowly, one inch and one inch, from Start under the neck, slowly tear it, little by little...

Oh.

In the end, it was only a soft sound, and a delicate human skin mask made of a hundred years of snakeskin painting was uncovered, revealing the back, a face that Fang Hua no longer.

Nangong Liu first was shocked, and then trembled and shivered sharply. He was a sigh of relief, but he still struggled to pull a little bit of noise from his throat.

"You... are you...?! You... no... dead? You turned out... you turned out to be..."

"I am not dead, you are still alive, how can I die one step ahead of you." Xu Shuanglin said with a smile, "I have to force you too much everywhere, including the number of lives, you are rotten, I will live well." How? You and I haven't reunited for a long time, happy to say nothing else?"

He gave birth to a fire, and burned the skin/mask freely. The flame spread and burned to the tip of his finger. He didn't care, didn't feel pain, rubbed his hand and pressed the black fingertips. The lips of Nangong Liu, the girl said with a smile.

"The head of the king, I haven't seen it for a long time...or, I should call you... brother?"

Chapter 169

"Nan Gong floe!"

Among those who did not leave, there were people who were older and eagerly reacted and exclaimed: "Is he?"

"It’s Nangong floe..."

"Is he not already dead already?!"

"Luo Fenghua killed him personally... How did he... how could he still be alive?"

Ye forgets the stunned, a handsome face pale and pale, lips stunned, half a tear with tears, shaking his head back: "father..."

Xu Shuanglin glanced at the leaves and smiled at her. "Small leaves, come to the righteous father, the righteous father will not hurt you."

"You can't touch her again!!" Someone screamed, and the leaves of the leaves were caught by a hand. She turned her head back. The Nangong scorpion was filled with endless pain and dripping blood. "Leaves forget, you go behind me." ""

Xu Shuanglin smiled: "My good deaf, how does your temper look like you, just like your mother?"

"You shut up! You don't deserve to mention me!"

"How come I don't deserve it?" Xu Shuanglin said slowly. "Do you know that your favorite person, Auntie, is not you, but me?"

"!"

Seeing the wrath and nausea of the twisted and coiled youth face, the madness and pain in the eyes, Xu Shuanglin felt that he enjoyed it. He seemed to be nourished by the hatred of such bones, and he could not help but laugh.

"You smashed my fame and took everything, but what about it. Confucianism door... Confucianism door - still in his hands, went to the end of the evening. Hate me, boy, hate me - big brother Hahahaha - do you think that the pitiful Nangong floe was so dead? I thought I would lie in the grave and see that you are so happy in this world?"

The smile tightened fiercely, he shouted.

"dream!"

He said, in front of the Nangong Liu's body, which was not smashed, but picked up his brother's clothes, just like picking up a mud.

"Huang Huang Confucianism, falling into the hands of such waste, what can be used? Head ... Oh, ridiculous! As the head, not so many years have been turned around by me. I said what I want, just like a dog What did you look for with your ass?" He smiled and patted the **** cheeks of Nangong Liu, smiling at his relatives, but his eyes were shining with gloomy light. "Big brother, you are really a pustule, a waste snack."

On the side of the lonely moon night, Jiang Yan said: "Is your picture, is it just to destroy the Confucian style of the century-old foundation?"

Xu Shuanglin turned around and blinked: "A hundred years of foundation? What is it? If the foundation is ruined, you can come back again. After the 72nd city is burned out, you can build it again. Only when someone is dead, it will become gray and wind. When you blow it, it will be happy." He paused, but he was so cute:

"I want to ruin the hearts of all of you."

This sentence is not yin and yang, coupled with his face full of spring, the end of the chilling. Others have not yet responded, but Nangong is no longer able to stop.

His eyes burned with endless fires, filled with desperate coke, only hatred and madness in those eyes, no bit of desire, jade flute, a three-person high demon hurricane breaking waves from the forest , leaping to the South Palace 驷. Nangong smashed his back and the man was not sitting still.

"Man Tuo, call!" With his sipping, a shining sacred martial arts bow appeared in his palm. Nangong smashed the wolf, riding on the wolf's back, his body straight and his arms open. Yu bow mandala, his face flashed with crazy hatred, in an instant has been three arrows bursting, stabbing Xu Shuanglin's key.

Xu Shuanglin smiled and said: "Hey, you are very naughty."

He escaped two arrows and saw that the third arrow could not be flashed, but he was not in a hurry. Instead, he smashed his soft, half-dead body and blocked the arrow.

After all, it is his own biological father, even if the other party is inferior, for Nangong Temple, the blood is still the habit of carving into the bones, he can not help but tighten, the temple suddenly jumps, the dog teeth have already bitten the lips The blood of the lips...

"Do you want to play with your uncle?" Xu Shuanglin was very affectionate and said with a smile, "The uncle is with you."

"Nan Gong floe!! I killed you!!"

"Children's family, shouting and killing what to do?" The words are relaxed, and Xu Shuanglin's movements are not slow, and he is taken apart from his nephew.

It was only a few tricks. His fierce skill made almost all the monks around him stunned. Some people couldn’t help but think about it - no wonder that Nangong Liu took over as the head of the year, when his brother’s mentality was distorted - the brothers’ spells Spiritual power is simply a world apart, and the difference between the clouds and the mud, when the brother's shoes for the younger brother are not enough to see.

"impressive."

"Isn't Nan Gongbu not stealing his brother's spells? How could he have such a skill?"

“It’s almost the same as the first one...”

There were a few people who wanted to help Nangong to attack him. At this time, they converge on the battle, and they are more sensible. The heart

of the Confucianism is no longer solvable. run. This kind of mentality is very fast, and in a short moment, those monks who have not gone are running, scattered, and even refused to be the same brothers who were previously made into chess pieces and have not recovered their minds.

There are few people left in the hunting forest in the twinkling of an eye. When I look at it, I only have oneself, and I have never left, but I have never left.

No, there is Jiang Yan.

This is not expected. Jiang Yan is the world's richest man, the head of Lin Lingyu, the world's most business-oriented businessman, and the leader of the largest martial art in addition to the Confucianism.

I didn't expect him to be willing to take care of this unrewarding stall.

"Ginger head..."

A shivering trembling of the microstrip made the ink burn even more shocked. He looked back and saw that he had not noticed that the orange tree was still shrinking behind him. Although his face was gray and his lips were shaking, he was still strong. Stayed without walking.

Li Wuxin? !

As the head of the martial art at the bottom of the upper repair circle, Li Wu’s throat swallowed, and the rice-shell-like oily face was covered with fine sweat. He looked at the remaining few people with certainty: “Are you together?”

Jiang Yan did not answer immediately, his eyes quickly swept through the rest of the people, and then he decided to kill: "Li Zhuangzhu, you come with me, I will save those sleeping pieces, you are responsible for Yu Jian to them Take all the places to the full place."

"good good good good."

"As for Chu Zongshi and Mo Zongshi..."

Chu night Ningdao: "Ink burns, you go to help the Nangong Temple, I will fill the sky, I will help you immediately."

This sky crack is not the same as that of Choi Butterfly Town. There are not hundreds of ghosts and swells, and some have only the golden red **** melt flow, so it is not dangerous, but the tearing mouth is huge, it is still It is more appropriate for Chu tonight to repair.

The ink burned out and the ghosts were smashed. The more than 20 young monks who were used as chess pieces fell softly on the ground. The **** and blue sleeves were smashed, and the medicine powder was squandered

in an instant to stabilize the weak state of these people. And then he turned his back to Li: "I am bothering you."

Li Wuxin nodded, and an epee with a flash of green brilliance came out. He silently cursed, and the epee, which could only carry two or three people, suddenly spread a few dozen feet and was half suspended in the air. Jiang Yan put those people on the hilt, and the last one was Xue Meng, but Li Wu’s weapon could not support it.

Li Wuxin said: "Without moving, there are too many people, and I will come back when I am here."

Jiang Yan looked at a distance, the strong confrontation and fire spattered, the spirit flow became more and more horrible, and the surrounding orange trees fell down and destroyed, obviously will soon spread here.

He couldn't help it. He looked down at Xue Meng with a look of disgust and said, "But you go, you leave this waste with me."

After the words, Shen Sheng called the sentence: "Snow phoenix, call."

At the foot of his feet, there was a silver-plated sword with a blue glow. The sword "Snow Phoenix" was extremely luxurious and exquisite. The hilt was slender and the decoration was exquisite, but at first glance it was not good at carrying weight. But fortunately, the weight of the two people can still be eaten, Jiang Yan is holding the unconscious Xuemeng, remembering how this person had spoken before himself, and the son of Mrs. Wang and Xue

Zhengyi, he could not hide his disgust The meaning of disgusting is written on the face.

Li Wuxin: "..."

Look at the head of Jiang, this way, it will not be half of the sword, pick the highest point and throw the young master of death and death into the meat, right?

"Look at what, not fast. Go out early, you still need to come back to help." Jiang Yan sullenly said, "I can't really let the Confucianist door fly away."

The two gods took the wind and carried the young people who were fascinated by the spirits and flew away in the distance.

At the same time, Chu Yuening has sealed the **** to the last paragraph, and the battle between them and Xu Shuanglin has become hot. The strength of the ink burning is strong, and the Nangong Temple is even more devastating. Although Xu Shuanglin has a good way to go through the sky, it has become a bit of a parry under the circumstances of the two.

In the midst of an elbow, Xu Sulin Lin shouted at the leaf: "Leaf, what are you doing? Really depends on your father-in-law's death? Don't come to help me!"

The leaf forgets to pinch into a fist, and the expression is painful. The whole person is shaking in detail, but never goes forward. Instead, it is step by step.

"Do you really want to stand by? You forgot who brought you back from the orange grove when you were a child, raised you up, gave you a name?"

"...not."

She almost collapsed, but she was strong because she was young, her head was good, and the elders all took her as a man. Now she has encountered such a change. She still habitually insists that her back is still straight. Although the face is red and bloody, it is not like the ordinary girl who usually burst into tears.

But her flesh and blood seems to have shattered. At this time, it seems that anyone who touches her gently, her skin and muscles will be peeled off from the bones and crushed into mud.

Xu Shuanglin saw her like this, and she snorted, but she did not force her again. Instead, she turned her head and fought more fiercely with the other two.

"Hey!"

The sabre in his hand suddenly sounded a harsh metal sound. The best weapon from the Kunlun Snow Palace could no longer be supported. The ink-burning Liu Teng slammed and fell to the ground.

The ink burns coldly: "What else can you play?"

Xu Shuanglin’s heart was not good. At this moment, he heard a loud scream from the top of his head like a roar of ancient times. He suddenly looked up and saw that Chu Ning had completely filled the sky crack. The night sky on the hunting forest was restored and lost. The **** lava of the Infernal Spirit flows in a flash of golden red, like the fireflies in the forest.

The stars are all over the sky, and the nights of the night are falling from the night sky. His dark robes are hunting and swaying in the hurricane, and the face is white as a porcelain tire. The eyebrows are handsome.

But even if it is beautiful, it can't hide his murderousness.

"Mom." Xu Shuanglin gritted his teeth and cut his teeth.

An ink master is enough for him, and then a master of Chu, the two men work together, looking at the entire realm of cultivation, who can fight with them alone?

Xu Shuanglin stepped back and slammed his knife into his palm, squeezing the blood and smearing a curse on his forehead. He whispered: "Don't come to save me? When will it be dragged?"

Then, raising his hand and volleying, his nails suddenly increased by a few inches. His "squeaky" smashed the body of Luo Fenghua lying on the lake, dripping his spiritual blood out of his mind, and then plunged into his arms. After jumping, I was squatting at my half-dead brother, taking off my enchantment and jumping into the Ganquan Lake. A fierce man went straight to the bottom of the lake...

Ink burning immediately returns to the gods - the bottom of the lake is inserted to open the Hell of Heaven to use the gods "do not return"!

Xu Shuanglin is very water-based, and barefoot, swimming fast, even if dragging a living dead, he immediately caught the dark knife in the lake, and just in the moment he emerged, the sky suddenly appeared again A crack.

Chu night Ning Meiyu low pressure: "Day crack?"

He said that it is not certain that the crack is very small, only one person is high, and the ordinary ghost world is not the same, there is no yin in it.

Xu Shuanglin glared at the splash of water, plunged up, holding his own brother in one hand, holding the hand in one hand, and slamming a sword with the blade of the gods, forcing the three people who wanted to chase

him to be stagnation. . He took this opportunity and swayed up, and suddenly a beautiful hand came out of the narrow crack, and he gripped Xu Sulin's arm tightly.

"...Time and space are dead!"

In the brain, the electric light flint, Chu Yuning’s eyes widened, and he was calm and calm. Even if he saw the Zhenqi chess game, he would not be so shocked, but at this time his blood on his face faded in an instant, and the sleeves were pinched. It’s hard to be a fist.

The ink burned like a cold water in his pocket. He turned his head: "What?!"

How can this be? !

This is actually the strongest of the three major bans. It is rumored that it can tear the time space, so that people in different time and space can reverse the sky and simultaneously appear the spells - this is the forbidden refusal of the comprehension continent. ban--

Time and space are dead!

Chapter 170

A dazzling effort, Xu Shuanglin has been dragged into the space by the hand that stretched out from the door of life and death. Nangong wants to chase, but it is impossible. The crack in the space climbs in the whole person in Xu Shuanglin. The moment was immediately sealed and slammed shut.

Nothing left in the night sky, only a small piece of Xu Shuanglin's clothes horn, did not have time to bring in before the closing of the life and death door, at this moment fluttering, in the dead, falling into the lake, the white cloth was quickly taken by the lake Soaked, slowly sinking into the lake...

"How is it possible?" Mo-burning muttered, "How can anyone in this world really master the time and space?"

As a past generation of stepping Xianjun, he is very clear that there are three bans in the world: Jane Chess, Rebirth, and Time and Space.

Although the first two bans are difficult to learn, they are not unheard of in the real world. For example, the past self, such as the master of sin, more or less someone can cast these two spells.

There are only a few records about the time and space of life and death. The most recent one happened thousands of years ago. Once a great master died because of his love of a woman, he opened the door and wanted to live. Another daughter in time and space brings back her own world.

However, his actions were perceived by himself in the space and time. He also became a father. How can the "he" of the world allow the girl to be taken away? In the desperate confrontation between the two, the cracks in the time and space that opened were distorted and eventually They took their daughter into the crevice and squeezed it into shards...

After the master returned, he collapsed. From then on, the seal was banned in the Yandi Shenmu, and he became a long river in the long years. The last one completely mastered the "time and space".

Since this ban has not been squirted for a long time, more and more monks have believed in these years that there is no such thing as a time-space-distorting spell in this world, but it is the smoldering of the past life. He is boundless by the law, but with the residual in his hands. The volume, with one's own strength, tore a similar gap -

However, the gap only completed the movement of the space, and it was extremely unstable. Mokang tried to throw a rabbit in and wanted to move it to a place thousands of miles away. The rabbit biography was passed. However, because the crack is unstable, when it comes out, it is all inverted, and the internal organs are turned outside. The fur is wrapped in the inside, and it becomes a **** and fuzzy group. The heart is still jumping.

Later, the ink burned and tried many times. There were always five or six times in a hundred times. The situation was extremely disgusting, split, fragmented, and even the head appeared soon, but the body was half a night later. The time was spit out by the crack.

But even then, in the realm of comprehension, it is enough to make a big uproar. Almost everyone feels that the ink burns and recovers and is proficient in "time and space," but he is not sure: he has not seen the first thousand years ago. Forbidden, but as far as the records in the historical materials are concerned, he feels that the spells he has re-enacted are far from the real time and space.

Chu night Ning plunged to the surface of the lake, raised his hand and picked up the half piece of fabric left by Xu Shuanglin. After a slight sense, he felt a little relieved, but then became more and more gloomy.

He shook his head and said: "It is not a complete time and space. The person should only have half of the broken volume. According to the spiritual power left on this fabric, it should only be a space door, not a space-time door."

"What do you mean?"

"That is to say, there is a big difference between this spell and the real ban." Chu said, "The remnant of spiritual power that I can perceive is only spatial, that is to say, Nangong is swayed by someone through this space. I was pulled to another place."

The ink burns the heart, is this not the same as the life and death gates that have been restored in the past? If this is the case, it is not impossible.

But there was a heavy shadow in his heart. He asked: "If it is the real first ban, what will happen?"

The feeling of Chu’s lateness did not know why it became subtle. After a pause, he said: "If it is a real time and space, what can be done is not only the tearing of space and space, it can even bring Nangong to go to another A red dust."

However, when I heard this sentence, the ink burned but the look was slightly changed, and then I licked my lips and did not make any more noise.

He didn't have much knowledge in his previous life, and the collected literature did not know how credible. For the rumor that the big master tore open the cracks in time and space and bring back the daughter of another world, he didn’t feel too much in his heart. reliable.

Nowadays, the mouth of the late night, the ink is finally fully convinced, but this kind of conviction brings him a chill.

——In the five years when Chu is not in the middle of the night, the ink burns through the classics. In fact, the mystery in my heart is eccentric to my own mystery.

He had never seen a real rebirth in his previous life. He thought that the so-called "rebirth" should be like himself, returning to a certain month before death, and everything has come from the beginning.

However, in this life, I saw that the master of guilty crimes personally displayed this ban, and it was puzzling that there was a place where the ink burned. The master’s rebirth was to let the soul of Chu’s late return from the land and return to that. There is no decay, no serious damage to the body, and then continue to survive in this world.

This kind of rebirth is not the same as what I experienced.

If you say that in your life, after you have died, someone has used the same method of rebirth as the master of sin to save yourself, then you should be born again in the Wushan Temple, or you will be fascinated by the emperor, Chu Yuning, Shi Hey, uncle and aunt... These people should still be dead, no one will be by their side.

He then guessed that the method of rebirth in this world may be more than one, so the way he and Chu Xinning are born again is not the same, but at this moment, I heard that Chu Yuning affirmed the most incompetent of the three major bans. Knowing "the time and space of life and death", he suddenly came up with a very terrible idea -

Will he not only be reborn, but also be influenced by the time and space of life and death, so that the sinful soul that should have suffered in another

time and space, tearing time and space, came to everything has not happened, still have time The year that turned back.

If this is the case, then what he is doing, will not be in the sight of the man behind the scenes? Everything, including his rebirth, isn’t that the person planning, and watching it behind the scenes?

The ink burns and feels chilling.

However, he did not think deeply, and he suddenly heard a loud noise from the burning place in the distance.

Chu night Ningdao: "Look at the past."

The voice did not fall, the seventy-two cities that were burning in the Confucianism Gate seemed to have been robbed of fire to the kind of utensils that Xu Shuanglin had left before leaving. It suddenly became a fire, and it was tens of feet high, and the fire went straight to the Han!

At this moment, even if the ink burns them, they will not rush, even if they are hundreds of miles away from the Confucianist door, they can see this raging fire that will burn out in the dark night.

Xue Zhengxuan had taken Mrs. Wang out of the sea of fire. At this time, looking back, I suddenly saw the fire coiled into two bodies that were

entangled in enthusiasm. One man and one woman gradually formed. Xue Zhengyi was shocked: "This is... what happened?"

Mrs. Wang came from a famous name and saw much more about the treasure. Immediately, her look changed. She said: "It is a kind of drawing axis that can record memories. This kind of drawing axis does not require any spell support. It is pre-wired by the operator, as long as it is robbed. Ignite, the memories that are sealed inside will appear in the fire, the flame will not go out, and the memory in the drawing axis will always reverberate."

"Is always reverberating?" Xue Zhengyi couldn't stand it anymore. Looking at the Confucianism door swallowed up by the robbery, his eyes showed a bit of pity.

When others reveal the old end, they are looking for a few witnesses. They can talk a few words together and throw a few more evidences. This is almost the end of the matter.

What about Xu Shuanglin? It was a madman, and the memories that I had collected from all over the world were made into reels, and a big fire burned to the sky, so that all the world would see how dirty the house was. He used the magnificent sea of fire as a canvas, and used the technique to expand the whispers of those unspeakable whispers to thunderous bangs, and hate to let the scorpions hear these sounds.

"This Xu Sulin, what are you going to do?" Xue Zhengyi sat on the enlarged iron fan, and Mrs. Wang’s sword was in the air. His face was

darkened by the flames of the sky, and he muttered. "Is it difficult to become a ruin of the Confucianism, he has not revealed enough, and must be revealed?"

Mrs. Wang: "..."

"Enough, it's enough. The Confucianist door has been torn by him so much, so why don't he let go of the jokes of the real world..."

But as a woman’s voice rang from the sea of fire, the monks who escaped the red lotus purgatory and watched the show in the air stunned.

Xue Zhengyi also stunned.

"Liu Ge, the tricks are so old, you, why are you not so serious... um..."

With the softness of this sound, the two blurred figures in the sea of fire gradually became clear, and the robbery of the seventy-two cities of the Confucianism gates spread the two bodies of the red strips, and the woman’s white arms were above. The five-bar tattoos of the bats were enlarged to the size of a pavilion, and the bat feathers depicted on the top were clearly visible.

Everyone was stunned and turned to look at Jiangdongtang, one of the top ten sects in the world.

The disciples of Jiang Dongtang were even more stunned. One by one, they had a big bell, and they looked at the female director of the martial art.

This short-lived female head is covered in earthy, wood-carved clay standing on the sword, standing in the night wind.

On her arm, it is clear, and it depicts the ornamentation of the five-bar flower...

She did not think that she and the Nangong Liu's private / communication / **** / love, were all seen by people, and made a reel of memories, now red and red, no cover -

Public to the public.

Her brain was paralyzed in an instant.

The same thing is the ink burning, almost the moment of the naked phantom of the big head appeared in the air, the ink burned the eyes of Chu nightning.

"Don't look."

Chu nightning: "..."

This is almost a subconscious move. He is full of possessiveness to Chu Ningning. He once wanted to take possession of this person's body, possessing the person's breathing, 呻·吟, the broken whimper between the lips and teeth. Today, he wants to have a clean and pure heart.

"Don't look, it's especially dirty."

Is it not particularly dirty? Chu night thinks. What if you keep your eyes open? The ears are still clearly echoing the hum of the love of men and women.

Chu Xiaoning was silent, and his hands were stacked in front of his eyes, and he wanted to make a calm, but his face did not consciously become slightly hot.

"Ah... fast, hurry... still, still... um..."

Ink burning: "....."

Chu nightning: "....."

Perhaps the eyes are covered, and the rest of the senses become clearer. The squeaky squeakiness of the palm of your hand is like a finger with tiny fluff, climbing up the spine of the person, and picking up where it is. Itchy numbness. I don't know if it is deliberate. Her voice is full of eager eroticism. For her, the aggression of a man is like the thick roots of giant wood. It is deeply buried in fertile soil. The spring water under the mud is inserted in the air. It seems to be contaminated with a layer of heavy rain.

This movement makes the ink burn very anxious and very overwhelmed.

He wanted to continue to be blinded by the eyes of Chu, but wanted to cover his ears.

I want to raise my hand to the ears of my late night, and I don’t want to take my hand off my eyes.

Even worse, in this suddenly fragrant atmosphere, the smoldering suddenly felt that what he was most eager in his heart was neither a slap nor a blindfold. There was a violent tiger wolf in his chest. The tiger wolf whispered, 怂恿He drove him.

Although it was not suitable for the time, he suddenly realized that what he wanted most was actually holding a late night from the back, and holding this person who was not wary of himself into his arms, and sharply rubbing his back. He sucked his earrings eagerly, then licked his face and held him in a fierce kiss.

His eyes were dark, and he stared at the late night, and he couldn’t help but watch his breath gradually become less comfortable.

Although Chu Lingning is strong and fierce, but his body is no longer his own opponent, if he has saved his heart and wants to do something bad for him, just like the last life, then Chu nightning has no chance to resist, this stubborn man accumulates. All the strength can only be used in the shackles between the lips and the teeth.

Tolerate the limit, but can not escape the fate of his smashing dawn.

The person in front of him didn't know what the ink was burning at the moment. It seemed that in order to slow down such awkwardness, Chu Xiaoning whispered aloud: "It's not like words."

“Yeah.” The ink-burning throat is dry, but the eyes are very moist, and the urine is low. “It’s very disappointing.”

"Tian Liang Ji, clearly a married woman, her husband is dead, she took over the seat of Jiang Dongtang, who knows that she turned her head and Nangong Liu will do such awkward things." Chu night Ning is very thin , succinctly, "absurd."

"Well." Although he knew that it was inappropriate, but his inner desire was uncontrollable, he did not notice that his lips were getting closer, almost

behind the neck of Chu. He is absent-minded. "It is ridiculous."

He faintly swept his eyes, and the live spring palace of Nangong Liu and Yan Liangji was still fierce.

Vaguely remembered, Yan Liangji seems to be much older than Nangong Liu. Her husband is the right brother of Nangong Liu. According to the seniority, Nangong Liuhe should respect her.

I don't know how these two seemingly innocent people got together.

Just thinking about it, the rumbling voice of Nangong Liu’s hoarseness came from the robbery. Looking up, these two people who were not shy and ignorant changed their postures in love. Nangong Liu intentionally lured her and said, “If you want, Just call a brother."

"?" The ink burned was a little shocked.

Can you... like this?

But she is obviously so much bigger than him, how can I call his brother?

Stepping on the fairy is probably the ability of Nan Gongliu, and also looked at the face of Yan Liangji. This woman is about to be mad, and she is not shirking, breathing and groaning: "Brother... brother... you can Don't grind me anymore...ah..."

"..." Rao is burning this thick skin like the wall, can not help but turn red.

At this moment, Chu Xiaoning's soft and long lashes trembled slightly in his palm, as if he knew the heat and itch in his heart, and wanted to use this little sway to scratch the numbness in his bones.

But the two eyelashes are too light and too soft, and they move a little. The itch does not scatter, but the reason is that they can’t stop. The ink burned for a moment. He looked at the man's back neck in front of him. Some pale skin seemed to have some tiny peaches in the night.

He blinked and his heart was like a drum.

I dare not look again, the ink burns down the eyelashes, and the scorpion is dark under the curtain, like the ashes burned, with blazing temperatures.

Underneath the darkness, the layers of the Sparks were pressed, waiting for the night of the night to give him a scent of love, and the sparks would burn out from the embers.

The ink burned suddenly regretted a little -

How could he not have the bad eyes of Nangong Liu in his previous life?

If he saw such a gameplay earlier, he should have opened the night of the night, let the high-ranking man lay under him, gasping in a low voice, calling him, brother.

Then he thought again, in this life, Chu nightning actually called his brother, not only called his brother, but also called "teacher."

Only then did I not know the true body of Xia Shi, but also the younger brother is a younger brother. Looking back now, my heart is hot.

He is daring to bear the ambition of the wolf, knowing that it is impossible, but he can't help but think about it.

Xiao Xiangchu was lying on the bed at night, his forehead smeared with fine light, a few sweaty hair, slightly squatting on the phoenix, only looking at himself with a gaze, and there were grievances and restraints in his eyes, and then The desire to burn up, burned out the grievances and shackles, and became a thin wet red eye.

Chu Xiaoning’s lips were half open, enduring to bite, but eventually reopened, humming and hummingly calling him: “Shi Ge...”

Ink burning: "....."

I don't know when the hand has let go of the other party. I know that I will cover his eyes so closely. I really can't help but make a big mistake.

Love is the most difficult emotion to press, let alone the ink has been tasted, knowing how it is the taste of ecstasy.

Chu nightning looked back at him, his cheeks were red, but he subconsciously raised his chin, his eyes bright and clear, showing a bit of pride.

"what happened to you?"

The ink burned his lips and coughed, don't overdo it: "Nothing."

"The tone of the matter, have you explored the elders under the door?"

After the lingering, Nangong Liu stroked the hair of Yan Liangji and asked lazily.

Yan Liang Ji Kai opened his eyes and said: "Which thing?"

"You see you, you know clearly, but you always love me and bend around." Nangong Liu said, "What else can you do? Before you said to me, when you become the head, let’s start Is Jiangdong Hall incorporated into the Confucianism Gate?"

"You said this." Yan Liangji smiled. "Don't worry, I haven't been in the position for a long time. The ring is still not hot."

"You can get faster, wait for the two factions to be one, and I will let you be the first guardian of Confucianism. At that time, under one person, above 10,000 people..."

Nangong Liu said, and could not help but touch her thin waist.

However, Yan Liangji seems to be somewhat unhappy. Although his face is red and charming, raising his hand has hindered his move: "I will not climb the position of the head. You will not let me stay for a few more days. What is good for the law?" You don't take my Ming media up and let me be a Confucian lady."

Nangong Liu Yandi: "You also know the temper of the nephew, I want to continue the string, he will not agree. Not to mention the status of you and me, the wedding is not a private matter, falling in other populations, do not know will say something What awkward words come."

“Difficult to listen?!” Yan Liang’s eyes were thin and angry, and he looked up and yelled at him. “You are not afraid of hearing, I am not afraid? Have you forgotten how my husband died? You thought that I just replaced it with the palm of Jiang Dongtang. Gate? Nangong Liu, I am waiting for you since childhood, you know clearly!"

"Well, don't be angry, don't be angry."

"How can you make me feel mad at you? You used to let your deceased old man stand for you, and yelled at the little monk! I... I missed my head and married my brother. Now it’s hard to take him. Both are dying, you, are you just thinking about the merger of the two factions, let me be a guardian?"

"Liang Ji..."

"I don't care! Who cares who loves to go when you go, you must win me! Your son Nangong, the wild is difficult to tame, and Rong Yu that the monk looks like, you can't really make him to succeed him? "Yu Liang Jiwu cut off, "I am not afraid of the world's long mouth, we are now a widow, a coward, how is it a kiss? Who is it? I will not only marry you, but also give you ten sons and eight sons." Nangong Liu, do you want me and your child, or do you want the monk to leave you a deaf child?"

Chapter 171

Nangong Liu was obviously forced to retreat by her, and she had to say: "Okay, of course, I am hurting you, but this matter needs to be long-term, we still said that we are good, you first let the head of the order, let Jiangdong The court seeks to be shaded by the Confucianism Gate. After the two parties merge, we will..."

"No!" Yan Liangji said, his eyes were a little red. "I was... I just believed you, what happened? You turned your head and went to swear... This time is not! You have to give me a quasi Then, don’t you marry me?”

"....."

Seeing him hesitate, she is even more annoyed, she shouted: "Nan Gongliu, how long do you want your mother-in-law? I can kill my husband for you and me - you?? Don't you dare to point? !"

"what!"

Seeing this, everyone is ashamed.

Xue Zhengyi was also extremely surprised. He whispered to Mrs. Wang: "Is the front door of Jiang Dongtang actually killed by her?"

This Jiangdongtang is also missing the sky. Although the former head is dead, there are still many old subordinates in the martial art, not to mention his two brothers. When he rushes up, he will fight with Yan Liangji.

"Big brother is you killing?"

"You, how can you bear it! If you are too long, you are ten years old, but it is very good for you, you - you are a snake woman! You are still my brother's life!"

There is a fight in the quarrel, but the fire is still there, and a pair of shocking and smashing fragments are broken and unfolded. In the infinitely bright light, all the past will be stinking and invisible. Now in front of the world. These things are not only related to the Confucianism, but also to almost all the martial art in the upper cult, and countless related to the overhaul of the famous scholars who came to the meeting.

After Jiangdongtang, Wushou Temple, Huohuangge, Bitanzhuang... Even the Kunlun Snow Palace, which has always been dusty, has the high-level disciples and elders’ scandals lit up one by one. In addition to Nangong's own memories, and the memories he has collected all these years, he is naked and naked in front of everyone.

Among them, even the collusion of the predecessor of Nangong Liu and Wuxi Temple in the past was recorded.

"Master, tomorrow is the Lingshan Conference. Winning and losing is extremely important to me. My father is too stupid. If I lose to my younger brother at the event, then I am afraid... I have no connection with the head. ""

"The Nangong donor does not have to panic. Before the old man handed over your spell scroll, can you remember it?"

"Remember."

Master Zen Zen does not need to laugh: "That day, you don't have to worry about winning or losing. Just try to make the spells on the scrolls one by one, and the younger brother will not be your opponent."

Nangong Liu did not understand: "The younger generation is dull, please also show the master."

"The magic scroll is the secret of the secret of the South Palace, and it is determined to work hard at the Lingshan Conference."

"Ah." Nangong Liu was extremely surprised. "Since it was created by the younger brother, then I...how can I use his spells to defeat him?"

Master Tianzen smiled slightly: "Nangong is a lonely man. After studying this method, he never wants to communicate with others. He hides in the cave day and night. He said that this spell is his own, who believes?"

"..."

"You are not the same, Nangong donor. I am insured with the four palaces of the Snow Palace. As long as we all say that you have seen this spell, you will kill it again. This technique is the result of your study. Even if the younger brother can't escape the lotus, he can't escape the 'stolen brother's unique fairy law', this crime."

The master of heavenly Zen is self-satisfied.

"When the reputation is dirty, it is the meaning of the thousands of people. There is never a day to turn over. What is the use of winning the conference?"

"It turns out that..." Nangong Liu Yan’s eyes widened, like a squatting, holding a fist, "Thank you for the master's guidance! After the younger succession, the covenant will be covenant with the master. After the event, the Confucian martial arts and the Wushou Temple - Make a good year!"

The rolling scrolls that followed the night, all the people hated by Xu Shuanglin, all those who offended him, teared the sores in front of

everyone. Both the monk and the people near the Confucianism Gate were attracted by the fire that flashed the picture, and saw all the scorpions buried under the Chinese robes and stinking.

When the door of the ghost world was cut, Xu Shuanglin Zeng could smile and said:

"I want to ruin the hearts of all of you."

Until now, the porridge porridge talents understand, what is the real meaning of his sentence.

Nangong is known as the elder of the frost forest. It has been so many years of ruined Confucianism. It is not only the destruction of the 72 cities of Confucianism, but also the foundation of the century.

What he wants to destroy is all the people he can't understand.

All those who have taken him, smearing him, for the sake of public and private interests, to force him to the road.

And his brother Nangong Liu, just in this revenge festival, the first person to order. After that, one head, one elder -

As long as they have angered Xu Shuanglin, no matter who they are, they will not escape the blazing punishment.

In the endless night of the fire, Chu Yuning suddenly remembered the **** young boy in Luo’s memory, and Zeng Xiaoyu said a word.

There are men in Linyi, and twenty hearts are dead.

A spy group of talents, talented teenagers, have never been treated fairly, calculated, murdered, and excluded by their own family. The spells created by the pains are swallowed up, and those who swallow his spells will end up hitting him and refer to him as a thief.

What a ridiculous thing is this...

Twenty hearts are dead.

On the Jincheng pool, between the peach blossoms, Xu Shuanglin’s white son once laughed and said that he is a ghost who climbed out of **** and wanted to live to the living.

Chu Xi Ning looked into the eyes and went to the various factions in the world. It was a heart-wrenching, chaotic, so-called tree collapsed, and stopped the Confucianism.

Xu Shuanglin used his last half life as a firewood to ignite this fire of revenge.

he made it.

"boom!"

Suddenly a loud bang, the seventh city of Confucianism, the direction of the dark city, suddenly burst into a purple sky, so that everyone can not open their eyes.

When the leaves are forgotten, the Jianmei is upright: "Not good!"

When I said that I was going to the Imperial City in the direction of the dark city, Nangong grabbed her, and the unruly face seemed very embarrassing in a short night, almost collapsed. But he still clung to the shoulders of the leaves, hoarse and said: "Don't go."

"But the evil spirits under the Golden Drum Tower are coming out. The Confucianism Gate has held thousands of evils in the past 100 years. If they have broken the seal and come to this world..." Ye said that he had not said it, but he felt chilling.

Nangong said: "What is the use of you?"

"I……"

"Leaves the past, you are the Confucianist, you have done enough." Nangong looked empty, his hand lifted up, for a moment, seems to want to wipe the mud off the cheeks on the cheeks, but ultimately Just moving, nothing was done.

"Don't waste any more effort," he said. "The Golden Drum Tower needs to be tied to the door and the power of the Ten Elders to be stable. You go and die."

"I know it is to die, but even if it is sent to death," Ye forgets the news, and looks very painful. "Even if it is sent to death, I don't want to stand by. If the Golden Drum Tower breaks, the group demon comes to the world, the Confucianist door... ...must be pointed out by thousands of people...you..."

"Do you think that the Golden Drum Tower is not broken, will the Confucianism Gate not be pointed out by the thousands of people?" Nangong sneered, his lips were stained with blood that had dried up, and his smile became more and more desolate.

"Don't be stupid, Confucianism has come to an end. Are you alive, are you? Because I really..." Nangong closed his eyes, his eyelashes trembled, his throat choked. "I really don't want anyone to die for this martial art." …… not worth it……"

In the raging fire, Ye Ye was eagerly looking at the Nangong Temple, and he was anxious to say something in the future. He suddenly heard the sound of the turbulent pagoda in the direction of the dark city. She turned her head and saw thousands of bright whites. The streamer fluttered from all over the golden drum tower and disappeared into the night.

The leaves are forgotten and the blood is lost: "The Golden Drum Tower... is going to fall..."

"boom--"

The earthquake trembled, and the land at the foot began to be torn apart. With the suppression of the Great Demon in the Confucian Golden Drum Tower for hundreds of years, it turned into a strong blood red glow, and the red light was like an amazing big fish. The tail is like a red lotus in full bloom, and the big fish makes a groaning sound. The sound waves shook thousands of miles away and the trembles trembled. It rushed to the direction of the East China Sea, and the smashing pagoda burst into 10,000 bricks. Broken tile, the place where the sword is too close to the pagoda, was slammed by the big demon's air, and it was photographed in the burning fire. Even the screams were too late to be sent, and it was burned to coke.

"what is that?"

"Hey!!"

The people next to him smelled the air and hugged their own swords. The demon winds were not slammed down, and they shouted: "What do you want to roll? Why do you want me to roll?"

"What is rolling? I said this is '鲧'-! One of the ancient beasts! Legend of the first door of Confucianism, Nangong Changying once surrendered to the beasts in the East China Sea, and made the Golden Drum Tower prisoner - I can't think of... I don’t think it’s true!”

The beast was born, although the vitality has not been restored, and the town has been under the pagoda for a long time, there is still a lingering priest to the Taoist, so he did not stay for a long time to escape to the East China Sea, but the rolling wave that it picked up is not to be underestimated, burning The robbery of the Confucianist Gate was almost a few feet high by this wave, and the original safe place was instantly slammed into flames.

Xue Zhengyi passed through the battlefield and immediately shouted: "Run fast!! Run fast!"

For a time, the bricks and sands fell, and he finished the sound. The iron fan carried Mrs. Wang and shunned away in the distance. The rest of the monks also fled, but they also played in full swing, and you lived and died, such as Yan Liangji and his own martial art. The elders, they didn't have time to get out, and they didn't even want to get out of the way. The moment they were swallowed up by the fire, the eyes of their eyes were still shining, and the two sides shone with deep hatred...

In this regard, the fly is gone.

Nangong 驷 翻 翻 跃 跃 瑙 瑙 瑙 瑙 瑙 瑙 瑙 瑙 瑙 瑙 瑙 瑙 瑙 瑙 瑙 南

"If you can't move, let's go first."

"but……"

When the ink burned off, he told the Nangong: "Go! I will take the sword and go out!"

Seeing the fire has been horrible, the speed is getting closer and closer, Nangong screams, and hugs the leaves from behind, and disappears into the night with her wolf.

The trees are falling down, the orange forest burning and screaming, the wind is filled with a citrus sound, and there is no time to delay, the ink burns to call for a long sword, and together with the Chu nightning, the fire has not burned in front. Avoid the place.

Behind him, the Tianhuang of the Confucianist Gates is splendid, and the centuries are splendid, just like the tens of thousands of heels of the corridors and the fierceness of the pastures. They are all in the flames that are rolling in the tide, and they are destroyed overnight.

Chapter 172

As the raging waves helped the storm, this robbery burned almost halfway through. Originally, the monks who came to the meeting fled to the Quartet, but the flames had been pressed against the back, and they were chasing after them. Countless monks who lost their spirits lost their battles and were swallowed up. .

They flew along the road to the villages and towns near the Confucianism Gate. Those people did not know what happened. Seeing the fire in the direction of the Confucianist Gate approached, the family dragged and ran and wanted to run away, but where can the flesh and blood legs? Have you escaped a melt-like fire?

"father!"

"Auntie - Auntie!"

Wherever he went, he cried a lot, Xue Zhengyi and others had expanded their weapons to the maximum, and they were filled with the upper-class people who were brought up.

Mrs. Wang calmly pacified: "Don't cry, don't cry, sit inside, be careful, pull each other, don't fall down..."

But the iron fan will expand again, and it will only be so big. There are so many people in the passing town that can’t be saved. Xue Zhengyi is in front and leans over and wants to pull another crying child, but only then. With a force, the iron fan couldn't stand it and swayed violently. He had to loose his hand and watched the tear-scarred eyes, and the face filled with hope was thrown away at the bottom.

Rao is the tough guy of the iron skeleton, and can't help but cry: "Why? Why? When a person is wronged, is there so many innocent people to bury him?" Xue Zheng couldn't help but choke, tears rolling And fall, "Isn’t it not enough at the end of the day? People who are dying... Isn’t it enough?..."

Mrs. Wang’s eyes were also red, and she was holding two children who were rescued. The parents of the two children put them on the iron fan and they couldn’t come up. They were eventually swallowed by the fire. The child was crying. Madame Wang, holding them, stroking their hair and trying to comfort, but I don’t know what to say.

She looked back, and there were more than a dozen monks behind them. Many of them had already been caught up by the flames. Others fled in the other direction from the beginning. Chu Ning and Mo was not here. She With tears in his eyes, he silently prayed for peace between the two.

Not far away, Xue Meng, still unconscious, was held by Jiang Yan, and the fire shone on his facial features. Zhou Hao’s gorgeous sword was not good enough to sizzle under his feet.

Jiang Yan looked at Xue Meng with a disgusting look. He had sprouted the thought of simply throwing the kid down and burning it. But when he saw the eyes of Mrs. Wang’s begging on the iron fan, he still had a sullen face and licked his lips. Did not let go.

Xue Zhengxi cried, and wanted to pull a child who was younger and perhaps able to carry the child, but although he had the heart, the iron fan could no longer do anything about it.

When he once again released a hand that had already been held, Xue Zhengyi almost collapsed. He was kneeling there, squatting, and hurting the liver due to the thinness of his own strength... However, at this time, the silver-red streamer flashed. Jiang Yan waved his hand and flashed his brilliance in his sleeve. He mentioned Xue Zhengyi’s girl who was unable to carry it on his sword.

The beautiful long-sworded sword and phoenix screamed louder.

Jiang Yan didn't have any good temper. He lifted his leg and licked it. He screamed: "What are you calling? You have to plant, don't stand for me, wait for the fire to burn you."

Snow phoenix did not ring, carrying Jiang Yan and the other two, flying forward silently, but the slender hilt looked really laborious, as if it would break at any time.

Jiang Yanfei flew to Xue Zhengyi, and he gave him a very disgusting look. He said: "What can a man's husband have to cry? If you can save it, you can save it. If you can't save it, why bother?"

Mrs. Wang: "Senior brother..."

"How, I said wrong?" Jiang Yan sneered, although he is extremely handsome, but the curvature of his mouth is mean and vicious, it is particularly unappealing. "If you didn't go with him that year, stay in the lonely moon night, now it is not good. Without the power of the chicken, you can't even have your own sword. If you vacate your position, your husband, the full-fledged hero, can save one more person."

Mrs. Wang seems to have been stabbed, and she suddenly lowered her face and slowly closed the eyelash curtain. She never said a word again.

In the opposite direction to them, in the distant place, the long sword of the ink burned also expanded to a great extent. Except for the late night of Chu, the upper head was also filled with the ordinary people who were rescued.

Those people groaned and swayed, staring at the homeland and being swallowed by the sea of fire, flattened to the ground. The flames reflected the tears of their eyes, closed their eyes, and wept.

In such a dignified atmosphere, the ink burned silently and there was no snoring. He is not like Xue Zhengyi, he has not done extra struggles, knowing that he can no longer carry more people, and he will no longer go to the feet and rush to pass, crying in the village.

"The front is the sea." The eyebrows twitched slightly. "Master, where are we going?"

"Go to Feihua Island, can you hold it?"

Feihua Island is the closest island to Linyi in Linyi. The ink burned and nodded. He said, "I can hold it, but I am not familiar with the East China Sea. It takes a lot of effort to find it. Master, you look at them. Let them wake up, the sword is too crowded, and if they fall asleep, I am afraid they will fall."

Chu night Ningdao: "Good."

The ink burned the sword for more than one hour. When the sea level raised a thin light of the sun, when the first sun rose, they broke through the clouds and saw a circular island that was not too big on the sea.

Feihua Island is finally here.

Although the island is under the jurisdiction of the Confucianism, it is deserted and sparsely populated. Most of them are scattered fishermen who depend on the sea for their livelihood. There is only one large family. They glimpsed the fire of the Confucianism Gate in the sky across the sea, and they felt awkward. I don’t know what happened. Many residents looked at the yard, fearing that there would be a vision in heaven and they would not sleep.

When the dawn dawned, the vision did not affect them, but the sword with a handle carried a group of people, and the black scorpion fell on the wet tidal flat. The head was a tall, handsome man with some mottled splashes on his cheeks. The blood is obviously going through a bad battle.

There are no monks in Feihua Island. They live in ordinary people. Therefore, when they see him, they are all afraid. I don’t know if he is good or evil. Why come here?

"Oh, how are they black on their faces..."

Someone whispered, looking at the men, women and children after the ink burned.

"It seems to have escaped from the fire... Is it from Linyi?"

A sturdy fisherman bravely approached and asked, "You... are you a Confucianist?"

"The death of life." Mo-burn handed the child in his arms to Chu Yuning, the child is too young to support, in order not to let him be squeezed, the ink burned on the way to Yu Jian has been holding him "There are some things in the Confucianist Gate. These are all residents of Linyi. The fire is too strong, and the weight of the sword is limited. It can't save too much, I..."

He talked half-heartedly and looked up to see the fishermen look like they were stunned. This was how they reacted too quickly.

Those people on these flying flower islands, where is it clear what fires are, what kind of swordsmanship?

So he licked his lips and said in a warm voice: "I can't help you, I will talk to you later." He looked back and looked at the crowd behind him, and he was so embarrassed. "Can you give them some food first?" And water?"

A cowardly child who lost his parents was horrified, slowly slammed into the ink-burning leg, and stretched out his hand and rubbed his robes helplessly.

The ink burned his head and touched his hair and said to the fisherman: "I am really embarrassed and disturbed."

Most of the residents of Feihua Island were very good, and soon people came to tea and snacks and sent them to them. The ink burned the story from the beginning and the end to the islanders. Those people kept their mouths for a long time and stared at the endless waves of the Haiping line.

"The Confucianist doors... are all burned out?" Someone is unbelievable.

"Is the head of the Nangong Palace lost?"

Ink ignited: "It’s not the death of the gods. It was taken down by Ling Yueguo and was taken to other places."

"What is Ling Xiaoguo?"

"That is..."

Chu Xiaoning stood by, watching the ink burned slowly and explained to the fishermen, but they did not come forward.

He looks a little inhuman, his eyes are naturally dyed with frost and snow, and he is asked to negotiate with the villagers. The result will not be better than the ink.

In the arms, the sleeping child woke up and saw a cold man who was holding himself. He couldn’t help but scream, and then he cried, and he didn’t have a sigh of relief when he was burning his arms.

Chu nightning looked at the ink and saw that the ink was still surrounded by the villagers. He couldn’t get out of it, and he was a little helpless. He used to say to his child on the floor and said, “Don’t cry.”

The child yelled louder and yelled, and he couldn’t stop shouting in his mouth: "Hey, A Niang... I want to be awkward, I want to be a mother."

"Don't cry." Chu nightning screamed hard. "You, don't cry."

"Wow - A Niang... A Niang..."

There is no way for Chu tonight, holding him in one hand and trying to lift it up and touch his hair. He expects the child not to touch him, and leans his head backwards. A small red face is covered with tears and snot: "I want A Niang, I want to be jealous, I want to go home..."

This is really a no-brainer. Chu Ning has never had a child. He didn’t know what to say. He couldn’t help thinking about what he should say. He could comfort the little guy a little, but when he fell into meditation, he didn’t realize his brow. Wrinkled up, lining the whole person is like a squat in the water, black iron cold.

The child was crying very uncomfortable. When he was struggling, he couldn’t help but see the face of Chu’s late night. He suddenly stopped, and he was scared to say no more than half a sentence. He just bit his lip and his tears were like broken beads. Fluttering down.

Chu night Ning suddenly thought of something, one hand untied the Qiankun sac, from which he found a glutinous rice candy, peeled off the sugar paper and handed it to him.

"..." The child with tears, twitching in a funny way, looking at the night, and looking at the candy in his hand.

When he was a child, he told him a bunch of stories about children obedient. There were many vicious and terrible monks. They should dizzy the disobedient children and take the refining of Xiandan.

The child snorted silently and stared at him, and suddenly he was terrified.

Chu night Ning did not know what the other party meant. Some of them looked back at the child with a stunned look and held the glutinous rice candy in their hands.

He is a phoenix eye, his eyes are slightly biased, his eyes are long and slender. Although this kind of scorpion looks good, but when he is not laughing, he has his own attitude of arrogance and judgment. Even if he smiles, these eyes will add a few points to him. The spur of the rose is full of provocation and arrogance.

But not everyone can suffer this arrogance, so Chu Xiaoning's face is handsome, but he is not born to like people.

More do not like children like it.

"Eat." When he was on the sword, he saw ink burning with candy to appease a few little guys. He did the same, but he did not understand why it was unreasonable.

The child clenched his lips, hesitating, shaking, then slowly shook his head.

...he should not be made into an elixir...

"you……"

When he hadn't finished speaking, the child endured the limit, and he was so scared that he woke up, crying and shaking his heart and shaking the mountain, causing people around him to look at each other.

Chu nightning did not react, still holding the glutinous rice sugar, whispered: "...very sweet."

What he wants to say is that the sugar is sweet, but the child connects the half of the "you" that he said before, and it becomes "you are very sweet". The little head ponders a circle and thinks this Taoist It must be that I have to use my own alchemy, and I have to make myself into a very sweet elixir, and I am so scared that I cry very fiercely.

Chu night Ning froze: "....."

Chapter 173

He is like holding a hot potato, I don't know what to do, see more and more people look at him, his ears are stunned and red. At this moment, one hand reached over and took the child from his arms. Chu night was relieved and turned back: "Ink burning?"

"Yeah." The ink burned the child into an arm bend, holding it, and the other hand vacated, licking the hair of the late night, he looked calm, and saw the bitter sight of Linyi. There was a hint of gloom in the eyebrows, but when he looked at Chu Yuning, he tried to smack his mouth and not let his expression look too ugly.

The way he laughs and laughs is not as handsome as other times, but he is inexplicably warm.

"You all said it to the people on the island?"

"Well, let's say it."

"The fire in Linyi is probably not extinguished for four or five days. Before that, we have to stay in Feihua Island. There are not many houses on the island. We have brought so many people..."

"Asked the village head, saying that they are squeezing and squeezing, they still live."

There is nothing wrong with igniting this kind of problem. He knows more about how to communicate with people and what to look for. When I think about helping the harvesting of rice before, the girls in the village look at his eyes and know that he is more than happy. More.

Chu night, quietly thinking for a while, did not know what it was like, nodded, said: "Working hard."

"Don't talk hard with me." The ink burned a look at the candy in his hand, and he was in a good mood. He turned his head and smiled at the child who was still in the doldrums. "Why, why are you crying?"

"I want A Niang... I want to..."

The ink burned him to see that he was still so small, and he walked still and groaned. The mother-in-law was killed in the fire, and couldn’t come back again. She couldn’t help but sorrow, and took her forehead and rubbed his face. He whispered softly: “爹爹阿娘...some Things, it will take some time to come with you. You have to be jealous, they will be happy when they see you..."

He held it for a while, and the child gradually settled down a lot. Although he was still twitching, he never shouted again.

The child who burned his eyes and looked at the tears of the eyelashes, Chu Ningning took the candy and stood quietly beside him.

The man's side is very beautiful, the lines are tough and crisp. If you put it in the ink, it is the bones and bones, and the pen is sturdy. The book is straight and straight, and it is easy to tell a handsome face.

His edges and corners are very tough, his eyelashes and eyes are soft, like a spring leaf stretch.

Chu nightning is somewhat ecstatic.

So when the ink burned his head and bit the candy on his fingertips, Chu night Ning slammed his hand and stunned his eyes and asked, "What?"

The glutinous rice sugar is so small, the man's head is close to it and quickly smashed away. Naturally, the lips will touch his fingertips. Even the warm and moist tongue tip accidentally hits his fingertips. Chu nightning only feels a numbness. The quick and tiny intimate contact is enough to make his spine pick up the crisp/itch, just like the sprout breaks the seeds, opens the silent soil, and pushes the stuffy land to the softness...

The ink burned with candy, smiled at him, turned his head and blinked at the child.

As soon as he looked up, he rolled the candy into the mouth, rolled his throat, and said to the child, "Look, it's not a terrible drug, it's sugar."

Chu nightning: "..."

He had just been swimming, not paying attention to what the little child and the ink burned.

At this time, I regained my gaze on the child. The child was stunned, but he stared at the ink and looked at it for a while. He whispered for a long time and said, "Oh, it’s really sugar..."

"Yeah." Ink smiled and said, "This fairy brother is so good, how can you catch you to alchemy?"

Chu nightning again: "..."

Because there were too many things happening the night before, it was too stunned. The ink burned was not sleepy. The men, women and children who had been rescued were settled. The sky was already bright. He walked alone to the beach of Feihua Island, in the morning. The coastline will return far away, revealing the tidal flats that are not visible when the tides rise.

When I was alone, a lot of thoughts came up, and the cage was in his eyes, which became a lingering haze.

He took off his shoes and walked slowly along the wet coastline. His footprints stepped on the wet sand, leaving behind two traces of twists and turns behind him.

In fact, about Xu Shuanglin, there are still many places he can't understand, such as why the cold weather, the guy does not like to wear shoes, always willing to walk around with bare feet.

Ink burning is a person who has hidden a lot of past and is never treated well.

Perhaps because of this, he can clearly understand that Xu Shuanglin does not hesitate to ruin the Confucianism, want to destroy Jiangdongtang, and even disturb the mentality of the entire upper bound.

Being crushed and being squeezed out is not the most painful.

The most painful thing is that people who are close to each other are betrayed. The most painful thing is that they have not done anything wrong. They have always had a passion for blood and want to make great efforts to become a master, but they are the first important "Lingshan Conference" in the realm of cultivation. On the other hand, he was accused by thousands of

people, saying that he spent all his own efforts to create a unique spell, but to steal his brother...

Being ridiculed with white eyes, you can't turn over forever.

Mok burning knows that after this catastrophe has passed, the comprehension will face this reshuffle. For those sects who are traumatized both on their faces and on their bodies, they will think: Xu Sulin is really a madman.

Perhaps only the ink rain that once smashed the blood and kills people, will only be able to think about it while walking quietly on this quiet and long coastline.

Xu Shuanglin, what kind of person is it?

This madman, when he was young, was also arrogant. He practiced swordsmanship in the orange forest. After the night fell, he was tired and satisfied to go back. He took a fresh sweet orange in his sleeve and brought it to himself. Is the total lazy brother eating?

At that time, he did not know that his brother had nothing to do, but he could rely on the three-inch tongue to let himself nowhere in the realm of cultivation.

This madman, has also buried in the magic scroll, thinking hard, squinting seriously, writing a slightly green view, and then dissatisfied, biting the pen, and then fell into deep thought?

At that time, he was not clear. In fact, no matter how hard he tried, the final result was stigmatized and hopeless.

The ink burned closed his eyes, the sea breeze blowing his face, the sun falling on his eyelashes, and a layer of gold rim.

He thought of Sansheng's hospital, drinking Mengpo water and forgetting the three things. Xu Sulinn took this name for the place where he lived. Is it just casual?

There is also the past life, the former Xu Chunlin crouched in the Confucianism Gate, and should be the same purpose as this life, but that time, he was in the bonfire for the Ye Forgiveness to die...

Leaves forget.

This name was also given to her by Xu Shuanglin.

Forgot what?

Has he ever tried to forget the years of injustice and unfairness, forget the hatred and glory of the past, and forget the ugly face of that face?

There is also Xu Shuanglin's hard work, the corpse towed from hell, Luo Fenghua's body.

What does he want this corpse to do?

In the illusion, Xu Shuanglin and Nan Gongliu said that only the curse of the curse can be used to completely break the curse on the ring, but from the final result, Xu Sulin's real purpose is not to help Nangong Liu unravel the curse.

Space cracks, Jane Chess, rebirth...

And the last hand that protruded from the crack.

The smoldering faintly felt that there was something wrong with it. He was very worried and thinking.

Suddenly, he blinked blindly.

He thought of one thing -

At the time of Jinchengchi, when the old dragon died, he once said: "The mysterious man, in Jinchengchi, has the power to pick up the heart and cultivate the two secret techniques. One is the rebirth, and the other is the chess game."

At that time, it did not mention "time and space."

That is to say, for Xu Shuanglin, he only cares about rebirth and cherish two spells. It is not necessary to say more, it is for the convenience of manipulation and manipulation of chess pieces.

Reborn?

Who does he want to be born again?

I thought about it and thought that there are two answers. One is Rong Rong and the other is Luo Fenghua.

Listening to Xu Shuanglin's words, the person whom Rong Rong once loved was actually him. Later, because of some variables, she finally broke off with Xu Shuanglin and married his brother.

But after careful inference, I feel that it should not be her.

If Xu Shuanglin really loves Rong Rong, she loves to do her best to rehabilitate her. Why can she kill her only son in her life?

More importantly, this guy has long been squatting at the side of Nangong Liu as "the elder of the Frost Forest". If he wants to resurrect Rong Rong with the rebirth, then at the Jincheng Pool, why not stop her directly? Was it sacrificed?

Not tolerant.

The ink burned over and looked at the sea that was reddened by the sun. The waves of the smashing waves continued to spread. The tides were rising with the speed of the naked eye as the sun rose, and the world was brilliant.

It is Luo Fenghua.

The ink burning can almost be trusted, and the person who wants to resurrect Nangong is Luo Fenghua.

The Confucianism is far from being as simple as the surface, like the tides, the broken shells, the dangerous starfish, all covered in the waves at the dawn of the sky.

The sea water rose quickly, and the fine sand and gravel was washed by the waves and spread to the beach where he strolled.

Suddenly, the foot was suddenly cool, and the ink burned lower, and the spray had already rushed up, flapping his instep.

"哗-"

He moved the smooth toes and felt a little cold. He wanted to walk back to the beach and wear shoes. When he turned back, he saw that Chu Ning came to him from the sky and the red sky, with a faint look, one hand squatting He casually threw the shoes and socks in the sand and handed it to him.

"How barefoot, such a cold day."

The ink burned as he walked up to the height of the sand slope, sat down on the shore of a rocky beach in the boulder, shook the sand on his feet and put on his shoes again. Suddenly he felt a little relieved. Although he was destined to be the kind of love he wanted in his life, he was still the best teacher in the world, and he would care for him and take care of him.

Seeing him walking around barefoot, he will worry about his cold.

"What do you think of the Confucianist door?"

"not that simple."

"I think so too." Chu Xiaoning's brow has barely stretched since last night. Even though there is a short period of peace and tranquility at the moment, his eyebrows are still smeared with sorrow. He looks at the smoldering shoes and socks. Fu will cast his sights on the sea.

Xuyang, which rises in sea level, burns a piece of gorgeous golden red, and it is very difficult to divide each other with the fire that is not extinguished in the far distance.

"While Xu Shuanglin was pulled by the space crack, it is hard to check." Chu said, "If he does not want to let people know, it will disappear, I am afraid no one can catch him for ten or eight years."

The ink burned and shook his head: "He can't help it for ten or eight years. After the energy is restored, there should be some movement."

"How to say?"

Mo-burning told his own guess and Chu Yuening again, and said: "Luo Fenghua's body is not the real flesh, is the 'prosthetic limb' rebuilt in the infernal purgatory, leaving the ghost world, lacking yin to support, very It will soon be stabbed and decayed. So I guess for up to a year, even if he is not prepared, there will be new movements."

Chu nightning did not make a sound.

He is always cautious when he is doing things or thinking. For such an inconvenience, he will not be as bold as the assumption of ink. But listening to the assumption of ink burning is no problem.

"What about that hand?" Chu said, "The last hand that took the Nangong smuggling, what do you think?"

"..." The ink swayed and shook his head. "The first ban, I know too little, I don't know, I don't know."

This sentence is not true, although the ink does not want to lie to the late night, but there are some things, he really can't talk with the late night.

He dare not say.

Really, from the time he remembered, there have been few pitiful days of peace and stability. If you add up for two generations, I am afraid that it will not last more than one year.

A man who had been displaced for decades, suddenly let him sit down, gave him a pot of hot tea, and a bonfire, how he was willing to get up again,

how to be willing to break this good dream.

So he can only say, don't know.

But my heart was restless, and he was almost certain that the owner of the hand would not be that simple. Otherwise, why did the former Xu Xulin not do so quickly to collect the five spiritual bodies and want to slaughter? If someone who is born again is not instructing him, confuse him, and develop according to normal things, Xu Shuanglin should not have thought about how to resurrect Luo Fenghua at this time...

What's more, when Jin Chengchi and Xu Shuanglin controlled the white son once said to Chu Ningning: "If you think that there are only one person in the world who knows the three major bans, then you may not live for too long."

The ink burns that Xu Shuanglin must be clear, and some people who should not have survived in this world have come to this world. But at the same time, he felt that although Xu Shuanglin knew that he had a rebirth, he did not know that he was born again.

Otherwise, why did he not directly expose his old bottom when he was shot at the Confucianist Gate? His memory scroll, as long as he got some memories of ink burning, put it in the fire, and Rao is a late night to treat himself better, I am afraid that this apprentice will not be needed again. Then everything is over, and his drizzle will never turn over.

Why didn't Xu Shuanglin do this?

Two possibilities:

First, he could not do this for some reason.

Second, he still doesn't know his own cards.

But in either case, the ink is very passive at the moment, and the clues he has in his hand are too few. If the other person is cautious and no longer reveals clues, then he may only stand in the bright spot and wait for that one. Put a cold knife on his back at any time.

The ink burned up the lips, and the deep eyelashes fell and trembled.

I can't manage that much. In the last life, he lived in hatred, selfish, and did crazy things. In this life, no matter what the outcome, he wants to go through every day as much as possible, try his best to make up for those who owe it, try his best to protect the teacher, the teacher, the Xuemen, and protect the life and death.

Try your best to keep this moment of warmth that you have never wanted.

When the fishermen rushed to the scene, they shouted to the ink and burned them: "Not good, two Xianjun, something went wrong!"

The ink burned, the arm was on the ground, and immediately jumped up and asked, "What happened?"

"The big head of the island went to the sea a few days ago. Just came back this morning. She and her listened to the village head and said that things went through. They were very dissatisfied with the disposal of the village head. They were angry and said that they would not let those elderly children live. In the empty room. At this point she has driven everyone out, and the people you brought are standing outside."

The fishermen have a good heart, and when they say that they are blind, they are a little moist.

"It's pitiful, this cold day, even the clothes quilt are not willing to give... the big head of the household still said..."

Chu night Ning also stood up and his face was gloomy: "What did she say?"

"She also said... Only those people who came to Linyi, ate the dry food of Feihua Island, drank the water of Feihua Island, and wanted to clear the money with them. If they didn't pay it, they would... When the slave... stayed on the island to call..."

His words have not been finished, Chu nightning is already angry, the moon white robes flew, and went to the island heart village.

Chapter 174

Although Feihua Island is poor, the big head of the household is obviously rich in money and has a very rich life.

She wore a bat-patterned gold satin tweezers, and the cover was the best snow gauze coat made by Kunlun Tengxue Palace. The black-and-white half-mixed long hair was extremely smooth and sturdy, and the top was covered with green beads and the eyebrows were used. Wait for the snail to be thick, apply powder and grease, and blush on the lips. Leaving a circle of warm and moist pearl chain on the neck, two gold-plated earrings hung in the ear, inlaid with the ruby of the pigeon egg, and the ear **** were heavy.

She is a woman who is over half a hundred years old. Fanghua is no longer there, her body is slightly bloated, her face is wrinkled, and if she is dressed up, she obviously thinks that the more expensive things she wears, the more she can look herself. It is very beautiful, so it is trapped in this pile of sparkling pearls, like a red-green old man.

The old man sat on the ground of half of the whole flying flower island. When she spoke, the village chief did not dare to scream.

At this moment, the sun rises, this red flower with the green leaves of the old man Shiran to the square, sitting in the red rosewood bat deer chair that has been prepared for her, looking at the people who came to Linyi.

“How do I accept it?” She turned up the heavy, greasy eyelids and glanced at the head of the village. “I didn’t pay for the silver, what did they do for the house? How much did it eat?”

"I didn't eat much...there are people in the village who have left their own homes and can't eat them." The village chief shouted.

The old man snorted and said: "That must pay. This rice wheat is not all planted from the land of my grandson. This year's harvest is not good, I also opened a warehouse to help each household on the island. Ten pounds of barley flour, a pot of oil. It doesn't matter to you, it's all your own, but you can take Sanniang's food to help Linyi's refugees, I am afraid it is not good?"

"The three ladies said it." The village chief lost his smile. "But you see, these little old man's heads, the pitiful of the cold, you are the heart of the bodhisattva, or not."

The old man said with a small eye: "How can you forget it? Money is money."

village head:"……"

“How much does each family take for them to eat?” asked the old man. “I just let you go to bookkeeping, remember?”

The head of the village did not know what to do. He only said: "Remember, just figure it out." He said that he handed a booklet to the hands of the old Sun Sanniang. Sun Sanniang raised his hand and only nine hands were worn on the right hand. Bracelet scorpion, gold and silver jade of various gems, almost covered her half of the arm.

"Yeah." She read it lazily, put a book in the book, and said, "You guys are pigs, you can really eat, just for a while, actually smashed the island’s twenty-six gimmicks. Our big girl is really big, it’s not too much for you to collect 90% of the silver. In addition, I drank half a tank of fresh water, which was all shipped back from Linyi. Linyi sold me three gold and one cylinder. I have to count the toll loss and sell. I will give you four gold and one cylinder, half a tank is two gold, a total of two gold and ninety silver. Right, Zhang Jie."

The good-faced woman who was pointed to the name shook and looked up: "Ah, San Niangzi."

Sun Sanniang smiled and said: "The best thing you can do with your **** is to eat the pork slab in the face."

"This... steamed ten steamed buns and only one lard with a big pea. How do you count it?"

"Why don't you count it, a lard of ten taro peas, converted down, I received a copper plate, not too much."

"..."

"This is two gold, ninety silver and one bronze." Sun Sanniang said, "In addition, you sleep in the house on my land. Although the house is not mine, but the land is mine, you have slept for half an hour. The cost of half an hour is seventy copper per person."

She said, turning to ask the things around me: "How many people do they have?"

"Back to Sanniang, a total of forty-nine."

"No, didn't you say fifty-one before? Are there two more?"

The voice did not fall, and I heard a gloomy voice saying:

"it's here."

Although Chu Evening has no white shirts, but a deep white robes, but still fascinating, there is frost and snow, a pair of scorpions flying up slightly, the scorpion is clear, but cold and proud, like a sheath Sharp bayonet.

Sun Sanniang is an ordinary person, but when he sees a monk, he is not afraid.

She has been working for most of her life, although she must be nitpicking, but she does not commit anything, and she sneers at the side.

Therefore, she did not hesitate: "It turned out to be a fairy, no wonder you don't have to sleep. These people are all saved by you? It's just right, he is a little bit, give money."

The village chief whispered: "Sanniang, these two are not the Confucianist, the immortal prince, you don't have to..."

"Which martial art I am in charge of, I don't recognize people."

Chu night Ning glanced at the huddled together, the cold shivering sluts, raised their hands, dropped a golden red enchantment to dispel the chill, and then turned his head: "How much do you want?"

"Two gold, ninety-three silver, four hundred and thirty copper."

Although Sun Sanniang is disgusting, but at this time they have nowhere else to go. Chu nightning knows that if she offends her, she is a group of people who bring her own, so although her face is very poor, she still takes out the purse from the sac and throws it away. she was.

"There are about eighty gold in it." Most of his money was placed in Xue Zhengxuan. Now there is not much money left in his body. "We have to live for about seven days. You can order it and see if it is enough."

"not enough."

Where is Sun Sanniang's own hands, he will hand over the money bag to his men and let his men count next to him.

"The eighty gold is only enough for you to live for three days, and has not yet calculated the meal."

"you--!"

"If Xianjun is not convinced, I can calculate this account with you. The businessman can calculate the money, and I can tell you a head from every pen."

At this time, the smoldering came, and there was not much money on his body. Together with Chu Yuning, he barely managed to eat for fifty-two people for four days.

Sun Sanniang received a soft, smiling lips with bright red lips: "Leave you for four days, after four days, if there is no money, I will not let the fire go out, you have to leave immediately."

In order to save money, this evening, Chu nightning did not eat, he threw the sea bream into the river, tried to get in touch with Xue Zhengyi, and then returned to his temporary house.

This house is more simple than when I was busy in Yuliang Village. Because there are not many rooms on the island, everyone needs to squeeze. Chu night is not used to living in a room with strangers, and can only sleep with ink.

At this moment, the lights in the room are lit, but the people who burned the ink are not there. I don’t know where to go.

Chu nightning took off his robe. Although the robe was luxurious, the material was not better than the white he wore. The upper part was stained with ashes and blood stains. He poured a bucket of hot water and was preparing to clean it, and the door opened.

Chu night Ning picked up his eyelids and glanced at him: "Where are you going? Come back so late."

The ink burned into the house. He brought back a bamboo lunch box. The outside wind was a little big. It was very cold. He put the lunch box in his

arms and raised his eyes. His nose was frozen and red. He smiled. I am going to have dinner at the girl’s house."

Chu night Ning Yi: "You go to dinner?"

"Just kidding." Ink ignited, "I brought some food back."

"What to eat?"

"Taro." The ink burned a little embarrassed. "There is a bowl of fish soup, a bowl of braised pork, but unfortunately there is no dessert. The Sun Sanniang stared too hard, the people in the village are afraid of her, no one dares to give me something, I Go to her house to find her, take a silver-made dagger with her to change with her."

Chu night Ning frowned: "She is too black, you know the silver scorpion, and there is a stone in the top, how can I change something?"

"More than that, I bargained with her, changed fifty-two, everyone has it, and took it out in the kitchen." The ink smiled and said, "So you don't have to worry about others, you are arrogant." Eat it."

Chu Xiaoning was really hungry. Sitting at the table, he drank a few hot fish soups, then picked up the steamed buns and smashed the braised pork. Sun Sanniang, the meat is not much, and most of them are very fat, Chu night

rather than love to eat, but licking the broth to chew the hoe, the taste is not bad, he smashed one, and went to the second.

The ink burned a bucket of steaming heat and asked: "Masters are going to wash clothes?"

"Ok."

"Gentle only, I help the teacher to wash it."

"No, I go by myself."

Ink burning: "It's okay, I just want to wash, just by the way."

He said, he went to the bed and picked up some of the pieces he had lost before, and then went out with a wooden barrel.

The moonlight in the courtyard was clear, and the ink burned his head and looked at it. The heart did not know how Xue Meng and his uncle were doing, and where Ye Zhixiu and Nangong Temple went now. Look at the robbery on the other side of the sea, still rolling like a bloodstream, day and night, burning burnt smoke.

Song Qiutong, and... that person.

The person who hated it in the past, and killed the entire Confucianist door.

I am afraid that I have been buried in the sea of fire.

The ink sighed and no longer thought about it. He put down the barrel, exchanged the cold water in the water tank, rolled up his sleeves and began to wash clothes.

Chu nightning this guy, doing mechs, writing scrolls, are all methodical and meticulous, but once he is allowed to do some laundry and cooking things, it is always a mess.

For example, before the ink is completely immersed in the water, it will habitually check the Qiankun bag and the dark bag first, so as to avoid any important things entering the water, but Chu Evening often does not remember to do this step.

"....."

In the face of a pile of piecemeal gadgets that came out of Chu’s robes, the ink burned into silence.

What are these?

Jellyfish handkerchief.

Fortunately, it is still normal.

Various medicinal herbs.

There is nothing wrong with it.

a handful of sugar...

The ink burned a little bit, and looked carefully, as if I was buying the nougat for him when I was in Yuliang Village.

Haven't finished eating yet?

Turning down again, the ink burned.

... detonation?

The ink burned his face, and the paper that was soaked in half of the water and wet, almost stunned.

How wide is the heart of this person? Can you put the detonator directly on the body without any imprisonment? Although the possibility of igniting self-destruction is very small, but it is too dangerous, is it a joke?

The ink burned frowning, and he carefully checked his clothes carefully and carefully, and cleared all the detonators, frozen characters, and soul symbols. He found that the dragon that was painted with the dragon was also Chu. Late Ning fell carelessly inside.

If you don't look at it, these papers have to be soaked, and a large part of them are useless. Chu Yuning is really...

The ink burned his head and shook his head. He said that the clothes of the masters must not be allowed to wash himself.

Just thinking, suddenly a small, white thing slipped out of the pocket. I don't care about the ink, I think it's a magical spell, and I pick it up and glance at it.

In this regard, he stunned.

It was an old kit, embroidered with acacia flowers, and the leaflets were eclipsed, not bright at first.

Some doubts, but also a bit stunned, he vaguely felt that this thing is very familiar, must have seen where, but the time has been separated for too long, he can not remember.

The ink burned this little kit, the black eyebrows were locked, and the eyes were bright and dark. The past has flowed quickly, and he tried to find the source of this acacia bloom in the rushing years.

Light and cool fabric, the color that fades away.

He took it in his hand and looked over it, but he couldn't remember it. He was worried that there was something dangerous like a "detonator" inside, so he opened it and took a look.

"..."

It is a strand of hair.

No, take a closer look, it is actually two.

They are tied together, twisted together, and the nets are seamless. In the rush of time, they have been entangled, accompanied each other, and they thought it was a bundle. In fact, these two colors of ink have long been difficult to distinguish.

"hair?"

The ink burned and the ground flashed a little more clearly.

He murmured: "The kit...there is a kite..."

Suddenly, he remembered a past event. Then the thing blew in the heart like a flame, and the burning chest was hot. His eyes were instantly widened by horror.

Ghost master.

He remembered it.

Jin Tong Yu female color butterfly town and the 巹 巹 交

From then on, the two souls are accompanied by each other.

He... remembered.

He remembered it! !

In the middle of the movie, Ghost Master of the Butterfly Town, when he and his wife were married to each other, the two children's hair cut by them were collected in the Hehuan gift bag and handed over to the hands of Chu.

This is the kit.

"how come."

The ink burned in the brain, the blood flowed, and it was necessary to smash.

"how is this possible……"

He was close to the kit, his hands shivering slightly, his eyes leaping and shining, shining with surprise, stunned, unbelievable, utterly ecstasy, ecstasy and even sad.

Master respects... Chu nightning...

He, why is he... Why should I keep this?

Chapter 175

When Chu Ning had the last hoe, the door behind him opened, and the ink burned a bunch of things and came in, putting those things on the bed.

"Master, there are some pieces of paper in your robe that have not been taken out. I have placed it here for you."

When he finished, he lowered his head and went out.

He is really embarrassed to take the kit directly to ask Chu Yuning, always feel that no matter what the other party back, the atmosphere will be very embarrassing. What's more, Chu Xiaoning's cheeks are so thin, his mouth is stupid, and if anything is wrong, let him be upset, how to be good.

The ink burned his lips, and the black eyes flashed with radiance, some confusion, and it was very stunned.

He suddenly gave birth to a thought that made him feel incredible -

Is it Chu Yuning...

Did you like him?

The ink burned was shocked by his own daring mourning. He shook his head and whispered: "It is impossible impossible..."

The so-called ignorance of the true face of the mountains, only in this mountain, said that is probably the case.

If this kit belongs to a person who doesn't care about ink, such as a female repair, then the ink burns and sees, and certainly knows well, and instantly can determine the other's heart.

- If you don't like it, who will be carrying a kite with another person, how long has it been?

Things were originally so simple.

But when it hits the night, it burns. People are like this. The more you care about it, the easier it is to think about it, the more stupid it is, the hands and feet don’t know where to put it, the other person’s eyes can be scratched and tangled for a long time, the other side is silent, can In the silence, dig three feet, carefully dig out the meaning behind the pause.

In this way, even if it is a simple matter, he will repeatedly ponder, slowly chew, and taste a lot of seven turns and eight bends.

Did you make a mistake yourself?

Did you misunderstand?

Was it late for me to forget to lose it?

This kind of use of the toes can give a question of denial. He can worry about it for a long time. As he screamed, he absently washed the clothes in the bucket. The more the water washes, the colder it is, and the heart becomes hotter.

The ink burned and couldn’t help but look up, looking out over the room, the window-shaped back-shaped old wooden window, revealing the golden candlelight, the candlelight swaying, one dark and one bright, even with the ink burning in the chest The young sprouts are also softly shuddered and shaken.

If Chu Xiaoning really likes him...

It was obvious that it was such a thick and thick emperor, but he only thought about this sentence halfway, and his face was red.

The ink burns a little hot and a bit thirsty.

It was a thirst that could not be hydrolyzed, and it was able to heal the heat that was hot, only the one in the house. Only the sweetness of that population can give him great comfort and a moment of peace. Only that person, the man he vowed to cherish, to guard, to respect.

When I think of "to be respectful," the blazing chest seems to have been splashed with a glass of water. In the past, he couldn't control himself. When he had a strong desire for Chu Ning, he would wake himself up and blame himself.

But it is different tonight.

The kit tonight, like the burning of his heart, added a piece of dry wood filled with pine oil, which fueled his ambition.

Be respectful.

He kept saying to himself, but the idea of a glass of water, the last thing that could be ruined, but at the moment, it was aggressively burned up, and the cold water poured into the steam was steamed in the blink of an eye.

So the ink burned and shocked to find that "to respect" this spell, for himself, finally completely and completely -

failed.

In the house, Chu Xiaoning's last **** was under the hood, and he wanted to wipe his finger, so he went to the bed and took the jellyfish handkerchief from the pile of debris.

He sighed and said that his own memory is really bad. Before washing clothes, he did not know to take out all the things inside, but let the ink burn the jokes, and he did not know him...

"Ok?"

I haven't finished it yet. Suddenly, under the cover of a pile of paper, I saw a thin red rope.

Chu night Ning’s heart groaned, reaching out and trying to take the red rope out to look at it, but the finger was in the air, but he did not dare to go forward, hesitated for a moment, he took his hand and explored the clothes to touch his heart closest to the heart. position.

Under the touch, it suddenly changed.

His acacia flower kit is really not on the body!

Chu Yuning’s face suddenly became extremely ugly, and he felt stiff for a long time. He remembered that the kite that the ghost master had received, he had been collecting in the shackles on weekdays, but Xue Zheng’s ceremonial robes were The pockets of the shirt were slightly tilted, and the kit was silky. He was afraid that he would get rid of it accidentally, so he put it in the bag of the coat.

Looking at the pile of debris, he is even more like a thunder.

Small things like candy are placed at the top. Below is the paper. Only the red line is hidden in the bottom. The people who hide it seem to be blushing, and they waved and said: I didn't see it, I didn't see anything."

"..."

After a long while, Chu night Ning took a breath, with a glimmer of hope, holding the red thread and pulling it out of the messy paper.

……really.

The red line of the kit has moved, and the way he is used to it is completely different.

Rao is calming again, the white cheeks are still rapidly rising red, and the roots of the ears are more red like bleeding. He opened the kit with the red thread tied, and the two black inks that had been entangled for many years, like the thoughts that have been entangled in his secret for many years, are so unobstructed and fall in the warm yellow candlelight. Refers to the soft room.

Ink burned his kite!

After reading it, there is no silver in this place, and the kit is buried in the bottom of the sundries!

This cognition made Chu Xinning's head bang, blood flow, and the heart could not be calm again. The whole face and the charcoal fire that burned red were hot.

What should I do?

Did you burn your own deep thoughts?

... is over.

If you know that you are affectionate to him, you will definitely scare him. The gentle and soft relationship between the two of them will fall apart. Panic, holding the kit in his hand, it was only a little calm for a long time.

He hopes that the ink will not know.

Gambling on his good reputation for years of ignorance, he hopes that nothing will be discovered in the ink-burning--saying that a long secret crush can be known to a loved one day, it is a good thing, a relief. But for Chu Xiaoning, this may not be the case.

He is already thirty-two years old and has long been used to being alone.

In the smoldering sorcerer's fascinating scent, the age of enthusiasm, Chu nightning is a person who came over, he did not think about more than 30 now, but also have the opportunity to accompany the love. The expression of the heart is undoubtedly the beginning of a relationship, but it does not end in failure, and return.

Chu Yuning re-collected the kit and walked back and forth in the room, eventually stopping in front of the bronze mirror.

He lifted his eyelids and glanced inside. The mirror had been useless for a long time, and a thick layer of gray was placed on the head, only to take a

rough shadow. So he raised his hand and wiped the mirror, revealing a not perfect face in the dust.

There was a scratch on the bronze mirror, which was unbiased and fell right in the corner of his eye. Chu night Ning blinked and looked at himself.

"It's ugly."

He was very angry and frustrated at the people in the mirror.

"How can I... grow into this?"

He knows that the smoldering likes a gentle, beautiful, slender and beautiful young man.

And oneself, one did not.

Although he does not have wrinkles, but the heavyness of the years in a person can not be hidden, Chu night Ning Ben is a young man, and now there is no one-and-a-half-point heat, how can you talk to the young people about love, not to mention that person still Your own apprentice.

If you pass it out, don't say yourself, it is ink burning, it is the shackles of life and death, all faceless.

What's more, when I sleep for five years, Shi Ming's net out is more and more sturdy, and the wind is perfect. When I don't laugh, my eyes are filled with burning peaches, and then I look at the person in the mirror.

There is only a sigh of arrogance and arrogance in the eyebrows.

If you look at it, you will choose yourself.

Chu Xiaoning looked at the faint bronze mirror. He thought, if the time is reversed for ten years, let the ugly guy in the mirror love one person in his 20s, maybe he will still have a blood It’s okay to confess with rashness, even if it’s broken.

But he is now in his prime.

He is already in youth, leaving only wolverine, vigilant, mean, and a fierce face that a child will scare to cry.

The ink is burning and the wind is glory.

And he is just a ugly guy who is no longer young. He doesn't dare to ask anything, just want to hide.

He only wants to be safe and steady. He can't even think about it. He can allow him to wishful thinking and allow him to crush a person, allowing him to be justified in the name of the teacher and to be good to that person.

He felt enough.

Very satisfied.

At this moment, there was a "Oops" coming from behind, and Chu Ning did not look back. From the bronze mirror, he looked at the ink burning in the wooden barrel and entered the house.

None of them spoke, and the bronze mirror was still a little fuzzy. Chu nightning could only see a tall figure standing at the door, but couldn’t figure out what the figure was, and what kind of color wave was flowing in his eyes.

Even though he repeated himself a hundred times to calm down, Chu Xinning’s heartbeat did not come very quickly. He didn’t want the ink to burn out his own cockroaches, so he broke open the high horsetail and bite the hair between the lips and teeth, bowing his head. The trick is to reattach the hair in front of the mirror.

He feels that he is really smart, biting his hair band, there is no reason to say hello to the other party, then -

Suddenly a hand touched the back of his ear, Chu night Ning's body trembled, suppressed, but still unable to suppress, shivering slightly.

He didn't often have physical contact with people, and he was not used to it. Not to mention the people who met his earrings were still burned. The large palms and the delicate skin of the ears were only a moment, and the back was hemp. .

Chu night Ning still hangs his eyes, he suspects that he is looking up at this time, even if the light is dark, even if the bronze mirror is dim, people behind him can see his red abnormal face.

He only bit his hair band and tried to calm down and said, "Have you washed?"

"Ok."

The man's voice is low and dumb.

Chu Xiaoning felt that he was coming back, so close. The body has the coolness brought by the cold night, but it can't cover the male's flaming

scent. This breath makes him dizzy, the thoughts are blurred and slow, and he can't turn.

The ink burned while he was holding the broken hair that slipped down next to him, and the words were still resting: "Master, I just..."

"..."

What is he going to say?

Chu nighting bites the hair band, squinting, and the heartbeat stalls.

It seems that the things to ask are too difficult to talk about, and the ink burned, and finally turned to the front: "Forget it, nothing. So late, still licking hair?"

Chu night Ning did not answer, only felt that the body behind him, the stickers are too close.

So hot.

"Is it going to go out?"

Chu night Ning said: "No, just go out and wash a bowl."

"I'll help you."

Chu night Ning said: "I have hands and feet."

The ink burned behind him and smiled. It seemed to be a sly smile without a word: "There are good hands and feet, but the master is also clumsy, afraid that it will be picked up."

Chu nightning: "..."

Seeing that he didn't talk, he thought he was not happy. He burned and smiled and said seriously: "The outside is cool, you remember to go out with a hot end."

Chu night Ning should have a voice, a bit like "Hmm", and a bit like "哼", the ambiguous nasal sound, but very good to listen, falling in the ear of the ink, reminding him that the buds in the chest are more and more claws . His throat was slightly twitching, his eyes were dark, and he fell on a pale neck from the edge of his clothes when he was bowed.

He felt more thirsty, swallowed subconsciously, but tried to put the sound as light as possible and didn't want to be heard by Chu.

The ink burned deep and took a deep breath, and said with a strong smile: "This mirror is a good paste."

"It’s too long."

"The teacher can't understand it, send it to me, I will comb your hair for you."

Chu nighting bites the snow-blue ribbon, but I haven’t had time to refuse it. The ink burns the hairband in my hand. In this case, I’m not good enough to bite again, I have to loose my mouth and burn. Helping himself to ponytail, while still pretending to be cold and screaming: "Would you like to tie it? It’s not good for me to come back."

"Master, you forgot? In Taohuayuan, I am worried about what I am giving you."

Chu night Ning was speechless, Xia Shi reversed his shameful past, he did not want to mention it again, he closed his eyes, frowned, and burned him by the ink.

It’s just that the palm of the burning ink always feels uncomfortable if it is not rubbed into his ear. The scalp is numb and the throat is slightly thirsty, so the brow is even tighter.

"How is it still not good?"

The ink burned and smiled lowly: "You, always, so urgent. Don't worry, it's fast."

His voice seemed to be closer than it was, and it was attached to the back of the ear, and the hand that was hanging in the sleeves was not tight.

I don't know if it is my own illusion. He always feels that the breath of the ink seems to be a bit heavy. The heavyness of the beast before he rushes to eat is so heavy that it gives him a stinging sensation. He even thinks that he will be behind him. There was a tiger and a wolf smothered, and he was kneeling in front of the bronze mirror, eager to bite his throat with hunger and thirst, sucking the blood in his blood vessels.

The perception of human beings is sometimes surprisingly accurate. It is only that Chu Xi Ning feels it, but because of inferiority, he can’t believe it.

Where is he clear, if he raises his head at this time, he will see the twins in the mirror, the burning and the darkness, the desire and the reason in which the confrontation, the fire and the splash, the smoke.

The ink burns the slippery silk hair band, and the clear self is in control of the body, and the nightly lingering is done in the right way, while the other half of the dark soul is all anxiously thinking -

What are you doing?

Hair band?

This hair band is clearly tied to the wrong place!

He felt that he should be ruthlessly squatting in front of the old and ruined dressing table, using his hair band to hold his eyes, the other hand around his front chin to hold his chin, eagerly kissing him, densely He pressed him on the ground to pick up the sweetness in his mouth and **** his soft tongue. He clearly should violently grind the ear side of Chu Yuning, and the drop of fine hair behind the ear should be breathing heavily, sticking it to the ear of the night, and asking him if he lowered his voice.

"Chu Ningning, my good teacher. Why do you want to hide that kit?"

"Late...night Ning... Are you...like me?"

The heart he longed for was like to tear open, the blood was hot, the eyes were hot, red.

Chapter 176

Chu night Ning tied the horsetail, went to the outside to wash the dishes, three bowls, washed for a long time and did not see him into the house.

The ink burned on the bed, some of them were restless, and the fingers unconsciously rubbed the bed along the seams, and looked at the window from time to time.

How to do.

He is thinking.

How do you sleep this evening?

This is a seemingly simple problem that is really terrible.

The ink burned was not allowed to be late in the heart of Chu, and he was even more engaged in war, and desire and reason were in full swing.

At this time, the warm curtains picked up, Chu night Ning folder with the chill outside, holding the washed bowl back to the house. He glanced at the ink sitting on the edge of the bed, and the candle was burning. His eyes seemed to be subtle, but the next moment he fell, the ink burned again and he never had time to clear it. He had turned his back to himself and sat at the table. side.

"Master is still not sleeping?"

When the words are exported, they feel that they have lost their words. How to listen to it feels like a man who is thirsty and can no longer be thirsty. He is eager to invite his lover to go to bed.

Chu nightning did not look back, said faintly: "I still have something to do. You are sleepy and sleep first."

"I am not sleepy." Ink ignited, "What do teachers want to do? I will help you."

"You can't help, I want to do more condensed jellyfish flowers tonight." Chu said, as soon as he raised his hand, his fingertips swelled together, condensing a golden and tender sea otter, and placed it at the table.

This kind of sea otter is made up of Chu Lingning's spiritual power. It can contain short words for communication. This is his unique secret, and others can't follow suit.

But the ink burned a little puzzled. He came to the table, pulled out a chair and sat down. The strong arm rested on the back of the chair, and the chin rested on his arm.

"What does Master do to do this?"

"Take it for sale."

"Ok?"

Hearing the slightest surprise in the burning sound, Chu night Ning picked up his eyelids and gave him a faint look: "Our money is not enough to stay on Feihua Island for seven days. Is that Sun Sanniang not doing business? Then I also do it with her, conglomerate Haishu, unbeaten all the year round, golden light, you lick her gold and silver jewelry which is not shining, I think she just likes the sparkling thing. Well done, I will go to the street tomorrow, I see if she wants it."

The ink burned and couldn't help but smiled: "The teacher wants to... sell flowers?"

Chu’s face changed slightly. He didn’t want to put himself and the big girls who sold white orchids in the alley. It’s very hard to say: “The flowers made by the spells can’t be counted.”

"That tomorrow I will go shopping with you."

Chu night never snorted, bowed and quickly condensed four or five, and then muffled: "With you, as long as you are not too shameful."

"Where is it shameful?" The ink burned one of them, smelled it, the flowers were light, and there was no fragrance. Huaguang’s flowing appearance was very graceful and chic, and Jinguang reflected his handsome face and dark eyelashes. He smiled. "The Sun Sanniang is afraid to cry and ask the teacher to sell it to her. How much does the master plan to sell?"

"One hundred flowers can't spend too much spiritual power, sell three copper plates, how about?"

Ink burning: "....."

Chu night Ning looked at him again, slightly frowning, hesitating: "More?"

The ink sighed, didn't say much, didn't say less, only said: "Tomorrow's teacher will not ask for the price, I will sell it."

"Why? I made the flowers, I price myself."

"Three copper plates." The ink burned out three fingers in front of Chu Xiaoning and laughed and shook. "Master, you are the Beidou Xianzun, this is your night sea otter, the real world can not ask for anything, Do you sell three copper plates?"

"No one asked me if I want it. This thing is good-looking, it can be transmitted, and there is no other use. I think this price is almost the same."

The ink burned him with a smile: "That, you sell it to me, okay? I will give you money at this time."

Chu nightning stopped, a half-baked sea bream flower lost the support of the spiritual flow, and fell a golden flower petals, he actually really stretched out his palm, faintly said: "transaction."

"..."

The ink burned silently for a long while, to touch the money bag, it was only after thinking that the money left by himself and Chu Xinning had been squeezed out by the old man, and could not help but be slightly embarrassed.

Looking up, I saw that Chu night was like laughing and laughing at myself. I couldn’t help but feel embarrassed. "The teacher has long known that I have no money, and that..."

Chu Xiaoning felt that he was funny, and said: "You boast of Haikou, saying that you want to buy me."

"I……"

Half said and silently swallowed.

Because I suddenly felt that there was some ambiguity in the words of Chu.

Chu night Ning originally supposed to say "buy my flowers", but it was lazy, and the words didn't finish. It sounded like the man who burned the silver and bought the silver. The ink-burning heartbeat was a few quick shots.

He didn't go to the eyes of the late night, for fear that the other side would see some of his own big thoughts. But looking at his hand for a while, suddenly found that the night of Ning Fang was only washed outside the bowl for a long time, hard to wash the hot water into ice water, the tip of the finger is frozen red.

I didn't have time to think about it, almost inertia, and I held the five fingers on the table.

Chu night Ning was shocked. He was calming down, and he extended his hand to ask for money. The money didn’t come, but he suddenly fell into a warm and generous palm. The temperature of the palm was just warm, but he was like The iron was hot and slammed open.

"doing what?!"

"..."

Originally, there was no sorrowful thought in the ink burning. He really just wanted to warm the night of Chu, and felt distressed.

I can meet such a big reaction, but it is not expected, and I am still alive.

The two looked at each other under the dim candlelight, and suddenly they burst into tears and gave a loud noise, breaking the dead silence.

Chu Xiaoning knew that he was sensitive and over-the-top, and he became obsessed with it. He no longer snorted and licked his lips.

The ink burned his silent voice, and the young seedling in his heart grew stronger and stronger, trying to lick his thin body and scratching his chest.

"Master respect..."

Chu nightning: "..."

"Are you..." When he said half of it, he stopped. He didn't know what he was waiting for in front of him. He finally let him leap on the cliff. He didn't continue to talk.

But Rao did not ask him, and Chu Ning was still in a hard state: "No."

Ink burns: "What is not?"

"No matter what you say, the answer is no." Chu night Ning squinted, erected a sharp thorn, like a cat licking his mouth to defend the cat in his territory, not letting the living close, "hands open."

The ink burned the handle and took it on the back of the chair, which was very honest.

Chu nightning continued to condense the flowers, and the sea otter that had dropped a petal was completely condensed. He was somewhat angry, and the anger contained more trouble. After a while, the ink burned: "Master, actually I just, Just want to ask, are you cold, want to give you... warm hands."

"I am not cold."

The hand that deceived, only to touch, is clearly ice.

I think that the two of them are sitting in such a way, Chu nightning said: "If you have nothing to sleep, take you to sell flowers tomorrow."

"..."

In the past, he often said "take you to practice" "take you to meditate" and "take you to read books."

Take you to sell flowers...

The ink burned and tried to endure, but it was not too tolerant. The black eyes contained a smile, reflecting the people in the candlelight. The nasal voice was shallow, but it was not moving.

"Go to sleep."

The ink burned and looked at the bed.

He decided that he couldn’t sleep better than Chu.

Since you can't eat the bed or hit the floor, look at the meaning of Chu Yuning. If he sleeps in the position inside, obviously make a place for himself, then sleep in bed.

If Chu Xiaoning is lying in the middle of the center, then...hey, then he will be honest.

The ink burned like a bad idea, but his face was red: "I don't sleep first."

"What are you doing sitting?" Chu nightning frowned.

The ink burned and raised his hand, and the slender five fingers and one combination, actually volleyed with a spirit, and pulled out a red butterfly.

Chu nightning: "....."

"Selling money." The ink burned and laughed. The fingertips flicked, and the fiery red butterfly flew up. It fell to the pile of sea bream in the evening, and sneaked in. The pollination generally fanned the fluorescent winged butterfly wings. In and out of the flower, "I am more expensive, I am black, one gold."

Chu night Ning took advantage of the blind eyed butterfly to fly around, stopping on his jellyfish flower, holding the delicate powder core.

Chu's face is dark.

"Mini rain!!"

"……what happened?"

He is too angry to know what to say, what to say.

In the end, I was so depressed that I said nothing but hoarseness: "There are no more than three copper plates."

The ink burned and laughed.

After laughing for a while, he took out a flaming butterfly and handed it over. The butterfly gently fell on the jellyfish flower of Chu’s fingertips.

"I sell it to others is ten gold, I think this price is very suitable."

"Then you sell it to me!" Chu night Ning sighed with a sigh of relief, "I will sell it again, in short, it is not more expensive than my sea otter."

After thinking about it, I added another sentence: "But I don't have any money, I will return to the top of my life and give it to you."

The ink burned and laughed, and the third butterfly was pulled out. He sighed softly. The butterfly danced around the night, and the ink burned on his strong, wheat-colored arm. He said gently, "What are you talking about?"

"...Do you still want to say that you don't know what to do." Chu nightning raised his chin slightly, his eyebrows were still angry and damp, but his expression was very proud. He thought about it. If the ink burned, he would dare not say it, then You must take out the teacher's instrument and take care of this man who doesn't know how to be tall.

I don’t know that the man who is tall and thick is smiling more clearly. He has a deep vortex and a shallow nasal voice. He said, “No, I want to say...”

what you want to say?

The late night of the Chu Dynasty was awaiting a sigh of relief.

"You buy me." The man did not know whether it was intentional, or unintentionally, but also saved the word "Lingdie", so the words became so vague and embarrassing, he put his arm in his arms, and all stared at Chu Yuning seriously. Gentle smile, "I sell it to you, don't want money."

Nothing is expected to be such an answer.

Under the night of Chu, the face was red.

The night is already deep, and the nymphs and sea otters are full of houses, which have long been sold. But none of them got up and went to sleep.

I don’t have to say anything about the burning of the heart. He plans to watch Chu’s sleep method and see the machine. Although Chu Evening did not know his plans, he was not stupid. He had no idea in his heart and wanted to know what to do with the burning of the night.

He will sleep on the bed... or a bed?

Although this man made him feel more and more dangerous, if the ink burned really went to bed, he did not intend to drive him away.

He could even perceive the mysterious hope in his heart, hoping to see the ink burned up and sleepy, saying "sleepy" and then lying on the bed.

- Why is he still not sleeping! !

Chu nightning and ink burning, while holding flowers and butterflies, while thinking anxiously.

Go to sleep, you lie down on the bed first, I will...

"Master."

"Ok?"

"Are you tired? It's too late, do you have to rest first?"

"No, I am used to it."

Then another hour passed.

"Ink burning."

"Ok?"

"How are you still sitting?"

"I will condense some more butterflies. If the master is sleepy, go to sleep first, then I will wait."

Chu nightning tried to endure the desire to yawn and restrained the back molars, because he could not sleep for two consecutive nights, his eyes were red, and he still said: "I am not sleepy."

Ink burning: "..."

I don't know how long it took. The butterflies and sea otters in the house were piled up into the ocean. The gold and red were intertwined and smashed. The ink burned some groggy and looked up suddenly.

Chu night Ning is too tired, has fallen on the table and fell asleep.

His fingertips were still condensed with half of the unfinished jellyfish flowers. The petals trembled with the breath, and the ink burned away. The half of the residual flowers were taken off gently, resting on the table, and then he was picked up. ——

Chapter 177

Chu Xiaoning had not closed her eyes for two days, and she slept very hard. The action of ink burning was soft, so when he was lying in the warmth of his arms and was taken to bed, he was still not disturbed.

The smoldering put him in the middle of the bed, his hands on his neck, resting on the pillow, and then covering him with a quilt.

After doing all this, he did not leave, only obsessively staring at the face, from the dark eyebrows, one inch and one inch down, to the thin lips.

good looking.

His master, his lateness, how can it look so good.

It’s good to see death, so I can see that I’m so soft and my body is hard.

His scalp was slightly numb, and his temper was pulling his neck. He knew that it was wrong, but Chu’s face was close to his face, and his faint sea

bream was like a lot of soft fingers. His cloaked seduce, seduce him naked, and went to the hotbed.

Perhaps it is because the blood flowing in the ink-burning blood vessels is like a river tide, or maybe the heart can't stop, but perhaps his eyes are too hot, and he wakes up the sleeping people.

In short, Chu night Ning opened his eyes and suddenly woke up.

"..."

For a time, no one made a sound, and the ink burned in the same place. Chu nightning turned from a faint moment to a horror, and a pair of phoenix eyes smashed, and it was hard to burn on the ink.

Chu night Ning suddenly warned: "What are you doing?"

The look of the handsome young and powerful man's face is difficult to teach people to see clearly. He slowly leaned down and bowed down, and he won't dare to move.

"you--"

The closer you are.

The heart beats.

"Hey."

The bed was soft, and the light around it was dark, and it fell into a more awkward atmosphere.

The ink burned down and tightened the bed, straightened up, sitting at the bedside.

He looked down at Chu Yuning lying in bed, his voice was low: "I saw the master sleep, I wanted to help you put the bed down, I didn't think, I still woke you up."

Chu nightning did not make a sound, leaning on the pillow, slightly over the head, looking at him.

The dark yellow crepe that had just been loosened from the head of the bed was swaying after the ink burned, and the candlelight outside became so blurry, like the condensation of water on the winter window. Too dark, the young man's handsome face can hardly be clear, only one eye in the night is burning and bright, like a broken star.

The ink burned suddenly called him: "Master."

"Ok?"

"There is something, I want to ask you."

"..."

Through the darkness, the courage of being an apprentice seems to be getting bigger.

Chu nightning is very tight inside, heart: Does he want to ask that kit?

He was not shocked on the surface, but the waves in his chest surged.

——Is it sleepy at this time, is it still too late?

Ink burning: "Where am I sleeping?"

Chu nightning: "....."

So busy and tangled for most of the night, this night, the ink burned or hit the floor shop -

"The bed is too small." He actually regretted it after he had just asked him, and his **** body had just eaten the body of the marrow, but it is better not to fall asleep with Chu. He can’t know how terrible a man’s desire can be.

"I still sleep."

"...How many beds are there?"

"There is a bed."

"It won't be cold."

"No, I will lay more straw."

When the ink burned, he went outside to take the straw, took a bunch of it back, and laid it on the ground. Chu nightning was so tossed by him, and for the time being, he didn’t sleep. He leaned his head and leaned his head, squatting on the bed with one hand, silently humming the man, and giving himself a quick thunder. A single couch has been laid.

"..."

"Sleep, the teacher respects the dream."

The man lay down in his clothes and pulled himself on the quilt. A pair of dark eyes looked at the night of the bed gently and steadily.

Chu nightning: "Well."

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The room was immersed in silence, and there were two men and women who were worried about the things under the bed, looking at the brightly blooming Begonia flowers and butterflies in a long night.

"Master."

"What happened? You still can't sleep?"

"Sleep." The sound of the ink is very mild. In the night, it is especially soft. "Just suddenly want to tell you something."

Chu night Ning licked his lips, although there was no such thing as the first time when he guessed, the heartbeat was fierce, but he still couldn’t help but dry his throat.

"I want to say... the master sleeps, don't have to be so cautious, always sleep in a corner."

There was a smile in his voice, low, but very nice.

Chu nightning: "...I am used to it."

"why?"

“The room was always too messy. Before I fell over and fell, I was scratched by the sickle on the floor.”

The ink burned, and it didn't make a sound for a long time.

Chu nightning waited, no movement, he asked: "What happened?"

"No." The ink burned, but his voice seemed to be closer. Chu Yuning turned his head and crossed the curtain. Through the blurry and soft curtain, he saw that he had pulled the ground closer to himself by the fluorescence of the sea otter and the butterfly.

The ink burned down again and smiled and said: "When I am there, the Master does not have to worry, it will not be tied when it falls."

He paused and seemed to say casually: "I have it."

"..."

After a while, the man who heard the ink on the bed snorted softly and said: "The meat on your arm is so hard that you have to get it, not necessarily

much better than a sickle."

The ink burned: "There is still harder, and the Master does not see it."

What he originally wanted to say was the chest muscles, but when the voice did not fall, he suddenly realized the thick smell in the sentence. I’m stunned and busy:

"That is not what i mean."

Chu Jingning originally listened to the first sentence and was very silent and embarrassed. When I heard the second sentence, the atmosphere between the two people was incurable and fell to the abyss.

Of course, he knows that there is a harder and hotter blade in the ink burning. It is more chilling than the son's knives that make mech, and I don’t say that I’ve seen the ghost’s comprehension. He is also wearing his own clothes. I have no intention of feeling it. It was a terrible enthusiasm that was trembling and numb.

Chu night Ning Jiao said: "Sleep."

"……Ok."

But how can I sleep?

The lava of love and love is smashing the two of them, licking the heat to the split chest. The room was too quiet, I could hear the weak breathing of the other side, and I could hear the movement of the toe and the reverse.

The ink-burning handle was placed behind the head, squinting, looking at the red-hot butterfly flying in the room. A nymph fell silently and stopped on the bed bill, and the curtain was a gentle red.

In such a quiet silence, the ink burned up and remembered one thing -

In Jin Chengchi, the person who rescued himself from the topping of Liu Mengyu faintly said a word in his ear.

At that moment, the knowledge was vague, and he was not sure whether the sentence was his own illusion. But now I want to come, but suddenly I feel that it may not be wrong.

Maybe it is true.

He heard Chu Xiaoning at that time and said: "I like you too."

The heartbeat of the ink burned faster and faster. In the past, some of the fine details that had not been noticed sprouted at this moment, turned out the fresh leaves, and then nourished by his wolf ambition, and grew into a prosperous tree.

He sizzled in his head, and his eyes were dizzy. The more he thought, the more he felt wrong...

"I like you too."

I like you too……

If this sentence was really wrong, if Chu had never said it, why did he not want to admit that the person who saved him was himself after Jin Chengchi’s dream?

Unless he has not heard it wrong!

Unless Chu Xiaoning really said it at the time -

The ink burned and slammed up, and it was so excited that it was hard to suppress himself. He said: "Master!"

"..."

Rao is the person in the curtain, there is no movement, and the ink burns or asks: "I am picking up something when I wash my clothes today, is..."

The curtain is very quiet inside.

"Do you know, what is it?" When the words came to his lips, suddenly he was in love. He was so stupid to ask Chu Yuning.

The other party has not promised for a long time.

The ink burned and hesitated, his eyes were moist and dark: "Master, are you still awake?"

"Have you heard me talking..."

On the bed where Luo Wei was lightly covered, there was no movement in the night, and it seemed that he was really asleep. The ink burned for a long time, not reconciled, and several times I reached out and tried to open the curtain, but it was frozen.

"Master."

He groaned and lay down again.

The sound is very light and somewhat soft.

"You reason about me."

Chu nightning certainly will not care about him.

His whole person is chaotic, and the clear-minded mind that has always made him proud has risen. He was lying on the bed, squinting at the dark creases, thinking slowly and stiffly: What do you want to do?

He thought a lot and made all kinds of incredible speculations. He didn't dare to guess the most obvious answer. He didn't dare to guess the ink and love him.

This is like a hungry person who has a fragrant and crispy patties. Because it is hard to come by, it is especially cherished, so the outer layer of the cake is lighted, but the last remaining meat stuff is half-day reluctant to go down. mouth.

Chu nightning listened to the gentleman who was outside the account, but with an anxious whisper.

Quietly pull the quilt up, cover the chin, nose and mouth, only revealing a pair of bright eyes.

Then he covered his eyes and the whole person hid inside the quilt.

He certainly heard it, but he didn't know what to answer -

The heart beats and the palms are sweaty.

He has a sense of embarrassment that has been forced to a dead end. He hates to sit up and scream and scream: "Yes, my mother is hiding the kit. I like you to be satisfied. Let's not sleep!"

He was awkward and embarrassed, and his heart itched badly.

"Master?"

"..."

"Is it really asleep..."

After a while, Chu nightning heard a sigh of softness.

He was quilted, in the darkness, he was mournful and heart-wrenching, nervous and sweet, five flavors, miso, bitter and sweet, he secretly persuaded himself to calm, but his cheeks were hot. I couldn't help but stole a quilt.

Chapter 178

Early the next morning, Chu night Ning got up with dark circles. He didn't sleep well at night, so the whole person looked extraordinarily gloomy. A face that was originally very cold was covered with thin ice, and there was no heat.

He pushed the door out and saw that the ink was washing clothes outside.

Why do you want to wash your clothes in the morning?

Didn't it be washed last night?

Seeing him coming out of the house, the smoldering seemed to be a bit embarrassing. On his cheek, he splashed the foam from the saponin. He turned his head and greeted him with a late night: "Master."

"Ok."

"Sun Sanniang was still trustworthy, and received the money. She sent the family who had eaten in the morning. I was on the small stone table in the

yard, and the master would go eat it."

"how about you?"

"I have eaten it." The ink-burning arm was soaked in the waves of water, and the lines were strong and refreshing. "When the Master used it, we will sell butterflies and flowers together."

Sun Sanniang's food is very monotonous, but the amount is not small, there are actually three.

He sat in the small courtyard and slowly licked the noodles. The rising sun rose, and the sun shone through the vines that climbed on the vines above his head, cutting them into mottled lights on the table.

He looked back and looked at the high back of the ink, and the ambiguous enthusiasm of his heart surged.

He bit hard and bit a big hoe.

When the golden sea otters and the red nymphs appeared, they provoked an uproar in the unchanging, lazy market in Feihua Island. The fishermen on the island flocked to see, even if they didn’t plan to visit the market today. , have been attracted to -

"There is a flower!"

"What's strange about flowers, haven't you seen flowers?"

"Golden sea otter! Spiritually made! Open all year round! You can also voice!"

"Wow!! Where is it?"

So there is a wave of waves.

"There are butterflies!"

"There are some beautiful things about butterflies, and a lot of springs."

"Red! Spiritually made, you can drive the evil spirits! And especially good-looking, very obedient, not running, just flying around you!"

"Ah! Really? Where is it?"

There is another wave of Wuhuan.

Sun Sanniang was lying high in the middle of the house, and she got the news in her leisure time. She couldn’t help but go to the market with a few followers. Before I even walked to the door, I saw a crowd of gold and red brilliance in the distance. Some people were amazed.

Her heart was like an ant, and she turned away from the onlookers and walked over to see.

I only saw the two immortals who came yesterday, a smile, and there was a trick to attract the bees to attract business. The other face was expressionless, and his face stood in the cold under the tree, and he said nothing, silent.

"Selling butterflies, selling butterflies--" The handsome man turned back and smiled at another man with a meager face. "Master, why don't you drink?"

Drink?

Chu night Ning heart cold.

He didn't know how to write these two words. Is it necessary for him to be ashamed and screaming like the rough man of the ink rain, shouting in the

eyes of the public: "sell flowers, sell sea bream flowers"?

Don't even think about it.

"How do you sell butterflies?" I feel that such a fairy must be very expensive, and everyone has been stunned for a long time. Finally, there is a bold daring to ask for price.

Ink burning: "Ten gold one."

Chu nightning coughed behind him.

Ink burning: "...three copper plates."

"So cheap?" The people around them were shocked. They all came forward to buy them. They burned a butterfly to the left and handed a flower to the right. They were busy, and they saw a ragged girl in the distance licking her fingers. I am eager to see the lively scene here.

The ink burned and laughed, and did not say much. He suddenly said that the five fingers were one and the other, and a very beautiful phoenix butterfly was condensed. When the light was blown, the butterfly was separated by the sea and floated to her side, falling on her hair. on.

The girl stunned, looked awkwardly, walked a few steps hesitantly, then stopped again and shook her head.

She has no money...

Not to mention three copper plates, none of them.

The ink burned her hand at her, and said "send you" with her mouth, then blinked, smiled and turned her head away, and continued to be busy.

Sun Sanniang watched the beautiful golden spirits that were bought, and the beautiful girl who wore the beauty of the sea was wearing the black hair between the black hairs. When she was full of hair, she was full of brilliance, and she could not tell the extravagance. She couldn't help it anymore.

"These butterflies and flowers, I have to."

The ink burned and raised his eyes, and the smile did not go out: "I would say who is so big, it turned out to be Sanniang."

"How many left? If you count, I will take it back to the house."

"This can't be done." The ink burned and laughed. "Everything has to come first and then come. Others come earlier than you. They haven't bought it yet. I can't give it to you first."

Sun Sanniang looked at the crowd of crowded villagers. When she was on the scene, she was anxious. She was afraid of selling out and said, "Then I will increase the price."

"I can't do the Lord." Mo-burn said, "I just help to get the job, the price, you have to ask my master."

Sun Sanniang went under the tree and found a face that was cold and prosperous.

"Xianjun, your flowers and butterflies are sold to me, we are all businessmen, and the price is good."

Chu night Ning cold mouth: "Ten gold one."

Next to the ink, I couldn't help but laugh out loud. I turned my head and turned to the black phoenix that was late in the night. It was a little soft and soft, and I couldn't help but scratch my head. The appearance is very beautiful.

Sun Sanniang was so rich that the money was not a small amount for her. Soon she directed the family to take those night sea otters and phoenix butterflies away.

Back to the house, she immediately combed a stilt with a stilt, and inserted more than 50 golden flowers on the top, let the butterflies dance around themselves, and the family glared at her, looking far away. It was like a burning candle, and it was funny, but it was a master of his own family. He had to squat and ribs were broken. He finally did not laugh.

Sun Sanniang didn't have fun for too long, and someone came to report it, saying that the two Xianjun sold something else in the market. She was shocked and screamed at the clouds of Huaguang, and was surrounded by mad bees and rushed to the market.

"Selling butterflies - selling butterflies -"

Sun Sanniang squeezed over and angered with a fork: "I wasn't all bought by me? How come?"

Burning eyes: "Newly done."

"Since I can do it new, why should I sell me ten gold?!"

The ink burned: "You think, you get up in the morning, go to a fried bun shop in front of a lot of people to buy raw fried food, others are waiting in line, you have to line up, the treasurer will tell you, you must eat first, but Is there anything wrong with paying you?"

Sun Sanniang said: "You, you profiteer, you..."

I was thinking about how to refute this person's nephew, and suddenly I saw the fairy who had been snoring next to him. Chu late Ning pointed to a flash of light, and actually condensed a pair of Begonia flowers.

Although Sun Sanniang was annoyed, he was also attracted to pay attention and asked: "What is this? How is it different from the previous one?"

"This kind of sea otter has a rejuvenation technique. It is placed on the bed before going to bed. It can be radiant the next day, and the effect is about fifteen days." Chu Xi Ning casually handed the flowers to the ink, the ink igniting "Go sell it, one hundred gold one."

"Slow," Sun Sanniang feared that these two people would have to say what the other team had to add money. Although they were very angry, they said, "Don't take it, this one I want. You can still Do you have a few? I have to!"

Chu nightning said: "The same spells don't want to be applied too many times, only three."

"Then three hundred gold, give it to you."

"Ink burns and collects money." Chu night Ning said, bowing down the other two, and handed it to Sun Sanniang, and then began to condense the fourth.

Sun Sanniang is not happy: "You are not saying that only three?"

"This is a wonderful sound." Chu night Ning faintly said, "With the body, can make the woman's voice become beautiful."

"..." Although Sun Sanniang is greedy for money, but she is more greedy, she is stunned by the dying prince of the dead and dying to sing a wonderful hazelnut flower, hating teeth, but can only say: " Good, I buy, I buy."

In the evening, I went back to close the door. The mentor and the teacher sat at the table and counted the money. I found that enough people to bring them to the table and eat them well until the fire on the other side was extinguished. Chu nightning pushed half of the silver to the ink. Half of the good, said: "When you leave, return the rest to Sun Sanniang."

Ink burns: "Why?"

“Feihua Island is far away from Linyi Road and has poor materials. It is extremely inconvenient to eat and wear. But is it strange to see the

fishermen on the island, who can afford to have enough food and clothing?”

"... um," he said, and the ink burned and he thought it.

Chu night Ningdao: "I will know when I go to a little inquiries. When I cleaned up the stalls today, I went to the village head and asked him some things. In fact, this Sun Sanniang was originally a Linyi Confucianist because she was talented. Not high, Master did not manage her, and after five years of worshipping the teacher, it still only shows swordsmanship."

The ink burned a little surprised: "She is a Confucianist? Did the Master see it?"

"No." Chu said, "The village head said that when she was seventeen years old, she followed the monks of the Confucianism to come to Feihua Island to collect new disciples. Those famous monks took the road far away, and the island was full of mortals. It’s impossible to bully and rush to the Confucianism to ask for sin, so during that time, the islanders were guilty of blasphemy, eating white food, stealing money, and even..."

"even?"

"Even slutty boys and girls."

"..."

Chu night Ningdao: "Sun San Niang, but they argued with the brothers and sisters, she was frivolous, but her temper was fierce, offended the same door, and finally she was concealed. After being stabbed by one of her brothers, she was again Push down the sea cliff."

The ink burned and muttered: "Is this the case? No wonder before listening to the village chief to persuade her to say something, not a Confucianist, I did not expect... uh..."

"Well. Her life is big, and the sword is not stabbed. After she fell into the sea, she was caught by the fishermen who were fishing. The fisherman had two daughters on the knees, and they went early, and after saving her, they collected She is a righteous woman, teaches her to fish and hunt, teach her to do business. Later, when her father passed away, she took on her clothes and gradually became the largest household in this Feihua Island."

Chu night Ning paused and said.

"You also heard it. She said that this year's harvest on Feihua Island is not good. Every household is open for her business. Although Sun Sanniang's business is fine, she only strips money from the monks, never takes the islanders a little, even Will subsidize poverty."

The ink burned without sound, but I remembered the little girl who was eager to see the flowers in the market during the day.

Such a shabby dress, dirty look, at first glance is lost.

But it is not thin, the cheeks are bulging, and the eyes are clear. If no one is helping her, such a small child will take a fortune to eat for a living.

"Sun Sanniang went to the sea more than 20 times a year. Every time she went back and forth, she had to go seven or eight days. It was counted that she spent most of her life at sea. You see her house is luxurious and rich, so why is it half a hundred years old? Want to come and go in the wind and waves? Every year, I will work hard to take the things on the island to Linyi to sell the money, and then go to Linyi to bring the materials back to Feihua Island?" Chu Xi Ning Road, "She clearly has no money."

"...I know." After listening to the ink, I felt uncomfortable in my heart. I immediately got up and picked up the half of the money. Chu nightning called him.

"where to?"

"I am going to give her more money and return it to her."

"sit down."

Chu night Ning faint.

"How are you so stupid."

"Ok?"

"Look at Sun Sanniang, this person is very strong, and it is very strong. She hates the monk most... You said that you gave me money in the past, she will not chase you out of the house."

"..."

When I thought about it, I felt a little pain in my back and could not help but sigh and asked, "What should I do?"

"I told the village chief, before we left, give him all the money and let him find a chance to hand it over to Sun Sanniang." Chu said, "We were all gone, and the money will eventually be allowed." She will not want to do something better on Feihua Island."

The ink burned and thought for a moment, then nodded.

"The teacher said that he would do what he said."

Chu night sighed and said: "There are always many things in this world. You can't just make a decision on the surface. Sometimes, the layer below the surface is not necessarily the final truth. I always tell myself. You need to sink your heart, judge people or things, you need to be cautious, but sometimes you can't help it."

In his remarks, the ink that is said is not a taste.

Just look at the surface and make a decision. It is a matter of right and wrong. It is not the right thing that he once did to Chu Ningning.

Except for him, most people who travel between the red dust are extremely difficult to maintain a pair of clear eyes in front of fierce emotions, a calm heart, to think about it, to see the truth covered under the dust.

He was born in Chu, and Nangong was married to his mother. They were not blinded by emotions, blinded by appearance, and eventually cast a fault that could not be looked back.

Perhaps only Chu Zhongning, a person like this, seems to be indifferent and inhuman, but persistently leaves a place for everyone to change, trying not to do everything with the greatest maliciousness. Therefore, the more you learn about him, the more you will find that the Beidou Xianzun, who is more violent than anyone else, has a heart that has not been suffocated.

Under the arrogant face of this person, what is hidden is actually a soul of kindness and tolerance.

Because of this kind of soul, he became more and more pitiful, and he had a strong desire to protect. Perhaps it is because of the **** blood from the corpse of the corpse, so he is more and more able to understand that there is nothing in this world that is more valuable than a heart of a child.

That is the flute in the smoke, the flowers in the trench.

Therefore, the emperor who once blamed the world, in front of such a soul, silently thinks -

If one day, the teacher needs it, then even if it is bruised and bruised, blood and tears will drain, even if there is no dead body, the smoke will disappear, even if you want to sacrifice your own head and the ruined soul.

He must protect this clean Beidou Xianzun.

"What are you thinking?"

"Oh, nothing." The ink burned. "It’s just thinking about something small."

"Little things?"

When the ink burned his lips and suddenly remembered going to the market in the morning, Chu Ningning said to himself that he wanted to learn the skills of Yu Jian, and he said: "Master, you come with me."

Chapter 179

The two came to a sea cliff on Feihua Island, where the rocks were smashing, and the bottom was the rough sea. The waves crashed into the rocks and they were shattered into tens of thousands of snow. There was nothing around them, only the rest of the sea, a new round. month.

The ink burned the sword that was bound to him, and then turned to ask Chu Yuning: "Why doesn't the Master respect the sword?"

"Not not." Chu Yuning said, "I am not good at it."

“How is it not good at law?”

Chu Xiuning waved his sleeves and looked a little more proud, but his ears were red: "I can only fly not far from the ground."

There is some surprise in the ink burning. The sword is one inch away from the ground and one hundred meters away from the ground. The spiritual power consumed is the same. Since Chu nightning can fly not far from the ground, it is unreasonable not to rise to the sky. Go, then say: "Master, you give it a try, I will see."

"..." Chu nightning did not call the sword, but the face was ignorant. "I don't want to be a sword on weekdays. I feel that the weapon needs to be respected after all, and it is not appropriate to step on it."

"?"

I don't know why he suddenly explained it, but the ink burned and nodded.

"The teacher said it was good....but...we can't lie on the sword, or hang on the sword and fly."

Chu nightning was a slogan, but when he looked up, he saw the man in the moonlight. The man smiled and glared at himself. He couldn’t help but hate and said: "On weekdays, if there is an urgent matter, I will fly with the ascension of the Dragon."

The ink burned slightly: "That little dragon?"

"It can get bigger." Chu night Ning Road, seems to have recovered a little face, but soon a little embarrassed, "But when the Confucian door changed the fire, it was completely useless. It was afraid of fire. ”

The smoldering stunned: "So the master must learn the sword, think -"

"in case for need."

The ink burned and snorted, and there was a thick smoke in the air, and the fire was raging, killing a lot of life. At that time, Chu night was standing on his own sword, watching the mortals below being swallowed by the fire, and the clusters were burned to ash, and even the broken bones would not be left, but the sacred fairy could not do anything. I can't use the sword to carry any one person. What kind of mood would it be when I was late at night?

It is no wonder that this person who prefers to take a horse-drawn carriage and is too lazy to be a sword will suddenly make such a request with his apprentice.

"I know, Master does not have to worry, I must teach you well."

Listening to him, Chu Ning did not say anything, but he didn’t know what he was thinking, but he finally sighed and said: "Waisha, call."

A golden light suddenly condensed, and the ink burned in this quiet and serene sea and moonlight, once again saw the martial arts that appeared in the past life and his life and death confrontation.

Chu nightning's blade of killing -

Huaisha.

It is a long sword that looks very late at night. I am afraid that there is no second person in this world. It is better suited to be the master of the sword than the late night. It is faintly decorated, and it is full of gold, because the golden light is too glaring, even pale. The light is constantly flowing, and it flows calmly from the sword, falling in the night, like a burning fireworks line, like a white sand falling down.

"This is Huaisha." Chu night Ning looked at it and said, "You haven't seen it, it's too heavy, I don't use it."

The ink burned in a complicated mood, and nodded a little, and said: "It is a good sword."

At night, the ink burned on the blade of his own sword, and the toes were slightly moved. The sword was slowly and steadily lifted up, several inches from the ground.

The ink burned back and said to Chu Yuening: "The teacher also tries."

Chu Evening also stood on Huaisha, and Huaisha also rose a few inches in a steady manner, carrying a circle around the night.

"Isn't this very good?" Mohburn said, "Try some more." He said, the sword had flew to a position of about five feet, and he bowed his head and smiled at Chu, "Come here."

"..."

Chu night Ning licked his lips and raised Huaisha to the position where he was flush with him.

Ink burning: "No problem, Master, are you not? We are again-"

He slammed his mouth, because he suddenly noticed that Chu Ningning was pale, the lines of the whole face were very tight, and a pair of falling eyelashes and trembling in the wind seemed to be trying to bear something.

The ink burned down and looked at it five feet away from the ground.

Looking up again, I was incredulously stunned by Chu.

There was a very ridiculous thought in his heart.

Master will not be a sword, it will not be because... afraid of high? ?

Ink burning: "..."

This is very embarrassing, and he also feels incredible. This is a very good person in the late Qing Dynasty. When the building is said to be on the top, it will be down, and the toes will be a little more than a few feet. How can such a person be afraid of heights? However, observing this person standing on the sword is indeed ugly, his eyes are free, even if he tries to press it, the eyebrows still reveal some thin and bleak.

Ink test: "Master?"

Chu Xiaoning’s reaction was a bit fierce. He suddenly looked up and the night wind smashed his broken hair, but he did not raise his hand to plunder, and a pair of hanging feathers flashed annoyed, screaming after the chaotic hair. Vigilant fireworks: "Well?"

"Cough... oh."

"Why are you laughing!!!"

"I am a scorpion, coughing."

The ink burned hard and laughed. He thought, didn't run. It turned out to be really high. It's no wonder that I just explained so much, I just want to leave some face for myself.

Since the masters have to keep their faces, the apprentices must of course be accompanied by the masters.

Ink burning: "The sword is indeed the harder it is going to go higher. I started from the beginning, but I can't go up to five feet. I have to practice more."

"You haven't been able to go before?"

"Ok."

For the first time, Yu Jian took off the drizzle of the air and gently nodded.

"There is no five feet, I don't dare to go to the ground, so probably... three feet? In short, Xue Meng can easily kick me down."

Chu Xinning’s heart was slightly fixed.

Yu Jian is afraid of this kind of thing, he has not been very embarrassed to say to anyone, but now it seems that there is nothing to be shameful.

"Master, you should try not to look down."

"Ok?"

"You look at me." The ink hangs over it, thinks about it, and drops it down again. "Don't worry about how much it has risen, just think about flying to the position that is flush with me."

Chu Xiaoning bit his teeth and rose a little. The narrow and smooth blade was stepping on the foot. The original and sturdy night wind at this time was also as cold as a snake. He broke into his clothes and screamed.

"Don't look down, don't look down." The ink couldn't stop and patiently repeated, and he reached over to him. "Come here, grab my hand."

Chu Xiaoning learned to concentrate seriously and said: "No, I can."

There is no more reluctance to burn him, and Chu’s temper is clear. When this person wants to come by himself, if it is not a big event, it is best to be by him.

A person who is used to the towering giant wood is not used to relying on people.

Stay with him and compare with him to make him comfortable and comfortable.

Although he really wants to turn Chu Ningning into a soft vine, he plunges into his rough torso and breaks him into his own blood. Like most men in the world, he always has some unrealistic and terrible possessiveness for those he loves.

This is nature and instinct.

The aggressiveness of the male instinct made him eager to lock up the late night, and endlessly lingering with himself and swallowing all his enthusiasm.

Desire that he is lying high on the hotbed all the time, Ruiniujin beast, fragrant and fragrant, will not be seen by his second person.

Longing for him to be his own body for a lifetime, the warm body will always wrap him.

He is eager for his bruises and kisses, and he will grow up into a beastly desire. He will use his most passionate and passionate love every night to

fill his mouth and feed him.

However, love makes the ink burnt in the heart.

Love makes him want to respect Chu Xi Ning, want to watch him arrogant, light hoof fast horse, want to see him smashing the sword out of the red dust, shaking his sleeves and falling snow.

I want to condone him to grow arrogantly in the jungle, to be merciful to cast a shadow, to indulge his leafy, and to allow him to be wounded in the wind and rain.

Therefore, love instinctively puts a shackle on his instinct, puts a **** on his beast/destination, and lets him drop his eyes and press the burning breath to become a regular one.

Let him live in this life, he would rather lock his nature and pull out his teeth.

He was possessed by love and became selfish, and now he is forgiving because of love and becomes selfless.

So he will not be like the last life, trying to ban Chu Xi Ning, trying to change the Chu nightning.

This lateness is pure love, so that the former emperor is willing to surrender, willing to use his life, only to accompany the people who are late.

The sword climbed up a little bit. After reaching a certain height, even if the night would rather not look at the ground, the tip of the finger could not help but tremble slightly under the wide sleeve.

His scalp is numb.

The ink burned out his nervousness and said: "Don't be afraid, this is the same as light work."

"Not the same." Chu Xi Ning said, "Light work is by yourself, Yu Jian is..."

"The sword is also on its own."

"The sword is a sword!"

Ink burning: "..."

He has some understanding of why his teacher is first-class, but he is afraid of the sword. Chu nightning is never used to relying on anything. He always relies on himself, so he only depends on himself. He will feel the most peace of mind.

This perception makes the ink burning heart sour, I feel very distressed.

He said: "It doesn't matter, Master, you have to believe in Huaisha."

However, the night of Ning’s appearance is calm, but the anxiety and fluster in his eyes are hidden. The ink burns and sees his forehead oozing out sweat, and his feet are beginning to be unstable. His heart is not good, and he can’t go on like this. If Chu Xiaoning fell from the sword at this time, I am afraid that the shadow will be deeper.

Immediately said: "Let's go first."

Chu Yuening could not ask for it. The two fell to the ground. He slowed for a while and asked, "How high is it?"

When the ink burned more and reported more, he said, "Fifty feet."

Chu night Ning was really surprised, and widened his eyes: "So much?"

"Yeah." The ink burned. "The Master is so powerful. If you fly next time, five hundred feet will not be a problem."

"..."

When I heard five hundred feet, Chu nightning had some whitish faces that became more and more ugly. He waved his hand and did not scream, staring at the sofa.

Ink burned and thought, saying: "This way, Master, I will take you to fly a circle, then adapt to adapt."

"You don't have to take me, you haven't taken it."

"But before, Master did not look at the ground on the way to Yu Jian."

This made him say it. Every time he took someone else's sword, he always tried to look at the person's back, or some other point, trying to think that he was still on the ground.

The smoldering once again called his sabre, and made it a little wider. He stepped on it first, then turned his head and said to him, "Come, come up."

Chu nightning secretly bite his teeth, still plunging, and fluttering on the hilt.

Ink ignited: "Standing steady." A little bit of tiptoe, the sword got the order, and suddenly swung up and went straight into the sky. When Chu was late, he closed his eyes habitually, but when he heard the laughter burning in his ear, he suddenly woke up and began to look down.

This does not look okay. At first glance, the cold hairs of Chu’s body are all erected.

The ink burned this grandson and took him to the depths of the sky at a very fast speed. Feihua Island was left behind and became more and more distant. The ear was the whistling sound of the wind, the robes. They were all chilled by the cold at night, and there was no dependence on the sword in the foot. They flew over the sea. The blue and black water at night was like a giant beak that opened the black hole and swallowed the soul.

The cold eyelashes trembled in a finely smashed manner. Chu nightning had to close his eyes subconsciously, but he heard the ink burned behind him and said, "Don’t be afraid, there will be nothing."

"I... no fear." Chu nightning face white as paper.

The ink burned: "Well, don't be afraid if you are not afraid. If you feel cold or boring, you will tell me, I will take you back to the island."

Chu night Ning did not say anything, he knew that the ink was to leave a face for himself.

After all, a fairy who shivered on the sword was more powerful than a fairy who shivered on the sword.

When I saw that he couldn’t stand it, he refused to speak and died. He said: "I will make the sword bigger."

He raised his hand and extended the sword to five or six laps, enough for him to stand side by side with Chu.

"Master, in a few days, Linyi's robbery will also go out, we will go back to life, but those who bring it, what should I do?" He spoke, trying to relax Chu Lingning this tension Bowstring.

Chu night Ning is also really powerful, actually can still think, he said: "Bring to the middle."

"Ok?"

"First take it to the middle of the shackles. After the looting of the fire, it is a scorched earth, can not live."

Ink burning: "Good."

He looked at the pale face of Chu, and after a while, he really felt distressed and asked: "Will you go back?"

"hold on."

The ink burned and the sword was expanded a few more times. He let Chu Xiaoning sit down and sit and watch it better than standing. He opened the enchantment, and Chu Ning turned to ask him: "What are you doing?"

"It's just a colder enchantment." The burning eyes are very mild. "It's too high, it will be cold."

Chu Yuning also went by him.

The enchantment and its own line are very similar, even the brilliance between the film is also the jellyfish flower, but it is gold, ink is red.

With this layer of translucent enchantment, although I know that there is no effect except for the cold, I suddenly feel that there is more protection around, or perhaps the ocean that is seen through this enchantment is no

longer black. In short, the body of Chu’s stretched body gradually relaxed, and the breathing gradually stopped.

The ink burned sitting beside him and smiled: "Master, you look over there."

"what?"

"Have you seen it?"

"..." Chu Yuning looked at him in the direction he pointed for for a long time, and said, "Nothing but the moon."

"It's the moon."

Chu night Ning gave a slight glimpse and said: "What is good to see? The same is true of the earth."

The ink burned: "This is the first time I sat down with the Master to enjoy the moon."

Chu nightning did not respond. After a while, when the ink burned that he would not say anything, he suddenly whispered: "I have not seen it

together."

"……what?"

The ink burned some accidents and turned to look at him.

Yuehuadu is on the face of Ning Qingjun in the late Qing Dynasty. His skin is like the white petals in the cold night. The two eyelashes with deep shadows are under the eyes, and there seems to be more deep memories than the sea.

"It’s been too long, you should have forgotten it." Chu said, "Nothing."

I don’t know what to say when I’m burning. The years he lived are longer than the nights in front of him. Many of the past events are no longer so angular, so that the past is not always hidden in the past. In my heart.

He looked at the side of the night, and felt embarrassed, but he couldn't help but breed a sweet glimpse of it. He couldn't help but think of the kit and remembered what he was going to ask yesterday. Chu nightning kept their hair, and kept a lot of memories, why...

Choi Butterfly Town, Jin Chengchi...

When the sky cracked, it saved a life to save yourself.

why.

He didn't dare to speculate before, and felt that he was brave and brazen.

But these two days, the discovery of that inch is igniting the ambition of his wolf.

--why.

"Master."

"Ok?"

The blood in the chest is surging and it is very hot. He was very thirsty in his throat, and his eyes were very bright when he stared at Chu. He suddenly wanted to go over and kiss his face. He was very courageous to ask him if you were... I liked me.

Above the sword, between the heavens and the earth, gave the ink a vague illusion.

It seems that the two of them have nothing left in this world, and the past love, hate, and hatred have not happened. Everything is as quiet as the moonlight through the clouds.

He felt that the tender seedlings in the chest had finally become a big tree, and the rough ribs opened up the dead soil, turning out the deep suffocation in the depths of the earth.

When Chu, he saw that he had not made a sound for a long time, he turned back and asked him: "What happened?"

The ink burned without answering, he was dizzy, he was eager to possess him, hug him, kiss him.

He involuntarily leaned on the past.

Then, he suddenly realized that after the enchantment was opened, Chu Xiaoning was slightly slower, but he still had his white lips and his face was very poor. He held his arms in his arms, and his slender fingers shook his arms subconsciously, clutching the cold cloth.

When Chu Evening was afraid, he was not arresting others, but himself.

The ink burned a bit.

Then, the aggressive light of the fundus was extinguished, and it turned into a small piece of light, like a fishing fire.

very gentle.

Originally wanted to rashly kiss his lips, slightly picked up, with a soft and bitter smile.

Originally, I wanted to go to the Tang Dynasty to hug his hand and stop. After a while, I touched his cold hand.

"You..." Chu was rather surprised. The pale face was filled with a tinge of color, but he was low and dumb and alert. "What are you doing?"

He wanted to take his hand away, but the ink burned and he was not willing to let go. Chu Xiaoning only felt that his five fingers frozen into ice fell into a very warm big hand, from the palm to the fingertips, were wrapped tightly and fit together.

"Don't always rely on yourself." Ink said, "I am here, you can rely on me."

If you say that you can still be calm and calm, then after hearing this sentence, even if he is slow and hesitant, he will not be able to feel the affection.

Moreover, there is such a pair of dark eyes that have taken human life, solemn and solemn, gentle and gazing at him. Chu Xinning’s heartbeat was in a hurry and the torrential rain was lingering, and it was tapped between his souls.

He didn't dare to look at the burning eyes again, violently turned his face and lowered his head.

too hot.

How can it heat up like this?

He has always been proud and calm, but at this moment it seems to suddenly step into a territory that he does not know, the armor of his body has been stripped, and the sharp fingers have been cut. In the face of the sudden blitz of ink burning, Chu’s usual use of the demolition seems to be invalid.

The man opened his clam shell hotly, looking straight into the shivering flesh in the eyes. The pearls that contain light, and the sweet flesh, are all naked/naked in the eyes of men.

This arrogant and calm person, he lost his helmet and abandoned his armor, and suddenly felt anxious and helpless.

How to do……

What should he say?

he……

He realized that his hand was still held by the ink, and it fit tightly.

He didn't know what to do, he was anxious and nervous, his eyes were a little red, and he was trying to take his fingertips away.

But just moved a bit, it was caught by the ink.

The man's palm is sweating and moist.

"Don't take it."

"..."

His strength is so big, stubborn and stubborn, I don't know why, Chu night Ning suddenly felt that his words seemed to be sad.

Ink burned his eyes and stared at him for a long time, low and hoarse: "Chu night Ning..."

"...What do you call me?"

"...I am wrong."

Chu nightning's body is now stretched tighter than before. The heartbeat is faster than the early Yushi. He is not used to it, too unaccustomed.

He tried to pick up his own position and then broke into the abyss before making the last dying struggle.

He lowered his eyes and said, "Well, knowing that you are wrong, it is not without medicine..."

The ink burned very hot, and finally he did not think about it and blurted out: "Late."

save.

The last word, Chu Xiaoning has not had time to talk about it.

When I heard this soft voice with a sigh, the squeaking sound in his mind was blank.

This last word can no longer be said.

No medicine is saved.

No medicine is saved -

They hesitated for a long time outside the quagmire of eroticism, and finally couldn’t help but step into it and fall into it. From then on, they would enter the bones.

The smoldering voice was low and dumb, and he stared at him: "Late, in fact, these days, I have a word, I always want to ask you."

"..."

The heart was very hot, and the ink burned tightly against the hand of Chu Yuning. The fingers were shaking: "No, I won't ask you."

Chu night Ning was just a sigh of relief, but he heard the next sentence.

"I don't ask you anything, I just want to tell you."

The ink burns and cuts the iron, never looking back.

In one breath, I have exhausted all my courage.

"I like you."

The heart is shaking violently.

"I like you, not the apprentice's like to the teacher, is... I am daring, I... I like you."

Chu nightning closed his eyes, fingertips in the hot and humid warmth of the man, by the trembling, gradually, gradually return to stop.

how come.

how come……

He must have misunderstood, he is so ugly, so fierce, then he can't talk, then there is no fun, he is a fool at all. Who would like him?

"I like you."

After he had been stunned for a long time, he really didn't know what to say. He was awkward and had no rules. He felt bitter and fearful. He was almost blank in his mind. He wanted to be like before. The shackles of the shackles are "noisy" and want to say "ridiculous". They think a lot, but they are all in the throat and can't speak.

After a long period of stiffness, Chu was rather hoarse, and said nothing: "...I have a bad temper."

"you treat me well."

"I, I am getting older."

"You look smaller than me."

Chu nightning is almost anxious, he is helpless and helpless: "I am so ugly..."

This time it was the ink that burned. He widened his eyes and stared at the handsome man in front of him. He didn’t understand why such a good-looking person would be self-defeating.

Chu night, seeing him not snoring, his heart is even more confusing, bowed: "I don't look good."

"..."

"No, you look good."

This silently recited, suddenly the cheek was touched by a warm hand, he heard the sigh of burning, more gentle than the moonlight tonight: "Would you like to look at my eyes?"

Chu nightning: "Your eyes...?"

The smoldering eyes were warm and reflected, reflecting the figure of a white man. He said, "Is it? It is the best person in the world."

Chu night Ning glared at him, although the heart is already turbulent, but the face of the frozen three feet is not too much expression on the face.

The ink burned his palms and sweated.

He whispered again: "I like you."

Chu nightning seems to be stabbed a bit, his fingers tremble, after a moment, he bowed his head slyly, "I like you" like a sharp knife, plunged into his heart, so bloody, uncontrollable. Chu nightning's eyes are red, probably waiting for too long, he did not know that he heard this sentence, it would be such a reaction. He was very anxious and almost cried. He said, "I am not good. I have not... I have not been liked."

I have not been liked.

No one has ever been happy, proud, and precious because he has me.

Thirty-two years.

No one likes it.

When I heard this sentence, I looked at the man with his head down and his face that he was not willing to lift. He suddenly felt so painful and sore, his heart was chapped and his muscles were broken.

That is his treasure, but it has been dusted for nearly half a lifetime.

He didn't know what to say, but he didn't know what to say.

In the end, he was just clumsy, holding the hand of Chu Xiaoning tightly. He could not help but say: "Yes, some."

someone likes you. I like you.

You are someone who wants, you have something to ask, don't be so inferior, don't be so stupid, and say that the best and the best you are worthless. fool.

Fool Chu night Ning.

I like you.

After a long time, the ink burned him: "What about you?"

"……what?"

The ink squinted, the eyelashes said: "I... I am so stupid, so ignorant, so unreliable, I... I have done a lot of unforgivable mistakes."

He paused and whispered: "Do you like me?"

Chu night Ning had already lifted his face. When he heard him say this, he was flustered and sullen, and he did not know where the strength came. He violently pulled his hand out and did not look away. .

He did not nod and did not shake his head.

No sure, no denial.

However, the ink burned clearly and clearly saw that the ear of the late night was red, and the red was the neck of the flowery branch.

"That kit..."

"Don't say." Chu night Ning suddenly sullen, this is the whole face is red, "Do not say."

The ink burned and looked at the night of Chu, rather than being ashamed and ashamed, angry and stunned, the light and shadow in the water flowing, the moonlight lingering.

He sat down and re-stretched his hand and caught Chu’s fingertips.

Chu night Ning is shaking, the fingers burning in the ink are also trembled, he is covered with Chu Xiening's fine fingers, and then stacked one by one in an unprecedented way -

Ten fingers clasped, palm fit.

Chu night Ning blushes and opens his face.

This time, he did not earn him any more.

So the ink burned the hand of Chu Yuning, and finally realized it later, and he was uneasy to confirm.

Chu nightning ... also like him.

He finally knows.

Chapter 180

For Chu Yuning, this is the first time to stick to the palm of the hand, the ten fingers interlock.

He felt that it was enough, too much. Fortunately, there was no more move in the ink, otherwise he probably could jump from a hundred feet and escape.

Fortunately.

As for the ink burning, this is the first time he did not know the second time with the Chu nightning palm, the ten fingers.

He didn't think it was enough, too little, but fortunately he didn't have more moves, or he would like to kiss if he took the hand and then wanted to ask for more.

It's really bad.

But even then, the ink burned still can be perceived, Chu nightning seems to be at large.

On the same day, they landed on the sword. Chu night Ning did not say that he turned and ran, and ran two steps. He felt that the pace was rushing and he slowly slowed down.

After slowing down, there were no two steps. I heard the ink burning behind him, and when I was in a hurry, I began to sneak again.

"..."

The ink burned as he strode over the meteor, and his heart was itchy and painful, hot and soft.

Seeing that Chu Ning was burying his head toward a big tree, the ink burned immediately: "Be careful -!"

"boom!"

Still hit it.

He was busy and asked: "Are you hurting? Let me see."

Chu night Ning snorted his forehead without snoring, after a while, went forward.

I want to follow the ink, and he listened to him and said, "Don't follow me."

"I... I have to go back to rest."

"You stand and blow for a while, blow it cold and come in again."

Blowing cold?

Ink burned, how to blow cold?

Holding your hand, this night, the heart is hot.

But he was still obedient and did not continue to follow. He stood under the cold moonlight and watched the night of the night, until he disappeared behind the wall, and then walked to the tree where the late night was accidentally hit, quietly for a moment, sticking his forehead to the trunk. on.

The tree is rough and he closes his eyes.

Chu nightning...

like him.

Flying flowers, the island is like spring.

When the moon is empty, the clouds are covered.

The tides are dark and the water is full of color.

No matter how good the world is, it’s better than nothing. Chu nighting likes him.

Rao is that he is lack of words, and his qualifications are stupid. This moment is also a heart-warming, Wensiquan. Love can make the simple and straight wood of the ink rain become a poet, Chu night Ning likes him, Chu night Ning... Chu night Ning likes him!

He grinds the bark with his forehead, wants to calm down, wants to be forbearing, wants to "cool down", wants...

No, I can't do it.

He couldn't stand anymore, couldn't help it, couldn't help it, and he couldn't cool down. His closed eyes were shaking slightly, and the gap between the eyelashes was soaked with tenderness and ecstasy. His mouth curled up and the dimples on his cheeks grew deeper and deeper. The honey is more and more overflowing.

Chu nightning likes him.

like him.

Yes...the one who is in love with him, the best person in the world, the one who wants to linger in his arms for the rest of his life, is the late night of Chu...

In front of the Tang Emperor, the Emperor of the Emperor, the master of the real world, is actually in this wild and uninhabited white sand, against a tree with a stalk of leaves, with his eyes closed, his shoulders tremble, and laughter .

Because Chu Xiaoning likes him, the wind he smells is sweet, and the sound of the waves is sweet.

Chu night, like him.

He smiled low, but smiled and cried.

He licked his mouth like a madman, shed tears, sweet, but his heart hurts.

Chu nightning...

like him.

From the town of Choi Butterfly, they secretly licked their hairpins.

like him……

He suddenly wondered when it was from the time that Chu Yuening had been standing behind him, silently waiting, waiting silently, waiting for him to turn back, waiting for him to reach out and wait for him to turn around and see.

How long has it been waiting for Chu?

In this life, last life.

Stacked together, twenty years?

More than twenty years.

He is a drizzle of light and rain, knowing that the most priceless thing in the world is the years.

Under the power, turning over the clouds for the rain, any treasures of treasure, beautiful honey, will continue to come, only the years, the dead like Sichuan, can not be chased.

One person, willing to exchange you for two thousand gold, that is desire.

A person, willing to change you with a bright future, that is love.

And a person, willing to use twenty years of years, the best years to change you, to wait for you.

And don't say anything, don't ask for a return, and don't ask for results.

That is stupid.

Really, it’s really stupid.

The ink burns the throat and condenses, and the bitterness spreads over the tongue, and it surges into a tide. He thinks -

Chu nightning, you really... too stupid.

how so? How can this be?

I can't help you with the slightest rain.

You are the best person in the world, and me?

Full of blood, death is not enough, people are reviled, never super-born.

I bully you, hate you, disappoint you, I killed you.

You don't even know what I have done...

You don't even know! !

The ink burned the tree, and the choked cry fell into the roaring sea breeze. What did he do...

In the eyes of Chu Xiaoning, go chasing the back of another person.

In the eyes of Chu Xiaoning, I was waiting for another person to look back.

In the illusion of Jin Chengchi, he personally said to Chu Yuning, Shi Yan, I like you.

He took a knife and cut the heart of Chu Ning!

But what about Chu Ning?

Silence is like a meteorite, the river does not turn, the knife is in his heart, and he is as good as nothing, taking care of him, tolerating him and accompanying him.

Until the death.

... until death.

He laughed, he cried, and he was alone in the moonlight. No one could see it. He was crazy.

Chu Yuning, two generations, two generations of life did not let the ink burn know his own mind, this proud person has done the most humble thing in his life, that is, like a person.

For that person, he did everything he could, but he was already waiting for a long time, knowing that the other side would never have his own position. He knew that the other party would not like himself. Do not disturb, choose not to be alarmed, do not give others a little bit of trouble.

Choose, leaving the last dignity.

In the last life, when he died, he only said one thing. It’s me who is thin, and I don’t complain.

In this life, he confessed to him, Chu is so good, so proud, but said: "I am not good. I have never liked anyone."

Stepping on the fairy... Ink rain... All... What did you do...

What have you done! ! !

Is it eye-catching, or is it faint?

Why can't you see why?

Chu Xiaoning was lying on the bed, the curtain had been laid down, and he was smashing through the smoldering shadows of the smoke, watching the lights outside the account.

His face is very hot, his heart beats quickly, his thoughts are condensed, and his flow is very slow.

Compared with the outside, because of the evil spirits of the soul, and unable to appreciate the pure sweetness, Chu nightning seems so simple and clean.

He stretched his fingers and showed them in front of his eyes. When he returned to God, he found that he had covered the back of the other hand with one hand, and the palms overlapped with the back of the hand, just like the one who was holding him.

"..."

Responding to what he was doing, Chu night Ning stunned, and then became angry and angry, hating himself would be so heart-wrenching, actually obsessed with the power of the talented person and could not take off.

No interest!

He loosened his hands in disgust and slap his right hand with his left hand.

"Oh."

The door suddenly opened, and the night wind that was involved in the wind swayed.

Chu night Ning suddenly turned over and pretended to sleep. He heard the man walk into the room and walked to the bed. The tall figure covered the faint candlelight. Even through the curtain, he could feel the dim light, and the shadow of the ink burned on the bed, oppressing him and making him Some are out of breath.

"Master, are you already asleep?"

The sound of ink burning is very gentle, I don't know why, with some hoarseness, it seems to be soaked in the bitterness of the sea.

Chu night Ning did not answer.

The ink burned for a while, and then he seemed to be afraid of waking up the night, and then he was sleeping in the place where he slept yesterday. He honestly gave himself a floor and then blown out. The candlelight.

When the house was smashed into darkness, even because there was no full house of butterflies and sea otters, this black was deeper than last night, it was so irritating and oppressive that it was fearful of what would happen in the night and looked forward to it. What can happen in this dark night.

But the ink burned nothing, this person who used to go to the kiln to make a name for himself, suddenly became so dull, cautious, pity, and courteous.

He lay down in his coat.

Chu night Ning loosened his breath and vaguely gave birth to some embarrassment, but he had not had time to be ashamed of his embarrassment, and he heard the ink burned and rose from the ground. Then Luo Xiao moved, he opened his bed curtain.

Chu Xinning’s heart mentioned the eyes of the blind man. He did not move, he still curled up and slept, and tried his best to mix his breath, hoping that he would not be surprised by the other party.

He didn't know that the smoldering suddenly got up and wanted to do something.

He did not end the Taoist, did not break the Qing Dynasty, his only sexual related cognition, all from the inexplicable absurd dreams.

He is like a person who has never been to the water. He is afraid of the raging waves and is more than eager. He would rather find a small water pool to the waist. If he wants him to face the tide of the river at once, he is afraid that he will die in the whirlpool.

Therefore, he is actually very afraid that there will be more moves in the ink.

However, I don’t know if it’s because of the sorrow of his sorrow, or if he heard his eager rush, and stood quietly for a while, then he leaned over—

The bow is a bit low, and Chu Ningning can almost feel his hot and sturdy breath, and the hot chest seems to be pressed down.

However, it was only so low that he looked at him for a while, and smashed his smashed hair behind his ear, and then he was shackled. He helped him cover the warm quilt.

Chu night Ning was slightly determined, satisfied and dissatisfied. But in this case, the smoldering is always honest...

The word "人" is still in the brain, and the old man burns and then bows his head. Chu nightning only has time to feel the soft and warm touch on his cheeks, and his head slams into the waves and screams. To the shore of the boulder, splashing thousands of snow.

The breath of ink burned around him, smoked him, and smashed him.

He kissed his side face.

There are a few people who can face the sleeping face of a loved one. They just look at their sleeves and just cover the quilt. It’s just good night.

The ink rain exhausted all restraint and endurance, and the chain was deeply plunged into the flesh of desire, and the other was caught, but the soft and soft kiss was misplaced.

Blood rumbling, poor night Yuhua Hengming Shenwu, I calmly calm, stepping on the heroic posture, but in the low heat of the ink and rain, the cheeks are hot, palms and night sweats.

He couldn’t think about anything for a moment, he couldn’t realize anything, his breath was holding it, his heart was jumping so fast that he no

longer belonged to himself, and there was nothing between the heavens and the earth, as if nothing was left, and he seemed to be in the belly. A fire was ignited, and the light spots scattered around the eyes flashed. In dizziness, he can barely realize one thing:

The ink burned and kissed him.

Although it is only a side face.

As for other things, such as how long the ink has been kissed, he has no spare time to think about it. His fingers are pinched under the shackles, sweating hot, his eyes are shaking and shaking...

Fortunately, the night was very dark, and he couldn’t help but see that the eyelashes were not seen by the ink.

Fortunately, the face of Cunning Ning was too hot, and the whole person was groggy, so he did not feel it. When he kissed, a drop of warm tears slipped from his cheeks and slid between his neck.

Chapter 181

On the second morning of the confession, Chu Xiaoning woke up very early.

But he didn't get up, because he quietly looked out from the curtain and found that the ink was still asleep, simply paving, next to the bed.

Seen through the curtain is not so real, Chu night Ning pressed for a moment, did not press it, he reached out and wanted to open a little curtain, but the hand did not touch Luo, it was replaced by a finger, with fingertips, Just open a little bit.

It seems that as long as it is a little bit, it is not a sneak peek.

The clear shovel came in from the window paper, and the red enamel had a golden glow, and was cut into a long and narrow silhouette, shining on a handsome face.

Chu nightning has not seen his sleeping face for a long time, he is quietly groaning, very careful, gazing for a long time.

It was so long that he couldn't help but think of the year when Mo Zheng was brought back to death by Xue Zhengyi. Some awkward teenagers can burst into flames when they are happy. If they are okay, they will stick to themselves, say something, and worship themselves as a teacher.

I can’t catch up.

When I saw the Tongtian Tower, Chu Xiening insisted on not accepting the disciples, because it was ridiculous and untrustworthy to think that "he is the gentlest, I like it most."

To this end, he dried the ink for fourteen days.

Hearing people said that in order to find a way to enter under his door, Mo Weiyu asked Mr. Xue Zhengyi, Mrs. Wang Mingjing, including Xue Ziming.

In the end, I don’t know who gave him the bad idea, let him learn the snow, and stand outside the red lotus. In the morning, when I went out, I asked Ann, and asked the teacher to go back. At night, I went back to Nanjing, and continued to ask Ann, and asked the teacher to be so stormy, and dripping water could also wear stone.

Chu Evening’s reaction to this action is: Oh.

Turn a blind eye and leave.

He does not like others to chase fiercely like this. He, a person who has a weak feeling, is only willing to cope with those emotions that are equally peaceful and meager.

I don't know if it was caused by the environment in which I was young. The teenager is very good at observing the color. He feels the coldness of Chu Yuning. He only stalked for two days, and he did not chase after the late night. .

However, he still came to Honglian Water Margin every day. For the night, the night leaves in front of the courtyard were cleaned up. When he saw the night, he bounced his broom and scratched his head. He smiled: "Yuheng Elder ""

I don’t say that I’m getting up early in the morning, and I don’t ask for a good time.

Just a simple sentence, Yu Heng elders, and then just laugh.

Chu late rather did not look at him, and he left himself without hesitation. He was behind him, sweeping the leaves.

In this way, after ten days of peace and quiet, one morning, about because the lotus flower of the red lotus water bloomed more than ten times overnight, the fragrance was so full, so that the late night was very good.

He shouted out and saw the winding and winding mountain trails. The young boy burned his head down, concentrated on the level, sweeping the leaves, and a leaf was stuck in the stone crack, which was especially difficult to clean. He leaned over and picked it up, ready to throw it into the grass.

When he looked up, he found that Chu Ningning stood in front of the mountain gate. He snorted and then grinned. The half-sleeve arm was exposed outside. He held the dead leaves that had not been thrown away. Waved -

"Yuheng elders."

The sound is very clear, with fresh fruit sweet and clear, but it does not seem to ring, but it seems to reverberate between the peaks and peaks. A cloud of white clouds flows away, the sun is pouring down from the clouds, wearing the forest through the leaves, the bamboo forest is windy, Sorrow Xiaoxiao.

Chu night Ningyuan stood for a while, Huanren was suddenly amber in the dazzling morning light, he narrowed his eyes, and instantly felt that the dead leaves in the juvenile hands did not seem so dead, and became smiling with that. The people are generally gorgeous and dazzling.

He walked down the stone steps quietly.

Ink burning has long been accustomed to his coldness, and does not care, just as usual, consciously set aside, waiting for Chu night to pass.

On that day, Chu Yuning stepped down from the first step and walked past him as usual.

Then, suddenly, slightly sideways, looking back at the teenager, the sound is as clear as a spring, quiet as a lake.

He said: "Thank you."

The ink burned for a moment, and then the eyes lit up, and he waved his hand and said, "No, no, it is what the disciples should do."

Chu night Ning said: "...I did not intend to accept you as an apprentice."

But the tone of voice is no longer determined than at the beginning.

After he finished speaking, he turned and continued to move forward. At the end, he did not know why. He felt that he couldn’t bear it, and looked back at it.

As a result, I saw that the teenager did not feel the heart blocked. He jumped a few steps in excitement with the broom. The young face was full of vitality and exudes endless light and heat.

... It turns out that this guy didn't care about the latter half of the sentence. He only heard a thank you, is it happy to be like this?

It’s been a few days since the day, and one day it’s raining.

The rain is not too big, and Chu Ning has always been a person who is too lazy to take an umbrella and is rare to open an enchantment. It is estimated that it is only a time to go to the good and evil, but it doesn’t matter if it is wet. Just fine.

He pushed the door out.

The ink is still burning.

However, he was not sweeping the floor today. The broom was put aside by him. He held a paper umbrella and squatted on the ground. He was facing away from the night, and he was concentrating on something, and his shoulders shook slightly. He is short, squatting is smaller, the umbrella is big, or it is dark brown. It is very funny to go up, like a mushroom in a spring rain.

Chu nightning endured a faint smile, walked behind him, coughed and asked: "What are you doing?"

"Ah." The boy was shocked. He turned his head and looked up at him.

The first sentence is "Elders of Yuheng."

I haven't waited for the late night, but he widened his eyes and said the second sentence: "Why didn't you have an umbrella?"

Before he answered the answer, he stood up, picked up his toes, tried to raise the oil-paper umbrella in his hand, and said the third sentence: "This is for you."

But he was still too short, and the steps were lower than that of Chu, and it was very hard. The umbrella barely covered the top of Chu’s night, but the strength was not stable, the wind was blowing, the hand was not taken. Live, the umbrella is tilted instantly, and a string of water beads fall into the neckline of Chu’s neck and flow along the neck.

So, I haven’t waited for the sound of Chu’s late night, and the ink burned and said in a hurry: “I’m sorry, sorry!”

Chu nightning: "....."

When the ink burns the first sentence, he can answer "Yeah."

When the second sentence of the ink burns, he can answer "No."

When the third sentence of ink burns, he can answer "You keep it yourself."

But the ink burned the fourth sentence. I was sorry for the sound of the sound. I was so speechless, and I was stunned. I couldn’t see whether the look was faint or gloomy. In the end, I just sighed and took the ink. The umbrella in the hand was just right, hitting the top of the two.

He lifted his eyelids and looked at the ink, thought for a moment, and then circumvented the original sentence.

"what are you doing?"

"Rescue."

Chu nightning thought that he had got it wrong, frowned and asked, "What?"

The ink burned and laughed, the dimple was deep, very cute, and he scratched his head in a stunned manner, screaming: "Save, save."

Chu Xiaoning lowered his eyes, his eyes fell on the hand that was smoldering in the ink, and the palm of his hand held a branch, and the drips of the water fell to the ground. It should have been picked up from the ground. Looking further ahead, there was a stupid cockroach lying on the stone steps, slowly squirming.

"When the rain stops, these cockroaches that run out of the mud should be dried up." The ink burns a little embarrassed. "So I want to get them back into the grass."

Chu night Ning faintly asked: "With branches?"

"……Ok."

When I saw that the color was cold, the ink burned about worrying that the elders of Yuheng looked down, and they hurriedly said: "I, I am not afraid of the hand, that is, when I was a child, I told you that I can’t catch it with my hands. Rotten meat..."

Chu night Ning shook his head: "I am not talking about this."

He said, he raised his hand slightly, his fingertips were volleyed, and he saw a soft golden willow branch from the gap of the long stone of the bluestone. The willow wrapped around the dragonfly lying in the waterhole, holding it. Put it back in the nearby haystack. The ink burned wide eyes and was very surprised: "What is this?"

"Day to ask."

"What is the day?"

Chu night Ning gave him a look and said: "It is my weapon."

The smoldering is even more amazed: "The elder's weapon... so...so..."

"So small?" Chu nightning said the exit for him.

Ink burning: "Hey."

Chu night, a sleeve, looks indifferent: "It naturally has a fierce time."

"Then, can I see?"

"It's best not to see you forever."

At that time, the ink burned did not understand the meaning of this sentence. He turned his head and looked at the slits in the cracks of the stone steps, and the cockroaches that were soaked in the rain all rolled up. , sent back to the moist soil, gradually revealing the look of envy.

Chu night Ning suddenly asked: "Want to learn?"

The ink burned, and then slammed his eyes wide open, wondering what to say, and finally nodded, and a handsome little face rose red.

Chu night Ningdao: "After the morning repair, go to the bamboo forest behind the good and evil platform, I am waiting for you there."

When he finished, the white silk stalked on the wet stone steps, clinging to the oil-paper umbrella, and walking down the mountain. The ink burned his back with the wind and the wind, and after a long while, he suddenly reacted to the late night. The meaning of the words, the face rose reddish in an instant, the eyes are surprisingly bright.

He no longer cares for the wet tide on the ground, immediately degraded the dagger, and the tender voice is full of enthusiasm and joy.

"Yes, Master!"

"..." This time, Chu had never agreed, and did not stop it. He only stood in the same place for a while, and then continued to go far. The raindrops were knocked on the umbrella, bit by bit, just like a glimpse.

Until his back disappeared, the ink burned from the ground, and it was only then that he realized that his head had not opened a golden translucent barrier, flowing five-flowered flowers and covering him. Going to the fine wind and rain.

Chu Xiaoning remembered that when Xue Zhengyi learned of his decision, he was relieved and surprised. He asked him: "Yu Heng, how are you willing to accept him?"

At that time, he sat on the high seat of the good and evil platform, and he threw the oil-paper umbrella that was burned to him by his ink. The slender knuckles were worn out, and the stalks of the ancient shackles were honed. Finally, he said: "Convenient He saved the disaster."

Xue Zhengyi screamed, and the leopard looked round and sloppy.

"What to save?"

Chu Xiaoning did not answer any more, but just looking at the green bamboo umbrella bones, and gradually got a little smile.

In a blink of an eye, it has been so long.

The boy who was accepted as a disciple in the past, he was guilty at the beginning, and he followed the wrong path, but he was fortunate. In the end, the boy grew into a sinister prince who did not teach him disappointment.

A little white fingertips explored Luo Wei, and Chu Yuning was stunned from the tiny gaps.

The boy is now a handsome and tall man. The facial features are more profound than before, and the eyebrows are a steady and mature atmosphere.

Just like the original, when the ink burns asleep, the eyebrows will always squat slightly. This is how he beats the small ones. The two rows of eyelashes are very low, as if they are about to be lifted by the heavy heart.

Chu night Ning feels a little funny, and the heart of this person is young, where is it so much?

Just thinking about it, I suddenly saw the long eyelashes of the smoldering curls moving slightly, and the eyes slowly opened.

"..."

Chu’s fingers were suddenly stiff, and they wanted to take their hands back and sleep.

However, this person is very strange. He does not have the young people's temper, but instead some older people have some factions. In other words, he is sober.

And inexplicably, he seems to have a keen instinct for the subtle changes around the sleeping environment - as if he is in danger of assassination all the year round, moving one step at a time, like a thin ice.

Chu Xiaoning had not had time to pull the tip of his finger back from the gap in the account, and the sight of the ink burned had exactly fallen on the fingertip.

Chu nightning: "....."

It was related to the face and the reputation of the elders of Yu Heng. When the millennium was in the air, Chu’s movements turned over and the whole hand stretched out, and the whole hand stretched out on the bedside.

It seems that it wasn’t just stealing the curtains, but the sleeping person turned over and stretched his arms, inadvertently exploring the curtain.

Where can I think of the seriousness of the smoldering? I can think of this idea easily, and I was easily confused. I was afraid of awakening the night, so I got up lightly.

But did not go immediately, but caught the wrist of the night of the night, and carefully put it back between the bedding. After doing this, after a while, Chu nightning heard the sound of the threshold.

The ink burned out.

Chu nightning slightly stretched his eyes and looked at the skylight that came in through the door, and the **** who had been out for a long time.

Perhaps it is because he never expects to be with the ink burning, even the imagination has never been specifically imagined, so even after a night, at this time, he still feels that all this is like dreaming.

In the impression, the smoldering is clearly obscured by the teacher. In these years, he stood alone behind them and made everything clear.

Look at the smoldering on the teacher's clear smile, see the ink burning for the teacher to clean the face, see the smoldering secretly help the teacher to complete the delegation, hi-like look, I think no one knows.

In fact, these things are clear to Chu.

For this reason, he had been envious, had a bonfire, had a hard time, and had been unwilling.

I thought I had been relieved.

In fact, it is so easy to relieve, even if it is impossible to know, but also refused to look back at the neck, hard to scalp and do not want to leave.

In these years, Chu Evening himself has also asked himself whether it is worthwhile to wait for a fruitless wait, so whether or not the obsessive waiting is squatting. But since I have asked countless times, every time the answer is gone.

He was late to watch the ruthless people who were obsessed with men and women. The most unfortunate thing was that they couldn’t understand why they were so painful. They also forced to hold a relationship in their arms, and they were brutally wounded and refused to discard. He didn't understand that only when the blameless fire broke into his heart, he finally knew -

The friendship and affection in the world are sincere and true.

Can be put down, but it will never be abandoned.

For this reason, I don’t understand how much I am confused and hesitant about Chu’s true thoughts. He didn't understand what made the ink burned and was willing to take his eyes away from Shi Mingjing and turn to his slightly embarrassed face.

Um... because grateful?

Because?

Want to emulate the female ghosts to pay tribute to the demon, so I am willing to do it?

...Mom, it’s not going to be a confession with the teacher, and it’s rejected by the teacher...

Chu night Ning was stunned, and the brain was empty. For a time, the ghost girl, Tian Luo, and Chen Shimei, moved in love, and did not want to get angry. I finally got more and more angry, got up, and no one saw it, and smashed the ink last night. The ground is paved with two feet.

Chapter 182

Guessing guesses, before the conclusion, Chu Xianning would not want to think more, lest he should add to his own.

It’s just that he has some reservations about this sudden feeling. Therefore, when the robbery finally went out and the group was preparing to leave the sword, Chu Ningning did not intend to take the ink-sword.

Of course, the elders of Yuheng who could barely fly at a low altitude of 20 feet did not intend to step on the vast sea in Huaisha, so when everyone stood on the side of the rocky beach, they were smashed by the ink and the sword became bigger. Chu late Ning took out his own dragon symbol.

The fingertips dripped blood and placed on the dragon scales. The noisy little paper dragon suddenly came alive from the picture, vacated, turned several ribs, and then shouted around the owner.

"Oh, I am late, I haven’t seen you for many years, I miss you very much. What time do you ask this seat to help you?"

"Take me to the other side."

"Hey! This seat is the first dragon of the first true king of the eternal life of Hongmeng. How can you do the work of the scorpion, no load, no load!"

In the eyes of the public, this little paper dragon with a big palm is shaking his head and swaying his tail. Although his body is weak, his voice is loud. When a child listens to it, he can't help but laugh.

Chu’s face was so depressed that he lifted his palms and slammed a golden flame. He said: “If you don’t carry it, you will burn it.”

"..." Xiaolong gasped up and fell straight on the beach, his teeth and claws, blowing his eyes and blinking. "Where are you, fierce, unreasonable, shameless and shameless, no wonder you see you every time for so many years, you are A person!"

The ink burned and turned back. It seemed to be what I wanted to say, but I thought about it. There were so many people around me, and Chu Ning had to face again, so she still didn’t say anything, just shook her head with a smile.

Chu night Ning angered: "Just you have more words!"

Speaking of a wave of palms, the fire in the palm of the hand went straight to the dragon on the ground, but Chu Xiaoning did not really want to burn it. The fireball was very loud, but the dragon had to fall on the shoal reef,

and the dragon was scared. Wow, yelling at the sky, squatting straight, fat paws patted his beard.

"The tail of this seat! The need for this seat! This seat... The head of this seat! Still? Still!"

"There is no more squatting." Chu nighting gnawed his teeth and cut his teeth, and the palms gathered in the golden brilliance, "get bigger."

"...hey!" Xiaolong stunned for half a day, and was holding his paws and slashing the tears that didn't exist. The mung bean eyes suddenly smashed into the eyes of the late night. I couldn’t help but chill, and the rest of my voice suddenly ended with a funny “嗝!”.

It climbed up from the ground softly. This time it was like a paper dragon. It was boneless and pulled. It made another slap, and said with grievances: "This time, it is not an example."

"According to your."

Anyway, when it is multiplied back, it is also said.

The paper dragon opened his four feet and seemed to be stretching his muscles. Then he made a sharp squeaking sound between his throat. A golden light swelled out from its thin and thin body and dissipated to the

surroundings. The golden light became stronger and stronger. Finally, the paper dragon is completely swallowed up.

"Roar--!!!!"

Suddenly, the sharp and small sound of the paper dragon's throat suddenly turned into a horrible roar of roaring anger. In a flash, the golden light flashed through the purple electric thunder, the wind swelled around the coast, the coast smashed, and everyone was stabbed. If you don't open your eyes, you can either bow your head or cover your face with your sleeves.

Chu night Ning squinted, long ponytail and wide robes were stunned by the wind blowing hunting. When the golden light is extinguished, everyone looks around, but sees that the little dragon has disappeared, and the beach is quiet, nothing.

“Hey? I’m gone?”

The daring little child was surprised and surprised, but when the voice did not fall, he heard the sound coming from the top of the head to stop the cloud, the sound of the sound of the nine waves, the sea of anger, and the storm.

The crowd raised their heads in horror, and a few silences. Suddenly, a thick cloud of clouds rushed out of a mighty dragon. It was glaring and screaming, and the claws were strong. Only the dragons had a thick tree for

centuries, and it circled between the clouds. , tigers and tigers, suddenly it rises upwards, and then swoops from the ground violently!

The hurricane is everywhere!

"Yeah!!"

"Auntie!"

The child who lost his parents was scared, or habitually cried and shouted, and the ink burned him up and sighed softly.

Chu Xiaoning probably didn't think that he scared the child again. He stunned and saw the dragon rushing down. He immediately said, "You are slower."

“Hey?”

The huge dragons heard the words, and they gave a sigh of sighs, and then they slammed on the rocky beach and slowly hanged down.

This dragon is very large, sitting on it is not much different from sitting on the land, it is no wonder that Chu night rather does not like Yu Jian, but is

willing to ride the dragon.

The smoldering intention is to let the night of the night, and then the child in the heart: "Would you like this brother to sit on this dragon?"

The child did not want to bury his face in the ink-burning shoulder and whispered, "Speak quietly, I don't like him..."

Moeburn also said to him: "Speak quietly, I like him."

"Ah?" The child snorted, but after all, pure and innocent, and quietly asked, "Really?"

"Hey, don't tell anyone."

The child immediately laughed, covered his mouth and nodded again and again.

"What are you talking about? Can you still go?" Chu Yuning did not intend to take a ride with everyone, and then gave them a faint look, and then Yulong leaped up, and suddenly rose to a hundred feet high and disappeared into the clouds.

Because the sword was on the people, they couldn't fly too fast. In the evening, they arrived in Wuzhong Town. They were able to land earlier than them and greeted the big ones in the town. Wuchang Town is the most visited town in the life and death. As long as Xianjun speaks, they will try their best to do it.

The victims from Linyi were taken back by several big heads of the family. The child who was holding the ink while he was leaving was still reluctant to turn back and wave with him.

"Meng Gong brother, see you later."

"Well, see you later." The ink burned and laughed, standing in the sunset, watching them go far.

Chu nightning is tired of this kind of separation, standing for a while, turned and left. The ink burned and followed the past, and walked back to the sect with him.

The two walked silently to the front of the stone steps of the mountain gate, step by step to pick up the level, the tree shadow swaying, the twilight brilliant. The ink burns thinks that when Chu Lingning used to run out of spiritual power, he squatted back to the foothills, and then he can still stand by himself and walk with himself. He can’t help but feel mixed. .

Between bitterness and sweetness, he reached out and gently grasped the fingertips of Chu’s late night.

"..."

Even if he had already taken a hand before, Chu Yuening still seemed so blunt, so clumsy, so uncomfortable. He tried his best to calm his face, making himself seem very indifferent and very self-conscious.

Unfortunately, the people he faces are smoldering.

Knowing his roots, knowing that he is dirty, knowing that his ears are sensitive, the feet are chilly and cool.

None of them spoke first, but it was burned to see that he did not take his finger away, and he wrapped the whole hand of Chu Xinning in his palm.

Long long, he longed for this road to be so long that he could hold his hand, longer and longer.

Far from the long-term, he is eager for this road to be shorter. If it can be shorter, when he is carrying the pain of his late home, he will be less, and less.

Just walking to the foothills, the Lushan Gate is clearly visible.

Suddenly, a long figure wearing a white silver fox cloak appeared in the shadow of the mother-in-law. When the two of them saw it, they heard the man scream.

"Master?!"

Chu Xiaoning was slightly shocked, almost immediately took his hand out of the ink palm, hanging between the sleeves, then stood still and raised his head.

The sergeant walked down from the steps of the higher level, and the next sunset was clear, and the face was clear and bright, and the radiant and radiant photos were eclipsed.

He is really beautiful.

The teacher did not see the hand that the two were holding. He looked very surprised and smiled: "Great! You are finally back!"

I didn’t expect the ink to meet him suddenly. Some of them were embarrassed and asked: "Is the teacher going out?"

"Well, I am going down the mountain to buy something for the Lord. I didn't expect to see the Master and Ah Burning. A few days ago, the Lord received the message of the Master, but he didn't see anyone, and he was always relieved... ”

Chu Yuning said: "I have nothing to do with the ink. What about the other people in the party?"

"There is nothing wrong with it." Shi said, "The younger master is obsessed with the sunspots, but fortunately, the control time is not long, and the heart is not damaged. These days, the elders of the wolf have been carefully healed, and they have been able to get out of bed this morning."

Chu night Ning sighed: "That's good."

The teacher smiled and looked at the ink, then gently fell down and said, "Although I really want to talk for a while, but the medicines sent from the lonely night, if you don't take it again, you should let the person who sent the medicine for a long time. Wait. I need to take the first step, Master, Ash, and see you at night."

"Well, let's go." Chu said, "Let's go back."

After the teacher’s robes were hunting, the figure gradually became more and more, and Chu’s night turned around. Although he could feel that he was not swaying, he was arrogant, but he did not know why he was

annoyed, and his knife-like scorpion was evil. The cellar glanced at the ink and turned his sleeves away.

Ink burning: "....."

The two of them went to the outside of the Danxin Temple. When they pushed the door, they were shocked by the situation in front of them. They were speechless.

I saw the head of the main hall of the dead and the dead, densely covered with gold and silver satin, treasure tree coral, and magical stone. From the end of the high block all the way to the door, so that the night of the Ninglian door can only be pushed halfway. Half of it has been blocked by a pile of shiny refining spar, completely unable to move. In addition to these things, I don’t know what the odd reasons are. There are still more than 30 beautiful and beautiful women in the temple.

And Xue Zhengyi, he is laughing and laughing in a fire-fighting disciple wearing a light red shirt.

"No, this is really not good, others can be collected. These singers still ask you to bring them back and return them to the owner. We really don't listen to the little songs here, nor do we like to watch dancing. Thank you."

The ink burned along with the late night, and the thirty girls stood by the door. There was a strong smell of fat powder immediately. He was sensitive to the fragrance, and he couldn’t resist it. I beat four or five sneezes.

Xue Zhengyi was busy looking back and saw two people.

"A burning, Yu Heng! You can count it back! Come on, help me to persuade this... oh... this envoy."

Chu nightning raised his eyebrows slightly: "What makes the festival?"

Before Xue Zhengyi answered, the disciple was full of laughter and turned back. He said eagerly: "In the next fire, the disciples of the Huangge Pavilion, in the order of the chief of the cabinet, special alliance with the dead and the dead."

Chu nightning: "..."

It is certainly impossible to arbitrarily align this kind of thing. The three people together tried to persuade the person for a long time before sending the person away. Xue Zhengyi looked at the back of the envoy, and sighed heavily, rubbing his forehead and sweating: "You know What are the people in these heavenly worlds who have come to the world to say that they will be repaired with the dead and the dead. I have not had much to do with them in the past few years. In the past, I was willing to take care of them, that is, the Kunlun Snow Palace, this time three The five of them all rushed to give gifts, suddenly became so enthusiastic, I don't know how to deal with them."

Chu night, Ning heard the eyebrows and asked: "What time is the situation in the upper quarter?"

Xue Zheng sighed: "Thirty years of Hedong, thirty years of Hexi."

"How to say?"

"The chaos." Xue Zhengxuan said, "Xu Shuanglin's madman, the reel of the reel has so many grievances, even if he knows that this is his vengeful heart, but what can change? Confucianism Needless to say, Jiangdongtang has been torn apart, and the night of the moon and the snow palace have completely ruined evil. Now it is the enemy who meets the eye, and there is no sad temple..."

When he said this, he suddenly remembered that the master of guilty sin was the master of Chu Xinning, and he could not help but live his mouth.

Chu nightning is only a touch of faint: "There is no empty street in the empty gates of the temple, but the former presiding has been involved in the battle of the Confucianism, and the sinister intentions have naturally become famous."

"Ok……"

Listening to his unrequited love of his own teacher, Xue Zhengyi and Moburn are subconsciously looking at Chu Yuning.

Chu night, Ning Lips no longer speaks. After a while, he asks again: "What about Nangong?"

"I don't know, after the fire was extinguished, I didn't hear him and Ye Gong... Ye girl's news."

The ink burned the words, and the low and low "ah" was heard, and the face was sorrowful.

Is it two generations, these two pure gentlemen, still can't get the end?

Seeing his look is different, his eyes are stunned, Xue Zhengyi turned to look at him: "What happened to the burning children?"

The ink can't tell the truth, only to say: "I was thinking, Xu Sulin's whereabouts is still undecided. The two of them are deeply involved and worried that they will be implicated."

"You don't want to worry too much. All the sects have sent people to thoroughly investigate all the different sources of magic in the realm of cultivation." Xue Zheng said, "Unless Nangong has no big moves, otherwise it will be caught." Nangong Gongzi and Ye girl may be

temporarily trapped in the mountains, which is not convenient for external contact."

Ink burning: "Well, I hope so."

They continued to ask about the variables that occurred in the past few days. Although Xue Zhengyi had a message from Haishu, they knew that they had previously lived in Feihua Island, but there were some unclear follow-ups, so they also asked them some recent developments. . Chu nightning has one answer, one has two answers. Only when it comes to something related to ink burning, it will be paused and deliberately opened.

And Xue Zhengyi, he would not think of what happened between Chu and his burning.

Because these two people have removed their appearance, everything is too bad.

Age, identity, character.

Even skin color, eating taste, sleeping posture, and all of these kinds are the same.

Over the years, Yuheng has always represented Gao Jie in the night, and Beidou Xianzun has always represented the coldness. Chu Zongshi is

indifferent, and the most cherished is his own skin. How can he and his apprentice come together?

The most daring words are not dare to write this. If there is a storyteller who can tell such a paragraph, it is estimated that someone can pour a large bowl of tea with melon seeds and smash it into the bottom of the table.

However, love has only been born.

In the dimly lit, uninvited corners, a secret flower is opened. Although not full, the incense has been smashed.

Since I returned to the dead, I went to Meng Potang to eat at night.

Pushing open the door of the red lotus raft, I suddenly saw the trail of the bamboo leaves bleak, and the bluestone long steps, quietly standing alone.

When he heard the movement, the man turned around and Mao Xingguang smacked the ink behind him with impunity, and traced his handsome cheek to a layer of Phnom Penh.

The ink burned and said to Chu Yuning: "Master."

Chu night Ning Jie white silk stalks, the memory suddenly overlaps, it seems that I saw the first year of the burning of the ink, the daily will stand in front of their own door, watched their own go out, waiting for their return.

However, the boy is no longer alive, and the elders of Yuheng in the past have already become the masters of his mouth that have been called for thousands of times.

Respectfully, there are a few enthusiasm that is very restrained, and gentleness that is not so restrained.

"What are you doing here?"

"Wait to eat with you."

Chu nightning’s gaze fell on a food box in his hand and said: “I want to go to Meng Po Tang today. I haven’t been there for a long time. I don’t want to stay in the water.”

The ink burned slightly, and then he came over. He smiled. "The teacher misunderstood, this food box is empty. I just went to give Xue Meng some meals. He has a bad appetite. He borrowed a small stove and cooked it for him. A bowl of noodles."

I didn't think that the burning of the ink would actually give Xue Meng something to eat. In the memory of Chu Xi Ning, these two people have never been embarrassed. Although they are cousins, they can fight together without a fragrant effort.

I don’t know when it started, maybe it’s five years of sleep, I missed too much, and maybe it’s the age of burnt and Xuemeng’s age. In short, when Master’s unconsciousness, the relationship between the two has long been The ice spring began to dissolve and gradually eased.

Although she is far from the brothers and sisters, at least Xue Meng will remember to pinch an ugly ink, and the ink will burn a bowl of noodles when she is sick. He is on the couch.

Chu night Ning sighed: "How is he? When I went to marry him, he was still asleep."

"This time I have already woken up, I ate it, and I want to go out and walk. I was forced to go back to lay down." Ink burned the road, "The Jane chess game is no better than the other, the sunspots, even if they are not controlled." Deep, but also take a good rest for a while."

"Ok."

Although Chu Xiaoning should be there, there are some doubts in my heart.

... This is an understatement. The speaker is unintentional. The listener has a heart. He suddenly feels that there is something uncomfortable. It seems that the burning and selling of the chess pieces is too clear and too light.

"Master?"

Chu nightning returned to God, and smiled and asked: "What are you thinking?"

"...nothing." It should be a matter of self-consideration. It’s also a master of ink burning. It’s not surprising to know about the ban.

He opened the subject and said, "Where to eat? I don't want to go outside."

"I didn't want to go outside to eat." The ink burned his nose, smiled low, and the voice was warm and elegant. "Just want to be with you, you can eat anywhere."

Chu Xiaoning would not admit that he was somewhat motivated, but he could not help but see the eyes of the pair of dark and warm eyes.

The eyes are red, bright, reflecting the glow, and their own reflection.

Very simple and very clean.

He couldn't think of any reason to reject such a pair of eyes, so he finally came to the lively dining hall with the ink.

Perhaps the thin layer of window paper was finally smashed. In the past, the smoldering would give him a dish without any scruples. Even when he saw some soup stains on the corner of the night, he raised his hand and smiled and wiped him. Drop it. But now both people have become serious about it. Under the eyes of the public, even the eyes are shy.

A meal was polite and the end of the meal, Chu night Ning got up to take the tray away, but the ink burned him: "Master, wait a minute."

"what happened?"

The ink burned out and the fingertips were about to touch the moment of Chu’s face, but stopped.

He took it back and clicked on his mouth and smiled. "You have a grain of rice here."

"....."

Chu night Ning was stiff in the same place for a while, then put down the tray, as if the handkerchief had wiped the rice grain very calmly, and then rubbed his lips, whispered: "Is there still?"

The ink burned and said: "No, it's very clean."

Chu nightning, this time, he re-opened the plate and walked away. In his heart, he is both awkward and embarrassed, but he also vaguely has a sense of loss that he is not so willing to admit.

Before the ink burned, he raised his hand directly. This man suddenly followed the rules and made him feel uncomfortable.

This was the case for a few days.

It was obviously a person who had no taboos, but now he is like a haired boy who started his temper. He only tried his best to treat him well, but he did not do anything too radical. The smoldering seems to be scared to him. Every step of the way is to be cautious. Sometimes Chu Ning Ming Ming sees the burning passion in his eyes, but the man’s eyelashes will silently fall. Then, the generous palms wrapped the fingers of Chu’s late night.

When I lifted my eyes again, my desires in my eyes were covered with gentleness.

But that is too gentle, and sometimes Chu will rather have a vague illusion.

It is as if the smoldering is a clay potter who is re-bonded after a fragmentation, and if it is too big, it will be crushed into **** and pinched into powder.

Chu night Ning feels that this is not the case, calm and uncomfortable, not ill, the fire in the dream is very exciting, but this kind of thing can be dreamed, if it is true, he may not be able to stand it.

But how to press the 再, then how to follow the steps of love in accordance with the rules, there will still be end.

On this day, he finished his dinner as usual, took a peach and was ready to leave. The peach had not bitten two, and his hand was caught. Chu was so surprised that he looked up and burned, and whispered:

"what are you doing--"

Chapter 183

No one around, ink burned him, took him to the alley behind Meng Potang, the alley was very small, he went in, and then stood a burn, there is no more space left.

Chu night, Ning, holding a peach, staring at him.

It was a continuous restraint, and finally the man with a **** temperament was somewhat moved. His chest was slightly hurriedly undulating, his dark eyes staring brightly at Chu Ningning, and suddenly he reached out and held him in his arms.

"My peaches -!"

It’s too late to say that the fruit of the plump water is knocked out, and the bones roll into the corner and stop moving.

"Master." The hot scent of the man lingered in his ear, so torment, so eager, but his tone is still clear, boiling in the sorrowful meaning, his voice is smoldering / fire sizzling, But he still has no more moves.

He just hugged him and held him in his arms, low and hoarse.

"I feel terrible."

Chu night, Ning Hao, his eyes widened: "What's wrong, where is it uncomfortable?"

The ink burned first, then laughed. He caught Chu’s hand, who wanted to explore his forehead temperature, and put it on his lips and kissed it.

Chu night Ning Emei anxiously said: "If you are sick, you have to look for the elders of the wolf."

"Looking at that winter pickled vegetables is useless." The ink burned helplessly. "Look at the little cabbage."

Chu Xiaoning reacted to this, and the face was stretched in an instant. He was angry and angry: "Who are you talking about cabbage?"

The ink burns and laughs: "I am wrong."

After a pause, I stared at the night with the wet dark eyes.

"But Master, I miss you."

Chu Xiaoning was stunned by him, and was looked at by such a pair of eyes. The anger of being called "little cabbage" would have nowhere to vent, but turned into a thin red ear. Half a sigh: "...we only eat at a table."

"These are not counted."

"..."

"Master, I want to stay with you for a while. Every time you finish your meal, you will walk away and walk in the crowd. I can't touch you when I touch..."

There are some weak grievances in the man’s voice.

"Keep me a little longer, don't go back."

Chu nightning was remembered by his cheeks getting hotter and more flustered. What's more, his breath was so blazing, so majestic, so eager, he was held tightly by him, and in the end, he couldn't say a word.

The ink burned and muttered: "Master, let me hold you for a little longer..."

For both of them, it is not so easy to be alone in the natural life. In particular, the number of visits by major sects has increased significantly during this period. Chu Zhongning has often been dragged down by Xue Zhengyi to make suggestions, so there is less time to gather.

I can sit close to me when I am eating, but I always have to worry about the crowds around me. I'm afraid that if I'm not careful, I will let the disciples of the eye see what is different, so since the confession, they have the opportunity to take hands. Extremely rare.

For a long time, it is no wonder that the ink will not endure.

The twilight gradually deepened, and more and more people came out from Mengpotang. A group of female practitioners who were joking and joking walked past the alley, and accidentally met the fire-breed rat, the tail-burning little mouse. The hustle and bustle caused everyone to laugh, and Chu Ning was upset in such a hustle and bustle, and he pushed the ink.

"Go out."

"A little more..."

"It's time to come and go out."

In the end, Chu Jingning is a person who is used to cleaning up. He does not give him a real color to look at. He is not confused, he will not be fascinated. The ink sighed and sighed. As he wished, he released his arm and hugged him. Chu nightning immediately walked out of the dark and narrow alley, then looked back at him.

"What are you still doing there?"

The ink burned and coughed, it seemed to be awkward. He said: "The teacher will go first, I will stand for a while."

Chu night Ning was puzzled. Just wanted to say something, but he saw that the handsome face of the burning wheat color seemed a bit red, and the black eyes were also flashing, like the stars in the clear night sky.

He suddenly understood what had come, and his eyes moved unconsciously. When he saw a certain part, his ears squeaked, and suddenly he was smashed by the scorpion. He was red-eared and equator: "You... you are... When he didn't finish his words, he slammed his sleeves and left, angrily, and he seemed to be smoking blue smoke.

This kind of dodgy day has passed for ten days, even if the smoldering wolf is docile, the blood in the bones is getting more and more fierce, and the meaning of the mountains and rains is full of wind. Daily morning repairs, in the province, he stared at the elders of Yu Heng above the high platform, the desires in his eyes were unstoppable, and day by day.

When I am obsessed with a person, even if I try my best to hide my love, I can’t hide it.

Sometimes Xue Meng has no intention of sweeping his eyes, he will be scared. He looks at the ink burning, and then look at the night of the night, the phoenix has a rib, and there is no way to think about it, so the more you look at it, the more you look at it. I don't know what emotions are flashing in my eyes.

Xue Meng only felt uncomfortable subconsciously, but he couldn’t say where he was uncomfortable.

One day in the morning, Xue Meng looked at the people around him and shouted his voice and shouted: "Hey, I am asking you something."

"what's up?"

"Is the teacher respected?"

The ink burned: "How do you say this? Where does the teacher know?" Why don't I know?"

"You don't know?" Xue Meng touched his chin. "It's weird, then how do you always look at him recently, and you always have a look of care."

"..." Listening to Xue Meng said that the ink burned out and understood. He coughed and cried. "What do you want? Don't curse the master."

"I didn't curse him." Suddenly, he murmured. "What do you always stare at?"

"You got it wrong."

"I am not jealous."

"You see."

"I am? You are a dog!"

Two big men in their twenties were in a childish disappointment. On the high stage, Chu, Ning heard that there was a change in this side, and looked cold and cold. The two men shut up slyly, and they bowed their heads and squatted their hands. The herbal dossier, just the elbows are still against each other in a dark contrast. When the ink burned and he arrived for a while, he suddenly relaxed his strength and pulled his hands without warning.

Xue Meng used too much force, suddenly lost the obstruction of the ink burning side, actually directly slammed into the ink burning body.

The ink burned his legs and laughed: "Ha ha ha ha."

Xue Meng was extremely angry, and he did not care about the quiet atmosphere around him. He said, "You don't want to face! You are yin!"

"Ink rain, Xue Ziming." Seeing his apprentice and tearing his eyes, Chu nightning is a little angry, lifting the eyes of the phoenix, holding his eyebrows, and sulking. "To quarrel outside, don't disturb everyone here." ”

"Yes, Master." The ink burned immediately.

Xue Meng did not want to live. However, he was still a little angry. He felt that he had fallen a little bit and fell into a face. After thinking about it, he cut a small piece of paper and wrote several large characters on it. The group got up and threw it on the burning table.

"Hey."

I didn't expect the paper group to lose her head. A slender and greasy hand picked it up from the spread pages. The teacher untiedly unfolded the

crumpled paper and glanced at the words written on it.

——

"You are staring! Do you have any intentions? Do you want the teacher to pass on your own mind!"

I also drew a dog below and hit a black fork.

Teacher: "....."

After the morning repair, Xue Zhengyi found Chu Yuning, saying that it was a few investigations in Linyi, and determined that because of the robbery, no one could live any more in five years, so the people who came from the upper training circle Nowadays, they need to be placed in the towns and villages of the dead.

"The ones I brought back, have already started to help people in the town of Wuchang, Fenghe Town, Baishui Village settled. And those you brought back with Ah," Xue Zhengxi said, "the impermanence of the town is not so much." People are stationed, or take half to go to Yuliang Village, where there are also young people."

工具 楚子宁

Xue Zhengxuan nodded gets his head: "Jade is not far away. You go early, there are a lot of people to resettle. These kinds of rice and oil are not clear. I let the teacher go with you. He can help. busy."

Chu night Ningdao: "...good."

For the villagers in Yuliang Village, Chu Yuening and Mo-burning are considered old knowledge. The village chief got the news of Xue Zhengyi two days ago, so he waited at the entrance of the village early in the morning and waited for the immortals of the dead. arrival. The Linger girl is also there. She hasn’t seen it for a long time. She has become more and more slick, and when she sees the ink, she is busy greeting him.

The ink burned some accidents, but still smiled: "The girl did not go to the repairs?"

"Don't go, but fortunately, I didn't go. If I ran to Linyi, I was afraid that I couldn't even have a life." Linger took a slap in the face of his full chest. "I still wait in the next round, and the village is also in this period of time." It’s getting better and better... Once upon a time, we were looking forward to going to the upper bounds. This is the first time. I saw people from the upper bounds coming to us. Don’t leave, don’t leave.”

"Yeah." Someone heard her words and followed the road. "Everything is a mountain that doesn't turn around. There is Xue Zun's master. I don't know if it will be another ten or twenty years. Let's run here."

The gentleman said: "There is a hundred years of hard work in the lower quarters, but the so-called Jiang has the other side, and the sea has one side. It is not always that we have been suffering all the time. It is time to live a good life."

As he spoke, he took the herbal cream that Mrs. Wang had ordered him to share with everyone. The ink burned and took a can of fine look. He found that there was a snake-shaped coat of arms on the moon, and he was surprised: "This is... Cold scale holy hand medicine?"

"Well, a few days ago, Jiang Zhangmen sent someone to send it."

Chu Jingning listened and said: "Jiang Yan will send things more than the Huohuangge. There are many ghosts and evil spirits in the middle of the battle. The most lacking is the magic bullet. Sending these, the Lord is smiling."

"Isn't it?" Mo-burned muttered. "It's all the remedies made by the cold-scale sacred hand. It's exaggerated. The bones of the dead and the dead are not in the words, hehe..."

"唉" and the second half of the sentence did not say - hey, Jiang Yan is really rich.

At that time in Xuanyuan Pavilion, Chu Xiangning bought a few bottles of musk dew, the asking price is 2.5 million, the result is that Jiang Zhangmen waved his hand and sent it as a carriage.

The ink burned the jar back in the air, and sighed secretly. The heart of the Confucianism is indeed finished, but the next one is obviously a lonely moon night. I am afraid it will take hundreds of years.

Busy for a long time, in the evening, the food and clothing of the Linfen old people were arranged, the houses were also cleaned up, the three men and teachers were ready to leave, but the village chief insisted on leaving them to eat together. In a sentimental, but disrespectful, they followed the village head and went to the ancestral hall of Yuliang Village.

The village ancestors always do some important red and white events, New Year's Eve to eat New Year's Eve, Lantern Festival to see the big drama, are also in this scorpion, or in the courtyard outside the ancestral hall. On this day, because many old people who went to the upper bounds came to live in Yuliang Village from now on, the villagers prepared more than 30 tables of banquets, cooked sheep and slaughtered cattle, steamed rice and noodles to entertain everyone.

The village chief actually remembered that Chu night would rather not eat spicy food, and specially arranged a table of light dishes. Please ask the elders of Yu Heng and Linyi who are not familiar with the spicy people.

Those people were rescued by the smoldering and Chu Ningning. When they were flying, they already knew the cold singer, but they knew it and sat

down with him to eat. A table was very nervous. Out of courtesy, they couldn't get up and change positions, so a meal was very embarrassing, and other tables were laughing and drinking. This table is a boring head and silently chopsticks, no one snoring.

The ink-burning technique is good, and I help in the house. When the last dish comes up, he comes out from the kitchen. The honey-colored face is covered with thin sweat, his eyes are very bright, his nose is very strong, and the crowd is handsome and eye-catching.

"The soup is buns -!" The aunt held a large squat, which was filled with small steamers, and the slamming of the door was loud. "Every table, every table, twelve per table, six leeks Six kinds of mushrooms and fresh meat, you have to eat hot!"

The ink burned and smiled, helping the big girl to send the dumplings to the table.

"Thank you, ink fairy!"

"Thank you Xianjun!"

Even more familiar with the burning of children, the child is crisp and groaning: "Thank you for the rainy brother!"

Linger’s eyes were around him, and he couldn’t move, even though he knew that this person didn’t like himself and wouldn’t like himself, he still couldn’t help but want to look at him—

Oh, it doesn't matter if you look at it anyway.

"Thank you, Mo Xianjun." To her table, her lips were like a sigh, and she said softly.

The ink burned and smiled at her. It was a bright smile that didn't dodge, and didn't bring any ambiguity. Instead, she made a little embarrassed to Linger, who wanted to take the opportunity to steal the eye, and suddenly lowered her head.

The last two tables were not delivered. There was a late night in a table, and there was a teacher at the table. The two of them had different tastes, so they didn’t sit together. The ink burned first to the table at the night of Chu, Ning Xiaoning. Emei said: "Don't be busy anymore, the rice is cold."

When the teacher gave the table, the teacher smiled and said: "A burning is a skill, thank you."

"Haha, okay, I just helped the big man to get started."

When the ink burned, he turned and turned back. The teacher thought that he was going to take the bowl, and he vacated some empty seats on the bench. He said, "Sit here, I have only one bowl for this table. You don't have to take it. ”

The ink burned for a moment, then scratched his head and smiled: "I sit on the table."

"...when are you not going to eat spicy? There is no spicy food to go there."

"Quited."

The teacher was silent for a long while, and the bottom of the darkness was dark, but he suddenly smiled: "I heard that drinking alcohol, quit smoking leaves, I have never heard of someone wanting to quit peppers."

"In fact, it is not a ring. If you don't eat for too long, you don't want to eat it." The ink-burning priest waved his hand and smiled and ran to the kitchen. "Take the bowl, you sit and eat, no more soup." The bag is cold."

Chapter 184

He quickly went back and returned. In addition to his own bowl full of rice, he also took a food box and sat next to Chu.

Chu Xiaoning had some accidents and hesitated: "You... don't you go to the table?"

I burned a sigh: "Why should I go to that table?"

Listening to him saying that Chu is rather happy in his heart, he covets and coughs: "I thought the dishes over there would suit your taste."

The ink burned his eartips reddish, and suddenly realized that Chu Xiening would not be jealous, right? His heart swayed, and Yan smiled, whispering in his ear: "Where are you, where is the taste."

Chu nightning this time the whole ear is red.

He had his knees on his knees, and he felt sensitive and wanted to move away. The ink burned but did not want to, through the cover of the table,

touched the legs of Chu Yuning.

"you--!"

This sound caught the attention of others: "What happened to Xianjun?"

Chu nightning knows his words and insists on calming and saying: "Nothing."

The ink burned and laughed. He thought that Chu Ning was really interesting.

In fact, he did not want to do anything ridiculous and lascivious. After all, this is a matter of killing the enemy five hundred and ruining himself. He just did not want to be so far away from him.

So he took advantage of Chu’s legs and took him back in a naive way, asking him to lean on himself.

Chu nightning moved away again, and he came back again.

In the end, Chu Ning couldn’t stand it anymore. He smashed him under the table, but he finally stopped.

The ink burned and laughed.

Chu night Ning said: "You are a sick person."

Two people have dinner.

The ink burned first looked at the night bowl of the Chu, and it was only a few simple vegetables, a piece of tofu, and the cage soup had already rushed to eat the other unfamiliar children on the table.

The ink burned and handed him the bamboo snack box.

"what?"

Ink burning small channel: "Small cage, six crab yellow, six shrimp, I am dedicated to you... Hey, don't make a sound, eat it soon, I know you went to the table, never grab someone else."

"..."

On a table, I was eating a small stove. This is too obvious. Chu Xiaoning felt a little shameful and unwilling to move. But when I saw the dark eyes of the ink, I looked at myself seriously and sincerely, and I still had some flour crumbs on my cheeks. If I refused, I couldn’t say anything.

What's more, the one that is specifically for you, it sounds very exciting.

Chu nightning did not speak, after a while, silently opened the food box, and then erected the bamboo box lid, where there was no silver and three hundred places to eat the delicious crab meat cage, the thick hot soup was blown The bullets are broken and the heart is warm.

"Is it delicious?" The man looked at him with hope, and he hoped to receive a look of appreciation.

Chu nighting bites and bites the chopsticks and says, "Not bad, you also taste one."

"I don't eat it, it's for you." The ink burned, and the black eyes were light and hot. "You like it, take a shrimp look?"

The man has no worries, and the flour on the cheeks is lined with a pair of black eyes, which makes people feel pitiful and cute.

Although Chu Evening still has some choices that are ignorant of ink burning, he does not understand why he would turn away from his teacher and turn to himself. But at this moment, the burning eyes are too pure and too determined, and no more is allowed. Let anyone who is stared at him feel at ease.

After dinner, the village chief invited everyone to go to the ancestral hall to watch the play. The stage was set up on the riverside. The gongs rang, Hu Qin plucked, and the table was born, the horns, the raw horns, the painted faces, the ugly corners, and debuted to the lively place. The dance, the face is shocked, the corner handcuffs go to the golden fire lock, the mouth contains the rosin nozzle, and the head drums screaming with anger and a spray, the fire is burning, the face of the bead is shining, and the audience is cheering. Cheer.

This kind of trick is not to be seen in the late Qing Dynasty. First, because the mortal drama is too boring, he can see through the mystery at a glance, and he loses a lot of fun and excitement. Second, because the people watching the movie are shoulder-to-shoulder, the scene is lively. Extraordinary, so that he has no blessings.

He was not interested, and the teacher did not have any interest. Both of them planned to leave. They did not speak, walked beside them, and finally looked back at the stage.

The teacher said gentlely: "Go, go back too late, and the Lord should be worried."

"Ok."

There is not much speech in the ink, and I keep up. However, after a few steps, I heard that Chu Xi Ning faintly asked: "Do you want to see?"

"It’s very interesting to play Wang Hao and Shi Chong Dou Fu."

He didn't say that he wanted to see it, and he didn't say he didn't want to see it, but Chu Xiaoning quietly listened to him saying this, and said: "Let's go back and watch it."

The teacher said: "Master, staying for dinner has delayed the delivery of the appointment, if you stay to see the show..."

Chu night Ningdao: "Look at this, go and read."

The teacher was very gentle and smiled and said, "Okay, listen to the teacher."

The three then returned to the stage and squeezed into the crowd that was buzzing. Many of Linyi’s people who had been away from the country had never been to Sichuan and Sichuan. They did not pass through the Sichuan opera. They were stunned by the flying sleeves and the sullen face. The little children could not see the table, and some were held by the adults. On the neck, some climbed onto the table and looked at them with their feet.

"Wang gave me the coral eucalyptus tree, the glory of Huaguang -"

On the stage, "Wang Hao" and "Shi Chong" squatted and climbed the rich and glory, blushing their necks and pressing the other side down.

"Fifty miles of purple silk shop back, who can be?"

"Good! Hahaha, come again!"

Everyone in the movie was full of light, and the children stuffed their cakes in their mouths, freeing their hands and slap the slap with the adults.

This is not a martial arts practice. No one is stupid enough to sit and watch a movie. It is a cold and cold scent of jasmine tea. The waiter pinches his back, the niece palms, and the air-conditioning under the stage forces the singers on the stage to sing. The taste is sorrowful, and a tyrant, Bie Ge, sounds like Wang Ba.

These people are so ugly and full of enthusiasm, all standing and applauding, squatting, rude, and lively. Chu Xiu Ning stood in the wave of the front chest and back, but did not know how to deal with it. People like him, who are boring like this, would rather sit in the upper circle and listen to Wang Ba, and would not like to watch Wang Qidou in the crowd. Shi Chong's.

Like him, there is another person who does not like this intense emotion.

The teacher stood for a while, it seems that the voice of the beggar shook a little headache, but still tempered to stand in the same place, until a big man next to him saw the "crushing the coral tree" and the blood was boiling, jumping off When I slammed it, I accidentally bumped into the tea that another man was holding, and the hot tea was all splashed on the front of the teacher.

"Oh! I can't help it! I can't help it!"

"Xianjun, I am really embarrassed. You see me as a big hand."

The teacher was busy: "It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter."

But the clothes were dirty and wet, and he sighed. Some helplessly said to Chu Ningning: "Master, or I will go back first, go back and change clothes, and then talk about the result of the appointment with Zun."

Chu night Ning said: "Well, be careful on your own path."

The teacher smiled and greeted the ink, and left. Chu night Ning thinks that he is good at getting rid of this technique, or is he looking for a personal

collision? This way, you don't have to be overwhelmed by the crowds. I was thinking about it like this, and I heard that there was a burst of joy and joy around him. He looked up and looked up on the stage. It was the corner that dressed up as Wang Hao, and he played the anger, and the air was blowing, including the fire pack. Suddenly spit a huge heat flame on the river.

"boom--"

The river ripples and the waves are immersed in orange-red.

"Wow! Good!"

"Spoke again! Come again!"

"..." Chu Xiaoning did not understand some, this is what looks good... Let Xue Meng come over, you can burn a hundred times without a fire pack.

In the absence of interest, I suddenly saw the smile on the side, the tall man did not need to step on his feet, so he stood calmly, no one could block his sight. His handsome face was illuminated by fire, the dimples were deep, his eyes were soft but deep, and there seemed to be flashing people who were not really thinking.

Perceived the look of Chu Yuning, he turned back, but smiled more clearly, black eyes seemed to be a little moist, and there seemed to be nothing, just

the illusion of Chu Yuning.

"When I was a child, I often went to the theater to listen to this. Every time I couldn’t wait for the show, I was driven away by the uncle who was in charge of the matter." The tone of the ink burned casually and peacefully. "This is the first time that the whole listens to the whole audience." ...I don’t like the teacher?”

"..."

Chu night Ning looked at his nephew and finally said.

"Well, not bad."

The ink burns and smiles, and the night seems to be bright. The stage sings and sings, and when it comes out, it rises and rises, and the eyebrows are like smoke, the feathers are rustling, the king is full of enthusiasm, and why?

"Oh, Farewell My Concubine." The ink turned and looked at him and smiled. "Let's go, Fighting is finished, I am satisfied, let's go back."

"Look at it for a while."

"Ok?"

“It’s not boring, it’s fine to have a few more.”

The ink burned slightly and raised his eyebrows. It seemed to be a surprise. Then he smiled and said: "Okay."

Biechi, Jinshan Temple, sentenced to double nails, sitting on the floor to kill.

One after another, no one left, and as time went by, people became more excited and spirited.

There are old grandfathers who are following the grandmother on the stage: "Good words, three winters, and bad words hurt people in June -"

In the fierce place, Song Jiang violently murdered, won the full house applause, applause even overshadowed the aria of the stage, Chu Ning was drunk and the villagers smiled and shook their shoulders, but the end is no way to retreat, and It’s not easy to attack. It was just when it was difficult, a pair of warm hands clasped his shoulders.

He turned his head and was facing the burning eyes. The man did not know when he had stood behind him, smiled and brought him over, letting him lean on himself and no longer be disturbed by the people around him.

For a time, those laughter sounds, the drums sounded well, and they all became so far away. Chu night Ning’s ear was slightly hot, and the ink burned for a moment, eventually turned his face and refused to marry him.

It’s just that the temperature behind it is so hot, the breath is so hot, the strong chest sticks to him, and the big fingers with his knuckles are close to his shoulders. When the leather drum is denser, the fire-breathing scene is out again, and people's eyes are attracted, screaming and slap.

Chu Xi Ning also wants to take a hard shot and follow his hand to make a calm decision.

But the hand has not yet lifted up, and the whole person has been smoldered from behind. Perhaps it is because I feel that no one will notice it, or it may be the tighter fit by the people around me, or perhaps just because in such a grand excitement, I would like to be closer to the intimate person, and closer. Hate can not be integrated into one, blood and blood.

In short, the ink hangs down, hugs him from behind, puts him in his arms, his arms are in his arms, and the back side faces his face, and at the moment when the fire on the stage reflects the night, he kisses Chu. Late Ning's ear roots.

The flames burst into flames, reflecting the face of the play and burning into the hearts of the guests.

"Thank you for accompanying me." The ink burned in his ear and said that the voice was low and dumb, very gentle. "I know, actually, you don't like it."

"...I want more, I like it."

The ink burned and smiled, no longer talking, holding him tighter, and his chin was between his neck.

The fire flashed, and Chu Ning suddenly wanted to ask a word, so he said: "Ink, why are you..."

"Ha ha ha, good!"

His voice was weak and he was swallowed up by the screaming voice.

Ink burning asked: "What?"

"...nothing." Chu Xiaoning's face was reddish and covered with thin anger. He didn't want to ask the second time, and he exhausted all his strengths. He felt very annoyed at the moment. Do not want to speak again.

The ink burned for a while. He didn't actually understand the problem of late Ning, but suddenly said: "The person I like has always been you."

"..."

The heartbeat suddenly became intense.

"It’s always been you, I’m too stupid, I can’t tell my mind.”

Hey, the heart is like a drum, and the buzz on the stage seems to be covered by the reverberation in his chest.

"Sorry."

"..."

"I have let you wait for a long time."

There are fireworks in front of you, and the ears are ringing, everything can’t be heard, and the sky is spinning. I don’t know if the foot is on the ground or in the clouds. Only the person behind him is real. The wind has no color and no trace. Nowadays, it has become the smoldering atmosphere of the nose.

Chu nightning does not actually want to hear too much explanation. What he wants is affirmation of the person who loves it. At this point, I suddenly got this affirmation, and I couldn’t find out everything around me. I felt dizzy and felt that everything was full of colors. He couldn’t think, couldn’t move, and was immersed in this fierce oily color, eventually losing five senses. .

Chapter 185

When the consciousness came back and could barely perceive what they were doing, Chu Jingning vaguely felt that they did not know when they had gone out from the crowds, and in the nearest wood they could find, they were kissing intensely. Breathing each other is hot and rapid.

Thirsty.

They are all eager for the long-awaited person. The way to kiss the lingering is radical and anxious, and even some crazy, the throat is rolling, swallowing, screaming and licking, and even some blood, but no one can detect it, no one stops. Come down.

The smoldering put him on the tree, the rough wooden lines cling to his slightly trembling back, and there seemed to be a string of sounds coming from far away, but that was not important, all the sounds were broken regardless of distance. The only thing that is separated is the breathing of each other.

The lips and tongue are moist, rough and squeaky, and entangled and tumbled.

I don't know shame...

Chu nightning is not willing to lose, but he has always abstained from desire, and the desire of the other party to suddenly appear is so horrible, almost fierce beast, to bite his throat and eat his flesh and blood.

He didn't know why he would become like this. When he got to this point, he didn't know if he was right or wrong, and then what to do.

This ritual, abstinence, restraint, loneliness, and every step of the way will be the one hundred steps of the man, as if it was torn at this moment, was destroyed.

Only his reluctance to engrave into the bone marrow, the sea is still supporting his driftwood, he refused to show weakness, even if the back has long been numb, the soul is like taking time, he is still willing to take the initiative, not to do a soft to break The things in the palm of your hand.

Unfortunately, although the ambition is sufficient, the skill is extremely poor.

It was worse than the ink burned more than once by his lips and teeth, the strength did not converge, biting the tip of the tongue, it was sweet blood, the worse the breath, the redder the face, the more difficult the breathing is.

At the end of the ink, I laughed. I only felt that I was hard-working and had no level of truth. It was really a pity to teach people.

His once chilly heart was turned away, and it became a spring water, a lake full of thousands of golden waves, and a soft golden wave.

When they are separated, there are sticky water filaments between the lips and tongues. Their lips are red and wet. The eyes are full of tenderness and desire. The sound of the ink is hoarse and the water vapor is very heavy. He looks down at the night. The scorpion, the rough fingertips, rubbed the cheeks of Chu’s lateness.

Chu Evening also knows that his level is so bad that he is irritating, but he is unwilling to think. He narrows his eyes and is actually a coercive tone asking: "What are you laughing at?"

Seeing that the ink does not answer, but the bottom of the eyes smiles deeper, he is more annoying.

"I don't do it... isn't it?"

The smoldering smile finally floated on the corner of his lips. He hugged him again. This time he was facing each other face to face. The same tall and straight man’s body was held together, and there was no such thing as a man and a woman. Strong flames, heavier sparks.

"Which is wrong, it is very right." The smoldering relatives rubbed his hair top, and the back ears pondered, "Master is the best..."

"Then you still laugh!"

The ink burned and smiled low, the chest was hot and hard, but the heart was softer and softer.

"My reaction is not just a smile."

Chu Evening has not understood this deep meaning, and the deeper his posture with the ink burns, from the close-up of the upper body to the overlapping of the whole body, he suddenly feels that this person’s swordsmanship is extremely fierce and enthusiasm fits with himself. Breathing is slightly moving, it feels so exciting, so intense, so lively, scalp tingling, heartbeat stall, chilling, but throat tight, dry.

This thing made Chu Xi Ning suddenly realize that this seemingly gentle man in front of him is actually aggressive, how aggressive, and how violent it is, so that a blood and a flesh can make people's lives and tear the organs.

His hair was upside down and he wanted to push him away, but his hand had not yet lifted up. The shape of the ink was full and the hot lips were kissed again. It was hot and hot, containing his lips and sucking. kiss. The man breathed and blazed, and together, his fierce body was constantly attached to the Chu-Ningning through the clothes. Chu nightning was lost because of this terrible eagerness. The hot and hot tongue had invaded his

mouth. He was hungry and thirsty, and kissed him in obsessively. He smashed him. At the end, Chu’s mind was blank. They are all soft and numb...

He shook a little, because of the excitement, because of the strange feeling of powerlessness, because of the hard heat, because of the burning passion of burning.

On that day, Chu Evening didn't know how he was going back to life. What he did was like a stupid, no gods. The only thing I remember when I was in front of the Honglian Water Margin, they wheezed in the night. I have been hugged and hungry for a long time. I can’t help but devour my lover and eroticism. How is it enough...not enough...

Between the blurs, he remembered that the smoldering whispered him, and let him allow him to sleep to the red lotus water tonight. Chu nightning was basically using the last Qingming, only to gasp, reluctantly call back some rationality, no answer.

He doesn't know why he doesn't agree. It may be inexplicable self-esteem. It may be that he has been unable to adapt for too long, or he may be ruthless. He feels that all this is ridiculous. Although it is infinitely attractive, it is too late to prevent it. It is too fast. .

It’s hard to break free □□, break free from smoldering, and Chu 宁 扉 扉 , , , 楚

He knows that his strings have been stretched to the extreme. If you look back at this moment, I am afraid that you will lose weight, and you will not be able to push the people in front of you.

They will be burnt to ashes, and there will be no residue left.

When I went back to bathe and change clothes, Chu nightning found that her trousers were moist, and the smell of sweet squeaking made him blush, and he was overwhelmed. Even the cold phoenix tipped red, thin and thin sea otter Color.

He stayed in the same place for a long time, he couldn't help but think, how could this be like this? How is this happening?

In his life, he has never been so ruined, so passive, never.

Damn, what should he do?

In the past, Chu Jingning encountered any problem that was difficult to solve. His subconscious reaction was to seek a solution in the book. Therefore, he had read a lot of books since childhood, and his mind was full of enthusiasm.

This is the first time that the file that is full of enthusiasm cannot give him an answer.

So he caught it, and he didn’t know what to do.

Fortunately, the smoldering seems to understand him very much. After being rejected once, he will understand the sorrow and anxiety of Chu’s heart, and will not continue to venture.

But the intimacy between them is no longer limited to holding hands. They will kiss intensely in the alley behind Meng Po Tang. After nightfall, they will go to a deserted forest where no one is in love. The ink is a person with few love words. Sometimes even if he asked what he asked, he would answer anything, but his eyes would speak, and there would be sweet words and tender feelings, but he was stupid, not expressive, and not well expressed.

Many times, compared to the mouth hanging, ink burning is more willing to do it directly.

And inexplicably, Chu nightning thinks that he always feels good about what he wants, obviously they are just together, but occasionally Chu will rather feel that the ink seems to have used this identity and stays with him. Years.

As the days drifted, the time they kissed and hugged together became longer and longer, but they also became more and more unsatisfied with the

desire/fire. Almost every time they separated, they were all inexhaustible, and they were all swelled.

Chu nightning is still good. After all, he has been repairing for many years. He is very capable, but the ink is not the same. He and Chu’s late life are not the same kind of mind, let alone young people, bloody, really Every time the meeting is over, he has no way to get up and go back.

Too obvious, the clothes can't be blocked, and people will be embarrassed.

He really endured too much pain.

On this day, after dinner, they entangled a small half hour in an inaccessible place near Houshan, but there was a gathering of elders in the evening. Chu nighting counted the time and felt that it was almost the same, and said that he had to leave. But the ink burned the time, and felt that it was too late to let him go -

The way he refused was rather rude, not to say, but to go directly to him.

There are some abandoned landscaped mountains and rocks in this wood. The ink burns on one of the stones. He holds him and faces him and sits on his lap. This position is usually slightly shorter. For the person sitting on the lap, but the original burning of the ink is high, so that it coincides with the late night of the Chu, not showing any disadvantage.

He kissed it for a long time, from the lips to the neck, biting the throat of the night, and hearing the other person's low and depressed breathing, the burning of the ink was even more uncomfortable.

Chu nightning can not stand, he wants to get out, he wants to go, but the waist is soft, legs and feet are actually not listening. This hug posture has been very popular recently, so you can look at him intimately, and it is a tingling tension. Chu Evening can even imagine how it would be heartbreaking if there is no dress as a screen. Sight.

Perhaps it is really near the threshold, even if the intense kiss can not relieve the desire, but the oil on the fire, the more burning.

When the smoldering loosened the wet red lips, his eyes were all tidal. He gasped deeply and his throat rolled sexyly. He concentrated on gazing at the late night, seemingly want to say something, but in the end he said nothing but just again. I bite it up.

It's really biting up, and Chu's night feels painful, but it's very irritating, and the needles are sore and shuddering.

The man is trapped by love, and there is a whisper of wrinkles in his throat. He embraces the person in his arms and strokes the dark hair. He only feels that his master is so good, he can't wait to be heartbroken. I feel that I am a temptation to be a teacher, to make people want to swear, and bully hard...

In the quiet air, the original breath is getting more and more heavy. Chu nighting is looking up and shaking his eyes, it is very difficult to receive. This kind of hug and kiss is already itching. He is so uncomfortable, let alone hold this one. Young man.

The end of the ink burning is red, slightly moist.

He whispered quietly, his voice was hoarse, some were forbearing, and he was wronged: "Master..."

"..."

"Please, I can't stand it..."

Can't stand it, what do you want to do? Chu nightning thought of those broken and fuzzy dreams, the tail vertebrae slammed on the squall, he did not make a sound, the ears were red, and could not stand it... What is it going to be...

Before the ink burns again, he has been kissed by the wet red lips. Chu nightning whispered, almost unspeakable: "That... don't be here."

Don't be here, you can have more, in other places.

The ink burned his head and slammed his head. It was almost a surprise, and then he kissed him awkwardly, trying to hold him up.

Chu nightning only felt shame to the extreme, and the anger could not be stopped: "Let me let me down!"

The ink burned him down, but he did not forget to kiss him: "Where does the teacher want to go?"

When Chu Ning was still able to speak in the future, he heard the noise of the grasshoppers in the vicinity. He was shocked and shocked. His mind was suddenly clear and clear, and he suddenly pushed the ink off.

The two were separated, and they saw a man coming from the darkness of the bamboo forest, carrying a swaying wind lamp in his hand, and the clothes were swaying in the wind.

The man was silent for a long time, and his voice sounded, even if he was depressed, he was full of horror and stunned.

"You... how are you here?"

Chapter 186

The appearance of the person is beautiful, the black and white eyes are round and the wind is shining on his face.

Xue Meng.

Chu Xiaoning couldn't speak for a while. He didn't know how much Xue Meng saw, how much he heard, and after a few silences, it was the first to break the silence.

"I have something, I am talking to Master."

Xue Meng slightly narrowed his eyes, and he just came over and vaguely heard the low gasping sound in the woods. He thought that it was a pair of disciples who did not know how to be insulted and ruthless.

This kind of thing is reasonable to say that Xue Meng is not qualified to manage. The top ten sects except the Wushou Temple and the Shangqing Pavilion, no one is forbidden to talk about love and double repair. Although there is a so-called "obscenity / quit" in the life and death, it also means "not allowed to visit the kiln" and "the relationship is not allowed to be awkward."

But who is Xue Meng?

He is a disciple of Chu Xiaoning, the chief disciple.

For so many years, Xue Meng has always regarded the things that Chu Yuning said and done as his own benchmarking principle. Since Chu Xiaoning does not like to see other people privately accepting and receiving, pulling and pulling, then Xue Meng does not care about Sanqi 20. Also followed by contempt for the pair of Taoist hands, tired of the pair of love and double repair.

Houshan is a place where ghosts and enchantments are easily damaged. In such a place, Qingqing, me, what is the system? Xue Meng was not happy at the moment, carrying lanterns to find fault.

He never imagined that under the flashing lights, the two people would be illuminated.

Xue Meng was stunned and stunned. So he didn’t even say hello to Chu’s greetings, but he blurted out – how are you here.

This place is not broken and does not need to be repaired.

There are no vanilla flowers, no scenery at all.

Being in a remote location, you can’t stroll around here.

If you usually ask Xue Meng: "There are two people, the black light is bonfire, the silence is everywhere, the swaying Yangguan Road is not gone, and the bird garden is not sitting in the back garden of the flowery mountain. You must go to a secluded place to be secluded. The place to talk, the Lord, what do you think?"

Xue Meng will sneer and say, "What can you say in that place? Love?"

If you ask him again: "These two are men, have known each other for a long time, are unmarried, and their status is quite similar. What do the Lord think they are?"

Xue Meng will definitely turn his eyes and say: "What is the relationship? Longyang's shackles, broken sleeves, disgusting."

At this point, he said to him again: "Haha, the Lord is not saying what is wrong. In fact, these two people are a pair of apprentices.

Xuemeng Bacheng will not listen to the words, and he will scream and scream, saying: "Awful! What kind of body is it?! Which is a pair of

animals that are ruthless? I immediately expelled them from the gates and drove them out of death!" ”

But this time just tell him that this pair of mentoring, one called ink rain, and one called Chu nightning, then Xue Meng must, must, will hold it, flashing all kinds of colorful colors on the surface Finally, I sat down on my forehead and said, "What, what I said before is not counted, you, you, you, you have to ask the same paragraph again, start from scratch. I think there must be a second possibility. ”

- That's it.

Xue Meng is absolutely not, and it is really impossible to bring Chu Yuening and any chaotic, unruly and careless things together, so he immediately felt that he had just got it wrong.

But he still felt a mess in his head and muttered to himself: "Is there anything to say here?"

Chu night Ning is trying to explain, but the ink burns under the cover of wide sleeves, gently pinching his hand and motioning him not to speak.

If this person is lying, the three-year-old child can't lie, but it is better to come by himself.

Then the ink burned: "I found a sweet-scented osmanthus cake here before the evening."

Chu nightning: "..."

Xue Mengdi: "What?"

“A sweet-scented sweet-scented osmanthus rice cake.” The ink burned a serious saying, “It’s only about ten inches high, with a lotus leaf on the head and a tail, and a blue light on the tail.”

"What kind of monster is this? I have never seen it in the illustrations."

The ink burned and laughed: "I have never seen it, so I wonder if it will be the ruin of the town demon pagoda of Confucianism in the past few days, and let out some of the already extinct monsters, take the teacher to see."

Listening to him, Xue Meng was relieved. He didn't know why he felt relieved in his heart. The face that was stretched from the moment was finally revived. He walked over with the wind, and looked around and asked, "Have you found the rice cake strange?"

"No."

Xue Meng stared at him: "I didn't ask you again, I asked the teacher."

Chu night Ning said: "...not found."

The ink burned and laughed: "The sugar rice cake is afraid to see the master, and I am afraid that it will be eaten by the teacher after the meal, and I will immediately hide."

Chu night, a glimpse, and then angered: "Mini rain! You want to go to the library to copy books?"

So much trouble, Xue Meng's feeling of uneasiness gradually disappeared, and he sighed in his heart, he was really, just now there is such a moment, the fuzzy will feel that the teacher and the burning guy are somewhat unclear. Guage... It’s ridiculous, how is it possible.

His master is the coldest of the world, the holy water, no one can touch it, and no one can defile him.

At this time, the ink burned him: "Tell so much, talk about you, what are you doing here?"

Xue Meng said: "I am going to find a vegetable bag for my mother."

The ink burned Yang Meiyu: "Is the fat cat that Xinyi came back?"

"Ok."

"Orange, there is a king pattern on the head, only the one that eats fish without meat?"

"Yeah, have you seen it yet?" Xue Meng sighed and looked very helpless. "So fat, but can run very well. I found the back mountain from the former mountain. I can go everywhere where people can go. Its shadow..." He suddenly thought of something, squinting his eyes and wondering, "Ah! You said it would be eaten by the rice cake blame?"

"..."

In fact, I really want to laugh, but I still hold back and turn it into a light cough: "This, my sugar rice cake is so small, although it is only a monster, but it is useless. If it is a vegetable bag, it should be worried." It’s not the orange cat, it’s a sugar cake.”

Xue Meng touched his chin and thought about the size of the dish. He agreed: "Yes... you are right..."

Chu night Ningdao: "The mountains are dangerous, don't go any further, I will help you find them."

Xue Meng is busy waving his hand: "Don't dare to work hard."

Chu night Ningdao: "There is nothing left to do, look for you for a while, then I will go to the Danxin Temple to go to the Presbyterian Church, and burn together, find it faster."

Ink burning: "..."

He is very convinced and late, and Chu Xiaoning thinks that his body is like a fire. If he wants to burn it, he wants to put it out and put it out. Actually, let him stand up and look for a cat at this time? ... he has not yet disappeared.

Xue Meng saw that he did not move, and his face was different, he asked: "What happened to you?"

Ink burning: "Nothing, I have been uncomfortable since I just started. You should find it first. I will come soon."

Chu night Ning gave him a look, then I realized that the clothing of the ink-burning is not the same as myself. The ink-burning habit is wearing a black-gold blouse that fits evenly. It looks very strong and crisp on weekdays, and is also very suitable for fighting. But the defects are also very obvious. If there is no cover on the outside, it will be obvious once the lower body reacts fiercely.

"..." Chu nightning did not speak again. In the darkness, a teacher’s cold and cold face was red, like the evening glow on the clear ice, the cold and the warmth merged, and the smudged crystal clear Huaguang.

From that day on, Chu Yuning said that he would not like to sneak into the shackles of death and death.

It happened that I was busy all the time. The sects felt that Xu Shuanglin lived for one day. They turned to "Tianyin Pavilion" - that is a public review organization independent of the top ten sects. It is good at investigating and dealing with difficult problems. However, Xu Shuanglin's work is too ruthless, leaving no clues. Tianyinge said that he can help.

At the end of the month, Li Wuxin couldn't stand it anymore. He sent a hero post and invited the head of the big martial art. The elders of the main event went to Lingshan to discuss.

Chu Xiaoning and Xue Zhengyi naturally went.

The last time the group gathered together in Lingshan, or when Xuemeng Nangong smashed their swords, the pattern of the cultivation of the realm changed dramatically. The seat that originally belonged to the Confucianist Gate was empty, and the Fire Phoenix Pavilion was also devastated. The new head was a speech. After the birth of the 磕巴, shrinking in the pile of people does not scream, the masters of the mourning temple of the mourning temple are cautious, and do not preside over the ugly things...

Xue Zhengxuan recalled that the day when the heroes arrived, the scene of harmony and temperament felt as if they were separated from the world, and they could not help but give a low lament.

Sitting on it, Jiang Yan was pushed to be the first master, and he will be supervised by him. This person is completely different from the former first Nangong Liu. Nangong Liu smiled all day, regardless of his status, he was polite and did not like to offend people.

What about Jiang Yan?

The head of the public only showed the result of the singer's vote, and asked him to preside over it. He was already cold and faint, and he sat down uncomfortably on the former Nangong Liu sitting in the respect of the position.

Before Nangong Liu sat in this position, he tried to quit, but Sanfan did, and how much always made the modest and courteous play. After sitting up, he even said the words of the crown of half an hour, and he could see it. More to carry, there is a lot of mistakes, and spit.

Jiang Yan has three words.

"It should be."

He actually said that this position should be where he sat.

Jiang Zhangmen, rich is really rich, madness is really mad, bad temper is really bad, the skin is really thick.

Xue Zhengxuan suddenly remembered one thing, and whispered and sighed at night: "He didn't come to Lingshan Conference, more than once."

Chu Yuening did not understand these disputes, and he was slightly embarrassed: "How do you say?"

"I mean, since Nangong Liu became the first master, Confucianism was recognized as the first big faction, and Jiang Yan did not come to any head meeting..."

Chu Xiaoning looked at Jiang Yan for a while and said: "This person is very proud and can not help but fall under the waste."

Xue Zhengyi is a bit embarrassed: "I am not willing to stay under the waste."

Chu night Ning smiled lightly: "Respecting the Lord is forbearance, not counting."

As I spoke, there was a lonely moon and night with the waiters, stopping at their desks, making a ceremony, and then holding a box.

Xue Zhengxuan turned back and said, "What is it?"

The shooking head, pointing to the ear, and pointing to the mouth, was a servant who could not speak or hear the sound.

Chu nightning watched him back and forth, and found that this person is different from the ordinary solitary night disciple, with a silver snake-shaped collar around his neck.

"The cold scale holy hand...?"

The dumb servant found that Chu Ning was looking at his collar, nodded and groaned again, and raised the box over his head and presented it to him.

There was also a delicate snake-shaped coat on the box. Xue Zhengyi saw it and said to Chu Yuening: "He should belong directly to the cold scales."

He said, he went to sit on the side of the lonely moon night, and he saw the world's first medicine master, the cold scale holy hand, Hua Binan, wearing a veil hat, revealing a pair of eyes, quietly staring They are here.

Chapter 187

Seeing that Chu Ning turned his head, Hua Binan seemed to have a smile in his eyes. He extended a white and delicate hand from the broad blue-panel silk gown sleeves, gently spread the stalls forward, indicating Chu Yuning. The box in front of the hand.

Chu Xiaoning nodded and said to the dumb servant: "Thank you."

The dumb servant saw him take the box, and this was low and a sigh, and went back to the master.

Xue Zhengyi was surprised: "Yu Heng, do you know the cold scales?"

"I don't know." Chu Xiaoning looked at the box in front of him. "I don't need to spend 2.5 million gold in Xuanyuan to buy his musk dew."

"What does he give you this?"

"I don't know." Chu said, "Let's open it."

The brocade box was opened, and the inside was neatly tidy, and five bottles of warm and lush musk dew were also available, along with a letter.

Chu Xi Ning opened it and read it. The content on the letter is also simple. It is said that Chu Zongshi spent a high price on the Xuanyuan Pavilion and took the dew. He felt that the fragrance was not worth the price. He always wanted to drink five bottles, but he never took the opportunity. Meet the guru, and now Lingshan will be alive for a while, and Wang Jun will accept it.

Xue Zhengyi immediately said: "I think he wants to make you."

"..."

This kind of gift, if it is not received, is to smash the right side, Chu night Ning Yao has thanked Hua Binan, but gave the box to Xue Zhengyi.

Xue Zhengxi said: "Give me?"

"...to the elders of the greedy wolf." Chu said, "I always feel that this Hua Bingnan is a bit strange. Xuanyuange shoots so many high-priced drugs every year, it is all high, he can compensate one by one. ?"

Xue Zheng said: "I don't think it's strange. After all, high prices are there. High is as outrageous as you are. I heard it for the first time."

Chu night Ning noodles have a thin anger, said: "But there is nothing but what is outrageous. In short, you give these five bottles to the greedy wolf, I think there is no poison here, but it should be no, but let the greed The preparation of some musk deco is not a waste."

"You don't need it?"

"I……"

It is also strange to say that those absurd and real dreams have become less and less recently. Except for the few days just coming out of the Confucianism, occasionally dreaming of some fragmented scenes, the rest of the night is a good dream.

Drinking the fragrant dew, it is also a violent thing, Chu nightning feels no need to keep such a good pharmacy.

Lingshan stayed for two or three days, and when it came back to death, the ink burned out.

Xue Mengdao: "Besides the demon."

Chu night Ning's eyebrows have a thin mark: "There are demon? The nineteenth this month."

"It’s all run out of the Confucianist Golden Drum Tower." Xue Meng sighed. "A lot of people have been caught in our Tongtian Tower, but the Tongtian Tower is no bigger than the Golden Drum Tower. The tower is small and inlaid with a stone charm." There is no such thing as a Confucianist door. If you continue to do so, it is afraid that the tower will not be able to withstand it."

Xue Zhengxuan said: "The next time Li is unwilling to come again, let him take a little to the Bitan Mountain Villa, the town is in his Holy Spirit Tower."

Xue Meng smiled: "This is also a good idea."

Xue Zhengxuan said: "You can also divide a little moon night. I heard that their star-tower is bigger than the Golden Drum Tower of the Confucian Gate..."

This time, Xue Meng did not want to, with his black eyebrows, angered: "Don't!"

"what happened?"

"I don't like the **** dog. He hates it. I don't want to give him the monster he is holding in the door!"

Chu night Ning shook his head and refused to listen to their father and son again, and then left.

He went to sleep and fell asleep, and it was really a good night's sleep, no old dreams, and when he woke up, it was already bloody, and the night was full of half a day, only a trace of blood in the evening was left in the sky.

At this time, Meng Potang had no food, but he was a little hungry, packed his clothes, pushed out, prepared to go to the impermanent town and take a snack.

As a result, it happened to see the ink burned away from the demon, and walked on the long-term bluestone leading to the red lotus.

When I saw him, the ink burned: "Master, listen to the uncle saying that you are sleeping, just want to wake you up."

"Is there something?"

"Nothing," he said. "Just want to come to you and walk together."

It’s a coincidence that Chu Yuning felt a little joy because of the coincidence between them. In the affection, a little bit of a vote is worthy of a comfortable mood.

"Where to go?"

But they are asking together.

Chu night Ning stunned, and the ink burned.

Then he said: "Listen to you."

They are all said together.

Chu’s ten fingers were slightly pinched in the sleeves, sweating in the fingers, black eyes and hot eyes, but calmly and calmly watching the ink.

The ink burned and couldn't help but grin.

"All is good."

Chu Xiaoning is actually very happy, but he is still accustomed to faint, even if his happiness is not light, very rich, like the Xiqiao Begonia flower with pale branches.

He said: "Let's go, go to the town to see, eat something."

He didn't even ask how the ink burned out the demon, and it didn't go smoothly. They were now intentional and deliberate. They were tacit. When he stood outside the bamboo pole, he sang in black and hunted, and the edge of the dark golden grass was in the night. With a glimmer of light, he understood that everything was well, no need to say anything.

They came to the town of impermanence together.

These years, the impermanent town is getting better and better, from the original Sanheng Street, three vertical streets, to today's Liuheng Street, five vertical streets, almost a whole circle.

"When I first came to the top of my life, the house was closed yet, and the house was closed. The incense ash was sprinkled outside the courtyard. The gossip mirror was hung on the door, and the soul bell was attached to the temple." Chu Yuening looked at the people coming and going. The scene of the first light of Hua Deng said, "Now the name of this town has not changed, the rest will soon be recognized."

The ink burned and laughed: "There is a life and death, and it will only be better in the future."

The two walked along the bluestone main street that had been re-paved in the town, blowing sugary people along the way, pulling the shadows of the movie, spending the stalls selling snacks and grilling, eating the shabu-shabu, dazzling, boiling against the sky, hanging on the street. Rows of lanterns, according to the night market, lively fireworks.

The ink burned the stall of the shabu-shabu, and remembered that he, Xue Meng and Xia Shiru had once eaten here together, and then laughed and took Chu Yuning: "Master, eat this, this family has you the most. Love to drink soy milk."

They were seated on the squeaky bamboo chair. It was very cold, but the master chef of the side dish was very hot. He was shirtless and sweaty. He moved over and asked: "Two sages, what do you want?" ?"

Chu night Ningdao: "Shabu-shabu."

The ink burns: "The mushroom soup pot."

"... don't you want to eat spicy?"

The ink burns and smiles, and the voice is gentle and gentle: "I want to quit."

Chu night Ning stunned, vaguely understand why the ink burning suddenly refused to eat spicy, it seems that there are fish swimming in the lake, and in the heart of the pool, a bubble, the water waves.

"You don't have to quit..."

Ink burning: "No, I just like it."

"..."

"Likes the ring, I want to quit." He looked at the night, and the thick lashes swayed and fell on the reddish ears of the other, laughing.

The latter part of the sentence never said anything again -

Want to be like you, when eating hot pot, two pairs of chopsticks can reach into a lively pot, no longer a red and white, clear and distinct.

The ink burned and ordered some stir-fried dishes. Unfortunately, the delicate dessert was not made on the small stall. He ordered three soy milk

bottles filled with fat porcelain pots, and then sat down and waited for the dishes.

Surrounded by people who eat, men, women and children, black hair hoarfrost, the steam of the soup pot is rolled up, the fire of the pot is rising, sipping and punching, jokes and lusts, all in this hot fire, the wine Warmth gathers into the gentleness of a lake and a sea.

The world is so ordinary, the red dust is so lively.

Before the fifteen years old, the hunger was hard to eat, and they could not eat these good wines.

After the emperor's emperor, the 10,000 people, but still can not get this kind of true peace.

It’s all there now.

Suddenly, the fire tongue swelled up. It turned out that the man with the spoon was simmering in the pot, and the fire was rolled up from the cauldron. The shirtless man was covered with a layer of delicate copper oil, and the oil and salt sauce was in turn. The muscles are shaking, and a plate of stir-fry is ready to go out.

It was the time of the heat, and I immediately came to the table.

"The oil bursts double crisp!" The younger brother who smashed his hand shouted.

In the past, the stepping of the fairy king, all kinds of good food can not please, but I do not know why, was actually ridiculed by this "oily double crisp", he slender ten fingers overlap, point the line of smooth chin, a pair of long and deep The eyelashes are slightly moving, and the brilliance of the five lakes and the sea are gathered at the moment on the two curtains of ink, and the darkness is dyed brightly.

Chu night Ning asked: "What are you laughing at?"

"I don't know, I am very happy."

Chu Xiaoning did not speak, but the smile of the handsome man opposite the fascinating, inexplicable, let his heart also brighten up.

After eating, I looked up at the sky and thought it was going to rain, but the people underneath seemed to carelessly, and they still used this brilliant night in an orderly manner.

They walked through a lantern shop, and the ink burned and stopped, standing there and watching.

Chu Xi Ning looked down at his gaze. It turned out that the old craftsman was carefully smeared with a pagoda lantern. Another one was very similar, and it was already done. There was a seat underneath, a river lantern.

"Old man, trouble, please give me this pagoda lamp."

I didn’t ask for a price, and I didn’t ask if I didn’t like it.

Chu Xiening walked over and handed the golden leaves to the old age, squatting at the old man who was seriously doing the light, and then handed the river lantern to the disciple standing behind him.

"Hold."

The ink is stunned and happy, and even a bit stunned: "Give me?"

Chu night Ning did not speak, carrying half a pot of wine that was not finished at dinner, looked around, and his eyes fell on the side of the small river, he walked over there.

The lights were bright and dark, and the fire was shining and shining, and the lights were dazzled.

The ink burned the river lantern and muttered: "I want to put it once when I was young, and I have no money every year."

"Yeah." Chu night Ning looked at him faintly. "You are the poorest."

The ink burned.

The river flows quietly and quietly, and Chu nightning is not willing to go down to the stone steps. He is lazy, so he is so leisurely holding his arms under the covered bridge. The white road is leaning against the dark black bridge pillar, holding the tie. The jug of fresh red tassels took a sip on his head and then turned his face slightly. The red lanterns of the horns were sprinkled on the delicate face of his porcelain jade. His expression was light, but his eyes could not hide the temperature. Then look at the happy man on the bank of the river, holding a river lamp, awkward hands and feet.

Fool, this is fun.

But still eyes stunned, slammed into the river, whispering a lot of words and pagoda lights, and finally leaned over and gently put it on the river, a golden glow reflected in the Weihe River In the middle, the ink burned the two waters and sent them to the float.

On that day, the ink burned for a long time along the dark river.

Not a holiday, except for him, there are no other people on the river to put lights.

Only a small pagoda lantern, exuding a faint and stubborn glory, traveled far and wide in the infinite long night cold water, and then became a little stunned starburst, finally swallowed by the darkness and disappeared.

The ink burned silently standing there, and no one knew what he was thinking.

He saw the last.

Until the river, no more light.

It’s raining, thunderstorms.

Raindrops hit the duckweed, knocking on the wall and smashing the tiles.

Everyone laughed and shouted, and there was little sudden and heavy rain in the winter. The stall vendors rushed to cover the pots and pans used to make the living, the tools and utensils, and pushed the small carts in a hurry. Escape, to hide this heavy rain.

Chu nightning was also a bit sloppy at the moment, although the horror was not far away, but it was not winter at this time, and the rain was too anxious.

He stood under the covered bridge, the rain hit the wind, only wet his little clothes corner, but the ink rushed from the bottom of the river beach, the clothes were wet, his face was wet, his eyes were wet, very black.

Looking at him, some gentle, and a little embarrassed smile.

"Open a spell and dry it yourself."

"Ok."

Such heavy rain does not prevent the immortals from traveling, especially the masters of the ink-burning and Chu-nighting, a small enchantment can be cleanly returned to the dead.

But none of them opened the enchantment, but stood side by side under the pillars and waited for the rain to stop.

After waiting for a long time, the rain did not mean to weaken, the world was foggy and eager, and the extraordinary night market was just disappearing, like the watercolor that was diluted by the cold rain, wet ink painting.

The ink burned: "This rain does not seem to stop."

Chu night Ning faintly said: "This rain is like, it is sick."

The ink burned and laughed, smiled for a while, turned to the head and said to Chu Ning: "What to do, can't go back."

"..."

Chu Xiaoning knows that he should answer him "Do you not practice the Tao?" "Would you open an enchantment?" "Why can't you go back?"

But he was silent for a while, but he didn't know why but didn't say anything, but he didn't have peace of mind. He just looked up and looked at the rain.

His palms are slightly hot, and there are some sweats between the fingers.

I was thinking about how to answer, but my hand was caught by the smoldering, his slight tremor, the slight heat, the slight sweat, and the unsettled, all fell into the ink Hands.

The ink burned at him, half a sigh, and the throat was moving: "Master, I, I want to talk to you..."

When I talked to my mouth, I couldn’t say it, but my heart was numb and I couldn’t swallow.

At the end of the day, he was wet and hot in the black box. In a word, he said that he was eager and subtle, concealed and embarrassed. He whispered: "I mean... the rain is too big, don't go back tonight, road So far, it will catch cold."

Chu nightning did not react, and said a moment, "I am not cold."

"So are you hot?"

"I am not hot..."

The ink burned and the breath was hot, and the chest was ups and downs. Before he answered the words, he held his hand and put it on the beating heart. He whispered, "I am hot."

Rain hit the duckweed.

But Chu Xiaoning saw the fire from his eyes and saw the melt flow and midsummer.

This young man is almost pitiful and very cute.

His voice was a little hoarse: "Let's go to the nearest inn, okay? Go now."

Chapter 188

Chu Xinning’s heart was tightened.

What rain is too big, what is so cold and hot - obviously can go back, but just use the reason that both of them feel lame, take him to the inn.

The meaning of this, Chu Evening is even stupid, but also understand.

The smoldering is in his veins, exploring his mind.

If you shake your head, the ink will not be reluctant, but if you promise, you will default to be willing to work with him...

What did he do with him?

Chu night, I don’t know, even if I know, I don’t want to think about it.

He only felt that his face was burning very hot, and it was the heat of heavy rain.

He was very nervous. He didn't know what to answer. He had to take a narrow neck of the jug and wanted to take another sip. The inside was nearly empty. Finally, a trace of cool, thick pear blossomed into the throat. He bowed his head. Fresh red tassels have more and more fair and thin fingers.

He didn't say anything, and the atmosphere was awkward.

Ink burning is a person who doesn't like drinking alcohol. When he looks up and drinks, he suddenly asks him: "Is there still?"

"Gone."

"...you are so anxious, drinking is so fast." The ink burned, bowed his head and gently kissed his lips. "Then I can only taste the taste."

The pear blossoms are white and mellow, with a subtle osmanthus fragrance.

However, in the 30th year of the year, Chu nightning passed away. The ink burned on the roof for a whole night. When I finally drink it, I feel that there is no taste at all. It is bitter.

Later, after the rebirth, the ink was not willing to touch the wine again.

too bitter.

He kissed Chu's cool lips, which was scorned at first, carefully touched and then separated, and then carefully kissed.

The rain is rumbling and the sky is bleak.

There was no one under the gallery, and the rain curtain became a natural credit. I don’t know when it was, they hugged together, kissed each other, and rubbed their lips and wetly. The smudges of the blushing heartbeat during the intense kiss were hit by the rain. The sound was drowned, and Chu Evening couldn’t hear more sounds. The sound of the torrential rain slammed the heartstrings like a drum bang.

Unlike the icy raindrops, the burning breath is so hot, his kiss moves from the lips all the way to the bridge of the nose, his eyes, his eyebrows, and then to the side of his lips, the rough, moist tongue sticking out to him. The auricle, Chu nightning can not stand such stimulation, body tight, **** into a fist, but not willing to speak.

He confronted him with a neck, ink burned his earrings, and honed the tiny seal behind his ear...

Chu nightning shivered slightly in his arms.

The smoldering hugs him, holding it tighter, wanting to crush him all over his body, crushing it in his body and breaking into the flesh and blood.

His voice was low and hoarse, and he whispered in the night of Chu’s ear: "Master..."

Respectful, the hand is very careless, caressing the person in his arms, this young man is sullen in the pot and stacked with a dense cover to suppress the eagerness, and finally overflowing, the boiling boiling water is tumbling with foam, water It’s going to burn out, it’s going to be cooked, and the firewood is getting more and more prosperous.

Tormented them.

"follow me……"

Probably the ghost is fascinated. He is actually holding his hand tightly by ink, and rushing in the rain, so absurd.

The rain is extremely cold, but it is hot on the body. None of them have opened the enchantment and did not buy an umbrella. It is like a mana loss,

like the most ordinary ordinary person, letting the wind and rain hit. In a hurry, follow the red lantern swaying in the heavy rain and ran into an inn.

The inn's second child is yawning, about to think that such a big rain, so late, there is no traveler to come back to stay, so see the two wetly rushed in, shocked. The ink burned tightly on the wrist of Chu Xinning, and the palm was so hot that it seemed to be steamed out.

He wiped a drop of water that went straight down the handsome face, and he said with some anxiety: "Stay in the store."

"Ah, good, good, this is the key to two rooms, altogether..."

"What?" Hearing the burning of the two rooms, he was more anxious. His throat was twitching, his long fingers were squatting, and he knocked on the table. "No, we only need one." Xiao Erge took a look. Look at the burning of the ink, and look at the late night.

Chu night Ning violently turned his face and burned it badly. He quietly broke his hand from the palm of his hand and then said: "There are two."

The younger brother is hesitant and understands: "If the money is not enough, one is OK."

"I want two." Chu night Ning 斩 斩 截 , , , , , , , , , , , 楚 楚 楚

He glanced at the couch and only felt that his throat was very dry, his face burned so badly that he didn't dare to look at his second eye. He only stood in the middle of the bedroom, and there was no point in the lights and candles. I don't know what to do.

His mind is still faint, and he feels that it is so ridiculous, abrupt, and unprepared.

How could this be……

How can I stand here, how can I get here by the rain, how can I...

He hadn't finished yet, and the door opened behind him, and the ink burned in.

Chu Xinning's body suddenly stretched tightly, and the ten fingers squeezed into a fist under the wide sleeves. He tried his best to know the slight trembling in the bones, but did not.

For the first time in his life, this was so utterly frustrating that he handed the kite's lead to another person's hand.

His palm does not know whether it is rain, or sweat, it is very moist.

"咔哒", the door bolt was dropped, clearly audible, and the cold hair was upright, as if the knives of the executioner were between the neck and the iron scent. Like the cheetah tiger wolf's sharp teeth will bite the prey, **** smell.

Chu night Ning suddenly, suddenly, actually, gave birth to a fear of wanting to escape.

Fortunately, his face will not show up.

The ink burned and spoke, the sound was still gentle, not too arrogant, restrained, but somewhat hoarse: "Why don't you light a candle?"

"……forget."

The ink burned the wooden tray on the table, and handed a hot bowl of steamed bun to the hands of Chu Yuning: "Ginger tea, you want it, drink it hot."

Speaking of walking to the window, go to the candlestick next to the west window.

The outside wind was raining and the house was very dark, but the window with the vines was open, and the lights outside the house were blurred and fainted.

The ink burns in front of the open window, the beautiful slender crane bird copper candlestick side, the white rain curtain lining his tall figure, the silhouette looks tall, handsome, well-defined, fiddle with the fire knife, fine curly eyelashes It looks very distinctive, like two black butterflies.

He is a monk, he has a fire, but he is not so troublesome, but he is willing to be like the most ordinary person, in the most common way, to go to the light and quietly, let the heart and darkness Light up, the wax torch is soft and tears.

The flint was polished, and I was about to scrape it up.

"Don't light up."

The ink-burning hand was too late to look back at him: "What?"

When Chu Ning did not know what to say, he had to repeat it bluntly: "Don't light."

The ink burned for a while, and then I looked at the stupid person in the darkness, and my heart slowly understood.

Even if Yuheng is late at night, there will be fears when there will be fearful things, and there will be areas that are unknown.

Those who have had a pillow in the past life, whether they are male or female, are willing to step on the face of the emperor. No one has ever asked for the light to turn off the lights. Photo, so that you can do all sorts of tricks, all kinds of courtesy, infinitely charming, come to Bo Jun half-inch love.

Ink is not in love.

Whether it was the beginning of the nine, and later Song Qiutong, it was strange to say that they were petting them, and they stubbornly felt that they were like a teacher, so staying with them is almost a play-like obsession. But I never like to look at their faces in bed.

They just let them face themselves, don't kiss, and don't like to touch, in the boring and repetitive movements, the mind is even clear.

I even suddenly felt that it was very boring.

Really boring.

He couldn't remember the smiles under the candlelight, the welcoming, high/tidal, blushing face.

Nowadays, those who love, have nothing to do with "happiness", and have nothing to do with "love". Instead, they seem to be trapped in the chaos of the chaos, breaking into, making themselves appear more dirty, deeper, self-destructive, hate not to sew their own bones Both are black.

When you are black to the extreme, you will no longer be eager for light. If you want to redeem, you will not be afraid to hold the last fire in that world.

great.

But why not give up.

No matter how you tell yourself that you don't fall in love, don't fall in love, tell yourself that life is hopeless, the world is dark, or you will be in the stormy Wushan Temple, in the tangled and tormented, sticking to the trembling fingers, violently grabbing the late night of Chu The neck, pressed on the icy stone pavilion, on the bluestone platform in the courtyard of the Qing Dynasty, in the messy quilt of the pillow, in the snow, in the hot springs, even in the high seat of the temple, the temple, the most solemn and solemn The most respected place.

Defile him.

Looking at his face, kissing his neck, cheeks, lips, calling his name.

Shred him.

In fact, those times, Chu nightning also wants to be dark, to turn off the lights.

A little light does not want to have.

But at that time, Chu did not say anything, he would not say anything, and he would not ask for anything.

I want to come, he has been under house arrest for eight years, and Chu Ning has only asked him two things at the beginning and the end.

The first one was to ask him and let go of Xue Meng when he stepped into the Wushan Temple.

The second one is to ask him and let him go before he is ever.

If it’s not cold, how can it be...

The ink burned down the fire knife and the flint, and did not speak for a long time.

After a long time, Chu Ning slightly relaxed the body that was stretched because of tension. After a long time, he was quietly asked him: "What happened?"

Ink burns: "...nothing."

The sound is warm, moist and salty.

He walked over and hugged the man standing in the darkness, and there was some rain on his body. He smothered him and said, "Late."

"..."

For a moment, he suddenly wanted to tell him all the things in the past, but he had a sore throat and a fishbone-like stalk. He couldn’t say it.

Really, I really can’t say it.

It’s not easy to get this hard-won warmth now, it’s too difficult for him or for the late night. Even if you are guilty of sin, you can’t say it, you don’t

want to say it.

Don't want to wake up.

Just want to be good, dreams go on.

Until the dawn pierced the throat.

There is no light, no fire, in the darkness, the ink burns him to kiss, the kiss is very focused, and gradually lingering.

The house is very quiet, the rain can't disturb the quiet, they can hear each other's breathing, heartbeat, lips touch, and the subtle moist sound when switching angles.

Chu nightning strongly tried to make his breathing as usual, but it was useless. Under the touch of ink burning, the ups and downs of his chest gradually became urgent. He is a tall, well-proportioned man, but the ink can easily cage him, cover him, the mountains are as tall and tall, this man puts him in his hot arms, scorns and kisses at first, and then asks for deeper .

He opened the lips of Chu's late night, and the hot and cold tongue stalked in, rubbing and entangled, like a thirsty person, drinking nectar, and people like a fire burning want to lead water to turn off the fire, but The breath of

Chu's late night is not cool water for him, but pine oil, poured in the fire, burning endless, smoldering wolf smoke.

More and more blurred...

Until you can't see...

It is an illusion, an illusion, like a fake, or a fake.

It is the superposition of dreams, not the hustle and bustle.

But the feeling of being against the sky and invading the strong is so clear. Is it supposed to... do this?

The late night of the Chu dynasty, almost squatting in the middle of the phoenix, whispered: "Come in..."

I was shocked!

Chu nightning knows what to do?

How can he know?

This person who has not seen the picture of the **** palace, a clean white paper, how can he know?

"Yes...should be...so?"

He blushes like a drip, muttering, so he asks the man who is pressing.

"Where are you from... Where did you hear it?"

"..."

Chu nightning is of course embarrassed to say dreaming, so that he seems to be more debauched, more shameless, he said vaguely, "the library has accidentally seen it..."

I hurried to add another sentence: "Someone misplaced the book."

The ink burns naturally and does not doubt him, but the heart is slightly sent, but it is also slightly moving.

He kissed Chu’s lips and nose, and then said, “It’s too urgent.”

"...!"

anxious.

Who is anxious? !

Immediately, the blood surged, and it was annoying and shameful. You can sneak up on him and lean on his chest.

He touched Chu’s hair, and said softly, “It hurts.”

"...then, don't." Chu nightning is to take a face and smash the railroad.

The ink burned and smiled softly, and the low and dumb voice was very mellow.

He said: "You don't care about me, tonight..." His voice gradually faded.

Chu night Ning blinks.

How about tonight?

But see the dark, strong arms propped up, staring at him above him, then slowly sit up and move down.

This is something that has never happened in a dream. What is he going to do?

"Tonight, just want to make you comfortable."

Finally, the ink burned over and touched his face. The man's eyes were red, some beasts, but still blazing, gazing softly at him.

"I love you."

Really, really, really love you.

It is the ambition of the wolf, and the prodigal son is turning back, carrying the guilt and sin, but he is not willing to give up, selfish, desperate, enthusiastic, and eager.

love you.

Chapter 189

The room was very quiet, the sounds of heartbeat and wheezing were very clear, and the smell in the air was slight, but sweet.

Lying in bed, the ink burned a posture, and he held him in his arms from behind, gently glaring at his eyes, his neck.

They all have sweat on their bodies, the temperature of their bodies is hot and amazing, wet and close together, honed and entangled, Chu’s mind is still dizzy, and even dare not think about it. What, everything is so ridiculous.

But the heart is warm and hot.

The warm water rushed under the chest and wanted to break through.

Suddenly the person in his arms whispered: "What about you?"

The ink burned a bit: "What?"

Chu night Ning light cough: "You..."

He didn't talk anymore, turned over in the darkness, and a pair of bright scorpions slowly looked at the burning eyes. Even though the surroundings were faint, the ink burned and felt like he was blushing at the night. "You still..." Chu night, Ning, a half, still can not say, and finally only drop the eyelashes, said, "I help you."

The ink burned and understood. He only felt that it was sweet and sweet. He held him and said, "How are you so stupid? It doesn't matter, I will talk later."

"...I am not stupid." Chu night is hard to say that he is stupid, he is not willing, "Isn't you a silly person? You are so... not uncomfortable?"

"Cough, I am waiting for you to fall asleep, go take a shower..."

Chu nightning insisted: "I will help you."

"No!" The ink burned to stop him.

"..." Chu nightning no longer speaks, seems to feel that his awkward appearance in bed is very inferior, probably won't let the ink burn and

refresh, say what to take after a shower, but actually just leave some for yourself Face only, the implication is that the hand is better than your own skills.

He pondered like this, his face cooled a little bit, and finally said: "You don't want it, even if it is."

The ink burns slightly, because the emotions and the aftermath, the sound of Chu Xinning is not as impeccable as usual. It is not as irritating as the weekdays. The meaning of being unwilling and unruly is too heavy, and it is clear and legible.

How is this person so stupid?

Where does he want to be? He thinks very much, hate can't last forever, the rainstorm never goes out, hate can't always be bored with death in this inn, and can't hide the inside and outside of the middle-aged person into the belly, blending with his body. The souls intersect.

He still wants to see Chu Xi Ning being bullied by him to choke, thinking that his body has his breath in his body.

But it will be uncomfortable.

He had done it in the past and Chu night, and he knew how long the high fever had been in the late night, and the face with pale lips was cracked, and he could not forget it until now.

He just wants to take it step by step. It doesn't matter if he endures hard work. He wants Chu Ning's first time to be comfortable. After that, he can feel the excitement and enjoyment. He can taste the marrow and sink with him.

But Chu Jingning is obviously misunderstood.

The ink burned and kissed his forehead, and he muttered: "Why don't I want it? What do you think about?"

"..."

"You don't look at what I am doing now." The man's indulging breath is on the side of his ear, his voice is moist. "Whatever it becomes, you still feel that I don't want you... fool."

Chu night Ning anger: "You say another fool, believe it or not, I unloaded your head! You - oh..."

The hand was caught by the ink, and brought to a certain place, Chu night Ning was shocked and could not say more words of guilty guilty, only feel

that the top of the head is braving the heat.

"It’s all like this, it’s all you guys."

In the dark night, he kissed his eyes again, and then went down, holding his lips, obsessed and intoxicated, sucking, squatting and honing.

After a while, both of them were somewhat restrained, and the **** desires in the house became more and more heavy. They were sucking and licking each other, unable to make their own entanglement, closely fitting the friction, and the love was almost visible to the naked eye. In the mood of confusion, the ink burned and heard that Chu Yuning said lowly, some were unwilling, and some were awkward, still a stubborn tone: "I also want to... make you comfortable..."

The last tail was almost trembling, and shame drowned him.

"Late Ning."

He heard the ink burned behind him and called him, so gentle, so lingering, so embarrassing.

After the desire to vent, the two people, breathing back, panting, smothered him, kissed him, grateful to him, circle him in his arms, the treasures are generally guarded.

Chu night was rather faint, and his back was sweating. He leaned on the thick and hot chest, and slammed it for a while. He finally closed his eyes and slept.

The next morning, Chu nightning woke up, and the skylight slid into the house through a window of window. He heard the sound of raindrops hitting the tiles, and the rain was heavy and there was no stop.

He felt a bit of pain in his head. The shards that flashed past last night were like the squashed scales in the sink, flashing mottled and sticky light, floating and sinking.

He wants to recall, but the scales are deeper and deeper, and finally completely engulfed in the darkness.

Then he thought of what he had done last night and ink burning. The whole body was stunned and his face quickly burned red. He thought of getting up, but the sturdy arm still held him behind him, his chest still sticking to his back, evenly undulating.

The ink burned still not awake.

He waited like this, I don't know how long it took, the time is not so clear in this dark bedroom, but it should be a long time.

I have some numbness in my arms for a long time.

The heartbeat that has been rushing for a long time slowly slowed down.

It’s no longer so embarrassing.

Chu night Ning finally turned over, face to face, to see the burning face.

Very handsome, the rare and handsome appearance in the world, whether it is eyebrows, nose, lips, are the best.

It’s just that the eyebrows are slightly squatting, and there seems to be a strong mind, not open, heavy.

Chu Xiaoning was facing this face again and silently stunned for a long time.

For a long time, he finally couldn't help it. For the first time, he kissed the ink-burning face.

Then he gently removed the ink-burning arm, sat down on the edge of the bed, put on his trousers, and went to get a white coat. There was a fascinating crease fold on the shirt, and Chu night tried to smooth it, but it didn’t help.

He had to wear it like this, and secretly hoped that people who would not be seen by the dead and the sorrow would see any strangeness, while thinking about it, while going to the stack of clothes.

Suddenly someone hugged him from behind.

Chu night Ning was shocked, although the performance was only a slight movement of the hand.

I don’t know when I’m awake, got up, hugged him, kissed his earrings.

"Master respect..."

I don't know what to say, the first time I can honestly meet in this life, Chu nightning will be forgotten, and the smoldering will also give birth to some newly-married Yaner-like shyness and embarrassment.

"early……"

"Early, it is very late." Chu nightning did not look back, wearing clothes on his own.

The ink smiled slyly, with a shallow nasal sound, and then extended his hand, finishing the pendant hanging between the neck for the night.

"This cold, you have to put it on your body, or it won't work."

Chu night Ning seems to suddenly think of something, look back at him.

When I was in love last night, I felt that there was something in the neck of the ink. But at that time, I was dizzy and not too embarrassed. At this time, I looked carefully and was actually a dragon blood crystal pendant paired with myself.

"You..." Chu Xi Ning said, "When you were at the Confucianist Gate, didn't you say that this pendant has only the last one? How?"

He shut up slyly.

Because I saw the ink and smiled at myself, the pear vortex was melted and my eyes were soft.

He suddenly understood the selfishness of the ink burning at that time, suddenly it was a little hot, turned his face away, sullenly stopped talking, only buried his head to organize his clothes.

"Go back early." In the end, I didn't dare to look at the smoldering. I only said, "I am afraid that someone will be thrown out later."

The ink burns and tampers: "All listen to the teacher."

But it was quiet, but suddenly and ambition did not die, blood is not cool. Pulling through the boots and getting ready to stand up, Chu Ningning, and then leaned over, his lips gently kissed him on his lips.

"Don't be angry, I have to endure when I go back. I want to keep my mourning." The ink burned and smiled, and the fingertips pointed to the lips that the night was rather to talk. "Master, you are so good."

Because of this sentence, you are so good, until you go back to the mountain gate, Chu night Ning is still a bit embarrassed.

He feels that good is not his own, but ink. This young man is handsome, gentle, and lovingly loving himself. Sometimes he even makes Chu Xiaoning feel very unreal. He thinks this person is too perfect, how can he belong to such a dull self.

Those who belong to a decent sentence will not speak of themselves.

But when the smoldering stared at him, his expression was so serious, there was no half-falsehood, and when he burned and kissed him, it was so emotional, and the breathing seemed to be controlled by Chu, and everything was handed over to him.

Even if I was clumsy in my last night, my words were boring, and sometimes I was distracted...

But the ink burned didn't feel disappointing. He woke up in the morning and was willing to kiss his lips and said, "You are so good."

"..."

"Master."

"Ok?"

Looking back at the gods, but glimpsed under the red sea otter flower enchantment, ink burned and smiled at him: "Where to go? Go here, there is the red lotus otter, we first go to Meng Potang to have some food, Go back."

In Meng Po Tang, the ink burned or sat in front of him, but the people around him came and went, noisy and noisy. They were not as comfortable as they used to be, and they ate their heads and ate the food in the bowl. The disciples who loved to take a bet late, couldn’t help but whisper.

"How can the elders of Yuheng not talk to the ink brothers today?"

"Not only don't talk, I don't even look at him."

"It’s strange that the ink brothers don’t give the Yuheng elders a dish. It’s not quite a knot. What happened to them, quarreled?”

"... Will you continue to sit at a table after you have finished with your teacher?"

"Haha, that's what it is."

The orthogonal head stalked, and suddenly Chu was standing up late, and then holding a bowl to add some porridge to himself. The white clothes fluttered past them, and the group of good people did not speak, burying their heads and buns.

After Chu’s staying back, they’re talking about it again.

"Do you think that the elders of Yu Heng are a bit strange today?"

Someone nodded immediately: "Yes! Just can't say where it is strange, it seems to be clothes?"

Five or six pairs of eyes sneaked for a long time, and suddenly a little disciple snorted and said: "It seems to be too wrinkled, not as meticulous as usual."

He said this, everyone found out that it was true, but no one thought about it. After a long time, I felt that the elders of Yu Heng should go to the back of the mountain to ban the land last night, except for some evils, and make up some small days and so on. .

These disciples admire him and look up to him. At most, they only think that he is interesting, but no one will really treat him as a flesh-and-blood, desire-seeker, so even if the ink-burning and Chu-nighting do not stay so much. Traces, even if there are a lot of clues revealed, they did not pay attention, did not pay attention.

When a person is carried to the altar by everyone, then he can only not open, do not move, break the desire, clear and cold, otherwise the chess is a step, it is wrong.

So later, when the feelings of Mo Weiyu and Chu Yuning were made public in the world, many people felt that their gods had collapsed. They felt that anger felt disgusting and felt uncomfortable.

But they all forgot to worship a person in a high place, forcing him to go every step of the way according to the expectations of the people, forcing him to live from head to toe for the sake of everyone, not allowing him to give birth to a little bit of lust. It is a very cruel and powerful thing.

Chapter 190

After this day, Chu Ningning and Mo-burning had no chance to meet privately.

The heavy rain in the middle of the river is like a demon, and there are a large number of dead fish and dead shrimps in the rolling rivers outside the Baidi City. There are many water beasts in the folks, and the elders of the dead are all going to the villages and towns. Demon slayers, Chu Yuning and Mo-burn are extremely powerful because of their respective mana. At this time, they will not be arranged to waste their strength. One went to the Three Gorges port and one to Yizhou.

Confucianism has a hundred years of foundation, and there are countless monsters in the Golden Drum Tower, which have been regrouped and destroyed.

In addition to the shackles, Yangzhou, Leizhou, and Xuzhou, which were originally in the Taiping area of the Shangxiu world, also frequently gave birth to the tragedy of killing the beasts and killing the civilians. At one time, they divided the human rights of the public to explore the whereabouts of Xu Shuanglin. It is even slower.

The ink-burning spirit is amazing. Now it is more stable. It took only four days to quickly stabilize Yizhou. When I returned to the dead, I heard that

Chu-Ning had returned, and I couldn’t help but rest. I just want to go to Honglian Water to find him.

As a result, the water gate closed, and again, Xue Zhengyi said strangely: "Retreat, did Yuheng not tell you?"

"Closed again?" The ink burned and was shocked. "Is the teacher respected?"

"What hurts, isn't it the reason for the heart? He has to close once every seven years. When you go back to the retreat, you have to look after him. Why have you forgotten it?"

Xue Zhengxuan said this, the ink burned suddenly remembered, there is such a thing - at that time he just worshipped the late night as a teacher, only after half a year, Chu night Ning said that he was practicing youth when he was young. Going forward, there are old diseases, although there is no serious problem, but every seven years, they must retreat for a long time.

On the tenth day and ten days, in the tenth day, the master of Chuzong was a faint, almost mortal, and he needed to meditate and rehabilitate his body. During this period, he only had one hour a day to recover his knowledge, to get some water, to eat a little something, and the rest of the time must not be disturbed, and even more can not be injured, so Chu nightning will pre-elect the most powerful around the Honglian otter. Enchantment, only Xue Zhengxuan, Xue Meng, Shi Yi, and the ink-burning four entered, and the disaster was caused by safety.

Not long ago, the last time he retired, he had just had a contradiction with Chu Xiening because of "picking flowers." After he was punished by Chu, he was somewhat disheartened. Therefore, he was retired on the 10th. He did not accompany him for one day. Instead, he ran to help his uncle organize the library.

Thinking about the year, the burning heart was uneasy, and immediately said: "I will go see him."

"You don't have to go. He said it before entering the customs. Like last time, let Xue Meng stay in the first three days, the teacher will guard the middle three days, and you will accompany him in the last four days."

"I just want to give him a look..."

"What's the good thing about this." Xue Zhengxi said with a smile. "The last time I crossed this pass, it wasn't that the teacher was accompanying him. What else do you care about? What's more, when you passed, Menger saw you, I have to talk to you, it’s not good to make a joke."

When I thought about it, I promised that I didn't go. I didn't fall asleep that night. I thought that Xue Mengzheng and Chu Yunning were alone in the red lotus water, and I felt so sad, especially not taste.

Of course, he knows Xue Mengchun, and he has no interest in men. But he is uncomfortable, that is, he is awkward, and he has tossed and turned to the opposite side. When he was polished, he barely slept for one or two hours.

After waking up, I don’t think it’s ok.

He still couldn't help it. He wanted to see Chu Yuning, even if he was far away.

Although the door of the Honglian Water Margin is closed and the enchantment is full, but the ink is the apprentice of Chu Yuning, the enchantment will not stop him. As for the Qinghai bamboo, the firewood is even more a decoration. , it fell smoothly in the courtyard. Every time I meditate in the practice of Chu, I am used to a green bamboo pavilion in the depths of the lotus pond. This time should be the same.

Sure enough, I saw the smoke wave pool far away, the lotus leaves from the middle, the elegant bamboo pavilion swayed on all sides, and Chu was quietly sitting on the ground, and the white clothes were laid out.

Xue Meng stood next to him, feeling that the outside was bright, so he bundled the snow on one side, so that the Master can also get some warm sun. The morning sun in the winter flowed into the pavilion, shining the slightly pale face of Chu night, and felt the warmth in the meditation. His face gradually had some blood.

After a while, Chu Yuning was caused by the cycle of Zhou Tian, and his forehead gradually pulled out the fine sweat. Xue Meng took the white towel to wipe him off. After rubbing it, he couldn’t help but look up. He said: "It’s weird, how do you feel that someone is staring at me..."

Ink is not a slap, it is a stare.

Looks like a calm, in fact, the heart is arrogant.

He felt that Xue Meng had a handkerchief and wiped the night of the forehead of Chu, and the distance was a little longer. The distance was a little closer, and his eyes were awkward. In short, all kinds of unwarranted crimes were all thrown to Xue Meng. He was unhappy and depressed. . The sullen and sullen, the burning of the ink can not stand, do not want to stay here to live sin, intend to leave.

But he didn't control it, and his voice was a little louder. Xue Meng immediately took out a plum blossom dart that was full of spiritual power and shouted: "Who?!"

Plum blossoms were a trivial matter, but they caught it with bare hands, but listening to him shouting, the ink burned his heart and quickly mentioned the eyes of the blind man, busy plucking out from the bamboo forest, passing through the lotus pond, and leaping gently into the bamboo pavilion. .

Xue Meng’s eyes widened and he said, “What are you—”

"Lightly." When the ink burned, he held his mouth and lowered his voice. "How do you call such a loud noise?"

"Hey-hey!" Xue Meng struggled for a long time, violently earned from the burning of his hands, his face was red, and he snorted and smashed a scattered hair, angered, "Do you still say me? What do you like to hide in the bush like a thief?"

"...I am afraid that you are as embarrassed as you are now."

"I can't hear the teacher!" Xue Meng said, "The voice curse, you haven't seen the master who has already given himself a curse? Unless you give him a curse, or you are facing him. The ear shouted that he couldn’t hear what you were talking about..."

He groaned, and the ink burned for a moment: "The curse of the voice? How did the uncle say that I was afraid of coming over to you?"

"I blame him for thinking that you have just come back from Yizhou and are tired. I want you to rest first." Xue Meng said without words. "He also believes in his words. He doesn't know how to think about it first. It’s not the first time I applied this curse to myself. It’s convenient for us to be comfortable and comfortable. You don’t mind, it’s stupid to die.”

Ink burning: "..."

Seeing the burning of the ink and preparing to sit down in the pavilion, Xue Meng was busy pulling him: "Hey, what are you doing?"

Ink burning: "In this case, I will keep it."

Xue Mengdao: "Who wants you to keep it, I said that I have kept it for the first three days. You have to sell it with the Master. Walk around and don't grab my job."

"Are you taking care of him alone?"

"How can I take care of it? I am not the first time to take care of the teacher."

Seeing Xue Meng's anger, ink burning is not good to say anything, hesitating for a while, is preparing to go, suddenly seeing the tea pot on the table, the leaves are wide, the color is deep, and there is a slight fragrance of smell, then ask: "Kunlun The cold snow tea produced?" "Hey? How do you know?"

"..." How could he not know that this tea is Xue Meng's favorite drink, Xue Meng is always willing to give his favorite things to the master, but did not think about these things. Not suitable, like it or not.

"The cold and fragrant nature of the snow is cold, and the master is originally a cold physique. You can give him this tea. Can he be comfortable?"

Xue Meng stunned, his face was a little red, and he was embarrassed to explain: "I didn't think so much. I only know that the cold fragrance is good tea, I..."

"Go for some rose tea, add two spoonfuls of honey, wait for him to wake up and then give him a drink. I will make some snacks and send them to you later."

Xue Meng wants to save himself a face, busy: "Diners can not eat, this ten days to find the valley."

"I know, but my uncle said, it is okay to eat a little." The ink burned, and waved his hand, and went out of the bamboo pavilion and walked outside the otter. "See you."

Xue Meng looked at his back, slammed, and went out for a while. When the ink burned away, he lowered his head and couldn’t help but look at the neck of the teacher - the point he had no intention of seeing yesterday.

Light blue and purple traces. Under the sun, it is clearer, not like the traces of mosquito bites, nor the wounds. Xue Meng is not a 14-year-old now. Some things have not been experienced, but it does not mean that he knows nothing. The traces on the neck of Chu’s night make him very restless.

He thought of all the details, especially the movement he heard on the back hill that day. He has been telling himself that it is the wind, the wind.

But the vague haze in my heart seems to be caged again. Under the inexhaustible smog, there seems to be something strange and faintly revealing the original appearance.

In the warm sun, Xue Meng did not know why, suddenly felt very uncomfortable, involuntarily shuddered and frowned.

Because of this restlessness, Xue Meng made a decision on the sixth day of the retreat of Chu.

He intends to follow the ink in the dark.

This is the last day of the teacher's service of Chu Yuning. The shift should have been at midnight, but the ink burned the dinner in Mengpotang early on the day, and brought a box of snacks, and went straight to the red lotus water. Xue Meng didn't expect him to go to the division to change the teacher's time. The rest of the meal was no longer eaten. The cat followed him up and followed him to the red lotus water. The ink burned from the main entrance. He slowed for a while, followed the example that had been done before the ink burned, and turned over the wall into the door.

At this time, the setting sun has not fallen, the crescent moon has already come out, and the sky scorpion unloads the makeup of the overflowing streamer. Only the remaining tail of the eye has not been wiped out. The

magnificent sunset is a faded lead, the fat powder is greasy, and it is dark and heavy. The night is engulfed, and the stars are like water. The ink burned the food box. When he saw the teacher facing his back and walked into the bamboo pavilion, he did not seem to hear the movement of the ink burning, and stopped in front of Chu night. The ink burned and smiled. He was planning to say hello to him, but he suddenly saw a faint flash of light in his hand, pointing to the late night of the meditation, the ink burned a bit, the brain was flashing, and shouted:

"Teacher!"

The back is cool and the hair is upright.

In his two lifetimes, there have been too many lives and deaths, so that today, with a little bit of wind and grass, he can be a soldier. The so-called one was bitten by a snake for ten years, and this red lotus otter once parked the body of Chu Xinning and parked for two years until the day he died.

He doesn't really like it here. When he steps into the otter, he can always think of the last period of his life. He is lying in the lotus flower, and he is never angry. Therefore, he subconsciously felt that the red lotus water shovel was a disaster-stricken area, and there was a deep and dead bottom throat that would swallow up the last fire in the world.

The teacher turned back and he lowered his hand, and the silver light was hidden in the sleeve: "A burning?... How come you?"

"I--"

The ink burns heartbeat and frenzied, and does not come up in one breath. Nothing is taken care of. The black eyebrows stand: "You are in your hands..."

"Hand?"

The teacher stunned and raised his hand again. He saw that he was holding a comb in his hand, casting it in sterling silver, and the broken back stone was inlaid with a smooth and meridian.

There is some language in the ink, and it’s half awkward: "You... are you combing your hair?"

"... um, what's wrong?" The teacher looked at him up and down, and then picked up his beautiful eyebrows. "The face is so ugly, is there anything out there?"

"No, I am just..." I said halfway, I couldn't say it, but my face was pale and reddish. Fortunately, the night was dim and I couldn't see the truth. After a while, the ink burned his face slightly and coughed: "Nothing."

The teacher still looked at him silently, and then seemed to understand what it was. He looked awkward and hesitated and said: "Do you think..."

The ink burned busy: "I don't have it." After all, the teacher is also a very good person to be treated by him. He is a person who regards him as a relative. The ink is also shocked by the misunderstanding of his moment. He only feels very sorry. Oh, so the words "I don't have" blurted out.

The teacher did not speak for a long time, and said: "A burning."

"Ok?"

"I haven't said the second half yet." Shi Yan sighed softly. "Why are you so anxious to deny?"

This statement undoubtedly shows that the teacher has already understood the moment of the moment, and the ink burned the silver comb in his hand as a murderous blade.

Although this is due to the fear of the death of the late brothers of the late Qing Dynasty, no matter who is facing the ink burning station, Xue Meng or Xue Zhengyi, he will probably give birth to the shudder of the beggar. But in the face of the teacher, the ink burned down, and my heart is still uncomfortable.

He coveted: "...sorry."

In memory, when a teacher encounters a person, it is always gentle and broad, and there is little time to be cold or to blame others. But this evening, next to the lotus pond, the teacher looked at the ink, but he never made a sound for a long time.

Windy, full of lotus leaves rolled, red lotus light dance.

Shi Yan said: "People are not as good as the old ones, but Ah Burning, acquaintance for nearly ten years, I am in your heart, why is it so unbearable."

His voice was soft and calm, and there was not much anger and anger, and there was no grievance from crying. The ink burned into his eyes, and the two clear waters seemed to have seen everything, but they didn't want to care about anything. They didn't want to say anything more.

The teacher handed the comb that had overflowed with silver light to the ink-burning hand, faintly said: "Before the master looks at the meditation, let me put it on for him. Since you are here, I will hand it over to you. ”

"Teacher..."

However, the man with a long and beautiful beauty has crossed his shoulders and his footsteps are gentle. However, he never turned back and left the red lotus water of Wanye.

Chapter 191

The most important person in the world for ink burning, except for the late night, is the teacher.

I used to swear that I was a teacher, but I found out that it was not, but I did not change his mind and cherish his mind.

Although I gradually feel that the teacher is strange, I feel that this tall figure is like a man with a charm. Although the original bowl of hand-to-hand was only ordered by the teacher, it was sent to Chu Xiening, but in any case, Shi Mingjing was the original teacher.

It was in the darkness and stumbling, smiling at him and reaching out to his companions.

It is a brother who is accompanying him and willing to give him comfort when he is lonely and unwilling.

I think that the teacher is also an orphan. In this world, there is no longer a relative. Xue Meng is also very proud. Although he has a good relationship with the teacher, but for so many years, the teacher has not called Xue Meng’s name, but Bi Gongbi respected him as a young master.

If you can really call a teacher a "friend", you will only have yourself.

As a result, he also hurt his heart.

Xue Meng was hiding in the bamboo forest. He held his arms and arms for a long time. He saw the ink burning and stayed there, playing with a silver comb, and seemed to have something to worry about.

After waiting for a little half an hour, there was no movement, Xue Meng began to feel like an idiot -

What do you think of yourself, how do you feel that the relationship between the teacher and the ink burns? Is the brain broken? The more he stood and the more he felt, the more he felt that he was inexplicable. At the end, Xue Meng turned and wanted to go, but it was the same brother. He and the ink burned almost the same mistake.

Relaxed for a while, did not control the footsteps.

The ink burned up and sank through the gauze curtain: "Who?"

"..." Under the moonlight, Xue Meng reluctantly, unscrupulously smashed out, his eyes dodging, and a light cough.

The ink burned a bit: "What are you doing?"

"Only the state official set fire, do not allow the people to light up?" Xue Meng did not dare to look at the burning eyes, his eyes flickered, but it was plausible, but his face was red, "I just want to see the Master."

The ink burned his mind and moved, vaguely understanding that Xue Meng followed his own possibility, and could not help the ground color to stagnate, but he quickly adjusted his own look and recovered his calm before Xue Meng was aware of it.

"Since it is here, sit for a while."

Xue Meng did not quit, followed by the bamboo pavilion.

Ink burned him: "Want to drink tea, or wine?"

"Tea." Xue Mengdao, "Drinking will be drunk."

On the table, there is wine and tea. The ink burns a red mud stove. The flames in the night light up. According to his clear outline, he cooks the eight treasure tea on the stove. The two brothers sit in the bamboo pavilion.

On the bench, one leaned against the pavilion and waited for the water to boil.

Xue Meng asked him: "How come you are so early? Originally, you should be worth half a night."

"There is nothing left and right, I will come over." The ink burned and smiled. "Are you not?"

Xue Meng thought, it seems that it is.

The smoldering should be the same as oneself, but it is only concerned with the teacher. After all, after the war, the smoldering gradually changed. Nowadays, it has passed, and he and the younger boy who was in the first place are very different. The apprentice saved by his life has finally grown into a man who is upright.

Dropping the eyelashes, Xue Meng indulged for a moment and smiled slyly.

Ink burning asked: "What?"

"No, I remembered the last retreat." Xue Mengdao, "At that time, you were not convinced by the Master, for ten days, you came to see him, and then said that he could not bear enough, afraid that he could not serve him. I ran to pick up the books there. I was still sulking in my heart at that time. I

didn’t think that after seven years, you would become like this.” The ink burned for a while, then said: “People will change. ""

Xue Meng asked: "I want to give you another chance, let you go back seven years ago, you still can't run?"

"What do you say?"

Xue Meng really thought about it seriously, and then said: "I am afraid that I will think about ten days and ten nights, and I will be with my teacher."

The ink burned low and laughed.

"Hey, what are you laughing at." Xue Meng changed his position. One foot rested on the bench of the bamboo pavilion, and the elbow rested leisurely. The head and neck leaned back slightly, and his eyes flowed to the end of his eyes, glaring at his own church. Brother, "Now you and I have the same mind for the Master, what do I think, you should not be too much."

The ink burns: "Well."

Xue Meng passed the scorpion and looked at the wind chimes at the pavilion. He said, "It's very good. At the beginning, the teacher respected his body. I blame him for changing his life with his life. But today, you are not all." conscience."

I don’t know what to say, but it’s "hmm".

Bells, jingling in the wind.

A few silences, Xue Meng couldn't help but turn his head, his eyes were burning, his eyebrows were slight, and he suddenly asked him: "Cough, what, actually, there is something, I want to ask you."

"You said."

"You tell me the truth, that day in the mountains, you guys..."

In fact, Xue Chen always knows that Xue Meng always wants to ask this question.

Seven bends and eight times around, still have not escaped. He waited for him to go on.

However, Xue Meng was a half-day, his face was white and red, red and white. In the end, he couldn’t say the sentence. He only fixedly looked at the ink and said: "You really... are you looking for sweet-scented yoghurt rice cake? ?"

The water is open, and the steam of steam is so long in the cold night, and the polymerization is dispersed.

The eyes of the two meet, Xue Meng double smashed is anxious, flashing the hot flame, the dark eyes of the ink burned the ancient well without waves, deep bottomless.

"You can drink tea."

Xue Meng grabbed his arm and stared at him: "Are you really looking for sweet-scented osmanthus cake?!"

"..."

The ink burned for a moment, earned his hand, and went to the table to get a dark cast iron pot, one cup full, full.

Then he narrowed his eyes and said: "If we are not looking for sweet-scented osmanthus cake, what else can we do?"

"you--"

"Master can't easily marry you, you don't believe me, you always have to believe him."

Xue Meng seemed to be a small snake that was pinched by seven inches. The hand resting on his knee was slightly stunned, and then he bowed his head and said: "I didn't believe him."

"Then drink tea." The ink sighed. "What do you want to think about all day? It’s all there is nothing." He bowed his head and blew the steam of steam, and his face looked so hot. Handsome, but somewhat ambiguous, such as the mirror of the water, teach people can not really cut.

The Babao tea is warm and tastes salty. Xue Meng slowly drank a few mouthfuls. He felt that the hot stream made the frenzied heartbeat calm down. He finished drinking the tea, and the remaining temperature in the cup was still scattered. Hot air.

Xue Meng bowed his head and suddenly groaned, as if he was talking about ink, and he said to himself: "I really care too much about him, I think so much, a little bit of wind, I am..."

"I know." Mohburn said, "I am the same."

Xue Meng turned his face and looked at him.

The ink burned against the pavilion, the tea in the cup was not exhausted, and he drank another bit, and then said: "Because of this, I have misunderstood the teacher, you are at least better than me, not so impulsive."

Xue Mengluoqi: "No wonder he saw that he left with you without two sentences. What did you misunderstand him?"

"...not to mention it." The ink burned and smiled. "I can think more than you."

Xue Meng wrinkled his nose: "He is a poor man. People in the famine are easy to eat. If they are not saved, he will become the meat in the hungry pot. The teacher has been waiting for you, you are good. Don't bully him."

Ink ignited: "Well, I know, I was excited for a while, and I won't be in the future."

The two guarded Chu Yuning in the pavilion, saying a word, not salty and not talking.

This feeling is very wonderful, ink burning in the moonlight, Xue Meng that Zhang Junxiu, some natural arrogant face, this person in his previous life opened a hole in his chest, and later each time accompanied by tears and blood.

I did not expect that they could talk so calmly, and in the lotus pond under the moon, cooking tea and cooking.

Yes, cooking wine.

After the tea was finished, Xue Meng did not intend to leave.

When the ink burns, it has a hot pot of wine, a few drinks, and the right words, as long as you are not drunk, it is harmless.

But he seems to have looked at Xue Meng's drink.

They have four mentoring and apprentices. The ones that don’t fall for a thousand cups are Chu Xiening, and they are also okay. The amount of wine in the division is very poor, but Xuemeng is the most incurable. Two small cups of pears were white, and this person was a little dizzy and speeched.

The ink burned and worried about getting into trouble, and he was busy collecting the wine and not giving him any drink.

Although Xue Meng’s consciousness is chaotic, but it has not been completely lost, it is still clear, blushing, smiled and said: “It’s good to collect, I... I can’t drink any more.” “Yeah.” "You go back to rest, can you go now? Can't take my voice and let my uncle come over."

"Oh, don't need him to come over, don't need him to come over." Xue Meng smiled and waved his hand. "I can go back and recognize the road."

The ink burned and didn't worry, put a finger in front of him: "What is this?"

"One."

Also refers to Chu nightning: "Who is this?"

Xue Meng smiled: "God fairy brother."

"……speak politely."

"Haha, Master, I know." Xue Meng smiled at the pillar.

The ink burned and frowned, and the amount of Xue Meng’s drink was worse than the year. He was still uneasy. He also asked himself: "That, I see, don’t make a joke, who am I?"

Xue Meng stayed for a while.

Time seems to overlap with the old shadow at this moment. In the New Year's Eve of Meng Potang, Xue Meng was also drunk, recognizing the face of the teacher, saying that Chu Ning is a **** elder brother, and then slammed with ink, haha smiled and said that the ink is a dog.

The ink burned and looked at him calmly. When he prepared to speak a dog again, he secretly slammed Xue Meng and then called Xue Zhengyi to bring the little drunk back.

However, Xue Meng looked at him and looked at it for a while. His face didn't know what it was. He finally opened his lips and twitched slightly. It seemed to be a "dog" sound. Ink burning is going to reach out to his mouth. "brother……"

The hand that had not yet been raised froze, and Xue Meng looked at him with gaze, slowly and whispered, and shouted: "Brother."

The ink burned a bit, as if it had been smashed by a bee, the sting was filled with severe pain, and the pain was sore because of the poison. He blocked his throat and couldn't say a word. He only looked at Xue Meng's face, young, arrogant, and arrogant.

On this face, ink burned to hate, anger, and inferiority.

I have never seen his look at the moment.

Xue Mengmo glared at the Dragon City Sabre at his waist. It was the smoldering of the great demon charm, and won the best spirit stone, and sent it for him.

Without this knife, he might not be able to win the first place in the Lingshan Conference. Without this knife, he might only be a monk who was named as an unknown and bears the wound of Zhong Yong.

When he was awake, for reasons like this, out of self-respect and face, he never said a word of praise with ink, but he was actually very uncomfortable - when he wiped the dragon city every day, it was a mood. Thousands, mixed feelings.

Especially after the return of the Confucianism Gate, it was known that the smoldering saved himself from Xu Shuanglin’s men. Xue Meng was even more tormented. After waking up, I heard that the ink burning and Chu Yuning were still missing. He burst into tears and everyone thought he was Just crying for his master, only Xue Meng himself knows that that night, he was holding a dragon city sabre, lying on the sickbed, looking at the darkness, hoarsely said:

"Brother, sorry."

Where are you...you and the master... are you ok?

The ink burned and said nothing, and the whole person could not move. The whole person was settled, so he stood in the same place.

Yesterday, all kinds of waters have passed, and they have passed by.

He thought of the life and death of the past life, Xue Meng alone went up the mountain, standing in the cold Wushan Temple, red eyes and asked him the fall of Chu Yuning.

Xue Meng said: "Ink rain, you look back..."

He thought that after he stepped on the emperor, Xue Meng and Mei Hanxue ambushed the assassination. In the blue sky, Mei Xueshi blocked his way. Xue Meng was screaming, his face twisted and twisted, the scimitar pierced his chest, and his blood was arrogant.

Xue Meng said: "No one can save you from the rain, this world can't hold you!"

He thought of a pile of pieces of hatred, angry, fiery, dragon snake dancing.

He thought of the day when he was born in the middle of the night, Xue Meng screamed and snarled and slammed him on the wall. The cervical artery violently snarled and roared like a beast: "How can you say that he does not save you... How can you Say he won't save you!!"

Suddenly, my heart flashed, and there was a shimmer in front of my eyes.

Perhaps it is such a rigid stand of ink burning, it really stood too long, and reminded him of the earliest, earliest, most vague memory.

He seems to have seen two teenagers, a thin and powerful, horrified, like abandoned dog that was used to being beaten, squatting in front of the small table in the disciple's room, kneeling on the bench, the little hand clinging tightly, protecting Knees, no movement, it is himself.

There is also a teenager, like a snow jade, pretty and cute, like a small ostrich with a bright and dazzling wings, he stands with a beautiful machete around his waist, stepping on a chair with his feet, black and round His eyes glared at him.

"My mother asked me to come see you." Juvenile Xue Meng shouted, "I heard that you are my cousin?... It looks so cold."

The ink burns without snoring, bows his head, and is not used to being stared at like this.

Xue Meng asked: "Hey, what is your name? Ink... that ink... Hey? Tell me, I don't remember."

"..."

"Ask you, why don't you say anything?"

"..." "Are you dumb?!"

After three times, the teenager Xue Meng laughed: "I said that you are my cousin, seeing you are only unassuming, thin and unbearable, the wind blew and ran away. I have such a shameful brother, it is a joke."

The ink burned lower and he refused to pay attention to him.

So silent, suddenly a bright red in front of him, handed him this bright red person is too rude, almost poked to his nose, ink burned for a while, only to find that it is a bunch of candied fruit.

"Give it to you."

Xue Mengdao.

"I can't eat anyway."

He took a box of snacks, and he was still on the table at random, with a charismatic attitude, but the ink burned and looked at him. He only thought that he was very lavish and generous. No one had ever given him so much. There is no demand.

"Here……"

"What?" Xue Meng frowned. "What do I have to do with me? What are you talking about?"

"I can eat this string?"

"what?"

"In fact, as long as one is enough... you can't eat, I will..."

"You are sick? Are you a dog? Eat the rest of others?" Xue Meng's eyes widened and he thought it. "Of course it's all yours! This whole series, this whole box is yours." !"

The lacquered wooden dice are exquisitely crafted, and the cranes and clouds that are painted with gold powder on the top are the atmospheres that the ink has never seen before.

He didn't dare to reach out, but his black eyes had been staring at the blind man. He saw that Xue Meng had some hair, and he raised his hand and opened the snack for him. The rich milky fragrant fragrant bean paste was mixed in one, three horizontal and three vertical. A total of nine, some golden crisp, some pink and soft, and some of the skin is crystal clear, blown can be broken, faintly can see the soft red bean paste inside.

Juvenile Xue Meng did not look at it and pushed the whole box of snacks to him. He was impatient and annoying: "Come on, if it is not enough, I still have it, I can't finish it, just give it to you." ”

This little son has a bad attitude and a bad tone. The black and white rounded scorpion is still turned upside down, and a pair of nostrils look down on the human virtue.

But the dessert fruit handed to him is sweet and soft.

Through the bitterness of the two worlds, bloody, a little bit of sweetness, it seems to return to the tip of the tongue. In the moonlight, Xue Meng was drunk, and Xue Meng also sewed his throat and stared at him. After a while, Xue Meng smiled, drunk, and did not know what to laugh at.

He loosened the column he was holding, and seemed to want to slap a shot of his shoulders, but he was unsteady and groaned, and he fell into his ink.

"Hey... brother..."

The ink burned, and then slowly lowered his eyes, gently patted Xue Meng's back, the night wind boasted, his broken hair covered half of Zhang Jun face, no one knows what kind of look is ink burning, After a long time, Xue Meng, who was in poor drinking, fell asleep in his arms. At this time, the ink burned hoarsely.

"Xue Meng, I am sorry, I am not worthy of being your brother..."

Chapter 192

On the day when Chu’s retreat ended, the undead guests came to the death.

"Hey."

Early in the morning, the door of Honglian Shuiyu was anxiously sizzling.

Mo-burning is serving the late night of Ning, and this person’s practice has just ended. Ten days of meditation is empty, the whole person is somewhat confused, and when he hears the sound of the door, he said quite calmly: "Please come in."

Ink burning: "Hey."

"……Why are you laughing?"

"The teacher respected the enchantment at the door. Who can come in except for me and Xue Meng?"

Chu Xiaoning remembered this and raised his hand to untie the enchantment. Outside the fire, there was a disciple who was rumored to be a messenger. He was full of alcohol, like a headless fly: "Yuheng elders, not good, there is a big demon at the door of Danxin Temple!"

The two looked at each other and immediately rushed to the Dan Heart Hall.

In the long distance, the smoldering glimpse of a huge gourd is spinning around the square, and a group of elders and disciples are watching and laughing.

Ink burning: "...big demon?"

Fat gourd: "Hey."

Seeing the late night of Ning and the ink burned, Xue Zhengyi’s eyes lit up and patted the thigh: “Ah! Yu Heng! It’s time to wake up! Saved and saved, come!”

Chu nightning is still a bit embarrassing, but he grows cold in the sky, even if it is awkward, his face is still very inscrutable: "Well?"

"It is another monster that escaped from the Golden Drum Tower." Xue Zhengyu bitterly, is also good-natured, and funny, "Let's not go here - wine

gourd!"

Chu night Ning raised his eyes to see the big gourd running all over the mad, two tall, exuding the mother-of-pearl shine, the gourd mouth smashed with pink smoke, and burst out of the simmering wine, it was the rumored wine-colored gourd Demon.

Chu night Ningdao: "This demon does not hurt people."

"But it fills the wine!"

This is true, the wine-colored gourd squats with a group of young disciples running around, as long as they catch up with one, they immediately split a hole and start to spray into the mouth of others, while spraying and sending out an unclear "咕噜咕噜啵!"

Chu nightning: "..."

"I heard that it only serves people who are better than it." Xue Zhengyan was stunned. "Yu Heng, look..."

Chu Xiaoning had some headaches to help the forehead, plundered the field, called out the day to ask, across the wine gourd.

"Don't run," he said. "I will accompany you."

The fat gourd was overjoyed and swayed back and forth. The cracked mouth immediately rose, and a small arrow of wine pulp squirted toward the face of Ning Qingjun of Chu, and he was able to avoid the flash and calmly escaped the wine. Everyone saw only the golden light, and the fat gourd had been tightened by Tian.

"Change the way, do you have a cup?"

"Hey!" A small gourd scoop was spit out in the crack of the fat gourd, and the clear wine was full of wine, "Hey!"

Chu Xiu Ning was under the watchful eyes of everyone, sitting on the ground and taking care of the wine-colored gourd.

"咕噜波波波!"

"Yes, let's take another look."

"Hey!"

"Is there a pear white?"

"Hey!"

Xue Zhengxuan was shocked and said: "Yu Heng, do you seem to understand it?"

"Yeah." Chu said, "I can always understand a little bit of this kind of monster."

&nbs wine color gourd: "Hey!"

The ink burned and laughed: "Master, what did he say this time?"

Chu nightning: "I am chatting with me and saying that it has not been sunburned for a long time."

The wine-colored gourd looked very happy. It didn’t know why. He obviously understood the words of Chu’s late night, and then he kissed him intimately and gave him a big scoop of wine.

"This time is pear white?" "Hey!" "I don't love daughter red."

"Oh..." The wine-colored gourd slammed the wine down and changed it again.

Everyone was shocked, and they couldn’t speak.

Seeing this person, a demon from the morning to noon, people are not drunk, demon happy, everyone is stunned, more and more people gather at the entrance of Danxin Temple.

Xue Meng and Shi Yan also came.

When the ink burned, he saw the teacher, remembered the misunderstanding before, and felt guilty in his heart. He wanted to take the initiative to apologize to him. He told Yu Guang to see him and turned and left.

When Xue Meng came out of the doorway, he took his elbow and smashed his ink: "He seems to be still angry. You misunderstood him last time."

There is some sorrow in the burning of ink: "What should I do?"

"Talk to him, you are like this, I am not in the middle of the folder." Xue Meng said, "Go, anyway, there is nothing wrong with you here."

The ink burned a look at the night of the wine with the wine gourd, and felt that there would be no problem for a while, just to Xue Mengdao: "Then I will go to him first, you don't go here, look at the master. If there is anything, let me know."

It didn't take much effort to catch up with the teacher. The ink burned him in front of Wu Jianping: "Shi Yan!"

"..."

"Teacher!"

The teacher stopped and turned and looked at him quietly: "Is it burning for me?"

"No..." The ink swayed and squinted. "I came to tell you that the last thing was really bad for me."

"What are you talking about?"

The ink burned for a moment, and it was slightly wide-eyed: "What?"

The teacher’s look is still mild and gentle, and he has smashed his broken hair: “I’m in the red lotus water, you misunderstood what I want to do to the master. Or when you eat together in Yuliang Village, you are not Sitting at a table with me. Or earlier, when the Master wakes up, I am going to give you wine. You haven’t told me a few words from beginning to end. Which one?"

I didn’t think that he would mention the things that were so long ago, and it’s been a long time ago. After a long time, “You...had you been so angry?”

Shi Yan shook his head: "I'm not angry, but I will care."

"..."

"A burning, since the teacher respects life, you have been deliberately alienating me."

The ink burns without words. He is indeed deliberately alienating the teacher. The two of them have been so close, and they are close to the night, and they are clearly seen. Just because I always felt that something was missing. When I was young, the layer of window paper between them was not broken. Later, when I burned my mind, I didn’t know how to deal with the relationship between the teacher and the teacher.

He had thought about talking to Shi Yanming, but he felt that it was inappropriate.

He has never expressed his sympathy with the teacher, and he does not know what kind of feelings he has in his heart. If he rushes over and says that he wants to clear the relationship, it is too abrupt and too self-righteous.

So what he finally thought was that he slowly faded.

The teacher stared at him quietly. After a while, he said, "When you first came to life, I told you that I have no father and no mother, and there are not many friends. Since then, we are a family. ”

"……Ok."

"Then why did you change?"

The burning of the ink is very sad. He suddenly has some confusion in his heart. He does not know why he should be so alienated from his teacher.

Since returning from the ghost world, what has he said with the teacher, can it add up to more than one hundred sentences? The two people who used to be inseparable, but now they are gradually drifting away, and they are hesitant to hesitate. They have done too much.

He said: "I'm sorry."

"...nothing is so good, sorry." Shi Yan turned his eyes away. "Forget it, that's it."

"You don't get angry. You are angry, I... is not good, you have always been good to me."

The teacher finally smiled a little: "I am very good to you, is that better than the teacher?"

Ink burning: "This is not the same."

The teacher looked at the distant mountains and said: "I remember you told me before, I am waiting for you, it gives you a lot of warmth. What about the master?"

Ink burning: "He gave me life."

The teacher did not answer for a long time, and finally sighed: "Furu is also."

When he looked at him like this, his heart became more and more uncomfortable. He said: "There is nothing to compare, people and people are different, you-"

The teacher did not wait for him to finish his words, facing his face, against the wind, raising his hand and taking a look at the burned chest: "Okay, you don't have to say it. I know what you mean, in fact, I am not such a person." But you have misunderstood me like this before, I am really sad."

"Ok……"

"Flip it, no one thinks anymore."

The ink burned black and warm, and nodded a little, almost gratefully: "Good."

The sergeant was slender and leaned on the jade bar of Wujianping. He looked at the leaves below, and after a while -

"Let's go back."

"What did you want to say that year?"

Almost at the same time, the ink burned a bit: "Which year?"

The teacher said: "The day of the day."

It was only when the ink burned that it was remembered that the color of the butterfly town was cracked, and that one of his unspoken confession was stagnant.

The teacher said: "You didn't finish talking to me at the beginning. I don't know what you want to say. Can you ask me now?"

The ink burned just wanted to answer, and suddenly heard a loud noise from the Dan Xin Temple.

He and his teacher’s face are all changed, and the ink burns: "It’s the master!"

The teacher also chatted innocently and said: "Go back and see."

Together, the two men rushed back to the main hall and went to the front of the Danxin Temple. They found that there was another second fat gourd on the big square.

The ink burned and said: "What is this again?!"

Xue Zhengyi hides his face: "The wine is a gourd."

"How many?"

"Two, one wine, one color. They are both twins." Xue Zhengyi was about to blow up. "It’s just a younger brother who fights with Yuheng. This is just a brother."

The ink burned my eyebrows and twitched. After a while, I reacted: "The wine gourd likes to fight with people, that color gourd..." His face turned blue and turned, glaring at the dripping pink fat gourd.

Xue Zhengxuan is not swearing: "The color gourd can do the best in the world, it only listens to the orders of the most pure people."

The ink burned and turned: "Xue Meng!!"

The teacher snorted and said: "Why is Xue Meng not there? Where have you been?"

Xue Zhengyi pointed at the color gourd: "...has been tested in the gourd, he said that he wants to worry about Yuheng."

The ink burned a sigh of relief: "That's okay, if there isn't even a pure Xue in this world, then there is no pure person."

When the voice just fell, I heard a burst of "砰".

Xue Meng's whole person was sprayed out of the gourd mouth of the color gourd, and fell heavily in the center of the crowd. The movement was so big that everyone looked at it, and even Chu Ning, who was drinking with the wine gourd, followed his head.

The teacher said: "What happened?"

Others were surprised: "It won't be even less than the Lord..."

"Cough and cough." Xue Meng blushes and swaying from the ground, a pair of scorpions are angry and shy, shouting toward the color gourd, "You - you enchanting, you, you, you stinky face!!"

The ink burned back and forth, and Xue Meng did not know when he had changed into a set of golden red robes. He only thought it was funny and curious: "What is going on?"

Xue Zhengxuan is only helping the amount, and he can't speak.

Shi said: "I have heard that this color gourd is not a lust, but an infatuation. It wants to find the cleanest and most infatuated person in the world. There is no one in the heart who is married. It is said that people who are absorbed into the gourd, Will be in a new room."

"……and then?"

"Then the **** of the color gourd will become the bride or the groom, but regardless of the bride and groom, they cover their faces and wait for the other person to uncover them."

Ink burning: "Uncovering is the color gourd deity?"

"Nature is not. Uncovering what you see will vary from person to person. If you have a sweetheart, you will see what your sweetheart looks like. If you don't have a sweetheart, but you are lascivious, it is said that you will see..." Some sly, "There is no one who is the best man or woman. Only the most pure person can see the body of the color gourd."

Something turned incredulously and looked at Xue Meng, who was angry with the smoke in the same place: "What did Xue Meng see?"

He really can't believe that Xue Meng can be a good person, but he can't believe what Xuegang's beauty or beautiful man can see in Xue Meng's eyes.

However, Xue Meng was really thrown out by the color gourd, and the color gourd jumped and rolled to the unbearable look. Obviously, Xue Meng was a joke.

The teacher couldn't bear it, and played a round for Xue Meng. He said: "It may be that the color gourd misjudged..."

When he hadn't finished speaking, he listened to Xue Meng's out of the dragon city, referring to the coloring gourd roaring: "You **** actually turned into my own illusion to confuse me! You also let me wear women in the illusion!!! You Your dog breaks the gourd!! You dare to humiliate me!!!"

"..." Many disciples of the dead and the dead, including the ink burning, silent, want to endure, but did not hold back, all hahaha laughed out loud.

The most narcissistic Xue Ziming, the peacock opened the screen of the narcissus, the new marry of the color gourd, Xue Meng a hijab, seeing the face is actually his own makeup -

"It's reasonable." The ink burned as much as he could, not letting himself laugh too exaggerated, and nodded in a hurry. "Xue Meng is a girl, it should be very beautiful."

He was still not happy, he heard Xue Zhengyi shouted a headache: "Yu Heng, do not wait for the wine gourd, this color gourd, you also help to cure?"

Chapter 193

There are three of the most lonely and purest people in the dead.

Xue Meng.

Greedy elders.

Chu nightning.

Xue Meng has been thrown out by the color gourd. The elder of the wolf is not the body of the room. He used to marry a wife in his early years, but the woman was weak and soon died after marriage. It is said that the elders of the wolf are studying medicine and are unwilling. Look at someone around you who left because of illness.

So only the night is left.

"The elders of Yuheng can definitely settle."

"Yeah, the Lord is not good, you can only rely on the Master of the Lord."

The ink burned on the side and heard the fire, but there was no way to do it.

In the midst of nothing, the ink burned and rushed to the doctor, and actually said to Xue Zheng: "Or, let me try?"

Xue Zhengyi looked at him back and forth, quite euphemistically said: "The burning of children, to surrender the color gourd, the first requirement is that there has never been a love story."

Ink burning: "..."

Over there, the wine gourd has been dizzy and turned to the night, and finally slammed into the ground, the blue smoke scattered, became a small jasper gourd, lying quietly on the ground. Xue Zhengyi came forward to collect the wine gourd into the sacred sac, and said: "Haha, it’s really a jade, come, color gourd."

Chu night Ning looks as usual, but the eyelashes are falling down, and I don’t want to look directly at Xue Zhengxuan: "Don't go."

Xue Zhengzheng, let alone he is jealous, and the elders around him are stunned.

"Yes, why?"

"... Drink too much, tired."

Xue Zhengyi is not stupid, and a thousand cups are not drunk and late, this sentence is not a false statement.

He stared at the cold, cold white man, squinting, and looked at Chu Ningning impatiently, and turned his sleeves. Xue Zhengyi suddenly stunned, and for a moment, he blurted out: "Yu Heng, you should not -"

Chu’s ear is red, and he looks back in anger. Feng Yan is like electricity: “What about nonsense?”

Xue Zhengyi’s “not a room” has not been said yet. I can’t stand it anymore. How can my heart be possible? Who is Chu Xiening?

Late night Yu Heng, Beidou Xianzun, if he had any dew love, who believes?

Xue Zheng hurriedly patted his legs: "Then you, then you try it, otherwise the gourd has been wandering here, although it does not hurt people, but it

is also troublesome to die. And this wine color gourd hard, I am afraid to spend three years five It can't cut off a layer of skin."

"..." Chu Yuening's gaze passed over the crowd, and all the disciples looked at him eagerly. Only the ink burned in his heart, and some shy and difficult to hide and stare at himself.

Chu night Ning's heart is dark. But at this moment, I am in a dilemma. If I go to this, I am afraid that I will be a tongue in the future. If I think about it, I will say, "That I will try."

The color gourd turned the night into the gourd belly, and then shook his head and shook his head. The disciples of the dead and the sorrows are not suspicious. They all believe that Chu will go in and go, and the color gourd will be able to be surrendered by him.

The most innocent fairy in the world, has been on the rainy night not long ago, in the dark little inn of Wuchang Town, above the bed of lips and teeth.

I was soiled by myself.

Chu night Ning opened his eyes.

There is no heaven and earth in this gourd belly, and it is a dream.

As in the legend, the color gourd is really red and the candle is low. Go forward, but see a red rosewood bed with thick quilts, sprinkled peanuts and red dates, and felts are all available.

One person who saw that the gourd changed was standing at the door of the warm room. He smiled and smiled, and his head was full of green and long hair. She opened her mouth and even the teeth were blue and blue.

Chu night Ning knew that he could never surrender the color gourd, and he was too lazy to talk nonsense. Then he went up to the old woman and said, "Grandma, you just send me out, don't let me cover my head."

The old woman and Yan Yue opened her mouth: "Uh-huh."

"..."

I did not expect that this old woman could not understand the language, and there was no such thing as a wine gourd. I could not understand the meaning of Chu Yuning. There was no way for Chu, but he had to sigh and walked to the bed with his scalp.

There is a person sitting on the top of the bed, the black color of the top of the bed is embroidered with dark dragons, and the next one is embroidered with feathers, and the foot is red, and the hijab is covered.

The old woman walked calmly and calmly, and the smoke in her hand swelled, and a sapphire came out, and she handed it to the hands of Chu Yuning, and then made a move.

Although Chu Evening couldn’t accept the appearance of wearing a bridal gown, I thought it was a little disgusting, but I thought that when I dressed up as a bride in the town of Choi Butterfly, I felt that it was ugly, not looking at it. .

"..."

Yes, that's right. Nausea is disgusting, not looking at it.

Chu night Ning Qing stood face for a moment, took a deep breath, and then stepped forward.

The old woman urged: "Well, uh."

"Know, don't worry."

Ruyi, red silk fell.

Chu Xi Ning slightly widened his eyes: "You are..."

Between the phoenix candlesticks, a man wearing a nine-pronged beaded squinted, light and shadow flowing on his pale and handsome face, a pair of black scorpions sneer, he slightly lifted his chin and smiled at Chu’s late night. .

Chu nightning could not help but hold it -

This person is not burning, but the face is really sick and white, his eyes are also embarrassing, the whole person's look is quite odd.

"Oh, it seems that I am late in my heart, I still can't forget the seat." Seeing him squatting, the man reached out and slammed the arm of Chu Yuning. His fingertips were cold, staring at the eyes of Chu Yuning, and he was ashamed and sly, like a eagle.

The ink burned and opened his mouth, laughing, but the smile was not warm, but the white teeth.

"This seat is very gratifying."

...what is messy!

Chu nightning is also good and funny, and the heart of this gourd is afraid to be stupid in the Golden Drum Tower, and the people who have changed are so inexplicable.

"release."

The ink burns without letting go.

Chu night Ning turned to the old blue-haired lady: "Let him let go."

The voice did not fall, the "bride" smoldered to stand up, Chu nightning only had time to see the beads he was wearing was shaking, the waist was a tight, turning around, waiting for him to return to God, has been pushed in the golden red On the bed, the ink slammed over and pressed him tightly, and he was going to lick his face.

"It seems that this seat gives you the taste, you enjoy it?" The man's hot breath sprayed on his neck, "so that you forget to forget me..."

Chu night Ning Emei avoids flashing, and the words cursing the coloring gourd in my heart are simply ridiculous.

The ink burned him to be gentle and polite, and he was very disciplined. How could he talk to himself like this? He was embarrassed and funny, but

also annoyed and helpless. So he avoided for a while and made a messy mess.

Suddenly, between the electric and the Flint, Chu’s late night squinted and stared at the golden brocade, and suddenly remembered something –

dream.

He stumbled.

Then the face was red.

This is the dream he has done.

The ink in the dream is like this. The mouth speaks mean and stimulating words, and the movements are very rough, and you don’t pity.

So this is not the illusion that the color gourd is free to give birth, but the delusions that are unspeakable in his own heart? This thought was too shameful, so that Chu’s late night was awkward and shy, and even the tip of his ear was hot.

"baby……"

Suddenly, it was hot and humid, and in the night of the night, the ink burned and kissed his earrings, greedily and evilly, and explored the tongue between the ear vortex.

"what……"

When Chu was late, he was so stunned that he was soaring and screaming in this sudden and intense stimuli. This sound was hoarse and moist, full of water vapor. The sound has been exported, it is even more shameful. I don't know why, the scene in front of me is too real. It seems that I kissed him like this in a long time, and I was entangled. Chu nightning was made on the bed, and I couldn’t help but kiss his neck, cheeks and ears. On the side, the action is violent.

He was anxious and angry, and even his eyes were red. He wanted to struggle, but he couldn’t take off until the "burning" lips were about to fall on his lips.

"boom!"

Suddenly, "ink burning" seems to be perceived. He jerked a bit, and unfortunately glared at the late night.

Taking this opportunity, Chu Xiening pushed him away, the golden light in his hand, and the day’s questioning was ignited, and he went down to the

"ink burning" in this illusion.

Seeing the light that day, the "ink burning" is even more shocking, blurted out: "You actually... you turned out to be..."

The willows fell and the fire broke.

"Ink burning" hurts, but does not add resistance, but the horror of the eyes wide open, after a few, a thin smoke.

The old lady with blue hair disappeared, and the "burning" disappeared.

In the warm room of the candle, a strange young man with a cyan hair, pointed ears and a handsome appearance.

Chu night Ning Yu anger has not disappeared, got up from the couch, grabbed his open cloak, a pair of flirtatious and angry phoenix screaming at this guy, his voice is low and dangerous, like an angry tiger leopard.

He gnashed his teeth and said: "Hey animals."

This young man is the **** of the "color gourd". The color gourd stares at Chu Yuning. His face is already unmanned, and he is shocked and afraid:

"It is you..."

Chu night Ning was annoyed and turned his head and yelled at him: "What is I you?"

The color gourd has been shivering and shivering, and slammed into the ground, and repeatedly gimmicks: "The younger generation does not know..." He seems to even say that the name of the late night is fearful, and he trembled and continued to forcefully beheaded. "Please Xianjun forgives sins, please Xianjun forgives sins."

"..."

In the early years of the night, the Ning 斩 斩 demon enchanted, surrendered a lot of strange ghosts, "Heavenly question" in the cows and ghosts and snakes and gods have a Hehe Wei name, once there was a little enchanted see him, he was scared to move and did not dare to move.

But did not think that this color gourd is also the same virtue.

Chu night Ning received the heavenly question, sullen face, rose from the couch, staring at the young man who could not hold the hoe, silently and said, "Give me out."

"Yes, yes!" Where the color gourd still dared to neglect, immediately chanted the curse, only heard a "squeaky" sound, the original smoke began, Chu nightning was so confused that the fog could not open his eyes, until the fog dissipated, When he could see the things in front of him, he had already returned to the square in front of the Dan Heart Temple.

There were a few people around.

"Master, is it okay?"

"Yu Heng, you have packed up very well!"

"The teacher respects the master, is there any injury?"

The smog had some smog and rotten smell. Chu nightning was smoked a little dizzy. After a while, I noticed that the color gourd had disappeared. On the bluestone board in front of me, there was a small pink husk lying quietly. gourd.

Chu night Ning thought about the illusion of the bottom, still a little shame, not willing to say more, only to the unpredictable and said to Xue Zhengxuan: "Receive these two gourds, put them in the town demon tower ""

Xue Zheng said: "Good... oh..."

However, his gaze stopped at Chu Ning, and he came back and forth, quite hesitant.

Chu Xiaoning was stared at him: "What?"

"……It's nothing."

However, Xue Zhengyi’s expression is definitely not saying “nothing”, and Chu night Ning suddenly found that, besides him, a circle of people around him were secretly looking at him with a curious and funny look. Chu nightning turned his head, even the ink burned and looked at him a little slyly, the wheat-colored face was a little red.

"how……"

This time, "I haven't asked for an exit," Chu will rather know the reason.

He bowed his head and saw his clothes.

I didn’t know when it started, about the moment I entered the belly of the color gourd. The dress on his body was replaced with a golden crown robes that resembled Xue Meng. The clothes that should be worn only. Chu nightning: "..."

Yu Heng’s elders and kimonos were degraded, and soon they became a topic of dying.

What the disciples are most keen to discuss is - "I don't know who the elders of Yu Heng are in the stomach of the gourd."

Some people do not think that their lives are short, and they are happy and eloquent: "It must be a fairy-tale beauty."

Some people suspect that they are long-lived, and they are squinting: "Maybe be a god-like man?"

Some people cherish their lives, they said in a serious way: "The elders opened their hijabs and saw the color gourd itself. If you see something else, the color gourd will not be happy, and he will not be able to surrender this monster. ”

Everyone disliked this cherished life, and they felt that he was not interested. He shook his head and dispersed.

However, there is one of the most heroic warriors who are not afraid of death.

On this day, the weather was gloomy and the morning repair was suspended. The ink burned the snacks quietly in the early morning, and the monks did not pay attention, slipping into the red lotus water and tired of the night.

The two had eaten, and the "Tian Xianmei" and "Tianjinmei" in the crowd were laughing and holding the hand of Chu Yuning and asked: "Master, you are in the color gourd, but have you married me?"

Chapter 194

Chu nightning eats a little support, and anger rushes: "What are you, you are a big man, you are not harmful when you say this..."

The ink burned and smiled more clearly: "That, since you are not jealous of me, is that I am jealous of you?"

Chu nightning is even more angry, not only angry, but also shame.

He couldn't tell the ink burned when he was killed. The color gourd turned into a dream that he had dreamed of, and the skin was somewhat pale. Not to tell the smoldering, in the dream of the past, how do they entangle themselves, sweating and fiercely doing / love.

The so-called person wants to face the skin, one of the most important things in this world is the face of his elders.

Therefore, Chu night Ning 拂 sleeves said: "If you talk nonsense, go now, do not allow you to stay here."

This ink burned out, and licked his lips, it seems to be a little wronged, but it is still a clever duty, the black scorpion looks at him, and takes the tip of his nose to lick the cheeks of the late night, very soft and spoiled. Meaning: "Oh, then I don't ask anything, good teacher, don't drive me away."

"The teacher respects the teacher, don't add a good one." Chu Xiaoning was soft and soft in his heart, and some of them couldn't, but they pushed his head, and said, "Do not scream."

"But if you only call the teacher, you are not close."

"Have it?"

Ink burns and follows: "Look, I used to call you a master before you go alone. If you call your master when you are alone, that's boring, right?"

Chu night is not fooled: "No."

"..." The ink burns a trick and fails to change a trick. Pulling the night of the night, Ning keeps calling, "Master, Master, Master." Each call is sweet and greasy, so that Chu Yuning The back is hairy. At the end of the night, I couldn’t bear it, and put a book next to it on my face.

"shut up."

The book is very thick, but it is very light and not painful.

The ink burned and laughed and took the book down, revealing the handsome face behind him: "I am afraid that I will call my habits like this, and people will accidentally call the teacher before. So, I still want to call them individually."

Chu night Ning Meifeng picked up: "You call other names, can you not get used to it, go to people to call?"

The ink burned and sighed: "Why don't you always bite the hook."

"..." was stabbed by the description of the bite hook. When Chu Ning became unhappy, he looked down at his book and ignored the apprentice who blew his eyes on the table.

This kind of peace of mind has nothing to do for a while, the smoldering is very lost: "I want to ask some from the Master."

"Ok?"

"Shi Yi and Xue Meng are called you Master. I also call you Master, there is no difference, I, I really don't want much, I want to discuss something

different... Only I can call."

Chu Xiaoning stopped his movements and straightened up and looked at him.

"I don't call it often." The ink burns thick and long eyelashes and lays a thin shadow on the nose. "Occasionally... isn't it?"

"..."

"It can't be done." The ink burned more and more. "If you don't call it, you won't call it."

In the end, Chu Ning gave way.

It’s about a long time, and it’s ten years old. It’s still hard to hold back the young people’s soft and hard foam, and spoiled.

After looking at himself and nodding his head, the handsome man who smiled brilliantly suddenly felt a little deceived.

He seems to have been fierce all the time, clawing his teeth. But the final result is often that he is compromising, and he is steadfast in the ink.

He fished this fish for a long time, and finally he was still confused, biting this hook called ink burning.

"What should I call you?" asked the hook.

Chu night Ning Yu: "Any."

"How can I be free? This is a very important thing."

The ink burned for a long time, but the brain was scarce, and even a little rough, so I only had to say: "Baby?"

Chu Xiaoning immediately thought of the dream, and some could not stand it: "No."

"Chu Lang?"

Chu nightning is actually a bit disgusting, and sullenly asked: "...Do you need me to call you a burning girl?"

"Hahaha, it's not very good." The ink smirked and smiled for a while, and began to frown, but he always tried to force something too hard, so it was still very bad, "Chu Lang baby?"

After I finished speaking, I couldn’t stand it anymore. I held my forehead and I was desperate.

Chu night, seeing him like this, couldn’t help but smile: "Don't think about it, what do you mean by thinking hard, but it's awkward."

Mo-burning thinks that what he said makes sense, but he is not willing, and finally laughs: "When I wait, I must think about it and think of the most suitable for you."

After a pause, he pulled the night of Ning, who was standing next to the book, and climbed the back neck of Chu Yuning, letting him sit on his lap and staring at Chu’s night for a while.

Chu nightning is a little uneasy: "What?"

The ink burned and sighed and said: "No matter how many times you look at it, you can't help it."

"What mess is seven... oh..."

The words have not been finished, the lips have been caught, the soft, moist lips of the ink are touched, sweet and fragrant, he hugs the person on the leg, and the two are intimately in the chair. It was raining outside, and the sound of rain covered the sticky and shy sound of the lips and tongues.

When they came apart, Chu nightning slowly opened his wet eyes and wanted to see the ink, but he did not dare to look at it.

The ink burned and laughed, knowing that his face was thin, he couldn't help but hold him into his arms, stroking him, and his heartbeat was intertwined.

"In fact, it is good to call you anything."

"Ok?"

"Nothing." The ink burned and laughed, and finally, "The Master is the best."

Chu night Ning fell on his shoulder, this feeling is very sweet, but it makes him feel overwhelmed.

He sat on the ink-burning leg and could clearly feel the hard and hot thing. He felt that his head was smoking.

For a long while, he whispered: "How come you..."

"Cough, nothing."

"...I help you..." After saying this, Chu’s face was hot and feverish.

The ink burned busy: "No, I will go to the Presbyterian Church for a while."

Chu Xiaoning looked at the hourglass: "There is almost a time for tea, it should be..."

Ink burns: "Not enough."

"Ok?"

"...can't get it out."

Chu night Ning took a look, and then reacted, and his face was even redder.

He was busy getting out of the ink and stepped back.

After the retreat, I was a little annoyed. I felt that I was weak and I took a step forward.

The ink burned and looked funny. He sat in a chair and didn't hide it. Even though the clothes were covered, the place of desire still looked awkward and could kill people's lives.

"Don't tease you." The ink burned and finally pulled his wrist. He wanted to pull him over and kiss his lips, but the taste of Chu Xi Ning was so confusing. He was afraid that he would get caught up. Can not help but indulge, so in the end just holding the hands of Chu Yuning.

He took his hand to his lips and looked at the night, and then dropped the curtain and dropped a kiss. Very religious.

At the end, I gently licked the back of Chu’s hand.

"Master, you are so sweet."

The rain in the middle of the squad continued for half a month. This day was finally cleared and I saw the sun.

The ink burned on the deep and shallow water pool and walked among the bamboo forests. Today, I resumed the morning repair, but Chu did not come. I heard people say that he went to the back hill and went to teach a few stupid disciples to throw plum blossoms.

Before I even walked to the shooting range, I heard the cold voice of Chu’s late night: “The hand should be relaxed, the plum dart is caught in the index finger and the ring finger, and the spiritual force comes out from the fingertips, causing it to scatter at the fingertips. When the golden light is emitted, throw it at the target again."

"sand--"

Listening to the sound, the ink burned know that the disciples were empty again, and they all lamented.

"God, it's really hard."

"Elder, can you demonstrate it to us again?"

Chu night Ningdao: "When the golden light is scattered, the plum blossoms will be slightly hot, feel carefully, don't look at it with your eyes."

"Can you vote without looking?"

Chu Evening has not answered yet, just listen to a voice with a smile behind him: "Of course it can be approved."

Chu nightning turned back: "How come you."

The group of new disciples said: "Mr. Brother."

There is also a very delicate and lovely female disciple, and her face is red, and she clenches her fists with her hands.

The ink-burning disciples did not pay much attention to the disciples, but went straight to the front of the night, and said: "Is it better to be blinded to the teacher?"

"……it is good."

I got the permission, the ink burned off the hair band on my head, the three fingers wide, wrapped around the front of the night, the hair band is tight, but not the person, the silk touch is like running water, the hair band is micro-tip Hunting in the wind.

Chu night Ningdao: "Mei Dart."

The elders of the elders came up and handed their own plum blossoms to Chu Yuning.

Chu night Ningdao: "Three."

"Ah?" The disciple, though puzzled, still took two more from the dark sac and presented it to him. Chu night Ning's slender and cold fingers rubbed the plum blossoms with the cold metal texture, rubbed his lips, and then did not say a word, did not stop, only to see his fingertips, between the electric and the flint, the darts have been from him Sweep between the finger gaps -

"Hey! - Hey!"

The humming sound is crisp.

"Oh, hit! The bulls are red! But there is only one."

Chu night never snorted, and the ink burned lightly: "There are two more targets behind you."

The disciples who were new to the beginning of the news did not believe, and they turned back to look at it. At first glance, they were ashamed. The remaining two iron darts are left and right, deeply embedded in the target in the opposite direction, centered on the red heart.

In the sand bamboo forest, the morning lingering, the disciples of the scorpion were shocked and unable to speak, and Chu Yuning raised his hand and picked up the snow-blue ribbon of the blindfold. The phoenix was slightly stunned and the eyelashes were moving.

He returned the hair band to the ink and said: "The first sound of the square is the sound of the three plum blossoms colliding in the air. If the spirit is well controlled, two of them will be repelled. To attack, when you are in the war, you can often get out of it, so you have to take the lead."

All the disciples face each other, suddenly there is a young age, screaming with a sullen face: "Elders, this, how should I practice? Is there a flaw?"

Chu nightning said: "The ink burns, your hand gives them a look."

The ink burned and smiled and reached out. The young disciples gathered around and clamored to see what mystery was on the ink. The result was that for a long time, nothing came out, but the woman looked at it, in her heart. The deer smashed and the waves flowed.

She and a few sisters are just getting started, and my heart is still very quiet. I often go to the mountains to buy some free books. I have seen the

"Unknown Clouds" that I have seen before in the evening. They have also circulated in private. The little girls were shy and surprised when they saw the size rankings. They laughed and laughed at each other, but they also whispered about it in the disciple room.

"I heard that the longer a man's finger is, the more powerful it is." There is a big sultry sister who said that he has a big chest. "The next time I have a chance, I will go to Mengpotang to eat, and I will squeeze in the ink." After the brothers, I want to see how big his hand is."

Later, the sister-in-law was really crowded. In order to make a meal after the ink burned, the running hurriedly hurriedly, and accidentally knocked over the soup bowl and poured half of the hot soup on him.

The little mouth of the girl grew up slightly, and she was sluggish and embarrassed. She didn’t know what to do. She saw a slender and symmetrical hand and walked away the bowl of hot soup in her bowl. Put it back on the countertop and then change it to a new bowl.

"Don't overturn, how wasteful it is."

Hearing his low magnetic voice, the sister did not even dare to carry it, his face was red, and his head was hot with the soup in the bowl.

From the beginning, she dared to sneak a sneak shot, aiming at his waist, the lines were strong, aiming at his clothes, his chest wide, of course, the most targeted is the hands...

"The best." After she came back, she couldn't tell the praises. In the end, she could only use these two words to describe it. At that time, all the younger sisters in the house didn't say anything, pouting, and their hearts were full of heat, full of thoughts and ambiguous thoughts.

Suddenly a cold voice interrupted her memories -

"What do you see?"

A disciple said: "The elders forgive sins, and the disciples are dull, they can't tell."

"Is it very powerful to go up the hand of the ink brother?"

Everyone was screaming, and it was her turn. She was blushing and nervous. She blurted out and said: "The fingers are very long."

"?"

The ink burned for a moment, and I didn't know what they were observing. I simply took back my hand, scratched my head, and looked back at Chu.

Although Chu Evening doesn't know what the finger length represents, but he is not a dull person, he glances at the look of the female disciple, and the vagueness in his heart is definitely not a good thing. His face is getting darker and his sleeves are cold. Road: "Is looking at something that is not there."

Seeing his faint anger between the eyebrows, the disciples were shocked and could not help but bow their heads.

The smoldering felt the stagnation of the atmosphere. He didn't want Chu to be said to be inhuman. Afterwards, he smiled and took the initiative to say, "Yes."

After he finished this sentence, he looked at Chu Yuning and said:

“The fingertips are worn out, crusted, and worn out. Repeated nearly a hundred times, you can accurately control the spiritual power. There is no shortcut.”

With them at noon, most of the disciples can master some of the roads, and Chu will rather stay more. It doesn't matter if someone else's apprentice makes a little bit of it, but if it is taught too carefully, it will not necessarily make the elders comfortable. Chu nightning is not a fifteen or six-year-old boy who has just left the mountain. These people are so sophisticated, he finally understands some.

He and the smoldering together took out the bamboo forest and came to the bridge.

They walked very close, shoulder-to-shoulder, under the sleeves of the fallen down, the back of the hand would always be honed, and the hearts of each other would be soft and soft, like spring buds sprouting.

No one was in the air. The ink burned and finally reached out and clasped the fingers of Chu’s lateness. Although it was quickly released, both of them had a thin red tip and a thirsty throat.

Speaking of the last night in the town of Wuchang, the chances of being alone can be pitiful.

Occasionally, the red lotus water has closed the door and entangled, and I have to worry about whether Xue Zhengyi will suddenly visit.

In fact, nowadays, only a short touch of fingers and fingers makes the fire in the chest. He whispers: "Master, can we go tonight..."

When the words were not finished, the front suddenly rushed to the individual, and the ink burned immediately stood up straight, and licked his lips, standing on the side and no longer talking. The man did not notice the strangeness. He came all the way and saluted: "The elders of Yuheng have urgent things to do, and the Lord asks you to go to the Danxin Temple."

Chu night Ning asked: "What happened?"

"The guests came, and brought important news. It was related to Xu Shuanglin. Xue Zhangmen couldn’t make up his mind. When all the elders were called in the morning to discuss it, they would be worse."

Chu Xiaoning heard the words of Xu Shuanglin, and then refused to be warm, and immediately went to Danxin Hall.

After the ink burned, he said, "Wait for me, I have played with Xu Shuanglin, maybe I can help."

The two of them quickly passed the light and rushed, and soon they arrived at the Dan Heart Hall.

Pushing the door into the temple, full of silence, in addition to Xue Zhengxi and the elders, there are two people in the hall standing with blood.

The sight of the smoldering fell on the sword behind one of them. I felt a little familiar. After a while, he squinted his eyes and his face changed abruptly: "Leaves forget?!"

Chapter 195

Hearing someone calling him, Ye recalled the past. Although her expression is embarrassing, her spirit is not as bad as the imaginary imagination.

Seeing the burning of the ink, the leaves are forgotten, and with him a gift, it is still the number of men's rituals - she can't change this habit and said: "Mu Gongzi."

The ink burned and looked at her, and looked at the Nangong Temple next to her.

He could not help but ask: "You... this is where you came from, how is this body blood..."

Ye forgets the road: "We started from Linyi, and we encountered evil spirits on the way. It is inevitable that the dress is not perfect, sorry."

Ink burning is about to ask again, Xue Zheng said: "The fire is coming? Yeah, let's talk about it."

When Chu Ning entered the house, he stopped looking at the ink, but sat down on his own position, rectifying the dress and looking at the Nangong Temple.

Although he and Nangong Temple did not have the name of mentoring, they also had the enlightenment. He saw Nangong for a moment, and his heart was inevitably sour, but the export was just a simple sentence: "... Are you all right?"

Since the death of the Confucianism, this is the first time someone has seen them and will ask them if they are doing well.

Nangong’s eyelids were a little red. He slammed his head down, and he squeezed his fist into a fist. He closed his eyes for a long time, and then restrained the urge to cry in front of Chu’s night. He said: “No, nothing, Still have a good time."

Chu night Ning gently sighed and hung down, no more words.

He did not believe in the words of Nangong, and Linyi Road was far away. How could the two young people feel like they were not suffering?

Xue Zhengyi was very distressed and helped explain: "Yu Heng, you have not come, it is like this. Nangong Gongzi and Ye girl found some clues and came to tell us."

"I heard, is it related to Xu Shuanglin?"

"Ok."

Chu night Ningdao: "Sit down and talk."

The ink burned and moved to the chair, but Nangong and Ye Jingxiu felt that they were dirty and stinky, and they were not willing to sit down. Chu nightning did not force them, and for a while, asked: "Where did you go there, where did you go later?"

Nangong Shu Road: "I and Ye Forgether were forced to sneak into the Weishan Mountain, which was separated by a river." Suddenly, continued, "Weishan is in a remote situation, it is inconvenient to subpoena, and Ye Yexi was injured again. So after the fire went out, we took a rest for a while before we returned... I returned to the Confucianist Gate."

Nowadays, listening to Nangong驷 mentions that the martial art that he first entered the red dust is already a human being. Chu Evening also couldn’t tell what it was like, half a sigh, sighed: "There should be no grass in the grass."

"The guru said it was good. It was true that the grass was not born, but there was something in the ruins."

Chu night Ning was asked: "What?"

"These bugs."

Nangong 驷 opened a **** pocket in front of him, opened half, half hidden, filled with worms, green shells with black spots, three big two small and five spots, the insect tail scattered Light **** suffocation. Most of these worms are still in the bag, seemingly afraid of light, but a few have already flown out, parked on the wall of the Danxin Temple, on the colonnade, the place where the climb climbed out another blood mark.

The ink burns the worm, the soul worm.

This kind of worm lives only in the blood pool near the Confucianism Gate of Linyi. It is a kind of worm that lives and does not die. It depends on eating human flesh and soul.

Almost all the elders felt that the worm was extremely disgusting. Lu Cun even took the mouth and nose directly from the sputum, and he could not stand the stench.

"We found these soul-eaters in the ruins." Nangong said, "I thought it was the worms in the nearby blood pool that were attracted, so I flew some here, but later I found out."

"How to say?"

"There are too many insects. I and Ye Ye have walked through the 72nd city of Confucianism, the bricks, the mud, the ashes, the densely numb. These are the soul-eaters. We feel that something is wrong. After careful inspection, we found that not only Adults, and larvae.... The master should understand what I mean."

Chu nightning did not understand the locusts, but at the beginning there was some embarrassment, but then I thought about it and I figured it out.

The blood pool is next to Weishan, and there is a big river separated from Linyi. The power of the soul-sucking wings is weak. The adult smells the breath of the dead. It can barely make sense, but what about the larvae?

How can the larvae squat across the river with their legs and cross the mountains and rivers, how could they come to the scorched earth of the Confucianism Gate.

Chu night Ning Emei said: "Is anyone placed here in advance?"

"Well, I think so."

The elders of the greedy wolf listened at the side, and suddenly realized: "This kind of soul worm can store spiritual power. After the catastrophe, the

grievances are everywhere, and there are many monks in the Linyi. The worms eat the soul of the monks, and they become one and the other are stored differently. The seed of the attribute Spirit. With these thousands of seeds, even if you don't need your own spells, you can drive most of the arrays."

So who is the person who puts the bug? Who can predict the disaster in Linyi in advance? Who needs outside spiritual power?

No one answered, but the answer is self-evident.

Xue Zhengxuan said: "So, during the period of up and down the boundary, I have been relying on the traces of the spell to find Xu Shuanglin. As a result, he is not using his own power, but the worm?"

Nangong said: "Well, it is true."

Xue Zhengyi said: "Hey...Detecting spells, you can only detect people, and you can't detect the traces of the beasts. If Xu Shuanglin used this method, it can hide the traces for a long time."

He also asked the greedy wolf: "Can you track the worms and find the whereabouts of Xu Shuanglin?"

The greedy wolf said: "Impossible, the soul-eating worms go through the gloom, and after eating the soul fragments, they all go underground, and they can't find out."

Hearing here, Xue Zhengyi suddenly remembered something and said: "Since going to Nether, why not ask a master of guilty? He should be able to know the ghosts."

Chu nightning immediately said: "You don't have to ask him."

"why?"

"It is useless to find him." Chu said, "He doesn't want to get involved, nothing will be said."

Chu nightning was once a pro-disciple disciple of sin. At this moment, he said this sentence with such ulterior motives. Although everyone is puzzled, it is always difficult to say more, and the hall suddenly falls into silence.

For a long while, Xue Zhengyi muttered: "How is that good? Since Xu Shuanglin can use locusts

Spirituality avoids hunting and hunting, how can we check it is useless, is it because of him? ”

Chu Xiaoning proposed: "If you change your search and find ideas, can you do it?"

"How to say?"

"Respect the Lord, when Xu Shuanglin walked away, he took away three things. What kind of things do you remember?"

Xue Zhengyi slammed one by one: "Luo Fenghua's Linguin, Nangong..." He glanced at Nangong and sighed in his heart, letting his voice lighten. "The head of Nangong, there is also a god."

Chu night Ning said: "Well, there is always a purpose for a person to do things. When he is rushing to escape, he still insists on taking away these three things. It will never be idle and boring. Xu Sulin, this person, take his brother what to do?"

"Well... revenge?"

"Then he took the martial arts, what is it for?"

Xue Zhengxuan thought for a moment: "Resist the cracks in the ghost world by five pure spiritual powers."

"Tearing the cracks in the ghost world is to get the spiritual core of Luo Fenghua." Chu said, "I don't have to tear open the second time."

"What is it for?" Chu Yuning said: "I think there is a possibility, he is for the rebirth."

Xue Zheng sighed a bit: "But the rebirth...you don't need five kinds of pure spiritual power to perform, can you not show your master of sin?"

Chu Xiening shook his head: "The crime of sin has said that the law of rebirth in the world is not exactly the same, so the Lord does not have to use his display as a reference."

The greedy wolf heard this and sneered: "The jade elders have no idea, how can they dare to speculate, Xu Sulin is doing these to cultivate the rebirth?"

Chu night Ningdao: "With the last thing he took, Luo Fenghua's spiritual core."

Among the halls, Chu’s voice was steady and low, and methodical.

"A few years ago, I had tried a dying girl in Choi Butterfly Town. When she was young, she had a madman who was covered in blood. She gave her

oranges to eat. She also said that her eyes look like herself. The old man, the madman finally said a word - Linyi has a man, twenty hearts are dead."

At the age of twenty, it was the Nangong bat that was planted and slammed by everyone for the age of eternal life.

At that year, Lingshan Conference, he was full of enthusiasm and arrogance. He felt that as long as he relied on his own talents and worked hard for his life, he would have fairness and justice and possess all the things he deserved.

However, he did his best and got only one name.

The sharp edge of the hand, the ambition of the heart, the enemy is not even the brother tongue lotus, slipping to shoot the horse.

He hates.

There is nowhere to be heard in the depths. Everyone is laughing at him, accusing him and spurning him.

In the end, the living person became a dead person, and the dead became a devil.

The devil has climbed out of the blood of the ruined mountain, and wants to go to all the righteous gentlemen in this world to recover the justice he deserves.

"This madman doesn't have to say much now, it's Xu Shuanglin, then who is it? Who is Luo Sui's eyes like?"

"It looks like a similar name and has a surname..." Xue Zheng said, "Isn't that Luo Fenghua?"

Chu night Ningdao: "I think it should be Luo Fenghua. At the bottom of Jincheng Lake, Xu Shuanglin tried to cherish the game of chess and rebirth. The chess game is for manipulating others, who is born again? He took away two bodies in total. The head of the Nangong, Luo Fenghua, is not always for the head of the Nangong."

Xue Zhengyi muttered: "But what did he do to resurrect Luo Fenghua? Isn’t Luo Fenghua not someone who has framed him?"

"The heart is unpredictable, can't be rumored." Chu said lately, "But he took Luo Fenghua's body, except for resurrection, I can't think of other uses."

Everyone was silent, and they thought about it. They all thought that Chu’s analysis was really good, but it was still unfounded. After all, these are only their inferences. The answer to this question is probably that Xu Shuanglin, who does not know where to hide at this moment, can answer himself.

After the meeting, the ink burned for a long time, and that night, he went to the warm cabinet to find Xue Zhengyi.

Xue Zhengxuan is reviewing the classics and looking at some of the contents related to "the soul worm", hoping to get some clues to trace the whereabouts of Xu Shuanglin.

"uncle."

"Fire? Is it so late, not going to sleep?"

"I can't sleep, there is something I want to ask my uncle."

Xue Zhengyi raised his chin and motioned him to sit down. The ink burned and hesitated. He asked the uncle to ask: "Uncle knows, Luo Fenghua...that is, Xu Shuanglin’s master, what kind of person is it?" "Luo Fenghua." Xue Zhengyi frowned, thinking hard for a long time, Shaking his head, "I have very little contact with him. I can’t say it. It’s probably...justice, fortitude, fairness, ignorance, but the temper is actually very good. It’s also a good thing to do things. It’s not going to drag the water. He is a Confucianist. At the time of the head, he also sent disciples to practice the demon and demon."

Ink burning: "In short, in addition to the position of the head of the Nangong family, he has no criticism in other places, right?"

Xue Zhengyi sighed: "Yes, there is no criticism. He is a good person. I don't want to understand. People like him can make such a heavy curse on their apprentices."

The ink burned for a moment, suddenly said: "Does the uncle think that you are only a person like Luo Fenghua?"

Xue Zheng stunned: "You want to say Yu Heng?... Got it, Yu Heng temper is good."

"No, it's another person."

"Who?"

Ink burning: "Leaves forget."

"Ah..." Xue Zhengyi slowly, the tiger's eyes were round, and the three words were chewed silently between his lips and tongues, and then he whispered, "Leaves forget..."

This person is kind and resolute, tough and unyielding, and Luo Fenghua, who only spent a year or so in the memory, is very similar.

"looks like?"

"...like." Xue Zhengyi was a little surprised, because Ye Jingxiu and Luo Fenghua were different in gender, and the age difference was big, and the status of Confucianism was different. So he did not put these two people before. I have compared them together, and at this moment, I was so ignited by the ink, I was surprised that these two people were just a model carved out, exactly the same. Xue Zhengyi was more and more surprised, and the long-lost memories appeared. He could even vaguely remember that when Luo Fenghua was only a Confucianist, the clothes he wore and the ones he used to wear were very similar. There are also two people who talk and behave in a speech.

Even the way to pull the bow -

When he was young, he also saw Luo Fenghua's bow, which was to celebrate Nangong Liu Shengchen. Confucianism also invited Xue's brothers. Xue Zhengyi remembered that the snow was in the sky. Luo Fenghua only had three fingers and bowstrings. From then on, the arrow smashed out of the air, scratching the smudges, and a snow-eyed rabbit outside the hundred steps fell to the ground.

Around the people are boasting that he bowed, Luo Fenghua just smiled softly, casually put the bow and arrow back, squatting on the left arm, fingertips subconsciously rubbing the body.

It is a set of movements that are flowing, and the final ending is not the same as the mighty and powerful of others.

Xue Zhengyi looked around and felt amazing, and he remembered it.

Suddenly at this moment, when the Battle of the Heavenly Cracks, the Ye Forgets and the Nangong Temple together made the bows and arrows, and the feathers of Nangong Temple were sharp, but Xue Zhengyi did not have much impression, but the leaves were forgotten, and a round of flying feather arrows was used up. It is always customary to slap the bow to the left arm and leg, and the backhand is also a pull, and the fingertip is subconsciously rubbing the bowstring.

I couldn't help but look at it at the time. It seemed that I felt that it was gentle and smooth, and the chic and self-contained posture was like someone.

He slammed his head and said, "Oh, really... really really! It’s just like it!"

The ink burned and raised his eyebrows: "What is the same?"

"The way the archery looks, Luo Fenghua is just like the forgetfulness of the leaves, exactly the same, exactly the same!"

The ink burned and watched Xue Zhengyi marveling again and again, and could not help but smile, but he said: "The uncle said this."

"Ah? Where is it wrong?"

Ink burning: "The cause and effect is wrong."

"Causal?"

"Well, it’s not Luo Fenghua’s like a leaf forgetting." Ink sighed, "It’s a leaf forget, like Luo Fenghua."

When he said this, the luster of his eyes was very bright. He felt that he could finally be sure this time. He must have not guessed wrong: Xu Shuanglin’s rebirth is to resurrect Luo Fenghua.

Although he did not know how many secrets of Confucianism in the past, there were still many secrets hidden in the past, but for the rest of his life, Xu Shuanglin of the last life can die for the sake of Ye, and this world will not only bear her, but why?

He does not think that Xu Shuanglin is simply because Ye Yexi is his own righteous woman, and he can't bear to start.

Xu Shuanglin, this person, seems to be very free and easy, saying "Linyi has a man, twenty hearts are dead", and the place where he lives is named "Sansheng Bieyuan", and one pair must forget the past in the past. After the virtue, even the name of the righteous woman, take the red and naked.

Forgetting.

Forget the old self, the old man, forget the hatred and kindness of the past.

However, Xu Shuanglin unknowingly cultivated the leaf forgetting into a reflection that could not be forgotten, and raised this abandoned orphan to another person.

This eagerly hopes that I will forget all the past, but perhaps from the beginning to the end, I live in the mud of memories.

At this point, there is a vague speculation in the burning heart, probably because he has been crazy in the dark, he feels that his prejudgment of Xu Shuanglin's behavior should be more accurate than others. However, his thoughts are not very convenient to say to others, you can only estimate it yourself and wait and see.

On the second day, the people who had been recalled by Xue Zhengyi, who had no results in the classics, said: "The poisonous insects are the strengths of the lonely moon night. It is better to find the soul-eaters on the site of the Confucianism Gate. It is better to inform Jiang Yan first."

&n璇玑 agrees: "The world's first pharmacist's cold scale holy hand is under Jiang Yan, let him find a way to check, there should be no mistake."

But Chu Xiaoning frowned and asked Ye Yexi Shi: "Ye girl, you grew up, have you ever seen your father raised any poisonous poisonous beast?"

"No."

"So what about medicine and animal training? You can have been involved."

"He...had only raised a parrot. Others said that it was a strange animal. It was a common puppies. He didn't have the mind to take it in. The medical skills were even weaker." To Xue Zhengyi said: "Do not tell the lonely moon night," "Why?" "If Xu Shuanglin is not good at medical skills and is not good at animal training, then it is not necessarily him who feeds the locusts. And most of it is the hand that sticks out in the last crack." "You are doubting the lonely moon night..." "The conclusion cannot be left." Chu said, "But caution is always right."

Chapter 196

As a result, you can't rely on the lonely moon. After the meeting, Xue Zhengxuan asked the wolf to go to the flower house with her own to find Mrs. Wang to discuss the tracking method. The so-called specialization of the industry, to this step, Chu night Ning can not help, finally can be idle for a while.

In the evening, he stood by the pontoon of the Honglian otter to see the fish, and the door was slammed. Chu Yuning said: "Come in."

The moonlight illuminates the face of the youth, and the comer is Nangong Temple.

"Master called me?"

Chu night Ningdao: "I heard that you will leave the dead and the dead after the day, and where are you going?"

Nangong 驷 drop eyelashes: "We are going to go to Lushan."

Lushan is a stronghold of Confucianism outside Linyi, and is a very important place for Confucianism. According to legend, the first generation of the Confucianism Gates had been settled in a dragon. After the death of the dragon, the bones became a mountain. Since then, the Confucianists have been buried here. This mountain guards the soul of the Confucianist door generations. If there are invaders and squatters, they will be killed in the mountains, and there will be no dead bodies. Every year, during the Qingming winter solstice, the head of the Confucianist Gate also goes there to sacrifice, so to say that Baishan is the ancestral hall of Confucianism.

"I am..." Nangong’s eyes seemed to be a bit bleak, and then he said, "I told you that the Lushan Temple has the savings left by the heads of the past, in preparation for future generations. I think Now it’s time to get them out."

He did not have any reservations and precautions against Chu Xiening, and naturally said the location of the treasure. They are not the same as Xue Meng. He is not so close to Chu Ningning, but he always has a thousand connections. It is just a yin and yang, and he did not become a disciple of Chu. Sometimes Nangong will think that if the mother did not die at the beginning, and Jin Chengchi did not have the cruelty of replacing his wife with his wife, then now, should he call Chu Yuning a "master"?

Chu night Ningdao: "The road to Lushan is far away, and I heard that it is respectful. We must fasten the valley for ten days before we can smoothly enter the mountain. Otherwise, it will be rejected by the spirits. Since it is going to be done, it is better to finish it after death. Fast, then start."

Nangong swayed and shook his head: "Now everyone in the cultivating world hates me and Ye forget, hate can't be followed by it. We have been

here for a long time. If we teach people to know, we will only be tired of Xue, not leaving. ""

"What do you say stupid."

"..."

"It’s dangerous to go to the valley on the 10th. If you go outside, what if you are found by the enemy?" Chu said, "Why, Xue Zhangmen’s heart is very generous, and it won’t let you both leave. Listen to me, Don't go."

Nangong 惫 惫 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 南 南 南 南 南 南 南 南 南 南 南 南 南 南 南 南

He slammed his head and said: "The Grand Master, Nangong is not afraid to forget."

"Stay for a few days and talk about kindness." Chu said, "In addition, I am looking for you, there is actually one more thing."

"Guru, please."

"Before listening to Xu Shuanglin, you said that your body is overbearing, and it is easy to get mad. This disease, you can go to see Mrs. Wang."

Nangong stunned a bit, and then smiled bitterly: "The Nangong family has been plagued for generations. Before the head, he asked the cold scale sage of the lonely moon night to give me a sigh, saying that there is no way to suppress it, it can only be developed by it. The first holy hand in the world is not good, how can Mrs. Wang have a good law?"

"The cold scale sage may not be a doctor, or you may not want to be a doctor." Chu said, "The sects have too many interests, and it is normal for him to have reservations. As for Mrs. Wang... she is trying to suppress the violent core. Deep, maybe you can help."

Nangong is quite puzzled: "Why should she study this?"

"...coincidence. Don't ask too much, go."

After Nangong Yu thanked him again and again, he left the red lotus water shovel. Chu night Ning looked at the place where he left, and could not help but sigh.

&n He thought that Nangong Temple was originally a person who was so eager to fly, arrogant, arrogant, and very happy when he was in a good mood. When he smiled, his eyes were bright, like the glow of the morning glow.

I don't know when I can see it again.

I was preparing to go back to the house. Suddenly, the threshold of the water was slammed again. Chu Yuning thought that Nangong had something to go back and said, "Come in."

The door opened, but the person outside was not the Nangong, but the ink burned. He was holding a tub and hesitated. He didn't seem to want to make himself look too rash. He coughed and said: "Master."

Chu Xiaoning’s feelings are different: “Is there something?”

"Nothing, just ask if you want to take a shower together."

Chu nightning was actually being shackled, his eyes wide open, and he coughed a little and asked: "Where?"

The ink burned hesitated, and said: "The sound pool."

"..."

The sound of the sound pool is nine bends and eighteen bends. It is difficult to distinguish five fingers. It is not easy to find a hidden place, no matter what you do.

I did not expect that the ink burned him to invite him to take a bath there. Chu nightning was almost a bit worried, and this person was really shameless.

The shameless ink sings: "Xue Meng just took a shower and said that there is no one in the sound pool..." He said, his face was a little red, and he felt that his expression was too red and bare, and he said again. "It’s too cold, I think if the master is washing in the water, it might catch cold..."

Of course, it is impossible to catch cold. If Chu is rather willing, he can open an enchantment that warms the surroundings. This will not be known.

He knows, but he also invited Chu tonight to go to the wonderful sound pool to bathe, this is clearly the heart of Sima Zhao, actually dare to say that he is afraid of cold, too shameless.

The shameless smoldering eyes looked at him with black lacquered eyes: "Master, go?"

"..."

Chu night Ning clear, at this time if he nodded, it is to tell the ink burn, know his wolf ambition, but also willing to enter its mouth.

Into its mouth...

When I thought of it, I suddenly remembered the night of infatuation in the inn, and the ink burned without hesitation, giving him the eternal sensation that he had never had before. The eyes are gentle and hot, and the water of love is fascinated. When I look at myself, my heart is soft and dissipated.

"Stay with me."

"... Are you five years old?"

The poor-hearted person smiled from the good, and the voice was mild: "Well, it’s getting dark, I’m afraid of ghosts. I’m going to take my night with my brother.”

Oh, really shameless.

But Chu Xiaoning still went.

The disciples of the dead and the dead are all bathed after the late repairs. At this time, there are really few people in the wonderful sound pool.

The ink burned open the soft gauze, and the bare and bare feet stepped on the rain stone road. In the steam, he smiled at the side of the night, pointing to the distance, and then walked over.

Chu night Ning sneered in the heart: Are you not afraid of ghosts? How to go faster than me.

Wonderful sound pool is divided into lotus pond, Meichi two pools, planting fairy grass, abundance, most disciples love to bathe in these two pools, but there are also some unknown small pools, those places are very common, except the bathhouse is crowded When the place goes, no one will be willing to bathe there.

Elder Yu Heng looked cold and abstinent, and walked alone on the path. Yu Guangjian saw several vague shadows in the hot spring pool, but he couldn’t see the facial features. He could only hear the voices of those disciples. No, gossip.

When I got to the front, I was close to Meichi, and the fog was thicker, and I could barely reach my fingers.

Suddenly, a big hand reached over and took him from behind. Chu's back ridge is affixed with hot and strong chest, perhaps because the stickers are

too close, and there are few clothes. He can clearly perceive the desire of men to wait.

Chu night Ning was shocked and said: "What are you doing? Don't mess around."

The ink burned against his ear and smiled: "Late Ning brother, don't go any more, there are ghosts in front."

"..."

Chu Yuening was hesitant between "Ghosts you" and "You are a big man", and finally whispered: "Let go."

The ink burned, but gently smiled: "It's hard to let go, I can't do it."

"are you crazy?"

"Well, it's really sick." The ink whispered, "Don't believe you look at me."

Chu night Ning 斩 斩 截 , , ,

The ink burned and smiled, and the voice was a little dull: "That's good, it's all yours."

However, the man’s words were very good, but the hand was completely another matter. The gravel’s fingertips rubbed through the throat of Chu’s lateness, slowly slipping, and then grabbed his chin.

"You don't... noisy!"

The fog was lost in sight, while the other senses were clearer than usual. Chu night would feel the smoldering down on his face, and the hot and humid breath was buried between the necks, causing him to tremble involuntarily.

"Why is the late brother who is shaking? Is it afraid of ghosts?"

"Don't scream!"

The ink burned gently, and hugged him from behind, kissed his neck, and said with respect: "Listen to you, don't scream. Then... Master, let the disciples serve you to bathe and change clothes." ,good or not?"

"..."

It seems to be worse.

Somehow couldn't stand it, the steaming hot spring mist burned up and burned his body and mind. He felt embarrassed without any reason. He still had some humiliation and his eyes were reddish. He said: "Don't wash, I am gone. ”

Mo-burning knows that his face is thin, but he also feels that this person is so cute and funny when he is retreating. He asks: "When the Master respects it, go out? What if he is hit by someone?"

Chu night Ning calmly said: "I bump into a collision and it is better to be bitten by a dog than to make trouble with you."

"Bite by a dog?"

"……what happened?"

The ink burned and laughed, because the desire burned, so the eyes were dark, not as warm as usual. He showed a white tooth in his face and leaned over to the back of the night.

Chu night Ningyuan thought that he had to say something messy and sullen, just wanting to be angry, but he heard the man gently and extremely dangerously said in his ear: "Hey...hey."

"...What do you mean?"

"Isn't it like learning?" The ink burned with sincerity and sincerity. "I used to have a blue-eyed, three-fired milk dog. That's what it is called."

Chu night Ning has no words: "Unheard of it. What's more, what do you want to learn about dogs?"

The ink burned and laughed: "What do you say?"

"..." Chu nightning did not react.

The ink burned and kissed the back of his ear, buried in his neck, and whispered: "They are called, it is the teacher said, and would rather be bitten by a dog."

Chu night, Ning, stiff, must-have, blood boiled and burned.

But the person has to add a sentence: "Can I bite you now, Master?"

Not as much as he replied, a strong and hurried kiss was pressed.

Intense entanglement, ear honing, ink burning originally wanted to taste it first, but did not expect that it was drinking and quenching thirst, Chu night Ning is his poison and medicine, can destroy his reason, and evoke his desire for the original.

It’s not enough to make a taste of it, but it’s still impossible to stop.

Can't stop becoming a breathing that is getting hotter.

When the lips and teeth were separated, the phoenixes of Chu’s late night were somewhat out of focus, but they did not forget the business: “I am here to take a shower, take a shower first...”

The ink burned gently, a bit like "Hmm" is also a bit like "哼", very **** and hoarse voice, so close distance to hear, Chu night Ning Hao self-strength, but understand that his spine is like lightning In the middle, the squad also ignited the heat.

The wrist fell on the palm of the ink, and the man took him into the hot pool, and the waterfall collapsed, hiding the two people's breathing too fast.

Chu nightning still can't stand it. When he was holding him and he was going to kiss him, he barely raised his hand and stopped. He whispered: "Is there really no one?"

"No, I have read it all over." The sound of the ink-burning voice is hot and slow, and it is hotter than the hot spring water wrapped around the legs and feet. It is more scaly. "Master, you touch, am I really sick? How is it so hot?" ...so...hard."

"..."

Chu’s face brushed up a bit, and it’s really shameful. The hand was held by the ink, and it was not allowed to break free. The tentacles of the tentacles made his head bang, almost numb, he wanted to withdraw, but the strength of the ink burned was too great, and the palm of his hand hurt, almost like Broken in his palm.

The young man’s breathing is so rushing, hot, warm and almost cute, surrounded by smoke, everything is not really cut, only the handsome face that is close at hand is clear, the dark scorpion is moist because of love, also It is hot because of love.

The smoldering throat was swaying, staring at the face of Chu Yuening, and whispered low: "Master, help me..."

Then again, I caught the lips of Chu Xiaoning Wei Zhang.

Chu nightning has been trembled in detail and shivered in his ink, and the trembling caused by comfort and stimulation was not controlled by himself.

The ink burned him, stroked him, and whispered in his ear: "Is it very comfortable?"

"..."

"Next time... if you are ready..." The sweaty skin is close to him, and the ink kisses him. "We come to the real, okay?"

Although I was prepared, but I heard this sentence from his mouth, and then added the horrible roar that I saw before, Chu nightning was involuntarily numb, and the whole person was tense.

When the ink burned his tiny muscles, he kissed him more and more gently.

"I won't make you hurt, I will make you cool..."

Passion has not retreated, they are screaming in the depths of the waterfall.

The smoldering voice is full of love and beast/desire, low: "It will make you like, really... there may be a little bit at the beginning, but I will control..."

Chu nightning only feels shameful and wants to take the road, but his legs and feet are soft and numb.

"do not talk……"

It’s about to understand that he is not really disgusted, but the ink is hard to be disobedient, not depending on him. The wet lips are still attached to the earlobe. I am very tempted: “I will do it well... Master, if you are afraid of pain, With a little medicine, I will buy it... You believe me, once I get used to it, it will be very comfortable."

I have seen you in the past life being **** to the soul.

But then, it was because of hate, because of punishment.

In this life, I just want you to hold me, to be one with you, and not to separate, I want you to like it, to be comfortable, to forget you.

He kissed him and his eyes looked like a fire from the wet wood. In a word, the evil spirits are said to be gentle, and they are really embarrassing, lingering and fierce.

Chapter 197

Because of the ink-burning sentence yesterday, Chu Xiaoning felt ashamed to the extreme. After the wonderful sound pool, he was reluctant to take care of the ink and left without going back.

People want to face the tree to skin, he is boring, this kind of mixed account, how is the face burned? Is it that the burning of the air actually thought that he would nod?

This kind of thing is just fine, why bother to ask him!

On the second day, the elders of the history of the history of the doctors were sick. Xue Zhengyi let Chu Xiening go to watch the students endorsing the books. The history is a big lesson, and there are many disciples. He can’t control them alone. Also come to help patrol, answer questions.

There are four masters and apprentices, and the number of teachers and ink is the busiest. The reason is very simple. The gentleman is gentle and beautiful, and the ink is good and good. It is very similar to the younger brothers and sisters, especially the teacher, the waist is narrow. The eyebrows, the youthfulness of the youth, is completely a beautiful man, with a good temper and a good voice. Both men and women are easy to have a good impression on him.

As for the burning of the ink, it is trapped in the group of female disciples.

"Mr. Brother and Brother, I don't understand this sentence. Can you help me?"

"Mr. Brother, the difference between these two curses is not particularly understandable. Can the brothers teach me?"

"Mr. Brother -"

After the ink burned to the ninth smiling little sister, the "Wan Tao's returning curse" was exactly the same as the original founder's painting. After that, Chu Xiaoning finally couldn't stand it anymore. He frowned and cold. A few rows of disciples, faintly, looked at the ink.

The ink burned him from the side of yesterday, but in fact, there are some grievances in my heart.

He used to be rude in his previous life, and he cherished it in his life. Therefore, every step of the way I want to see if Chu is rather unhappy, he does not know where he is doing wrong, is it not to ask that sentence?

Or call the wrong, you should not ask "My good teacher, can I go in next time?" and should ask: "My good baby, can I go in next time?"

Unexpectedly suffered a cold encounter, at this time suddenly noticed the eyes of Chu Yuning - even if he was fiercely screaming at him, the ink burned is still like the white cabbage that was watered with water, and immediately came to the spirit and smiled at him.

"..."

This person did not understand the question of where the Yan Yanyan came from.

Do they not understand? I really don't understand, the founder of Wan Tao's returning to the curse is standing here. Why don't you ask Chu Yuning, who wants to turn around and bend their "Mr. Brothers"?

Chu night is not happy, but does not say, only cold and silent looking at the ink.

Looking at it, the ink burned and felt that it was wrong. It happened that there was a tenth younger sister who eagerly waved at him: "Inkmaster~"

"Sorry, I have something." The ink smiled and pointed to Xue Meng. "Ask you Xue Xuexiong."

Then he went to the night of Chu, and left the little teacher who had the head of the ball to show his disappointment. He bit his pen and sighed.

"Master, what's wrong? You don't seem too happy?"

Chu night Ning licked his lips, did not say straight, Shen Yan said: "I am a little tired, that circle let Xue Meng go to patrol, you will help in this film."

The ink burned and he did not doubt him. He nodded and walked up with him. It is strange to say that he walked around the night of Chu, and suddenly felt that the number of people asking questions was a lot less. Is this disciple smarter than that one?

I couldn’t hear the "Mr. Brother", or the more troublesome "Mr. Brother". Chu Yuning’s mood was better, but he still looked expressionless and recited in the public. The young disciples paced and walked, and suddenly heard the dialogue between the two young disciples.

"Brother, brother, I told you that there is a fox in the sound pool."

"Ah? How do you say this?"

"I took a shower in Meichi yesterday and prepared to go back. I heard that there was a faint sigh in the distance... oh... there is that kind of movement..."

The brother looked very surprised. His mouth opened for a moment and hesitated: "Which pair is the same as the door?"

"Who is so courageous, it is impossible. This kind of thing is done privately. If you go to the wonderful sound pool, if you are seen by the elders of Yu Heng or the elders of the wolf, the legs must be interrupted! It is absolutely impossible. Disciple in the door!"

"It’s also true."

"It must be that the fox is in Yinyang. I will call a few brothers and sisters to see it this evening. See if I can catch the little fox. It’s also a credit. It’s not good to let her go. To seduce our door, right?"

"There is nothing wrong with it, but do you see who the same door she was hooked up yesterday?"

"...the sound of the sound pool is so big, it is necessary to go to the bottom of their eyes to clear the five senses. I don't want to go. I am still a boy. If I am looked at by the fox, I will take care of me and her." "The younger disciple stunned, and suddenly he saw that his brother's face was not right. He reached out and pulled it. "What? Suddenly this expression."

"..."

The younger disciple finally felt the coolness behind him. He looked back and saw the elders of Yu Heng face an inscrutable face, and the gas field stood extremely behind him. He was scared of "Oh," and said: "The elders forgive! ”

"The book is recited in the book, and it is said that the ghosts are fascinating, but also double-education." Chu night Ning Yin sullenly face, "You think it is pretty beautiful. Read a book, then talk nonsense, punish."

This conversation was also heard, and I couldn’t laugh, but I was chasing the back of Chu’s lateness. I thought about this serious person, how would I love myself? How would you be willing to be with yourself...

In his chest, it was warm and bitter, mixed with sweet and sour. After the class was over, he couldn’t help but hug the Chu Yunning who was packing up the books, and held the people in his arms. Kissing.

Chu night Ning was angry, took bamboo slips on his head, and knocked and said: "It's all a good idea you want, wonderful sound pool... This is good, what am I going to be?"

The ink burned and laughed, and the tip of his nose glared at the root of his ear. The voice was low and gentle, and he knew clearly: "What is the

teacher's respect?"

Chu night Ning did not think that he was so shameless, could not help but widen his eyes: "You -!"

The pear vortex must be made into honey, and the ink burned and kissed him. He smiled and said: "These brothers are really pulling, foxes? Picking... What? Haha, picking Yin?"

"You say I killed you." Chu Xiaoning almost put the bamboo in his mouth.

The ink burned and laughed: "Hey... can you choose the method of death? It’s also a good thing to be robbed by the fox of the wonderful sound pool."

"Mini rain!!"

Since then, Chu Yuening has never been willing to go to the wonderful sound pool with ink.

In a few days, Mrs. Wang called the ink to the front, took him and asked him one thing.

"Fire, have you seen a strange girl in Snow Valley when you were outside in the past few years?"

"What girl? What a strange method?"

"She should be born very white, there is no blood on her face, she loves to wear red clothes, she always holds a basket in her arms, and she will talk to passers-by in the snow valley..."

The ink burned: "Oh, is the aunt talking about snow?"

Mrs. Wang was surprised at first, and then rejoiced: "Do you know that Xue Qianjin? Such a monster, I have not read it before, but also specifically want to describe it to you... I didn't expect..."

"There is a note on the Master, I just watched it." Mo burned, "Auntie asked me what to do?"

"This is the case. Nangong Gongzi came here a few days ago. I gave him a pulse. I feel that the yang and Yang interest in his body is not unstoppable, but the materials needed are extremely rare. The hardest thing to find is the ice squid in the snow basket. "Mrs. Wang sighed. "Nangong Xiaogongzi and Menger are similar in age. Now that the tiger is in Pingyang, I can’t bear it in my heart. I always want to help, but the snow is extremely difficult. Someone in the snow valley twenty years ago. I met her and went back to it. It was the record of the Kunlun Snow Palace a hundred years ago, so I want to ask you, take a chance."

After the ink burned, both hi and sorrow, hi is because Nangong 驷 是 炎 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 南

Worried is that he has been in the snow valley for more than a year. He has never seen the legendary snow and gold. He is very mixed with the joys and sorrows. He said to Mrs. Wang: "After the things of Xu Shuanglin are settled, I personally went to Snow Valley. From the foot of the mountain to the peak of the danger to find it again, perhaps you can get a clue."

After the ink burned, because the heart was happy, I was going to tell Nangong Temple immediately. Mrs. Wang said in the back: "Hey, you don't go so fast, I have already said to Nangong Gongzi, you don't have to... ”

But the ink burned was not heard at all, and it was already far away.

He found a circle and found that Nangong was on the edge of the bridge of death and death, and was preparing for the past, but he saw a person walking on the other side of the bridge. When the ink burned, it was discovered that the leaves were forgotten. When the heart moved, they did not call Nangong, but stood in the distance and looked at them.

Ye Yexi is still very handsome, and it is difficult to see too many characteristics of women on her face. The practice and practice she has trained have made her and men very different. In fact, these years, if not in

my heart, Nangong’s secret love, she may have forgotten that she is a daughter.

Nangong sees her coming, coughs and gaze, and her eyes are turned to the meandering river.

"The son calls me?"

"... ah..." Nangong 似乎 looks a little embarrassed, ten fingers overlap, pillow on the stone lion of the Naiqiao, half a slap "Han".

"Is there a problem?"

"Also, there is no." Nangong snarled, he did not dare to go to see the leaves, the fingers rubbed the lions of the stone lions, "that is... there is something, I want to give you."

Ye forgets the truth and says: "What?"

Nangong squatted his head and slowly dispelled a piece of the waist. On the other side of the leaf, he couldn't understand it for a long time. Then he finally got it down and handed it to the leaf. A light cough: "Thank you for so many years... Forget it, I don't know what to say. I don't have any valuable accessories now. Only this is for you. I have been with me for many years, not the best jade. but……"

He didn't talk anymore, his eyes narrowed and his face was red.

He has never dared to go to see Ye Yexi, after a while, see Ye Yexiong did not respond, suddenly felt very sad, very abrupt, very awkward, hesitant to take the phoenix totem from the leaves of the past Yu Pei took it back and muttered: "I, I know this is not good, you don't like it... just give it back to me, it doesn't matter, I, I won't mind... After reviving the Confucianism, I I will find you the best one, I..."

Ye forgets to linger for a long time, then laughs, her clear eyes, there is a daughter's soft beauty, lined with her eyes, it seems that I have never had a rouge thin color.

She was born with flaws and scars. It was not as delicate as a woman's hand. She took the piece of jade, rustling, and the leaves were bleak. Ye said, "This piece is enough.

Thank you, son. ”

Nangong’s face was redder, and he said to him: “You, you like it... I am... oh... I don’t know what to say.”

Ink burning: "....."

He heard in the bamboo forest that he wanted to hold the head of Nangong Temple and hit the stone lion.

Does this person not do anything other than raising a little wolf dog? How did it go around for a long time and it became "I don't know what to say?"

Nan Gongyi suddenly said inexplicably: "Mrs. Wang told me that the violent nucleus in my body can be suppressed, and perhaps it does not need to be double-repaired." Ye forgets the past, but then it seems to be wrong. Meaning, she gently "hmm", lowered her eyelashes, did not speak.

If there is no need for double repairs, then Nan Gongyi can be with her, she may no longer have the reason to stay with him brazenly, she also has dignity, do not want to ask Nangong to love her, pity her. Nangong驷 used this piece of jade to make a break, and he could leave a thought later.

"You understand... um... I don't understand what I mean?"

"……Ok."

Nangong 驷 言 转 , , ,

He sighed twice in a sigh, and at the end he couldn't stand it anymore, sighing and sighing: "My God, what am I talking about?"

This time it was the turn of the leaves, she looked up, she looked up suddenly, suddenly as if she understood something, her eyes were very small, and then a thin **** face appeared on her face.

On the bridge, the bamboo leaves flew, her clothes swayed gently, Yupei was moist, and the bright red ears were floating between her fingers.

After a long while, Ye Yexi hesitated, tempted, and whispered a loud voice: "Auntie?"

In the twinkling of an eye, I don't know if it is an illusion. Nangong actually felt that her voice that was distorted by the voice-changing spell could no longer be restored. In the vague wind, there was some softness and some softness. He looked up at the face, looking at the face of the forgotten face, the sky was like a brocade, reflecting her eyebrows, she smiled, still familiar with the British, correct appearance, but slightly in the eyes of the eye There was a shimmering light shining, she did not hold back, and finally the tears rolled down, from the face she smiled, but squatted.

Nangong looked at her and looked at the face. The vague impression of a young woman returned to her eyes.

It was a little girl, green, tender, cheeky red, and the eyelashes were long, very sweet and sweet.

At that time, the leaves were forgotten, and Nangong Liu sent to the dark city to practice the mind. She had just been returned by Xu Shuanglin not long after, and followed the Nangong Temple to learn some basic spells.

On that day, in order to train them, Nangong Liu let them go to the simplest fantasy of the Confucianism Gate to test the knives. The illusion is not difficult, but some horrible. They are all dying ghosts. They can’t go inside, the hairs are scattered, and the hair is faint. whimper.

At the beginning of the Nangong Temple, he did not intend to pay attention to the leaf forgetting. He only managed to swear by the devil. Who knows that walking and walking, but found that the leaves have not kept up, a little girl, curled up in the ruined temple of the illusion, does not dare to move.

He glanced back at her and snorted, preparing to leave, but suddenly saw a hanged ghost behind her, sticking out a bright red tongue to roll her throat -

"what--!"

When the little girl noticed that it was too late, she was scared to scream, but she couldn’t do anything. The sword in her arms didn’t go too far.

But nothing happened.

When she blinked, she found that Nangong stood in front of her. The hanged ghost had been repulsed by a sword, and it was affixed with lightning and spirits. I looked at her and wanted to blame her for a few words. However, the girl’s look was so pitiful. Like a frightened cat, with her round eyes, she couldn’t hold back, and the tears burst out.

Nangong’s stunned, and he said, “You, why are you so useless, even the ghosts are afraid...”

"That's a ghost!" Ye Qingxiu cried. "If I don't even be afraid of ghosts, what am I afraid of?"

Nangong said: "...how are your girls so useless?"

"Then I want to be useful too!" The pretty little girl cried and screamed and ran nose. "Who wants to drag your hind legs, I want to help, but you go so fast, you are not Waiting for me... I... I’m afraid of ghosts...”

"Uh……"

Nangong Temple had no choice but to kneel beside her, and she wouldn’t be stunned. She just stared at her crying. She had not experienced the darkness of the dark city, like the most common girls, tears. Fight straight down.

Crying and crying, choked: "What do you look at?"

"...I see when you are crying."

"..."

"When you are crying, let's go together, who makes you so weak." Nangong sighed, raised his hand and played the little girl's white forehead. "Follow me, I will protect you."

Cloud steamed Xia Wei, Tiandi Jinhui, at this time recalling this past event, Nangong Temple suddenly realized that in the original fantasy day, he actually lived to this day, the only time he saw Ye Jingxi as a girl, crying because of fear .

Later, she became iron, iced, and suppressed all emotions under the light face.

Repressed to the depths, not to say that Nangong, even she herself forgot what kind of person she was, just remember to follow the back of the Confucianism master, from child to teenager, to his son, and she spent No longer.

She is like this, no tears, no hind legs, silently followed him, followed for twenty years.

Chapter 198

After 10 days of fasting, Nangong Temple and Ye Jingxiu can depart for Lushan. Naobaijin was injured, and his vitality was greatly damaged. Therefore, he could no longer take advantage of his master’s long journey. This huge demon wolf turned himself into a young cub, and the one with a big palm was squatting in the quiver of the Nangong Temple. A fluffy head came out.

The ink burned the two to the mountain gate, touched the mane of the horse, and smiled: "The road is far away from the mountain, and the sword is also physically exhausted. These two horses are sent to you. They are grown up eating grass. It’s a thousand miles, although it’s not as good as Naobai, it’s still worth it.”

Nangong 驷 驷 墨 墨 墨 , , ,

"Hey..."

The ink burned slightly and narrowed his eyes and said: "Cat?"

On the other side, Ye forgets to go to Nangong and walks down the mountain gate. There is still a deserted path to the town of Wuji, and the sun shines from the mottled branches and leaves. The horseshoes step on and smash the shattered rays into dust.

Looking at the leaves, Nangong’s side looked at the leaves and was about to say something. The white gold that had already been drilled back into the quiver was a head of the cluster, revealing the two claws of the white and gold with gold, “嗷——嗷—— The cellar called twice. Nangong was shocked and slammed the horse and said, "Be careful!"

The voice fell, the rain-like nails had come from all directions, the horses were long, the Nangong Temple and the Ye Forgets almost simultaneously took out the swords. The two had practiced together at an early age, and they were very tacit, only to see them. One left and one right long, and the south palace squats on the left side of the sword dance. The leaves are forgotten to the right side of the sword dance. After the smashing of the jingle, the poisonous pear needles have been dropped, and then the leaves are forgotten. Throwing the paper, the enchantment came out and caged him.

Nangong screams: "Who?!"

The sun is bleak, but it is not obscured by the clouds. Instead, a person stands on a slender branch. He has a wide sleeve and a large sleeve. He must fly, stand against the light, and look down with hatred.

The cousin of Jiang Dongtang’s former head, Huang Xiaoyue.

He stood by the branches, the bones of the fairy wind, did not say anything, only staring coldly at the face of the leaves, and then, the sound of rustling came out in the jungle, more than a hundred Jiangdongtang disciples walked from the forest. Out, each head has a bright red forehead, all of whom are elite disciples of Jiangdongtang.

Huang Xiaoyue said: "Two people, do you have to wait for the rest of your life? You have to hide in ten days and ten nights before you come out. It really takes the old man to wait."

Nangong is furious: "Huang Xiaoyue, how are you?!"

"What happened to me?" Huang Xiaoyue was cold. "The revenge of Jiang Dongtang and Confucianism, you know it well."

Nangong gnawed his teeth: "From Linyi to Suizhong, repel your four attacks, and chase? What kind of enmity, you have finished? Xu Shuanglin through the bottom, your brother killed your brother, repeatedly twice Come and pay attention to us, what is your face!"

"Face? The old man looks at the little son is really not to face." Huang Xiaoyue sullenly, "It is clear that your Confucianism has hurt me Jiangdongtang, and it has fallen apart. Do you dare to deny it?"

Ye forgets the road: "Even if you want to revenge with the Confucianism, you should be as good as the public, and the assassination of the eye, what is the act."

"Shut up. The man speaks, and you can't turn a slap in the mouth." Huang Xiaoyue squats. "Don't think that your beast and son are raising you as a man. You are really a man. The yellow-haired **** is always a yellow-haired hoe, and the woman should be there. Cooking in the kitchen to cook, you are a woman, what qualifications are there, and glory in front of the old man?"

Nangong angered: "Huang Xiaoyue, you speak something!"

"It’s very good, the old man will tell you the reason and calculate the general ledger." Huang Xiaoyue said, he ordered a little bit of Nangong, and he said: "You care about shame, confess the wife of the husband, and make the venomous woman Kill my own brother and seize the power. As for the one next to you -"

He took a little bit of forgetting the past: "She is the daughter of the beast, and her righteous father has put my Jiangdongtang private affairs in the world, which has damaged my reputation in Jiangdongtang. The old man is

now the leader of the company." Waiting for a small one, just to return to Jiangdongtang, but also a fair in the world!"

He waved his hand, and the hundreds of disciples who were stunned immediately swarmed up and attacked. They just smashed out of the forest. The sky suddenly burst into a bursting flame, violently hurricane, and the disciples were killed. Out of the feet.

Nan Gongyi was shocked: "Mo brother?"

The coming person is ink-burning. He holds Liu Teng, standing on the top of a tree opposite Huang Xiaoyue, and coldly glaring at each other.

Huang Xiaoyue didn't think that the ink burned would appear, and his face became very ugly in an instant. When he touched the skin for a long time, he slowly said, "How did the Mo Zongshi come to the mountain to see the excitement?" "Then should ask the disciples of the guru, how? Good people don't do it, they want to hide in the woods and learn to call me."

Huang Xiaoyue’s face was very gloomy, and his face was almost exactly the same as his last name. He said with amazement: “What does this mean?”

"This sentence should be asked by me to ask the predecessors of the Yellow." Ink burned, "In the land of my life and death, the guests who died in my life, the yellow predecessor is that my mountain gate is too clean and tidy, I want to sprinkle some blood on the ground. What?"

"Since I have gone out of the mountain gate, I will not be able to take care of you. I will avenge my death for the dead, and I don’t need the sect of the Mozong!"

Ink burning: "The predecessors of the Yellows said that they are good, personal grievances, out of the mountain gates, and indeed do not return to life."

Huang Xiaoyue snorted: "The master is still not allowed to open?"

The ink burned didn't let it go, and the ghost blood was even worse. The willow leaf on the top almost became a string of blood beads. He said, "But if I want to manage it myself?"

"you--!"

Huang Xiaoyue will not be unclear about the strength of ink burning, but he will not be reconciled if he is not vengeful. He has to be angry and threatened: "Mr. Mozong, are you going to be an enemy of Jiangdongtang?" "I don't mean this, I just want to Let me send your guests safely to leave the shackles. As for Jiang Dongtang to stop me, or Jiangxi Hall to stop me, they are the same."

Huang Xiaoyue raised his eyes, and the hatred in the brown scorpion could almost be turned into a tangible fire, burning the smoldering wood with his

sylvester.

"Do you insist on covering the embarrassment of these two Confucianists?"

“How do you say Yu Yu?” The ink burned coldly and asked, “I asked the predecessors, Jiang Dongtang’s regrets, how much Ye girl and Nangong Gongzi participated.”

"..."

"Is it planning the internal change of Jiangdongtang? Or is it shaking out the scandal of Jiangdongtang?" The ink burned Huang Xiaoyue. "Is it the killing of the former head, or is it to participate in the murder of the younger brother?"

"But what about it!" Huang Xiaoyue angered, "Father debts! Heaven is righteous!"

"A good place is righteous." The ink burned lightly. "Okay, I don't have to think about it with the predecessors of the Yellows. I have to say something about weapons."

Huang Xiaoyue was very angry and angered: "Mini rain! You are not reasonable!!"

"Is it interesting, who is unreasonable?" At this time, there was another voice in front of the trail. Xue Meng held the dragon city slowly out of the forest, the knife handle was cold and the sun was shining, and the thorns almost barely opened his eyes.

"Call and drink in front of my house, killing and killing, Jiang Dongtang is dead and dead? Looking for death?"

If he said that he had only burned a person in the past, Huang Xiaoyue couldn’t beat him, but with a lot of people, he might be able to take it away and take advantage of the enemy’s enemies. But at this moment, the phoenix Xue Meng stepped out, he was pulling The pride of the day at the Deling Mountain Conference, the fierceness of the dragon in the hand, who does not know who is not known?

The two brothers appeared in front of the mountain gate at the moment. To protect the palace and the leaves, Huang Xiaoyue would never find a chance to find a hole.

When the ink burned, Xue Meng came, and his face turned pale. He said to Xue Meng: "Go back."

"let me help you--"

"This matter has nothing to do with the death and death, it is my self-help, you don't intervene." The ink burned his eyebrows, wondering if this younger brother is stupid? Although Jiangdongtang’s strength is no longer, but after all, the deadly camel is bigger than Ma, and it is still a part of the nine major factions. The prostitute of the Jiangdongtang old church and the master of the fire-fighting pavilion are the Taoist, and they have married. . If Xue Meng came out to help, it would be that in the name of the dead and the dead, all of a sudden and the two masters of the martial art tore face.

Never do this.

Ink burning: "Go back soon."

However, Xue Meng’s thoughts are simple, and he does not understand the subtle differences. Instead, he is not angry with him. He does not want to help him. He is deadlocked. He suddenly sees the dust in the distance, and the white horse on the horse is just around the corner. Snow, beautiful appearance, carrying a pipa, but the Kunlun stepping snow palace of the fairy.

"Urgent report! urgent report -!" That fairy aunt squinted, quickly screaming, shouted.

The dust was flying, turning a corner, but seeing the scene under the mountain, she slammed the reins and slammed it on the horse's back, blinking her eyes.

"Anxious - hehe... you are... what are you doing?"

Because the female officer of Kunlun’s Snow Palace suddenly arrived, the frame of the ink burning and Huang Xiaoyue was not made. Huang Xiaoyue was invited by Xue Zhengxuan to enter the death and death, and even with the call back, there was Ye Jingxi, Nangong Temple. Two people.

The fairy priest of the Snow Palace was set up in the Dan Heart Hall, and the lips were merged and made a ceremony. Then he said:

"The urgent report, Xu Shuanglin has fallen."

As soon as this statement came out, the face of the forgotten face suddenly changed, and the blood was completely absent.

That’s the aunt’s road: “I sent out more than 10,000 Yudie stalks to trace the traces of Xu Shuanglin. I finally returned two this morning and found a magical spell near Huangshan. The palace owner guessed that Xu Shuanglin should be hiding here. I waited until the major sects sent an urgent report to discuss the business."

Xue Zhengyi was shocked and happy: "Is this found?"

Xiang Gudao: "I can't be sure, but the return of the butterfly, the **** atmosphere around Huangshan has been faintly lingering, and it has not

been scattered all the time. There is a vision, and it should be inseparable."

Xue Zhengqi hits the festival: "Well! Since there are clues, don't delay, the soldiers are very fast. What do you mean by the palace owner?"

"The palace owner and the head are similar, she also feels that it is not too late, should go there early to explore."

"Too good!" Xue Zhengyi turned his head and said to Huang Xiaoyue, "Is it a good way to go together with Huang Daochang? If this is the case, Xu Culinlin, the culprit of the culprits, can kill the brothers."

Huang Xiaoyue’s heart is stunned. He knows very well that his chances of Xu Shuanglin’s hand are very small, and the so-called revenge and hate, but a blind man. In fact, how much does his brother’s death have to do with the two juniors of the Nangong Palace?

He yelled at the slogan of revenge for his brother, but in his belly, he played other savvy abacus - knowing that Jiangdongtang had a catastrophe, the strength was declining, and he had already heard that the Confucianist Gate had a rich treasure, and he figured out It is necessary to wipe out the leaves and the Nangong Temple and force them to spit out their ancestors and use them for their own purposes.

The palm of the hand under the sleeves of Huang Xiao’s robe was tightly squeezed, weighing a half-baked, and squeezing out a wrinkled orange-like, yellow-brown smile. He said: "Is it true that Xu Shuanglin is not above

Huangshan, let alone Jiang Dongtang and Confucianism. The beam of the damper has been set, this is not my own private enmity, it is a matter of closing the face of the sect, and it must be liquidated."

"It’s right, too." Xue Zheng said, "Let’s find Xu Shuanglin’s private enemies first, and then find the Confucianism to clear the grudges?”

"Shu Palm Gate said that the Confucianism is now a scorched earth, and you let me go to account."

"I don't know this, I want to ask Huang Daochang himself." Xue Zhengyi said with a smile, "Why is there only a brick and a brick left in the Confucianism, and the Taoist leader is still anxious to kill the two future generations."

"You-!" Huang Xiaoyue Shen Rong's sleeves, shouted, "This is a private matter of Huang."

Xue Meng smiled and said: "Fangcai still said that it is a face of the sect. It is a big event. This is a private matter. Jiang Dongtang is listed as one of the nine sects in the world. How can it be so casual?"

Huang Xiaoyue knew that he was losing money, but he did not know how to defend himself. He simply did not speak. He glanced at Xue Zhengyi and shook his sleeves. He led a wave of disciples in Jiangdongmen. He slammed the door of death and death, and took the lead to go to Huangshan Yujian.

Ye Forgiveness is extremely apologetic, and Xue Zheng said: "Xue Zhangmen, I really can't help, we --"

"The chicks are in the net, and the hunters don't kill." The people who watched Jiangdongtang went away. The smile on Xue Zhengxuan's face slowly disappeared. His eyes became cold and he said: "It is too much to deceive Jiangdongtang. ”

He looked at the sky outside the hall, his eyebrows were very low, and a faint crease in the middle, half a sigh, he sighed: "Go, go to Phoenix."

The road to Huangshan is far away, and everyone chooses the sword. When they arrived in Huangshan, a large group of monks had been confined at the foot of the mountain. The remaining nine factions in the comprehension community had arrived, and a vaguely blurred face came and went, busy, like a river, I don't know what I am busy with.

Chu Yuning was the first to come down from the sword. When he came down, he was slightly unstable and his face was very pale. Fortunately, this person had no good color when he was white, and others would not see anything. It’s the same, but the ink burns. He walked over and looked at the unmanned surroundings, gently rubbing the back of his hand.

"Master, you fly very well."

"Ok?"

The ink burned and smiled: "Really."

Chu night Ning lightly coughed and turned his eyes away.

Looking up, the top of Mount Huangshan really has a layer of almost identifiable evil spirits. The other eight heads have arrived. They are standing at the forefront of the mountain, in front of the enchantment barrier of the sky, raising their hands and pouring them in. Spirituality, Xue Zhengyi also immediately rushed over to help.

The dead and dying people arrived in succession. After a while, Xue Meng also arrived. He steadily fell on the side of the two people. As soon as he saw the situation, he immediately frowned. "What is this doing? Why not go up the mountain?" ?"

When the ink burned him, he explained to him: "Not not, but not up."

Xue Meng is quite confused: "Why?"

Chu night Ningdao: "Huangshan is one of the four evil mountains in the realm of cultivation. This mountain is very weird and it is not so easy to break in."

Xue Meng was a little surprised: "I only know that there are four great holy mountains. Is there still four evil mountains? Which four big?"

Chu night Ningdao: "Lushan, Jiashan -"

Xue Mengyi: "The Rock Hill?"

"...the basaltic armor."

"Oh, oh." Xue Meng blushed, "Well."

"Lushan, and this one, Huangshan."

Chu night Ning paused, and then said, "This is the **** past in the realm of cultivation. Nowadays, it has rarely been mentioned. Only when I go to some complicated books, I can read the records of the four evil mountains. ”

"Then why is there something like evil mountain?"

Chu Evening did not answer directly, but asked Xue Meng: "The first time of the Confucianism Gate to surrender the evil past, you can still remember."

"Remember." Xue Mengdao, "The East China Sea has a dragon, because he defeated the dragon, sealed the Golden Drum Tower, and then signed a **** contract with the dragon to make it for his own use. After the death of the first generation of Confucianism, evil The dragonfly became a hill, the dragon's rib became a mantle, the dragon's blood became a river, the keel became a rock, and the dragon became a tree. This mountain, the tomb of the Confucian disciples, has been guarded for generations. Oh, also known as Lushan."

Chu night Ning dagger: "Yes, so Lushan is the evil spirit of Qinglong. You all know that the four stars of the Rui beast are the Qinglong Zhuque Baihu Xuanwu, but under the four stars, there will be a malignant change, and there will be waves everywhere."

Xue Meng slowly understood: "So, the rest of the, like the Lushan, is the spirit of the evil beast turned into?"

"Ok."

Xue Mengdao: "That is Huangshan... is it Suzaku?"

He jerked his head to look at the behemoth-like mountain that was shrouded in the haze, and he found that the middle of the mountain was towering and

flattened twice, like a phoenix that was necked and smashed.

Chu night Ningdao: "Yes. In addition, the four evil mountains, each with evil laws. For example, Lushan, it only allows the Houyi of the Confucianism Gate to lead others to enter, and those who are accustomed to it will be dragged by the vines In the mud, burying and dying. This phoenix is the same."

"But it's weird." Xue Meng turned to look at the head of the one spell, and his old man also helped. "Yushan is the mountain of Confucianism. Everyone knows, what about Huangshan? Just put It’s not enough to drag on the sect of the scorpion evil spirits."

The ink that has never been snoring speaks at this moment: "The man died unexpectedly not long ago. If she is still alive, she can do so."

Xue Meng stunned: "Do you know who it is?"

"Know." The ink burned faintly. "It's a woman, we all know."

Chapter 199

"Ah, who is it? Only she can order Huangshan alone? To surrender the other heels of Suzaku evil spirits?"

The ink burned did not directly answer him, but said: "Before the millennium, the song of the Suzaku evil spirit called Song Qiao, the word star moved."

Xue Meng was shocked and screamed out: "Hua Bi Zun, Song Xing Shi?!"

"Ok."

"He, he is the last sphenoidal beauty seat in the history of comprehension to be a master!"

There was no expression on the face, and he said, "Yes, so the last person who can open the gate of Huangshan Mountain has died in the fire of the Confucianism. It is Song Qiutong."

Xue Meng’s mouth was involuntarily enlarged, and he was about to say something. There was a sudden commotion in the distance. The forefront of the foot of the Huangshan Mountain suddenly surrounded a large group of Qingyi monks in Bitanzhuang.

"Li Zhuangzhu!"

"Zhuangzhu!"

Chu nightning changed slightly, and the eyebrows fell into the blaze. He walked over there. He opened the crowd and saw Li Wuxin being helped by his disciples. His face was like white paper, his mouth was bloody, and his stinky blood was stuck in his flower.

White beard, white lips, double eyes turned up, already unconscious, trembled: "It is the first... Yes... is the first..."

Because Li was unwilling to pull off, the remaining enchantment counters that the heads suffered were even stronger. Huang Xiaoyue was the main post of Jiangdong Hall, and the mana was lower than other heads. At this time, he could not stand it. It is difficult to even turn your head.

It was Jiang Yan, but his face was white, but he still had the heart to look at Li Wuxin, and he said: "He has a Phoenix nightmare."

The phoenix enchantment attached to the phoenix curse. Once someone wants to tear open the crack and try to go up the mountain, it is very easy to be swallowed by this nightmare.

This is similar to the illusion of Jin Chengchi's picking the heart, but the Phoenix nightmare can hardly be removed, and the people in the middle of the stroke often wake up again.

A group of disciples in Bitanzhuang saw the land grow, and even more, they burst into tears: "Zhuangzhu! You wake up, the owner-"

Li Wuxin was laughing in the dream for a while, and then swearing for a while, suddenly broke away from holding his disciple, Ming Ming, lying on the ground and dancing, laughing! "Get the first! It is the first! It is the first!"

In the other disciples who were behind, some people whispered: "What is the first?"

Li Wuxin did not answer them. He was immersed in the joy of the nightmare, opened his mouth and exposed two rows of teeth with thick blood and saliva. He smiled so intoxicated. After a while, it seemed like a dream, he was dead. The old face is so stiff that it is out of anger.

"No - you can't do this! You can't do this! Say good to return the swordsmanship of Bitanzhuang to me! How can you quit!"

After a while it became a face of mourning.

This is really chilling. Li Wuxin has always been an old Taoist who wants to face, and he is also a master of the village. He has never had such a face before him.

Not like a head, not like a long road.

Not even like a man.

He squinted and mourned twisted in the folds, as if he was trying to put his dignity into the wrinkles that were all over his face. He was pleading: "The eight billion gold is really too much. It’s Bitanzhuang’s. It’s my master’s. At that time, the sects were lost. There is no money left. There is no way to sell them to you... the head... I beg you, less...”

Everyone listened to each other around.

Eight billion gold?

Sword spectrum?

Then some people suddenly remembered that the front door of Bitanzhuang was spleen and spleen, and it was bluntly convinced that many of the martial art in the cult of the cult of the sect had been confronted with one side and had a great difficulty. No one left or right was willing to help. After that, The entire mountain village of Bitanzhuang was under the sun, and even the remaining money of the subsidized disciples could not be dispatched for three consecutive years. Later, somehow, it suddenly became rich again, but inexplicably, since that generation, Bitanzhuang originally had the earthquake of Kyushu. The water-breaking swordsmanship was lost, and later disciples could not make the essence of it.

To this end, there are always people on the rivers and lakes who laugh at Li Wuxin, saying that it is not good for him to teach, so that the former Jianshen Zhuang Bitanzhuang will be the end of the upper revision.

But now, everyone is surprised that things may not be as simple as they thought before – is it the big difficulty of Bitanzhuang that was actually sold by the swordsmanship?

Such a profiteer who was robbed by fire, someone immediately thought of a lonely moon night, and many eyes quietly swept over Jiang Yan’s face.

"It won't be a lonely night..."

"Probably the master of Jiang Zhangmen..."

Li Wuxin was still struggling in the ground, rolling, and he couldn't hold him. He cried for a while, then he just climbed up and squatted around, blood and nose falling down together.

"Give it back to me, I have raised most of my life, and I have a total of 511 billion yuan." Li Wuxin mourned, "There is only 511 billion gold... I really want to do what you want, really is not so More money, two, I can't kill, go grab, do the bad things and get money?! You send money to the day, but Bitanzhuang really doesn't have that much money... please..."

When I heard that "you have sent thousands of dollars to the day," those who did not look at Jiang Yan before began to glance at Jiang Yan. Jiang Xuan's Xuanyuan Pavilion, that is the biggest black market in the realm of cultivation, not him, who else?

There are young disciples of Bitanzhuang, but they are already red-faced and smashed toward the ginger: "Jiang Jiangmen! It turns out that the three most important volumes of the water-cut swords of Bitanzhuang are actually on your lonely night. ?! You export 8 billion gold, you... how can you be so shameless!"

Jiang Yan has not spoken yet. There is one person on the left side, hoarsely: "The truth is not clear, do you dare to add a sin to Jiang Jiangmen?"

The person who spoke was actually Huang Xiaoyue, who couldn’t breathe.

The old guy's hand holding the enchantment is shaking, and he still wants to tell Jiang Yan that he is loyal and what he is playing. It is really clear.

The disciple of Bitanzhuang was very annoyed. When he rushed up, he would smash Huang Xiaoyue, but he was firmly held by the same door. The same door advised: "Hey, don't provoke them."

Hearing the name, the ink burned.

In the past, he might think that the name is as smart as it is, and it makes people laugh at the big teeth. At this moment, he looks at the bad old man who can't help but squat in the mud, and suddenly feels bitter.

I can't smile at all.

"Five billions can't be...that...that's five-fifths?" Li Wuxin was crying, and the sleeves were smeared with tears. "Five-five billion, I went to Yizhou Changshi to buy and sell, and then sell. Some of the magical stones, but also the five, five billion... the head, you do a good job, send a compassion... just give me the sword."

He squatted and squatted, and the last forehead was broken and blood flowed.

"The broken water sword is the soul of Bitanzhuang..." He cried. "Before the first teacher emerged, the only wish was to let me redeem the sword. I have tried my best in my life... for a lifetime, from Black hair, turned into white hair, and the person who asked for it has changed from you to you... I also asked Luo Fenghua..."

"what!"

The crowd was suddenly eclipsed.

Luo Fenghua? !

Li Wuxin asked Luo Fenghua? !

Not a lonely moon night... yes... yes...

Looking back, no one was moving around, but immediately allocated a way, because almost all the martial artists were turning to look at the Nangong Temple in the corner, and the leaves were forgotten.

"It is the Confucianist!"

This time you don't need to whisper. Someone shouted out.

"Don't shame!"

"It is said that the swordsmanship of Confucianism has suddenly soared so many times in the past few decades, and even the legacy of Juggernaut! Beasts!"

"The Lingshan Conference in the past gave the third to Nangong. The stolen swordsmanship is a skill!"

"It's really disgusting!!"

Nangong stands in the same place, and looks sorrowful. Of course he does not know the sin scandals of these Confucianists. The evils of his father and ancestors should have fallen on the 72nd city of Confucianism. Now he wants him. People come here.

He did not escape, nor snorted, his face was gray, and he stood so silent.

Ye Tingxi wants to hold his hand, Nangong’s hand is quietly pumped away, and he stands in front of the leaves.

"He still has a face..."

"He is so alive, what do you think the son can be good?"

The people in Bitanzhuang were most indignant and shouted at them: "Go! Don't you still roll?!"

"The top ten sects have no place for Confucianism! What are you doing here! Roll!"

"Dog men and women, shameless!"

Everywhere around, the sound of passionate worship, the resentment, the curse, the hatred on the faces are so clear.

Suddenly someone rushed over and Biyi rolled over. It was a disciple of Bitanzhuang. The man grabbed the clothes of Nangong, and the leaves were forgotten: "Auntie!"

Nan Gongyi only pushed her away between the electric fire and the flint, and then the underground disciples of the Bitanzhuang were pressed down, the fists fell like rain, squatting on his face, chest ribs, abdomen, punching and punching. Force, but the fist is dull, fierce, and mad.

At this time, suddenly there was another cold voice, and screamed: "Stop."

A heavy blow was not received, and on the handsome face of Nangong, Nangong slammed a **** cough, his hair was scattered, lying on the ground, muddy.

The angry disciple had to throw his fist again, but his arm was pinched.

He looked back in anger and shouted: "The beast! Don't you -"

Did not speak.

Because the person standing in front of him is the first master of the world, Chu nightning.

"stop."

Chu night, like a cold spring, overlooking him, the expression on his face can't tell what it is, it seems that there are many emotions, and it seems that there is nothing.

He just held the boy's arm tightly, licking his lips and yelling: "Don't fight."

Nangong was coughing up a blood on the ground, and Ye Ye was busy trying to help him. He was swayed by him: "Don't worry about me, the responsibility of the Confucianism, I should accept it for my father."

The boy was even more angry, struggling to get rid of Chu’s hand and want to beat him.

Chu night Ning Jianmei stood vertical: "Don't fight!"

"Don't you! You are the one who lives in the dead, this thing can't be taken care of by you!" The boy was also crazy, and he said to him, "Why are they doing this to my master? Why? What is this about Bitanzhuang?! Bitanzhuang has been doing the horse for the Confucianism for many years!! Why? Why?!"

He picked it up.

Behind him is Li Wuxin’s bursts of sorrows and sorrows.

Li Wuxin is still asking for his own consciousness. In fact, Nangong Liu, who does not exist at all, asks: "Luo Fenghua said that he is willing to change the sword for me... but he does not know where it was placed... You promised me... ...you promised me..."

"I am seventy-nine years old this year, and I can live for a few years. I haven’t been able to repair it in this life. Maybe I can’t understand it as a fairy. I can’t see my teacher... But the only thing he told me, I can’t do it. Ah." Every word of Li Wuxin is like a blood clot dug in the throat. He is also stunned. "I can't do it, the head... give it to me... Put the things of Bitanzhuang... Give the old man..."

"please……"

The disciples of Bitanzhuang were shaking, and Chu’s hands were shaking slightly.

There were tears in the eyes of the boy, hate, and puzzled.

But he couldn't get rid of it. In the end, his slobber vomited on Chu's cheeks. He said, "What guru is a beast."

"Master!"

"Ink burns, stand still, don't come."

Chu nightning loosened the boy's hand, the young man got the freedom, and immediately went to beat the Nangong Temple, which had been bruised and bruised, but unexpectedly a golden light fell, the sea otter swelled open, and the Nangong Temple and the leaves were forgotten. Protected in it.

Chu night Ning was originally half-squatting on the ground. At this moment, he slowly got up, and he looked at those ambiguous and screaming faces.

At the end of one end of the crowd is him, and at the other end, Li Wuxin, who is full of blood and tears.

The voice of Li Wuxin’s old voice came, it was the branch of winter, and the roots pierced into the sky: “Isn’t it worth five billion?...”

This old man is still trying to bargain with Nangongliu in his dreams.

Humble and dead.

Very humble.

Humble to an old face, it has become a sediment.

"5.8 billion?"

His voice is shaking.

Chu nightning closed his eyes.

His hand was also distorted and trembling under the wide sleeve. But still said one word at a time: "Nan Gong Yu, is the son of the old man, the son of Mrs. Rong."

Before the vast Huangshan, more than a thousand people, quietly only heard the innocence of Li Wuxin, and the sound of the cold night of Chu.

At one end, Li Wuxin said: "The 5.8 billion, can you always? It’s just three swords..."

On the other hand, Chu Xi Ning said: "When I came out of the mountain, I didn't carry silver two, and I didn't know how to ask for it. It was Mrs. Rong's meal, and left me to stay in the Confucianism Gate."

He paused, so only Li’s heart was crying.

"Mrs. Rong once asked me to accept her son Nangong as a disciple. Because of my young age, I am afraid that I will not be able to do it. But that year..."

Chu night Ning Wei side of the face, looked at the Nangong Temple down the ground. He finally slowly, the truth that the Nangong Temple did not remember, was made public.

"In that year, Mrs. Rong had brought her younger son and worshipped me in front of the Zongmiao Temple. She said that the Nangong ancestral rites had been completed. If I would like to live in the Confucianism for a long time, Nangong 驷 should be treated as a teacher."

Chu nightning raised his eyes.

"Nan Gong Temple is my apprentice."

Hearing this statement, Xue Meng’s face is instantly blue!

The smoldering and the sergeant's face were not very good, but they didn't talk, looking at the night.

"If the father's debt is not wrong, then one day is the teacher, and the whole life is the father. Since I have received the three worships of Nangong, he can call me a master." Chu Yuning said, "He The Master is still there. So, it’s good to seek revenge, and to fight. I am here, there is no resistance.”

"Master!"

"Master -!!"

The ink burned, Xue Meng and the teacher fell together, and Nan Gongyi struggled to get up from the ground. His blood was not stopped, he only muttered: "No... I don't worship... I didn't worship... I don't have a master...no master..."

However, at this time, Li Wuxin suddenly made a long shout, and he looked up to the sky, and had to blow like snow, squinting his eyes, and blood continued to flow from his eyes.

He groaned loudly, crying, choked, and expected Ai Ai.

"The 5.9 billion, can you always? The head of Nangong... 5.9 billion... More out of that, you should be poor and pity, this old man, give me some money to fight coffins... well, Ok?"

He used a neck-like posture, and finally nicknamed, the blue veins burst.

"All right!!"

Three in a row, Li Wuxin suddenly vomited blood again, blood mad, dead.

Then he plopped down on the ground.

This is the last sect of the upper sect. During this lifetime, I have been deliberately wooing every sect that may be handed over, and the ugly old man who wandered around. This has spent most of my life, still inactive, and even three big jokes that can't be redeemed.

A waste, mediocrity.

Just squinting in this way, fell in the dust of the gray.

died.

Whistling, the faces of all beings are different, and no one speaks.

It’s just that the smoldering suddenly remembers that there is a treasure in Mount Lu, which is enough to reinvigorate the martial art. This is what Lianjiang Dongtang knows.

Bitan Zhuang and Confucianism are so close, they don't understand what it means.

After the death of Nangong Liu, how many big factions are chasing and squatting to catch Nangong and Ye forget, saying that it is for revenge, and the heart is playing, but it is the idea of Jinshan Yinshan.

But Bitanzhuang did not.

Bitanzhuang is just awkward, thinking of stupid ways to make good friends and make good nights, and hope to be able to take care of each other in the future.

The gold and silver treasures of the Confucianist door, Li Wuxin did not even think about it.

It is obvious that he was the one who was crushed by Confucianism for a lifetime.

Perhaps, just because he has been bullied for a long time and has been crushed for a long time, this old man will understand in his heart that money is desirable, but it is not desirable.

The ink burned away in the dust of Li Wuxin, dirty, dirty and even ridiculous old face.

He suddenly understood why the Confucianism door was shocked that day, and everyone rushed to panic and fled, and the old man tried to escape, but

he did not go away with timidity. Obviously, there is no big skill, but the scalp is hard and stays in the sea of fire.

A sword, saved dozens of lives unrelated to him.

People say that Bitan Zhuang's grandfather has a set of water-cutting swordsmanship, which can break the water and break through the sky. The history is called Juggernaut.

Li Wuxin lacked three books, and he couldn't learn the swordsmanship.

What he can do is, in the end, use a sword that has become bigger, and in the flames of the ocean, send those who he does not know, even the disciples of the Confucianism, out of the sea of fire, one by one, brought back to the world. .

Chapter 200

The disciples of Bitanzhuang would not have thought that the battle of Huangshan had not yet begun, and the life of their owners would be required.

Although Li Wuxin’s age is already high, he has gradually revealed some old ways, but if he is not shackled by this evil door, the meridian is retrograde, why shouldn’t it be so violent.

A few silences, Bitan Zhuang, a piece of Tsing Yi, have squatted.

The mourning sounds, everyone is lost. The disciple who had to settle with Nangong’s account also refused to take care of it. He cried and climbed back to the old Zhuangzhu’s side, tearing his tears with his sleeves and tears.

Suddenly, the huge enchantment in front of Huangshan made a shrill scream, and Jiang Yan changed his face and sighed: "Come personally fill in the position of Li Wuxin, otherwise we will all die here today!"

Xue Zhengyi simply turned back and shouted: "Yu Heng! Come and take the handle!"

Chu nightning does not need them to say the second time. What he is best at is the technique of enchantment. The whistling is the curse left by the phoenix evil spirits. It can touch this layer of curse, indicating that the elders are ripped apart. The enchantment barrier is not far away, and it can be completed. If it can't be done, this curse will be reversed. There is a force to relocate the mountains and reclamation. I am afraid it will be more difficult to escape than the robbery of Confucianism.

He immediately swept away, his eyes as sharp as a bayonet, waving his sleeve and raising his hand, slamming into the empty space left by Li Wuxin.

When I touched it, Chu night was shocked and immediately went to see Huang Xiaoyue standing next to him.

"..."

He saw Huang Xiaoyue sweating all over his head, his body trembled, his face flushed red, and it seemed to make the power of the nine cows and two tigers in the game of power - the other heads obviously think so. However, Huang Xiaoyue deceived others, but he deceived the enchanted master Chu Yuning.

When Chu Ning received the burden of Li Wuxin, he immediately felt that the anti-killing power of this position was extremely fierce. That is to say, Li Wuxin had just suffered the evil of two heads. This kind of situation is

rarely seen in this kind of joint force, and in this case, there is only one possibility that the next-side operator has not given any power at all -

Huang Xiaoyue is actually just pretending!

Chu night Ning angry, black eyebrows cold vertical, sigh: "You ... how dare to play!"

"What, what..." Huang Xiaoyue gasped and gasped, and the whole person seemed to be dying and dying. The surrounding heads heard the movements, but those who had spare energy also looked at them.

"What is the guru saying...what is the drama..."

"What do you play in your own heart! Don't you give me a roll?!"

Xue Zhengxuan couldn't help himself, and said: "Yu Heng, what are you murdering against the ecliptic? You can't say anything when you see him. What's wrong with it? Open the enchantment and talk about it!"

Huang Xiaoyue’s eyes drifted, and he only stunned Chu’s night, and he was shocked by the chilly scorpion that was so cold.

He didn't have the strength to open the phoenix enchantment. The reason why he rushed to help, just to fight for a face, afterwards, let the upper repair circle know that Jiang Dongtang's strength is still there. He still has two brushes for Huang Xiaoyue.

Unexpectedly, Li Wuxin, a pustule, couldn’t afford the evil of two people. He was actually stunned by the phoenix and died directly next to him. If he died, he would be the one who filled his position.

This is a smashed Chu Zong teacher!

Huang Xiaoyue's greasy face is covered with sweat. These sweat beads are no longer hard to come out, but cold sweat. He is constantly sweating.

He is thinking, what should I do?

At the end of the crisis, Huang Xiaoyue made a sigh, slammed his tongue, and a **** sputum, he let the saliva mixed with blood to seep in the lips.

"Guru... It’s really a misunderstanding of the old man... After Li Zhuang’s main withdrawal, the old man is really...more...more...

He coughed up sharply and coughed **** stars.

"The old man really can't stand it..."

Where will the Chu nightning be fooled?

Li Wuxin and Huang Xiaoyue, the strength of these two individuals is stubborn and weak, so there is no need to say more, if both of them do their best, how can the first fallen person be Li Wuxin?

He sullenly swayed his sleeves and asked one hand to ask for the day. He slammed Huang Xiaoyue over a dozen feet.

"roll!"

"Ah!!"

The disciples of Jiang Dongtang were surprised and rushed to the wall.

There are also many people who glare at the night of Chu: "How does Chu Zongshi not make sense?"

"The ecliptic is doing its best, why do you say that the whip is a whip, and you can lose your temper when you lose your temper!"

"Look at yourself to have the ability, so bully people?!"

These anger and shouting words, Chu night Ning Ruoxing, his chest is full of anger, a pair of Ling Li Feng Yan almost flashing the color of frost, perhaps the red light of the enchantment reflected in his eyes, his cowardly even a little scarlet.

"Give me a roll."

The sound is not loud, but it is extremely gloomy.

Anyone who knows a little about Chu's late night knows that he is angry and scolding, and there is still room for discussion, but once he becomes the present state, it is cold and oppressive. Then no one can stop him.

Who stopped, and when asked about anger, I am afraid I will have the life of that person.

Xue Zhengqi murmured: "Yu Heng... What happened..."

"Huang Xiaoyue, do you really want to open the phoenix enchantment, do you have half an inch?" Chu Yuning’s hand on the enchantment even

provoked the anger by the anger, "Li Wuxin can't bear it by your side." At the time, did you really share too much for him?!"

"what are you talking about!"

The female disciple of Jiangdongtang screamed.

"We all vomited blood, and you actually said that he did not try his best? Is it necessary to see that he is as dead as Li Zhuang, are you satisfied?"

Chu night Ning black eyebrows and blazing, is about to say again, suddenly in front of the Tongtian enchantment sent a general, violent fluctuations. The palms of the heads of the hands were wrapped in a blood-red light.

Jiang Yan immediately said: "God! The last layer! Just tear it!"

"..."

Chu Evening had no intention of arguing with the group of madmen. He looked back and condensed himself, and his hands were placed on top of the enchantment. The majestic spiritual power was filled with raging flames and violently placed in the crack. A loud bang.

Earth shakes.

The phoenix enchantment splits a huge gap, which is eight feet high and can accommodate five people side by side.

Xue Zhengxi said: "Opened! The enchantment opened!"

He was close to the rip, and immediately probed to see it, but he couldn’t help but feel a black and red sigh of relief. He couldn’t help but scream: “How is it so stinky?!”

Other monks also refused to take a look at Bitanzhuang and Jiangdongtang.

The mysterious abbot of Wushang Temple is the most sensitive in this way. When the rosary is turned in the hand, he sighs: "It is the land of corpse. The corpse and resentment on this phoenix mountain is probably more than we think. many."

Jiang Yanyin said: "It seems that Xu Shuanglin’s passing the street mouse is really nestled in the broken hill." He said as he turned back: "Everyone listens. Before the injury, hey, no. Used, pretending."

When he said that he was pretending to be pretending, the sly scorpion passed through Huang Xiaoyue, who was lying on the ground, and then sneered at the slightest invisible.

"These people are all staying at the foot of the mountain. The rest, follow me up the mountain."

Xue Meng saw that the night had entered the crack, and immediately he was eager to keep up, but found that the ink was not on his side. He looked around and found a commotion in the place where Nangong was located. It turned out that after the grief of the disciples of Bitanzhuang, the hatred became more and more, and they all wanted to find Nangong. Although there was an enchantment that Chu’s late fall, even in this case, Nangong was still surrounded by a group of twisted faces, and each bright red tongue was cursed and reviled.

Xue Meng anxiously said: "Ink burning, what are you doing there? Everyone is going up the mountain, keep up!"

"You must go first, protect the teacher and the teacher, if there is no support, immediately fly to report me."

Xue Meng had no choice but to leave first.

At this time, only the people of Bitanzhuang and Jiangdongtang were left at the foot of the mountain. The ink burned his eyes back from Xue Meng's back and said: "I know the mood, but the sword score is not the work of the Nangong Gongzi. If you want to liquidate, at least wait until you catch Xu Shuanglin."

"This is two things, Xu Shuanglin, Nangong, or one can't escape!"

"Yes! They both have to pay the price!"

Yan Ming is considered to be somewhat sensible in these people. He is red-eyed and swearing: "Mr. Mozong, now you are a master. Your master is also a master. Are you two masters, so that you are guilty of sinners? ”

Ink burning: "I only want you to talk about the public. If you really want to make this thing clear, you should send Xu Sulin and others to Tianyin Pavilion after the matter has subsided. The big sects have been discussing each other to make justice. Now that I am rushing up, I plan to smash a man who is not going to fight back. What is it?"

Description: "..."

Someone shouted: "What ten sects? Nine! Confucianism can still be a martial art?"

Yu Ming suddenly said: "It's eight." There was blood stain on his face. After wiping it for the teacher, he wiped his tears and left it on the face. The blood stains made him look very ugly and very stunned." It is eight sects....Bi Tan Zhuang is also without the Lord."

"Brothers..."

He did not care for the sorrows of the younger brothers, and turned his head slowly, watching the smoldering: "After the battle of the celestial division, the master said that the sorrow of death is still a fair sect. Now it seems that he is wrong. You guys."

Ink burning: "..."

Yan Ming asked: "Mr. Mo Zong, you must protect the two beasts of Confucianism today?"

If the ink burned has not yet been answered, I heard the Nangong hoarse and hoarse: "The ink burns, you go away."

The leaves are half-baked in the side of Nangong, and it is really difficult for her to help him. There is no crying, no help, but the voice is also dumb: "Mu Gongzi, go up the mountain, this matter has nothing to do with you."

On the side of the burning side: "When you worship my master, is it Baibai? Since it is my teacher, how can I have nothing to do with me?"

Nangong Temple: "You -"

The ink burned and turned to look at the face of Yan Ming. At this time, he was already more than the people of Bitanzhuang. The disciples of Jiang Dongtang also looked around.

Under the support of two female disciples, Huang Xiaoyue was stunned. He gasped, rolled his eyelids and scorned the ink. Then he left the two disciples, and the dead wood fingers slammed a little, saying: "The old man has been immersed in the justice of the upper class since childhood, so he can sit and watch!"

The ink burns cold and cold: "The ecliptic is really a model of the upper repairing world. It has just been lingering, and a scent of fragrant and kung fu is not enough. It can actually stand up and jump up and start to do the heavens. I admire."

"You - cough and cough!!" Huang Xiaoyue seems to be extremely angry and attacking his heart, coughing his chest and fainting. The play was very full, but the ink burned and even the eyes were too lazy to marry him.

The Tsing Yi of Bitanzhuang and the purple clothes of Jiangdong Hall made a group of three people together, step by step, but no one started. Everyone knows that this trick falls, it is difficult to cover the water.

Yan Ming said: "Mr. Mozong, I will finally ask you again. Do you really let it go?"

"what!!"

The ink burned yet to answer, and suddenly a sharp voice came from the front, and I didn’t know which woman was repairing it. Then a bunch of fuzzy black-grey mudstones rushed from the enchantment gap of Huangshan Mountain. Out.

Huang Xiaoyue said: "What? Landslide?"

The ink burns and narrows your eyes.

Not a landslide.

The crowd quickly became clear, and they all sighed.

From the crack, there is a wave of zombies burnt into coke! ! These zombie arms are glued to the arm, the flesh is sticking to the flesh, and they are still drinking thick water, barely able to see some of their faces.

"Wow--" Someone couldn’t stand it anymore, bowing and vomiting.

"This is also disgusting for his mother..."

"Is this something on the mountain?"

"How many dead bodies should there be?"

The smoldering was also a shock. At this time, a heavy muffled sound was heard in the sky. The enchantment that several elders had just torn apart, actually moved again at this moment, slowly, seemingly to close-

This enchantment is actually self-healing! Not long after the tearing, it will close again, preventing more people from entering it!

The ink burned anxiously: "Go up the mountain first, and then complain back. Xu Sulin is on the mountain. Isn’t this the culprit not to catch?"

The people in Bitanzhuang hesitated, but Huang Xiaoyue did not need to sneer and said: "The masters of the whole world are almost all on the hill, and they can't catch Xu Shuanglin. But the two small dolls of Confucianism are slippery, running with The mud is as fast as it is. If it is misplaced, there will be no chance in the future."

"...Huang Xiaoyue." The ink burned anger, the red light flashed in the hand, and the ghost was called out. "Are you enough?!"

More than a hundred people in front of him, see him summoning the gods, all pulled out the blade, lifted the weapon, and stared at him with extreme

caution.

In this case, I can’t escape a fierce battle. I don’t have anything to do, but according to the thoughts of these people, I am afraid that I will count my own battle today into the gimmick of death...

However, at this time, he suddenly heard a cold voice behind his voice.

"Please go up the mountain, Nangong is waiting here, never flee."

Huang Xiaoyue said: "It’s easy to talk to a little doll. Why do you believe in it? If you can’t really make it to be a prisoner, if you don’t leave, you won’t leave?”

Nan Gongyi looked at him coldly and stood up from the ground. Then he raised his hand and then threw the leaves to the enchantment set by Chu Xiening.

"Auntie!"

This enchantment, only the people inside can go out, but the outside people can't get in.

Nangong Temple stood alone and slowly pulled out his own sword. The bright sword light, one inch and one inch, illuminates his face.

Chin, lips, nose tip.

Eyes.

Ye forgets that he has understood what he is going to do, hammering it on the enchantment and shouting, "Don't be fooled!"

"When the ancestors set up the school, they had the training: grievances, murder, murder and robbing, it is my Confucian gentleman who can't do it." Nangong said, "My father is not good, I have this training. But I am twenty-six years old." Although there is arrogance, I have never been tempted. These seven cannot be done, I am worthy of my heart."

With a bang, the sword is like a running water.

"No!"

The ink burned also knew what he was going to do. He tried to solve the enchantment set by Chu Yuning, but the enchantment was firm and it could not be eliminated for a while.

He muttered: "South Palace..."

Nangong Temple did not go to the leaves to forget the past, but also ignored the ink. He said: "Today, the kings refused to believe me, and I have no other way. Fortunately, I learned the technique of imprisonment. Therefore, please don't be innocent. I am in Nangong, painting the land as a prison, waiting for you to return."

"Namong!!"

The sound is not gone, the blood is arrogant.

The sword of Nangong Temple was nailed into the ground for a moment, and there was no soil.

At the same time being nailed to the ground, there is the left hand of Nangong Temple -

He actually nailed his hand, like a seven-inch snake, to the ground. The sword was on the thunder and the curse of the curse was turned around.

Ye forgets the time and she squats before the enchantment.

The blood of Nangong Temple ran down the hilt and stained the ground.

No one can see the expression of the leaves, she hung her face, only one hand clung to the enchantment of the brilliance of the brilliance, the knuckles roots pale, sly.

This is a cursed beast, a smashed ghost, and a curse of the animal. The masters of the upper revisions will be used by almost everyone, and everyone can know.

Nangong used this curse and nailed himself.

His painful lips were blue, and he couldn't stop, but he didn't cry. After a long time, he raised his face, his eyes were scarlet, and he had a word.

He said: "Go."

"..." There is very little time when the ink is burnt and cannot be said.

In the past, only the leaves have been done.

In this life, he saw the people who Yeh’s favorite.

He used to be confused about where Ye Zhongxi had liked Nangong, a girl who only wanted to look at her face, like a beautiful girl, and had no brains.

But at this moment, he saw another leaf forget.

Kneeling, insane, blood, but in the bones.

Nangong Temple.

"Go!" Nangong yelled. "What else is not at ease?! Want me to nail my legs to the ground! Go!!"

Yu Ming was the first to turn around.

He returned to the head of Li Wuxin's body, and organized the body of the head to be solemn, hugged, and went back.

"Brother!"

"Brother, don't you stay?"

"Sister? Are we leaving like this? Is it necessary to let them go like this?"

Yan Mingdao: "What are you going to do? I don't know how long I have to play on the mountain, so that the head is lying on the ground like this, even the individual face is not there, wait?!"

The disciples of Bitanzhuang looked at each other and they lowered their heads one by one, no longer snoring.

When Ming Ming walked to the side of the ink and burned his shoulders with the ink, he said, "Mr. Mozong, you remember what you said. After this war, we will see you."

"Fortunately. There is also Tianyin Pavilion in this world to be able to preside over justice." There is a red eye of the individual, which is the disciple who spit out the sorrow and sorrow, and he is behind the brothers, and there is no hate. Will act impartially, so that our teachers can pay attention."

"Ink burning, Nangong 驷... you wicked people, you are waiting! You will all have retribution. Let's die!"

Chapter 201

Bitan Zhuang left, and Huang Xiaoyue wanted to stay, and there was no reason to stay.

He can only go up the mountain.

The ink-burning hope is quick and fast, and one horse is currently rushing into the phoenix enchantment. The people of Jiangdongtang then follow. As soon as I entered the enchantment, the ink burned well, but the people in Jiangdongtang all screamed out.

——

It is dead.

There are dead people everywhere.

Full of land, full of trees, lying on the ground, hanging on the treetops, densely packed, all dead bodies. Moving, crawling, twisting, and coming to each living person at a very slow speed.

Huangshan has become a whole corpse!

Huang Xiaoyue saw it. One person was currently pulling out the dust and slamming forward, and the heads of four or five dead bodies were rolled in the blink of an eye. The ink burns have not yet reacted, why did the old man suddenly become so

When he was brave, he heard him screaming "ah" and fell to the ground in an extremely flamboyant posture. His eyes turned white and he coughed the bleeding foam.

Ink burning: "....."

Jiang Dongtang disciples are busy: "Yellow predecessors -"

"senior……"

"No problem, although the old man is injured, he still has some strength." Huang Xiaoyue struggled to get up, but climbed two times, his knees were soft, and he fell back to the ground, and kept panting.

gas.

Those disciples will be anxious: "Predecessors still go to rest outside, there are too many evil spirits here, I am afraid it will damage the heart."

"Yeah yeah."

Huang Xiaoyue first tried to quit, while whispering, while vomiting blood, blood still mixed with sticky saliva, can not tell the nausea, so after two times, Huang Xiaoyue led the Jiangdongtang University

The half disciple made a very regrettable appearance. All the people, like the cross of the river, screamed out of the phoenix enchantment.

This enchantment stopped people from entering, but did not stop people from fleeing. Soon Jiang Dongtang would have few people left. At this time, a young man suddenly fell down the mountain, and the young man’s long hair was dark.

Oh, look cold.

He saw each other with ink and burned, and each other was slightly stunned.

The ink burned first came over: "...Mei brother?"

Mei Hanxue nodded and didn't like words coldly.

The ink rushed to ask: "Do you see me respecting them?"

"It’s just ahead." When he said this, a dead body climbed up from Mei Hanxue, and the ink burned waiting for a reminder, but he saw Jianguang a cold, Mei Hanxue had called out

The sword, the head does not return, the backhand will smash the hole in the chest of the dead body.

He slammed the sword out, and there was a black effusion on his head. The plum and snow looked cold and cleaned the blood on the sword. He said, "Go up, go straight ahead, the first mountain ridge."

The mouth is to the left, there are too many dead bodies, and the road is being cleared. Everyone is there. ”

I’m thankful and I’m trying to catch up. Mei Hanxue stopped him.

"and many more."

"Is there something about Mei brother?"

"Well. The palace owner and Mrs. Rong are deceased, she can't worry, let me fold back to see the two of the Confucianism. How are they, are they still outside?"

The ink burned the words, the heart was wide, and said: "They are still waiting outside, Nangong 扌丁 has given himself a binding spell. But Huang Xiaoyue went out, I am afraid it will make something difficult for them.

Love, please also take care of you. ”

Mei Hanxue licked his lips, no more words, a little point, and the person has disappeared at the end of the enchantment.

The ink burns no longer delays, and immediately rushes to the large forces.

Strange to say, he originally thought so many bodies, he should always see his own will, but there is no, there are corpses that are smashed, rotten flesh, disgusting

Disgusting, but not mixed with the remains of any monk.

Is it because all the leaders are bringing elite leaders?

He didn't have the time to think more, and he immediately went into battle with the mountain. If he just came along the place where everyone has already played, those zombies have already

It was cut off without any fighting power, so at this moment he felt more embarrassed when he got started.

too easy.

He felt that he was not fighting with the evil spirits at all, and it was like an ordinary person who was killing the hands of a chicken.

This situation made him uneasy, and he vaguely had a terrible speculation...

"Drinking -"

Suddenly, a zombie was hung on the big tree in front of him, and the head was shed, and his hand was about to go to the neck of the ink. The ink burned back and swept back, and the zombie immediately turned his head, his nostrils twitching, one

Only grabbed his shoulder and put the rotten face together.

The smoldering sorrow was terrible, but he took the opportunity to observe it first, then lifted his ankle and smashed it into the corpse that had come up, and even knocked down several carcasses that had come over.

"Ink burning!"

At this time, Xue Meng also called, and he leaned back against him. Xue Meng gasped, and some black blood splashed on his cheeks. His eyes were like electric power. Shen Sheng said: "What happened? These bodies are noisy.

For play? Playing sea war? How is it so weak! ”

The smoldering eyes are cold and chilly. In the past, he stepped on the sorcerer and read the sorcerer. He had a vague guess in his heart, but the clues were not enough at the moment, he could not conclude.

The ink burns and bites the back groove: "These are not the body of the monk. It is ordinary people."

"What?!" Xue Meng was surprised, asked sideways, "People are **** black and gray, one by one, how can you see if it is a monk? I **** even they are

Men are women are not clear! ”

The ink burned did not answer directly, but said: "If I fight with you, I can't get out of the way, and you will grab your shoulders. What will happen?"

"...how do you expose your shoulders to me? This is a big fight. The eleven-year-old disciples will not make such mistakes."

“Why is it taboo?”

"The nucleus is close! Grab your shoulder, which is equivalent to grabbing half of your nucleus, and the other hand will be able to decide to live and die immediately after breaking into your chest!"

Ink burning: "Well, just a zombie has caught me like this -"

Xue Meng said: "How are you so careless? Don't you die?!"

The ink burned his words: "It didn't move."

"Ah?" "So close, it didn't even think of another hand attacking my nucleus. For the person who cultivated the truth, protect his own nucleus and attack him when he is close.

The spiritual core of human beings is already a habit of deepening the bone marrow. As you said, the 11-year-old Xiao Xiu will do this. Even if you turn into a zombie after death, the habit of fighting melee will not change.

Changed, but this body did not do this. ”

The ink burned and sighed.

"Why don't you do it? Two possibilities. Can't do it, can't think of it."

Xue Meng: "..."

Ink burning: "The hands and feet are sound, the chances are rare, it is impossible to do it. So I can't think about it.... These bodies are mostly ordinary people when they are alive, and they will not be dead.

These elite champions, so hit now, no one injured. ”

Xue Meng was shocked: "How could this be? What does Xu Shuanglin do in Huangshan when he wants to pile up so many ordinary people? He has this power, why not control the monks?"

Ink burning: "There is the same as the talent, two kinds, can't do it, can't think of it."

"How could he not think of it!"

"So there is only the last one. Can't do it." The ink burned his eyes, and the smoldering star fire splashed in his eyes, like the burning iron water falling into the night, "Xu Shuanglin's spiritual power,

Not enough to control so many monks with the Jane Chess. ”

"Then it is useless to control these soft-footed shrimps?" Xue Meng stepped back and retired a bunch of zombies. He was so sad and crying, "What can I do? What can I stop?"

The ink burned no more, and the speculation in his heart became more and more clear.

He looked at the zombies who were fighting with everyone. Soon, he found a very strange phenomenon: those bodies that were cut off, cut their heads, and fell on the ground immediately.

The tiny vines came out and pierced directly into their chests, and then slammed the chest meat, and together with the heart, slammed into the ground and disappeared.

This is a very easy thing to find, but the chaos is so crowded that everyone can’t take it, the vine is small and

Suddenly he flew up and grabbed the neck of a zombie, turning his hand over the hidden weapon dagger and stabbing the heart of the zombie.

Black blood suddenly splashed his face!

Xue Mengdi

Big mouth, two steps back, actually can't speak.

He thinks that the smoldering must be crazy...

The ink ignited half of the well-defined face, and quickly twitched and shattered the dark gray heart of the zombie, revealing the inside.

A black chess piece comes.

This is nothing to be surprised. The phoenix corpse is obviously controlled by the Jane Chess, and this will be the case for the tiger.

This piece of chess - he rummaged through the blood, endured a strong stench.

Xue Meng couldn't stand it anymore, bowed and wowed out.

"You! Are you sick?... This is too disgusting... vomit..."

The ink burned him, his fingers fiddled in the blood clot, and he quickly found the thing he was looking for.

I saw it on the back of the chess piece, crouching with a small worm, reddened - soul worm.

At the same time, the ground suddenly picked up dozens of soft vines, straight to the blood of the blood

Both hands are coming! He swiftly avoided it, and the vines rushed faster and faster, swearing to wrap the pieces together with the bugs into the heart

of the earth.

At this moment, the ink has completely understood Xu Shuang

Lin's intentions and practices. He was covered in cold hair and his blood was cool.

Because this world, in addition to the previous generation of stepping immortal, no one would want to get this evil

Secret door!

Just like Wan Tao’s return to the waves is the same as that created by Chu Yuning. In front of all this, this piece, this soul-eating corpse, these corpses, all sorts of arrangement, point to a familiar and familiar array. :

A heart of the array.

This is the battle he created in his life!

If you still guessed before, then the re-emergence of this formation is equal to giving him a stick, and its world should undoubtedly have two things:

First, in addition to himself, there must be another person in the world.

gave birth.

Second, the rebirth, must be familiar with the number of ways to step on the emperor.

The ink-burning hand trembled slightly, and the black blood stained constantly dripping from the fingers.

The black chess piece and the reddish bug were clenched in his palm. He avoided the vines that came from the attack, but his mind was in chaos.

Chaos and horror

He suddenly remembered the broken things of his life -

At the beginning, he was only 19 years old.

At that time, the ghost world had just been filled, and the teacher was mourning, and he was carrying all the people. The practice of secretly

practicing the chess game was almost half a year, and it has been ineffective and failed repeatedly. Until that day.

19-year-old ink drizzle

Sit with your legs and slowly open your eyes.

Spreading his hands, there are two dark pieces in the palm of his hand - that is the first time in his life, the cherished chess.

Good text,

Before that, he tried thousands of methods, but all ended in failure. He couldn’t understand the confusing sentence on the forbidden

Son, but he can't ask Chu Yuning. In fact, during that time, he was not very willing to talk to Chu Xiaoning, and the death of the teacher became a gap that they could never fill.

This pair of teachers and apprentices has long existed in name only.

In the last few months of his demon's face, he walked on the road and occasionally met the white man who was on the opposite side.

But every time he meets, he will do it as if he didn’t see it.

In fact, several times in Naihe Bridge, the two passed by, and his afterglow noticed that Chu was rather like

I want to say something to him. It is a pity that the dignity of Chu Yuning did not allow him to take the initiative to call his apprentice. And if you burn it, it won’t give him more time to hesitate.

The sample will leave and never look back.

The wrong shoulder.

In the absence of help, the ink burned for a long time, only to read and understand the meaning of the forbidden wounds.

I also know the most important point of the game:

All the pieces, whether they are sunspots or even more powerful, can be sympathetic to the sorcerer.

The spiritual power is condensed. Every time a piece of chess is condensed, the spiritual power to be consumed is very amazing. The spiritual power of refining a sunspot is enough to display hundreds of big moves, and to refine a white child.

It is almost impossible to use the spiritual power of the masters of this class at the end of the night.

That is to say, if a person is clever and smart, for the chess game

Knowing that it has reached its peak, it is useless, and there is not enough spiritual power. It can only be discussed on paper. Although the ink is full of talents, the spirit is abundant, but after all, it is a 20-year-old

The young man who did not arrive, so he exhausted all his efforts, failed several times, and finally only condensed two sunspots.

Lying in his palm at the moment.

The ink burned on the two sunspots, and the eyes shone with a strange luster. There was only a burning candlestick in the dark room, shining on his face.

he made it.

At that time, he did not care about the number of pieces, but he was ecstatic because he successfully condensed the black chess. he made it!

Obviously such a handsome person, but suddenly there is

The appearance of some beasts.

He walked out of the darkroom of the practice, his mind was dizzy, half because of bliss, and half because the two pieces had exhausted all his spiritual power. His whole person was collapsed, and he went outside and was dazzled. The sun shone, suddenly dizzy, breathless.

His face was red for a while, white for a while

Shaking the blurred scene, he saw far away, and there were two disciples who were dead and dying. The only thing he has to do is to hide the two sunspots into the Qiankun bag as soon as possible.

And the back foot was soft, planted on the ground, fainted.

Half-awake, he knew that he had been taken back to the disciple room and was lying on a bed that was not spacious. he

Slightly opened his eyes and sat alone by the bed.

He has a fever, his head is very painful, he can’t see the person’s appearance, only when he can blur the eyes and look at himself, then

Concern, so focused, so gentle, even seems to take responsibility.

"division……"

His lips are moving, his voice is dumb and he can’t say complete words, but tears first.

Knocked down.

The white figure paused, and then the burning felt a warm hand on his face, the tears on his cheeks were wiped, and the man sighed softly.

And said, "How come you cry?"

"..."

Teacher, are you coming back?

Can't you go... don't die... don't leave me alone...

Since A-Niang left, there is no second person in this world. I will treat you as gentle as you, treat me well, without a second person, I will not abandon me, I will be willing to stay with you.

I……

Teacher, don't go...

The hot tears couldn’t stop, and he felt that he was very unprofessional, but he was crying all the time, sleeping in his dreams and crying all the time.

The man sat on his bed and accompanied him. He then held his hand and did not speak. He was so awkward that he had not left the place for a while, accompanied him.

The ink burns the two precious pieces in his own pocket. He also knows that it is the source of sin and the seed of the devil.

But it is also after he asks for it, and then fights with the sky.

And the chips with the ground.

What is needed to refine the chess piece is not only the spiritual power, but the last sacrifice will be the soul that he was still clean.

The smoldering smoldering, under the wet eyelashes, his gaze, looking at the phantom of the teacher, he said: "I'm sorry... if you are still, I also..."

I don't want to, take this road.

But the latter part of the sentence, but no longer have the strength to say, he fell asleep again. When he woke up again, the white man had already left, and the ink burned it even more.

It is a sight that I dreamed of when I was faint. Only he remembered that there was a furnace of incense in the house. It was Xue Zhengyi who gave him peace of mind. The fragrance was good, but he didn't like it.

The incense has gone out.

A long coil of incense, not burned, was annihilated.

Who has been here?

He sat up and stared at the incense burner. He thought for a long time and didn't think about it. In the end, he simply didn't want to. He saw his clothes and accessories, and he was placed on the table, and the Qiankun bag was also.

He returned to his heart and quickly took his bare feet and took his own bag.

Opened, okay, the three knots that he deliberately stunned before, or the three, no one moved.

The ink burned out and turned the bag. He saw the two black-and-white chess pieces, crouching in the corner, like two unscrupulous eyes. Want to swallow him

Get rid of it.

He stared at the two pieces for a while.

This is probably the fate - if Chu Xiaoning turned over and smashed the sacs around him, everything would

change.

But Chu Xi Ning will not arbitrarily flip other people's things, even if he has pockets, he will not go to see more.

The ink burned the pieces out. His throat is swaying and his heart is like a drumstick.

What should I do now? How should he use these two pieces...

This is the weapon he first condensed, he can't wait to try it.

Try - but who to look for? The electro-optic flint in the brain, suddenly slammed up is a very crazy idea.

Chu nightning.

He wants to put the pieces into the body of Chu Xiaoning.

After he got in, the man who was ruthless and ruthless, wouldn’t he be obedient to him from now on? Is it because he is kneeling, he will never

stand?

Can he let Chu night Ning Yi apologize in front of himself, let Chu Xi Ning fall to his feet, he can let Chu night Ning call his master can sting him to bite him! !

Extreme excitement caused the light in the burning hole to start to distort.

Yes, torture him...

How can this most be the most painful? The most shame?

Shame him...

The ink burned tightly on the two pieces, and the tongue dried up, getting hotter and hotter.

He is caught in a strong stimulus and anxiety, he is jealous

I lick my own cracked lips. He couldn’t wait to do this, he wanted to see Chu’s neck hanging down on his own pale neck, then he reached out and touched it, feeling the thin battle.

Li, then...

Pinch his neck? Crushed his bones?

I don’t feel so happy.

He felt empty and did not feel satisfied.

Good text,

It’s too boring to let Chu night die. Even if he imagined, he would not be happy. He wants to see him crying, wants to see him, wants to see him is not as good as death, shame and anger. He always felt that there was a better way to vent his anger.

He put a piece of chess on his lips, his cold touch on his lips, and he muttered low.

"You can't stop me, Chu is late. There will be such a day soon, I want you to..." Good text,

What about you?

He hadn’t thought about it at the time. He still didn’t know that a large part of his rushing desire was the desire and sexuality/destination of Chu’s late life.

But he already has that terrible male

instinct.

I want to bury the first demonized demon seed in the body of Chu.

He wants to stain him.

He got up and pushed the door out -

Chapter 202

However, after a few rounds of patrolling outside the Honglian Water Margin, the ink burned down and did not make such crazy things.

Too dangerous.

This is his first time to refine the chess, and the effect has not been tried. If you take the risk, you will start with the first division. I am afraid that it is too long.

So hesitantly and repeatedly, the ink burned and controlled his impulses. He left the red lotus. After careful consideration, he finally chose to put these two cherished sons on two younger brothers who were born and died - he needed more trials, and picking up the unstable young disciples was the safest choice.

It was a cool night, the night was shrouded in mountains, and the ink burned out very quickly. I watched the two young men who were still playing in the riverside game, and he was nervous and even shaking hands. The pupil is shrunk fine. The moon lit his pale face, and he rubbed his lips and his fingertips moved slightly, stepping out.

That was his first time using this heinous ban, he was excited and nervous.

"吵-"

The two suddenly slammed, and the ink burned like a bird of surprise. It was like a murderer who had just killed a person. A little wind and grass had his life. He immediately hid in the bush next to him, and his heart seemed to jump out of his throat.

Hey.

After a long delay, he saw the two men squatting in the ground, and they were motionless, and a mad heart finally calmed down.

His coat has been soaked by cold sweat, and his scalp is numb.

He went out.

Stand in the moonlight again, along the gravel of the river.

This time he was finally calmer than his head, although he still didn't dare to breathe, cautiously like a snake in the night.

The ink burned and looked down at the two younger brothers.

The two people who had just been playing in the hip-hop had no color on their faces. The calmness was like stagnant water. They squatted on the ground, and they stared at them. They didn’t look up, so they groaned.

"..."

The ink burned and tried to move his fingertips to spur the spell.

The two younger brothers squatted down and then got up and turned their eyes. In the two pairs of black lacquered eyes, the smoldering saw his reflection.

The reflection is not too clear, but I don’t know why, the ink burns that I am clear, and the sly autumn will be present, and the dripping water will not leak.

He glimpsed a ghost against the moon, pale, and red in his eyes.

The smoldering heard his voice, trembling, and hoarsely tempted: "Report it."

The answer to him is the gentle sound of two ancient wells without waves: "The name is not for me."

The burning heart is beating vigorously, the blood is in the body, and the throat is squirming. He continues to whisper and ask: "Where is it?"

"The land is not for me."

"What day is it?"

"I don't want to be old."

There are three low-level sunspots that are successfully controlled by Zhenqiqi. There are three things that are not for me: why the name is not for me, where is not for me, and why not for me this year.

- are determined by the owner.

This is exactly the same as that contained in the ancient books of the residual volume.

The ink burned, and it was strange to say that in the face of two pieces made by oneself, his most feelings were not ecstasy, but fear.

What is he afraid of? He didn't know, but his heart was very chaotic and he was very chaotic.

He knows that he is standing on the edge of the cliff - no, he has fallen off the cliff, the darkness below is the endless abyss, he can't see the end, can't see where is death, where is the end, where is the fire, where It is the end. He felt that there was a soul in his body that was groaning in pain, but it broke quickly, broken into powder and broken into pieces.

He trembled, reaching out and touching the cheek of one of the pieces.

He swallowed, but there was no spit in his mouth, his lips were cracked, his handsome face was distorted. He stared at the little teacher and asked the last question: "What is it asking?"

"What you ask for, for the chess piece, the broken bones, do not hesitate."

"..."

The ink does not shake.

Everything around me suddenly became very quiet, cold and quiet, like ice.

He made two pieces, two, which made the two younger brothers who didn't even know their names become the lines of his men. He wants them to go east, they will not go west, he wants them to kill each other, they will not open the side.

He is their master.

Jane Chess is the worst controllable dead object, the most powerful and controllable.

The ink-burning spirit is naturally overbearing and fierce, and it is extremely talented. He first started, and the chess pieces he had been able to control two living monks, although they were only two young, just-introduced monks.

After the initial fear, the smoldering suddenly felt extremely exciting and extremely exciting. There seems to be a grand picture of his paintings slowly unfolding in front of him. The sound of the dogs and horses on the top, the flowers are clustered, everything is pinched in the palm of his hand, everything is his.

He can hold it tightly.

Anything he hates can be crushed into powder.

The ink burned very excited, his heartbeat is still very fast, even faster, but not because of stunned, but because of excitement, Jane chess game! Three major bans!

Sneaky, failed tens of thousands of times, but he will finally... He finally succeeded... He did a great job.

The world will be his bag!

With these sunspots, he can do many things that he could not do before. He can make his minions from Mobei to Jiangnan!

In front of the eyes, the glory is extremely impressive.

It seems that everything can be done, everything can be done, he...

"Ink burning."

Suddenly a familiar cold voice interrupted him.

Like a basin of cold water, those Zhulou high stations seem to collapse in an instant, he seems to fall from the cloud on the chilly ground, falling back to the oppressive reality.

The ink burned slowly and looked back, his eyes were scarlet and sly, facing the moonlight, and the cold white man standing on the gravel floor.

"..."

He never had any time, and he did not want to see Chu Xiening more than this moment.

"What are you doing here?"

The ink-burning hand was secretly punched into a fist, and the lips were licked, and there was no immediate answer.

There are still two rare pieces behind him, and it is not perfect. If Chu Ning is close to seeing it, he will find out that it is different, then everything is revealed.

With the character of Chu Xinning, I am afraid that he will smoke his ribs, interrupt his legs, abolish his spiritual core, and then copy the ancient books from the forbidden area of the library.

Seeing that he did not make a sound, Chu nightning slightly frowned, and the white silk stepped on the sandstone and took a step forward.

But it is also true, just taking that step. Then he stopped and looked at the two disciples who were standing behind the ink.

No matter what else, the ink burned the little fingertips, but almost used all the will, screaming in the heart, finally let the two disciples move as he wished.

A disciple laughed and said: "This is too close. I just got it all at once, and I am definitely farther away than you."

"You can blow it, anyway, you...ah, Yuheng elder!"

They acted as usual, just like before, they saw the night, and even sneaked a bit. Then the two of them went to the night of the night, and they looked at them in the evening, and they felt that something was wrong. But it is not so clear. "Ask the elders."

"Yuheng elders."

The two disciples converge with a smile, and they greeted Chu and later, and intend to leave here.

Chu nightning frowned, his brows did not loosen, his eyes kept watching the two pieces coming from the river beach, approaching himself, walking by mistake, walking toward the bamboo forest... He stared at the two people for a long time, This turned around and turned his eyes back on the ink-burning body. The ink burned and sighed. As a result, the tone was still half-lost, and I heard that Chu Ning suddenly said:

"stop."

"..." The ink burned his face slightly, and the nails actually had a red mark in the palm of his hand, but he didn't say anything, he said nothing. He quietly observed the subtle expression of Chu Xiaoning and observed Chu Xiaoning. Every move.

Chu nightning said to the two stupid standing: "Come back."

There was no way to burn the ink. I had to bite the scalp and let the two pieces obey the command. I slowly walked back from the end of the bamboo forest and stood in front of the night.

Light clouds move, and the moon is coming out.

Under the bright moonlight, Chu Xiaoning looked at the faces of the two disciples, and suddenly raised his hand, and the fingertips covered the neck of one of them.

The ink burned and stared at the look of Chu Yuning, not moving, but the heartbeat was frantic.

He knew that Chu Ning must have noticed something wrong, so he suddenly reached out to explore the pulsation. It is necessary to know that those who begin to learn the chess pieces can only control the dead bodies, but not the living ones. Although these two people are directly made by living people, but the ink is not sure that they are really perfect, and they are not sure that they have killed them in the heart of the two.

"..."

I don’t know how long it took, and Chu Ning finally hangs her hand, then smashes her sleeves and says, "Let's go."

The smoldering knife only felt that the knife hanging over his neck had been removed - Chu nightning did not notice. The sky has eyes, so that he can steal under the eyes of Chu nightning.

When the two disciples left, Chu Jingning looked at him and said, "So late, how are you here?"

Ink ignited: "passing by." His tone was very good, and there was no ghost because of his heart, and he suddenly became more comfortable with Chu. It may be that he is so cold and rebellious, so that Chu, who should have been skeptical, would rather lick his lips and talk for a moment.

He didn't want to stay with Chu nightning for a while, his eyes moved away and he went forward. But when he was going to be wrong with him, Chu night Ning suddenly said a word, let him tighten in an instant.

"The library is forbidden. Some people have recently sneaked in."

"..." The ink burned without looking back, but there was a fine twist in the pupil.

"You should know that there are some forbidden weapons that are held by the top ten sects."

The ink burned and he said, "I know."

"One of the most important remnants of the volume has obvious signs of being turned over."

The sneer sneered: "What does that have to do with me?"

He is hard-pressed. He knows that as long as the day is asked to come out and he is interrogating him, then his sinful acts and sprouting demons will be exposed to the eyes of Chu.

His big dreams, his ambitions, are all over.

Chu night Ning silent for a moment: "Ink burning, when are you going to pick up?"

There is resentment between the voices.

"..." The ink does not answer, but it can almost predict what will happen next.

I expected that the flash of the sky would ask Jinguang.

I expected Chu’s face to be a gentleman’s face and questioned why he had to do something as bad as a beast. Anyway, in the eyes of Chu’s night, it’s always the same –

"You don't know how dangerous it is at the moment?"

Incurable.

He still tried to finish the four words dry.

Then almost turned around a little. Looking at the moonlight, Chu nightning's face.

His face was pale, and under the eyebrows he suppressed the faintness of restlessness. A pair of holes looked at him with a scorpion, but he did not see anything, and he could not see anything.

"If the ban is really practiced, it will kill. You don't sleep at night, go to this remote place, do you want to give your life in vain?"

"..."

The sound of Chu’s lingering voice is low, almost biting the roots: “There are so many people who died in the Battle of the Sky. Haven’t you taught me how to succumb? If you know that the wreckage has been stolen, how can you sit back and relax?”

The ink burned silently, and the dark brown scorpion stared at each other.

His forehead was full of sweat, and at this time he slowly calmed down and the wind was cold.

His body was relaxed in a section, and there was no such thing as a strange taste in his heart. At the end, the ink burned almost a smile: "Master..."

The eyes of Chu’s phoenix flickered slightly.

After the death of the teacher, the ink burned never smiled at him, and he rarely called him.

The ink burned and smiled and asked: "Are you caring about me?"

"..."

The smile is brighter.

Bright to like a bayonet, white knife into, red knife out, slammed into the chest, blood beads on the blade. He slowly opened a bite of white teeth, like a poisonous cheek of the scorpion.

"The Battle of the Sky..." He smiled. "The Master can mention the Battle of the Sky. It’s really good. It’s not important that I learned what it was. The key is that Master respects people who are distressed. Yeah."

Seeing the light in the eyes of Chu Xiaoning trembled, it was struggling, but it could not escape, and there was no way to retreat.

The smile on the face is more exaggerated, cozy, cruel.

He invaded him and bit him. He chewed the throat of Chu’s late night. He suddenly felt so happy and burst into laughter: "Ha ha ha, good, great, really a good deal, a book The unnamed disciple changed the conscience of Chu Zongshi, and Chu Zongshi always remembered the life and death of the people around him. Master, I finally felt that today, the teacher died."

Rao is the person who calms down the coldness of Chu, and he is also shuddering in his ridiculous laughter.

"Ink burning..."

"The teacher is dying, the value of death, the righteousness of death, and the death!"

"Ink, you..."

Don't laugh.

Don't say it again.

However, he said that he couldn’t speak. He didn’t say that he couldn’t say anything. He couldn’t make a sigh, he couldn’t make a request, and he couldn’t do it. He’s blaming the apprentice who is close to the madness, saying, “You’re wrong, I don’t want to save him. It is my heart that I have no intention of. I also suffered the same injuries as him. After spending an extra inch of spiritual power, I will become a bone in the middle of the body.

He said no.

Perhaps I feel that such confession is too weak.

Or maybe it feels that, probably in the burning heart, even if this master is dead, it is not enough to mention it, but it is better than waiting for his gentlest teacher.

Therefore, Chu Yuening eventually tried to suppress the trembling in his voice, and he squeezed it down in a word. He said, "In the light rain, when are you going crazy?"

"..."

"Give me back."

The angry flame cooks grief, and the throat is bitter and salty.

"Shi Ming's death is not a madman in exchange for you."

"The teacher respects this difference." The ink burned and smiled. "Why is the death of the teacher, how can it be me?"

He is like a snake, like a bee like an ant, biting the heart.

"He is dead, and he is changed back. It is clearly a teacher who respects you."

The bee stings into the flesh.

Looking at Chu's face, his face was white, and he felt a painful pleasure. He didn't want to irritate him in general, sarcasm him, he broke his liver and intestines, and he was not as good as death.

great.

They went to **** together.

"I want to go back too." The ink burned calmly and smiled. The pear vortex was deep and brewed with alcohol. "I don't want to wander around in the middle of the night. But my house is across from his house."

The ink burned did not say who he was, he used a "he".

Among them, relatives, so that the late night is more torment.

"The lights in his house will never shine again."

Chu nightning closed his eyes.

The ink burned and laughed for a long time, and the expression gradually calmed down: "I want to discuss a bowl of hand-to-handed food, and I can't find it again."

For a moment, Chu nightning eyes trembled, lips slightly moving, seems to want to say something.

However, Mo-burn did not give him the opportunity to export, nor did he give him the courage to export. The ink burned and ridiculed: "Master, copy this kind of thing, the best in the middle, the red pepper and pepper, all indispensable It’s all you hate. When you want to cook another bowl for

me, I’m attracted to you. But what you do, I don’t have to know, there is only one word to describe.”

Chu nightning is still not blinking, his eyebrows are slight.

It seems that you can escape the sword of the tongue.

"There is not much reading. Fortunately, I just heard Xue Meng say it a few days ago. I feel that it is suitable for the master's copying hand."

What is it?

What is your heart?

Vain?

Chu Yuening looked for confusion in his consciousness, like busy finding a fit armor, finding the most ugly words and picking them up first, so as not to be too insulted.

Not worth a word?

There was no opening in the ink, and the word was immersed in his lips and teeth.

Yes, nothing is worth it.

Chu night Ning Xinxin could not find a more chilling word than this.

He calmed down.

Until he heard the smoldering heart and said: "East effect."

He almost opened his eyes with some stunned eyes.

He didn't even think that the other person would be vicious, and his hands were shaking under the sleeves.

Noodles, seasonings, glutinous stuffing... Facing the "Ba Shi Food", I seriously looked at it with a word, the face was covered with flour, and the hand-wrapped hand was twisted from the seven to the round.

He has been learning all the time and has been trying hard to figure it out.

Just changed the four words.

East effect.

At night, the beach was flooded with silver, and the ink burned at him. Chu stayed in the night for a while, suddenly disappeared and turned away.

I don't know why, the burning of the ink always felt that the day he left was a little faster, and he was no longer as calm as he used to be - like defeating, like fleeing.

He didn't know why there was a faint uncertainty in his heart. He frowned and looked at the back of Chu's backing. When the back was about to disappear, he finally screamed: "Wait!"

Chapter 203

But Chu Xiaoning did not stop and did not look back.

He can't get back.

He gritted his teeth, but his tears still collapsed.

It’s really aggrieved.

But what can be done even if it is wronged?

excuse?

Angry?

It’s already this step, how can he still have a face to tell the ink to burn the truth. Do you want him to explain it when he burns and blames him for

ridiculing him? Still want to make a "鸠 鹊 鹊 nest" after the "East Shi effect"?

he left.

That night, the bridge, the spring of Huangquan, the dialogue between the master and the teacher, I wonder if it is following the rolling rivers, the mountains and rivers, the rivers, and the intrusion into the Yincao.

And the gentle, like a young boy, if he had knowledge of the spring, and heard such a dialogue, I wonder if it would be sad for the embarrassment of the teacher.

Mocha stood alone on the beach for a while, he thought, this may be due to fate.

—— Chu Yuening suspected others, but he did not doubt him.

It was also a coincidence that the day was so late. When Chu’s day of the night was inspected in Houshan, he was called out for use because he met a little devil. Later, he did not take it back, so he hung it over his waist.

The golden day asked to shed light in the white robes of Chu, and this can set out his truth, killing the later vine whip of the emperor, who has been shining.

However, Chu Xiaoning did not take it down and did not examine him.

The ink burned away from the sky and asked, a man slowly left, went to the depths of the bamboo forest where the rustling, and went to the strongest place in the night, and finally was completely swallowed by the darkness.

Since then, he has been premeditated to secretly refine the pieces, two, four, ten.

more and more.

He planted them one by one into the disciples of the dead and the dead, and made them their own eyes, ears, and arrows.

After the initial joy, the smoldering began to become irritable and gloomy. He became more and more irritated, more and more violent, and more and more contented.

too slow.

He is not enough.

He was afraid that Chu would rather notice something moving, so he didn't dare to spend all his strength to make Jane Chess like the first time. He only does one at a time, leaving half of his energy, and he is no longer arrogant. Instead, he finally puts his fingers away and returns to the seat of Chu Yuning, following the practice of Chu.

He calculated that he thought that he would help him improve his cultivation as soon as possible, and lay the next step for him to step out the first step of the human bones. Why not?

On this day, he practiced too hard, exhausted, and accidentally fell out of the slender treetops and fell straight.

Only in a moment, Chu nightning white clothes passed, he hugged the ink, but for a moment he could not shoot to summon the enchantment, the two fell together under the tree. Chu night Ning was burned by the ink, and it was sore and painful. The ink burned and opened his eyes. He saw that the hand of Chu’s lateness was rubbed, a **** mouth and fleshy valgus.

The ink burned and stared at the mouth. The heart was actually cruel and excited. At that time, his heart was beginning to be distorted. He did not feel too much gratitude and embarrassment. He only thought that this blood was really good, but it was better.

But he knows that it is not the time, he can't reveal the sullen face under the hood at this moment, so he helped Chu nightning to wipe the wound and help Chu nightning.

No one of them talked, and everything was white, and the white gauze was wrapped around many roads.

At the end, the ink burned meaningfully: "Master, thank you."

This sudden and unexpected thankfulness made Chu latening feel very surprised. He raised his eyes and looked at the burning face. The sun shone and shone in the face of the ink. The brown light was very light.

At that time, the smoldering of the ink was actually a bit curious. What kind of opinion did Chu lateing thank for his own voice?

Finally, the prodigal son turned back?

Finally started to ease?

But Chu Xiaoning said nothing, just dropped the eyelashes and put down the cuffs.

The wind is up, the sun is just right.

In the past life, he never understood his master, just as his master also misread him.

Later, the burning power of the ink is getting stronger and stronger. He has a surprising talent. The pieces that can be made by half of the spiritual power are changed from one to two, and later become four.

But not enough.

What he wants is a million soldiers, who can take the shackles of death and death and put the power of Chu nighting under his feet.

The ink burnt count is not good, this person who is about to become the emperor of the immortal, holding the abacus, is beating the beads at the table.

When Xue Meng came to see him, he happened to bump into this scene and curiously went over and asked: "Hey, what are you doing?"

"Accounting."

"What account?"

The ink burned for a moment, his eyes were dark, and he smiled and said: "You guess."

"Can't guess." Xue Meng walked over and took the book in front of him and looked at it. He looked at him and said, "One... three hundred and sixty-five days... three hundred and sixty-five... four... three hundred Sixty-five days... What's the mess?” The ink burned and said: “I want to buy sugar.”

"sugar?"

"The best candy in a month, you have to pay a penny. If you buy a copper plate every day, you can buy 365 sugars in 365 days. If you can lay down four copper plates every day, That is..." He lowered his head, rubbed his fingers, couldn't figure it out, and shook his head again. He slammed an abacus. "It's a thousand..."

Xue Meng’s mental arithmetic is faster than him, and Lili said: “One thousand four hundred and sixty sugar.”

The ink burned and looked up for a moment, and suddenly said: "You can count really fast."

Xue Meng was rarely praised by him, stunned, and then he laughed and said: "That is not, after all, since childhood, Auntie called medicine."

The ink burned down and smiled. "It’s not clear whether it’s left or right. It’s better to do it, help me to calculate it?”

After the death of the teacher, the ink has not been so calm and long since, and Xue Meng looked at him against the sun, and there was some subtle pity in his heart.

So he nodded, opened the chair and sat down next to the ink.

"Come on, let's talk."

The ink burning temperature channel: "How many sugar can you get in a year?"

"Three thousand six hundred and fifty, this is not too expensive. It is too simple."

The ink burned and sighed and said, "Add some more, one day fifteen..." I thought about it and felt that the chess piece was over the limit. I asked, "Twelve in a day. How much?"

"Four thousand...four thousand three hundred and eighty."

"I want five thousand, have to wait a few more days?"

"I have to wait again..." Xue Meng scratched his head and thought it was a little hard, so he asked, "What do you want to do with this polysaccharide? You can't eat it."

The ink burned down the eyelids and covered the gloomy eyes of the eyes. He said: "The next year, the death and death will be set up for 30 years. I want to give everyone a sugar to eat, and always save it from today."

Xue Meng stunned: "You have such a mind..."

"Yeah." Ink smiled. "What's the surprise? You also have a share."

"I don't have to." Xue Meng waved his hand. "I don't want you to eat this sugar. Come, let me help you, and see how long it will take before you can buy more than 5,000 candy."

He said, he took the abacus and, under the backdrop of the flowers and trees at the window, seriously burned the ink. The ink burned and looked at it, and the bottom of the eyes was lustrous. After a long while, he chuckled and said, "Thank you."

Xue Meng snorted, and he was very focused, and he did not care too much about him.

In his eyes, there are only black beads that are smashed, two pieces, like black pieces, one by one, a little bit more.

At that time, Xue Meng probably couldn’t think of it. It’s not sugar at all, but a life force that overthrew the life of the dead.

He wouldn't know that it was probably because he was helping at the window, faintly touching the only remaining good thoughts in the heart.

Therefore, the five thousand sunspots, the ink burning in the end is to take into account the old feelings, and ultimately did not give him a glimpse.

"It takes so long?" Finally, looking at the number that Xue Meng wrote, the ink shook his head and shook his head. "It's been too long."

Xue Mengdao: "Do you want me to borrow money?"

The ink burned and smiled: "No need."

After Xue Meng left, he thought about it again and again, and turned some reels in seven seven eight eight eight, and gradually got a plan in his heart - and this plan became the prototype of the "community of the heart" that was later created by Teng Xianjun.

This evening, the ink burned ten pieces, and the pieces were incomplete. They didn't use all their strength, they couldn't control the living, and they couldn't even control the more powerful bodies.

He took the ten pieces and went down to the town of impermanence, taking a little song and coming to a place on the outskirts of the town:

Crane back to the slope.

People died by the crane and returned to nine days. This is a beautiful and simple illusion of a mortal. It is said that this hillside is a cemetery. The people who died in the town of Wuchang were dragged to the mountain to be buried. This is the hometown of the town. There was no delay in the burning of the ink. He walked between the rows of tombs, and his eyes swept over the words on the stone. Soon, he stopped at a brightly lit, with a fresh grave in front of the tombstone. Raise your hand, tighten the five fingers, smash the ground, and reveal a simple coffin in the sand.

Because of a certain experience when he was a child, Mo-burn was not afraid of dead bodies, and he had no fear of the dead bodies. He jumped up the raised mounds, called a strange knife, and smashed the nails, and then thinned the feet. The cover is opened.

The moon shined on the face of the body. The ink burned the head, and the pork was fined, looking at the body lying inside.

It is an old thing, newly buried, wrapped in shroud, dry face, depressed cheeks, because the tomb environment is not good, there is no money for anti-corrosion, so there is a strong smell of sputum, some flesh has begun to rotten I gave birth to a mole.

The ink burned frowning, endured stench, and put on metal gloves, grabbed the old man's neck and lifted him out of the coffin. The old man's head fell steadily, his eyes burned cold, and his hands flashed, and the precious sunspot had already been punched into his chest.

"It’s smashing." The ink burned like a relative touching the face of the dead. Suddenly, he took a slap in the back of his body and smiled. "What are you doing?" Standing straight, my baby is a grandson. ”

Although the incomplete blacks can't control the strong body, it is more than enough to control an old man with a thin leg and a hemp.

The body squeaked, and a pair of tightly closed scorpions suddenly opened, revealing gray eyes.

The ink burned said: "Report it."

"The name is not up to me."

"Where are you?"

"The land is not for me."

"What day is it?"

"I don't want to be old."

The ink burns and narrows the eyes, and counts the remaining nine fragments in his hand. Sure enough... If you only control this level of corpse, you don't need to spend so much spiritual power to make such a pure sunspot.

He grinned, and the pear vortex was deep, and he opened a very handsome smile. He slowly asked the last question:

“What are you asking for?”

The old man hoarsely said: "What you ask for, for the chess piece, the broken bones, do not hesitate."

The ink burned and laughed. He was very satisfied with the result. He used the remaining pieces to make another nine bodies. He picked all the fresh, just buried bodies. At the very least, there was a complete flesh hanging. Not being eaten away. These corpses, old and weak, were ruined, and the

wind fell down. There was no power at all, but the ink burned them, but the eyes flashed with madness and excitement. He took out ten small boxes from the Qiankun sac and opened one of them. He saw two red-blooded worms curling up inside, and the male and female biting their tails.

"Well, cool is cool enough, bothering you to be suitable, and it should be used for me." The ink burned lazily, then fiddled with fingers and pulled the two bugs in the cross. The male was taken out and said to the old man who was made into a chess piece, "Man, excuse me, open your mouth."

The old man opened his mouth smoothly, revealing the rotten tongue inside. The ink burned the male into his mouth and said, "Come on."

No resistance, no hesitation.

The body slammed the soul-eating worm into the stomach.

The ink burned in the same way, and all the males in the box were fed into the mouths of these bodies, and then they said, "Go, lay back, rest."

On the second day, the ink burned another ten sunspots, which were also damaging and did not consume too much spiritual power. After the refining, he glued all the remaining female larvae to the chess, and then quietly entered some low-level disciples. Those disciples only felt that there was some itch behind them, but there was no special feeling. The ink was not worried. He was waiting -

When the female larvae lay their eggs, in the hearts of these disciples, the larvae that echo the males are left behind.

In this way, two unrelated pieces passed through the adult and larvae, becoming a one-to-one counterpart.

This is like flying a kite. The weak bodies are the kite line, one is holding the ink, and the other is holding the more powerful Jane. The smoldering only needs to give the order to the corpse that hides the adult worm, and wraps the other corpse corresponding to the young child, and will make exactly the same move.

It is a common heart.

This trick is a smoldering of himself. Before him, all the masters who could get in touch with the chess game were the great masters. Those people did not lack the spiritual power, and they did not feel so mad that they wanted to make thousands, tens or even dozens. There are thousands of treasure pieces, so they don't need to think about this kind of opportunistic approach.

At that time, I was fascinated by the smoldering of the sorcerer, and I did not realize that he had done a terrible thing that no one had ever done in tens of thousands of years.

Make a sorcerer that can destroy the earth and destroy the land, and everyone can get started.

Everyone can do it.

"brother!"

Suddenly there was a bang in the ear.

The ink burned and awake, and a **** light flashed in front of him.

The phoenix evil spirit buried in the heart of Huangshan Mountain has turned out more vines than before, and it is swiftly killed. The Phoenix is the beast of good flying, the speed is extremely fast, the ink burns away, and the shoulders are slammed open. The mouth is suddenly **** and arrogant. Xue Meng was shocked: "How are you?!"

"Don't come over!" The ink gasped and gasped, his eyes cold, staring at the tentacles on the ground, ready to pounce and then carry out the second wave of **** vines, and slammed Xue Meng, "Quick, go to Master Talk to him, stop! Let everyone stop!"

The blood drips and sighs, he is holding the heart in his hand, and the piece.

The mind is spinning fast, and Wan Nian is in the heart.

This is a mistake of the concentric, even better than his past life. But how to improve, the principle is here, only the mother of this side can be maintained, and the other side of the body can exert its power.

The ink burns the hand and holds the chess, and the whole person is still trembling finely, not because of the pain in the shoulder, but because of the chill and fear that spread from the soles of the feet.

It is no doubt that someone is born again.

Then, the person who is born again, do you know that he is also a ghost of heavy life? If you know, then...

Suddenly cold in the back, the ink burned suddenly desperate.

In front of me, it seems that the pale face of Stepanjun is emerging. The nine-necked crown is covered with sullen eyes and sneer.

He is tall, and he is sitting on a dragon chair, he is cold and joking -

"Mo Zongshi, you flee, where can you escape?"

The ghosts and shadows come up, the tides are general, they are the people he killed in his previous life, the debts he had owed in his previous life.

He saw the **** teacher, and saw the bloodless Chu nightning, and saw the hanged woman dragging the three-footed white scorpion to see the man who had broken his belly and succumbed to the ground.

Come and ask for his life.

"You can't hide in the morning and evening."

"Someone already knows what kind of souls are in your shell. You can't live forever."

The ink burns and closes the eyes.

If the person behind the scenes really knows that he is also born again, if that person shakes his past, then... what should he do?

He didn't dare to think about it anymore.

Chapter 204

On the other side, Xue Meng has already ran to the fierce area of the melee, and shouted: "Stop! Stop! Don't fight! Useless!"

In fact, before he came, these people felt that something was wrong.

More than a thousand elites battled tens of thousands of corpses with no rules. The scene seemed to be magnificent and heroic, but everyone was more and more confused, because it was not like the appearance of a fierce battle.

All the people killed all the way here, except that two people were slightly injured, and the other monks were not hurt in the autumn. So Xue Meng shouted, everyone stopped and turned to look at him.

"I……"

For the first time, so many people watched at the same time, and many of them were big men and elders with heads and faces. Xue Meng actually stunned for a while.

Chu nightning asked: "What happened?"

Hearing the voice of the Master, Xue Meng was only slightly determined. He pointed to the place where the ink burned in the fierce battle with the vines and the vines. He said: "It seems that you know what is going on here. You should have nothing to fight with these zombies. effect."

Everyone looks at each other, and several of them are not vegetarian. When they are willing to listen to the guidance of a junior, their faces become very ugly. Jiang Yan’s face was the deepest, saying: “The ink burns a young boy in his early twenties, and he can know something.”

If other people are talking, Xue Meng may be more polite, but this person is Jiang Yan, Xue Meng will come to see him when he comes to the air, and he will be angry when he is 20: "When you are 20 years old, you still need to drink milk, not to mean everyone else. It’s the same as you! You can’t forget it!”

This is still true, the public is embarrassed to Jiang Yan, the disciples of the lonely moon night can not stand, and they are angry and reprimanded.

"What are you talking about?"

"Xue Meng, put your mouth clean!"

Xue Meng was uncomfortable when he was staring in silence. When he encountered this situation, he was not afraid of it. He and the smoldering fight for so many years, the most accustomed is to provoke and be provocative, immediately a handsome eyebrows, said: "Why, I said something wrong? It is your Jin Jiangmen big thing before the matter, what? It’s time, let’s take the age to talk about qualifications!”

Jiang Yan is also a temper tantrum, the respect of the door, a fairy, and actually narrowed his eyes, in front of everyone, and a younger generation of swords.

"The age and qualifications are linked. When you get to this age, you should understand a truth - talk to your elders, and the number of gifts is first."

Xue Meng angered: "Can you be an elder in the heart of Jiang Jiangmen?"

"Well, Menger." Xue Zhengyi frowned. "Don't say it again. Where is the burning child? Take us past."

Although Xue Zhengyi stopped Xue Meng in time, Jiang Yan had no way to care about it, but he still left the sentence: "Xue Zhengyi, you are really a good teacher."

Xue Zhengxuan’s face was blue and green. It seemed to be what he wanted to say, but it was about obstructing the face of the first master of the world. After all, he did not say anything, and went straight to the mountainside.

When I reached the mountainside, I saw a black smear in the black, flying around. He had half of his sleeves and blood. He held the piece tightly on his hand. The vines behind him had been burned. There was no new cockroach. come out.

When he saw that he was injured, Chu Xiaoning and Xue Zhengyi’s face changed. Xue Zhengyi was busy: “Fire, how are you? Healing... Healing, come to the individual! Teacher! Come and help. !"

The teacher also seemed to be shocked. He looked at the blood-stained arm and his face was pale. He was in the same place for a while and did not move.

It was the cold scale of the lonely moon, the first step, only the sleeves scorned, the burning of the pain felt the pain in the wounds to ease, he nodded to Huabi Nan, said: "Thank you for the Holy Hand."

“Polite.” Hua Binan’s voice was cold and faint. “I don’t know what the Mo Zong teacher found, what do you want to say to everyone?”

The mood of the ink burning at this time has actually fallen to the extreme. He is very clear that if he shakes out the "community of the heart" at this moment, he will inevitably be suspected and guessed by some people.

However, he did not care so much. He knew that if the chess game appeared on the rivers and lakes in large numbers, what kind of **** hurricane would be set up. It was himself, and he would not want to see it.

"look at this."

He spread his palm and showed the blacks in his hand to everyone.

Jiang Yan smiled and said: "Zhenzhen chess? I didn't know it long ago. Is this the discovery of Mo Zongshi? If it wasn't for Jane Chess, how could these bodies be arbitrary?"

The ink burned his lips and said: "It is not the chess, it is the soul-hitting insect on the chess piece."

He showed everyone: "It's here."

Jiang Yan held his hand and said nothing, only looking at him coldly: "..."

Xue Zhengxuan got together recently and went to see the bug, but after looking at it for a long time, he couldn’t figure out what to do. He asked, "What happened to this bug? Is there anything wrong with it?"

"Every piece has it." Ink said, "This is a simple game, not as simple as you can see."

A pair of eyes were staring at him, and he swept that pair of eyes.

He certainly knows what he is doing.

Tell everyone what they know, in order to stop a catastrophe.

But what is the price, he is also very clear -

This is actually the place where the black hand is behind the scenes. If the person is not sure if the smoldering is a reborn, the heart of the mind is undoubtedly the best bait.

Unless the ink burns, the heart will not open, and the disaster will come. As long as he pointed his finger, it was undoubtedly exposed to the message of the person behind the scenes.

Stepping on the emperor will be born again.

But there is no choice but to burn, but I can only think about it: "I don't know if you have seen the opera."

Someone replied: "... of course I have seen it. But what do you say about this?"

"I have also seen it, but when I was young, I was short and I couldn’t squeeze into the front row. I could only stand behind the counter and listen to one or two from behind the scenes." Ink burns, "So I can watch the game." The people are not the same. What you see is the story of the performance on the stage. Several cloths appear on the stage, killing and killing, talking and singing."

Jiang Yan is impatient: "What do you want to say? Can you say something concise?"

"No." Ink burning, "Not everyone understands the speed as fast as Jiang's head. I want everyone to understand."

"..."

Seeing Jiang Yan’s sullen face no longer snoring, the ink burned and said: “Will the cloth on the stage move?”

Xue Zheng said: "Of course not."

"Then how did they move? Do you want a few people to kneel under the table, holding wooden ropes and manipulating them?"

"Yes."

"Good." Inkburn said, "I have an idea... I don't know if Xu Shuanglin thinks this way, but I think it should be inseparable. The 'Phoenix Mountain' where we are now is like the bottom of the stage. These soft zombies are like the people who control the puppets under the stage - these people naturally don't need too much energy, as long as they move with the bun, it is enough."

Jiang Yandao: "...go down."

"If this is the case, Huangshan is actually just a backstage. The real drama is not going to be here, but it will be on the stage." Mo Yan said, "Xu Shuanglin is like the leader of this troupe, he issued Who will give an order?"

Xue Zhengyi said: "Of course, the person who is behind the curtain and carrying the rope."

Ink burning road: "Yes. This is the truth. On the Huangshan Mountain, the person carrying the line, Xu Shuanglin told them the instructions, and they led the puppets in their hands to stand up and act."

After listening to Jiang Yan, he narrowed his eyes: "What you mean is that in addition to Phoenix Mountain, there is a place with a mountain of corpses, the place is called the 'stage,' and the bodies are so-called 'Puppet'?"

"Ginger palm is very savvy."

"You don't have to flatter me." Jiang Yan said, "I want to know that what you said in this passage seems to be a cluster of flowers, the head is the road, but in fact it is whimsical, and the sky is empty. The ink master, the empty mouth has nothing to do, what is your basis for these remarks? ”

"...I don't have much basis." Ink ignited, "The reason why I can think of this is because I accidentally found this piece with a soul-sucking insect in the body."

The dark piece in his hand was still **** and dirty, and the soul-sucking insects were not so close, and they were still dead, and they were softly squatting.

The ink burned for a while, and raised his eyes. It wasn’t Jiang Yan, but the cold-scale sacred Hua Biannan behind Jiang Yan: “The holy hand should be the clearest, and what kind of adaptability the soul-snake has.”

"The insects have a lot of adaptability. Which one is the ink master?"

Ink burning: "Imitation."

Hua Bi Nan said: "This is naturally clear. The soul worm, the larva is very good imitation, connected with the male mind, will imitate the male every move until adulthood."

Ink burning: "Well, then what if I cast the larvae corresponding to this piece into another person's body?"

"..." Hua Binan's look changed slightly, saying, "What is the body here, the body there will do as well."

"How can I solve it?"

"Unable to solve, except the insects die."

The ink ignited and nodded, saying: "You are all scattered, be careful, look."

His voice fell, and the bottom of the cockroaches suddenly chilled, and he violently slammed his hand on the chess piece. At this time, the earth suddenly trembled. Before that, the fine mantles were suddenly pulled up, and once again they rushed toward the ink-burning. Everyone was shocked, but the ink burned quickly and succumbed to their own killings, and avoided a round. The attack of vines. He sighed and stood up with one hand

and stood in the same place. He said, "I have seen it. Phoenix Mountain is deliberately protecting these soul-eating worms and not letting them be easily killed. If anyone still wants to say this worm It’s just a coincidence that it’s just on the chess board... or just a decoration, then I have nothing to say.”

A few silences, almost everyone is thinking, are digesting this speculation of ink burning.

Bold to almost outrageous speculation.

But I don't know why, I can't find any loopholes at the moment.

The idea of ink burning is crazy, but he said that his eyes are hard.

It seems that for Xu Shuanglin's thinking and thinking, every move, he has a ten-tenth grasp of the general, he is trying to convince them.

But this kind of conviction is terrible. In the crowd, even the night of Ning is slightly uneasy. He frowned and looked at the pale face of the ink. He suddenly felt a kind of heartfelt feeling. He felt that something was showing a little bit of clue and a little bit of fangs.

To tear it open.

Probably only Xue Zhengying, who thinks and thinks about it is relatively simple. He doesn't care too much about how the ink burns in such a short period of time. He can think of such a strange "manipulation method". He just pondered it. After a while, suddenly shot his head: "So, Xu Sulin is not here at all?!"

Ink burning: "I don't think so."

The elders care about the point and the people are not the same. He frowned. "Along the way, there are no tens of thousands of zombies killed. How many bodies did he come from? If there is any place where suddenly many people die, no The reason will not alarm the top ten sects."

The ink sighed and said: "Just died. Have you forgotten?"

"Where did you die?"

When the ink burned and everyone saw it, he said two words in a concise manner.

"Linyi."

"impossible!"

Someone immediately refutes him.

"Linyi was in a sea of fire at the time, and the fire was raging, and it was all burnt to gray. How could there be a dead body?"

"Because there is a space crack." Ink burns, "In addition to Xu Shuanglin, he also has a companion who will have space cracks."

No one has refuted this time. Not because of believing, but because it is too ridiculous, it is ridiculous.

For a long while, Jiang Yancai said: "That was the first big ban that had long since lost..."

"The first major ban is a crack in time and space." The ink burned, "It is not space."

"There are thousands of people here, not Xu Shuanglin alone." Jiang Yan's face is very cold. "How much capacity can you have to send thousands of people to Phoenix before they are swallowed by the sea of fire?"

"Ginger's head is worse than thinking about it." Ink burning, "I think that these people were not sent when they were alive, but after being burned to

death, they did not turn into ashes. This kind of transmission, pass It is much easier for the dead to pass on to the living."

Jiang Yan did not like to be led by the younger generation, some awkward, he narrowed his eyes, but did not speak, a pale and slender hand caught him. The cold scale sage, Hua Bi Nan, smiled slightly and looked at the ink: "Mo Zongshi, you said so calmly, just like seeing it with your own eyes, what credentials?"

I didn't think that the drug lord would stand up and talk, and then he said, "The meat of these zombies is burnt or rotten. No one will be clearer than Hua Zong." Hua Binan glanced at the distance. The zombie, who had fallen on the ground and had his legs cut off, could no longer climb, and then turned his gaze back. He said faintly: "Even if it is burnt, can it be determined that it is a hard-hitting corpse?"

The black eyes of the ink burned and stared at him without hesitation. He said, "Let's make a guess. If the Huazong teacher feels ridiculous, then he can say a different way, let Xu Shuanglin unconsciously, under the eyes of the sects. , transported thousands of bodies to Huangshan."

Hua Binan smiled and said: "I don't know how to sing, this can't be guessed."

"..."

No one has spoken for a while.

The words of the cold scale holy hand can be regarded as poked in the hearts of everyone.

From the use of the singularity of the soul-sucking insects, many people feel horrible in their hearts and feel that the cold hair is straight.

There is a saying that is good, what kind of person you are, what kind of things you can see in your eyes.

Many people present are not innocent characters. Naturally, the key to thinking about the problem at once is the fact that ink burning can be such a terrible but thorough guess in such a short period of time.

He will naturally not be the party's feathers of Xu Shuanglin. If so, he will never pick up this conjecture.

So, does this mean that the Mo Zongshi, who has always been a "clean" person, has secretly been involved in this evil spell, or how many have been studied? The veil on Hua Binan's face was scornful and smiled. "In the end, if you want to guess Xu Shuanglin's mind, I feel that it is better than the Master of Mo."

There was a moment when the ink burned and I wanted to refute it. I suddenly felt that I was so untenable. I couldn’t just say it. I was just guessing. I am not good at magic.

At this time, I heard a cold and cold voice: "Hua Zongshi, why do you have a shadow of the sand."

"Ah." Hua Binan smiled. "Chu Zongshi."

Chu night, white clothes like snow, standing under the moonlight, the expression on the face is extremely faint: "The position of the individual is different, and the thoughts and thoughts will be different. The people on the seat can only see the drama on the stage. But some people can only squat behind the stage, and they are the ordinary people who are behind the table. Hua Zongshi, do you understand what I mean?"

Hua Binan smiled and said: "Be forgotten."

"Ink burns his own insights." Chu night Ning coldly said, "He is my own disciple, I hope you are careful, don't make more speculation."

This kind of trust makes the ink burned in the throat, he murmured: "Master..."

Hua Binan looked at the night of Chu, and wanted to say something, but in the end, she did not say it. She smiled and then went back to the queue of the lonely moon night.

Jiang Yan picked up his face, but his expression was still very difficult to see.

He said coldly: "In any case, go to the top and discuss again."

Everyone went to the top of the mountain, where it was empty, and there was only a huge array of spells, and a red light group emerged.

When the ink burned, the bottom of my heart sank and the fingertips were cool.

Sure enough, it is a battle of the heart... It is the reconciliation of the chess pieces, and the combination of the soul-eaters into the chess, will be used.

The owner of the Snow Palace Palace frowned and looked at the strange totem of the array. He said, "What is this? I have never seen it. Xue Zhangmen, you have seen more, have you seen it?"

Xue Zhengyi looked over and shook his head: "No."

Ginger's brown-eyed eyes flashed in the light, and he blinked for a while, reaching out and slowly detecting the past. He was the most proficient in this method of refining medicine. He explored the time of touching a fragrant incense, suddenly withdrew his hand and turned his head and said to the ink: "Do you have other ideas?"

His reaction is equivalent to telling everyone completely, that the guess of the smoldering is not the same, it is right!

Ink burning: "...Yes."

Jiang Yandao: "Say."

"Since it is a childworm, then as I said earlier, one is on the stage and the other is on the stage. So, how many treasures did Xu Shuanglin do here, how many bodies will rise up, and he will listen to him. "The ink burned, and the most crucial point was made. "But in that place, the accumulated zombies will never be the unruly ordinary zombies. I am afraid that they are all extremely powerful people. Wills."

Xue Meng was shocked: "This is why Xu Shuanglin has killed so many ordinary people? In order to better control the monks of his men?"

"I am afraid it is."

"..."

Xue Meng looked back at the mountain, the scorpion's **** sea, the blood on his face was all there, I don't know because it was too disgusting, or

because I thought of another place, they would have to face the same number of monks. dead body.

Perhaps both, Xue Meng seems to have some sway.

Suddenly someone shouted: "Look here! There is a body here!"

There is no tall shelter in the top of the mountain. There is only one bush, and the person with the sharp eye finds that there is a white coat on the head.

Chapter 205

Several people walked over to explore and drag it out of the bushes. It was a dark body, burning too obvious, and I was able to struggle in the fire before I was born. Its face has been completely viscous, can not see the five senses, can only be judged by the body type, as well as the snowy clothing outside the fire, she should be a woman before her lifetime.

Chu nightning hangs his hand on it and looks at it, then says: "There is no trace of the chess piece."

Someone murmured: "It’s strange, Xu Sulin has done a whole game of the whole mountain. Is this what he missed?"

Someone immediately retorted: "Which corpse you have seen leaked will be left alone on the top of the mountain?"

The ink burned and went back and forth, and carefully looked at the female body. As a person who is the best in the past, he certainly knows some of the ban on this spell, so he has a more confident guess about the identity of this female corpse, but he needs some evidence.

The evidence was quickly found.

The ink burned a string of blackened strands from her hand, wiping off the grayish black on it, revealing some reddish Lingshi.

He handed the chain to Jiang Yan and said: "Song Qiutong."

"...how are you..." Jiang Yan asked half, took the chain and reacted. "Do you recognize this chain?"

"I gave her a new wedding gift." Mo Yan said concisely, "Song Qiutong is the descendant of Song Xing, and the sphenoidal beauty who surrendered the phoenix evil spirits is the key to unlocking this banquet."

Someone asked: "Xu Shuanglin killed Song Qiutong, took her as the key and opened the gate of Huangshan?"

The ink shook his head and stared at Song Qiutong's face for a long while. It was not pity, but the mood was subtle and complicated. Inkburn said: "No, I am afraid that when he takes her up the mountain, she is still angry."

"How to say?"

This time, the ink burned and did not speak. Jiang Yan first spoke. About to save his face, in the face of such problems that he can easily answer, Jiang

Yan did not intend to let the younger generations show off the limelight, but faintly said: "In order to order Huangshan."

The ink burned him and looked at him. The heart is so best. If anything is said to be said by himself, it will be harder to argue if he is suspected in the future. So I went to the side and gave the position to Jiang Yan and let Jiang Yan talk.

Someone asked: "Order? Song Qiutong, a weak woman, what order can I order?"

"She is weak, but her ancestors may not necessarily be pustules. Phoenix's phoenix evil spirits will only obey the bloodline that has surrendered it." Jiang Yan is not confused, saying, "Song Qiutong is this. The last descendant of the bloodline."

The man took a sigh of coolness: "Ah, is it the sphenoidal beauty seat to surrender the phoenix evil spirits?"

"Not bad."

"This is unheard of..."

Jiang Yandao: "I have never heard of it is normal. The four evil mountains are not guarded, and there is no other role. So can we open it, and whoever

starts it, everyone will not care too much. Song Qiutong was displaced before and was used as an auction. I don’t know if I can hide on the Phoenix Mountain... She should have never heard of the past of her ancestors surrendering the Phoenix evil spirits."

"So...so is Xu Shuanglin bringing her?"

"It should be like this." Jiang Yan continued. "At that time, the Confucianism door slammed into fire, and everyone fled, and no one would return to the main hall to take care of the woman who had no power to bind her. The only person who can take care of her, Only Xu Shuanglin, or the same person behind Xu Shuanglin."

Xue Zhengyi was thinking next to him and nodded. "Since the people behind the scenes can tear apart the space cracks and take Xu Shuanglin to other places, it is just a matter of raising a hand to bring a Song Qiutong. We might as well make an idea - he put She brought to Huangshan, Song Qiutong's nature is a trend of inflammation, seized this life-saving straw, only the fate is from. Then this time, that person only needs to bring her to Huangshan, let her order Huangshan She won't refuse."

Someone asked: "But why doesn't he use his chess pieces to control Song Qiutong?"

"Because the Phoenix evil spirits can identify whether the ordered person is under control." Jiang said, "You must live, and you will be willing, this mountain will listen to its orders."

Everyone slowly pondered over the taste. Some people were shocked and said: "What are we doing here? Not all of them have gone to his "behind the scenes", but because of this **** Huangshan cellar, there is no way to clear it. These soul-eaters... what should I do now?"

Jiang Yan frowned, and seemed to disregard the metaphor of "the front of the stage" and "behind the scenes" of the ink-burning, but still said: "Find the 'front of the stage' and directly destroy the fabrics of Xu Shuanglin."

"Mo Zong Shi."

After Jiang Yan finished speaking, he suddenly called a piece of ink, and the original burning arm was listening to him. He listened to him and said that he could not help.

"Well? What happened?"

Jiang Yan secluded: "Fang Cai Mozong's analysis of the head is the road, then, Jiang also wants to ask Mo Zongshi again, where is the station, how to find?"

Ink burning: "...try hello?"

"try what?"

The ink burned and coughed, and the palm of the hand ignited. Liu Teng suddenly smashed out. He said, "This is it, it is called a ghost."

Jiang Yan: "..."

Like ghosts and heavenly questions, there is the power of interrogation, which can examine the living, to judge the devil, and to examine the dead body of the soul. The difference lies in the trial and the corpse, which is to let them speak, and to judge the ghost, it is to communicate directly with the soul.

Song Qiutong has been dead for more than a month, and the soul has long since disappeared, but fortunately, Huangshan is full of yin and the body has not rotted. Ink whispered: "Hell, go to trial."

With a slamming sound, I saw the ghost immediately obeying the command, stretching the branches and leaves, and smashing the body of Song Qiutong three times, her body began to shine red.

The red light swayed in the bottom of the ink, and he tried to ask, the voice was low: "Take you here, but Xu Sulin?" @无限好文, in Jinjiang Literature City

Song Qiutong's black face is difficult to distinguish, and there is no movement at the moment.

"...is it not working?" someone whispered.

The ink burned and squinted again, and asked again: "Take you here, but Xu Sulin?"

Still no movement.

Jiang Yandao: "It seems that the Master of Mo is still too young, it is better to change your master."

However, at this time, Song Qiutong’s neck suddenly moved! Her movements were stiff and extremely slow, but it was undoubtedly extremely shaken.

Xue Zhengxuan was shocked: "Not Xu Sulin?"

The ink burned tightly to the devil, and the meridians on the back of his hand were slightly convex. He asked: "So, who brought you here, have you ever been clear?"

It was a little silence, Song Qiutong suddenly opened his mouth, but she did not answer, but the mouth was pulled out, but it was a thick and sticky snake, which fell on the ground and dragged away.

The disciple who had a lonely moon night immediately recognized: "There is a swallow in her stomach!"

Swallowing snakes, evil beasts, non-toxic, covering the armor with the body, can survive in the human stomach for more than 20 years.

This kind of viper is also used by many martial art cults, which are specially used to let the dark guards swallow. From then on, the dark guard can answer the truth in addition to the owner of the swallowing snake, and the rest can wait for whatever they ask, they can only Answers, or true and false, or the venomous snake will wake up from sleep, instantly shred the host's internal organs, cut off the throat, and tear the tongue.

The red light of the ghosts was extinguished. Song Qiutong shivered and shook his head. The mouth overflowed with a large group of scarlet blood clots, and the chopped organs and organs, as well as the tongue and throat...

No more telling the truth.

Everyone was amazed, and some people suggested: "If you can’t say it, let her write it?"

When the ink burns and sees the snake, it is already clear that the people behind the scenes are thoughtful and very well-achievable. But still go forward, lifted Song Qiutong's hands and looked carefully.

Xue Zhengyi asked: "How?"

The ink shook his head and shook his head: "The bones and bones have been cut off, and nothing can be written at all."

It’s getting closer, and there’s a smoggy wind, and there’s a sigh of laughter in the mountains and forests. There are zombies’ mourning in the distance, and the atmosphere of the mountains is soaring to the extreme. The owner of the Taoyuan Villa is Ma Breaking this dead silence, he said: "Then, the clue is broken?"

No one snorted.

The ink burned back the ghost, and Song Qiutong’s body had fallen softly to the ground.

Soon, the vines of Huangshan climbed over and carefully coiled up the owner's body, wrapped her in her arms and dragged it into the bushes, as if she were to keep her with this small bush.

He didn't really understand why Xu Shuanglin didn't directly kill Song Qiutong, and then she took her to the torch. She also took the trouble to pick up the meridians and feed the swallows. But when I saw this scene, I suddenly understood it -

Huangshan obeys the sphenoidal beauty seat, from birth to death. As long as her body is in Phoenix Mountain, Phoenix Evil, will not allow others to burn its owner and burn it to ashes.

I don’t know how it feels when I burned it for a while. He suddenly thought of himself in his previous life. He died, no one gave him a corpse, and he had to lie in the dig before he swallowed. In fact, that doesn't make much sense. Later, those who fought on the mountain, did not blame him for splitting the five horses.

I was afraid that my life’s death would be more bleak than that of Song Qiutong. When I came to the head, there were no vines who were willing to guard him.

Many people around are muttering, talking to each other, frowning and discussing how to deal with it next. And some people are thinking about it, such as Jiang Yan, such as Chu Yuning.

The ink burns also closes his eyes, combing all the things that happen in front of him in the heart, so **** means, and he is similar to his previous life. Perhaps because of this, Mo Shen felt that it was not so difficult to guess what Xu Shuanglin thought and did.

He seems to see Xu Shuanglin in his three-year-old courtyard, barefoot, pacing back and forth, Xu Shuanglin thinking, asking himself: the spiritual power is not enough to control the corpses of monks in the group, what should be?

Then he came up with the idea -

The use of the concentric array, killing the same number of ordinary people, a monk corresponding to an ordinary corpse, like a marionette, for him to drive.

Where is the safest thing to do?

Four evil mountains.

What can I do if I can't open the Phoenix Mountain Enchantment?

With the body of Song Qiutong.

A little bit of clues are quickly connected in series, and the ink is dark and dark, and I think about it.

Where is the body of the people coming?

- Linyi robbed the fire and paid for it.

Although they are all speculations, but each one can be right, the luster in his eyes is scattered and separated, and he can even feel that he is Xu Sulin, Xu Sulin is him, standing on the top of Huangshan Mountain, his eyes are almost crazy. Watching the rushing corpses under the mountain.

It became clearer and clearer, until suddenly, Caton was at a point.

If he is Xu Shuanglin, after doing this, is it necessary to set up a "front stage" to perform a play that he has painstakingly arranged?

Where is the "before the stage" election?

Where can I find a strong and a considerable number of monks?

If you are not found, you can be sheltered...

The gradually prosperous skylight suddenly darkened.

"蛟山..." he murmured.

Jiang Yan looked at him: "What?"

The burning face changed. He looked at the East. He suddenly became a little angry: "蛟山! Heroes! - He was looking for a hero in the mountains before the stage! Linyi was robbed, and the victims were mostly untouchables, Xu Shuanglin Can get so many people's corpses, but they can't get a more powerful monk's body! - Heroes!"

Jiang Yan also reacted: "You mean, Xu Sulinlin's call for summoning is the sacred bones of the heroes in the centuries of Confucianism?"

The ink burned and he was too lazy to talk nonsense with him. He snorted and rushed out and rushed down the mountain.

Xu Shuanglin is really a madman! The hero is buried in the head of the Confucianism for generations. Even the corpse is the first generation of the immortal. It is okay to control the general monks with the unity of the heart, and control these people?

Once Xu Shuanglin's mana can't support it, these powerful bones will break away and break free. At that time, Xu Shuanglin will be countered and violently killed, and the corpse with the strongest fighting power of Confucianism in hundreds of years will run out of control.

That would be no less than a big disaster in the infernal hell.

Chapter 206

The ink burned over the rolling corpse and went straight to the foot of the mountain. Out of the enchantment, his eyes immediately fell on Nangong Temple.

At this time, the imprisonment of Nangong Temple had been solved, and Ye Yexi had one knee on one side and wrapped him with a wound. Mei Hanxue is cold-eyed, quietly sitting between Jiangdongtang and Nangongyu, sitting in front of him, his fingertips moving gently, the sound of running water.

It is necessary to know that Mei Hanxue is the master of the Kunlun Snow Palace, and it is said that this person is a ghost, his body is extremely embarrassing, and the number of roads often changes. After a while, he can’t be serious, and then it’s a confusing door. effort.

To his blessing, Jiang Dongtang’s group of people hated not being able to live in Nangong, but they still had no choice but to sit on the stone next to them and blink.

Seeing the ink burned down, the sound of the plum-containing snow slammed, and the piano was picked up, and he nodded slightly.

One style of work is extremely dignified Zhou Zheng.

"How is the mountain?"

Ink burning: "It's all fake."

"Fake?" Mei Hanxue slightly frowning, Jiangdongtang people heard it, but also surrounded them, Huang Xiaoyue still lying in the pavilion next to him, let several disciples give him a slap in the shoulder, make a breath The sly look of weakness, but the words can not help but pick up a slit in the eyes, erect ears to listen.

Ink burning road: "Xu Shuanglin is not on this mountain, I am afraid it is in Lushan. I-"

He hasn't finished yet, and the Nangong Temple has been pale and slammed into the ink: "Xu Shuanglin is on the mountain?"

"Maybe, but not fully grasped."

Nangong lingered for a while, murmured: "...Impossible, Lushan only listened to the orders of the Nangong family, Xu Shuanglin him..."

What he remembered, suddenly slogan, and then the last bit of blood on his face faded, a pair of bright eyes staring at the burning face.

He forgot for a moment, Xu Shuanglin, originally also named Nangong.

The Nangong family, a Liu Yixue, was once a young Yingjie who was praised by everyone. Everyone felt that the Confucianist Gate would once again be in the hands of the brothers, such as the sky. Who can think of the ending of this brother and the Confucianist, it will be the situation today.

Nangong stunned his eyes and stopped talking.

At this time, other people have also come down from Huangshan. Thousands of people are like swimming fish, crowded and returning to the mountains.

Chu Yuening came over, Xue Meng and Shi Yi were behind him. He looked at Nangong: "How did the hand hurt?"

"I don't get in the way, it's my own plan." Nangong said, "Thank you for the great master."

Xue Meng sighed: "Teacher is a master, what is the master, really, the face that the master respects you, you still don't, you..." @无限好文, in Jinjiang Literature City

"I didn't worship Master." Nangong's dry lips were slightly open and closed: "The students learned and never mastered the master. When they were young, the masters did not have to be on the mind."

Chu nightning: "..."

"Sorry. But I didn't remember the three worships of the year."

When Chu Ning had not spoken, he saw Jiang Yan and several other martial art heads coming over here, followed by the 7788 enthusiasts. He was not used to speaking private words in front of so many people, and he licked his lips. He did not say much more. He only handed him a small pot of medicine in his bag.

“External daily application, three days to be cured.”

He simply said this, and the others have already arrived.

Huang Xiaoyue was also helped by the trepidation from the pavilion. This cup of 羹, Jiang Dongtang is undoubtedly not to be missed.

Today, the lonely moon night is the head of the public. In front of the big event, it is reasonable to speak by Jiang Yan. However, Jiang Yan looked at

Nangong Temple, and at the same time he was not sure what attitude he should be most suitable for him --

The Confucianism has been rampant for so many years, and many martial arts have accumulated enmity. These enemies have nowhere to vent, and they will eventually fall into the Nangong.

But what is wrong with Nangong? The swordsmanship of Bitan Mountain Villa was not taken by him. The price of the sky was not something he did. He didn’t even know where the sword was.... His father Nangong Liu was very guilty, and he died when he died. Everyone now says that the father’s debts are repaid, but if they are all paid by the father’s debts, how many people are there, can they be clean and clear?

What's more, this young man is still the only blood of the Nangong family, and the key to opening the gate of Lushan.

"you……"

Jiang Yan opened his mouth.

Just said one of you, I heard a sudden whispered next to someone saying: "Nangong donor, you have to go with us, the so-called ringing bell still needs to ring the bell, the ruin of the Confucianism gate, you million Don't let go, don't let go, stand by."

Jiang Yan saw that it was the master of the abbot of the Wushou Temple. He couldn’t help but sneer in his heart. The old vulture was not clean, but he also wanted to pick some beams to come.

However, this is just right, anyway, he is not good at socializing, he lazily closed his mouth, standing next to him, watching the master of the mysterious mirror holding the staff, Amitabha and Nangong 驷 大道.

Nangong驷 heard a few words and said: "Yes, I am going to Lushan with you."

Master Xuanjing did not think that he would be so pleased to help open the enchantment of the Lushan Mountain. After a while, it was only ten: "Amitabha, the donor can understand the truth, the Buddha knows, and the sin is reduced."

Nangong had a moment to seem to want to say something, but he did not say that Naobaijin screamed in his quiver and wanted to climb out, and he was stunned back.

"I went to Lushan, I don't want Confucianism to be a hero for hundreds of years, and I am a slap in the face of the tiger." Nangong said, "I am grateful to the Master for his kindness and pointing me the way."

In this way, the key to open Lushan will be there.

However, the four evil mountains, each mountain's adaptability characteristics are very different, and unlike Huangshan, if you want to go to Lushan, whether it is the Nangong family or any foreigner brought in by the Nangong family, you must do two pieces. thing--

First, fasting for ten days.

Secondly, when you go to the Longshan Mountains to which Lushan belongs, you must walk on foot. You can't ride a sword. You can't ride a horse. With one foot, you can turn over the first three mountains to show your heart.

Xue Zhengyi counted the time and said: "From here to the dragons and mountains, if you are riding a horse, it will take about ten days, just to complete the fast. I don’t think there is anything important for the princes, and they don’t have to rush back to their respective sects. Going to the valley, let's go together."

The main road of the Snow Palace: "Also, if you go together, you can negotiate the next countermeasures."

Xue Zheng said: "It’s just that we have 3,000 people here and there are some horses that are hard to find..."

At this time, a weak voice came from the crowd, and one hand was lifted up. It was a scorpion, depicting a wretched man wearing a red robes, embroidered with a black night cat totem on the edge of the robes: "My Villa There is, it should be enough."

"Ma Zhuangzhu?" Jiang Yan's eyebrows picked up.

This person is the head of the "Taolu Mountain Villa" of the nine martial art schools in the upper cult, and he is ranked third in the "Unknown" list that Xue Meng bought, but now Nangong Liu Yiming screams, On wealth, he should be able to rank second.

Compared with Jiang Yan, Ma Rong appears to be more grounded, and some businessmen look like. However, after all, the two people have different ways of collecting money. Jiang Yan is fierce, the road is wild, the treasure is much, and the black market is done.

Ma Zhuangzhu has set up large and small stations in the realm of repairing, to undertake the delivery of various parcels, the rental of Xianma, Xianzhou and Lingli carriages. Their villas are good at making all kinds of flexible boats and raising a large number of strong cattle and horses. Therefore, Ma Zhuang has an nickname, called "receiving the horse."

In the face of the cold face and sorrowful Jiang Yan, the pick-up horse looks awkward and shrinks the neck. He said: "Would you like to go to Lin Lingyu? The horse on the Jiangzhangmen House is definitely more than the next one." ""

Everyone: "..."

Jiang licked his smile with a pleated face, silent for a moment, saying: "I just feel that the Ma Zhuangzhu generously helped, and there is no other meaning. This place is close to the Taotao Mountain Villa, Ma Zhuang is willing to borrow everyone to mount, naturally It’s no better.” @无限好文, in Jinjiang Literature City

The Mazhuang owner heard a sigh of relief and smiled. "Then please take a step to go to Xinzhuang. It’s too late. It’s better to stay overnight in Zhuang, and start the next day.”

Taotao Mountain Villa stands on the bank of Xizi Lake and is built on the top of Gushan Mountain. However, this lonely mountain is a mountain. In fact, it is just a small hill. When climbing to the top of the mountain, it only takes half a hour.

"Come on!" Ma Zhuang was eagerly standing in front of the majestic red mountain gate, raising his hand and removing the guardian enchantment. "Please come in, please come in."

Huangshan and his entourage, or the heart of your head, or anxiety, is also worried, but Ma Zhuangzhu can quickly be like a lover, but he can still hold a steaming smile. Everyone looked at each other and smiled, but they didn't say anything. The head was the first, the elders followed, and the pro-pass again. Later, the disciples of Haohao Tangtang entered the enchantment gate of Taotao Villa.

Xue Meng and the ink burned and said: "What kind of ghost is this pick-up horse? I laughed and got a goose bump. He shouldn't be with Xu Shuanglin. Is this going to invite you to join us?"

"...not."

"Are you so sure?"

Mo Yan said: "The lords and leaders of the Nine Gates are here. Now everyone is a soldier. If he is an associate of Xu Shuanglin, he can't do anything, but he will expose himself."

"What is he so happy to do?"

The ink sighed and said: "He is happy to make a fortune."

"Is it a fortune? What he did is obviously a loss-making business." Xue Meng's. Like him, he has no business mind. It is said that when he was a child, Mrs. Wang gave him a silver leaf and let him go to the hawker. As a result, he gave back a small kite and three greasy copper coins. The pit was extremely miserable, but I still felt that the kite looked good. I bought a happy one and it was worth it.

Where is such a person, where can he know the mind of the pick-up horse?

So after thinking for a long time, I was still embarrassed: "Are you wrong? He just said that he would borrow our horses, not renting our horses. He did not take the penny, he-"

At this time, the low-level disciples who were responsible for the hospitality of the guest house came to meet, and the ink set aside, indicating that he would not say it again. The maid, wearing a pink sable, smiled and led them to the temporary residence tonight. .

This row of courtyards relies on the mountain edge and can accommodate six people in one hospital. At dusk, the ink burned in front of the window of his own room, overlooking the mountains and the waves of the West Lake.

After coming down from Huangshan Mountain, the ink burned has been very anxious and extremely uneasy. At this time, the door was closed, and he finally revealed this kind of depression. He rubbed the window with one hand, and the other hand subconsciously played some kind of warmth in the palm of his hand.

The scenery in Jiangnan is always beautiful, but at the moment he does not appreciate it. The setting sun is faint. If someone sees the face on his face at this moment, he will not believe that he is the sinister ink master.

This is a face belonging to the predecessor of the emperor.

Haze.

The sun broke into his light brown eyes.

In the twilight, the ink drizzle changed.

The reborn person behind Xu Shuanglin made him shudder. He felt that he had a knife on his neck. The blade was attached to his skin, piercing his flesh, and the blood had leaked out.

But the man didn't have to cut it down, and he couldn't get back. He couldn't see who was standing behind him, and he would have his life anytime, anywhere.

He was very confused in his heart. He always felt that his reborn life could not last for too long.

If the day of the final battle is the day when the truth is revealed, what should he do?

What would an aunt's aunt look at him? What does the teacher think of him? How does Xue Meng see him?

There is also Chu Ning.

Chu nightning...

If the past events are exposed, will Chu Ning hate him more? Will it be afterwards that I don’t want to marry him even if I look at it?

The ink burns in a mess, the more you think, the colder you feel, the colder you are in your bones -

"...hey."

Suddenly, the thing that I played in my hand fell on the floor.

He picked it up and squinted.

There was some dust on the gadget. It seems that this courtyard of Taoyuan Villa has not lived for a long time, and it is not diligent to take care of it. The ground is gray.

Stayed.

The burning face was violently pale.

He suddenly realized what he was playing -

Lying in his palm is a black and warm piece.

Jane Chess! !

The ink burns and changes!

In his previous life, he developed a habit in the last two years before his death. Every time the mood is extremely complicated and extremely irritating, I can't help but gather the spiritual power in my palm and condense into a little sunspot, and play it over and over.

His habit, at that time, made many of the attendants in the palace horrified, and the ink burned the palace people to discuss this matter. They all felt that he was angry, and when he was angry, he would make a chess piece. To kill, you must refine your living beings into jealousy.

"Would you be afraid to throw your **** out of your hand at any time."

"Really, I would rather watch him play the skull of the dead."

"What are you afraid of? I am a close friend of my majesty. God knows how many times my legs are soft. How much spiritual power does it take to make a chess piece? Can he always play it? He must have purpose. Or vent... If I vent to me, what should I do..."

The smoldering is very speechless, but it is a bit funny.

He did not understand what these embarrassing palace people thought, and based on a certain attitude, to speculate on his heart.

In fact, he did not make any sense to make these pieces. This is just a private hobby of the Emperor, it is as simple as that. However, since he heard the opinions of the palace people, he sometimes played with his heart. He tried to fight the plaques in his hand and screamed at a certain scorpion, scaring those people to sue again and again, his legs were like sifting, he was on the face. As cold as it is, I feel amused in my heart.

That was the only fun of the last two years of his life.

He hasn't condensed Jane Chess for a long time.

It seems that subconsciously wants to be separated from the former self, and since the birth, the ink has never been cast this spell.

In the blink of an eye, seven or eight years have passed. He thought that he had to forget the set of minds and the set of mouths.

But he couldn’t escape it at all -

Sin is planted in his soul.

The ink burned and stared at the black child, and the palm of his hand could not tremble...

He suddenly looked desperate -

He suddenly did not know who he was. Is stepping Xianjun? Or is it a master of ink?

He suddenly didn't know where he was... is it at the West Lake? Or in front of Wushan Temple?

Suddenly he couldn't tell the difference between dreams and reality. He was shaking and couldn't stop shaking. The little black child was in his eyes, like a heavy nightmare, like a black smudged blood. He had a flaw in his head. The voice couldn’t help but laugh, screaming:

"Ink rain! Ink rain! You can't escape! You can't escape! You can only be a wicked person, you can only be a devil! You are a disaster star! Disaster star!!"

Throw a sound.

"Oh." Suddenly the door was ringing.

The ink burned and woke up, cold sweats. He held the piece in his hand and turned his head back: "Who?"

"It's me." The outside man replied, "Xue Meng."

Chapter 207

The ink burns open the door.

Not fully open, it was a narrow slit. He saw Xue Meng bathed in the sun, followed by a teacher in a green shirt.

Xue Meng said: "We have given you some medicines to come over... What are you doing? The door opens and let us in."

The ink burned for a moment and loosened the hand holding the door frame. The two entered the house, Xue Meng went to the window, the probe went out to look at Xi Xixia, and then retracted, said: "You have a good view of this house, I have just a few big banyan trees outside, all blocked Anything is gone."

The burning heart is not shouting: "You want to like it, I will change it with you."

"No, everything is put down, and I will say it casually." Xue Meng waved his hand and walked to the table. "Let the teacher give you medicine, the wound that was cut by the vine on your shoulder, no. Handle the suppuration."

The dark brown eyes look at Xue Meng. If Xue Meng knows the things of the past life, know what kind of soul is hidden under his cousin's shell, and he will smile at him and give him medicine. ……

Xue Meng was stared at him with some worry and asked, "What's wrong? Is there something on my face?"

The ink shook his head and sat down at the table, falling down.

The teacher stood on the side and said to him: "Take off your shirt, I will show you the wound."

The ink burned in my heart, and I didn’t think much. I raised my hand and solved my shirt and said, "I am bothering you."

Shi Yan shook his head and sighed: "You, I don't know how much attention. Follow the teacher, if you don't learn bad, there is danger in the front, and you always get hurt." It makes people feel uncomfortable."

As he said, he took out the contents of the medicine box, carefully wiped the sores, applied the medicine, and wrapped the gauze.

After doing all this, the teacher said: "Don't enter the water recently, don't have too much movement, the vine is poisonous, the wound is not very easy to heal. Also, the hand sticks out, I have a diagnosis."

The ink burned and stretched his arm to him.

Shi Shi's ten fingers are as soft as white jade, and he has been sitting in the pulse for a while, and his eyes flashed a sorrow.

The look was flashing, but it was burnt and unintentionally glimpsed: "What happened?"

The teacher returned and said, "Nothing."

“Poisoning is very serious?”

Shi Yan shook his head and hesitated for a while. He smiled a little at him: "There is nothing more, remember to cultivate more, or you will leave behind."

He said, bowing his head and packing up the medicine box, and said: "I still need some medicine to clean up, go first, let's talk." The door was covered behind him.

Xue Meng looked at where he disappeared and frowned slightly: "How do I feel that he is not in a good mood recently, strange, like something."

The mood of the ink is not very good, and said: "After the diagnosis, I found that I am coming to the limit, sorry for me?"

"Hey, the crow's mouth." Xue Meng yelled at him. "Why is there such a curse on my own? What's more, I told you seriously, the teacher is always very low these days."

This is a bit of concern, he stopped the action on his hand and asked, "Is there?"

"Yes." Xue Meng said with certainty. "I told you that he was in a daze several times before. I called him two or three times before he reacted. You said he would be..."

"What is it?"

“Like someone?”

Ink burning: "..."

Does the teacher like someone? If he changed to eight years ago, Xue Meng told him this way, he was afraid that he could turn the vinegar jar and jump up and swear. But at the moment, I only felt a little horrified. Looking back and looking for some clues, I found that my attention to the teachers in the past few years was really too little.

"Don't ask me, anyway, I don't always like it, I will be right." The ink burned, pulled on his open placket and put on his clothes. "What's more, the things of other people's feelings, what do you do so much?" ""

Xue Meng was a little embarrassed, blushing and coughing: "Where I am in charge! I just said it!"

He screamed fiercely, glaring at the guy who was dying, dressed and groaning, and suddenly felt as if there was something wrong.

After carefully reading it again, his gaze fell on the tight chest of the burning muscles and stopped.

Ink did not care, casually said: "What are you doing with me? Like me?"

"..." Xue Meng did not say anything.

The tone of ink burning is still alive and dead: "Don't watch, we are not possible."

Xue Meng was only blushing, turned his head away, and made a calm decision: "Hey, you think it's beautiful."

But he was as good as a drumstick - he saw the ink on his neck, the place where he was hanging, and a crimson spar pendant, which was extremely familiar, and he seemed to have seen exactly the same place. He couldn't remember for a moment, but the goosebumps didn't know why they suddenly got up and screamed in their heads.

Where have you seen it?

When the ink burned on the clothes, he suddenly found some medicinal stains on the table. He asked Xue Meng: "Is there a handkerchief?"

"Well?...oh, yes." Xue Meng returned to God, turned out a piece and handed it to him. "You don't always remember to bring a piece."

"I'm not used to it."

Xue Meng said with a smile: "The last time I said that the Master will send you a piece, and the bragging is not so blown."

I remembered that I had been begging for a late night, and asked him to send him a piece of jellyfish handkerchief. I don’t know if Chu was rather forgotten or lazy, and he never gave it to him. He couldn’t help but feel awkward and coughed a few times. He said: "This is not busy recently, and the Master is not free..."

"There is no idle master who will not only give you one person to do." Xue Meng sneered, "I definitely have a share. Maybe who... who is in Nangong, he has a share."

Speaking of the Nangong Temple, the burning of the original is not so good, the mood is more and more caged. "Have you seen him?"

"No, I went to see what he did." Xue Mengdao, "He and Ye Yexis, living next to the old ghost of Jiang Yan, I can't wait to leave there for a hundred thousand miles away, and I don't want to go."

The ink burned and nodded: "On the other side, Jiang Yan's temper is bad, and there are many problems, but the left and right are still a reasonable person, and they should not be embarrassed."

Xue Meng was discouraged: "He? If his dog thing can understand things, I can follow his surname, not Xue Meng, called Jiang Meng."

Ink burning: "..."

Xue Meng always has such ability, arrogant and arrogant, and the upper and lower mouths touch, hurting people without a little bit vague. But perhaps because of his noisy, the burning of the air felt a lot of warmth in the room.

The horrible nightmare of the past life finally faded a little.

Xue Mengdao: "Speaking, Master will not really want to accept Nangong as an apprentice?"

"Before the Master is definitely not willing." Mo Yan said, "But now, you and I can't stop him."

Xue Mengyi: "Why?"

Ink sighed: "I asked you, before Li was indifferent to Nangong, obviously an elder, but never dared to say anything to Nangong, why?"

"Because he is very powerful, the head of the first martial art in the realm of cultivation, this is still used."

"Well, I will ask you again, for those who are now Huang Xiaoyue, and those who simply can't even name their names, dare to bully him, why?"

"...because of enmity?"

There was no words in the ink, and I thought that only Xue Meng could tell this kind of words.

He suddenly became very beautiful. He thought that although Xue Meng had more than 20, but sometimes he still thought of being like a child - "like a child" is a very subtle description, because the most obvious feature of the child is pure. Simple, straightforward, but it also means that a person does not grow up, is immature, and sloppy.

But for the ink burning, he felt that he had lived for twenty years, and the eyes of this red dust are still extremely clean. This is a miracle.

He looked at the miracle in front of him and then smiled and said:

"Where there is so much enmity."

"The Confucianist door shook out so many things in the world..."

"That is Xu Shuanglin's shaking, how much relationship can he have with Nangong?" In the air, "not to mention the secrets of the original shaking, is Nangong 不是 not one of the most injured people? He learned that his mother is He was ruined by his father. He was not the initiator, but a victim, a victim."

Xue Meng opened his mouth and wanted to say something. There was no snoring in the ink, waiting for him to say that Xue Meng was so open-mouthed, and he was closed for a long time.

He does not know how to refute.

For a long while, he reluctantly asked: "What do you think is because of this?"

"First, look at the excitement." The ink ignited, "The thing of the Confucianism, the big guy looked at the stimulus is too late. Bullying a difficult son is far more fun than bullying a small flower."

This is the same as the previous Xuemeng. After the phoenix's chicks were in trouble, what kind of exclusion was suffered? Xue Meng did not know, but the ink burned clearly.

In order not to be guilty of stepping on the emperor, no one is willing to take him, no one is willing to cooperate with him. He has been rushing around the world, requesting large and small heads, hoping to smash the ink and not make more crazy. The matter, teamed up to overthrow his tyranny. That was the first year of ink burning.

Xue Meng ran for nine years, lobbied for nine years, no one listened to him, and finally reluctantly gave him a place to live, and only Kunlun stepped

into the snow palace, willing to help him, and only Mei Hanxue.

Xue Meng, who is lucky enough to be in this life, no longer has to suffer this humiliation.

Xue Meng suddenly did not know, asked: "What about the second?"

"The second one is to think that it is the best way for heaven."

"How do you say this?"

"Do you know what our gods will do when they deal with the crimes of the real world?"

"The public shows the crowd, first hang for three days and three nights." Xue Meng said, "You asked me what to do, you have not seen it, you have just come to death, there will be a recidivism I am going to go to the public trial. You and I don’t bother with it. You also watched it when you executed the sentence, but your courage was really small at the time. After reading it, you were scared to have a high fever, four or five days. Only then disappeared..."

The ink burned and smiled, and said: "No way, that is the first time I saw the dig of the core."

"What are you afraid of, no one will dig your spiritual core."

Ink burning: "The world is unpredictable."

Xue Meng had some mistakes, raised his hand to explore the forehead of the ink: "There is no fever, how to say silly words."

"Dream dreams have passed, dreaming of a personal sword stabbed to the heart, and then a few inches, the heart and the nucleus are destroyed."

"..." Xue Meng is speechless and swings his hand. "Get it, although you are very annoying, but it is my cousin, who wants to dig your spiritual core, I am the first one to be polite with him."

The ink burned and laughed, and the dark scorpion was deep in the bottom, with light inside, shadow, light and shadow shaking, and thousands of thoughts.

Why did he mention the past of Xue Meng Tian Yin Ge?

Perhaps Xue Meng did not pay attention to it at all, but those faces, but in the burning heart of the year, left a strong reflection.

He still remembers that the case was a woman, twenty years old, very young.

In front of Tianyinge Square, a large group of people watching the crowd, men, women, old people, children, monks, civilians, everything, they all looked up, squatting on Xingtai, tied with fairy rope, fixed soul lock, volt The woman with the three magical instruments wrapped around the chain whispered. "Is this not Mrs. Lin?"

"I just married a famous door. What crimes I committed, I was alarmed by Tianyin Pavilion..."

"You still don't know? The fire of Zhao's family is what she put! She killed her husband!"

"Ah..." Several people around heard it, and they took a sigh of relief. Someone asked, "What can she do without thinking about it? I heard that her husband can be very good to her."

In a whisper, Tianyinge’s main step went to Xingtai, holding the scrolls, and first greeted everyone in the audience. Then he opened the scrolls unhurriedly and began to read the guilt of the woman named Lin.

The guilt was very long, and I read a small half hour. The fundamental point is that this woman named Lin is not the lady of the family that Zhao

had wanted to marry. She is just a substitute, a shackle wearing a man/skin/mask, close to the real purpose of Zhao Gongzi, for the murder of this private affair, and the one who was originally married to Zhao’s family has long been It became the sorrowful ghost of the Lin girl.

"A good raccoon cat is changing for the prince." Tianyinge finally judged in abruptly, "However, Skynet is not leaking, Lin girl, you should tear off your mask, let everyone take a good look at your original It looks like it."

The person/skin/mask was uncovered in public and thrown to the ground like a snake. Under the scattered hair of the woman on the stage, another pale and sullen face was exposed, and the disciples of Tianyin Pavilion held their chins and asked them to show them.

The audience immediately picked it up and someone shouted: "A woman who is so poisonous!"

"The killing of the innocent daughter, is also ruined by the family, just because of their own private enmity?"

"Kill her!"

"Get rid of her eyes!"

"Let's delay her! Cut her skin one inch down!"

The crowd is made up of independent people, but they end up with the same head, like a dull beast that can't be smashed, flowing in the water, roaring and groaning.

This ugly thing thinks that it is only a beast, it can represent the blue sky, the next can represent the emperor, and it is righteous in the world.

The screams under the stage were getting louder and louder, and the eardrums burned by teenagers. He was amazed at the anger of these people. It was like a woman under the knife, and Zhao Gongzi, who was not born, became theirs at the moment. Relatives, friends, sons, mistresses, they hate to be able to get justice for their loved ones, sons and sons, and hate to rip off the sinner named Lin.

The smoldering eyes widened and slammed: "Condemned... Shouldn’t it be set by Tianyin?"

Xue Zhengxuan comforted him: "Don't be afraid of burning children. It is set by Tianyinge. Everyone just looks at it. They are all talking about it. What the last thing is, of course, it is by the Tianyin Pavilion. Indications to conviction. Fair and just, don't worry."

But things don't develop as Xue Zhengxi said. The content of crowd shouting is getting more and more crazy and more and more exaggerated.

"This 婊 / child! Indiscriminate killing innocent! How can we let her die easily? Wood Court Lord! You are the justice of the real world, you must judge her, give her ten times the pain! Let her have Eat good fruit! Get the punishment you deserve!"

"First tear her mouth, pull out her teeth one by one, and cut her tongue into countless pieces!"

"Dry it on her body! After it has dried up, tear it down and connect it with a layer of skin! At this time, take the pepper water and pour her, kill her! Kill her!"

More old-fashioned daddy came to see the excitement, she licked the melon seeds, and then smiled and smiled: "Oh, tear off her clothes, shouldn't such a person be naked? Put a snake in her lower body, stuffed with mud, Looking for a hundred men to take care of her, then it is worthy of sin." In fact, these people's anger, really all come from their own righteousness?

At the time, the ink was sitting next to Xue Meng. He was more stimulated and shivered slightly. In the end, even Xue Zhengyi noticed his uneasiness. He was about to take him out of the stands. Suddenly, the station uploaded "砰" There was a loud explosion, and I didn’t know where the crowd was. Someone threw a detonator on the head and was thrown at the woman’s feet. This is unruly, but the people of Tianyinge didn’t know if they could stop it. I didn’t want to stop it at all. It’s always that the detonator quickly blasted, and the woman’s legs and feet were blown away when the flesh and blood were blurred – “Uncle –!”

The ink burned tightly on Xue Zhengyi’s clothes. He shook too much. He shook too much...

"it is good!!"

There was a burst of screams in the air below, and the heroes slap and slap.

"Play well! Punish evil and promote good! Come again!"

"Who threw it? Don't throw it." The disciples of Tianyin Pavilion shouted two scorpions on the stage, and as the people went, they threw various things, leaves, stones, eggs, and knives. Those who have made an enchantment themselves, stand by and watch, as long as they don’t want her life immediately, they won’t stop. Tianyin Pavilion has always been so arrogant that it will not pass the people who are doing justice.

When I remembered this, I only felt that my heart was so bad that I didn’t want to think about it anymore. He closed his eyes and opened again.

"Look at it, Xue Meng. If Nangong refuses to admit that he is an apprentice of the teacher, then he completely loses the barrier in the realm of comprehension. When the Lushan line ends, if they really bring Nangong to the sky In the auditorium, you will see the same scene as the year.” Xue Mengdao: “It was a trial at Tianyin Court. Everyone was so angry, just because the woman killed someone, so...”

"So the knife is in the hand, how do you want to swear, how is it wrong, right?" The mood of the ink burned more and more, and the latter half of the sentence, he did not say.

How many people in this world, through the banner of "excellence of justice," in the vicious things, the unsatisfactory life, the violent, crazy, amazing suffocation in their chests are vented in such places.

After drinking the tea, I chatted for a while, and when the sun was getting late, Xue Meng left. The ink burned to the window, took out the Jane chess that was only collected in the sleeve, stared at the beggar, and the **** injected the force, and when they slammed, they became ashes.

The wind was blowing, all the leaves were shaking, and the people in front of the window were shaking. He slowly raised his hand and covered his face. He was almost exhausted, and he was on the window. For a long time, he turned and left, went to the depths of the house, and was swallowed up by the darkness.

He sat in the dark room for a long time, thinking about it, thinking that the whole person was broken and collapsed. He really didn't know what to do. He felt that some things might be said by himself, but said It may also be more chaotic and even more out of control. What should I do?

he does not know……

The more he thinks, the more unwilling he is, the more he wants to be more confused. He is jealous, he is suffering.

He thought about the black hand behind the scenes behind him.

He thought of the worship and superstition of the gods in the realm of the truth.

He thought of the woman who was interrogated, his legs were bloody.

The ink burned like a beast in the room, paced in the room like a madman, and the shadows of the fairy and the ink masters appeared on his handsome face, one swallowed one.

In the end he finally couldn't help it, he stood up.

Push the door and go out.

Late at night.

Chu nightning is ready to fall asleep, and suddenly someone knocks at the door. He opened the door and saw the ink burning outside, a slight glimpse.

"How did you come?"

The smoldering only feels that you are going crazy, and it is mad by the catastrophe that will come anytime and anywhere. He took the courage and wanted to explain everything that was ridiculous. But when he saw the face of Chu Xiaoning, his courage was broken into dregs, became mud, and became selfish and weak.

"...master..." The ink burned, and the nasal sound was slightly heavy. "I can't sleep. Can I go in and sit down?"

Chu, late, let it go, the ink burned into the house, and the backhand closed the door. Perhaps it is because his uneasy atmosphere is too strong, so thick that even if he does not say a word, Chu night Ning can perceive his inner anxiety. He asked: "Is there something wrong?"

There was no snoring in the ink, and he looked at him silently for a while, then suddenly went to the window, folded his hands and closed the only window door.

"I..." The ink burned an opening, the voice was hoarse and screaming, and suddenly the mood surged, fueling the crazy impulse. "I have something, I want to tell you."

"About Xu Shuanglin?"

The ink shook his head, hesitated for a moment, nodded again, then shook his head again.

The light of the candlelight reflected in his eyes, like a poisonous snake with a letter, a bright red tongue, twisted and coiled, his face was too chaotic, and the light in his eyes was very faint. Chu nightned for a while, lifting Start, want to touch his face.

But the fingertip touched his face, and the ink burned his eyes sharply. His eyelashes were shaking and his throat was rolling. It seemed to be smashed by the scorpion. He turned and vaguely said: "Sorry."

"..."

"Can you turn off the lights." The ink burned, "... see you, I can't say it."

Although Chu Evening didn't know what happened, he never saw such a smoldering fire, which made him sweat upside down. It seems that there is a ruined thing that is about to fall, crushing each of the following. people.

Chu night Ning did not speak again, stood in place for a while, nodded. The ink burned and went to the candlestick. He stared at the candle for a while, then raised his hand and wiped out the last light.

When I was in the house, I fell into a darkness.

However, the ink burning only stared for a long time, and the illusion of the candlelight was still shaking from the orange to the five colors, from concrete to fuzzy.

He stood in the same place, facing back to the late night of Chu, and he was not urged by Chu, but he waited for him to speak.

Chapter 208

The ink burned several times and wanted to talk, but only moved his lips. His temples are almost painful, the blood is rushing, and the horse is screaming, but he feels that his blood is not hot at the moment, but cold, ice, and he is still a little bit cold in his struggle. through.

"Master."

"..."

"Actually... I..." He finally spoke, and when he spoke, he only said three or four words, and then he was chaotic and collapsed.

Why is he saying?

It was a thing of the past life. He had already slandered at the Wushan Temple. He was already dead. He just took the memory of his previous life... Why do you still want to say it.

Say it, your conscience is happy, but is it really the right choice?

How good is it now, Xue Meng will laugh at him, Chu night is his, the uncle and aunt are all alive, the teacher is still alive... Nothing is more important than this, even if he goes down for a lifetime, he will be a fugitive in his life, he I also don't want to destroy all of this in front of me.

But he thinks this is what he should say.

Now it has been determined that the people behind the scenes must have experienced a rebirth. Only they can raise people and make everyone ready. This is his chance to atone for sin. Maybe he will let him die once, but he still keeps his memory, so that at this moment, someone can stand up and stop the storm.

Even if you pay for your life.

The ink burned and closed his eyes, he was shaking, and there was a dampness between the eyelashes.

He is not afraid of death. He is a person who has already died once, but in this world there is actually something more terrible than death. He has had enough in his life, just to escape from those things, he chose to kill himself. In these years, especially after his death in the middle of the night, he has been running all his strength, trying to get rid of the invisible behemoth, but now he is forced to a dead end.

Its claws hung in his throat.

The rebellious and dear, the world is reviled.

He can't escape... he can't escape...

The ink burned and cried, but the tears slammed down and slammed into the ground.

He tried to suppress the trembling in his voice. He said, "I'm sorry... I... I don't know what to do... I actually... I..."

Suddenly a pair of strong and well-balanced arms surround him.

The ink slammed openly, and he realized that it was Chu Yuning who came over and hugged him from behind.

"If you don't want to say it, don't say it." Chu Xiaoning's voice came from his shoulder. "Whoever has his own secret... will also do something wrong."

The ink burned.

Chu night Ning actually understood.

He already understands... Also, how can Chu Xiaoning see through? He has seen ink-burning too many false admits, sincere, false, unwilling, and earnest.

Although he did not know what was wrong with the ink burning, he knew that the smoldering must be to confess what was going on, and to confess something that he did not want to say.

"Master respect..."

"If that thing makes you very upset, you want to tell me, then let me know, I am listening here." Chu said, "If you feel that it is painful to say it, then you don't speak, I don't." Will continue to ask.... I know that you will never do the same thing again."

The ink is burning like a knife.

He shook his head slightly, no...

Not as simple as you think... far less simple...

I am not a flower that I shouldn't fold. I killed someone, bleed and bleed, and I was ruined. I ruined most of the real world, and I ruined you.

He collapsed again.

I ruined you, Chu nightning!

Why do you want to comfort a scorpion... Why should you comfort the person who puts the knife into his heart? Why do you ask me before dying, let me go?

Why didn't you kill me when you were...

He was shaking and trembled, and Chu was rather stunned. Suddenly he felt a warm drop of water falling on his back. He whispered: "Ink..." "I want to say it."

"Then you said it."

The ink burned very chaotic. He shook his head. He said again: "I... I don't know what to say..."

His voice was always well controlled, and it was only then that he finally choked.

"Really... I really don't know what to do..."

"Then don't say it." Chu nightning loosened him, took him and let him turn around. In the dark night, he rubbed his cheek, and the ink burned in the dodge, but Chu Ning still firmly touched him and took his face. Wet, it is tears that have been lingering for a long time.

Chu nightning said: "Don't say it."

"I……"

Suddenly, the sea scent was so close, and Chu Ning kissed him. It seemed that he was the first to kiss the ink, oysters, and clumsy. He stuck his lips, and contained it bit by bit, and opened his bitterness. In the mouth, the tongue slides in, stirs and wraps around.

Chaos, restlessness, madness.

Ink burning does not know why this is, about love is to escape from all the painful harbor, about people are the same as the beast, in the cross can be left behind, in the sinking of this desire, only joy is real.

Give helpless people and pity.

For the desperate, with a moment to breathe.

No one talked anymore, kissing to the lingering place, Chu nightning felt the desire of ink burning because of himself, and he was healed through his clothes. He hesitated for a moment and reached out to touch him, but the ink burned his fingers. Live and become a ten-finger deduction: "This is enough."

He held him in his arms, only the eyes of the people, can kill his pain.

Can clean his soul.

"You don't have to do anything else, that's enough..."

Chu Xiaoning raised his hand and touched his face. He felt very distressed without any reason: "How so stupid."

The ink burned and held his other hand, so that both hands were tightly connected. He resisted Chu’s forehead: "If I was so stupid earlier, that would be good." He couldn't persuade him, and he didn't know how to say something softer. He had to clumsily rub his cheeks, his nose, and finally

gently covered his lips. When he did this, it was clear that the tip of his ear had turned red, but he tried to make himself look calm and calm. Business nurturing and shining, greet to hug and to do things that were not used to do it.

"Master..." The ink burned and the breath was slowly rushing under his kisses. "No, don't."

"It’s always been for you to do this." Chu nightning broke his hand and grabbed his neck. "You listen to me today."

"Master respect..."

Chu Xiaoning looked at his dog's warm and moist eyes. After patted his brain, he was never relieved and gentle: "Hey."

No lights, so they kissed and caressed by the wall, kissing from gentle to fierce, from intense to thirsty, from thirst to lingering, full of male beasts / desires and urgency. "Shi Zun...night Ning..."

The ink can't stop calling his name, pity, love, crazy, and commonly.

As long as Chu Ningning gave him a star-and-a-half love, it was the most powerful drug in the world.

He finally stopped thinking more. He pressed Chu Yuning to the wall and reached him. He kissed him slyly and yelled at him. The last two people gasped again and again, and their heartbeat was fierce. He was crazy, his eyes were red, and Chu Ning was squinting in his kiss: "Lights..."

"Isn't it already gone?"

He continued to kiss him, kissed his earrings, neck, and he heard that Chu Ning had endured his desire to squat/吟 in his ear and whispered, "No, light it..."

The ink burns.

Chu nightning said: "I want to look at you."

The lights are on.

The darkness is gone.

Chu Yuning's phoenix is bright, clear, sturdy and firm, with a layer of desire, cheeks seem to have a frosty day, but the roots of the ears are red, full of color.

He said: "I want to look at you."

The smoldering suddenly felt that the heart was dying. His dirty, riddled, once cold heart, how can he live in such a look?

He hugged him, kissed him, and put Chu Xinning's hand on his chest, pulsating position.

He said: "Remember this position."

"..."

"If one day, I am guilty of sin." The smoldering whispered, the tip of the nose rubbed the tip of Chu's nose, "kill me by hand, from here."

Chu night Ning suddenly shocked and stared at him incredulously: "Do you know what you are talking about?"

Ink smiled, and there was the beauty and sincerity of Mo Zongshi in the smile, and the evil spirit and madness of stepping on Xianjun.

"My spiritual core is formed by you, and my heart is yours. If one day I have to die, these two things should be attributed to you, I can..."

He did not say anything.

The horror and fear that never happened in Chu’s eyes made him unable to say anything.

The ink burned and finally fell down, and said with a smile: "Cute you. I say so, just want to tell you..."

He hugged him tightly.

I don't know how many times there are such opportunities.

"Late Ning..."

I love you, I want you, I can't live without you.

There are a lot to tell, but like the things of the past, there is no way to speak.

Chu Yuning is still between the stunned and the wrong, he does not know how much a person has to make a mistake, in order to say such a thing.

But the ink burns and kisses him, his consciousness falls apart in chaos. He is not a person who is so badly determined. Perhaps this should not be blamed for the burning kiss, but he is not willing to think deeply.

There is despair in the enthusiasm, like a drop of oil into the flame.

Later, the entanglement tends to be primitive and crazy. When I haven't reached the bed, the clothes have been removed. Most of the nights are burnt on the bed, and there is no first time between the pillows and the feet. The request for desire is simple and rude.

His robes were quickly untied, and the smoldering smothered him, screaming at him, and sometimes he raised his eyes to see the lights, and the night looked like a sigh of relief, leaning against the neck and breathing slightly.

How many times does this lingering?

twice? once?

I am going to Lushan soon, and I may see the person behind the scenes immediately. If the person really uses the Zhenqi chess game, the person

who can quickly crack it is only himself.

Everything is gone.

Between the entanglements, he swears at his master, and he is almost desperate. He said that there are still many opportunities in the future.

They will always be together.

Just like the lover of love, from night to day, he wants to bully him many times a night, sleeping in a connected position, entangled with each other, and at dawn, the dawn is light, he wakes up in his gentleness, in the bed Daytime prostitution, dirty to the extreme, love to the extreme, to the extreme.

The ink burns them together and touches them together.

The eyes of Chu nightning are full of desire and fog. With the action of ink burning, the lips are slightly open and wheezing, and the eyes are gradually confused and blurred.

Being drunk, I heard someone knocking at the door.

Chu night Ning slammed back, the blood color faded, the ink burned his mouth immediately, did not let him speak, the room was quiet, but his other hand was still anxious and fiercely stirring, Stimulating yourself and stimulating people in your arms.

Chu nightning wants to shake his head, but the power of ink burning is too big, and it is suppressed. He can't move, only revealing a pair of phoenix eyes, refreshing and painful, hateful and sad.

"Master, are you there?"

Hearing the sound, Chu Xiening became more and more angry and slammed with ink, and one hand tapped on the bed.

The ink burned and swallowed, the throat was swaying sexyly, and the voice was low and dumb: "Well. I know, Xue Meng."

"Master?" Wait a moment, no one promised, Xue Meng muttered, "Weird, the light is on... the master?"

It seems that there is no intention to pay attention to him, but he is still immersed in the late night, immersed in the desire of love. The room was too dark, and he even regarded the blink of an eye of Chu’s night anger as a moist tide. "Master?"

The outside disciple did not intend to leave, and the apprentices on the bed did not intend to stop. Chu Yuning was ruined by the two of them. There was no way to make a fuss. He bit his ink and burned his fingers. The ink burned and he took his hand away. There seems to be a slight grievance in the eyes.

His voice is low and slow: "You bite me hurts..."

"It hurts you to forget." Chu night breathed a sigh of relief, glanced at him, and then said to the door, "I am already in bed, what is it?"

"Ah, nothing is all right." Xue Meng said, "I am... I can't sleep, I have some thoughts, I want to tell the teacher..."

His voice gradually faded down, and it was almost imaginable that the phoenix outside the door pulled down his head.

Chu nightning: "..."

what happened? How do you both have a heart tonight?

Chu night, rather than rest assured, patted the ink that was still pressing on him, whispering: "Get up, wear clothes."

The smoldering eyes widened and the dog-like look: "You want him to come in?"

"He sounded something wrong when he listened..."

"what about me?"

"..." Although Chu Evening was embarrassed, he still said, "You wear clothes and go to the bottom of the bed."

Chapter 209

The smoldering of the ink is also stunned. Xue Meng is really very powerful. If there is such a trouble, what the past gloom said and did not say, there is still a half shadow. He is now full of grievances and desires and fires. He can't understand whether Xue Meng has anything to do when he comes to find a late night to talk about it - is it so busy?

But he couldn't help but be late, but he still got up and looked down at the bed. He straightened up and kissed him. He said, "No."

"you--"

"Don't be angry, don't listen to you." Ink burned, "But the bed is too low, I can't go in."

Chu nightning: "..."

"There is no wardrobe in this room, and the window is only one outside the door. I have no place to go, let him go."

Chu night, think about it too, only have to say: "What is going on tomorrow, I have to sleep."

"Sit for a while, is it?" Xue Meng's voice was grievous and humiliated, and there were some nasal sounds. "Master, I am really confused in my heart. Some things, I want to ask you in person."

"..."

"Otherwise, I can't sleep until tomorrow."

The ink burned was upset by his soft voice, but he also wanted to know what Xue Meng had to say tonight, so he got up and looked around and suddenly thought of a way. He said that he and the eared night, Chu nightning's face immediately blacked out: "You are so...is ridiculous."

"Then let him go."

Chu Xiaoning said that he would stop talking, but he heard the sound of Xue Meng playing the leaves in the sand outside the door. When she thought that Xue Meng rarely insisted on sticking to himself, Chu Jingning snorted and pushed away the ink, saying: "The next is not an example. ... In addition, hide the clothes on the ground, don't miss it."

Xue Meng waited for a while and saw that Chu Ning still did not agree. Although it was uncomfortable, he still insisted on calling: "Master?"

"...I heard it. You come in."

With permission, Xue Meng pushed the door. When he entered, he frowned. There seemed to be a faint smell in the room, but it was too light. He also said that it was not what it was. In short, He smells somewhat familiar.

Chu Yuening had already slept, and the thick curtain on his bed had been laid down, covering the scene inside. When he heard the movement of Xue Meng, he raised his hand and opened the small curtain to reveal a sly Sleeping, half-squatting, seems to have just woken up, still very sleepy, the eyes are slightly wet and thin red, he looked at Xue Meng.

Xue Meng was a bit stunned and shouted: "Master, can't help, disturb you to sleep."

"Nothing, sit down."

Xue Meng was sitting at the table.

Chu night Ning asked: "What do you want to say to me?"

"I..." Xue Meng looked very tangled. After he returned, he thought about it for a while, and suddenly thought about why the necklace on the neck of the burning neck was familiar. On the way to the Confucianist Gate, Mo-burn once bought one for Chu Ningning. At that time, he also grabbed it and saw it himself. I feel very beautiful and I want to follow.

At that time, I was told by the ink-burning person that it was the last one.

This thing made him think more and more, and the more he thought about it, the more uneasy he was. He was a man who couldn’t help but talked about it and said nothing, and suffered a lot. He finally couldn’t help but came to this place.

However, in the face of Chu's gaze, Xue Meng hesitated, and he really did not know how to express it.

After brewing for a long while, Xue Meng just sighed: "Master, do you feel smoldering... Is he a little weird?"

As soon as this statement came out, Chu Xinning and the heart of the ink burning were all screaming.

Chu nightning changed his face and asked: "What happened?"

"Isn't the teacher respected?" Xue Meng was very difficult to talk about, and he was so arrogant that he finally got out of the way and hardened his head. "I think he seems to be... oh... I am particularly eager to please the Master."

Of course, Xue Meng did not dare to say "in pursuit of the Master", but he sneaked into the night, and he was worried and awkward.

Chu night Ningdao: "...what is this?"

"In fact, this is the case, I am today..." Xiong Meng hardened his head and said, "I am today... I saw something on his neck today."

The ink burnt behind the curtain of the bed suddenly stunned, raising his hand and touching the spar pendant hanging between his neck, slightly changed his face.

Chu Xiaoning still did not respond to what Xue Mengyu saw, still frowning at him, waiting for him to go on, waiting for a while, did not wait for Xue Meng to scream, but there is a warm big hand touched the leg.

Chu night, Ning, 眸 一 , , , , , , , , , , , , , 楚The chain reminds him with a mouth shape.

Chu Xiaoning suddenly understood.

He took a moment to say: "Are you burning on the body and seeing the same chain as me?"

"No, no, I don't mean anything else!" Xue Meng was anxious and shy, and waved his hands again and again. "I just feel a bit strange, I..."

"No problem." Chu Yuning said, "The chain is what I gave him back."

"Ah, is the Master still giving him?"

"If you don't feel well, you will pay him back."

Xue Meng was relieved. When he had been pale since his face, he finally had some blood. He smiled and said: "I said what happened. He clearly told me that it was the last one. I thought he was ....."

He turned upside down so many times, and finally took a shot of his forehead, frustrated: "The Master is not mentioned in anything. My mouth is too stupid, I don't know how to explain. Hey, I am a fool."

Chu nightning doesn't know how to lie, so I don't know how to persuade him. In fact, there are a lot of consciences. If you just say a word, you can burn the ink and your own relationship. Xue Mengtu is nothing more than this sentence.

As long as Chu Xiaoning said "no", even if the facts are in front of Xue Meng, he will choose to believe in his master. It is this kind of total trust that makes Chu Yuning say that he can't export, so he can only watch Silence in such a silent way that he is distressed in front of himself, scratching his head and sighing.

He didn't want to say too much.

Looking at Xue Meng, he couldn't help but apologize. He said that he was too stupid and ventured. Chu night Ning suddenly felt very distressed, although the look on his face still did not change much, still the ancient well has no waves, but he said slowly: "Xue Meng..."

Xue Meng slammed his mouth and waited for him to speak.

What should I say?

Say "I'm sorry. I hope you will not disappoint me at the end, I hope you will always recognize me as a master"? - He said no to export. This is too soft, too greasy, and too cruel.

He asked Xue Meng to be willing to recognize him no matter what happened. People will face gathering and dispersing, and their growth will change. Just like bamboo shoots are drawn high, the outer layer of bamboo shoots will peel off sooner or later, with yellow and mud.

Xue Meng’s life has been going on for decades, and not many people can accompany another person to finish these decades. Past events, old people, will become the snake's shackles, bamboo shoots.

Xue Meng left and waited for the right, could not wait for the following, uneasily glaring at the round eyes, muttered: "Master?"

"Nothing." Chu night Ning said faintly, "I think you seem to be a bit more thoughtful, just want you to go to the elders of the wolf to discuss two bottles of musk dew."

Xue Meng: "..."

"Is there anything else else?"

Xue Meng thought for a moment and said, "Yes."

"what?"

"Is Shi Zun really planning to accept the Nangong as an apprentice?" This incident also happened to Xue Meng for a while. "That, then, is he not my master?"

"...Do you care about this?"

"Yeah." Xue Meng stunned the corner of his clothes. "I used to be the first one. If you count him, I won't..."

Look at him like this, Chu Yu Ning's heart is slightly lighter, can't help but smile slightly.

When Xue Meng was a child, she loved and Mrs. Wang spoiled her. After the ink came, she loved and burned her in front of her mother. I didn’t expect it to be in her twenties. This habit can’t be changed. A Nangong will take his The peacock tail feathers are all agitated, actually for the first and second, and I am pregnant now.

Chu night Ningdao: "There is no difference, it is the same."

"That won't be done. I don't want him to be a master. Although he worships the earliest, he is recognized by the teacher the latest. I don't mind if he enters the division, but can he let him go to the end, be a younger brother. "Oh," Xue Meng was very serious about this. "I will call him Nan Gong’s younger brother in the future."

"...all with you."

Xue Meng was happy again. He was happy, but he didn't want to leave.

The ink burned in the bed and waited more and more irritated. I thought how this guy’s words were so much, how could it not roll and roll.

Xue Meng does not roll, Xue Meng said: "I still have something to ask the Master."

"Yeah." Chu nightning is very indifferent, "Let's talk."

Ink burning: "..."

"It’s the ink burning today that told me that the teacher had promised him before, and he was going to give him a handkerchief..."

Chu night Ning asked: "That ah... um, but I haven't done it yet, do you want it?"

Xue Meng’s eyes immediately lit up: “Can I have it?”

"I was going to give you each of them." Chu said, "I have been delayed, and I have been in trouble."

Hearing this statement, Xue Meng was pleasantly surprised, and the ink burned completely.

No... isn't it only him?

The smoldering moment was wronged, but Chu nighting and his face were chatting with Xue Meng, and he did not notice the dark and uncertain look.

Over there, Xue Meng swept away the haze, and happily talked with Chu Ningning about the look of the handkerchief he wanted. The more he burned the ink, the more he didn’t want it, especially when he looked at Chu and his relationship with Xue Meng. Even if you know that they are nothing, the chest is still not a taste.

"Du Ruo is difficult to stab, if you want Du Ruo, I will go back and ask Mrs. Wang."

"Is it difficult to stab?" Xue Meng snorted. "Then it will not be troublesome. The sorcerer will be good, and the teacher will be the best?"

"...In fact, the flower and bird ornamentation is not very good at it." Chu nightning is a little embarrassed, a light cough, "the best thing to stab is the

Prajna Paramita."

"???"

Chu Yuning said: "When I was young, I was in the Temple of Nos, I... taught me to sin. I..."

His words had not been finished yet, and suddenly his eyebrows twitched, his face changed slightly, and he licked his lips.

Xue Mengyi: "Master, what happened to you?"

"..." Chu Xi Ning actually hesitated for a while, only said, "Nothing, do you have anything else?"

"Well, some, there is one, but I forgot all about it, let me think about it..." Xue Meng thought about it with his head down. After he fell down, Chu Ning was almost unstoppable and gasped, and a pair of angry eyes slammed into the depths of the bed.

In fact, the smoldering of the smoldering was to make some small moves. I wanted to let Chu Xiening rush to Xuemeng as soon as possible. He expected that he would look back at this time, his eyes were reddish and irresistible, but he was stunned in his heart. A big fire broke out.

He is a man who has a strong possessiveness and is extremely barbaric in one aspect. The reason why he is so restrained and restrained is that he loves Chu, and he is too embarrassed. This love and jealousy seem to have caught his natural collar. Let him never make any excessive moves in bed.

But at the moment, the irritability and arbitrarily melted the neck ring, his wet black eyes stared silently and dangerously for a while, and suddenly made a hot thing.

He leaned over, and in the place separated from Xue Meng, he plunged into the quilt and climbed along the long legs of Chu Xiuning and climbed all the way.

The surroundings are all black, and all the light is covered by the shackles, so the senses become more and more exciting. He could clearly feel that Chu Ning was shaking slightly, suddenly stopped his shoulder with one hand, and the fingers were hot, climbing his strong shoulders and pushing him to the side.

This is what Chu Yunning can only do to stop him under the quilt.

Instead, the ink burned the heart and shattered his desire.

Xue Meng is still talking, but what he said is not important. The ink is only listening absently. Hearing what he said, "It doesn't matter if the teacher is

stabbing anything, I like it." The ink burns more and more anger, his The breath was already in the sensitive part of Chu, and he knew where the pitiful desire was, but he did not touch it.

He turned his face and his eyelashes twitched. He kissed the delicate skin that was not exposed to the people in the late night, leaving traces of cockroaches that were destined to fade.

Chu nightning trembled even more, and he must have regretted the decision to leave his ink burning at this moment. His fingernails fell deeply into the burnt shoulders, but could not stop the madman.

"Master, are you listening?"

"Ok……"

The ink burns waiting, his lips are lying in a place not far from Chu’s desire, he is waiting for a crazy and exciting opportunity.

Then he waited, Xue Meng asked something, it didn't matter, the ink didn't mind, so he didn't understand it, but Chu Xiaoning had to answer him. In the moment he opened his answer, the ink burned in the cover of the quilt. Going through the past, almost greedyly contained him.

"...!"

Chu nightning was tightened in an instant. His throat was twitching and his fingers had already scratched the burnt flesh, but the ink burned it. He was excited by Chu’s reaction and grew up in the dark. Excited and excited, he certainly knows the endurance of Chu Yuning, even if he goes in now, he will never make a sound, so the ink is unscrupulous.

Chu Xi Ning sighs and oppressively answers Xue Meng’s question. His strength, whether in this life or in his life, is equally amazing.

He was able to suppress it very well, but the sound was slightly slower than usual, and the speed of speech was slightly slower. The rest, if it was not in the air, he could not believe that this man was enjoying the ultimate pleasure. With stimulation.

Finally, Xue Meng nodded and said, "I know."

"If you know, just go back soon." Chu said, "I don't want to think again, it's not too early."

Xue Meng got up and said: "That Master, I am gone... Yes, the lamp helper has been extinguished?"

"……it is good."

It happened to be a deep throat, and Chu Ning opened his lips slightly, never panting. But he frowned, his eyelashes trembled, his face was slightly red.

Xue Meng hesitated: "Master, do you have a fever?"

"……No."

"How can your face be a little red." Under the worry, Xue Meng did not think much. While getting up, he raised his hand and explored the forehead of Chu.

This is what Chu Zhongning did not expect. On the other hand, he was forced to make such a thing with ink burning. On the other hand, his forehead skin was touched by another unsuspecting apprentice. In front of him, Xue Meng’s concern is that the beggar is waiting to be burned by the ink. The feeling of refreshing is almost overwhelming, and the shame is almost overwhelmed. He has to use every bone and restrain himself in every inch of flesh and blood. Don't let yourself wheezing/snap out.

"There is no heat..." Xue Meng murmured. "Master, do you feel uncomfortable?"

I want to burn my heart, not comfortable? How can it be uncomfortable, your teacher is afraid to be comfortable and dead, you are here, I can not make him more cool, why are you still not fast?

When his heart was gloomy but deeper and deeper, Xue Meng was finally sent away by Chu, and Xue Meng was very dedicated. He extinguished the lights for the teacher, poured it, and then went out.

As soon as he heard the sound of the door closing, he was so mad. He slammed the quilt and smashed the smoldering hair, forced him to come over, and then gave him a lighter weight. Slap, press down the voice and reprimand in the darkness: "You are a git... Hey!"

Responding to him is an eager sigh of breath, confusing black eyes, most men are beasts in front of their desires, and they go to bed with their beloved ones. I didn't feel any pain. Instead, I held his hand, pressed it on the bed, and then tore his last clothes. When the skin and the skin were attached, they couldn't help but scream.

Chapter 210

In the middle of the night, Chu nightning woke up from the shallow shackles, the ink burned out of bed, and the clothes were already worn. He sat at the table, lit a bean lamp, and was bowing his head with a pile of objects.

Before those uneasiness and helplessness, they became so light in the lingering light and the lingering aftertaste. Chu Xiaoning almost looked at him lazily for a while, then said: "What are you doing?"

"Master Wake up? Is it too bright..."

"No." Chu Yuening asked again, "What are you doing?"

The ink burned his lips and smiled a little embarrassed.

Chu night Ning got up, put on his robes, barefooted, squatted to him, leaning against the table. It turned out that the table was with his own sea otter handkerchief, and the ink burned three other plain white scorpions, which were stabbing against the ornamentation.

"You are embroidering a handkerchief?"

"...I want the teacher to do it, just give me a person." The ink burned down the needle thread, and took the waist of the night, and pasted it, kissing his chest.

Chu night Ning Xinkou has a saying.

Chu nightning did not say the reason for this blasphemy, the ink burned will not ask.

Just when the skin is intimate, subconsciously, often kiss this place with pity.

Inkburn said: "Other people's handkerchiefs, I will be stabbed. Anyway, they don't know who did it..." He said, picking up an embroidered piece and laughing and asking, "The teacher." Look at it, follow the thorns, and look like yours?"

Chu night Ning sighed: "You don't have to look at it."

How can this person's possessiveness be so strong?

Chu nightning touched the ink that burned the ink, and the ink burned and smiled and looked up at him.

The lamp was too dim, and the ink burned and the eyes hurt a little. When I raised my eyes, there was some bloodshot, but the face and smile were gentle and brilliant.

Chu night Ning asked: "I still want those who have nothing?"

The ink burned and then whispered: "I don't want to."

"Yeah." Chu said lately, "That's good."

"Let's go with the flow of it..." This sentence, the ink burns like to say to himself, but also like Chu Yuning said.

Let it be natural.

There are too few and too few such days.

He is not a **** of light, he is just a red duck, a duckweed that is small and small. People are selfish, giving a cup of water to someone who is about to die of thirst, only to take a sip, and then the person will take the initiative to

dump this cup of water, choose to thirst and die - this is really too difficult Almost no one in the world can do it.

Think about it, drink a little more rain.

If you re-enter Purgatory in the future, it will not hurt.

There is a clear past, enough to comfort the peace.

On the second day, everyone gathered outside the villa and set off for Lushan.

Ma Zhuang’s subordinates gave each of them a strong horse. In front of the black gold saddle, there was a Qiankun bag embroidered with a night cat pattern. Xue Meng rode on the horse and took a look at the bag. Immediately wrinkled his nose.

Suddenly, someone was laughing at me: "The taste of this Mazhuang master is really flattering. It is not enough to embroider a big cat on the Qiankun bag. It is also embroidered with a red "horse" on the back. It is interesting."

Xue Meng looked back and saw Mei Hanxue riding on a white high-headed horse, and he was playing with the bag. He lifted the light blue eyes, and smiled at Xue Meng with a smile. The drop-shaped spar hanging from the

forehead exuded a warm luster, and the face became more and more charming.

Xue Meng gave him a look and whispered: "Scum."

The scum just smiled slightly and narrowed his eyes. He said that he was not angry at all. Instead, he said: "Xue Gongzi is coming today, his color is not very good, is he not sleeping?"

"..."

"There is a blue halo in the bottom of the eye, and the Yintang is still black. I have some herbal creams that help me sleep..."

"Is it a leisurely me?" Xue Meng for a moment, found that he couldn't help himself, and looked back with anger. "Take the Snow Palace to drive you out of the division? What are you doing here?"

"My teacher let me come over." Mei Hanxue still smiles and does not change. "Give you a point to send the hidden weapon that he wanted yesterday."

"Then you have finished the roll."

Mei Hanxue is still not angry, smiled and said: "Well, this is rolling."

"???"

Xue Meng thinks that this person is sick. He saw him several times. It is not like a soft girl. It is like a cold stone. He hit him in the Confucianism Gate last time. He also runs on his own skin. Today is the day. I changed the face of the good man, "You hit my left face, I sent my right face up." Xue Meng couldn't help himself. He turned the horse and stared at the handsome man on the horse.

"No, Mei Hanxue, I have no hatred with you?"

"No."

"So, am I familiar with you?"

Mei Hanxue smiled, but he didn’t answer very quickly, but the light-colored eyes were condensed with fine shimmering light, and the wind blew, his shattered long blond hair shook under the hood, and it was illuminated by the sun. More gentle.

Xue Meng did not really want to hear his answer. He frowned and said: "After sending the hidden weapon, you will go to the other sects. I can’t

control it. Don’t think about making a good relationship with me to fish in troubled waters. I’m dirty, my little sisters.”

"...hey." Mei Hanxue didn't hold back, laughed out loud, but then he squeezed into a fist and covered his lips and coughed. It was interesting to look at Xue Meng for a while and said, "Okay."

He took the horse, and the white bell was attached to the white wrist. The wind blew and creaked.

Mei Han Xue laughed and looked at him: "Go."

Xue Meng yelled at him: "Come on? Is it difficult for me to give you firecrackers to see you off?"

Mei Hanxue really went away. The horseshoe stepped on two steps. Suddenly he remembered something and turned his head and said, "Yes, there is one more thing."

Xue Meng didn't want to hear, but Xue Meng was curious, so he did not ask with enthusiasm: "What?"

Mei Hanxue smiled slightly. A long, white finger was on the lips, and the end was a scum of the savage beast. He whispered: "You are really hot."

Xue Meng’s face instantly bursts green!

"You...you-you!!" He was completely disgusted. You have been out for a long time, but you are not coming out halfway down. This is the team in front of the team who is in the order to assemble, ready to leave, Mei Han Xue waved his hand at him with a smile.

When the ink-burning horsebacked to the side of Xuemeng, Mei Xuexue had disappeared into the sea of people, and the ink burned to see Xue Meng’s straight-legged chest in the original place, and retching again and again.

The ink burned a bit: "...have you eat bad things?"

"Voice - don't talk to me now, I am **** early in the morning, I ate a dog and yelled at me..."

Ink burning: "... Although the valley is very hungry, you are not hungry to eat shit..."

"Roll!!!" Xue Meng pushes the ink on his chest and pushes the ink to the person. He is so angry that he is as good as a Buddha, and he blushes in the distance and smacks in the distance. —! Shit! You are so fucking!”

For a while, thousands of people set off from the lonely mountain and headed for Lushan. This scene is very rare. After all, everyone goes out on the weekdays. Even if they have assembled a large team, they will arrive in a short time. There are very few such monks riding horses.

There are a lot of people here who haven’t been riding horses for so long. The first day is okay, and the back is a bit unbearable. Fortunately, there are everything in the Ma Kun’s Qiankun bag, refreshing pills, and small fragrance. Fans, and even a few books made of enamel, are printed with the price and suitability of various novelty products in Taotao Villa.

Xue Meng took advantage of the Ma Zhuang who was squatting in the shade of the tree when he was resting. The second richest man in the world was elated and spared no effort: "All the princes of the princes, what do you think of the goods, it is good to hook up in the booklet." After I return to the horse, I will deliver it to the government one by one. On the 7th, I will return it. On the 15th, I will change it. The fairy will be settled by the kings, and then I will pay the money two--"

There are quite a few people who really have nothing to do, and the Ma Zhuang master is absolutely deliberate. He has a big bag and has only thrown these books in it. He wants to see nothing else.

Staring at it for a long time, there are always one or two pieces that can impress my heart. Even Xue Meng can't help but mention the pen in the "old and young, good taste, good taste, superior materials, and great spiritual power - Nanpingshan Lingyan bird's nest cake "Draw a circle on it."

He can finally know how the "making money" of the ink burning is how to earn money.

On the 7th of the road, Ma Zhuang’s main earned was full, and everyone was tired. On this evening, they finally arrived at the Longshan Mountains.

"The dragon has arrogance and hopes to respect it."

Xue Zhengyi looked at the huge rock standing in front of the Longshan Road. He read the words on the rock and asked Nangong: "Namong Xiaogongzi, what do you mean?"

Nangong Ramp: "It means that all the following roads must be walked, and from the time of entering the mountain, until the opening of the Lushan enchantment, you must not swear words, or you will be condemned."

Since Nangong驷 warned, the heads of the public will pass on immediately. However, each martial art has different ways of communication. The singer of the Snow Palace has picked up two jade flutes from the waist. The master of the Mirror has shaken the silver bell in his hand. Jiang Yan stood still, and it was the news that Hua Binan passed for him. Hua Binan waved his sleeves, and a group of black smoke emerged from his sleeves. After a closer look, he discovered that it was not smoke, but hundreds of small flying insects, one by one stopped at the ear of the lonely moon.

Xue Meng was disgusted and said: "The cold scale sage is really abnormal. Isn't he worms on his body?" Suddenly remembering something, he turned his head and said to the teacher: "Speak up, you still went to Lin Lingyu to study. Didn't you touch Hua Binan? Don't you come up with bugs at the time, that's enough for me to drink a pot."

The teacher turned his head and smiled and said: "...the Lord is really worried."

At this time, the shackles of life and death began to be subpoenaed. Other sects had some meaning of screaming skills. Xue Zhengyi was good, shouting with aloud:

"After entering the valley, don't talk swearing! If you can't control yourself, plug your mouth in advance with a swearing spell! Have you heard it?"

The large-scale big gongs echoed in the mountains and forests, and the sounds of the forests, the sounds of the clouds, the echoes, and the lingering

"Have you heard it? Did you hear it? Is it there?"?

Masters: "....."

The author has something to say:

"Xue Meng is straight"

Mei Hanxue: I have no legs with Xue Meng.

Jiang Yan: I am not possible with Xue Meng.

Ink burning: I met Xue Meng with a ghost.

Chu nightning: I have no future with Xue Meng.

Teacher: Who did I attack with Xue Meng?

Nangong Temple: Xue Meng is not beautiful enough.

Xue Meng: ... Have you considered my feelings?

Chapter 211

Abandoning Ma Jinshan, the first day was safe and sound. On the second night, when everyone was meditation on the spot, an accident occurred.

There was a monk who went to the middle of the jungle to solve the problem in the middle of the night. After the water was released, he felt itchy legs. He looked down and saw a huge poisonous mosquito parked between his legs. He was drinking blood and drinking. The monk slaps the worm and kills the worm. At the end, he habitually swears: "His mother, dare to marry your grandfather."

As a result, the voice fell, and I heard strange noises from the surrounding trees. The monk was shocked and suddenly remembered the words reminded by Nangong in front of the mountain. The scared trousers had no time to mention it. He ran away and shouted: "Help, Master! Help!"

It turned out that this person is a disciple of Jiang Dongtang who was accompanying Huang Xiaoyue. This crying and shouting mother’s big trick is like a huge stone entering a secluded pool, causing a thousand waves. People who were all quietly meditating have risen. I saw a Jiangdongtang monk rushing from the distance.

This person is stunned, squatting, and screaming while running. Behind him was followed by at least a hundred black snakes, and several of them had

been wrapped around his legs and feet.

Huang Xiaoyue was shocked: "Apprentice?"

Nangong Shu Road: "Don't go over!"

The disciple cried and rushed over, but more and more snakes climbed. He eventually fell to the ground and shouted: "Master! Master save me!"

Huang Xiaoyue originally wanted to help, Nangong said: "This snake is the dragon of the evil dragon. If you kill one, he will become two. The more you kill, the more you will retaliate. If you are not afraid of Huang Daochang, Just go up and fight."

When Huang Xiaoyue heard it, he immediately stunned, but his mouth chanted: "The overall situation is heavy, and the overall situation is heavy." The disciples licking their disciples were swallowed up by the tide-like black snake. The man tumbling in the snake tide and twisting painfully To twist, the snake tide has completely covered him, and it has become a group of black low hills. This group of low hills has been smashed at a speed visible to the naked eye. When the tides are scattered, in addition to a pool of blood, the roots are all roots. Nothing left...

When this happened, no one would say more nonsense on the last day.

There are many words to lose, this is the truth of everyone.

Xue Zhengyi even gave himself, and by the way, he gave Xue Meng a curse, not for anything else, just because the father and son were too refreshed, and in case they slammed a "dog thing", they feared that it would be a blink of an eye. Become a belly meal of the snake group.

Everyone was cautious, and finally in the middle of the night on the third day, through the mountains of Xiaolong, came to the hero of the Confucianism Gate - under the mountains.

The Lushan enchantment is different from the phoenix mountain. The dragon is detested, so the enchantment is transparent. Without any obstacles, the mountain can be seen clearly from the outside.

Jiang Yan looked at the situation in front of him and asked: "Is this the place where the Confucianism era generation Yingjie is buried?"

The moonlight was on the face of Nangong, and he was silent for a while and said, "Yes."

Lushan, the demon dragon, after the first generation of the Confucianism Gate surrendered to this dragon, instead of setting a blood deed, it turned into a mountain, guarding the souls and treasures of the Confucian style, the ancestral temple and the temple.

This mountain, Nangong Temple, has been remembered since the beginning of the winter solstice. When he came, he could see the majestic and magnificent white marble steps. The dark city guards who had already stood up were guarded by the mountain roads, and the clothes were fluttering.

"Welcome to the younger son."

The ear can still hear the rumble, and everyone falls. As he walks up the mountain road, he can see the father who is already preparing for the sacrifice at the top of the ancestral temple.

"Nangong Gongzi, it will be saved if you hurt the spring and fall in the autumn. The war is not to be delayed. You will open the enchantment as soon as possible so that we can go in and swear."

Nan Gongyi turned his head and the person who spoke was Huang Xiaoyue.

In the heyday of Confucianism, even if this kind of person was a whim of Nangong, there was no reason to reward him for a slap in the face, and he did not dare to repay his mouth.

Today, in front of his ancestral grave, he can win his eyes and glory.

Nangong squatted and he had to bear it.

The bite of the caries bite hurts, and you must endure it.

"It’s all a little back." He said, he came alone before the mountain gate.

There is a town tomb with two evil spirits cast on the left and right, and the toes are as big as a child of five or six years old. These two gods are three-faced, or kind or angry. They are armed with arms and arms, but the strange thing is that this kind of **** is usually a leopard, but they are closed. With an eyebrow, it looks a little embarrassing.

Nangong’s eyes were not blind, the sleeve arrow pierced the tip of his finger, and he painted a spell on the evil spirit stone. Then he said: “The seventh generation of the Confucianism Gate blood family, Nangong Temple, worship.”

Rumble -

Earth shakes.

There are rare and strange people exclaiming: "Blink! The statue!"

The ink burned in the crowd and looked up.

If it wasn't for the situation, he really wanted to say to the man: not the statue, the two statues.

One of the left and right town tombs opened their eyes, the eyes were amber, and the scorpion was narrow and narrow, like the eyes of a snake.

The statue on the left slowly speaks, and the sound is like a Hong Zhong. There is a lot of noise: "Nan Gong Temple, you can memorize, the Confucian style seven rings?"

Nangong Shudao: "Greed, blasphemy, murder and piracy, it is my Confucian gentleman who can't do it."

Later, Huang Xiaoyue was sneer: "It’s better to say than to sing."

Not only Huang Xiaoyue, many people are chanting in their hearts, these seven can not be, really is the greatest irony of today's Confucianism.

The statue on the right follows the opening, and the sound is far and wide. It seems to be from the ancient times: "Nangong Temple, there is a mirror hanging high, there is a sky and a yellow spring, and it is in the world, can you be innocent?"

“Innocent.”

These two paragraphs are questions and answers from Nangong to the big story. No matter who is in the Nangong family, as long as they step into the heroes, they must first pass these two questions and answer these two answers.

The first ancestors of Confucianism Gate set up these two questions. In fact, they hope that the descendants of the family can remember the teachings of the ancestors when they go to the mountains to worship, and they can reflect on themselves.

At this moment, Nangong couldn't help but think that his father came to worship this winter solstice. When answering these two questions, has there been a touch of touch, a guilty guilt?

Or really just take this question and answer as a machine key, as a check-in to open the enchantment of the Lushan, nothing more.

The enchantment is open.

The two standing stone statues suddenly and slowly vibrate, changing their postures, and eventually became the one-left and one-left knees.

"Please, the owner is in the mountains."

Nangong’s back to the crowd stood for a while, and no one could see the look on his face.

Only Naobaijin choked in his quiver, and the white paws came out and licked the edge of the quiver: "Mi Mi, Mi Mi -"

"come in."

Nangong Temple finally dropped the three words of this simple and concise, and then took the lead and stepped into the mountainous area of Lushan.

Xue Zhengyi untied his own curse and asked: "Do you still need to pay attention to this carefully?"

“No,” said Nangong. “Be careful, it’s done in the area of the Longshan Mountains. In fact, it’s also to prevent some people who are malicious about the Confucianism from entering the mountains. At this point, Xiaolong decided that the visitors should not be enemies. Then there will be no more words and words."

But even if he said so, many people still have a guilty conscience, refused to make more words, and only sullenly followed Nangong to the mountains. Three hundred meters per line, there are two totems of the twelve zodiac stones, first and foremost, male and female, and then male and female, tiger,

rabbit... from the mountainside, it is the land of the heroes of Confucianism.
.

These heroes follow the contribution of their lives, from low to high, in turn, and sleep in the mountains.

The first thing they came to was the bottom layer of the bones.

There is an eight-foot-high white jade standing on it, with a colorful scent. The engraved ones are all personal names. There are four handwritten books on the top.

"I heard that the burial is the loyal servant of the death of the Nangong family." Xue Meng whispered and said, "There is always a thousand."

He said it was good. This mountainous area is full of graves, and you can't see the end.

The teacher was worried and said: "If these thousands of servants are all up, what should I do? The servants of the Nangong family are not bad, I am afraid I can wrap around for a while."

Xue Meng was busy licking his mouth: "Hey, you are crazy, hurry, don't crow -"

The ink burned in the dark side: "I am afraid it is really not a crow mouth."

"Hey, dog stuff, where are you going?"

The ink burned did not go to Xue Meng. He left the big army and walked to the front of a loyal soul. He squatted down and looked carefully.

The heroes of Confucianism are not the same as ordinary funerals. There is no tomb to seal the earth. It uses a translucent jade. Like thick ice, half of it sinks underground, and the face is directly exposed. Therefore, the burial place is a piece of jade belt, which radiates a brilliant brilliance in the moonlight.

This kind of cold jade is similar to the dead corpse of the Temple of the Dead, and it can save the body from being corrupt and immortal, just like before. The ink burned down and looked at the coffin in front of him. The mass graves would not be taken care of too carefully. Therefore, a thick layer of ash was accumulated on the surface of the jade, and the ink burned only to see the following. The outline of the deceased, can not see the five senses, look at the body seems to be a woman.

He stared at the woman for a moment, and his gaze went round again.

He felt that this coffin was somewhat wrong.

But the specifics are not right, he is not quite right.

He looked around, staring at no one paying attention to himself, putting his hand on the face, closing his eyes, and feeling carefully...

Suddenly the palm of my hand shook.

The ink burned open and the face was extremely ugly.

There is indeed evil in this place, but it is not rich, and the chess piece is not inside... Is it wrong?

"Ink burning!" Xue Meng, they have to go far, shouting at him in the distance.

Ink whispered to himself: "Immediately."

His slender hand smashed the face and rubbed the thick ash, trying to see the woman's appearance more clearly without squatting.

He rubbed it, and suddenly the light saw a detail and suddenly stopped.

He knows what is wrong.

Ash.

The accumulation of this coffin is wrong!

Except for the place he had just wiped, the smoldering suddenly found that there was still no place in the dust. On the side of the cockroach, there were four different lengths of ink. He hesitated for a moment and reached out to compare it. He found that it was just A person climbs out from inside, except for the thumb, where the other four fingers will reach!

The ink burned and changed. Just wanting everyone to stop the steps of going up the mountain, I suddenly felt a cold and cold chill in front of me.

He jerked his head up and couldn't help but face the white face on the body.

A woman in a shroud crouched behind the tombstone and was glaring at him.

The author has something to say: Today there is a small theater in Mu, because starting tomorrow, it is necessary to enter the decisive battle decryption volume, so there are only some warm tips to think about ~

1. There is a lot of reversal in the decisive battle volume. Almost every character has a secret to be announced. I hope that before you can see the ending, you should not easily decide on any role, and you may have to turn it over.

2. There should be four copies of the decisive battle volume, but it is not excluded that there may be a deletion or increase in the later qaq.

3. There is a knife in the final battle. There is no difference in the main supporting role. The protagonist is sure to he, and the supporting role is not good, but at least in the supporting column, except for the boss group, it will definitely not die. The supporting actors who are not written on the supporting column can only ask for their own blessings.

4. If you die, it will be fine. If you finish writing, you will also open a reincarnation or a foreign government. When you are old, you will feel soft. Even if Li Wuxin wants to open a foreign house or reincarnate, he will give a good ending (smile and cry)~~

5. The decisive battle volume is still in the process of editing and depositing, because there are a small number of plots out of the outline, so I don't know if it will be retained. Today's words cannot be completely calculated and may be revised.

6. I am going on a business trip for 20 days. I have been working very hard recently. I will try my best to take the time to reply. However, because the work of the manuscript has been accumulated recently and I have to rewrite

the text, I may not be able to reply one by one during this time. I am really sorry.

7. Thank you.

8. Cognac, don't let me make a 8?

Chapter 212

"Don't go forward! Go back! Go back! Go to the foot of the mountain!"

Cold and violent, everyone turned back and saw the darkness of the black clothes rushing to the ground. Behind him, a female corpse chased and rushed, and the mouth made a terrible roar.

Xue Zhengxuan was shocked: "Fire? How? What happened?!"

"Retreat! Go back!" Under the black-browed eyebrows, a pair of eyes like a bayonet out of the sheath, he shouted at the South Palace, "Nangong! Falling in front of the stone of rejection!"

Nangong Temple immediately rushed to the top - on the grave of the loyal soul group, it was the grave of the high-ranking disciples of the Confucianists. In order to prevent future generations, a long wall was set up between the two mass graves to block Use.

He rushed to the ground, and Ye Yexi was close behind, but before he reached the wall of resentment, the pace of Nangong’s scorpion suddenly stopped:

I saw the upper end of the mountain road, and slowly walked down a group of people, each wearing a Tsing Yi crane, flying with a sling, and glanced at it, as if the Confucianist door had not been extinguished, Hao Hao Tang Tang came to a group of heroic disciples. The end is a grand momentum, amazing.

But Nangong knows that it is wrong.

The leaves are also clear.

There is a difference between these Confucian disciples and their previous days and nights, that is, everyone's eyes are covered with a blue ribbon embroidered with crane shadows.

It seems to be a very small difference, but the people in Nangong’s family understand what it means—the living person will never tie this cover ribbon. This is the funeral worn by the division door before the burial of the Confucian disciples. It means that the eyes cover the clouds, drive the cranes to the West, and grow to the endless...

The downhill is all the dead of the Confucianist! !

Nangong squatted back, raised his hand, and subconsciously stopped the leaves.

He didn't look back, only whispered: "You go down."

"..."

"Go! Go and tell Mo Zongshi, it's too late." Nangong驷 took a deep breath and spit out a trembling of microstrips. "The high-level disciples of the Confucianist dynasty have all corpses and are pushing down the mountain."

"how about you?!"

"I stopped for a while, you hurry." Nangong 驷 侧 侧 , , , , 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 驷 南

Ye forgets to bite her lips. She knows that there is no place to look back. The last thing she can do is to solve her own quiver and throw it to Nangong, Shen Sheng: "Next. You don't always remember to take more."

When she rushed to the mountainside, there was a fierce battle. The former sorcerer of the Confucianist servant was coming from the bushes and behind the rocks. All the locusts that could be hidden were coming out and rushed to the facing monks. . These corpses are all dressed in shrouds, pale, and mixed in the different monks of the costumes, like snow and waves, far

from seeing is spectacular, but the price of this spectacular is too great, the time of the mountain screams, shouting one slice.

Ye forgets to see a few cockroaches that have been smashed by the spirits in the fierce battle. There are only clothes and a rough figure. Her righteous father is like a rabbit, leaving them with a calm and loyal "loyalty." In fact, the corpse of the scorpion has been summoned out and hidden in the dark, just to wait for them to go to the highest place, to mobilize the "high-ranking disciples" in front, killing in front, and smashing in the back.

He laid the net, they are the fish in the net.

Ye Forgetting found a smoldering in the melee: "Mo Zong Shi!"

The ink was fighting with the five dead bodies, and when he heard the sound of the leaves, he jerked his head and said, "What?"

"Sample" has not been said yet, and I saw the face of the leaf, and I know the answer.

The ink burned and slammed, and it happened that a zombie had bitten his arm. He couldn’t get rid of it. In his anger, he simply put his hand into the zombie’s mouth, his eyes twitching, his hands working hard, and the zombies The slippery tongue is torn out!

"Hey!"

The black blood splattered, and the zombie couldn't bite him anymore. He was elbowed on his chest and fell to the ground.

The ink burned black and horrible, and looked awkward. When she looked at the leaves again, she even made a cold greeting. But she immediately stabilized herself and said: "Auntie let you retreat as soon as possible, and retreat to the foot of the mountain to wait for him!"

The ink ignited a nod, and the sound of the arpeggio spread his voice throughout the film.

"Don't be in love, go to the foot of the mountain, and all go back to the foot of the mountain."

Huang Xiaoyue was in a hurry: "We have already prepared for a life and death with Xu Shuanglin. This scene is expected as early as possible. How can I retire now?"

The ink burns no matter what he is, the man is a dead bird for the food and death, Huang Xiaoyue wants to rush to the top of the mountain, to find the treasures hidden in the Temple of Heaven in the Confucianism Temple. That is the old man’s own business, he is still Speaking resoundingly: "Don't want to die, go down the mountain! Immediately! Go on!"

Although the corpses of these servants are not strong, they are not the civilian bodies of the hands of the arrogant mountains. They are amazing, and they are not afraid of pain. The former servants are coming up, and when the people retreat to the foot of the mountain, they have already More than a dozen monks died in the war.

Of course, Huang Xiaoyue also retreated. He also knows that with his own ability, it is impossible to kill the peak alone.

But he sneered with a beard and said: "Mr. Mozong, this is good. The person who wants to come to Lushan is you. Half of it, the person who let us back is also you. You can really be able to do it. What should I do now? If you want to start, let us follow you slumber and quit the enchantment?"

This grandson’s life is not enough for the Emperor’s shoes. It’s not enough to kill him. In this life, it’s because the ink is no longer the master of darkness, and it’s a clear and correct master, so you can’t be a big man. The next fan is the ear scraper.

But the ink can choose to ignore him at all.

Huang Xiaoyue wants to say it again. Suddenly, there is a burst of smoke in front of him. It’s actually Nangong’s riding a re-enacting real demon wolf, white gold, and a blast like a high-ranking disciple behind him, Huang Xiaoyue’s glance Go, shocked: "Oh, it’s awesome! Count!"

The ink burned and narrowed his eyes, and the old things finally reacted. I know that this is the ambush under Xu Shuanglin's cloth. It is not stupid.

However, the second half of Huang Xiaoyue is: "Nan Gongzhu! You are so courageous! I actually gathered in the Lushan Mountain, and I want to fight against the rest of the sects?"

Ink burning: "..."

The Nangong crouched low above the demon wolf, robbed the road, and Naobaijin was as fast as the arrow of the string, and the corpses chasing him behind him went further and further. At this time, Huang Xiaoyue responded that he had misunderstood him, but he did not have any slightest embarrassment. Instead, he looked at the zombies that were approaching the tide line and approaching them. The throat was moving.

Nangong rushed into the crowd, leaping from the demon wolf, stuffing the quiver into the forgotten arms, and breathing: "There are still left in the arrow, first you, you take everyone, evacuate ""

The leaf was originally heard in the first half of the sentence, and my heart was slightly loose, but the latter part made her suddenly raise her head and stared at Nangong’s face: “What are you going to do?”

"A little thing."

On the side of Huang Xiaoyue, the high-ranking disciples of the Confucianism Gate are getting closer and closer. Seeing that they will fight against the ancient Confucianism Gate Yingjie hundreds of years ago, he has a night of sweat and tears and shouts his head: "Nangong Yu! You are a very harmless thing!" Why are you like this! Why do you want to bring these monsters to us? Want us to kill the enemy for you?"

Seeing Nangong, I don’t look at him, and I don’t say anything. Huang Xiaoyue is extremely angry and trembles. “Well, I finally know what you are playing. You are afraid that one person will not go to the top of the mountain. To the treasures that your Laozi has left for you, so we will lead our people to your broken hill and open the way for you! Nangong驷! You are so poisonous!"

Seeing that he was talking more and more, Xue Zhengxi, standing next to him, couldn’t help himself, frowning: "Well, Huang Daochang, you will say less."

"Less what? Why should I say less?" Huang Xiaoyue did not put the next revision in his eyes. He would probably calm down on weekdays, taking into account the face of Xue Zhengxuan, but at the moment of crisis, where is he still pretending? Mind, pointing to the Nangong Temple, he said, "Sure enough, the son of a scorpion, the heart of the tiger and wolf! You actually use such a famous hero to clean up the roadblock for you! Where are you coming from?"

Nangong Temple: "..."

Huang Xiaoyue still did not give up, roaring: "People like you should have died to thank the world, but you actually escaped from the corpse, you also brought these animals to us, you -"

"Snapped!"

A very loud slap in the face, squatting on the face of Huang Xiaoyue.

The gentleman's wind leaves the past, still maintaining her slap in the face of Huang Xiaoyue, shaking slightly, panting, staring, staring at the person who fell to her.

"brute."

She whispered open.

"My Confucian hero is in front of me, I want you to speak out loudly!!"

The crowds of Jiangdongtang began to draw swords, pointing to the leaves, and a middle-aged woman under Huang Xiaoyue’s head was screaming at her: “You are a man who is not a man or a woman! Do you dare to start with the elders? It is a beast! The running dog of Confucianism!"

She yelled, and she was about to rush to clean up the leaves. Ink burning is about to help, and suddenly the rattan whip is heard, and the air is pumped away.

In a dazzling Jinhui, Chu Yuning came out from the crowd, and asked the day to pick up the eyes.

He turned his back to the leaf and faced Jiang Dongtang.

"I said it." He said one word at a time. "Nan Gongyi is my apprentice. If you don't want to go through the Tianyin Pavilion, then if you want to give pointers, please come to me first. On justice, or on justice. A fist."

In the silence, he dropped the last half of the sentence -

"To accompany the end."

The atmosphere has stagnated to the extreme.

Jiangdongtang is not in, not retreating, retreating, his face is dull, entering... Can they really shake Beidou Xianzun Chu tonight? What's more, they really should have a good relationship with Chu Yuning, and have they been dead?

The corpse is still close, getting closer...

Someone couldn’t help it, shouting: "Don’t argue! What are you going out to say! Think about it! What should I do!"

"Hit?"

“Is it so straightforward? Why do you have to retreat to the foot of the mountain? What is the difference between playing with the mountain?”

Yes, the ink can't help but think, what is the difference?

Although he understands what Nangong is doing, it will not be purposeless. As the last descendant of the Nangong family, since Nangongyu let them retreat to the foot of the mountain, they must have plans.

He couldn't help but look at Nangong Temple, who hadn't heard from the beginning, but suddenly found that the man's eyes were shining with an unclear light.

A kind of light that makes him shudder.

"Nangong!"

He snorted, but it didn't work. Nan Gongyi had been silently meditating on a curse from the past. He had been observing this curse from Huang Xiaoyue when he pointed at his nose.

It is too late to be aware at this time.

Numerous vines burst into the ground, rising from the ground, ink burning, leaves forgetting, Xuemeng... Everyone was almost entangled by this willow at the same time, and then immediately smashed out of the enchantment and took out the mountain. Mountain range.

The leaves are forgotten: "Auntie! What are you doing?!"

She wants to break in again, but Nangong raises her hand and slams her hand - the two tombs of the two towns stand up and stand up, falling into the stone powder, and they lift their left and right hands respectively. In a flash, a new translucent enchantment enveloped the entire Lushan Mountain Pass, blocking the way for everyone to enter the mountain.

Nangongyi stood alone in front of the enchantment, facing a thousand corpses, facing away from everyone after the enchantment.

He said: "There is a vine in the mountains, but it is a dragon rib. It can pull everything into the ground. But you can't be inside. - As long as you don't care about the blood of the Nangong family, once I use this method, I will

use it. The vine will not be divided into the enemy, and all of you will be plunged into the soil and buried alive."

Ye forgets the sorrow and anger, and drinks with anger: "Nangong 驷! Do you know that you are a person!" She slammed her hammer, but she could only call him outside the enchantment: "Nan Gong 驷!"

"How come you are alone." Nangong squatted half of his face. "Is there still you?"

"..."

Then, as if he suddenly thought of something, he actually grinned.

The smile was splendid. After the Confucianism slammed the door, there was no glare in his face. It was flying and smashing, and it was like madness. It seemed that many years of temperament had returned to the face, and in a pair of alums, the horse was swayed.

Nan Gongyi and many years ago, when he and Ye Yexixi first entered the trial illusion, they squinted and smiled at her face with a sword.

"But your girls are really useless. In the end, I still want you to protect you."

After all, he turned and strode toward the corpse that was rolling.

step.

Two steps.

Three steps.

stop.

Nangong smashed the sword into the soil, untied the gauze on the hand, and slashed it along the sharp sword.

Blood slid down, along the blood trough of the blade, into the moist soil of Lushan.

Nangong’s eyes are cool and look straight ahead, without fear.

He didn't know that at this moment, standing in the smoldering eyes outside the enchantment, his figure was overlapping with the leaves of the past, and he was the same person, and it was difficult to separate.

"The blood sacrifices the dragon, and it has the bones and bones." Nangong snarls, "The array opens -!"

Countless trees and vines broke through the cracked ground, and the sand was all down. The tree vines and the previous traps of the people, completely throwing out the crowd is different, it is a scarlet vine, without any branches of leaves. It can even be said that it is a rough blood vessel, which rises from the depths of the Lushan Mountain and instantly climbs each body controlled by the Zhenjiang Bureau.

Nangongyi used one person's power to drive thousands of dragons to unearth. In an instant, it consumed a great aura. He sweated on his forehead, and the hand of the sword shook slightly. The roots of the meridians on the back of the hand burst into the roots. Cracking, blood is more cross-flow...

"Shen Zhi!"

His face was pale, trembling, and the final order was made.

The thousands of dragons began to pull the corpse down to the ground fiercely, but the zombies apparently would not sit still, and they were screaming, roaring, and struggling.

At this time, Nangong Temple shared the spiritual strength with the dragons. The thousands of zombies were working hard. When they were twisting, they had to squeeze more power. They sacrificed blood to the

underground and urged the dragons to use stronger power. , pull the corpse down.

Ankle, calf...thigh...

The zombies in the mountains and plains are screaming, leading to the neck and flowing.

Nangong is breathing, thighs... still thighs...

He can feel that his spiritual power is almost exhausted, but he has not yet sunk those zombies into the soil. They are still writhing their bodies in angrily, supported by both hands, and want to break free.

More, to the waist... at least to the waist...

In this way, the enchantment can be solved and the outsiders can come in, so that these zombies will not be able to break free and turn the situation instantaneously.

at least……

A little more...

The spiritual power is exhausted and it is transferred to the consumption of the overdraft core.

Nan Gongyi only felt a dull pain in the heart. He had a slight tremor in the chest. He clenched his teeth, but the blood still slid down his lips.

A little more.

waist……

Very good, they are extremely difficult to move, but they are not the most stable. The strength of the zombies will be greater than when they are alive. If they are buried here, they may break through.

A little more!

"Cough--!" The power of the nucleus was once again sacrificed. Nangong 驷 only felt dizzy in front of him, could not support the squatting on the ground, vomited blood, and dripped the black soil.

Nangong swayed his eyelids and shook his eyes. He saw the corpses being dragged to the deeper places by the scorpion, and almost all of them had buried their chests.

These monsters are temporarily unable to move.

Nangong licked his lips and blood red, and laughed.

He heard the leaf forgetting shouting outside: "Auntie! Enough! Open the enchantment! You will open the enchantment!"

Xue Zhengyi also shouted: "Open the enchantment, Nangong! Let us help you!"

"Nangong, open the enchantment! Open the enchantment!"

The number of shouting people has gradually increased. In this world, not all people with no conscience.

Nangong smirked and smiled. After the Confucian style was extinguished, he suffered so many grievances and he did not cry. Suddenly, he was crying at this moment.

He choked and hoared and muttered: "...I know, I opened it...and opened it..."

He raised his trembling hand and prepared to remove the enchantment of the mountain that blocked everyone. However, the ground suddenly flicked and then began to vibrate slightly -

Nangong Temple was obviously aware of it. He jerked his head and then looked up and looked at the scene in front of him, revealing an unbelievable look.

Those who only obeyed his instructions, dragged the zombies to the depths of the earth, suddenly loosened them one by one, and then wrapped them around the chest of the bodies, pulling them one by one, out of the mud...

"Impossible..." Nangong said, "This is impossible!"

How can Lushan not obey the master's orders?

Even if Xu Shuanglin had the opposite instructions, these dragons would never be obeyed again, because the descendants of the Nangong family are the same for the evil dragons who are sleeping here.

If the two Nangong descendants gave the opposite order to Lushan, Lushan would only stop the current action, and no one would help and turn to neutral.

unless……

Nangong Temple suddenly had a layer of goose bumps, and he thought of a person.

This thought made him tremble, the heart's pain seemed to be better than before, he gasped, slowly looking up, he followed the long white marble steps, along the dense corpse tide, to the top.

A man with a majestic face and a tall and tall figure is slowly moving down along the long line.

He wore a luxurious robes, embroidered with dragons and dragons on the top, and the clouds and seas tumbling. Every step, the gold and silver wire cast on the cloth will emit a luster like water in the moonlight.

Above his nose, the end of the nose is tied with a ribbon that the deities of the Confucianists will wear, covering their eyes, but the ribbon is not blue, but black. The embroidered on the top is not a crane, but a dragon with a flame and a thin finger.

Nan Gong’s face was white and paper-like. He stared at the step by step, and the man who stepped down the steps, widened his eyes incredulously, whispering: "How... how could it be... too much head..."

The moonlight emerged from the leaves of the forest, illuminating the handsome, well-defined face of the man with a knife and axe.

It's him.

The only thing in the world that can make Lushan defy the Nangong family's posthumous command, can surrender the demon dragon, and can suppress the ancient evil beast "鯀" under the tower, and create the man who has been the first fairy-tale group for hundreds of years.

He was the first great master of the world hundreds of years ago. He was the first person to surrender and enter the gates of heaven when he was alive. He was the first generation of Confucianism.

Nangong Changying!

The author has something to say: Today's bib has:

"Honey tea j" wife's big white cat riding a two-dog blanket, the flying carpet dog just laughed and I couldn't breathe. Hahahaha, the two dogs can be said to be quite wronged, 23333 crab crab wife, what?~

"The third world is the first pity," the younger brother of the wife, the soft and cute Xia Shidi is really high in value. Don't want to be so handsome~ Hey! Crab and crab, what?

"Moe Huai is the sail of the sails", the wife's nine-color version, Rong Xiaojiu after the finish is still beautiful, **** little beauty, I have twice the price of the dog to pack him! I will hold a sign! ! ! Crab crab wife~ What?

"Seriously my dead guy" wife's little leaf sister, in fact, the little leaf sister is such a reason "people tend to love heroes, but if they can live a stable and happy life, how many people are willing to do that "The hero of the wrist", the gentle and feminine look of the young lady in the crab crab scroll, the crab crab, what?

The four cats, who are unwilling to be named, are called Zhou Yuning, Chu Zaining, Chu Goodnight and Chu Zhou. I think the real purpose of my wife may be to laugh at me, so that I can inherit my ants. Huayuan 233333 crab crab wife, what?

"Qing Feng Yu" Mrs. Mei Xuexue's little brother and Xue Mengmeng's little scorpion, one is a flower radish, one is a sweetheart, and I want to say that they are really too good, although both are straight men. But I still feel very excited to see the pictures they have in this way. Hahaha~ Crabs and crabs, what?

"Beenhrough" wife's dog spoiled ~~~ So the two dogs are a role who likes who is spoiled. Although 2:00 is tall and mighty, but still likes to be with the teacher, not to mention the soft cute Cute young version of the puppy, hahaha ~ milk dog and young masters are knocking on the beautiful, crab crab wife ~ what?

"Oce of the head"

Nangong Temple: Xu Shuanglin! ! You dig my grave! You move me too much! ! ! You are shameless! ! ! I love your ancestors! ! ! !

Xu Shuanglin: Don't make a big noise, your ancestors are also my ancestors.

Nangong Changying: ... I knew that you were so noisy, I should choose cremation instead of burial.

Nangong Temple & Xu Shuanglin: So why did the Taishou Gate have to be buried?

Nangong Changying: I want to be Snow White, I feel that I can sleep in the crystal, and I can still be awakened after five hundred years.

Popular science angels burn: Please do not believe the above dialogue, the custom of this world is the burial after death, and most of the heirs will hope to keep the ancestors' bodies intact, which is the most common in the realm of the Central Plains. Ancient customs are the same 哒~~

Chapter 213

Although Changying’s head is a long-established person, his portraits are painted on many scrolls in the world. The Confucianist sages are the majestic jade carvings of the first generation. Therefore, the leaves are almost instantaneous. Reaction: "Auntie, open the enchantment! You can't beat him!"

Of course not playing...

Who can play it?

I am afraid that it is difficult to win the battle with the most powerful master of the current comprehension, Chu Yuning.

Nangong is shaking, but not because of fear, but an extremely strong sorrow and anger - too much head... Xu Shuanglin actually made the widow of Taishou Gate a precious piece!

crazy……

Really crazy!

That is their ancestor, the soul of the Confucianism, the root of the Confucianism, and the **** of the generations who have been respected for generations.

It is Nangong Changying!

At the neck of the Nangong Temple, the blue veins violently jumped, and he made a twisting roar, like a tiger's hill: "Xu Shuanglin!!... No, Nangong bat!!! You give me out!! Come out!!!"

The sound is like a coil, and it won’t linger for a long time.

No one answered him, and Xu Shuanglin certainly would not come out.

The only reaction was the Nangong Changying, whose eyes were blindfolded. He turned his face slightly, his pale fingers swept the scabbard, and the burial sword went out, and the dragon was shining.

He took the sword and slowly walked down one step.

At the same time, Nangong Yu took a step back and he murmured: "Too much head..."

Nangong Changying walked steady and the sword tip was on the jade step, making a harsh scraping sound. His eyes were covered, and this sling was tied to the spell after death and could not be picked up. Therefore, he could not see the road ahead. He could only rely on the sound and smell to judge the position of Nangong Temple.

"Who is it?"

Suddenly, a low-pitched voice sounded.

It’s actually Nangong Changying talking!

“Why are you good at this place?”

Hearing the ancestors of hundreds of years to speak, even as a piece of precious chess, is extremely shocking.

Nangong sputum swallowed and said: "Too much, I..."

"..."

He suddenly loosened the long sword he was holding and bowed his head: "The younger generation is not Xiao, the seventh generation of the Confucianism is passed down, and the Nangong is worshipped."

"The seventh generation... oh..." Changying’s body slowly and numbly repeated the words, then shook his head and raised the sword, only saying a word, "kill."

The swords are connected!

Under the attack of Nangong Temple, he only felt his arms numb. The strength of the ancestors was amazing. A corpse face was approaching, and the air was like ice.

"I am good at killing people."

"Too much!"

The swords and flowers are chaotic, the swords are all amazing and amazing. Under the collision of the iron blade and the iron blade, the fireworks are splashed and the snow is smeared.

Xue Zhengyi had a fist in the enchantment, and Li Ran said: "Is it crazy? How could it be played?"

Who doesn't know the bravery of Nangong Changying? According to legend, his power is amazing, even if he does not use weapons, he can shoot rocks into pieces with one hand.

Deal with him?

I am afraid that the ten Nangong Temples are not enough for their ancestors to play.

Nangong’s mind is almost blank. He couldn’t think of himself one day. He would actually be with the first generation of the Confucianist’s door in the mountains. Under the collision of the first sword, he was violently repelled to ten feet. If you don't slap the sword in time, I am afraid that he is already in the grass.

Nangong Changying raised his sword and slowly approached.

He repeated the instructions in a low voice: "kill..."

At the moment, outside the enchantment, Xue Zhengyi continually hammered this film with annoyance. Jiang Xiaomei’s heart was tight and his lips were not spoken. Ma Zhuang’s master simply covered his eyes.

“Hey, ah” I dare to look at it, Huang Xiaoyue is secretly surprised and glad - fortunately, I didn’t catch Nangong in the first place. If I really tied Nangong to come to Mount Lu, it would be the person who faced the first generation of Confucianism. I am.

Only Chu Xiaoning was staring at Nangong Changying's move, and he felt that something was wrong. It was really wrong.

Who is Nangong Changying?

Just look at the two evil beasts that he surrendered. One is a dragon and the other is a scorpion. They are all ancient evil beasts. How terrible is this man's spiritual power? Even if his soul is already out of the body at this time, the only thing remaining in the world is a body. Many spells can't be displayed, but fighting obviously should not be affected.

So to what extent is Nangong’s fighting skills?

Near the Feiji Island in the East Pole, there is a relic of the Confucianism Gate, a fascinating relic - an island in the lake.

The lake is not big, it is not small, and it is stagnant water. There is no magnificent scene. It takes about half an hour to walk around it.

However, everyone knows that this lake was not a lake, but a small hill. When the Nangong Changying and the battle were in the past, several times, the dragonfly used this hill to cover up and avoid the flash. Nangong Changying was fighting. In the middle, dozens of heavy punches fell on the rock. As a result, the last punch actually shattered the stone of hundred feet high, collapsed and collapsed, and the landslide broke. From then on, the mountain was no longer raining, and the rain accumulated into a pool. A lake.

Therefore, it is not the late night of the Chu Dynasty, but he feels that when Nangong Changying’s first sword and Nangong Temple are on the opposite side, Nangong Temple should fly out of the 100 feet, and there is absolutely no chance to get up.

This corpse is flawed.

Chu nightning's gaze is like a sharp blade scraping through every inch of musculature in Nangong Changying.

Suddenly, his sharp eyes condensed and fell on the arm of Nangong Changying's sword. He paused, and in the brain suddenly polished a fire, he suddenly realized what was wrong. ——

Over there, Nangong was struggling with his sword and staggered and stood still. Like his wolf dog, he could lose, but he would never escape. He wiped the blood on his lips with his sleeves and was about to fight again. He suddenly heard a familiar voice behind him and said, "To his left, his left arm meridians have been picked."

"Chu Zongshi?"

"Don't go to God." Chu night Ning stood outside the enchantment, a pair of brown scorpions stared at the two men's demolition, "even if Nangong Changying broke his left arm, can not be taken lightly."

I heard that Chu Yuning said that the surrounding heads had fallen on Changying’s left arm and found that the left arm of the corpse was weak and weak. Xue Zhengyi was shocked: “Chang Ying’s head is dead. Was it actually picked up the meridians? Who did it?"

.....

No one answered.

However, people who are familiar with the life of Changying, such as Ye Yexi, have quickly understood.

Who did it? Who in this world will pick up his meridians, and who can pick his meridians?

Nangong, who is fighting with Nangong Changying, is staring at the face of his ancestors, and the face of the Xianxiantang jade carving is as good as

the Nangong Changying is still living in this world, never going to death.

If he is still alive, if he really does not die, if these centuries of years are written off, then at this moment, is he accepting the test of the first generation of the head, accepting his trials, his advice?

"Nau Platinum! Come over!" Nangong's consciousness gradually returned to the body. He screamed at the wolf, turned over and leaned on the left arm of Changying's head, attacking at a very fast speed.

I flashed through the scene of my childhood.

Standing in front of the magnificent jade carvings of Xian Xian Tang, he looked at the statue of the first generation.

The child’s perspective is always strange. He suddenly turned his head and said to Rong Rong: “Auntie, this statue is not doing well.”

"Why didn't you do it?" Rong Rong dragged the luxurious robes, covered him with a slap, coughed gently, and squatted to the child, looking up at the statue of Changying's head. "Not very good? It’s life, it’s lifelike.”

"...I don't understand."

Rong Rong sighed. She was an acute child. She hated not to learn the knowledge that others had to spend for twenty years. In two years, she was stuffed into her son’s head: "It’s like a living person, every detail. Very vivid. Didn't these two words teach you all the time?"

Nangong licked his mouth and said, "But the carving is wrong."

"What's wrong?"

"Auntie, look." He pointed to the left arm of the first generation and pointed to the right arm. "The left arm is thicker than the right arm. I stared at it for a long time. Fine, a little asymmetrical, wrong!"

He said, he also raised his two arms to look at Rong Rong, and seriously told his mother: "My arms are as thick as the two sides, and the mother is also, the sly is also... so this is wrong Let the craftsmen reshape one!"

"It turns out that this is what it means." Rong Yan shook his head and said, "This is not the fault of the craftsman, but the head of the head is too poor."

“Why? Is it born?”

"Nature will not be born." Rong said, "Taizhang is used to the left hand. The strength of his left arm is much larger than that of the right arm. It will grow longer and longer, and gradually the left side will become thicker and

stronger than the right side. So, say this. The craftsmen of the statues were not mistaken, but they were very careful and noticed the nuances."

"Hey-!"

The two long-handled blades are on the opposite side, and Nangong Temple and Nangong Changying face are very close, and they are struck by the other side's teeth.

Losing the left-handed Nangong Changying, against the scars, but exhausted the last trace of the Nangong Temple. This is a battle of melee.

Xue Zhengyi had the idea of letting himself breathe a sigh of relief: "The meridian of his left arm, isn't it... isn't he breaking himself?!"

In fact, not only Xue Zhengyi, but also many people in the enchantment appearance war, there is gradually such a guess:

From the high-level disciples, after the burial, the eyes of the Confucianists must be covered with spiritual powers, and it’s really just “walking by cranes and watching the sky”.

Is it possible that Nangong Changying also expected a hundred years of human life, and the vicissitudes of life changed?

Therefore, when he founded the Confucianist Gate, he had already thought of the end of the Confucianism. The reason why he covered every burial disciple’s eyes was that he could not exert the most powerful combat power. It is a disaster.

Therefore, the **** Wu who accompanied him for a lifetime was not in the embarrassment, he only took a long sword.

Therefore, before he died, he broke all the meridians of his left arm. Even if there were really unjust people in the future, holding his corpse and making waves, he could not get all his fighting power.

But the answer is ultimately unknown.

More than a dozen rounds were handed over, and it was fierce. Nangong suddenly saw the eyebrows of Taishangmen whispering and muttered: "Nangong...驷...the seventh generation..."

Outside the enchantment, the ink condensed God stared at Nangong Changying's every move. As a stepping emperor, he is different from all the decent people in the field, and he can accurately perceive something that people who have never played a game of chess are hard to find immediately.

In the view of ink burning, this corpse is obviously different from the rest. He seems to have been struggling to pick up his own consciousness before his death.

This is also the worry before the ink burning - although the chess game is one of the three major bans, but there is no magic in the world will be perfect, if a person's willpower is particularly strong, then the operator must continue to Apply a stream to it to suppress the resistance of the piece.

Once the skill supply of the surgeon is not enough, the Zhenqi chess piece will run out of control, and sometimes even reverse the operator. This is why many people in the history of the chess game have suddenly died of malaria, or directly through the veins. Retrograde, violently killed.

The ink burned in the face, and the eyes followed the movement of Nangong Changying.

He can almost conclude that Xu Shuanglin could not fully control Nangong Changying.

"boom!"

A fierce slamming sound caused the ink to smother the five fingers on the enchantment, and the veins were prominent.

The difference in strength is still too big.

Everyone present was able to see clearly, even if Nangong Changying broke his main arm and forced his strength, the master is still a master. Even if he has pulled out the sharp claws, this empty body can still be with Mei Hanxue and Xue Meng. This level of juniors is tied.

Really want to suppress him, I am afraid I still have to let the head and elders at this level of people move.

But the heads and elders can't get in, the enchantment is sealed, and the inside is the territory of the Nangong family. Those who rushed into the city will cause the spirit of the mountain to rise, and then they will help.

This is the civil war of Confucianism, no one can intervene.

If it is a full-fledged Nangong Temple, it is probably possible to rely on one's own strength to pose the corpse in front of the plane, but his previous suffering has been too much. It was another heavy blow. Nangong Temple could have flashed smoothly. However, when the neck ring of Naobaijin was turned over, it was torn by the palm wound, and it was temporarily pulled off and not pulled.

"呜嗷-"

Naobai’s blond screams, and the sword in the hands of Nangong’s scorpion is shot down and flies down to the edge of the enchantment.

The ink burned and saw that the hilt was stained with the blood oozing from the heart of Nangong’s palm...

"Auntie! Don't fight! Come out! Let's think of another way!" Ye forgets to shout at him again.

People are always like this. Ye will not beg for mercy, but Nangong is her weakness.

She is crying and crying.

In the past, I have never seen her cry like this. She can really have some girls’ shadows at this moment. The two brothers of Nangong Liu and Nangong are out of selfishness, and they are embedded in a cold and cold face. mask.

This mask she always felt that she couldn't pick it up in her life, but when she saw the sabre that was full of mottled blood, it was gone.

"Auntie..."

The hit was too heavy. Nangong licked his teeth, sweating and licking, and he didn't want to hold it up from the ground, but a cold light flashed through it, and the sharp edge of the snow reflected on his side.

Nangong sighed slightly and raised a face similar to that of Nangong Changying. He looked up at his ancestors through the bright Jianguang.

The sword of Nangong Changying has been hung directly above him.

Inside and outside the enchantment, the time is dead.

Chapter 214

The ink-burning hand is pinched in the dark, his heart beats like a drum, and the veins at the temple are twitching. He stares at all the arrogant things in front of him. There is a crazy thought in his heart - Nangong Changying will always want The life of Nangong Temple. And is he really going to stand like this? Can he really stand up so calmly? !

He was shaking, he was suffering, but fortunately no one saw his strangeness. The line of life and death in the enchantment had been as good as the fine sand, gathering all the gaze.

The sword will be **** at any time.

Wanmu was stunned, and the ink burned the hidden weapon in the sleeve. The fingertips rubbed on the edge of the sharp sleeved arrow. He wanted to do one thing, but that thing made his fear grow like a weed.

Suddenly, the body of Nangong Changying trembled.

This trembling is too obvious, and everyone can see clearly.

Xue Zhengxuan was shocked: "What happened?!"

Nangong Changying could not see the specific position of Nangong, and his position of the sword was actually somewhat biased. However, Nangong Temple can't make a sound, a little voice, and a strange flow of wind can make Nangong Changying react.

He stared blankly and reluctantly on the face of his ancestors, licking his lips, and his lips were full of blood.

"You are... Nangong... eh?"

"!!!"

This time, don't say Xue Zhengzheng, how many people who stood in front of the words heard a cold greeting.

- Nangong Changying is conscious? ! ?

The smoldering face also changed abruptly. The cold light flashed in his sleeve, and the dark arrow that was about to come in hand was taken back by him. His back has been soaked in cold sweat and his heart beats wildly.

It’s dangerous... I’m almost exposed myself...

He felt lucky for not having to shoot, but then he was disturbed and disgusted by the luck he had born.

In front of this mountain, the two souls of his past life and this life are fighting in the dragon, constantly biting and entangled, tearing each other bloody, biting flesh and blood.

He doesn't know how long he can support.

"Nangong...oh...the seventh..."

In the enchantment, the sword of Nangong Changying’s high hanging is slightly offset.

A little bit, one inch...

Xue Zhengyi was shocked: "Is he really conscious?"

No, not conscious.

It is to restore recovery consciousness and restore the remaining consciousness in this body.

Mo-burn knows that Xu Shuanglin, who is hiding in a corner of Lushan Mountain, is like a poor pipa performer. He has never danced such a huge and huge puppet, and he is almost unable to hold it.

Nangong Changying is about to break free from him -

"brush!"

The ink burns in the future, and the sound of the sound that penetrates the flesh makes his scalp numb and the pupils shrink.

In an instant.

Bloody madness!

A few silent, suddenly a twist into the extreme shouting in the ears, a sword frost, straight puncture periosteal - "Auntie!!!"

"Ye girl!"

"Leaves forget!!"

Left and right clamped the eyes of the red-eyed red-eyed madness, lest she do something radical, but people soon discovered that it would be more than one thing, what can she do? She is not a member of the Nangong family. How can she be left and right? In front of Lushan, she is just an outsider.

She can't get in.

Nangong Changying’s sword ruthlessly penetrated the shoulders of Nangong’s shoulders. If he could look at his eyes, he was afraid that he had already opened a hole in the chest of Nangong’s chest.

Nangong squatted and seemed to want to say something, but Changying immediately pulled the sword and splattered the blood. The Nangong, who fell to the ground, spit out a large amount of blood. Even supporting himself was hard to do, struggling several times, and finally Suddenly fell in the mud.

I don't know what Xu Shuanglin did, perhaps to donate the power of the nucleus, or perhaps to control Nangong Changying with all consciousness.

This body, which was about to restore the consciousness of God, suddenly became the doll of the killing decision. He carried the sword, and there was

blood in the fine sword groove, which was ticking on the ground, glaring at the moonlight, gathering. Into a small beach, dark and uncertain.

Nan Gongyi once again wanted to climb from the ground, but failed. He was in the mud and barely raised his face.

The ink burns the eyelashes and closes the eyes.

He would rather Nangong to not let people see this face, an original proud, flying, never clean, handsome face, only blood and mud at the moment, almost can not see the five senses, wolf enough to make anyone who has a conscience Feeling sad.

Although Nangong’s eyes are not sad.

There is still fire in his eyes, there is still light.

Nangong Changying wants to make up another sword, but a white light smothers and fights with him. Naibaijin screams and screams, murderous, regardless.

"Auntie..."

Ye Yexi has almost collapsed, and Nangong Temple does not look at her. He only stares at Jiang and can't help but see, **** lips and teeth open and close.

He couldn't make a loud noise at the moment, but Jiang Yan understood his lips, he held his hand, and a pair of brown eyes stared at the shaking of Nangong's lips.

Nangong Temple is finished.

Jiang Yandao: "...good. I know."

"Hey..."

It was a blunt sound, and Naobaijin was shot with one hand by Nangong Changying. The movement of it was far greater than that of its own owner. Pang Shuo’s snow-white body wrestled between the trees and leaves, and pressed a large piece. branches and leaves. Then its spiritual power could not support it. "There was a smog in the original place. The smoke had not yet dispersed. There was a fluffy white milk dog in it, but it was not in the palm of the hand. Big, very hard to bite the clothes of Nangong Changying.

That is the prototype of the larvae of Naobai.

Nangong tweeted and whispered: "Go, go."

"Hey!!" Nai Platinum does not go.

But this point of strength, biting in Nangong Changying, just like mud cows into the sea, never go back, Nangong Changying is too lazy to pay attention to it, he moved his fingers, smashing the mountains and shaking the mountains, those who were previously bound by Nangong Thousands of corpses that lived were pulled out of the ground by the vines.

Pulling the mountains.

Destroy the dead.

In the eyes of Nangong, there was a fierce luster in his eyes. He actually put his hand on the ground, and there was a pain in his chest and a smash! !

He used his own practice for more than 20 years of spiritual nucleus, using his own hard work of more than 20 years of cold winter heat, desperately throwing and never looking back and bloody: "Shen Zhi!!"

crack.

He can clearly feel the core of the heart that has been with him for twenty years, and it bursts in an instant.

Very light, like the wind blowing over the spring lake, blowing ripples.

Very heavy, like the broken mountain, rolling earth and stone.

In the end, it turned into powder.

At that moment, Nangong was vaguely a little relieved. It was this taste that the original nuclear power was broken. Although it hurts, it is not a heartbreaker.

Then, when A-Ning died, she should not suffer too much.

It’s all there is no need.

The spirit of the dragon was really trembling because of his sacrifice. The blood vines that were supposed to be loosened suddenly closed again, clinging to the zombies that were about to be broken. Nangong Changying slightly raised his chin, and he lowered his voice "Hm?" and then walked to the front of Nangong and stood still.

At this time, Nangong was unable to move in one step, lost the spiritual core, and he was no different from ordinary people.

He can't even recall his own sword.

He gasped and looked up at his face, reflecting the moonlight in the eyes, and reflecting the face of Nangong Changying against the moonlight.

"Too much head..."

Nangong Changying’s eye-catching ribbon hunt in the cold wind. He stood there for a while, his fingertips moved again, but the spirit of Lushan was sacrificed to the original owner’s body because of the sacrifice of Nangong’s spiritual core. The instructions could not be immediately reacted, so those blood vines still had no movement, and even slammed the corpses of the riots and continued to sink to the ground.

However, Nangong knows that he can't support it.

As long as Nangong Changying has the heart to swear to order, Lushan finally obeys the instructions of the first master, and he can't change it.

However, although it cannot be changed, he will still pay such a price and do his best.

Innocent in my heart.

Outside the enchantment, the ink burned and clenched the lips and teeth, and the sleeves and arrows were at the fingertips. The lines of his face were stretched to the extreme, and his hands trembled slightly under the robes.

Inside the enchantment, Nangong said: "Too masters... I can't help, I still...what... nothing has been done..."

The ancestor's sabre was lifted again, and Nangong was trying to close his eyes.

Suddenly, just as he was about to squat on the neck, he saw Nangong’s long and narrowly turning his neck. Difficult, from the socket of the alveolar, squeezed out the sentence, “You...called... Nangong...驷?"

Nangong squatted and hoarsely said: "Too palm? You, are you conscious? You... can you understand my words?!"

The latter sentence can't be heard, but everyone can see that the action of Nangong Changying's men suddenly slowed down, and his lips slightly open, apparently talking to Nangong.

"I...should not... fight with you..."

The sword of Nangong Changying is still hanging, but his throat is intermittent and makes a very slight sound.

"My heart still exists... I remembered in the past... Before I died, I was worried that there will be changes in later generations..." He just regained his consciousness, his words were not clear, and he was hoarse. "I don't think...I have it today."

Nangong Chang Yingdun paused and resumed: "Nangong... Hey. For a while... After me... After I finished the curse... You immediately... Take the bow and arrow... I..."

Bow and arrow?

What bows and arrows?

Nangong’s brain creaked, and there was no reaction at the moment, but Nangong Changying had a long sword, brushing the ground and scratching the ground, and making a long-distance like a dragon. Then he swept a few feet back and the clothes fluttered like a fairy.

Nangong Changying is shaking, and at this moment he is forced to get rid of the control of the man. Every time he speaks a word, he will lose a lot of power.

"Wear, cloud, call, come."

Almost every word, I finished this sentence. In the hinterland of Lushan, I suddenly heard a long and clear scorpion. The land in front of Nangong Temple burst open, and the deep blue corner bow could not be heard. It sounded and it was a long night.

Everyone is ashamed, even the people who are so cold in the evening, are slightly discolored.

The legendary martial arts of the first generation of the Confucianist Gates

Wear the clouds!

"Fast, take away!" Nangong Changying dumbly, he trembled fiercely, as if he was confronting the invisible spider thread, trying not to let himself go up and pick up his **** bow through the clouds, "wearing The arrow of the cloud can burn the flesh and blood...burn."

Nan Gongzhen actually understood what he meant, but the stimulus was too big. He couldn't believe it, so he said dryly, "What is it burning?"

"I!" Nangong Changying suddenly angered and violently drunk.

"Too much!"

"Don't let my body... make... I was alive... the most hated... things."
Nangong Changying grew up in a sturdy position, and Xiaoyi, the last word after a hundred years, "burned."

Chapter 215

In the thousands of years of comprehension, Yinghao has come forth in large numbers, and now only ten people can be listed on the "Xianjun Spectrum". Nangong Changying is one of them.

Once upon a time, the ink burned was not taken for granted. He used a little finger to crush the 72 cities of Confucianism. He only thought that there were hundreds of waste pustules in the city, and the knife had not been put on the neck. Shouting pain, the sword has not yet squatted and began to beg for mercy.

As the last generation of the child leaves the past, he said before the death, the Huang Dynasty Confucianism seventy cities, Ning no one is a man.

In the eyes of the ink, the Confucianist Gate is a loose sand, and the Nangong Changying, who is gathered in this scattered sand, can be a great figure?

The blood is mottled, and the centuries-old foundation was razed to the ground by the latecomers. The dead bodies were everywhere, and the crows licked the belly of the dead. When he stepped on the stage, he had no expression on his face and pushed the door of the Xianxian Hall.

He wore a black cloak on the ground and passed through the gallery with the heads of Confucianism and the portraits of the elders, and finally stopped at the end of the Xianxian Hall.

Stepping on the face, the cloak was added, under the hood, couldn't see his entire face, only to see his pale chin, the arc was fierce and arrogant, slightly raised, with a gesture of judgment, looked The statue that is taller than the real person.

It is a statue carved by the white jade stone. It is a young sage with a wide robes and wide sleeves. It is set up with a bow and a bow. The craftsman's artificial pen is sturdy, and it is ingenious. It is set with crystals inlaid with crystals. Applying the crown, the **** morning light fell from the skylight behind the statue, causing him to squat up like a scent of the nine-day god.

The half face under the hood of the fairy hat, suddenly revealed a smile, revealing the white teeth, sweet dimples.

He sorted out the dress and made a long glimpse, then lifted up the face of Qing Jun, and said with a smile: "Long time, Nangong fairy."

The statue naturally does not speak, only the black spar flows with luster, as if gazing at the coming.

Stepping on the fairy is also very boring, no one cares about him, he can still play for a long time: "The younger generations are drizzling, today is fortunate to meet, Nangong Xianchang is really good-spirited."

He laughed and laughed and talked for a long time, and the living person was nervous about the statue.

"I have seen your Xuan Xuan Xuan Xuan..." He licked his fingers and sighed. "I can't figure out. Who knows that you are the first generation of nephews. I have seen you who don't know the first generation." Hey, you don’t know the first generation of apprentices under your seat."

Then he smiled: "But now they have become my knife, so if you haven't reborn, you have already seen them."

"Unfortunately, I didn't see your Xuan Xuan Xuan Xuan grandson. The guy fled before the city broke. I don't know if it is dead or alive, how much regret."

He was happy again, Pi Liyang and the statue relatives talked for a long time, and then said: "Right, I heard that Nangong Xianchang was also a generation of people, and everyone went back. Wherever they went, there were people who swear allegiance to follow. There are even fans who are called emperors."

The ink burned and smiled: "Isn't that just as good as I am today? So I came here, the first thing I said was nonsense, I just had a question - I wonder why Nangong Xianchang did not refuse to go to the base in the past?"

He paused and walked a few more steps. At this time, his sight fell on the warning monument standing behind the sculpture of Nangong Changying. In fact, this monument is so big. He saw it early in the morning, but he has always been Over.

The stone tablet was the 96-year-old Nangong Changying. It was carved with a sword. It was primitive and unpretentious, but later it was added with gold powder and silver. Now it’s a brilliant glow.

The ink burned and stared for a while, and smiled and said: "Oh, I understand. 'Greedy, murder, murder, thief, is my Confucian gentleman seven can't do it?' Xian Chang is really good."

He held his hand and continued: "But the fairy is white, the world is clear, and he is taught to the later generations. He is very curious, but I am very curious. Did the fairy think that one day, the Confucianism will become Today's situation?"

He said here, licking his lips, seems to be thinking of a suitable wording, and then he thought of it, so he smiled and said: "A nest of squirrels?"

When he finished, he laughed, and his smile was so happy and pleasant. He was pure and evil. He echoed in the empty and solemn Xianxian Hall for a long time. His voice was like a crack, like tearing the piece of the shaft that was slightly swaying with the wind, shredding. Portraits of Confucianism Yingjie in the past...

The laughter finally berthed in front of the icy sculpture of Nangong Changying, and stopped abruptly.

The ink burned no longer smiled. He converges on the smile and slowly condenses a layer of ice on the surface.

His dark eyes stared at the front sages of the opposite side of the Wu belt, staring at the same person as him, who could also order the world and step on the celestial beings.

It seems that time and space meet here, and the first sages of the two eras are squatting in the torrent of years.

Finally, the ink burned softly: "Nangong Changying, your Confucianism is a pool of dirty water, I don't believe you will be clean."

He slammed his sleeves and turned around, striding out of the Xianxian Hall. Suddenly there was a gust of wind, blowing down the hood of the cloak, and finally revealing the crazy face of the Emperor.

He has the handsome and handsome appearance of the world, and is a well-deserved beauty man, but this face, but the fierce and sinister eyes of the world, like a rotten food.

The black robes are like thick clouds and ink, rolling down the long steps.

He is a ghost of the world, Shura of the red dust, he looked up, there are dead bodies of Confucian disciples everywhere, lack of arms and broken legs, stepping Xianjun does not accept the soldiers, except that the woman named Song can still be kept, the rest , rush to kill.

At that moment, the burning heart was filled with cruelty and enthusiasm. He looked at the radiant glow of the sky, the sun pierced the clouds, and a dazzling golden light was on his pale face.

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and squeezed his hands in his sleeves, shuddering with ecstasy and excitement.

He used to be such a life-threatening person. When he was young, he used to eat food in Linyi. He had seen his mother starving to death. He didn't even have a straw-covered mat. At that time, he asked a monk of the Confucianism, could he give him a coffin, the thinnest and the worst, but the man said a word to him -

The monk said: "Which person should be worthy of a fight, hitting three feet, you can hardly ask for a shot."

He had no choice, so he wanted to bury his mother on the spot, but the control of Linyi was very strict. The nearest mass grave was outside the city, and it was reached by turning over two hills.

He dragged his mother's body, all the way to the disgusting, inferior, surprised, sympathetic eyes, but no one helped him, he walked for 14 days, a child dragged a woman's body, fourteen days .

Fourteen days. There is no one who is willing to help him.

At the beginning, he would kneel on the side of the road to beg, begging for a gentleman, a groom, a farmer, can take him and Aunt with a wooden cart.

But who would be willing to put a mortal body on his car?

Later, he did not plead, just biting his teeth, dragging his mother, walking step by step.

The body was stiff, softened, and began to rot. There was stench and corpse oozing out. The passers-by shunned him three times and covered his nose.

On the fourteenth day, he finally reached the mass grave.

There is no smell of living people in him, and the corpse smells into his marrow.

He didn't have a jealousy, he used his hand to plan a shallow hole under the mass grave. He really didn't have the strength to dig a deep pit. He dragged himself to the unrecognizable A Niang and dragged it into the pothole. Then he sat next to him.

After a long time, he said stiffly: "A mother, I should bury you."

He began to smash the earth, only took a handful, sprinkled on the mother's chest, he collapsed, he cried.

It’s strange, he thought that the tears had already drained.

"No, no, you can't see it when you bury it. If you bury it, you won't see it." He climbed into the pit again, crouching on the rancid body, tears rolling down. When the mood was a little slow, he went to the earth again, but the soil seemed to have some smell that could open the lacrimal gland, and he collapsed.

"How can it be so bad... It’s all like this..."

"Why didn't even have a mat..."

"A Niang... A Niang..."

He took his face to marry her. He didn't dislike her dirty. She stinks. She is a dead man. She doesn't have a good skin under her body. She has pus and blood, and she crawls on the mites.

He fell in her arms and burst into tears. Every voice of the pharynx and heartbreaking lungs seemed to be dug out of blood in the throat.

Finally, the mourning of the funeral post echoed his whining, the voice was distorted and hoarse, ambiguous, sometimes like a cry of people, but more often it was like a cry after the young beast lost his mother.

"A Niang... A Niang!!"

"Come to the individual...Is there anyone...I have buried me personally...and buried me..."

In a blink of an eye, twenty has passed.

The ink burned back to Linyi, standing on the hill of Qionglai, the wind of the Confucianism, and standing in front of the **** sea.

At that time, the scorpion of the body had become bright and fangs sharp, and he blinked his eyes again, and the brilliance and brilliance of the brilliance flashed in the scorpion.

Today, he is standing here, who dares to tell him that he is hitting three feet, is it hard to ask for a sigh?

absurd! He wants ten feet, a hundred feet, and wants to be perfect!

He wants them to ask everyone in this world to kneel down and kneel to the ground and present his millions of millions of feet to the top -

Step on all the celestial beings, respect the world! ! !

He has entered the Xianxian Hall and met Nangong Changying. He has more and more determined his own desires and ambitions. Yes, he has done all the best in the world, and he can hold everything in his palm. live.

He will never be the child who screamed and screamed in the past. He will never let his favorite person die in front of him. He will rot in front of him, and his skin will be white and bones.

No more.

A hundred years later, he will also become a **** like Nangong Changying, who is enshrined in the mountains, and the white jade is the word of the golden powder.

No, he will be better than Nangong Changying. His life and death will be far better than the original Confucianism, and he, the first king of the comprehension, will also be able to afford the hypocrite that Nangong Changying can’t afford. More teach people to admire, more teach people praise.

Sin?

He does not believe that Nangong Changying is not guilty. Can someone who can make a monster like Confucianism, how could it be a self-satisfaction and a good-natured gentleman?

Isn't it a "gracious grievance, murder and looting, is it that my Confucian gentleman can't do it?" Who wouldn’t say beautiful words? Before he died in the rain, he could find someone to come up with some wonderful things for him. It is a singular slogan that can be used to write a history book for him, and he has written off the past in the dark. The Lord of the Holy Spirit, "The heart is the eternal life of all people, and the ambition of one's own industry."

It’s really great.

There is no ending, it will be better than this.

"Greedy, murder, murder, smuggling... is me... Confucian gentleman... Seven...not for..."

A faint whisper is like a thunder, screaming.

The ink burned from the muddy memories, but he was still in a mess of stars. He looked up and looked at the enchantment. He was used by Nangong to wear the Nangong Changying, who wore the arrow of the cloud.

The same face as the jade carving of that year.

Some people are exclaiming: "Nangong Temple is hurt like that, how can you pull through the cloud bow?!"

"Is that bow already prepared?!"

"Oh, there is spiritual power attached to the bow...not the South Palace! Yes, yes..."

No one said it.

But everyone knows it.

It is Nangong Changying.

The person who can control the bow of the cloud can only be controlled by Nangong Changying.

On the bow and arrow, there is the last spiritual stream left by the death of Nangong Changying.

The fire spread rapidly in the chest of Nangong Changying, and the arrow of the cloud was tied in his atrium, and the fire spread to the whole body instantly.

But the body is painless. The body of Nangong Changying looks so tall in the flames, and the face looks so calm and calm, even calm.

The ink burned and heard that Xue Zhengyi was muttering: "He had expected it?... He... Has he expected such a day?"

Do not……

It won't be expected early, it's just a coincidence.

The ink burns and the pupil is twisted into two slits -

This is just a coincidence!

But how can he convince himself? Can break away from the control of the precious pieces, the long-broken meridians, and even buried in the mountains, the martial arts that have not been buried, and the arrows that are filled with spiritual power.

... If you don't arrange it carefully, how can you do this step?

He took a step back.

He used to think that they were the same. He thought that all the legendary heroes in the world had not given birth to a pair of hands that could cover the sky. They could wipe the stains of their lives and put on a clean shroud, leaving a piece of white. He thought that Nangong Changying and the Confucianism Gate he had seen were just like a watch, but they were just wearing a beast!

Is he wrong?

He looked at Nangong Changying, who was wrapped in a splendid fire. Hundreds of years ago, like him, the spirit was amazing, and there was a long-lasting power.

Is he wrong? ? !

Nothing can be overwhelmed by sin, and the history of writing can be crowned with imperfections, and the mouth of the long-term can never be blocked.

Nangong Changying is the best person, refuses to seek hegemony, and does not fly up - he thought that it was just the power of the peak of the people to paint and hide themselves.

Is he wrong?

Nothing can bury the truth, just like the snow that will be frozen in the winter will melt away. After the white sky fades out, the earth reveals a sloping face, and all the dirt in the wrinkles is nowhere to escape. The sun shines down, they are all Screaming in the white screaming.

He... is it wrong...

The ink burned his head slowly. He stared at Nangong Changying. Nangong Changying also raised his face. He still bears the black ribbon embroidered with the dragon's ornament. No one can see his eyes. I can’t see you either.

But I don't know if it is my own illusion. I think that Nangong Changying seems to be laughing. Under the black ribbon, there are laughter lines, the fire is not exhausted, the water can't be washed away, nothing can cover the shallow veins. The smile, he is standing in the sea of fire, in the warm light, standing quietly.

If he can, he also wants to be selfish, leaving this remnant, often accompanied by Castle Peak, and later heroes.

The world is so beautiful, no one wants to go.

However, he also knows that sometimes he does not go, so he has already planned to cut the bow. It is not necessary to use it for the future.

The world is so beautiful, it is enough to have flowers, and it should not be infected with blood.

"Too's head..." Nangong held the bow of the cloud and squatted on the ground. The fire reflected his young face and also reflected the tear marks on his face. "The younger generation is not good..."

The fire of the clouds burned the precious sunspots in the body of Nangong Changying. He was about to be burned to ashes, and the whole body was getting lighter and weaker in the fire.

Nangong Changying, who was completely free, asked Nangong a sentence: "How many years have passed since the establishment of the Confucianism Gate?"

He is just a corpse, and the soul is gone.

There are not many memories and consciousness that can exist in the flesh, so you can only ask such simple things.

Nangong驷 did not dare to neglect, sobbing and answering: "The Confucianist door has been built for 421 years."

Nangong Changying licked the hoe, and now he even smiled at the lips.

He said: "Long time."

The voice was stunned, like the wind that passed through the mountains and forests.

"I thought that it would be over two hundred years." Nangong Changying's voice is gentle and generous, flowing through the leaves of the mountain. "There are lifespans in all things in the world, and the number of lives is up, non-manpower can be continued. What's more, aging has one after all." The day will be replaced by the young, and the day will be replaced by the new one. When it is used for a long time, it will become dirty and become old.

Some people will discard it and overthrow it. This is a good thing. You don't have to blame yourself."

Nangong squatted and raised his head. He was too **** and looked like a white paper. His voice trembled: "Too much!"

"In fact, how long the Confucianism Gate has survived is not how many disciples are kept in the martial art for a few years." The shadow of Nangong Changying is almost invisible, and the voice is getting farther and farther. "And there are still people in this world who remember, Greed, blasphemy, murder and piracy, is my Confucian gentleman’s seven.

He said, the sleeves were scorned, and the mountains and trees were shaken in an instant, and the vines were all four, and the corpses that were about to get rid of the clamps were sunk into the depths of the earth.

"Remember it, the fire has been accepted."

After saying this, the body of Nangong Changying was in the fire, and it was broken and turned into a little bit of sputum, and the golden red starlight floated between the mountains.

The torso has disappeared, and the remaining sound has not been scattered.

In the enchantment, Nangong Temple had already been crying, and outside the enchantment, Ye Yexi had collapsed. She was paralyzed, and some people continued to kneel down. I was Changying, and Nangong was long.

After death, they are all heroes.

The author has something to say: It is not a common reference to hit a three-footer. It needs to be explained. I want to find the original source, but I can't find it. I have to say that this is a sentence that I don't know which ancestors, not my original, scratching my head.

Chapter 216

The vast mountains of Lushan returned to calm, and the blood vines disappeared. The corpses were also sunk into the depths of the earth. Nangong Changying finally gave a death order to the spirit of the dragon, even if it was his descendants, he could not reverse it.

The white wind is clear, and it is full of mess.

The wearing of the Yungong in the hands of Nangongyu was also shot after the last arrow. Because of the loss of the spiritual power of Nangong Changying, it gradually became dull and eventually sealed. He dribbled to the ground, almost at the moment when the enchantment was untied, and Ye Ye had rushed over and squatted beside him: "You don't want to move, don't move." Her voice is trembling, "I Healing for you..."

"Forget it, I could still be alive and kicking, and you will be treated. I am going to see the head of the house." Nangong 弧 gently coughed, pushed away the leaves, and the black scorpion looked at Jiang Yan, "Ginger Palm Door, still bother you..."

Jiang Yan first said: "I am coming."

He is the lord of medicine, and he is willing to help him, naturally it is beyond the reach of others.

Jiang Yuyu's white fingertips were placed on the wrist of Nangong's shackles. Almost immediately, his scorpion was slightly shrunk, and the latter words were not sent, and Nangong 驷 looked at each other.

He can clearly feel that the spiritual core of Nangong Temple has been shattered. From then on, there is no difference between ordinary people and ordinary people. They can no longer cast spells and use spiritual power.

This thing Nangong 驷 himself could not be unclear, but Ye was in the past, so he looked at Jiang Yan and shook his head slightly.

"How? Jiang Jiangmen, how is he?"

"..."

Jiang Yan silently withdrew his hand, and then took a shallow enamel bottle from the Qiankun bag and handed it to the leaf forgotten: "Nothing serious. The wounds are not harmful, the girl can rest assured. It is applied to the affected area every day for up to ten days and it will heal."

After Jiang Yan finished, he also condensed his spiritual power on his fingertips. He successively passed several acupuncture points on the Nangong Temple. Finally, the palm covered the sword, and the blood stopped. After doing all this, Jiang Yan got up and said to everyone: "This place should not stay for a long time, or threaten to change, go up the mountain."

He turned and left, and the conversation behind him and Nangong was still falling into his ears.

He heard Nangong whispering to the leaves: "It’s all right, it’s just a few days, what are you crying? Hey, it’s so useless, okay, not so much. What about a small injury..."

Jiang Yan closed his eyes.

He thought that in the enchantment, Nan Gongyi thought that he had said a few words to himself when he was hanging on the line. He sighed and led the crowd to the long white jade steps leading to the ancestral temple.

From the foot of the mountain to the top of the mountain, you need to go through three levels. You need to be smeared with the blood of the Nangong family to pass. However, at this moment, Nangong Temple does not need to cut the blood of his fingers. He is already an injury. Anyway, he can dispel the enchantment.

All the way up, no more obstacles.

When Nangong was smeared with blood on the longan of the white jade carving dragon, the last heavy stone gate slowly and solemnly sank into the ground, and the Tiangong of the foothills of the mountain was displayed in front of everyone.

It is a fairy palace, there is a dense forest outside the palace gate. They are standing outside the forest at the moment, separated by flowers and vines, and they can see the long-distance of the sky. The 95,000-90 level, the steps are so high that the top of the Ancestral Palace, such as lying in the clouds, can only see the shadows of the sacred shadows, and under the infiltration of the moonlight, the Yingying Huaguang, such as the Guanghan Palace Like Ling Xiao Temple, I don’t know the heavens and the earth.

Almost everyone saw this ancestral hall at a glance, and was shocked by its majestic and majestic work, and then it was anger, jealousy, greed, coveted... a variety of different feelings came to mind.

The most incomprehensible of these is the Ma Zhuang.

He took a forehead and screamed: "My mother, such a long step, this mountain can not be a sword, when will it go with your feet? This is another mountain!"

Huang Xiaoyue smiled and said: "The old man is not malicious, just a joke - according to the old man, the Nangong Chang Yingxian really does not have to fly, he can create such a heavenly palace, in the world and in the sky, what is there? What about?"

Suddenly, someone heard cold and cold: "The Confucianism Gate sacrificed the Heavenly Palace, which was built in the third generation of the head of the Nangong reputation. It was completed in the second generation and was completed in the fifth head of Nangongxian. This Tiangong, together with Nangong Changying No involvement."

Huang Xiaoyue: "..."

He turned his head back, and it was a very cold face of Chu's late night. When you look at this face, you know that Chu Ning has almost endured the limit. Just add another fire. I am afraid that the old things of the people can be repeated.

Chu night Ning said coldly: "As Huang Xianchang, I did not admit any malicious advice. Before the book is read, it is best to learn to be careful."

Huang Xiaoyue has always been face-to-face, in the presence of the younger generations, and was so unwilling to break through the lateness of Chu, and it was extremely embarrassing. The lips were waiting to say what counterattacks came. I heard Jiang Yandao: "Huang Xiaoyue, the reputation of Nangong Xianchang Are you jokes?"

Jiang Yan’s speech, status and position are self-evident. Huang Xiaoyue’s face is as earthy, but he still calmly and calmly laughs twice: “Why should Jiang’s head be taken seriously, the old man said it, not malicious...”

"Is it because you said that you are not malicious, will you condone your malice?" Jiang Yan turned his eyes coldly and squinted at Huang Xiaoyue. He didn't even want to give him his eyes. "Is it because of your aging, Bear your ignorance and ignorance?"

"..." Chu Zongshi is a master, but in the end, he has only the ability and no real power. However, Jiang Yan is not the same. Today, it is a solitary night, coughing, and the comprehension community must be shaking with three shakes. Huang Xiaoyue is cold and sweaty, and he dares not say anything more.

Ginger smashed his sleeves and walked into the woods, heading for the long steps at the end of the woods. The rest of the heads were either scorned or sympathetically glanced at Huang Xiaoyue. Of course, they also completely ignored Huang Xiaoyue. They all followed up and left. The abbot of Wushang Temple also sighed "Amitabha". If it is not forced by circumstances, it will burn. I can really laugh out loud.

They walked in the forest, but did not take a few steps, Nangong 驷 "Hmm?"

Jiang Yan asked: "What happened?"

"Orange tree..." Nangong Temple looked around, orange trees everywhere, and white orange flowers. "How can it be orange trees? The original plants here are all dragon girls."

"Look over there!" His voice did not fall, and suddenly there was a small tip of the eye pointing at the distant springs and whispering, "There is a person there!"

The people followed his fingers and saw that next to the spring of the mountain, under a leafy orange tree, a man was sitting back to them, burying his head.

Xue Zhengyi frowned: "Is it a ghost?"

Ink burning: "I will go see."

His light work was excellent, but he rushed past, but he was quietly and silently concealed in the nearby trees, and then carefully walked around and rolled to the side.

He is stunned.

Because he saw the man's face.

That is the father of Nangong Temple, the last generation of the Confucianist Gate.

- Nangong Liu.

what happened? Was Nangong Liu not fed the Lingqi fruit? ! It was supposed to have died after three hundred and sixty-five days of torture, but why did he seem to have a complete flesh at the moment, the old **** is there, even in a good mood, sitting next to the clear spring...

Wash a basket of oranges? ?

Qingquan opened a round of wave of light, the silver moon is shattered in the spring water, according to the face of Nangong Liu, he took a near-dreaming look, humming the little song, draining the washed oranges one by one, and then Put it in the back of the back.

"The weak crown is the best, the light hoof is fast, and you can see the world."

Nangong Liu sang softly, his sleeves were high, and his arms were immersed in clear water. His arms were intact and he did not swallow the mottled scars of the people who had the lingering fruit.

The ink-burning eyebrows are twisted into a Sichuan word. He can clearly perceive the wrongness of Nangong Liu. This person has obviously been made into a chess game, and the bodies in the tomb are different. Nangong Liu is obviously kept very much. A large part of his own consciousness, just looking at his behavior, is not much different from a normal living person.

"how about it?"

Xue Zhengxuan saw that the ink burned quickly and returned, and immediately asked anxiously.

The ink burned first looked at Nangong Temple, and then whispered: "It is Nangong Liu."

There were many people in the scene who had hatred with Nangong Liu. On the spot, there was a monk brushing the sword: "The beast! I will kill him!"

Nangong’s eyes are dull, his face is burnt, and his head is dull: “...”

Ink ignited: "There is a sigh, this Nangong Liu is obviously controlled by the Zhenqi chess game, but the strange thing is that he did not swallow the scar of Ling Xiaoguo. I don't think it would be better to slam him."

After the late night, Chu said, "Is it possible to eliminate the effect of Lingqiuo?"

This kind of problem is best at the lonely moon night, the cold scale saint: "It can be, it is more trouble. I think Xu Shuanglin will not give him a

lingering effect, and then he will help him to unravel the curse of the fruit." It doesn't make sense to do so."

Jiang Yandao: "In any case, Nangong Liu is here, Xu Sulin should be in the palace of the ancestral temple, this time we have not run again."

He was saying this, Yu Guang suddenly saw a shadow in the distance, Jiang Yan turned his head, others followed his gaze and saw the front door of the Confucianist door carrying a basket full of oranges, from When he came out of the woods, he still had a scepter in his hand, and he slammed the ground and walked briskly. When he was close, he could see that his face was still laughing.

Nangong驷 had already made up his mind not to look at it, but he still couldn’t hold back. He looked up at his father, and his eyelashes were like a gust of wind. He couldn’t tell if he was at the moment. What do you feel, hate? Distressed? Still something else?

He didn't know, he wanted to look away, but the figure was like a hook, and it was impossible to loosen it when it was hooked.

At this time, suddenly there was a violent sigh of people who couldn’t help feeling: "Nan Gongliu! Today, you will be asked for blood debts!"

With a bang, the feather arrow is off the string and straight to the back of Nangongliu.

Others are waiting to stop it, but fortunately, the bowman's bow is not good, but the screaming long arrow plunges into the back of Nangong Liu's body and pierced several rounded oranges.

Suddenly, many people are secretly concealing in their hearts. It is not good for people. It is always mixed with so many silly things that mix the water, but at the moment, it is meaningless to think about which idiot puts the cold arrows. What is important is that Nangong Liu has already noticed their existence and slowly turned his head.

I saw so many people standing in the forest, Nangong Liu first stunned, and then walked towards them, his face is still the kind of illusory color.

As he walked closer and closer, many monks had already exposed the swords at the waist a few inches, and both eyes were extremely alert to stare at him. Nan Gongliu seemed to feel some pressure under the gaze of thousands of eyes. He stopped at a slow pace and stood between the swaying trees.

"You..."

As soon as he opened his mouth, his death was broken. There were dozens of people who couldn't resist it. He stepped forward and stepped forward. Several people even had their swords.

Nan Gong Liu suddenly smiled, this smile, standing at the front of the array of several heads are very familiar, this is the kind of charming and warm smile of Nan Gongliu once faced everyone.

Take a trip to the palace of the Snow Palace: "This..."

Several palms face each other, I feel that this piece is too strange. I don’t know what medicine is sold in the gourd. At this time, I saw the Nangong Liu Yan’s left and right sleeves, and the sleeves were all down, and then they actually doubled. Kneeling, a respectful voice was made to hundreds of monks.

"Oh, the slaves Nangong Liu, this court is courteous, all the guests come from afar, there is a far-reaching welcome, there is a far-reaching welcome-"

As he licked his head, the orange bones behind his basket rolled out mostly, and all sprinkled around.

Nangong Liu Yan finished his head and squatted on the ground. He put down his back and licked the oranges without any sorrow. Under the gaze of the crowd, he sorted the oranges again and then smiled and said: "You are a guest, but you have to Go see your majesty?"

His Majesty? !

The smoldering moment started a goose bump. After all, he was called by him for nearly ten years. He heard the word "陛下" and actually habitually felt that he was calling himself.

The other few heads are confused. Look at me, I look at you, Xue Zhengyi even laughs, and no one even picks up.

Nangong Liu saw everyone ignore him, and some scratched his head, and cautiously asked: "Hey, you are expensive, but you have to go to see you?"

Jiang Yan: "..."

Nangong Liu was slightly discouraged, but he repeatedly asked: "Guests, but are you going to see your majesty?"

"..."

"You are expensive -"

The ink burned quietly and asked him: "Who is your majesty?"

"Your Majesty is His Majesty." Nangong Liu see finally got someone to care for him. He looked very happy and said, "If you want to see your

Majesty, you must go up all the time, but he is very busy, but he does not necessarily have the time to take care of you. He has great things in the world. Take care of it."

Xue Zhengxuan finally couldn't help himself. Rao was such a arrogant atmosphere. He couldn't help but laugh. "What's the big thing in the world? Haha, what's the big thing in the world? Manage a dead man on the hill, play chess with himself, play Playing the line, this is also called the world big thing? Hahahaha Xu Shuanglin, this person, he too, too funny."

There was a layer of restless haze between the ink-burning eyebrows. He then asked: "It means that he is in the Heavenly Palace at the moment. Although it is very busy, we can go see him, right?"

"Yeah." Nangong Liudao, "Of course you can go see him. If he closes the door and thank you, you will wait in the city. If you are finished, you will come out. If you don't say it, don't say it, I have to go to the top, and the oranges on the top are finished, so I have to make up soon, or I will be angry when I am a little late."

He said, the path has been gone, and everyone who stays is facing each other.

"How to do?"

"Go up?"

"Is there any fraud?"

However, the ink burned on the ground and he rushed to the ground. He quickly stalked the Nangong Liu, who was carrying a man and climbed up the orange, and left everyone behind.

He eventually gasped and took the lead to reach the Heavenly Palace. Standing in front of the main hall, he looked up and found out how magnificent the palace was. Only the two palace gates have the potential to cover the sun, and the reliefs from Huangquan to the blue sky are engraved on the upper side. The left side of the gate is the dragon to swallow the sun, the right side is the fire and the moon, the sun and the moon, the glory, the dragon, the dragon The scales of the scales are filled with melted pure gold, and the momentum is amazing. The tails of the phoenix are inlaid with pearls and gems. There is a whale oil bronze Chiba lamp hanging from the dome of the palace. The lights are not extinguished for thousands of years. Under the reflection of these thousands of candles, this Tongtianmen is even more beautiful and beautiful.

The burning of the ink thought that this door was heavy and difficult to open. However, the finger touched the facade, but it was just a touch. With the thunder of the rumble, the dragon and the phoenix did not eliminate him and used a little effort to slowly Retracted...

Just as I saw the moment in the front hall of the Temple of Heaven, the whole person burned in the same place.

This... What exactly is this awkward sight? !

Chapter 217

He walked on the long axis walkway in the front hall of the Temple of Heaven. Every brick and stone at the foot was light, and it was like a thin ice, reflecting his figure.

Hey. Hey. Hey.

Step by step, the empty footsteps echoed in the hall alone.

But the ink is not lonely. He is not alone. He is standing at the end of the trail where the Confucianism is not seen at the end of the pilgrimage. The two sides are full of people, men, women, old, young, and a look. Different faces.

He stood in the middle. It was like a small city. On his left hand side, the corpse of the Confucianism Gate, the people who were sorry for Xu Shuanglin, became despicable people, were delayed, were separated, and executed in various criminal laws. Then he resurrected and revived and executed. On the other side, the song and dance are flat and free.

He even saw Luo Fibre, it should not be the real soul, but the appearance of other dead bodies with illusion, controlled by the sunspots, and the same as

the Jin Chengchi.

Luo fibritated and rolled up, at the moment with her husband Chen Bozhen, two people squatted to ease and leisurely.

He also saw the little daughter outside Chen’s staff, sitting next to his brother and nephew, and talking to them with a smile. And Luo Fibre is leaning against Chen Bozhen. When she hears interesting things, she covers her mouth with her sleeves and smiles with a big brow.

This kind of scene is beautiful and dreamy, but it can be seen that the back of the ink is cold.

He paced in this long walkway. Half of the hell, half of heaven, the good and the evil are clearly divided. He is laughing and laughing on the left and suffering on the right.

He walked forward, as if he was walking through the water and the fire, the light and the shadow. He looked to the left, and the hundred butterflies flew in a cluster of flowers. A stream of water came out from behind the pillars. The inside was smashing the wine, next to the wine river. While reading a book leisurely, some people are making poems in poetry, children are laughing, and women are drunk and lying.

He looked to the right, Ding Hao hot, hot cooking oil, a writhing body was poured on the oil, was pulled out of the heart, people cursed each other, biting each other, eyes flashing like a beast .

He also saw the former abbot of the Wuxi Temple, the old monk who planned the blackout of the Lingshan Conference. He was surrounded by three people. Everyone held a small rusty knife in his hand and cut him separately. Faces, legs and brothers, one knife and one knife, the cut flesh quickly recovered, so the old monk couldn’t stop screaming, but only the unspeakable roar - his rumored tongue It has already been ripped off.

The more the ink burns, the more chilling.

He didn't even want to look at both sides, crying, laughing, angry, hi.

On the left, there is a woman who is softly saying: "Life and death, lonely life. Some lovers can't call a lover should..."

On the right side, a woman was bitten by a bad dog and screamed in a scream.

Half of his afterglow sees the light, and half sees the darkness. These light and darkness are absolutely absolute, like the chess pieces on the board, black and white, and clear and clear.

The ink burns only feels a headache.

He stood in the middle, and he simply stopped and squinted his eyes, not willing to see the scene of the nine days of integration with purgatory.

He was in the same place, waiting for his footsteps to catch up with his fast troops.

"The leaves are scared and the dreams are gone..."

"No! Don't do this to me any more! Please beg you! Save me... save me..."

But the sounds on both sides are endless, like an arrow, three points into the wood.

He heard Luo fiercely and gently said to his husband: "Chen Lang, the orange flowers in the courtyard are all open, I will lead you to see, okay?"

He heard Jiang Dongtang’s forefoot door, Qin’s sorrowful laughter: “Tong· rape? Hahahaha, yes, I am a traitor with Nangong Liu! I am a slut, a woman, I am One □□□□□—— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——
—— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——
—— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——
—— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——

Everything is gathered together.

Live, dead.

Real or fantasy?

Is it black or white, is it good or evil?

The sound around it is getting like a tide. The tides and waves are ups and downs. He seems to see two giant dragons breaking out of the water. The moon shines on their frosty scales.

Is that two dragons?

No, that is the two souls of oneself.

I started fighting again, and I was snarling in the spurt of the dragon.

The ground shakes the mountain.

The ink burns can't stand this crazy noise. He grabs his ears, but he still can't stop the two complicated voices. Finally he can't stand it. He has to raise his hand and drop the curse of the snoring.

He slammed his eyes open.

The surrounding scenes have disappeared.

The ink burns.

He is kneeling in the ground - what happened? How did the surrounding scene disappear?

where is he?

Why is it everywhere black, an endless black...

Is it the illusion set by Xu Shuanglin?

The ink burns around and there is nothing. One is dark.

He took a few steps and tried to scream: "Master?"

"Xue Meng?"

"Someone is here?"

No one answered him, black, dead black.

Rao has seen countless storms, and this black is still awkward. He walked forward, his goose bumps on his arms, and he went forward...

Suddenly, he saw a faint white light shining far away in front of him, which seemed to be an exit.

He went to that place.

Suddenly there was a shadow around him, and the faces were not so clear, but he heard the slang of those people, and the tide generally slammed him down.

Those people are squatting, their voices are low, and they converge into a river.

"Congratulations to step on the emperor, life and heaven."

Stepping on the emperor?

no no!

He groaned, he trembled, and he shuddered. He went all out with all his strength, but it seemed that there were thousands of hands coming in from all directions to catch him.

"His Majesty--"

"Tai Xianjun Ze is eternal."

"The life is endless, and Fulu is not."

The smoldering was forced to be a little crazy. He tried to break the pair of invisible hands. He ran toward the line of light: "No, not me... walk away... go away!"

"Tai Xianjun..."

But those voices follow the shape, lingering, and the ink burns to see if Xu Shuanglin is smashing the evil spirits of the ghost world. At this moment, they all come out and take him away.

"Why are you going to leave?"

"Emperor, Emperor..."

The ink burned his feet, and his eyes flashed with blazing light. He wanted to go, but all the grievances were trapping him. He was forced to be trapped. He had no way to hide, so he was furious and he turned his head. Suddenly, the sword was squandered, and those illusions were broken into broken darkness.

He looks like a wolf like a leopard.

"Roll!!" he muttered. "Take all the seats! Roll!"

The voice fell and his face was awkward.

He heard someone muttering around and snickering: "This seat?"

"He said this seat... yes... he is talking about this seat..."

"Emperor, where are we wrong? You should also know who you are in your own heart, where did you come from, you can't escape."

The ink burned back with the sword and shook his head: "No, no... not like..."

The black smoke that had been smashed by him was re-gathered, and a vague shadow fell in front of him, and he stepped forward toward him.

The shadow said softly: "What is it?"

"I am not stepping on Xianjun!"

"How come you are not stepping on Xianjun?" The voice is soft and soft, like the thin smoke rising in the summer gauze. "Of course, you have a debt, you can only escape, you can't escape... ..."

"But it's over!" The ink burned staring at the dark shadow. "It's over! Stepping Xianjun has already died in front of the Tongtian Tower. He entered the tomb and has nothing to do with me! I am just... I am just..."

The shadow smiled softly, and the flower was as delicate: "What are you?"

Ink burning: "..."

“Are you just a returning soul?” it asked. “I just saved a memory of the flesh? Are you just an innocent life living under the shadow of the fairy? Or... Are you just a dream?”

If you say that you are still angry and fearful, when this sentence comes out, the emotion of burning is like ice, and the blood around you is frozen.

He was almost a bit stunned. He didn't react. He tried to talk, but he couldn't say a complete sentence for a long time. Later, he spoke, his voice groaned, and the hollowed out pipe only dug a broken word: "……dream?"

"You always think that you have been born again, but who can say it right? Do you think it is true? Is it true that you or me?" The smog is surrounded by him, and the more it gathers Clearly, "You said that you died under the Tongtian Tower, but you are now standing here lively... Are you really dead?"

The ink burned the black smoke.

He no longer trembled, he only felt cold, like an ice cave, and stepped into the abyss.

It’s so cold.

Did he really die?

The chill of Wushan Temple seems to be still immersed in the bone marrow. The fire of the top ten sects of the uprising is like a long snake smashing his neck from the foot of the mountain.

Xue Meng seems to have just stood in front of him, with nothing, tears, and all said: "Ink, put my master, return it to me."

Did he really die?

He remembered that he had taken it down, and he was very devastated. He came to the Tongtian Tower and used his last strength to climb into the tomb and lay in the coffin.

The jellyfish blossoms are very gentle, faintly fragrant, and the sky is full of clouds and shadows.

He closed his eyes...

"Then you open your eyes. You returned to the age of sixteen, and when you get back to everything, you can save it, right?"

The black image is able to see through his heart, laughing and whispering.

"You are back, the death and death are not destroyed, although the Confucianism Gate is turned into a scorched earth for the second time, but it is not what you do. Ye Yexiu did not die, Shi Mingjing did not. You saw your mind, you fell in love with Chu. Late Ning, you became the Mo Zongshi. He finally accepted you. You thought you were free. Now that you are the first of the righteous army, the Qingzheng Dao is the younger generation of young people in the mountains who want to take the leader of the bully, Xu Shuanglin."

A few deaths.

The blood vessels in the neck of the neck swelled in a sudden motion, along with a fierce heartbeat.

The shadow didn't look good, but it was looking at him, and he knew it was glaring at him.

"You want to be beautiful."

The cold sword wears the heart and the fangs pierce the neck.

The smoldering can hear the despair spread in one's own body, the toxins generally spread, and like the deadly poison that he took under the age of 32, spread... immersed in the liver and gallbladder... immersed in the heart...

"You are not born again, you are dead, everyone is dead, Xue Meng is still alive but he hates you." The shadow said, "Now the dream is awake, blink of an eye, step on the fairy, you, Still the Lord of Darkness."

"No..." The smoldering heard someone talking, the voice was so weak and broken, as if it had been defeated countless times and then glued together, and then he was surprised to find that the person who said this voice was actually himself," no……"

He spurred the courage of every drop of blood in every inch of his bones. He stared at his eyes, and there was a madness in his eyes.

"You lie! Nothing! Nothing!!"

He gathered swords and sighed in anger.

The smoky smoke has dispersed.

But its voice did not scatter, it smiled in a low voice: "Lie? But kneel, you might as well look down, what is in your hand, what is it?"

Chapter 218

He bowed his head.

He slammed down -

The blood is almost backflowing, the brain creaking, he saw... no return.

Holding in his hand, it is actually the blade of the hundred wars, and the gods will not return!

The dark knife is lying in the middle of this night, the handle is slender, hard, Tang knife, no sheath, very similar to the sword.

At the handle of a gold ring, there are two very strong words:

Do not. Return.

Biye Zhuqiao, when things happened.

After another year, Jun will not return.

The ink burns like a thunder, and the light in his scorpion is as thin as a needle. The color on his face is paler than the dead.

"No... no... no... no!"

He was almost desperate, and he did not return to the ground, but Shenwu and his heart were automatically at the waist.

"No!" In the hysterical smoldering, he tried to summon the devil. He wanted the red willow, and he summoned it over and over again, but he didn't come.

No ghosts, no **** whip.

Only not to accompany him.

"Do you believe now?" The shadows of the ghosts are gathering again. This time, the gathering is faster than before. It quickly has shapes, limbs, waist, and head...

The ink burns and refuses to believe.

He refused to believe.

He stopped paying attention to the black smoke, and he ran to the end of the bright light.

This is the fantasy of Xu Shuanglin... This is just a fantasy...

Go to the place where the light is, and everything is over.

He ran to the other side and ran away.

But the arm was once again tightly held.

The ink burned and refused to pay attention to it. He opened it and he angered: "Get out! Go away! What is true? Can you know more than me? What is true? I know what is true! He treats me. Ok, it’s true! He’s not dead, it’s true! How can he and I have been faked in the past few years?! Jin Chengchi’s peach blossoms, the ghost town of Caidie, we’ll end up –”

The voice interrupted him softly, almost sighingly: "A burning, the person who is with you is me, why don't you remember?"

He looked back and saw that the black fog had been formed, and a face was so beautiful that it was a fascinating thing. It was really a human being. She gently leaned over and wore a head full of pearls and plaques. Bright red attire.

"Xu Yingfeng, I can't walk, you are carrying me up. You make me not want to call you down, from now on, only call you Ah, have you forgotten?"

Her smile was soft and weary, but the strength of her hand was amazing.

The ink burned and broke away from her, this is not Song Qiutong, his wrist has been smashed, he continues to move forward, the white light is getting closer...

He seems to know that it is the way out.

Go over there... just go there...

He heard Song Qiutong smile behind him and said, "Your Majesty, where are you going? Chu nightning is already dead, you are alive and dead, do you really want to go there?"

"..."

"There is..."

He didn't understand it. He broke free from the shackles of those ghosts who were desperately screaming. He ran wildly. He threw her voice behind his head. The white sky was brighter and brighter in front of his eyes. He was like a man who was about to die on the bottom of the sea. He tried his best to squat on his feet and swam toward the broken light and shadow of the sea.

suddenly!

He slammed into the grand white light and the darkness disappeared.

He gasped, his feet were faint, and he couldn't help but sigh. Like a person who had just started from the water, he greedily breathed. He couldn't adapt to such glare for a time. He raised his arm to cover his eyes and passed it for a while. He heard the bird's humming and smelled the faint fragrance of Xifu Haitang.

He slowly opened his eyes.

……where is he?

The first thing I saw was the luxuriant Begonia tree, which was full of thin red and smashed, just like the brocade.

Not in the ancestral temple of Confucianism.

This illusion... is it still not over?

But his heart has gradually fallen apart, and he suddenly did not know who he is, where is the dream, and where is the truth.

He sat up, and a residual flower of the sea otter that had fallen on his nose was floating on his knees.

……sit up?

He discovered that he was actually lying down, just like he had just finished a nightmare. He looked around and was in front of the tower of the towering life, while he himself sat in a black lacquer and was open. In the coffin.

In an instant, the ink burned and the fingertips seemed to be cool.

He had been stunned for a while, then squatted up and squatted out of the coffin. He saw a monument in front of the coffin. There was no word on it. Instead, he put a bowl of hand-picked, a few dishes, and he liked it most. food. He stared at the things and he stared at the coffin.

Do not……

Do not.

The nightmare is not over.

He fell into a deeper nightmare, or is he now sober?

Is that what the black shadow said is true?

He really only served □□, lying down in front of the tower, made a long and long dream? Everything in the dream is...

He didn't dare to think about it anymore. He climbed up insanely and ran straight to the south peak of the dead.

But unlike his dying in his memory, he remembered that he had squandered everyone all the time, but he ran halfway, and a line of palace people rushed

out. The one headed by him was Liu Lao who had served him for many years. Liu Lao holds a box, and the wrinkled face is full of joy: "Your Majesty, regenerate the fairy medicine, find it! This is the reborn fairy medicine!"

He stopped in a hurry.

He bowed down to congratulate him, Liu Lao also kneels down, a pair of withered hands are presented in a brocade box, twitching and handing to the ink, hoarsely said: "Fairy medicine, the medicine that has been seeking for the sacred, has finally touched the gods. This one is..."

The ink burned and said: "No... I, haven't I all chased you down the mountain?"

The servants were as earthy, and they were beheaded again and again. Liu Lao was extremely frightened: "Why did you want to drive us away? But where do the old slaves serve? The old slaves-"

"What about the top ten sects?"

Liu Lao was confused and looked up: "What ten sects? Your Majesty, what happened to you?"

When the ink-burning knowledge was unclear, he pulled him to the Tongtian Tower to see him. When he came out of the jungle, he pointed to the tomb in front of the tower: "Look over there, I just slept there, I-"

He turned his head and found that his coffin and tomb had disappeared.

Only the tombs of two solitary queens and nephews stood on the top of his head, and his dog crawled.

Ink burning: "..."

Liu Lao worried: "Your Majesty, what happened to you?"

"I..." The ink stared at the two graves. His consciousness was already chaotic. For a moment, he could clearly realize that all of this was fake, but the next moment he felt that the real thing was intertwined. I can't tell where I am, what the year is.

Liu Lao sighed and said: "Your sorrow is too deep, dreaming?"

"Not a dream..." The ink snorted, but then shook his head again, pale face. "No, of course it is a dream..." He said indecently for a long time, then he turned his face and stared at Liu Lao. What about the rebirth?"

Liu Lao put the box up.

He didn't pick up the box, he opened it straight, and there was a white jade-like pill, which exudes a warm luster.

He picked it up in a trembling motion, his throat twitching, and then headed for the direction of the red lotus.

However, Liu Lao suddenly took him, and the ink burned back. His nerves had been stretched to the extreme and he was about to break the string. He asked, "What happened?"

Liu Lai, who was still happy with Yan Yue, suddenly fell into a sullen face, his eyes flashing with a sly luster, and he said with sullenness: "Your Majesty, but in the wrong direction?"

"What went wrong?"

"The place where you should go is the soul-seeking platform." Liu Lao said slowly, and the servants also slowly came up, surrounded the ink-burning group and slowly approached. "Your Majesty has always been thinking about it." Isn't it necessary to resurrect your brother, is the teacher clear?"

"I……"

"Now the rebirth of the fairy medicine is in hand, why did you leave the soul-stricken platform, but instead ran to the red lotus water?" Liu Lao secluded, "Your Majesty for this rebirth, killing thousands of people, stepping on the Confucianism, let the world The sorrows and sorrows of the wild, the blood flow into the river, is it necessary to do all of this under the arm, and finally it is necessary to violate the original intention, and turn this medicinal medicine into another population?"

The ink burned in a mess, and he held the fairy medicine tightly. He said, "You don't understand."

"Your Majesty must go to the soul station, not to the red lotus water." All the people have a terrible light shining in their eyes, the ghostly face, they are around him, repeating, "Your Majesty must go to the soul platform, not to go to Honglian Otter!"

The smoldering will protect the fairy medicine, and his face is pale and white, saying: "Give me away."

"Your Majesty must go to the Souls -"

"Step aside!"

He pulled out and held the cold handle. Those people seemed to be shivering, and then the eyes became as narrow as a snake, and each one

showed a distorted smile.

"You will be retributed..."

"What do you think you can change?"

"There is no word."

"Towards three."

"Oh, how can such a person with a sense of ignorance possess a fairy medicine."

"Get back! Take it back!"

The ink burned the fairy medicine, slammed open a **** road, and ran to the southern peak of the dead. Whether it is a dream or a real thing, he knows that Chu is rather there... Whether it is life or death, he has to go there, he wants to be around the night, and he can be safe.

He ran into the enchantment of the red lotus.

Liu Lao and others have been blocked from the border.

He looked back at them and then closed the blue bamboo poles. He didn't want to see the extra people again. Here is the red lotus water, only if he has himself, and...

"Master?"

He was slightly surprised by the surprise. He saw that Chu Ning was standing under a bractal tree, wearing a high ponytail and wearing metal gloves. He was concentrating on debugging a night machine that was about to be completed. . The wind is blowing, the pale pink petals are blowing, falling in front of the snow in the first place, on the table, gentle and gentle.

The ink burns the end of the eye and it is wet red, and it has already choked.

"Master respect..."

Chu Xiaoning heard his voice and looked up. Because he was busy, he also bit a small sickle and saw the ink burned. He was very surprised and took the sickle. Then he straightened up and nodded at him. :"How did you come?"

Chapter 219

The ink burned without answering words, or he couldn't answer the words. He stepped forward and couldn't help but hug Chu.

"……what happened to you?"

The arms are cool clothes and warm body.

"How come you cry?"

He doesn't know, dream, true?

He is no longer clear, but in the red lotus water, there is no body that is cold and cold in the evening. His master is still alive, and he is still worried that the joints of the night **** are not flexible enough. He is considering whether to brush the tung oil or the varnish.

This seems to be enough.

He was indulged in this moment and didn't want to wake up again.

Together with Chu Yuening, he completed the mech, and it was already late, so he pulled Chu and returned to the room, as if he had been born before, and he was stalked with his neck.

Chu Xi Ning in the dream is not so docile, he always has such a slap in the face, so that can not be put down.

Even if you are happy in the bed, you often bite your lower lip when you vent it. The phoenix contains water vapor, but it doesn't scream, but it is heavy and can't be contained.

The candlelight did not go out, the melting lamp reflected the face of the person underneath, and the ink burned almost obsessively gazing at his fascinating appearance. He stared at the facial features of Chu’s late night, his eyebrows, staring at the black scorpion of Chu’s late night. The shadow of the candle is immersed in the scorpion.

The shadow of the candle sways, like a petal in the deep pool.

When the ink burns, the petals sway and float in the pool, and the wheel is opened. Finally, the moist water vapor falls from the end of the night, and is kissed by the ink.

He knows very well what kind of person is late at night. If he does not need medicine, it is difficult to be in love. His self-control is really regrettable.

But what about it?

Tears are uncontrollable, and the rapid breathing is also the same. It doesn't matter if you don't call it. Watching him be sobbed by himself, dry to the flushed eyes, the strong chest can't keep ups and downs, and the gasps are good.

After a night of sorrow, I went to sleep when I arrived.

The smoldering person embraced the person in his arms, and each other was sweaty. The hot and hot body was attached to the hot and hot body, and even the hair was stuck on the buccal side.

He kissed Chu's earlobe and neck with tenderness and lingering, and he held him tighter in his arms.

"That's fine, Master, now you are by my side, that's fine."

He slept.

He opened his eyes and was shocked that Chu Ning was not on his side.

"Master?!"

Sit up.

Then he saw that Chu was standing in the semi-open Xuan window, it was already dawn, and there was light rain outside the window.

The ink sighed and he reached out to him: "Master, come here..."

However, Chu nightning did not move, he was dressed neatly, white snow, quietly looking at the man on the bed. The ink burned on him, and suddenly a strong uneasiness rose from his heart.

Chu night Ning said to him: "The ink burns, I should go."

"Go?" He groaned, the mattress was still hot, there was a broken hair on the pillow, and there was a faint obscenity, but Chu nighting stood in front of his eyes, but it seemed to be separated by a lake and a sea. Thin, ink burns, "Where are you going? Here is the red lotus, it is your home, we are already at home, where are you going?"

Chu night Ning shook his head. He turned his face and looked at the paleness that gradually appeared outside the window. He said: "Without time, the sky will be bright."

"Late Ning!!"

Just a wink.

The room was empty, and nothing left.

He rushed from the bed, and the shoes and socks were not allowed to wear, so he rushed out the door.

The wind blows away in the night, and the snow falls to zero. Last night, the splendid crabapple flower has been knocked down. The residual flowers are covered with steps and tables and chairs. The stone table is also filled with a finished night god, metal gloves and sickle. Just thrown aside, it seems that Chu Xiaoning has just left, as if Chu will rather come back at any time.

"Night? Late Ning!"

He madly ran in the red lotus water, looking for, but he has been around the lotus pond, he did not dare to go to the lotus pond in the subconscious, he did not dare to go...

But he eventually went to the past with a lost soul.

With bare feet, step on the cool bluestone road.

He was able to stand still a long distance from the lotus pond. From the pale toes all the way up, the last thing I could see was an unmanned face.

He was wide-eyed, and he looked at the man lying in the lotus pond, and the last two years before his death, almost every day.

Lying in the depths of the flowers, the body is not decaying, the collar is clean, and what is the difference when living?

……What's the difference! ! !

He walked over step by step.

Nearly.

More recent.

As long as you go further, you can come to the pool and you can see each of his eyelashes. After his death, he seems to be a slightly squinting eyebrow, no longer the open eyes.

But he slammed down.

Kneeling on the slate, he groaned, trembling and shuddering for a while, he suddenly thought of the fairy medicine that Liu Lao gave him, and he could resurrect the fairy medicine. He was so ecstatic, his fingers were trembling and trembled. Looking for the Qiankun bag, he pulled out the pieces inside.

"The fairy medicine... the fairy medicine... I want the fairy medicine that can be brought back to life... The fairy medicine? What about the fairy medicine?!!!"

Everything was all over, and he turned the entire Qiankun bag to the bottom, and he refused to let him go through the inch of the needle.

But no.

The fairy medicine is gone, and the fairy medicine is not inside.

Maybe it’s only a time to hit Liu Lao and get the fairy medicine. Is that a dream?

No, this is a dream, it’s one after another...

He collapsed, his consciousness was chaotic, and he raised his hand in desperately rubbing his cheeks and eyelids. He murmured: "No, yes... I clearly put it inside... Fairy medicine... There is a fairy medicine ...some...some..."

He once again frantically searched for it, so he looked around in the hysterical form of Chu’s body, and his eyes twitched with horrible glow, but the voice was more and more sobbing, more and more desperate, he finally leaned over. Cried in tears.

"I put it in, I put it in!!"

As soon as he opened his hands and smashed the debris in front of him, countless jingling porcelain bottles rolled down and even shattered. He crawled forward and smashed in a piece of debris, and the pieces plunged into his flesh and knees. He didn't care, he climbed over to the man lying in the lotus pond.

He finally took him out of the pool and held the cold body in his arms.

- That was what he had always wanted to do before he had never done.

He was holding the body of Chu Xinning, the drizzle was still lingering, and the sky was lit up layer by layer, but it had nothing to do with him. He was holding Chu’s body and crying, he was sticking to his cheek. Kissing his nose, eyelashes, lips.

"Master...I beg you...justify me...please beg you..."

At that moment, his figure and the body that had been ruined by his mother on the mass grave, and the orphans who pleaded with the gentleman to bury him with his mother, overlapped.

That year, he was only five years old. A five-year-old child vowed never to see someone who loves to be close to him. In front of him, the musculoskeletal bones rot and fall into the mud.

A dazzling, so many years have passed, the 32-year-old Teng Xianjun holding the body of his master, sometimes laughing and laughing, sometimes crying.

It was a body that was the same as before, and he did it. He could make the dead as a living person. The skin of the body even seemed to have a pale blood color, and it looked like a peaceful sleep.

This time he did not beg anyone to bury him with Chu Yuning.

But Stepping Xianjun himself has buried himself alive. On the day after Chu’s death, he drank a jar of pears and white flowers. Later, every day, every day, he was in a tomb of a living dead named Honglian Water Margin. In the drunk, dreams of death. From that day on, he has buried himself.

"Master, you rationalize me..."

"Ink burning!"

"You...justify me..."

He vaguely heard someone calling him, a familiar voice. The surrounding area was dark again. He then grabbed a piece of driftwood like a dying person. Someone reached out to him. He choked and held the man tightly. "You don't want to go, I don't do anything bad or bad." No longer make you angry..."

He climbed the man's finger and handed him a finger.

He smelled a touch of floral fragrance and the aroma of sea otters.

"I have a dead medicine that I am still alive, but I... I don't know why, I can't find it... I can't find it, but can you not go, please?" He followed without hesitation. The place where the warm body is, he hugged the body. "Please, I would rather..."

"The person I would rather die is me."

"Ink! I wake up!"

But he can't wake up, the pain is deeper than the sea, he is going to die, he can't wake up.

His throat whimpered, and he hugged the man who called him. The ciliary was so moist: "I would rather die than me, Master..."

"Dog stuff! What are you doing! Hello!"

Suddenly a man rushed over, grabbed him, and then surrounded a mess, someone poured a cold water between his lips and teeth.

The ink burned and chilled, and the water was cold like the millennium ice, almost freezing his lungs.

He blinked sharply!

"..."

The first thing that caught my eye was Jiang Yan’s gloomy face, holding a blue-colored jade bottle in his hand, and apparently he was given what he was in the bottle.

"I……"

As soon as he spoke, he found that his throat was hoarse and he couldn't say more.

Then he looked around and found himself back to the Zongtang Tiangong. The cold sweat had drenched the heavy clothes. The people around him looked at him strangely, especially Xue Meng. His face was white and white, very unsightly.

I was lying on the knees of Chu night, and my hands were tightly holding the waist of Chu’s late night. The nightly dress that Chu’s original dress was so sloppy, had been pulled in his dreams, and the robe of the robe was Sliding to the shoulder.

Ink burning: "..."

He didn't... he didn't say anything that shouldn't be said?

Chu’s face is not good-looking, but it’s still quite calm. He said: “Why is it so fast for a person to run forward?”

"Master, I... I am..."

"You are stunned." Jiang Yan collected the jade bottle, and then stood up again, coveted. "Here, I will give you a cold dream, you will feel very cold, after a cup of tea. Just fine."

The ink burned has not recovered from the horrible dreams of that layer. His eyes are still a little confused. After a long time, he muttered, "Hold it?... But I have been very careful, and No... I didn’t notice any traces of the technique...”

Jiang Yan has some sly claws showing his edge: "How is the stupid thing?"

Everyone present: "..."

"The world is the most embarrassing, the most murderous invisible, do you think it is a technique?" The medicinal squad squinted at the door and

shook his sleeves. "The wrong thing is the most powerful thing in the world."

"In this day's palace, a kind of fragrance is smoked in advance, called 'the 19th floor prison'. This kind of spice is colorless and tasteless, but it can make people feel the illusion and fall into the greatest fear of life." Jiang Yan said When I got here, I paused, and then I looked at the ink. "The bigger the fear, the deeper it is. I have saved a few people who were jailed by the 19th floor and gave them four to five dreams." They wake up in the cold water - but do you know how much you drank?"

"……How many?"

Jiang Yan seems to be somewhat unhappy, saying: "The big half bottle. It is enough to save more than one hundred people, and then call back your consciousness.... I am a little curious, Mo Zongshi, you are young, why is this so? Deep fear, what are you afraid of?"

Chapter 220

The ink burned out.

If it weren't for this big dream, he didn't know that there was such a terrifying fear in his heart. He was afraid of the death of Chu, and the fear of the teacher's emotions. The fear of this life is actually nothing but himself. A dream of Huang Qi.

He lowered his head, I don’t know if it’s the role of breaking the cold, or another reason.

He felt cold and shivering cold.

Chu nightning stood up from the ground. There are too many eyes here. He can't have a more intimate move with the ink, but he can't stop holding him in his nightmare and call his name. If he didn't try to clamp it, he was afraid that he would be burnt down on the ground in front of everyone - even though it didn't happen, the mood of ink burned was so fierce that he didn't know how many people around him were aware of it. The strange clue.

Chu Xiaoning slowly got up and sat for a long time, his legs and legs.

Xue Meng raised his hand subconsciously, but he did not know why, but he did not come forward. Instead, the teacher shook his hand and whispered: "Master, you slow down."

Low eyelashes, Chu night rather than talking, do not explain, only the original robe has been removed, the white clothes smashed, and floated on the shoulders.

"Drap, wait for the cold of the medicine to disappear, and return me."

I don’t dare to go to see him more, but whispered: "Yes, Master."

Others are carefully looking at the scene inside the temple, or seeing if there are still hidden organs, they are scattered. Xue Zhengxuan asked a few words of ink burning, seeing the innocent children, patted his shoulders, and strode to the place where the heads of the people were.

Xue Meng did not leave, and when everyone went away, he suddenly leaned over and looked around, then pressed his voice and screamed: "What do you dream of?"

Ink burning: "..."

Xue Meng gritted his teeth: "Ask you."

"It’s just a dream."

"That's all what you think in your heart!" Xue Meng's eyes were a little messy. He was very worried. "What are you thinking about? Are you...you are not..."

"I dreamed that I killed someone." The ink burned because of the coldness of the bones, and it shook slightly, and the lips were white. "I dreamed that I killed the master."

"you--!"

"There is nothing else..."

Xue Meng’s lips seem to be trying to ask again. If you can listen to the ink, then it’s not like lying, but he said that he dreamed of killing the master...

Not to mention the ink burning now respects the teacher, I do not know why there is such a fear, but he only clung to the late night, such a look - is a disciple should have? Is there something more? More... Xue Meng didn't dare to think about it anymore.

It seems that one step further is the abyss.

The medicinal power gradually dissipated, and the ink burned slowly from the ground. Xue Meng hesitated for a while and still held him.

Ink burning: "Thank you."

Then he looked at the monks who were walking in front of him: "Is other people still fascinated by incense?"

"No, only you, you run too fast." Xue Meng still had a lot of trouble, but finally the mood was not as intense as it was at the beginning. "When we entered the temple, Jiang Yan realized that I had ordered the 18 ghosts here. Fragrance."

"...not 18 ghosts, 19th floor prison."

"It's this thing anyway, the name doesn't matter." Xue Mengdao, "He did disperse, we come in again, it's okay." He paused, suddenly remembered something, and said again, "but this is also a coincidence, if it is only If something goes wrong, it will be troublesome."

"What do you mean?"

"You walked fast, didn't see it. On the way to the Heavenly Palace, there were several poisonous snakes in the rattan baskets of Nangong Liu. Many people were bitten by the sham. Those people were resting in the same place. The snake venom is so toxic. Jiang Yan originally let us go first. I stayed there and took the poison for them. After I pulled it out, I followed it up.... If this is the case, I am afraid that all the people who arrive in the Temple will be in the middle. "Ten Xuedao," he was so a bottle of dreams, but he couldn’t help so many people."

The smoldering vaguely felt that something was wrong, and asked: "Why didn't he stay there for the purpose of poisoning everyone?"

"He has a little apprentice who says he will solve, so Jiang Yan left his apprentice there, and he came up with us first."

The burnt brow wrinkled deeper.

He looked at the back of the group of people on the night of the moon, and patrolled the crowd, but did not find the figure he was looking for.

If the apprentice of Jiang Yan does not solve this kind of snake venom, then there are only two people left in the original place. One is Jiang Yan and the other is Hua Bi Nan.

"Hua Bi Nan?"

Xue Meng snorted: "Do you doubt the cold scale sage?"

"Just ask."

"There is nothing to be suspicious. Hua Binan himself has been bitten. He is meditating below. However, he has more poison in his body. He said that it is better to adjust his interest for a while, and then he will come up with us."

The look of ink burning is even more gloomy.

The cold scales are injured and can't move, so only Jiang Yan can be cured. There is also a disciple under Jiang’s seat, which happens to solve this snake venom. If there is no such person, then at this moment, Jiang Yan may still be poisoning the injured monk below.

When he comes back, what kind of scene will it be in this palace? A bottle of cold dreams, can you save the situation?

"Xue Meng."

"Ok?"

"Beware of Hua Bi Nan."

This sentence fell, and suddenly felt the ground suddenly shocked, and then a long dragon smashed the sky, came from outside the temple.

Someone has been like a bird of surprise, and stunned: "What happened? Just what was the movement?"

A courageous monk said: "I will go see."

He quickly swept to the door of the temple, looked down, and looked at the sky, and then turned back: "Nothing, it should be just some of the sounds that this mountain occasionally has. After all, it is the evil spirit of the dragon."

He finished, is preparing to go back.

But at this moment, his ankle was suddenly caught by something. The monk bowed his head and saw a pale white hand. He did not react at the moment and was still in the distance.

Xue Zhengyi’s eyes are sharp, but he has already shouted in the distance: “Be careful!!”

But it was too late, and a dead body leaped up. The body was wrapped in a crane of the Confucianism, and the silk was blindfolded. A sword pierced the chest of the monk.

"I..." The monk squinted with a big eyes, raised his hand and consciously touched the long sword that had been poked out, and then spit out a large mouthful of blood, and fell to the ground and never moved again.

After a few silences, the ground rumbling again. Everyone looked out of the temple door, and saw a rough dragon ribs rising from the ground, wearing the clouds and up, each **** dragon ribs were holding the body of a Confucianist disciple. Looking at it in the distance is like gathering a dense group of bees in midair, ready to rush into the hall to make everyone into a meat.

Ma Zhuangzhu screamed and blinked: "Oh my God, my god, I am going to die, I am going to die."

Xue Zhengyi was vomited by the merchants, and a slap in the back of his brain let him shut up, and then shouted to the crowd: "Go to the temple door! All the mothers are going to block the temple door! Don't let them rush in. !"

He said that he took the lead and greeted the zombie who was swaying with the **** sword. He slammed the folding fan out of the hall, rolled his legs and rolled the long steps, and then grabbed the Lingshi gate. I am going to push it up.

But the door doesn't know what's going on, it's convenient to push it from the outside, and it's as heavy as a rock from the inside. Xue Zhengxuan’s blue-stranded violent violent, but the force is like a mud cow into the sea, seeing that the zombies are getting closer and closer by the dragon ribs, Xue Zheng screamed: “What happened? Didn’t Nangong Changying’s seal them all? The **** dragon is not obedient! Do it with your own master!"

Inkburn and Xue Meng also immediately rushed to Xue Zhengyi to join hands, Nangong said: "Useless! These two pieces of Lingshi are my grandfather to let four thousand feet brought in, just because you can never move Got it."

Huang Xiaoyue was mad at the smoke, and cursed beside him: "You are too grandfather!"

However, Nangong Temple simply ignored him. Nangong驷 was a group of people who were trying to resist the group of zombies at the door of Confucianism at the doorstep: "From the inside of the temple, you have to stop at the end. You must stop for a while, let me go. machine."

Xue Zhengyi danced into a black shadow with an iron fan. In the past, three or four zombies that had been forced to fly in front of the fan, black blood immediately splashed with fans, and fell on the words "Xue Lang is very beautiful", but these zombies also It was a brave man. When he rolled down the steps, he immediately climbed up and continued to move forward.

Xue Zhengxuan turned his head and said: "Come on! More and more! I fucked, ... what the **** is going on?"

The ink burned out to meet the devil. He knew that the temple door was the last line of defense, so he rushed out to kill the zombies on the long stage. However, the long-term narrowness, he can not exert his full strength, but also be careful not to step on the air for nine days, so it is very laborious to fight.

He swept a row of corpses to climb up, but there were more monsters around him who had been stung by the stinking dragon ribs from the distant ground. In the end, he was almost enemies, and he could not get out of the sea.

However, the ink burned did not intend to get out immediately. These zombies are smelling popular. He is standing here as the closest target. Almost all the dead bodies are coming in his direction.

Ma Zhuang screamed and hid behind Jiang Yan. At this time, he said with a sigh: "Oh, Mo Zongshi is really righteous, arrogant, arrogant."

Jiang Yanqiu, however, turned his head and said: "Can you send something other than doing business?"

"I will all need to spend some time to delve into things, such as the formation method, skills, weapons assembly, I am really not good at short-handed..." Ma Zhuangzhu on the cold eyes of Jiang Yan, stunned Twist and squat, try to find out, "Would you like... I will give you a drink?"

Jiang Yan: "..."

However, this guy said that it is also good. Each sect has its own strengths and shortcomings. At the moment, this kind of **** battle is a matter of blocking people. If you rush to go, you will save your life. So others will die in the past, even Jiang Yan can't be close, and the powder is useless to the body.

Xue Meng held the dragon city at the door of the temple, staring at the black figure floating in the crane, seeing a **** vine rising from the ground, holding a high-level disciple of the Confucianism to the ink past. Xue Meng couldn't help it anymore. He slammed the sword and brushed the arm of the corpse. Then he leaned back against the ink, and another sword broke the twisted dragon.

In a flash of **** arrogance!

Xue Zhengyi lost his voice: "Menger! Come back soon!"

"Nothing! I am with him!"

He is referring to who, naturally, is self-evident.

The side of the ink burned over the face, and Xue Meng said: "You are going back, there is me here, you are the second line of defense, I can't hold

you back again"

"Shut up!" Xue Meng's hand in the Dragon City screamed, no good airway, "You are the first in Lingshan, or I am the first in Lingshan? Are you the Lord of the Dead, or are you the Lord of the Dead? You are amazing Or am I amazing?"

"..."

The ink burns in the chest, no longer speaks, and concentrates on fighting with Xue Meng back, welcoming the zombies that rise in the square.

At this moment, I heard the stone doors on both sides swaying and slowly closing toward the middle. Xue Zhengyi was overjoyed and busy: "Good, move! The door is closed, you two, come back! Come over here!"

The combination of ink burning and Xue Meng, the red light of the ghost and the red light of the dragon city danced to the shadow, only to hear the jingle, how many dead bodies fell nine miles, the dragon ribs ruptured blood.

They slowly moved closer to the door and the door was closed a little.

Xue Mengdao: "You are advanced."

Ink burning: "Go in together."

"..."

"Go! What are you doing!"

Xue Zhengyi hurried in the inside: "Come on! Come back soon!"

The ink burned a pair of Xue Meng's clothes, Xue Meng angered: "You let go! Don't come to me with this hero, you -"

"Who is going to marry your hero? Go away!" said the ink-burning, one hand rubbing Xue Meng, one foot on the stone steps, the backhand falling and sneaking, knocking back a group of zombies that will be rushed up, and then Xue Meng rushed toward the gate.

The door was closed for most of the time. In fact, it was not in a hurry. The ink burned Xue Meng to Xue Zhengyi. He leaned against the door of the temple and held the star-shaped whip against the wind. The eyebrows smashed and slowly retreated.

Suddenly, the two huge stones that were closing were stopped.

Xue Meng said: "Why don't you move?"

He turned back and saw Nangong’s face pale and white. He came out from the stone pillar of Tiangong, which was held by ten adult men. He said extremely sullenly:

"The central axis of the machine has been destroyed. When it is halfway closed, the chain will break and it will not be picked up."

When Nangong was finished, he raised his hand. In the heart of the bruised palm, he held a half-bronze lock and shook it.

Chapter 221

Xue Meng had to be smothered with blood. The ink burned but there was not so much leisure time. When he heard this sentence, he turned back to the corpse and blocked the first line of defense.

At the end of the night, Ning Fang had been helping Nangong to debug the obvious machine that had been hand-footed. At this time, he saw the ink burning in front of him, and immediately flew to the door of the temple, and sighed: "Ink, come back!"

"Master respect..."

Chu night Ning fell a golden enchantment, the enchantment light up, violently smashed the corpse a few feet, followed by him in the long steps, the front of the temple, the gap between the stone gates, three places respectively fell into the guardian enchantment Then I burned the ink back.

"You stop first."

The ink burned the heart and said: "The enchantment of the masters in the Laoshan Mountain can't last for too long! Why is this master!"

Chu night Ning eyes such as blue frost purple electric, he gritted his teeth, pushed a piece of ink, and pushed him back to the temple: "You are all hurt and go to death, go back to meditate! Shi Mingjing!"

"Master, I am."

Chu night Ning Ling smashed a bit of ink burning: "healing for him."

The teacher beheaded: "Yes, Master."

The ink burns and presses the hand that the teacher has stretched over, facing the back of the Chu who has already turned his back. "It’s all skin trauma, Master, your enchantment here can only support a fragrant martial arts. It will also cost you a lot of spiritual power, you..."

Chu night Ningtou did not return, standing in the skylight: "Then I will support this musk."

The ink burned and wanted to talk again, but was dragged by the teacher. The gentle hand touched his skin, rolled up his sleeves for him, began to heal the wounds, and burned his eyes on him. He silently turned toward him. The ink swayed and shook his head, then coveted and focused on his own spells.

Chu night Ning Road: "Xue Meng."

"At, Master."

"I can't support it, you will go up. Don't hold it hard, feel that some power is not enough, then change the Lord."

Xue Zhengyi was busy: "Well, it will be better to turn around."

Chu night Ningyuan constantly continually transported his spiritual power to the three-tiered enchantment, and said: "There is another thing that bothers the Lord."

"You said."

Chu nightning bites his teeth and cuts his teeth: "Ask the group of wastes hiding behind, except for those who are not good at short-term encounters in the Snow Palace and the lonely moon night, let them come!"

"...What if they didn't come?"

Chu night Ning said: "Then the temple door is broken, sit and wait for death. You can see that they can't come."

Xue Zhengyi passed by, and Nangong was staring at the half-locked buckle on his hand. I don't know how to be good. I don't know why the ban under the head of the first generation will suddenly be broken.

As far as reason is concerned, as long as it is ordered by Nangong Changying, no matter who can change the spirit of evil spirits, how can it suddenly happen...

Xue Zhengyi let the people who can cope with it in the past, Ye said, "I am coming."

When Nangong stood up, he returned to God. He pulled her: "How can you be a girl?"

Ye forgets to stare at the group of Jiang Dongtang, but his disciples are cold and succinct: "If there are only two people in the Confucianist Gate, they are not greedy and afraid of death."

The middle-aged female practitioners who had previously ridiculed her daughter’s body were still not snoring. They all looked away from other places and did not look at Ye’s forgotten face.

In this way, Xue Zhengyi assembled some people and suddenly stunned: "With snow? How are you... No, no, you are not good at this kind of thing, you go back."

Mei Hanxue seems to be cold and cold today. He said: "Uncle is relieved, I have a lot in my heart, I will not play."

Xue Zhengyi looked at the owner of the Snow Palace, and there was no way to see the people in the palace. There was no way to let Mei Hanxue enter the people.

Jiang Yan frowned: "Is it always resisting? Keep some people who are suitable for short-handedness. It is better to go to the apse to see the situation."

Xue Zhengxuan said: "First respond to a while, see if you can fix the machine, go together is the best policy, it can not be repaired, then you can only split two, one to resist, one to go to the apse to check the situation. ”

Jiang Yandao: "...so is it. But who will repair the machine?"

At this time, one hand twitched and raised. Just now, Jiang Yanzhuang, who was just like Jiang’s head, looked out of his head and weakened: "This, this organ technical work, me, I I think I can still try something."

Jiang Yan is both angry and funny: "Then you are not going to go?"

The horse pulled the Nangong Temple and stumbled. Xue Zhengyi also led the team to leave.

Jiang Yan turned back and looked around and this was divided into two, and turned into a hall of purgatory and nine days, and fell into deep thought.

His gaze swept through the precious pieces that were still laughing, talking, or tortured on the other side. The final gaze fell on Nangong Liu, who had been lying next to a basket of oranges.

He felt very strange.

Why is Nangong Liu, or other pieces in this hall, and they are not as violent as the outside bodies, and get up and kill?

If Xu Shuanglin controlled the precious chess in the temple at the moment and began to attack, they were destined to be stretched and caught in the internal and external difficulties.

Why is he not doing it?

Don't want to do it?

Still... can't do it?

Jiang Yan accident, ink burning is not unexpected.

He can clearly perceive that the treasures in the temple have completely preserved these temperament, obsession, and even some memories before the birth, which is completely different from the corpses that are controlled by the "concentric array". Inappropriate metaphors, the zombies outside are marionettes, and all of them are living mortal people with independent temperament.

Xu Shuanglin does not manipulate these living dead people. Obviously there is only one reason - his spiritual power has reached the limit.

"Chu Zongshi, take the handle!"

Suddenly a faint scream came from the stone steps, and Chu nightly looked up and saw that Hua Binan led a dozen monks, and the positive was struggling from the stone steps.

They were previously bitten by poisonous snakes, and they were trimmed in place. They did not expect to have suffered the second violent corpse of the corpse. Twenty of the monks were instantly halved. At this moment, they struggled with this and they were seriously injured. When Chu was late, he raised his hand, and then fell to an enchantment. They were protected under their cages, and the day after tomorrow they asked to smash the zombies that they killed.

"come!"

Chu night Ning Chao Hua Bi Nan reached out.

The ink burned but the heart was alert. He also refused to take the medicine to the upper half, and immediately got up and blocked: "The master is careful!"

However, Hua Binan did not have any abnormalities. He shook and held the hand that Chu Yuening had extended. He was stunned by Chu to Ning, and he was more powerful in the protective enchantment. Chu nightning turned back and said: "Come a few people to help! ”

The survivors were pulled back one by one and they were put in the hall. They were all squatting, panting, and the blood was on the surface, and the expression was extremely painful.

Jiang Yan led a group of disciples on the night of the moon, and he fell down in front of Hua Binan, revealing a rare anxious color: "How to hurt so heavy..."

"I am still innocent, and the Lord will go to see other people first." Hua Binan leaned on the pillars, his fights and veil have been cut, and the robes are stained with blood. Jiang Yan wants to give him The pulse, he raised his hand to stop, "Nothing, but it is a small injury, but the little one who

respects the Lord... cough, he, he hurts too much, and the Lord is going to heal him, don't care about me... ..."

This wave of people's injuries are very heavy, and some people have even been twisted off the whole leg. Compared with them, Hua Binan, who can still speak completely, is indeed light.

Jiang Yan whispered quietly, and looked at Hua Binan, and returned to help others heal.

Hua Binan trembled and found a bottle of hemostatic powder from the Qiankun bag. He was about to spill it on his injured area. Suddenly, he took the porcelain bottle in his hand and inked it: "I will help you."

"...not necessary."

The ink burned his eyes and looked at him: "Paint a powder, just raise your hand."

Hua Binan won the porcelain bottle and whispered: "I am not used to touching me. Not to mention that you are not healing the monks at all, adding chaos."

"Then I will help you."

"Sister?" The side of the ink burned over the head. Seeing that the teacher had put down the medical pouch with his hands and feet, Hua Binan saw the medical pouch and licked his mouth, no longer snoring, and did not resist.

The teacher smashed the silver needle cloth bag, and whispered: "The predecessor of the sage, the younger generation may have a bad week, please forgive me first."

Hua Binan: "..."

His injury is heavy, and it is useless to directly stop the spell. It must be blocked with a needle. Only the cold light flashes, and the edge flashes. The brilliance of the silver needle flashes between the eyes of the teacher. There are more than ten needles in the blink of an eye. .

"The veil and fight of the predecessors..."

The scales of the cold scales flashed a gloom, but I also knew that there were several acupuncture points that must be tied to the face, and they said with a smile: "I pick it myself."

The gauze stained with blood fell, revealing the face of the cold scale, never showing the face.

It was an extremely eccentric face, and the first half was still pretty, but from the bridge of the nose, the entire face was twisted and burned, like a echinoderma.

Hua Binan looked up, and there was some hint of hatred and embarrassment in his eyes: "What is it? The ink master is still not leaving, stay here, look good?"

"……Sorry."

Hua Binan sneered behind him: "I haven't been here before, you don't listen to it. At this time, you said sorry on your mouth, I don't know what I am thinking about. I am thinking about this cold scale. It’s really ugly to grow up, huh, huh.”

The ink swayed and shook his head. He couldn’t say anything more and left.

The Ma Zhuang master still tossed the broken iron lock, and in front of the Tiangongmen, Chu Lingning’s spiritual power was almost lacking. He leaned toward Xue Mengdao: “Xue Meng, take over!”

Xue Meng immediately took the lead and met the knife. The handover of the two of them was extremely smooth, and there was not even a zombie to squeeze in at the moment of replacement.

When Chu Ningyi withdrew from the enchantment, he could not help but step back. The ink burned him pale and felt very distressed, but he could not do anything in front of everyone. Even Chu’s hands could not be held. Repressing himself, he asked: "Late... Master, are you okay?"

"No problem." Chu night Ning gently coughed, "more energy is spent."

However, the ink burned that the Linguin of Chu’s night was originally very fragile. It’s probably not a big deal for others, but for Chu’s lateness...

The ink burned and closed his eyes.

In the last life, they were both sinister and sinister, and the disintegration was divided. Chu Xiening was in that battle because the mental power was exhausted, and the spiritual nucleus shattered instantly. From then on, it became the same as the mortal, and even the body was more mortal. Be weak.

How could it be...

The ink burned in his heart, his eyes were reddish, and he silently put the clothes that he had given him to his shoulders. Only at this time, he could pinch the shoulders of Chu’s lateness through the clothes.

All his heavy love for him can only be hidden in this momentary touch.

He helped Chu late to go to the side, he specifically found a place where there were few people, hidden quiet places, and then sat down with Chu nightning.

No one found out that the ink burned quietly holding the hand of Chu Yuning.

Very cool.

And that year, Chu nightning lost under his knife, he leaned over his chest and reached the same chin when he reached his chin.

The ink burned down and the tip of the finger trembled slightly.

Chu night Ning originally wanted to pull out his hand. After all, there were too many eyes here, but he felt a slight tremor, so he took his hand and turned it with him.

"Let me see." Chu Xiaoning raised his other hand and let the smoldering face lift up his face. There were wounds on his cheeks and nose. "Is it painful?"

The ink swayed and shook his head. He stared at Chu's face and looked at the person who knew that he had his lips pale, but he was still concerned about him.

He felt very painful.

Not a wound.

It is the heart.

He finally learned the lie of the late night, and said: "No pain."

"Don't hurt, what are you shaking?"

He didn't say anything, he couldn't snoring, so Chu Xiaoning misunderstood that he still trembled because of pain. His fingertips lingered in the light of the brilliance of Huaguang, and the ink burned his pupils, and he grabbed the night. The hand on his cheek: "Are you crazy? Still using spiritual power?!"

"This is nothing." Chu said, "It’s just the tiniest healing curse. It hurts."

His fingertips touched his scar.

Painful.

But his heart is like a knife, and his car is cracked, but it is not the case.

Ink burns naturally knows that this is just a little spiritual power, like a drop in the ocean, a cup of Wang Yang, Chu nightning gave almost all the spiritual power to everyone, and only gave him a little bit.

In the past life, he gave too much to the world because of the lateness of Chu, and he gave himself too little, so he complained about the lateness of Chu.

But at that time he would not know.

In fact, Chu Xiening gave him a bit of a drop, although it was pitiful, but that was all he had left, the only thing, the last thing.

"Okay! It’s fixed and repaired!"

Suddenly, the monk under the Mazhuang master rushed to the door, and his cheeks became red. He shouted: "Get ready to retire, close the door! Immediately ready to close!"

At this time, the person who resisted the corpse had changed to Mei Hanxue. Xue Meng was also injured after he retired, but the injury was not heavy. He did not check much when he wrapped the gauze himself. He bit his gauze. The belt is tied to oneself, while watching Mei Xuexue retreat.

It is strange to say that he remembers that Mei Han Xueming is the spiritual core of the water system and the wood system, but he does not know why he has exhibited the fire system tricks. He was alone, with a broken water lying on his back, his fingers licking his face, his face cold, and his shot was a flame-red barrier flame, which forced all the corpses that were trying to get close.

"Closed! Mei Gongzi!"

Mei Hanxue let the squat hang, step by step as he stepped back and retreated to the door. Xue Meng suddenly found it wrong. He turned his head and said: "Can you open the door again? This piano is too wide, can't enter-"

"No need to."

Mei Hanxue succinctly interrupted Xue Meng’s words, and suddenly he took the shackles into the music, lost the sound of the piano, and a group of zombies rushed up. Xue Meng knew that he was not good at fighting, and his face suddenly changed. When you pull out the Dragon City, you have to go out to help.

Unexpectedly, the singer did not pass, and he saw a flash of silver. Mei’s snow palm did not know when a silver sabre appeared. The sword was suffocating and smashed, only to see his sword dance and shadow. And retired, slammed the sword out, and before the door was about to close, Mei Hanxue raised his hand and screamed: "Hurricane, come back!"

The sword was turned into a snow light and shadow, and it was worn from the cracks. Mei was caught in the snow, and the arm of the sword was brought to the side.

The gate of the Tiangong Palace was closed.

There was a muffled sound from the outside, and it was the sound of the corpse and the dragon ribs on the door, but it seemed that it was far and far away, and the palace gate of the Nangong family’s large-scale construction was not so easy to break.

Everyone was relieved, and there were several disciples who had never seen the big world. They were directly on the ground with a soft leg. They even screamed, "Mom...this is all What is it..."

After the break, Mei Hanxue was slightly relieved, but his sigh of relief was not significantly different from that of the weekday. If Xue Meng had been staring at him, I would not find that he slightly opened his lips and spit. This tone.

Suddenly I found the eyes of two **** next to me. Mei Hanxue turned her head: "...how? Why do you see me?"

Xue Meng’s throat is dry: "...you are this sword..."

Mei Hanxue glanced at the long sword flowing with silver light: "Hurricane."

Xue Meng’s face was uncertain for a while, and he said: “When will you make the sword?... Is it right? Should you have a martial arts?”

"there is always."

Xue Meng said: "Why didn't you use it at the Lingshan Conference?"

"..." Mei Hanxue was silent for a while and said, "I don't want to use it."

Xue Meng seems very puzzled, and even some anger: "Do you look down on us? You take out the martial arts, maybe you are the first... second?"

Mei Hanxue turned his eyes. It seemed to be a bit ridiculous in the cold eyes. He looked at Xue Meng, who was slightly angry because of his anger, and then said: "The third place is very good, first... ..." He licked his lips

and rubbed Xue Meng over, and he fell to Xueman's ear in an understatement.

"The first is too stupid."

Chapter 222

Xue Meng was stunned for a while, only to feel the strength, and angered at Mei Hanxue: "Dog stuff, who are you stupid?"

Xue Zhengyi pulled him: "Menger!"

"This person said that I am stupid!"

"Okay, you got it wrong, and Xue Mingming didn't say anything."

"That's because he lowered his voice in my ear!!"

Noisy here, Jiang Yan is counting the wounded and checking the situation. The result of the review is that Jiang Yan let everyone fix the moment in the same place, the healing of the healing, the meditation of the meditation. No way, the most fierce fighting power is consumed a lot, just like the bow is not yet full, the arrow has been blunt, so rashly continue to move forward, if there is a sudden change, I am afraid not to cope.

After telling them, Jiang Yan walked to Nangong Temple: "Nangong, I have something to ask you."

"Gui Jiangmen please speak."

Jiang Yan did not speak, but first looked at Ye Yexi Shi.

Nangong said: "She doesn't have to evade."

"It's better to avoid it." Jiang Yan said, his eyes fell, and he stopped at the heart of Nangong. It was the location of Nangong's spiritual core.

After the leaves have been forgotten, Jiang Yan sat down next to Nangong Temple.

"What about your spiritual core? Are you planning to squat?"

Nangong’s eyes fainted: “I don’t know how to tell her.”

"Are you afraid that she will dislike you? In fact, you think too much, Ye girl is not -"

"No." Nangong驷 interrupted Jiang Yan’s words. "I am not afraid that she will dislike me. I am just afraid that she will be sad."

"..." Jiang Yan was silent for a while, and seemed to be stabbed by the inexplicable pride of Nangong. He laughed. "You are really confident."

"Ginger palm is wrong. I am not confident, I believe her."

When Jiang Yan listened to his tone very hard, he faintly said: "You are now in the Pingyang, but you still talk to me in this tone, I am not afraid that I will find you trouble later?"

"you will not."

Jiang Yan paused: "Is this letter to me?"

"Along the way, I also know what kind of person Jiang Jiangmen is." Nangong said, "So I thought I would tell you when I thought my life was cut off."

"..." Jiang Yan has been staring at Nangong, until he mentions it, he turned his eyes away. "Now you are still alive, are those words still counted?"

"Doing a number." Nangong said, "When I defeated Xu Shuanglin, I will speak with everyone."

Jiang Yan did not speak. After a while, he said: "Nan Gong Yu, I regret that I can't see the Confucianism Gate in your hands. Otherwise, it can be regarded as a higher opponent."

Nan Gongyi answered very calmly, but he also had his arrogance: "The head is still wrong. The best thing about the Confucianism, I have fortunately learned."

When Jiang Yan rarely refutes others, there are few times when he is not sneering, and there is little time to admire or agree with others. However, he has not been trying to deny Nangong’s words for a long time. He finally said: “Don’t say this, ask you a more important thing.”

"...I know what the head is going to ask." Nangong squatted on the naurus in the quiver, and the wolf was injured. The forehead smashed the fur and was still bleeding. "But why Lushan suddenly loses control." It is not my knowledge of the willingness to violate the head of the door. I also feel that it is impossible."

Jiang Yandao: "There is no trace of clues? You think about it again, is there any secret about the Confucianist Gate, is it about this mountain?"

Nangong驷 shook his head and said: "No. The Nangong family has known for generations to listen to the orders of the family, but the first place must be the ancestor of Changying."

“Absolutely no one else?”

"Absolutely not. The first master recognized by the dragon's soul is too much, and will never change."

In the eyes of Jiang Yan, the face is indefinite, and a face becomes more and more sullen because of the stalemate: "How did Xu Shuanglin do it?"

"I don't want to understand." Nangong suddenly paused. Jiang Yan thought that he thought of something. He turned to look at him. He found that he looked straight at a person in the distance and followed his eyes. Jiang I saw the Nangong Liu who was eating orange peeling.

Nangongyi has been trying not to look at his father who was made into a pawn, but when he touched it, his expression was immediately unstoppable and extremely painful. Jiang Yan is actually a very old man with Xu Shuanglin and Xue Zhengyi. It is just because the cultivation method is different, so he still looks young and handsome. But this has nothing to do with his mentality. His mentality has not been so fascinating. He looked at Nangong, and he couldn’t bear it for a while. He said, "Don’t watch."

"..."

"Don't look again."

Nangong Temple seemed to have spent all his efforts to tear his eyes away from his father. When he fell down, his shoulders seemed to tremble slightly, and finally he buried his face in his palm, but he could not cover the sob in the voice.

He muttered hoarsely and tried to stagger the subject: "I don't want to understand how Xu Shuanglin did it, but it was a dragon that was too tamed..."

The shoulders are getting more and more violent.

Jiang Yan has been stiff and his face has been very faint, but he finally reached out and patted Nan Gong's shoulder. He seems to want to comfort Nangong's two sentences, but he has never comforted him. In the end, he only said: "It doesn't matter, people have their own lives. Although you and your father have troubled this situation, they still have fathers and sons. One, you see me, the year of the destiny, no child. I want to open."

After talking about Nangong, of course, he did not care about him. He also felt dry and said that it was worse than not saying it.

Jiang Yan got up and said a little: "I will go somewhere else and you will rest for a while, and I will continue to move forward later."

"..."

"Right, what is the front?"

Nangong sighs the channel: "Dragon soul pool."

"What is this for?"

"That is the blood pool of the spirit of the evil dragon." Nangong said, "The **** of the dragon is sleeping in the pool. Every year, people of the Confucianism must worship it."

When Jiang Yan listened, he frowned. Finally, he said, "I hope there will be no more situation there."

Everyone in this vestibule rested for half a hour, and the wounded and the spiritually depleted people were gradually recovering with the help of the healing monks.

Jiang Yan looked at the "good" and "bad" that Xu Shuanglin had made on both sides. The two extremes, the eyebrows wrinkled more and more tightly.

What kind of thing is this non-competitive thing, what does Xu Shuanglin do? Is it good to look at?

Listening to Nangong, who was made into a chess piece, a squatting one, it seems that Xu Shuanglin regarded himself as an emperor, and divided these into black and white and good and evil, as their own subjects?

He walked all the way to see the past, and finally came to Nangong Liu, who was sitting on his bamboo basket and slowly peeling the oranges.

Jiang Yan paused for a moment, suddenly leaned over, and did not give up on the sentence before he had already asked him: "Can you take us to kneel there?"

Nangong Liu is still the same answer as before: "There are things to do under your Majesty. How can you see and see you?"

"..." Jiang Weishou is not pleased. "There is no use at all. The pustules of waste are waste pustules. Whether they are alive or made into pieces, they are all waste pustules."

Nangong Liu was smashed by him, and his neck shrunk and narrowed his neck. A very weak look hugged his orange vine basket. After a while, he cried and cried: "How are you so fierce? I am useless or not. Use, I was originally a waste pustule. What can you do if you are fierce?"

He cried loudly and attracted everyone around him.

Chu Xiaoning also tempered and meditation at this time, he frowned. "This Nangong Liu is strange."

Ink burning asked: "What?"

"I can't say it." Chu said, "I feel that this person is Nangong Liu, but it is not right, it seems that it is not the Nangong Liu I know."

The ink burned and stared at the other side. Jiang Yan’s positive color was blue and the Nangong Liu was smashed, while Nangong Liu twitched, and from time to time he took two hands and squinted his eyes.

"..." The ink burned his actions, and he did not feel right. He couldn’t tell the violation. He seemed to see a child with a middle-aged head, which made him goose bumps. Suddenly, the ink burned a bit and muttered, "Children..."

"what?"

When the ink burned, he turned his head and asked: "Master, do you think that he is like a child?" He said that he saw the Nangong Liu for a while,

and saw Nangong Liu actually began to take his sleeves and snot. "There is still a child who is only five or six years old."

He said this, Chu Jingning looked again, and sure enough.

Although Nangong Liu is still in his forties, he has revealed this kind of stupidity.

Chu night Ning whispered: "What did Xu Shuanglin do to him, let his gods remember, only to be five or six years old?"

Ink burning: "Master is waiting, I will try."

"How do you try?"

The ink burned and he did not answer. He was in the eyes of the public, walked to the side of Nangong Liu, picked up an orange and handed it to him, and tried to say, "Don't cry, eat an orange."

"I don't eat, I have already eaten it, this is dedicated to His Majesty."

The ink burned the oranges back into the basket and asked, "Who is your majesty?"

Jiang Yandao: "What use? I have not tried this sentence long ago."

Sure enough, Nangong Liudao: "Your Majesty... Your Majesty is your Majesty, who else you can."

The ink burned was not discouraged, but then asked him the second sentence: "Well, your majesty is your majesty, you are so loyal and sensible, you know, you will be very happy. Yes, I have been asking you about your majesty. The matter, haven't asked you yet, little brother, what is your name?"

Huang Xiaoyue was impatiently beside him. He was sneering and talking twice. Jiang Yan stopped him and shook his head. He also implicitly felt that something was wrong.

Nangong Liu, holding a basket of oranges, looked at the ink for a while, and then said a little, "My name is Nangong Liu."

The ink burned and smiled and touched the head of Nangong Liu, and asked quietly: "I know, my name is ink burning, I am twenty-two this year, what about you?"

"I, I am five years old..."

"!!"

For a time, the birds were silent.

Nangong Liu’s answer was not sound, but the people around him were quietly looking here, so his fierce “I’m five years old” was like a thunderstorm, and it exploded in the hall.

Almost everyone was shocked.

If it is not the situation, I am afraid that many people in the room will laugh, laughing and tears - five years old? Five years old?

Three years ago, I wanted them to believe that the head of the first martial art in the world would be shrunk in a basket of oranges and muttered: "I am five years old." These people probably would rather believe that the sow will go to the tree.

Can Nangong Liu clearly said this sentence clearly at this moment, a group of people are listening to stupid, zombie in the same place, you look at me, I look at you, do not know what this is.

Jiang Yan stepped forward and asked: "What do you do in this house every day?"

Nangong Liu quickly went to the ink and retracted, slamming the ink sleeves: "Big brother, I don't want to talk to him, this uncle is so fierce..."

Jiang Yan: "..."

Nangong Liu is bigger than his age. He dreamed that he would not think that Nangong Liu would call him an uncle one day.

There is some sorrow in the smoldering. If it is really a five-year-old child, he is still used, but at this time he is holding a man who is full of pleats. The mouth of the ink burner was pumped, and the coughing two comforted: "Well, you don't care about him, then I will ask you, what do you do in this house every day?"

Jiang Yan's eyes widened - he was somewhat admired at this time, can this kid, can this endure?

"I pick oranges every day, pick up the oranges and wash them, then give them back and wait for him to come out to eat." Nangong Liudao, "His favorite tea, he can eat a whole basket a day. This mountain What was originally grown at the foot was a tree that only blossomed and did not bear fruit. When you said it was boring, all of them were replaced with orange trees. I also think that the orange trees are good and the fruit is sweet."

He whispered and whispered, and suddenly his eyes were a little bleak: "Unfortunately, these days, the body is always not very good. After picking a basket, he can only eat half of it..."

Jiang Yan grabbed the key: "Is my body recently bad?"

Nangong Liu is very revengeful, pouting, drumming and helping: "I hate, I don't talk to you."

Jiang Yan endured for a moment, couldn't resist, quickly turned his head and took his face and nose.

Huang Xiaoyue asked with concern: "What happened to Jiang Jiangmen?"

"Don't talk to me." Jiang Yan frowned in disgust, no longer willing to see the giant child Nangong Liu, who was pouting over there. "I am a little disgusted."

Ink burning: "How bad is your body?"

"That is... it is always coughing, the blood is coughing out, he is very thin, so thin and willing to eat, there are many places on his body are rotten..." Nangong Liu said, tears replied Like a broken column, I cried in tears. "I am worried about him. If he is gone, what should I do? No one will accompany me anymore, talk to me, feed me to eat oranges." ""

"He...he still feeds you to eat oranges?"

However, as seen from the Confucianism Gate last time, the two brothers Nangong Liu and Xu Shuanglin were simply **** and enmity. Xu Shuanglin did not continue to take Lingqi fruit live. His brother is already a miracle, feeding the oranges?

I can't imagine it.

Jiang Yan is indulged in depression: "Many places are rotten..."

Xue Zheng said: "It sounds like a counter-attack of the chess game?"

The smoldering is also very clear about this. The three major banned games, if the practitioner is not enough, and forcibly manipulates the pieces too many times, the body will begin to fester slowly.

When he first started practicing in the past, he also rotted. Starting from the toes, when he was burning, he was afraid of being discovered by Chu, and he never dared to act rashly. Later, he invented the "community of the heart" and continued to cultivate. Later, he became the emperor of the emperor, and he was full of spiritual power. He could control a thousand horses without a concerted heart, but the necrotic left foot and small toe could no longer be restored.

The ink burned and felt strange.

The zombies outside are obviously manipulated by the unity of the heart. Only the corpses that can move freely in this hall are completely controlled by Xu Shuanglin’s spiritual power.

Since Xu Shuanglin can't support so many pieces, why do you have to pay for it?

It’s useless to be trapped here, Jiang Yan said: “Go ahead.”

The gate leading to the Dragon Soul Pond also needs to be opened. This machine has not been smashed. After the start, the front door of the seven-star squadron is inlaid with a rumbling sound. The stone door is shrunk into the wall. The nave of the Temple of Heaven slowly showed his appearance in front of everyone.

It is a hexagonal closed palace, the walls are wet and damp, and there is a rough Tenglong relief at the top of the zenith. The bones are distinct and the eyes are roaring. This dragon has an oil lamp in it, and I don’t know it. What oil, the light that burned out is actually blue and blue.

In the center of the temple, there is a pool of blood red floating foam, and it is steaming outside.

Nangong said: "This is the Dragon Soul Pool, and the Dragon God's God is sealed in this blood pool."

Some people want to get closer to seeing it, Nangong said: "Don't look at it, this pool is very evil. If you stare at it for a long time, your mind will be scattered. Let's go."

The group walked by the side of the blood pool under the leadership of Nangong Temple. They walked into the corridor behind the nave. Although there was no day, there was no reference, but the ink burned them and they were always going uphill.

In this section of the road, there was a fragrant scent of light, and then Nangong Liu stopped. In front of him was a door narrower than the front, but decorated with jewels.

"After the door is opened, take another road, which is the exit of the ramp." Nangong said, "After going out, it is the last place in the Temple of Heaven, called the Soul Taiwan, and Xu Sulin should be on the Soul."

Huang Xiaoyue suddenly asked: "How many places does the Confucianism Gate Temple go to? The front hall, the dragon blood pool, and the soul-hunting platform?"

"Not bad."

"Is there no secret room?" He was anxious and almost said to be a secret room. Fortunately, he responded in time. "I mean, Xu Shuanglin may also be in the secret room."

Nan Gongyi looked at him meaningfully, and that kind of vision really looked at Huang Xiaoyue a little embarrassed. Finally, Nangong said: "Go ahead and go to the soul station and read it."

Opening this last door, you need the blood of the Nangong family. Nangong 驷 wiped his blood on the eye of the stone door dragon. The organs on the door moved and turned, and then heard a faint sigh.

Huang Xiaoyue stunned: "Who is talking?!"

Then he pointed to Nangong and said: "You kid will not be swindling? Please join us?"

Nangong Yu said indifferently: "If you can't believe me, I can still go out now, sit in the hall and wait."

Huang Xiaoyue certainly refused, but he left his mind before he entered. This way, he found that all important thresholds need the blood of the Nangong family to open, and the legendary treasure house must be the same. So before Huang Xiaoyue entered the door, his hand intentionally or

unintentionally wiped a hand on the longan, secretly stained some of the blood of Nangong...

Suddenly, an empty voice rang in the dark road.

"Where are you, who?"

Huang Xiaoyue made a guilty conscience, and he almost jumped up. Others also looked around and looked forward. Nangong said: "There is the seventh generation of the Confucianism, Nangong Temple."

"Don't leave... Welcome... Master..."

After the voice slowly said this sentence, it turned out to be awkward.

"The separation is the name of the dragon." Nan Gongyi said to Jiang, "Ginger, please."

Jiang Yan looked at the front of the road, about a hundred feet away from the place, revealing the white light, presumably there is the soul-stricken stage, Jiang Yan walked a few steps forward, suddenly the earth slammed again, the ethereal The voice of the voice rang again.

"Don't leave, welcome... Lord... people..."

"What happened to this dragon?" Jiang Yan frowned. "Do you say it twice in the same sentence?"

However, the face of Nangong Temple has changed. He immediately turned his head to see the direction of the soul-striking platform. The light and shadow suddenly flashed slightly. He had not had time to see it clearly. He had already heard the screaming voice in the ear, followed by the skylight. There was a flood of water.

Nangong’s pupils gathered and screamed: “Run!!”

Chapter 223

Where is the flood of them coming to them? It is clearly a snake that gathers into a stream!

When you are in a small squat, you can do it in a mess. You push me and I squeeze you. In a flash, it’s not a small number of people who are trampled to death. Jiang Yan will push Nangong forward: “You go first, here I will respond. ”

He said that the Yingying powder had been scattered in the sleeves, and the snakes smelled the powdery breath, and they all stood up in shape and did not dare to go forward.

Jiang Yan screamed in front of him: "Come calm down, go back to the nave, don't squeeze!"

He lived in the snake tide, and then quickly caught up with the big troops. When he retired to Shimen, he found Nangong Temple to look at the Tamron relief. He asked Nangong: "What is going on?"

"The magic dragon must have been controlled." Nangong said, "I want to go back and check the situation of the Dragon Soul."

He said that he was going to go. Jiang Yan grabbed him: "What about the snakes behind? I didn't bring too much dispersing powder. After the drug has dissolved, they will definitely come again."

The leaf standing on the side said: "I am coming."

She was taught in the dark city of Confucianism at an early age, so she is better at fighting in the dark and narrow places than everyone else.

Although Nangong驷 did not want her to stay, she was reluctant to look at her, and she did not except her. There was no more suitable choice, so in the end, Nangong had to shoot her shoulder.

"It's too dark, I know you don't like it, keep it for a while, I will be back soon."

Jiang Yan and Nan Gong Temple were the last to go out of the way. When they came out, Huang Xiaoyue swooped forward. The fierceness of the scene was really not the appearance of an old man who had to be white.

"Nan Gong Yu! You dare to say that you are not a ghost?"

Nangong’s forbearance for a long time, and finally reached the limit at the moment, he angered: "I am a ghost, can you still stand here now? Go away, don't block the road!"

Huang Xiaoyue was shocked first, then he pointed his nose: "Look, look, the mask has been torn off? The fox tail is coming out? I have been carrying my grandson, and now I am in your land, and even the door is ringing. Do you think that you are still the windy Confucianist scorpion? How dare you be so arrogant!"

"Huang Xiaoyue."

In addition to the Nangong Temple, there are other people who endure the limit.

Jiang Yan really can't see the sand in his eyes. He touched his teeth and said: "Don't think that I don't know if you are aggressive, what you want to do."

Huang Xiaoyue’s hand was smashed, his face changed, but he still insisted on calming: “Jiang Jiangmen may not be able to understand the feelings of the old man. I have a brother-in-law with the Confucianism, I...”

"I really can't understand the mood of Huang Daochang." Jiang Yan turned his eyes and looked at him coldly. "I have no interest in the treasure house of Confucianism."

His gaze was like a two-handed blade. Huang Xiaoyue slammed back two steps, staring at Jiang Yan, his lips opening and closing, but he was

ashamed, and he couldn’t say a word.

Jiang Yandao: "Nangong, you can check it."

However, the Dragon Soul Pool was on one side of the pool, and there were no gaps in the wall. After careful observation for several laps, no abnormalities were found. Nangong swayed and shook his head and said, "I will go to the front hall and see."

The furnishings of the front hall are much more complicated, not to mention that there are so many precious pieces, Nan Gongliu was previously left in the temple, and when Nangong entered, he was holding the basket of oranges and slumbering.

He stood in front of his father for a while, his eyes were blank and empty, but his eyes were involuntarily red. He didn't dare to stand for a long time, nor did he wake up the shackles that were made into pieces, but looked at them one by one, hoping to get a little clue.

When everyone was in the front hall, he didn't have any leisure time. He only knew that it was divided into two parts, "bliss" and "purgatory". At this moment, one by one, but found a lot of old people, he saw The four uncles who have always had a relationship with Xu Shuanglin are deeply immersed in "Purgatory" and are grilled on a fire. They see that the maids in the Sanshengyuan are in the "bliss" place, catching butterflies and catching butterflies... ...

He even saw his grandfather.

However, Nangong Temple did not have much time to feel sad because he suddenly felt that he was about to see a person, one...

Then he heard it.

He heard it in the tide of muttering.

a trembling, light mosquito-like

"Hey..."

The Nangong Temple is like a thunderous thunder, but it has not turned back, and the tears have been wet.

He turned and slid into the fog. He only saw a vague azure figure. He rushed to the figure, and he shouted hoarsely: "A Niang! A Niang!!"

Tears stunned and fell, and they cleared up.

In the "bliss" world, Yu Ting stands alone, and it is the mother of Nangong. Like Nangong Changying, this woman also has an extremely powerful force. In addition, Xu Shuanglin retains the heart of the hall, so even if Nangong is different from childhood, she can still rely on her own body. After Nangong broke into her vision, he recognized him.

She trembled to the Nangong, and it was extremely difficult to reach out the stiff fingers: "Hey... child..."

The clothes that Rong Rong wore were exactly the one that Nan Gongyi had when she finally saw her. He was kneeling in front of her, as if he had returned to the same year, and returned to the night of Confucianism, which seemed to be unusual. The mother went to the child's study to find him, and the moon was round.

Nangong was in front of her. He looked up at her. There was a lot of words to say, but in the end, it was a trembling thing: "Auntie... It’s known in the world without persuasion, it’s not the world. Without adding jest..."

Time is wrong.

The stern mother of the past stood by the window of Xuan Xuan and asked her: "The world is not a disappointment, what is the last sentence?"

The child is arrogant, but he can't answer it.

Later, she left too suddenly. When he was kneeling in front of her dark shackles, he still couldn't completely carry out the last volume of his mother's life.

This sentence "is acclaimed by the world without persuasion, and the world is not added without disappointment." After more than ten years of shackles, the dust finally settled.

He was kneeling in front of her, and it was still the same posture as the moonlight night. Their figure finally coincided with that year, but they were full of grievances, but now they have broken their livers and intestines, and at that time, they have become others. piece.

Rong Rong stroked the hair of Nangong, her cheeks, and finally caught his **** mottled hands. She shivered and narrowed her eyes.

"Hey, my mother is now charged with the body, such as the meat on the sputum, and I will lose consciousness at any time... but, oh, you have to believe... the words of the maiden are all true... they are all thinking when they leave. Although Niang hates your uncle so much... but the mother is also grateful to him..."

"A mother..."

"If it weren't for him... I made a piece of chess, how can I see you again... and... tell you..." Rong Rong leaned slowly and leaned over, she trembled,

reached out, and then moved to Nangong.驷 tightly embraced in my arms.

"Auntie before she left, the last thing she regretted was..." She choked and cried, but not because she was once again controlled by Xu Shuanglin. She hugged her child so tightly, she said, "I am the most What I regret is that I have never been, I have never held you so well. I have never held you like this... I am..."

"Auntie also loves you."

Nangong Yu has been crying: "I know... I know, mother, I already know."

Suddenly, the earth began to vibrate again, and he slammed his eyes and opened his eyes. He muttered: "The **** contract will be torn apart..."

"what?"

"The **** contract is torn apart! I am here, I can see it every day!" Rong Hao suddenly nervous. "Hey, you can't have something, I want to stop him... I want to stop Nangong... ..."

Nangong rubbed her tears and pulled her: "Aunt, what have you seen here? What **** contract is torn?"

"You listen." Rong Rong paused, his eyes contracted, and it seemed to be subject to people at the same time, but she was biting the roots, and with the flesh and mind, the life blocked the control of the Jane Blacks. "You listen, Nangong Fushi collected five martial arts martial arts. These five martial arts have consumed a million people of blood. Together they can break the bond between the dragon and the Nangong family."

"Break the tie?!"

"Yes, Dragon Barn is the first to be cut off."

Nangong stunned: "So the zombies that suddenly burst up outside are actually because the dragon ribs were cut off, so they got rid of the control?"

"This is exactly the case." Rong Yu hoared, "The second one is the dragon scale."

Nangong’s thoughts on the snakes that he had encountered were all made by dragon scales.

"Third, is the dragon tail."

Nangong’s eclipse said: “The shock that was just that was the break of the dragon’s tail?!”

"Yes, then the dragon head, and finally the dragon body." Rong said, "Once Nangong is successful with the fifth magical weapon, the whole mountain will lose control...more... no longer recognize too The head is the main..."

Her expression was painful again. She couldn't say more words at the moment. Xu Shuanglin seemed to have noticed her actions and was trying to embezzle her body.

Tolerance and low mourning, the long, pale fingers are tightly buried between the hairpins: "No...no..."

"A Niang!"

"Hey, hey..."

His voice made her suddenly wake up again. She was like a thirsty person who got Ganquan. She held him tightly and looked a little helpless.

That was the helplessness he had never seen on her face.

Nangong’s heartache was like a cut. He held her in his arms. Before he was a child, Auntie was always very cold, very serious, and rarely hugged him.

Now he can finally protect her mother.

Although it is only a mirror of the water, but in a body, hiding some of the consciousness before life, even the soul is no longer there.

It is enough.

With her body in her arms, she shivered slightly in the arms of Nangong. After a long time, she raised her face again, and her face was full of blood and tears as a precious piece.

Nangong licked his throat and raised his hand to help her wipe it, but how to wipe it was dirty, how to wipe it, those bloodstains could not be wiped off, and he closed his eyes in pain.

Rong Rong said: "I can feel him... He has already noticed me... I don't have much time... Listen, he cut off the blood, for... It is to be able to re-define with the dragon. At that time... ah!!"

She is confused and difficult to continue.

However, Nangong Temple has already understood it. The last bit of blood on his face has disappeared: "At that time, he was only listening to his own

orders. We were in Lushan - one could not escape?!"

"Never be so..."

"Never!"

The mother and the child actually spoke in unison.

Nangong驷 looked down to see her mother: "Auntie knows what to do?"

"Nangong florist is not home..." Rong Yan's face flashed a chill. "He...he couldn't keep the precious pieces...so he was rebellious, so I can...recognize his inner heart... I know what to do - you listen to me."

With the arm of Nangong's arm, her eyes swept over an inch and then fell on her husband.

Because of the earthquake, Nangong Liu was awakened, holding his own basket of oranges, looking around in confusion, a look of unknown.

She stared at him like an eagle staring at the snake in the hole.

"You need to die alone." Zhu Lip Kai Qi, Rong Shudao, "Hey, you go kill him."

Chapter 224

"!" Nangong stunned, "A Niang?"

"The deed of the dragon, only by the Nangong family blood sacrifice, can be reinforced." Rong said, "Only you, or him. So of course he is ... he is already a chess piece, walking dead... not to mention, Why is he alive? He is unfaithful to his husband, he is not strict with his father, he is not respected by the king, and he is worthy of being a man. Who knows why Nangongbu’s thoughts solved his lingering fruit, only let him do it. fool?!"

Nangong is in the same place as the original place. It seems that he has also become a chess piece, which is stiff and difficult to move.

"Hey, it’s hard to do it for the sake of the mother. It’s only you...you can only put him into the dragon soul pool, blood into the pool...he... a commandment, you can change everyone’s peace, but also count him ...dead after death!"

He hasn't reacted yet. Suddenly, someone in the Dragon Soul pool is yelling: "What happened? Where did these beetles come from?"

Beetle...?

Then there was a scream of screams in the temple, as well as the sound of drinking by Xue Zhengyi and Jiang Yan. Rong Rong anxiously said: "As soon as possible, the dragon's blood contract has been broken, and the last two contracts, and so on, completely thrown away, even if he is thrown into the blood pool, it does not help."

Nangong was awake by her head.

"What's so hesitant?!" Rong said. "It's all about him. It's the reason for the Confucianism to the present day. Hey! You wake up! There is no other choice, you-!"

She suddenly lost her voice.

Then, her eyes turned up slightly, her pupils contracted sharply, and Xu Shuanglin seemed to finally endure the inability to control her with the most awesome spiritual power.

Rong Rong no longer has his own consciousness.

Her face reappeared as a dreamlike look. She slowly got up and walked towards the side of "Blur", returning to the inconspicuous position she had been at the beginning, her eyes emptied and whispered: " Hey... tell A Niang that the world is ruined without adding a disappointment. What is the previous sentence?"

Nangong is shaking.

He trembled on the ground, he was not controlled by anything, but he felt that there was no way out there.

The world's reputation is not persuaded, and the world is destroyed without adding disappointment.

This is what he asked her to do, and it is so difficult.

It's really hard.

When I was a child, I couldn’t understand the embarrassing tour, or let him hit the nine hearts with ten arrows. It’s too difficult and too difficult.

Today, she told him to use his father's blood to reinforce the **** relationship of Lushan.

He listened to the sorrow and screams outside, only to hear the sound knows how horrible the beetle that the awakened dragon tail becomes. He thinks of the leaf forgetting, and still faces the snake tide alone in the dark, waiting for him to check it as soon as possible. Ming leaves everything back to the past.

"驷儿..." Behind him is the mother's mutter.

He slowly took out his long sword and walked toward Nangong Liu.

hate.

How can you not hate?

He looked at the man -

Why don't you hate him?

Lively digging the mother's heart, privately arranging the head of Jiangdongtang, and murdering the Lizhuang Lizhuang master, letting the Confucianism door be destroyed, leaving a pile of mess and showing a stigma that makes him and Ye Yexis nowhere to go. The dog who lost the family is not the dog who lost his family. How can he not hate him! !

The sword was lifted, and the snow reflected the face of Nangong Liu.

The face that is no longer young, with a few sons will have peace and calm.

Nangong Liu looked at Nangong Temple, so Nangong’s hand shook. He didn’t go too far. He said, “You get up.”

"Who are you? Why do you want me to get up? I have to sit here, I have to wait for you..."

"What is your majesty!" Nangong screamed at him, his heart screamed, blood flow in the blood vessels, arrogant, "That is your brother! Nanlu Liu?! That is your brother!!"

"It’s the younger brother who is also your majesty." Nangong Liu was shocked and shrunk into a ball. "You don't want to be so fierce, you... you... why are you crying?"

Did I cry?

Nangong thinks.

I... I cried?

The bitter and salty tears fell and fell to the ground with the sword.

Nangong suddenly fell to the ground, it is already awkward.

Why is this happening?

He hates him. He thinks that he can really hate to force his father to go to the Dragon Soul Pool with himself, and recast the **** relationship between Lushan and Pei.

Why can't he hate? It’s just that this person’s own person is homeless, and his family is broken. Why don’t he hate it?

but……

But I really can't go.

When the sword illuminates the person's face, when he sees the wrinkles in the corner of the person's eyes, what he thinks is actually --

It turned out that when he was still very young, he stumbled and chased Naibaijin in Xiaoyue Caochang.

The legs and feet were unstable and finally fell.

Rong Rong stood in front of him and said to him who was crying, "Get yourself up."

It hurts.

But it hurts. He struggles and works hard, but he can't stand up.

He reached out and begged the mother to hold him once and pull him.

However, Rong Rong did not reach out and never reached out.

Finally, another warm big hand, picked him up from the ground, hugged it into his arms, and the sun shone, and he saw a face.

A young, gentle, like a gentleman, always a loving face.

"Oh, our nephews occasionally want someone to help." The man touched his soft hair and his eyes were very gentle. "If you climbed up yourself, what do you want to do?"

That was the earliest and earliest impression of his father at the beginning of Nangong’s memory.

In this secluded, full of living dead, the only living man groaned, stumbled and climbed up on his own.

He got up, but he quickly fell.

In the direction he was in the direction of Rong Rong, he had three long heads, and then he got up again and turned to leave.

Suddenly, the sleeves were pulled.

The person who held him was actually Nangong Liu.

"..."

Nan Gongliu took out an orange from the basket and handed it to him. After thinking about it, he peeled another piece and handed it directly to his lips.

"Don't cry, though I don't know what you are going to do. But the oranges are sweet and especially delicious. I picked them, you try them."

Nangong don't want to eat, but the orange is on the lips, and Nangong Liu handed him him, just like he fed him many times when he was a child.

The sweet and sour juice spread out between the lips and teeth, and Nangong smeared his tears. He finally made up his mind to throw the long sword and turned and walked out of the front hall.

He came to the pool of the Dragon Soul.

The beetle that was made by the dragon was too fierce. There were already many monks who died and the blood flowed into the river. Because the insects are too small, the great masters such as Chu, Ning Jiang, and so on can only protect a small number of people behind them. The scene is a lot of miscellaneous, just like in the boiling soup.

No one noticed that Nangong came in.

He entered the temple.

A few hours ago, he lost his spiritual core, thinking that he would become a mortal, and live forever.

At this moment, I suddenly felt that the fate knew that his heart was high. Although he was not thicker than him, he was not thinner than him at the end.

The only owe...

His gaze fell to the cave leading to the soul-stricken platform.

Leaves forget.

Nangong Yu suddenly smiled and smiled.

Fortunately, I didn’t have time to tell her at the end of the day, thank you for her persistence, thank you for her unwavering commitment. Fortunately, I didn't have time to tell her that he finally understood her good, her affection, and she was willing to stay with her ever since.

Otherwise, if you are ignorant of the girl, then...

"thump."

So what?

He didn't finish it. If he thought about it, he would probably never have the courage. He didn't finish it, so he swallowed the boiling blood pool. When he didn't finish it, he turned into a skeleton and became ashes.

The last thing he had to do before he was to untie the arrow in his waist, embroider his mother's needles and needles, and throw the white wolf in the wolf.

Nan Gongyi felt that he was still conscious at the moment he was in the ashes, but it was not painful. He seemed to hear clearly the sound of the quiver safely falling on the ground, and the call of Naobaijinjin seemed to still listen. When he arrived in Chu, he called his name, and he rarely lost it.

He thought it should.

He wants to respond:

Master respect...

I recognize you.

How can I not recognize you?

In fact, I always remember that under the flower tree that year, I fell down and worshipped the teacher.

But you don't want me.

I also have my self-respect and pride. I am afraid that you will not see my roots, so I have been working too young and too old.

Later, you are willing to recognize me, but I am afraid that I will be tired of you...

it's good now.

I have a teacher, I gave A Niang a happy tour, Ye Yexiu and Naobaijin are all right.

By the way, I didn’t expect to have an orange before I died.

It’s that person... peeling it by hand...

It’s a taste of the orange that I tasted when I was young.

So sweet...

The soul of Nangong Temple was scattered, everything faded, everything became a phantom of the past, and the old dreams of the past were gone.

Belongs to the blood deed.

The Dragon Soul Pool suddenly shoots out the dazzling light, where the light shines, the dragon screams and screams, destroys the dead, and puts all the dragon-tailed beetles, dragon-scale snakes, and lifts the dragon ribs of the corpse. Broken into ashes, left as a powder.

When Ye Yexixi rushed out of the cave and rushed out of the blood, the glimpse was the moment that Nangong 驷 finally fell into the pool, saw the blood pool of the long light, and all the monks looking at the blood pool, the poolside Naobaijin, who is sobbing and helpless, leaned over and hugged Naobaijin’s Chu nightning...

Her sabre fell to the ground with a bang.

"Auntie!!!!"

The hoarseness is exhausted, and the cracks are gone!

At this time, Ye Yexi was covered with scars. She staggered forward and walked a few steps. She had not had time to walk to the blood pool. She had not even had time to cry. The heavy injuries and crazy emotions finally broke. Her. The snake venom spread on her, her bones were cold and her body was cold.

"Auntie..."

She stepped forward and ran over, her lips blue and purple, swaying, choked, and tears slid down. But she couldn't support it anymore, she fell heavily on the cold brick.

She was faint in front of her eyes, but she was still squatting on the ground with **** mottled fingers, trying to move forward and move.

Obviously know that it is too late.

Ming Ming saw the Nangong 跃 jumped into the Dragon Soul Pool.

It is clear that everything is over.

But I am not willing, how can I be willing... How can I be willing! !

It seems that as long as he insists on climbing to the edge of the pool, he can return the person. It seems that as long as he persists for a moment, Nangong will be able to return to her side.

He said it.

Before the snake cave, he clearly promised -

He said that it is too dark, I know that you don't like it, you insist on it for a while, I will come back soon.

Tears are rolling.

She insisted that the silver teeth bite and stick to it, so little, stunned, squatting, crawling to the edge of the Dragon Soul pool that has already been extinguished.

I'm coming.

What about you?

The eyes are very dark, the surroundings are very cold, is there any ghosts to come, is there a poisonous snake to commit, can you, like the past, a piece of magical spirits, and the wind and wind back.

Tell me again: "Go with me, I will protect you."

"Nangong Temple... Auntie..." She choked, and eventually became a sly, crying loudly. "You are coming back! The gentleman said, you have to keep promises, you are coming back!"

But the cry didn't last long. The fierce toxins and wounds finally engulfed her. Before she lost her consciousness, the last thing she did was to reach out and touch the pool wall of the Dragon Soul Pool, as if to catch the people in the pool and leave him in the pool. By the side.

Everything has to be better... Aunt’s spiritual tyranny can be tried to stop it, and everyone hasn’t hated them so much... It’s going to be in the first place.

But the darkness is coming again. This time, for her, there may be no more days.

"Auntie..."

The leaves whispered, and finally closed their eyes slowly.

The evil spirit of the dragon was finally suppressed. Nangong’s sacrifice was made with flesh and blood, and the broken bond was reinforced, and the dragon blood pool of Nangong’s soul was merged. Xu Shuanglin was hard to destroy.

It’s over.

There is no longer a grass and a tree in Lushan, which can be used by Xu Shuanglin. Nangong Temple does not have the ability to go through the Nangong Changying, but in the end it is him, and cut off the most sharp minions of Xu Shuanglin.

Everyone did not speak, only to hear the subtleties of those who were previously injured.

The light of the dragon blood pool gradually dissipated, and the ink burned to the side of Chu nightning. Chu night Ning lowered his head and squinted. The hand holding Naobai Platinum was pale and cold, because of the forbearance, the light blue blood vessels under the skin were slightly convex. Out.

"Master respect..."

Chu nightning did not say anything, he finally put Naobai Platinum beside Ye Xie, along with the Nangong Temple's quiver.

He got up and had water vapor in his eyes, but when he looked at the ramp leading to the Souls, the water vapor became frost.

He said nothing, and he asked the golden light in his hand, and he went to the dark road.

The ink burns with him, and the disciples of death and death are silently keeping up.

No one asked, no one spoke.

What they mean by the beginning is clear in their hearts, but they keep up with them, and no one is shrinking. Then it is the Snow Palace, the lonely moon night...

Before Jiang Yanjin’s martyrdom, he ordered several doctors who were healed and guarded. He said, “You stay here, and you will take care of the wounded, especially the girl. If these are not dead, if you lose your life, go back to the whole year. Stone, all buckled."

"Yes, the head."

The door to the soul-striking platform has been opened, and this road has lost its way. They came to the last place of the Confucianist ancestral temple.

Finally arrived, sacrifice the land of souls.

Calling the soul.

Chapter 225

Chu Yuning was the first to walk out of the ramp. Unlike the narrowness in the ramp, he took the last level of stone steps. The pure land above the nine.

At this time, the moon was empty, the high platform was stunned, and the grass was not born. Looking up, but seeing the hurricane, the shadow of the clouds, and the most central place of the high platform, sitting alone.

Xu Shuanglin.

The people behind came out one after another, but they all saw Xu Shuanglin’s moment stunned. Xue Zhengyi was even more shocked: "How... This is... What is going on?"

Another person took a sigh of relief and whispered: "Oh my God, how could this be?"

"Is he dead or alive?"

The ink burned toward him, the closer he was, the more the scene in front of him was chilly, and the cheekbones were cold--Xu Shuanglin sat cross-legged on the ground and closed his eyes. The right half of his body has completely rotted, and there is no human form at all. The body is constantly pouring out pus and black water, and the stench is pressing. In front of him, he was surrounded by five fierce martial arts.

The fingertips of the burnt ink could not help but smashed--he saw that he did not return.

Not resolutely stabbed to the ground, the pale green glow climbed all the way from the ground, and finally merged with the rays of the other four weapons into the stream, pouring into the heart of Xu Shuanglin, and shosing Xu Shuanglin’s face It is sunny and bright.

Behind Xu Shuanglin, a group of black lacquered haze whirls in a hovering motion, which seems to be some kind of enchantment that is about to be formed.

Others followed.

Huang Xiaoyue murmured in disbelief: "This is... is this the martial arts?"

Xue Meng didn't know what the martial arts technique was. He just wanted to ask his father, but he turned his head and saw Xue Zhengyi's face pale. Obviously, he did not believe that someone would use this technique.

"What exactly is this?"

I don’t know that the martial arts technique is more than just Xue Meng’s, and the juniors are whispering.

Chu Yuening stared at Xu Shuanglin's face and said: "The martial arts technique is to dedicate your soul to Shenwu, which is stained with blood, to make a contract with Shenwu, and swear that after the death, your soul will be weapond by Shenwu. Shredded and swallowed, and became a sacrifice for the martial arts."

"The living sacrifice weapon?" Xue Meng said, "Why do you want to do this?"

"Because his spiritual power is not enough." Chu said, "This is a way to quickly and substantially increase your strength. He dedicated his soul to Shenwu, and Shenwu, lend his strength to him."

As I spoke, I suddenly heard a sigh of sigh.

Almost everyone can't help but take a step back, Xue Menglong City is out of the sheath, staring at Xu Shuanglin's face.

Xu Shuanglin slowly opened his eyes. Under the moonlight, he raised his face, half of which was still normal, and half of it was a stinking mud.

"Chu Zongshi...Jun Jun, you still find it."

He stood on the ground with one hand and stood swaying, his eyes sweeping over or alert, or disgusting, or a fearful face.

He didn't care, and the normal eye turned, and there was even a malicious trick and evil. But he swept a circle and swept again. He did not find the existence of that person. The smile of his face was frozen and disappeared.

Xu Shuanglin sighed lowly and said: "What about leaves?"

Xue Meng angered: "Do you also mention her name?"

"What happened to you?"

Xue Meng is even more angry: "Do you have it? You are a person who has no heart and no lungs, no blood and no meat. What other faces do you have to miss the leaves?"

The word "suspended?" seems to have provoked Xu Shuanglin. He first glimpsed and then narrowed his eyes. It seemed to calm down. "No, how can I miss? It’s ridiculous..."

Jiang Yansen said: "What do you do with him nonsense? Kill him!"

Speaking of the right hand lifted up, Xue Huang Pei Jian is now in the palm of his hand, he will fall to Xu Shuanglin, expecting a black shadow as lightning, and actually cut off his offensive.

Jiang Yanmei raised it and gnashed his teeth: "Why did the Mo Zongshi stop me?"

"I have something to ask him!" The ink burned and turned around. His eyes flashed with complex light. He licked his lips. He seemed to want to say a few more words, but only four of them spit out. Word, "What about your associates?"

Xu Shuanglin is slow--he is actually like this, but he can still slow down and lick his toes.

So the ink burned that he did not wear shoes today.

"I said it was my accomplices." Xu Shuanglin showed his white teeth and smiled. The smile on the half of his face looked very fascinating. With a

hint of ridicule, "then you should know that I will never say. I Xu Mou Ren, this point of view is still understandable. You heroes, gentlemen, and heroes, you should not pay more for this."

He deliberately glanced at the ghost in the hands of the ink, and said: "There is no need to use other methods of interrogation. It is a big deal to get rid of your tongue and cut off your tongue. I always have a way to not tell the truth."

Xue Meng looked very wrong: "You, someone like you, is still very embarrassed to say what rivers and lakes are loyal..."

"Weird, why can't I say Jiangyue loyalty?" Xu Shuanglin said, "Friends help each other, brothers and sisters Christine, teacher Ci filial piety, good people enjoy Qing Ning, evil people get disciplinary, this is what the world should have." Do you think that this is the only reason you can understand?"

Xue Meng was shocked by his thick face like a city wall, pointing at him: "Brother and brother, Christine? Teacher, filial piety?...you?"

Xu Shuanglin said slowly: "Yes, how?"

"Do you want a face? The person who is dying with the brothers and sisters is you. The people who eat Luofeng Hualing's core in Weinan Gongliu are also you. You have done all the bad things, you actually... you can still say so confidently-- - This is what the world should look like?"

In the face of Xue Meng's series of questions, Xu Shuanglin grinned and laughed, but did not turn it down, but suddenly said: "Little brother this year Geng?"

"What do you ask for this?"

"You don't tell me." Xu Shuanglin looked at him up and down and said, "I think you are twenty years old. Twenty-year-olds are always bloody, full of innocence, and stand tall and high. Between heaven and earth, I feel that nothing in the world can't be done by myself."

He paused, and Xiao smiled: "It’s a good age."

The glory of the gods on the ground continued to flow, and continued to give him a powerful spiritual power. He used this spiritual power to maintain his manipulation of thousands of rare pieces, against the counters of the chess pieces, but Rao did. The skin on his body is still festering bit by bit at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Xu Shuanglin didn't care. He didn't seem to see the body he was being swallowed by. He walked back and forth before the entangled enchantment: "Twenty years old...you know that when I was about the age of you, I was doing it. what?"

"What else can you do?" Xue Mengyi said with indignation, "Who is not clear about the broken thing you did? You have won the ring of the teacher and replaced your brother as the head of Confucianism, in just two months. You even killed two of the Lords in the upper world, and later someone asked you to ask for a statement, and you dug out their eyes - you are dead, unrighteous, incompetent, closed ears, you It’s all! If I am like you, doing these things at the age of twenty, then I would rather be violent at the age of twelve!”

Xue Zhengxuan saw his excitement, fearing that he had caught the attention of Xu Shuanglin, could not eat and walked away, whispered something: "Menger, you say a few words."

"Don't." I don't know if this sentence was heard by Xu Shuanglin. He waved his hand with a smile. "Well, why don't you say a few words?"

Xue Meng saw that he actually laughed. The look on his face was like watching a parrot sing on the shelf and singing. It was full of playfulness. He couldn’t help but scream and become angry. "You, you are really shameless! No cure." !"

"There is nothing to be ashamed of, what you said, this is nothing." Xu Shuanglin said, "You said that I have won the ring of the teacher - since ancient times, there are capable people. My brother, that waste, nothing will happen. By relying on a three-inch slippery tongue, it can also be mixed with the wind and water. No one who has actually competed with him has thought that he is one of the best figures, calling us a Confucian double son. The technique is not the same – don’t you think it’s ridiculous?”

"I, and him?" Xu Shuanglin smirked his forehead and smirked. "Don't tease. I can take advantage of him when I take one hand from an early age. Do you want me to go with him? I am only doing it all the time, he only I know that in his old lady's arms, I will spoil the oranges! I am practicing in the summer and practicing in the summer. I am not studying in the spring, but I am sleeping in the summer. Later, in order to seek a good name at the Lingshan Conference, he is behind the Yin. I asked for a seat to enjoy it! Later? You gave the hard-working person the name of the pick, but gave him a good reputation for the world’s first handsome, is this fair?”

Xue Meng hesitated, but still insisted: "Then you will not do this to the point..."

"Crap! Stand up and talk without hurting, empty mouth and blame others are easy to get very good, it is their turn to turn into another face, the Lingshan Conference, you can bear it for you?!"

Xue Meng was not prevented from being an army by him, but he was stunned.

Change him, can he bear it?

"Hundreds of people at the meeting pointed at you and said that you are not ashamed. The rankings and applause are all his, leaving you with only a lifetime of insane sins, your hard work and hard work, in front of his tongue. It’s not a battle – is this fair?”

"I……"

Seeing Xue Meng screaming and unable to speak, Xu Shuanglin sneered: "I will kill the two heads. They are two people, one knocking a wooden fish all day, and no Amitabha in the south is better than anyone else. Another prestige is good." Hey, the gentleman who is just right is famous all over the world, but they have pushed me down into the abyss for the sake of self-interest. I would like to ask Zhu Jun, why should I spare my dog?"

The two martial people on the scene heard him say that the first generation of the head, the face is a burst of purple for a while, want to argue, but can not argue any sentence of stagnation, and finally the master of the mysterious temple without the sad temple Take a breath and close your eyes: "When you report, when is it..."

"Yeah, when you say it, you can't wait to understand the enemies. Why is it?" Xu Shuanglin said the anger in a word, but his face was still smiling, and his smile was light and light. There are even some ridicules, "I slap you a slap, and then say when the slogan is reported, don't let you fan back, are you willing, vulture?"

Someone was annoyed: "Nangong smudges your mouth and puts it clean! How can you talk to your predecessors!"

"My mother is also your predecessor." Xu Shuanglin smiled. "Small, your mouth is also clean."

"..."

Huang Xiaoyue needs to say: "Nangong floe..."

After the words have not been finished, the other party has made a gesture of holding, holding half of the sound, half of the rotten mouth: "Under the discussion, can you call me Xu Shuanglin? I don't like the name of Nangong."

Huang Xiaoyue, a sleeve: "If you want to get a fair, kill the two heads, you should have paid off, and then dig up the eyes of so many people, what is the reason?"

Xu Shuanglin is pleased to say: "I used to make sense to you. But no one listens to me."

He paused and laughed. "Later, Laozi became a madman, but you have to take a madman to talk about black and white. You guys are gentlemen... interesting." He slaps and slaps. "It's so interesting."

Standing next to it, there was no ink burning. At this time, I suddenly asked: "So, you are asking for a fairness, right?"

"..." Xu Shuanglin's gaze moved up one inch and moved to the face.

The two of them looked at each other on the steep stone platform.

In the eyes of the ink, Xu Shuanglin's shadow gradually blurred, and he saw that it was not the man in front of the body that was rotten and lingering.

Through Xu Shuanglin, he saw another shadow, wearing a beaded robes and wearing a black gold robes. He saw the emperor and saw his past life.

"We came across Nangong Liu on the way. He called you a squat, and you sealed yourself." Ink burned, "You become the emperor in this celestial palace, and you are in charge of the power of judgment. What do you say is right?" What is right, what you say is wrong, what is wrong is outrageous, and it’s up to you to kill and kill. Is this your fairness?"

Xu Shuanglin was silent for a moment and then sneered.

So the ink burned to see the stepping sin in the sneer, pale and handsome face covered with ridicule.

"What is it? You have seen it. Once I also believed in being a gentleman, I believe that the world is fair, what can be the result?"

He paused and walked back and forth in front of the martial arts. His eyes flashed with agitation: "It's you, the coward is regarded as a hero, and the hero is stepped on his feet. It's you, making efforts as dung and making the latrine Altar. It is you, look charming as friendly, and regard arrogance as a shelf--you have done evil to step me into the mire!! Then tell me, even if I have been sinned again, even if my brothers suffer from the wall Planting, even if the clothes are not covered, they are humiliated - that is my own business, and no matter how to vent their grievances to innocent people - ha, it’s a joke!"

The sneer of the smoldering of the singer is becoming more and more exaggerated and gradually becomes a sneer.

"It’s not you who is referring to you. It’s not you who bear the crimes. You can of course say the best things in the world! And I, I’m just in my own way, asking for a world.”

"...There is a way in the world?" The ink burned on the opposite side of the emperor. He asked, "For your own world, how many people have been killed. You are self-proclaimed as emperors, and your feet are full of bones, blood, do you? Have you ever had a one-and-a-half-point remorse?"

"There is nothing to confess. I killed them, but I will give them a chance to be born again. They will all become the pieces of my majesty. From then on, I will control everything. From then on, the black and white will be clear, and the good and the evil will be distinct. This is the fairness of the world."

The ink burned for a while and said: "It seems that you really think of yourself as a ruler for measuring the world."

"I am this ruler."

Xu Shuanglin hunt in the wind.

He is the Nangong floe in the eyes of everyone.

It is the stepping stone in the eyes of the ink.

He said: "When you look at the front hall, don't you feel beautiful? The good people live and work in peace and contentment, the ugly people are burned by the fire, and the Ding Hao cooks. Whoever passes through other people's knives, let him lead the neck and make up for it. Is it wrong to make a written account clear and bloody?

Ink burning: "You can really see yourself."

Then he heard Teng Xianjun answer: "Why should I look down on myself? In my opinion, this is the best karma."

No one talks for a moment.

Everyone was shocked by Xu Shuanglin’s crazy remarks.

Before they came, many people felt that Xu Shuanglin did all this, probably for power, for private vengeance, and so on.

None of them thought that Xu Shuanglin actually felt that he was doing everything right, in order to be fair and fair.

But who can do the fairest ruler in the world? Even the gods and the Tianyin Pavilion may not be able to do it.

The ink burned in the same place. After a while, his heart finally recovered some calm. He looked at the stepping prince who stood against him.

The cockroach disappeared, and the handsome face sag and became dark.

He blinked and the person in front was Xu Shuanglin, not the emperor. Just because Xu Shuanglin was too similar to his previous life, he actually gave birth to an illusion of talking with himself through time and space.

"Well, then can I understand that the pieces in the hall, even if the spiritual power is insufficient, let them keep their minds before you, you built your own territory in this temple, and you are God is a Buddha. It’s the

emperor’s majesty, you divide the world into two, good and good, and evil to evil. This is what you want to be fair.”

He said this paragraph.

At the same time, his mind was like a blast of snow, and quickly swept through many memory fragments related to Xu Shuanglin.

- Former life, in order to save the leaves, forget the past, the difference between a thought, died under the sword of Xu Shuanglin.

Standing in Sansheng's courtyard, barefoot, laughing and teasing Xu Yulin of the parrot.

Jin Chengchi, asked his brother to ask for a piece of orange to talk about Xu Sulin.

The orange tree of Lushan Mountain, the mind returned to the Nangong Liu of the childhood, and Luo Fenghua, who was robbed back in hell... One pile was piled together, and the mountain shouted into his thoughts.

The ink burned up the dark eyes, and there was no ridicule or contempt in the eyes, just looking at him quietly: "Is right, Nangong?"

"Call me Xu Frost..."

"No, you are called Nangong." The ink burned step by step. He looked at the man with the skeletal muscles. He knew that there would be no one in the scene who knew more about Nangong. At this moment, they used to be The person who forced the road to death, the stepping fairy of the previous life, the Xu Sulin of this world, the same.

He looked at the fire, he stared at the most subtle changes in Xu Shuanglin's face and did not misplace.

He stopped and suddenly coveted.

"The sky is so cold, the ground is so cold." The ink burns softly, "Nan Gongxu, why don't you wear shoes?"

The smile on Xu Shuanglin's face suddenly froze, but he quickly re-frozen his twinkling eyes: "I don't wear my wish-"

"Do you really like the words Ye Yexiong asked you?"

"..."

"I went to the Sansheng Bianyuan that day. I saw you for the first time. You didn't wear shoes." The ink burned. "It is she who later told you to let you wear it. I am satisfied with your face. I am afraid that you have no one." Awareness."

The smoldering stared at Xu Shuanglin's face.

That is when he is on Feihua Island, watching the blazing fire on the other side, when the smoke is rolling, the heart is guessing the answer.

"Nan Gongxu, you always hope that someone will notice your bare feet, I hope someone will tell you -"

Xu Shuanglin’s face, which had been smiling all the time, suddenly flashed a trace of fear. He took a step back, wrinkled his nose, and said: “You shut up.”

Ink burning naturally will not shut up, he looked at Xu Shuanglin, originally a speculation, in the sudden and intense reaction of Xu Shuanglin, turned into reality.

The ink burned at him. He felt that he was not seeing Xu Shuanglin, but the one who had nowhere to escape in the darkness.

"Put the shoes on, the floor is cool."

As the cheetah jumped, the light and shadow swayed and screamed, and Xu Shuanglin suddenly violently rushed to grab the smoldering robes. The normal man and the stinking ghost claws held him at the same time. Xu Shuanglin’s eyes were full of bloodshot eyes. He gnashed his teeth. Road: "Give me shut up! You shut me up!"

"Well, I will say a little more before I shut up."

"Don't say -!" Xu Shuanglin is almost desperate. He is like a dragon that has been pulled out of the scales. His blood is like a note. "Don't say..."

"Leave the past, it really looks like Luo Fenghua."

This sound understatement, but in an instant took the time to take all of Xu Shuanglin's strength.

He was dumb and stood on the ground.

Some people around who have seen Luo Fenghua and have seen Ye Forgiveness are a glimpse. They think back to these two very different people in their minds. They are not related, even in the red dust, one is dead, and the other is dead. One was born... But under this point, they suddenly realized that - ah, it was.

Ye Yixi's every move, one stroke and one style, even the character temper, voice look, are exactly the same as Xu Shuanglin's teaching teacher Luo Fenghua.

Xu Shuanglin withdrew his hands and smashed his ink, his fingers twisted, and he buried his face in his palm, his shoulders trembled slightly.

Xue Meng muttered: "He... is he crying?"

cry?

Will not.

Xu Shuanglin was buried in the palm of his hand. After a long time, the jitter on his shoulder became more and more obvious. The squeaky smile in the fingertips: "Ha..." The smile widened like a cockroach. He suddenly put his hands down and laughed wildly. Get up, "Ha ha ha ha ha, like? Simply nonsense! Mo Zongshi, have you seen Luo Fenghua? You just saw the body of his body when Hell was opened, just by this eye, you said they are like You are too confident and too confident."

"Since you have made your own hell, mention the body of Luo Fenghua." Ink burned, "So I ask, where is he?"

Xu Shuanglin’s eyes narrowed and smiled: “Where is he?”

"In your territory, good and evil punishment, or Shen or Rong, you are in control. But you even have Nangong Liu, and finally did not want to kill, you also solved his Ling Chi curse - I don't know This is why, however, since he is there, Luo Fenghua has no reason to be abandoned by you. You are not able to give your soul to Shenwu, but Jinchengchi Taohuayuan has been fighting with you several times. I know that your strength will not decline."

Xu Shuanglin: "..."

"The reason why I can't hold it, except for the use of the chess game is too much, there is another reason, that is the second ban on your hard work in these years."

The ink burned, and the knife finally stabbed: "Your rebirth, finally rescued Luo Fenghua from the 18th floor purgatory?"

The voice did not fall, Xu Shuanglin was as plastery, he was about to say something, and suddenly, the black lacquered method that had been circulating behind him vacated a white smoke.

Xue Zhengyi's hundred games in the sand field, the response is the fastest: "No, there is something behind the circle!"

The author has something to say: fat friends, the nest is still on a business trip, like a sea laborer, but the nest is watching comments every day~ I found that everyone has a misunderstanding... Before you say it depends on carefully, the characters in the supporting column are not Will die, (marked) but except for the boss group (marked), that is, as long as it is a boss, there is no chance to live in the supporting column, face licking face

Chapter 226

The weapons of everyone have been brushed out, Xue Zhengyi will protect Xue Meng behind him, his face is very poor: "Meng Er, don't go over, you are standing behind you!"

Only when everyone sees the martial arts array, naturally will not think of going to break, because once the martial arts squad is broken, Xu Shuanglin’s spiritual power will quickly succumb, and it is likely that he will die soon, and they still have to ask him.

No one expected that Xu Shuanglin was actually under the martial arts, and there was still a line of law.

What would it be?

Is it a space crack used to escape? It is still a fierce blood curse that is broken by the fish.

Chu Xi Ning raised his hand and laid a barrier between the crowd and the array.

Nangong dying in front of his face, he did not want to see more young monks in front of him.

Chu night Ningdao: "Be careful, don't take it."

The sky is steep and dark, and the cloud gas is concentrated. The original high moon is covered by thick clouds like ink, and the time flies away from the sand and the dust is blurred.

Xu Shuanglin sneaked into a white dress, standing in the wind blowing up, suddenly yelling at them: "Thank you for listening to my gossip for so long, thank you, everyone, the law is open."

When he spoke, the rotten ghost claws pointed back, and the black formation was like a dragon flying through the waves, madly pouring into his palm. After this layer was taken back, the following road was revealed. There is a curse of colorful Huaguang.

Xue Meng was shocked: "What is this?"

"Is it a rebirth?" This is Xue Zhengxuan who turned to ask the master of the mysterious temple of Wuxi Temple, but the master shook his head. "I have a sinful reunion, but he never plays before, so he is old. I don't know."

Everyone was staring at the array, and they all seemed to pull the bowstrings of the extreme. They waited for Xu Shuanglin’s singular action, and the air was quiet to the extreme. Only the gale whistling and screaming.

They are a pot of seemingly calm, actually burning very hot oil.

Just a drop of water -

"It’s a corpse!!"

Suddenly violently.

The stone was shocked and the boiling was blown up.

It was the cold-scale sage Hua Binan who first recognized the phalanx. He shouted: "The corpse!! Xu Shuanglin This is to call out Luo Fenghua's corpse, and let us go with it! Fast! Never let the formation form! !"

When I heard the words of the corpse, almost everyone was in a mess. They all know that it is a secret method that is second only to the three major bans. It is a medicinal sect, as the world's first medicinal master. The words of the cold scales are not wrong.

The same person who is good at medication, Jiang Yan from childhood, the words of the soul of the soul of the array of words, such as thunder, so he reacted faster than ordinary people, almost a stealth before the enchantment, the silver phoenix burst out, the spirit is full,击 击 狠狠！结！!!

"Hey!"

The sword collided and the fire broke down. Xu Sulin immediately flashed in the moment before the enchantment of the corpse, and the knife smashed the weapon of Jiang Yan, and his eyes were cold.

"The rest of my life is here, you don't want to be closer to half a step."

Jiang Yan’s anger: “What do you want for the rest of your life, is the fish dead network broken?”

Xu Shuanglin gnawed his teeth: "The nonsense!" The hand of his sword could not keep shaking, the blue veins burst, and his cheeks rose red.

Jiang Yandao: "You have been bruised and bruised, even if you become a corpse, how can you do it? Do you have a few funerals?"

"What corpse? What funeral?! You open your eyes and show me clearly, where is this-"

"brush!"

Just when Jiang Yan held down Xu Shuanglin, I did not know where to shoot a feather arrow filled with spiritual power, and quickly assassinated toward the enchantment behind the two.

"Don't-!"

Xu Shuanglin, who has always been in the old gods, made the most screaming scream for the first time tonight, "Stop!!"

Almost at the moment of his distraction, Xu Shuanglin was smashed by Jiang’s sword. In a moment, his blood was mad, and his pain suddenly fell to the ground, but his eyes were crazy and desperate, but he did not see himself being cut off. The bones of the bones, he witnessed the crack, but the direction of the enchantment.

There was a little blood on his face, his eyes were violent, his lips were not stunned.

Such a fearful expression, whether it was the face of the former Nangong floe, or the face of Xu Shuanglin later, did not appear.

He trembled, his palms maintaining a spiritual position.

This blow, he almost exhausted all his strength, just to keep the cold arrow in front of the battle.

He succeeded.

Xu Shuanglin gasped, and the arm that was cut by Jiang Yan could not stop pouring blood. The corner of his mouth could not stop bleeding, but he saw that the feather arrow was successfully blocked and shattered under his spiritual power. When his blue lips shook, he burst into a smile.

At this time, the smoldering heard the teacher whispering around him: "This... this is not a corpse."

He was heard by Huang Xiaoyue, and Huang Xiaoyue was cold and shouted: "You are not harmful when you are young? The cold scale saint says that the corpse can still be wrong?"

The teacher shook his head resolutely: "The corpse is not like this."

"I said that you are a poisonous medicinal sage, or is your eye poisonous?"

The teacher is trying to say that the ink is burning and holding him down.

"Teacher, don't talk nonsense with this old man." Ink ignited, "Do you know that this is not a corpse?"

"Just like it, but definitely not, the corpse of the corpse is fishy and shiny. Although there is light in this array, it is coherent, not flaky."

At this time, Jiang Yan before the array of anger said: "Nan Gongxu, what medicine is sold in your gourd?!"

Xu Shuanglin simply ignored him, and the law exudes a dazzling brilliance. He dragged his ruined body and walked all the way to the front of the squad, and the blood replied to the ground.

The smile on his face became more and more obvious. The Huaguang of the Factional Light illumined his face, and he gave birth to some temperamental flavors.

He muttered: "It's going to be..."

Raise your hand and touch the surface of the array. The fingertips fall and the ripples rise.

He seems to be seeing a friend who has been separated for many years, a relative who has been away for a long time, his wounds and rotten flesh can not stop his comfort.

His eyes were bright and he couldn't help but chanted: "It's going to be fast... It's going to be fast, a little bit..."

The violent wind that rushed around suddenly stopped, and the thick clouds dispersed, and the moon was empty. Xu Shuanglin widened his eyes with hope, and he was shaking again, but this time it was not because of fear, but because of excitement and unstoppable excitement.

"Master..."

Everyone found that the golden light floated in the enchantment, and then a crystal clear nucleus emerged. The enchantment continuously conveyed the brilliance to the center of the spiritual core, which gradually became condensed into adult form.

"Is Luo Fenghua?!"

"It’s Luo Fenghua!"

Luo Fenghua, who has been dead for many years, appeared on the soul-hunting platform of the Confucianist Gate! There was a blossoming orange

tree in the enchantment flowing through the golden light. The white petals were falling and falling. Luo Fenghua was a blue-bellied crane in the Confucianist door. He was sitting under the tree and closing his eyes.

He is still a phantom, a vague, mirror-like scene. Only the regenerative ghost nucleus that came from the land was real, and it radiated under the emptiness of the body.

"There are three or four points in the pool, and one or two sounds on the shore."

The faint voice of the man was heard from the center of the spirit.

Luo Fenghua under the flower tree continued in the letter procedure, whispering a tune in the middle of the song.

"The weak crown is the best, the light hoof is fast, look at the end of the world..."

Suddenly, there was a hoarse voice and Luo Fenghua’s imaginary voice. It was Xu Sulin’s chorus to cater to the chorus. The voice was sobbing, too ugly, as if it was broken, like a rotten iron, but still stubborn, so there should be no one else. .

"This, this is the corpse?" Xue Zheng screamed. "What the **** is going on?"

Obviously, there is more than one person with the same doubts. Even Jiang Yan’s brows are slightly wrinkled, his lips are not talking, and his eyes seem to have doubts.

Golden light floated, Luo Fenghua slowly formed, eyebrows, nose, lips, more and more clear, in this far-sighted song, Hua Binan suddenly shouted: "Fast! The corpse will be formed!!"

The teacher was very low-key all the way. He probably knew that he was whispering and didn't talk. At this time, he suddenly turned his head and shouted at Huabi Nan. "The sages are wrong, this is not a corpse! It is..."

It is a rebirth.

The burning heart is already clear.

Yes, there is nothing wrong with the teacher, this is not the battle of the corpse, this is the rebirth!

But a group of people get together, do you believe in a nameless minor repair, or believe in a well-known medicinal sage? Hua Binan said that the corpse must be formed, even if the teacher replied, for the most part, it is

their own life. Immediately, a dark blue shadow that flew over quickly swept past them, and when Xu Shuanglin reacted, the shadow would be filled with a spiritual dagger and stabbed toward the enchantment.

"Do not!!!""

The blow smashed Luo Fenghua’s nucleus, and the golden light of the enchantment flashed for a moment, and it suddenly vanished and collapsed.

"No! Don't! Master! Master!!"

Xu Shuanglin climbed up and screamed and knocked down the man's volley. He flew out of the ruler and opened it. It was a lonely moon night monk who was instructed by Hua Binan at a critical juncture. He vomited a large amount of blood - Xu Shuanglin’s use Tens of ten strong, even if he is now the end of the strong, that person was also beaten by him, can not stand on the ground, and soon there is no breath.

It is already late.

The death of this monk does not change anything.

Xu Shuanglin tried his best, and the Luo Fenghua ghost spirit core recovered from the 18th floor purgatory had split a boulevard. He climbed all the way to Luo Fenghua and tried to hold Luo Fenghua's clothes, but the

gathered human form has begun to scatter. Luo Fenghua's clothes are in his hands, like the sand between the fingers, the water in the basket, how can not hold.

"Master...Master..."

He shouted like this first.

Then it was almost crazy, and the eyes shimmered with dizzying light.

"Luo Fenghua! Luo Fenghua!!"

Useless.

No matter how he shouts, what to call.

Luo Fenghua's afterimages are quickly dissipated, and in the end, it turns into a 10,000-point fluorescence and blows into the wind...

Nothing is left.

Xu Shuanglin was lying in the same place, straight and straight, and the whole person looked very stiff.

He does not move.

Don't cry.

No longer shouted.

On the soul-seeking stage, in the midst of the wind, a cracked spiritual core lost its light and fell to the ground, dull and colorless.

Those who had to be aggregated into Luo Fenghua's reincarnation limbs, such as thousands of catkins, are constantly flying and spinning, the stars are a little bit, floating and sinking.

Xu Shuanglin was in this dream of dying.

After a long time, he seemed to mutter and sneer, and he seemed to laugh at himself. He said: "The weak crown is the best, light hoof, and look at the horizon?"

What a good song.

When he was a child, he often listened to Luo Fenghua singing.

The eye-catching spirits have become the past years. In the flying golden catkins, he saw the scene when he first saw his master in his childhood.

At that time, he and his brother were still young. His father brought them to the Confucian Academy. At that time, it was autumn. There was a pale old orange tree in the academy. The tree was full of heavy fruits, under the fruit trees, two A man is talking, a look that looks ugly, looks pale, and is quickly overwhelmed in the crowd.

The other is a heroic and cool place.

The father took them over and said, "I have seen your master."

His brother immediately rushed to worship and said to the man with extraordinary temperament: "The little Nangong Liu, see the Master."

The man waved his hand and said: "I just came to ask Mr. Luo for some knowledge. It is not your master, two young sons, you have mistaken people."

The father also smiled and led them to the man who didn’t seem to have anything to say. “This is your master, Luo Fenghua is long.”

He looked up and was smiling at Luo Fenghua. At that time, Luo Fenghua was originally young. When he was nervous, he looked even more immature. A pair of round eyes reflected the reflections of two little people, and his cheeks were slightly red. . The old master pulled his hand and said to him: "Xian Chang, my two children are very poor in temperament, and the suitable practice path may not be the same. I will ask you to give more advice in the future. ”

Luo Fenghua was holding an orange in his hand. He seemed to try to pick up the majesty that a division commander should have, but kept turning the hand of the orange, but exposed his youth and sorrow.

Nangong Liu is a ghost elf, and immediately goes up and screams: "Master Luo, Master Luo."

Luo Fenghua’s face immediately turned red, and even the tip of his ear was encroached by blood. He waved his hand: “I... No, I don’t have to be so polite, I am also a teacher, I still don’t understand anything... I’ll ask two young sons later. A lot of advice, I..."

He "I" for a long time, do not know what to say, Xu Shuang Lin clearly remembers the sunshine of Linyi that day, this is not so much a "master", it is better to say that Luo Fenghua like "Little Brother" stands in an orange-filled Under the tree, standing in the sky.

His ear edge is thin and backlit, and you can see the light blue blood vessels under the flesh, and the thin ear edges are reflected in a crystal-clear orange color.

Xu Sulin Lin then told Luo Fenghua the first sentence of his life.

"Luo Xianchang, is this year 20?"

This was originally a mockery. Even the father standing next to him heard it, but Luo Fenghua couldn’t hear it. He actually smiled and answered sincerely: "I am not full, I am seventeen this year."

"..."

Xu Shuanglin moved his mouth and wanted to say something, but in the end he did not say it. He simply left.

His father pulled him back and pulled it to a corner, sternly saying: "How can you only look at the age of the matter?"

"He is not much bigger than us."

"Wang Xianchang, who was previously invited to you, you are too old!"

"Isn't it old?" Xu Shuanglin rolled his eyes. "Ninety-seven, I think he is going to be a corpse."

"Thirteen is not good, and ninety-seven is not good. What are you going to do?"

Xu Shuanglin lazily said: "Hey, can you not find someone twice, is it 80 years old?"

"..." The old man came to the fire and was stunned by his son. He gnawed his teeth for a long time, and finally said, "He is not the best, but he has a wide range of knowledge, and he has learned a lot, and his skills are called high, in short. You honestly follow him, and if you are not satisfied after one year, let's change!"

It’s a long time to say that for a long time, the two came out from the corner. When they returned to the college, Xu Shuanglin saw that his brother actually had a good talk with Luo Fenghua. He looked at his brother’s face and seemed to have known him for more than ten years. Like.

However, this is not too strange. After all, Nangong Liu has a capable ability, that is, as long as he is willing, and anyone can cover it.

However, Luo Fenghua, still a bit embarrassed and cautious in his manners, he looked at Xu Shuanglin, and the kind of embarrassment and restraint

became more and more obvious.

He looked at Xu Shuanglin's face, and came to himself under the pull of his father.

He hesitated for a while, almost appreciating this arrogant little apprentice in the most inferior way, like a child.

He handed Xu Shuanglin the orange that he had never eaten.

Xu Shuanglin: "..."

"It's very sweet, you try it."

The seventeen-year-old little master looked helpless and panicked, and even seemed pitiful.

Xu Shuanglin noticed the corners of his clothes and even had a patch that was flush.

So poor?

It is no wonder that he is able to find the position of the teacher of the Confucianism and the double son. He is uneasy and asks him.

"I don't like to eat oranges." Xu Shuanglin said, "Since Master Luo wants to stay here, then this is the first thing I asked Master Luo to remember."

"Float!"

The old head was to be blamed. Luo Fenghua waved his hand and quickly took the orange back and said: "It doesn't matter, the Lord does not care."

"Oh, my child is rude, I don't know how to respect the teacher, and let the fairy grow aggrieved."

"It doesn't matter." Luo Fenghua showed a smile, and looked back at Xu Shuanglin. His eyes were warm and friendly, and he was somewhat cautious. "In fact, it doesn't matter if you don't worship the teacher. I don't have much knowledge. You can learn with me. Don't necessarily recognize me as a master."

The old head is busy: "How come that..."

"The names are all virtual." Luo Fenghua's cheeks are red, and some of them are scratching their heads uncomfortably. "Actually, I also feel that I

am too young..." He turned his head and said to Xu Shuanglin, "If the younger son minds, Call me my name in the future."

Xu Shuanglin quietly looked at him for a while, suddenly smirked out, and when Luo Fenghua, the poor honest man, was confused by him, he became more and more embarrassed, but he rectified his dress and made a slap in the face. Then lifted his face.

The orange tree is fragrant, and the light and shadow are moving.

Xu Shuanglin smiled, his eyebrows fluttered, his mouth was slightly arrogant and evil, but he was still young after all, and when he laughed, he naturally had a hint of peachy tenderness and sweetness.

The same is true, the names are all virtual.

So, what is the other party, why should he care so much?

So Xu Shuanglin was lazy and called him slowly: "Master."

The orange tree leaves are lingering, and the ground is mottled.

got windy.

Well, that is to make up for a master, after less than a year and a half, it is time to find the next one, he thought.

At that time, Xu Shuanglin really thought that everything is as old as usual, and this day is just a day in his life.

The author has something to say: Luo Fenghua's songs are adapted from Mengjiao's "spring breeze and horseshoe disease, and one day sees Changan flowers", which is already in the words to indicate the source.

Chapter 227

Two years have passed.

Two years later, on the autumn day, Xu Shuanglin was lying on the roof of the hall of the Confucianism Hall, staring at the sky with red eyes and a dog's tail in his mouth.

Few people on the top of the hall would go up. It was originally his place of solitude, but at the moment he was sitting around with two people.

One is his brother Nangong Liu, and the other is Master Luo who is not much different from their age.

Xu Shuanglin feels that he sometimes looks like some fangs and beasts. He does not easily allow others to invade his territory, so he does not know why, from what time he would like to bring these two people to the ridge and stay with him. Look at the clouds, watch the low flying, and the catkins float to the heights.

"Liuer! Bud! Where are you?"

Under the gallery, his father was anxious and slightly angry.

"Really, every time they let them clean the courtyard, they ran faster than rabbits. These two little sisters."

"Oh." Nangong Liu quietly poked a head from the corner of the corner, revealing a pair of eyes, watching himself rushing past, and then retracting his head, "haha, go."

"The old man is also stupid." Xu Shuanglin slouched his legs and squatted. "I never knew to go to the roof to find us."

However, Luo Fenghua is a little uneasy: "Would we not be so good... Hey, or, if you want to go down, don't let the Lord be anxious."

"What's the relationship? Anyway, the sky is falling down, there are both of us holding it." Nangong Liu made a face with him. "Worried, Aba, are you right?"

Xu Shuanglin did not say anything right, spit out the dog's tail in his mouth, stretched out and sat up straight: "Give me a melon."

Nangong Liu dumped the melon seeds that he brought up in his hands. Xu Shuanglin squinted slowly and squinted, and some of them laughed at Luo Fenghua.

He licked off a piece of melon skin stuck to his lips and smiled: "Master is afraid?"

"I just think this is not very good..."

"What is not very good." Xu Shuanglin said, "If the old man blames you, I will give him a look."

Luo Fenghua: "..."

Xu Shuanglin also reached out to Luo Fenghua: "The orange gives me one."

"You don't love to eat..."

Xu Shuanglin's brows are screwed up: "Is it for you, don't you give it? Don't give your ankles and throw you down."

His brother will come to be a good husband: "A Feng, talking to the teacher is not so fierce."

"Masters are screaming, they are called to outsiders to listen to." Xu Shuanglin said, "Which teacher will sneak up on the roof with the apprentice?"

Luo Fenghua was very embarrassed by what he said and slowly lowered his head.

Xu Shuanglin loves to watch him like this. Every time he sees it, he has a kind of bully bullying and a small pleasure. He glared at Luo Fenghua for a while, screaming and revealing a white tooth.

"Master, brother, what do you say right?"

Shi Zun's brother is the name of Xu Shuanglin's sudden whimsy. He respectfully took relatives and kissed him in relatives. So Luo Fenghua was very anxious and sad: "No, don't call me like this."

"The title is just a form. This is what the master said."

Luo Fenghua: "..."

After teasing him, Xu Shuanglin reached out again and once again died and asked: "Orange."

"You don't like it, I only brought one, it is for Aliu."

Xu Shuanglin’s eyes widened, but it’s not Luo Fengfeng, but he turned his head and licked his brother.

Nangong Liu is sipping a pastry into his mouth, slamming it, and confusingly waving: "That, I don't want to eat oranges today, Master, you give him."

Luo Fenghua thought for a moment and said, "You are half of them."

He said, he rubbed the orange on the sleeves, then peeled off the skin, and wanted to split it in half, but it was still big and small.

So Luo Fenghua seems a bit distressed.

About because of his poor and unrecognized origin, he always worries about such an insignificant little thing.

"Ugh……"

"Give me the big one." Xu Shuanglin was unceremonious. The Golden Knife took the oranges and made a choice for Luo Fenghua, who tried a

bowl of water. "Small to him."

Luo Fenghua said: "You don't always bully your brother..."

Before the words were finished, the mouth was filled with a delicious orange juice. He suddenly smashed his round eyes and looked at Xu Shuanglin with ignorance.

"What to say." Xu Shuanglin sneered, his attitude was sloppy, his eyes were very gentle. "My half, I have to divide it with my master."

Nangong Liu also came over and took over the other half of the oranges. Counting the number of petals and dividing them into pieces, they were handed to Xu Shuanglin and Luo Fenghua.

The later Confucianist door smirked, and under the sunset, his soft hair was like a velvet, slightly covering the forehead. Xu Shuanglin looked at him with a funny smile: "What are you doing?"

"There are oranges to eat together."

He divided the seeds, the cakes, and the fruit into three piles.

"I have a snack to taste."

"You...you are really..." Luo Fenghua seems to want to pick up the majesty of his own star and a half, but Xu Shuanglin or Nangong Liu, they seem to have no feelings about it, but some kind, and some stubborn Holding him.

Luo Fenghua felt happy and ridiculous in this kind of friendly eyes. He whispered for a long time: "It’s really a mess..."

Nangong Liudao: "It’s not a noisy, noisy, noisy three people together."

Xu Shuanglin listened, and finally he made a sound, and with one hand on the ridge, the other hand smiled and said: "Okay, let's swear, there will be oranges together, and there will be a snack."

He paused and looked up at the magnificent scene of the Confucianist House, and snorted: "There is a roof, crawling together."

The scene flashed.

In that year, the Lantern Festival will be lighted.

Xu Shuanglin was barefoot, with a branch of leaves in his mouth, and was lazily walking on the main path of the Confucianism, and he pointed at it from time to time: "The lantern is hung up a bit higher, saying you, you hang so low dry stuff. The legs are short for a person to go up."

There was an anxious voice coming from behind: "Abu, you wait."

Xu Shuanglin turned back and saw Luo Fenghua coming over with a pair of shoes. His eyebrows groaned and said, "Why don't you wear shoes and run around?"

"This road is a refining stone, no shoes, so absorb the power."

"It’s so cold, what kind of spiritual power is it? Come on, look at you, your toes are frozen red."

"Hey, you guys are in trouble."

Having said that, Xu Shuanglin still put the shoes on the sluggish, without wearing the rules, arbitrarily pulling, and then squinting, asked Luo Fenghua: "What is it, is it free? Do you want to go outside with me? city?"

"Aliu’s work has not been finished yet, I have to finish him again..."

When the voice fell, it was interrupted by Xu Shuanglin.

He raised his chin and his eyes were proud: "My brother is stupid, you have to stare at him to write, then the whole Lantern will be consumed at night, don't go over."

Luo Fenghua smiled temperedly: "But just, I don't like the fun."

Xu Shuanglin stared at him, squatting for a while, suddenly angered his feet and smashed his shoes, and flew far away, Luo Fenghua said: "What happened to you?"

"Do not wear, don't wear! Rolling."

"Wearing shoes, cold."

"Don't wear! Roll!"

"……You're angry?"

Xu Shuanglin looked disgusted: "I am angry? I have a good life, you and my brother, you two are stupid and poor, it is better to have a holiday together. Go, don't take care of me."

He said that he waved his hand and went forward with great enthusiasm.

In fact, at that time, he hoped that Luo Fenghua could catch up.

Even if the feet are frozen, they don’t care.

He just wants to smash the shoes of both feet, waiting for someone to call him behind him, anxiously angry and told him that he wants to catch cold.

Xu Shuanglin walked with expectation.

But after waiting for a while, Luo Fenghua did not catch up and did not call him.

When he paused, he could not help but slow down.

Until he walked out of the 100 meters, he would go to the gate of the city, and no one would call him. He pinched his fingers and joints, and his heart was gone. Anyway, he had no playmates since he was a child. How many years of smashing lights are all alone, what a big deal.

He stepped down the steps.

Level one.

Two levels.

Finally, I suddenly turned back, my nose was high and wrinkled, and I changed my face. I couldn’t help but say: "Luo Fenghua!"

Luo Fenghua did not actually go, he stood in the same place, the shoes have been picked up, it is difficult to do it, do not know what to do. At this time, I heard Xu Shuanglin’s violent screaming, like a head-on, slamming back to God, widening his eyes and swearing: “Ah...”

"..."

Forget it.

Really served him.

So that year, Lantern Festival, he and Xu Shuanglin, accompanied by Nangong Liu.

Nan Gongliu’s distressed extremes screamed at the reel of the technique, and turned his eyes and said: “The heart is five inches in length, for the giant acupoints, for the heart, and when the fight is not, the personnel are not saved. ...under...the next one?" He scratched his head. "I don't remember."

"Stupid! You are stupid!"!

Xu Shuanglin took the bamboo slip to knock on his brother's brain, and his face was full of suffocation. "The lower half is divided, and the arm punch is used to wake up. If you wake up and heal, then you will die for more than one hundred days. The umbilical water hole is a small stomach. After the serious injury, he died on the 28th....The ninth time!!! Why didn’t you give it to stupid death?!”

Nan Gongliu looked very frustrated. He sighed at the table and sighed, but squinted and blew his soft hair falling in front of his forehead.

"I also feel that I am stupid...it is as smart as you are."

"Impossible." Xu Shuanglin smashed the railroad, "Dream."

Luo Fenghua, who had only gone out to cook the Yuanxiao, came back.

He was covered in a thick cloak, and the dark hair and the curled eyelids were covered with a bit of fine snow. Under the fire, a plain face also gave birth to some taste.

It’s like a small spring, but it’s snowy.

"Take it for a long time, eat some yuan, rest for a while."

Luo Fenghua brought the wooden pallets over, three bowls of yuan, one bowl and one bowl.

Nangong Liu cheered and immediately rushed to the case, just wanting to reach out, but was caught by the people behind him.

Xu Shuanglin’s sullen face: “What’s rushing, no rules, thank you?”

Nangong Liu smashed his tongue, and it seemed that he was somewhat surprised by his most unruly younger brother. He actually licked his nose on his face in this section.

"What?"

Seeing his brother squinting at some danger, Nangong Liulian even waved his hand, and bought a shackle by the way. The sleeves were smashed and a big gift was made. He looked up and joked: "The little slave thanked the master for giving me a gift~"

Luo Fenghua: "..."

Xu Shuanglin looked at this guy who was naughty and felt that it was both good and funny. He also thought that this person probably learned from which language, and said: "Okay, eat snacks."

Luo Fenghua licked some frozen red hands and put them on his lips. He smacked the cloak for him. He was somewhat flattered: "Oh, don't bother."

Xu Shuanglin was too lazy to care for him. He asked not to be salty or not: "Is it snowing outside?"

"Well, just down, I don't know if the heap will pile up tonight, and I can play snowballs the next day."

"...Master." At this time, the sudden name is not respectful, but ridicule. "How old are you."

Luo Fenghua laughed, and the eyelashes were soft. Xu Shuanglin looked at the bottom of his heart, but when he was shocked, he felt uncomfortable

and angry. He hurriedly searched for any reason for venting. Luo Fenghua did not let him down. He I found it very quickly, so I lit a patch on the cloak:

"Are you poor? Come to the Confucianism for so long. How can you not throw this broken? Wear it outside and think that we are bullying you, are you stupid!?"

Luo Fenghua immediately picked it up: "This, even if it is broken, it can still be worn by the supplement. I think there are so many people suffering in the Xiujian world. I can't eat and drink well. I have a cloak. Money, you can buy ten spirits and give them to those who need them. How good."

"..." Xu Shuanglin still pokes on the patch and screams at him with anger.

Luo Fenghua carefully sought the approval of his own high-ranking person: "Do you not think?"

"I think you are sick! Poor!"

But to put it this way, the cloak was hung back on the shelf.

Three people gathered around the stove and ate the dumplings.

Lantern Lantern Lanterns can't be seen, but the three young people who are similar in age are also talking and talking, not boring.

There was snow outside the window, and the frost covered the edge of the red window sill, crystal clear.

The firewood in the house is full of fire.

After drinking some wine, the atmosphere was even better. Luo Fenghua didn't even marry them. He took the sputum from Nangong Liu, his cheeks were red, some drunk, fiddled with three or two, and sang a hometown minor.

"There are three or four points in the pool, and one or two sounds on the shore. The weak crown is the best, the light hoof is fast, and the sky is spent..."

"Master respects, this is good, you teach me, what is it?"

"Youth tour." Luo Fenghua said gently, "I am a short song, I think it is very good."

Nangong Liu Yangtou laughed, his smile has always been overheated, and there is always a bit of arrogance, but when he drinks too much alcohol, he

has a certain rate of truth: "Ha ha ha, the teenager is good, we are not the young Hummer. Is it arrogant?"

Xu Shuanglin hugged his arms and said: "A book can't be backed up after nine times. Which teenager is so stupid."

"Oh, people are short, people have their own lengths." Nangong Liu Xiaoyu, actually there are also spirits to refute their younger brothers. "You are a talented person, but I may also have my own talent." ”

"...you drink too much."

Luo Fenghua also laughed and picked up the wine cellar and said: "I hope that all of you will be a weak-hearted person in your life, and you will be a gentleman by your own strength."

Nangong Liu will handle the palm of his hand, hooking his brother's shoulder, causing Xu Shuanglin to be uncomfortable, pushing him away, Nangong Liu did not care, haha laughed: "Shi Zun said this, I suddenly remembered, let's not let River lights, but the wishes are always to be promised."

Xu Shuanglin took a slap in the mouth: "I think it is disgusting to make this kind of thing."

Luo Fenghua said: "When you write on paper, when you finish writing it, throw it into the fire and it will come true."

Finally, they wrote their wishes. What is Luo Fenghua's, so there is no need to say more, he only already said when he toasted.

Nangong Liu has a reading disorder, and likes to write and read: "Look... eat well, have a big break, and hey, reunion."

Xu Shuanglin was disgusted, but the nausea was mixed with subtle emotions that could not be explained.

He is a blind man, and there are never too many people at home who will pay attention to him.

After Luo Fenghua came, he had a companion. He and Nan Gongliu, as well as three masters, often played together and practiced together.

Rather than saying that Luo Fenghua is his master, it is better to say that he is the first best friend in his life.

Because Luo Fenghua is there, he doesn't even hate his brother for nothing, but he pays attention to his identity. They get along with each other in the morning and evening, but they can also pick up the cuteness of Nangong Liu.

"What did Abu write?"

Xu Shuanglin did not answer, and threw his own good paper into the fire pit.

The wish was quickly swallowed up by the light and the heat, and the splashing fire reflected his eyes.

"Nothing to write, white paper."

Luo Fenghua and Nangong Liu will be disappointed, showing some lost look.

Xu Shuanglin smiled and smiled, and there was some sweetness in the evil spirits. After the kind of teasing, he was born with self-satisfaction.

Lie to you.

The writing work in the paper group is complete, the end is right, and the stroke is a stroke. Written is -

Hope, Luo Fenghua, Nangong floe, Nangong Liu three people, can be friends for a lifetime, oranges to eat together, cakes together, roof, climb together.

From the weak crown, to the white hair of the twins.

Chapter 228

On the sacred platform of the Confucianist Gate, Xu Shuanglin looked at the little golden stream in the night, and suddenly felt like the year of the Lantern Festival, he put the paper into the hearth.

Instantly burned to ash, only a little spark is still there, scalding him through the years.

Wang Luofenghua, Nangong floe, Nangong Liu three.

I can be friends for a lifetime.

However, the South Palace has long since disappeared. Now it is Xu Shuanglin, a madman who is a demon who climbs from the depths of **** and returns to the world for all the righteous gentlemen.

There is no more than Nangong.

Like his name, he floats in the sky between heaven and earth.

The years have passed, and the rock is also staggered.

What's more, this is a small catkins.

So many years have passed, the willow tree is old, the maple tree is dying, and the wandering is wandering. It’s not the end of the world, it’s the blood of the mountains and the overwhelming hate.

But why, still involuntarily put Luo Fenghua to teach him the things that year, spared no effort to give the leaves to forget, why do you see the real gentleman and good people, can not help but feel guilty, can not stop squatting.

why……

Why do you cry?

Xu Shuanglin squatted on the soul-studded stage and finally lost his voice. The tears followed his ugly, distorted face and could not fall down. He rubbed the nucleus of Luo Fenghua, and finally cried so hoarsely and heartbroken as if One inch of sound is dug out of the throat and blood.

"Teacher... Luo Fenghua..."

His organs are exhausted, and he is full of madness and hatred, distortion and longing, and a life-long game.

Is it ruined?

After he thought of Lingshan's sword, he was so full of resentment that his father was transferred to Nangongliu. He was unwilling and angry.

——

He still remembers the aging and pale face of his father's illness, and stared at him incredulously.

"The position of this head is mine." His hand was in the throat of his father, and he gathered it little by little. His expression was cold and awkward, and his eyes flashed with light. "The Confucianism is a hundred years old. If the father does not want to destroy, I have been taken care of by myself. You are old enough to rest."

"Float..."

He closed his eyes and did not allow his father to continue. Hearing the meridians in his hands, he only heard the heartbroken "squeaky", which was

the abnormal sound of the broken pipe.

He took off the ring of the Confucianist door and put it on his lips.

The finger was cold, but it was cold but his face.

"I just want a fair, you don't give it to me, I will take it myself. Father, under Jiuquan, you don't have to hate me."

Turned around.

The scene changes in the memory.

It was the first night after he seized power. The servant was cleaning up the blood of the land after the war. His father was dead. The Nangong Liu family was also locked in the dungeon. All those who tried to resist him were suppressed. Everything was fixed, and he did not know what to do at the moment.

He gave birth to a stove in the yard and made tea from his own place. There was only one person in the court, and he rubbed the ring of the ring on his thumb.

Since then he has been the Lord of the Confucianism.

Lingshan Conference, those who calculate his outsiders naturally do not have to say more, look for opportunities to smash and kill, but he does not know how to put his big brother, but do not know how to put Luo Fenghua.

The twilight is getting deeper and the golden crow is sinking.

Seeing that the sky was getting dark, Xu Shuanglin finally made up his mind to see the detained brother and the master in the prison.

He took a few followers and walked halfway. The last trace of sunshine was swallowed up by the night. He snorted and suddenly felt a little cold, his head, and he was a little dizzy.

"Respect the Lord, what happened?"

Swinging to help his servant slave, Xu Shuanglin said: "No problem, suddenly remembered that something was not handled properly, I will go back to the hall first, you do not have to follow."

He suppressed the more and more obvious pain, put the hood of the cloak on, and strode toward the main hall of the Confucianism. In the end, I couldn’t hold it anymore. Rao was able to endure it again, and he couldn’t

help but ran a section of the road, slammed the door in, and then closed the door.

"Respect the Lord?"

"You stand at the door and keep it, don't come in, don't move, if there is any abnormality, feel free to report to me."

After the guards told him to go down, Xu Shuanglin gasped and squatted to the depths of the hall and violently took off his hood. He looked down and found that his skin had been cracked and he was acne.

His first reaction was that his father cursed him.

Then I felt that it was impossible. The old man had already become ill, and he did not even have the strength to cast spells. How could God do this without knowing it?

That is how the matter?

It was too painful, the bones were broken, and the flesh was smashing. He shivered at the window, the knuckles were pale and twisted, and he squatted on the ground and grabbed the red marks.

It’s really painful...

He did not dare to shout, nor dared to call the medical officer. The situation was not stable. How can he, as the owner of the rebels, reveal a half-inch weakness?

He kept on breathing in the hall, □□, painful, rolling, convulsions. Kneeling, under the pain, he did not intend to tear down one side of the curtain and landed on him.

The moonlight outside the window was covered.

Suddenly he felt a sudden pain. He was cold and sweaty, shrinking under the curtain and gasping for a while. After a while, he thought that the pain had passed, and then he pulled off the curtain and sat up straight, trying to stand up.

Who knows that the moonlight is shining, but it is actually skin-opening, painful and painful.

Xu Shuanglin suddenly realized that he might not be able to shine on the moon. So he squatted and climbed, struggling to close the window, hiding in the darkest place in the hall, reaching out and not seeing five fingers.

His breathing gradually calmed down.

The pain disappeared, and the **** flesh of the blood was also healed at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Xu Shuanglin felt guilty, so he draped his cloak tightly, and he didn't expose his flesh. He rushed to the library and looked through the middle of the night to find a record in his grandfather's book.

It turned out that the first generation of Confucianism, the head of the South Palace, Chang Ying, once fought with the shackles, although the final victory over the evil beasts, the town under the Golden Drum Tower, but in the midst of evil.

The ancient evil beast is yin, and it is closely related to the night and the moonlight. It curses the head of the Confucianist door. As long as the moonlight is seen, the flesh will be torn and painful.

And every moon night, the yin is the most prosperous, even if not in the moonlight, hiding in the darkest, it will be full of suffering.

So for centuries, this has always been the biggest secret of Confucianism, and the heads of all generations have been ignorant of it, lest anyone take the opportunity to take advantage of it, even if it is a biological son, it will not reveal the truth until the last moment.

It’s ironic.

He has spent a lot of time, and he got a bit of a sinful power.

On the second day, Xu Sulin came to the dungeon.

Nangong Liu and his wife Rong Rong were both inside, and another dark room was imprisoned by Luo Fenghua.

He did not go to see Luo Fenghua, first came to the prison of his brother.

"Ao! Abu! What are you doing? What are you doing?" When he saw him, Nangong Liu was extremely excited, but his hands and feet were sealed by curses. He couldn’t move at all. Kneeling on the ground, tears toward the younger brother, "Are you crazy? For a head position, do you want to do this?"

After a night of torture, Xu Shuanglin was still weak, and he smiled coldly: "I just took back what I deserved."

"..."

"You took my sword and destroyed my name. I was only twenty years old, Nangong Liu." He paused and his eyes were cold. "I am only twenty years old, and you let me see my life."

He slowly walked over and robbed his face, then leaned down and stared at his brother's face.

"Nan Gongliu, a waste like yours, has the power of ambition, wants to get ahead, what about me?" He said slowly, "I am more diligent than you, more talent than you, I have compared anything." You are nothing more than your tongue."

He pinched the chin of Nangong Liu, and pressed his fingers to open the closed mouth.

He stared at the slippery, sticky, reddish thing there.

"It’s a weapon to kill people without seeing blood. Cut it."

Nangong Liu stunned her eyes wide, but because her mouth was stuck, she couldn’t speak, she could only mourn and sigh.

"Do not cut?" Xu Shuanglin sneered, "You can also cut your tongue. Look at you, I am a brother, a painful killing of you, but also my hands."

When he slammed his hand, Nangong Liu burst into tears: "Don't kill me! Don't kill me! No, isn't that the Lingshan meeting? You, take me out, I am

in the face of the whole world, me, I am still fair to you!"

"It’s late." Xu Shuanglin pulled out a white towel, rubbed his hand, and gave him a faint look. "What do you say now, everyone in the world will only reluctantly admit when you are under pressure from me?" The sewage that you poured on me can no longer be cleaned up."

Nangong Liu had not had time to talk, and he heard the voice of a woman next to her sharp knife.

"Nan Gongxu! I know that you have been wronged, but what are you doing now? Killing your father, robbing the head ring, now you have to marry your brother, you... how can you be so worried?"

"Oh, Rong Shijie." Xu Shuanglin smiled slightly. "If you want to talk, I have forgotten that you are here."

Although Rong Rong was shackled by the curse, her look was stunned, but her eyes were tearful, but she was not weak: "I was at the beginning... I really misread you."

"You can't see what I can do?" Xu Shuanglin smiled. "The person who gave me the sachet was you. Later, the person who married Nangong Liu is also you. You are the one who took me first. Hey, now you have He Yan noodles told me about the old things? I would never want to tell me that you are involuntarily, is he forcing you?"

Rong Rong looked white and seemed to have something to say, but eventually he bit his lower lip and slowly closed his eyes.

Tears fell down her cheeks.

The knife is already in the hand, with a cold light.

"No... no... Abu, anything can be said, I can talk to you about anything... Don't kill me... Please, don't kill me..."

"Would you make a mistake in your position?" Xu Shuanglin wiped the blade, and there was still a sinister smile in his mouth. "Nan Gongliu, now I am the head, you are a prisoner, you have nothing in your hand, you want to follow me." Talk about the conditions? What is your chip, is your dog life?"

"I can give you a cow! You can... you can get a grass ring, I, I am willing to do anything! If you like, you can return it to you!"

Rong Rong suddenly opened his eyes and suddenly turned his head. It was extremely angry: "Nan Gong Liu!"

Nangong Liu was scared to be sifted. He ignored his wife, but he whimpered at his younger brother. "As long as you let me go... please let

me go..."

"Get it." Xu Shuanglin lazily took a knife and patted his face. "Do you think that you have touched the orange, will I touch it again?"

"Then I can still - I can still -" Nangong Liu searched the intestines, but he couldn't think of anything. Only the tears and snots flowed, and finally he burst into tears. "Ax, we said, There are cakes to eat together, and there are roofs to climb together... We practice together, and we will go through the Yuanxiao with the teacher and learn to play the piano. In those days, you, have you forgotten?"

Xu Shuanglin’s face was so heavy that he only sneered and did not answer. The knife had been lifted, and he was half-squatting and swaying.

"what!!"

"Wait!!"

The cold blade hung from the neck of the Nangong Liu neck. In fact, Xu Sulin was not sure. Even if there were no such two calls, could his knife swing a few more inches.

But his face did not change, it was still faint: "What happened? The two last words are really much."

Chapter 229

Rong Rong did not go to see her husband, but took a moist apricot, straight back, and choked: "Look at the past sentiment, can you let me, give birth to the child."

"..." Xu Shuanglin's gaze slowly moved down and fell on the belly of Rong Rong. At first glance, it was no different, but when it was carefully picked up, it was already slightly raised.

Rong Rong has been squatting down, but his face is cold.

"Please."

"..."

"Father is guilty and irrefutable. But Nangong, I want to beg you, spare your own life."

Xu Shuanglin stared at the woman for a while and only felt ridiculous.

Rao the kind of cockroaches in her belly? The smashed meat that has not yet been formed, whether it is a scorpion or a prostitute, has something to do with him?

Between the haze, but suddenly remembered the pain of the bones last night. Xu Shuanglin suddenly slammed, suddenly realized that this was a very good thing - the head of the Confucianist door can only be inherited by the young master after the death of the old master, or by rebellion. Others, abdication to the sage, retreat or listen, are useless.

Therefore, it is impossible to give way to Nangongliu, but after a hundred years, he can pass to the child of Nangongliu, let the child taste the pain of sitting in this position, is not a beautiful thing. .

It’s great that the father’s debt is paid.

He was in a good mood for a moment, and his eyebrows were full of laughter, but then the two of them reacted, and they threw their swords and turned and laughed out of the prison.

He did not kill Nangong Liu later, nor did he kill Rong Rong. Instead, he was placed under house arrest in a small courtyard. He planned to wait for the child to be born, and immediately sealed him as the next head and set a **** agreement with himself.

I am afraid that by the time of the whole world, I would also like to praise him for being a big man, regardless of the suspicion?

But he could not wait until that day.

Shortly after he succeeded to the throne, he committed atrocities and violent grievances inside and outside the sect. Later, the city owner resented him, and he refused to prepare him. He secretly released Nangong Liu and Luo Fenghua.

Luo Fenghua did not know the hidden feelings behind him. He only thought that he had made such a kind of madness for the high position of the head, and that Nangong Liu Qiao's tongue was so hot, he became more and more disheartened. So he and Nan Gongliu joined hands to win the position, wanting to take Xu Shuanglin out of the throne of the hot head.

That night, the Confucianist Civil War, 100 people were killed and wounded, and in the midst of the war, Luo Fenghua was the first to find Xu Shuanglin who took refuge in Xiaoyue Campus.

It was a full moon night, and Xu Shuanglin's pain was hard. He was covered in blood and fell in the leaves of the forest. It was like a snake that had been smashed and peeled, and all the bright red meat was revealed.

When Luo Fenghua saw him, he thought that he was injured by the spell of the war. Although he had complaints in his heart, he was described as miserable by his love, and he could not help but be confused.

Xu Shuanglin raised his face in the woods, showing a sneer: "You are here."

"..."

"I am fighting with him, and you always help him in the end."

Luo Fenghua said: "This time you have done too much. Is Master Zen Zen killing you?"

"Not bad."

"What about Lin Dao?"

"He **** it."

"...that is your father..."

For a moment, Xu Shuanglin said: "He is unfair. He believes me as a thief. He asked for it."

Luo Fenghua closed his eyes and the eyelashes were a little moist: "You... how can you get to such a situation..."

"Oh." Xu Shuanglin Sen smiled. "Only allow others to take me, don't allow me to take other people? Only allow others to lick a knife on me. I don't allow me to draw swords. This is what you call a gentleman?"

The look on Luo Fenghua's face was extremely broken. He wobbled in place for a while. He walked to Xu Shuanglin and did not speak. The tears were first smashed down.

"What are you crying? What are you crying?" Xu Shuanglin was not annoyed by the ground. "If you want to kill, you must listen to your respect, why should you fake a few drops of tears in front of me, in your eyes, in the eyes of the old man, In the eyes of everyone, the pustule of waste is always more important than me!"

Luo Fenghua shook his head. He did not speak, raised his hand and read the curse.

"...I banned the spell that you learned from me since childhood." Luo Fenghua said, "Since then, Nangong, you and me, no longer a mentor."

"..." Xu Shuanglin, but the pain of the cone heart, the guilty evil, really hurts.

He stayed in the same place for a while, and he said, "Don't be passionate. I have never treated you as a master."

Luo Fenghua looked at him timidly. After a long time, he seemed to want to say something more, but there was a screaming voice behind him, and the soldiers were approaching, and the sword was shining.

Nangong Liu rushed over: "Master!"

He saw Xu Shuanglin and Luo Fenghua talking, his heart was fierce, and immediately anxiously said: "Master, he said nothing, you should not listen to him! They are lying to you!"

Xu Shuanglin smiled casually.

This brother, always, is so innocent and cute.

He thought that he would still bite Luo Fenghua's clothes bitterly, explaining the beginning and end of the matter, the cause and effect? Not anymore.

For him, life is like a chess game. When a move falls, the previous ones are going back thousands of times, and the wind is surging. It is no longer important. The only thing that matters is the result.

The person who killed it is killing, and the dyed blood is dyed.

He can't wash it, and he doesn't want to wash himself.

Luo Fenghua will never forgive him.

No need to say anything.

He held the tree next to him and stood up.

The moonlight was on his face, and the flesh was open and bloody.

Nangong Liu and the surrounding monks saw a step back, and some people misunderstood, and suddenly said: "This, this is the hand of Luo Daochang? It is a thousand knives... This is too embarrassing..."

Xu Shuanglin grinned and revealed a white tongue.

He stared at the woods, his own brother, and suddenly felt that he did not want to misplace the masters and apprentices. So he turned his head and

said to Luo Fenghua: "Let them get out, I have something. I want to tell you personally before I die. I just want to tell you alone."

He supported the pines and moved slowly, and Luo Fenghua came to a dark place.

The moonlight was covered by dense shades, and Xu Shuanglin’s face followed with a slight slowness. The cleft skin began to heal bit by bit. Although there were many tiny flaws, it was not so horrible.

Xu Shuanglin did not look back, facing Luo Fenghua, first asked: "You alone, with me alone, I am not afraid that I will kill you?"

"you will not."

"..."

"If you want to kill me, or kill Aliu, you can do it a year ago."

Xu Shuanglin turned back and his eyes flashed with a twisted light: "It’s ridiculous, do you think you know me?!"

Luo Fenghua suddenly slammed into his face and widened his eyes: "Your sly..."

"Not as terrible as it was, right?"

Xu Shuanglin laughed.

"What do you think is this? The spell is cursed? Ling Xiaoguo?"

He slowly raised his hand, and in his palm, he held a ring of shining light. He touched his mouth and mouth together, and he said with scorn and maliciously: "This ring is attached to the spirit. In you and Nangong Liu When I drove me down from the high position, it fell from my thumb. It knew that I was not the Lord of the Confucianism. But there were two leaders who tried to raise their troops, so it didn’t know. Who should it recognize?"

"You take Aliu's position and return to him from Angelica."

Xu Shuanglin grinned and said: "I really think so."

He stuffed the ring into Luo Fenghua's hand, and at the end he took two serious shots and said: "Get it, keep it steady, and when you go out, give this good thing to him, remember, always I personally helped him to wear it. He is the true lord of this door."

He paused and stared at Luo Fenghua's face that was painful.

Then he leaned over and lowered his voice. He said in his ear: "Next, I want to tell you a secret. Don't be afraid, this secret is nothing dark, a heroic past, nothing more."

He slowly and inferily surrendered Nangong Changying, and attached a curse to the Confucianism of the generations of the Lord, one hundred and forty, with malicious infiltration in the teeth, quenched into fangs, plunged into Luo Fenghua In the flesh.

He saw Luo Fenghua's face getting more and more ugly, and the double rounded scorpion became bigger and bigger.

He saw Luo Fenghua being hit by him on the tree and shivering slightly.

He felt very happy.

what.

Are you not petting him?

You... one or two, don’t you all take out Nangong Liu as a treasure?

I want you to send your hand to his hand.

Xu Shuanglin's mouth slowly expanded, and then he pulled out a sly smile. He raised his hand and touched Luo Fenghua's cheek: "Master, the story is over. Go out." He paused and looked. Even more dazed, "Go to the gnome door, the sixth generation of the head - Nangong Liu, go."

That day he was covered in blood, and the sword fled the Confucianist door, wandering around for half a night, exhausted his energy, and fell to the town of Caidie.

He met a little girl and sat in the yard.

The little girl saw that he was injured, he lost blood, and his face was white and snoring, but he poured a bowl of water from the house and handed it to him. He drank water, stared at her, and then did not know what happened. Suddenly he felt that the girl looked like his best friend, his teacher, his deadly enemy, and her eyes looked like Luo Fenghua.

He saw the orange tree in the yard full of fruit, and suddenly he thought about it, and he wanted to eat it very much, but the little girl was full of sorrow and odor, and Zhangkou’s gentleman closed his mouth, causing him to get bored. As if to see Luo Fenghua’s ridiculous thing, really said:

"I hope that you will be a weak-hearted person in your life, and you will be a gentleman by your own strength."

A gentleman.

... It’s ridiculous.

He smashed the full orange, cut the orange tree, and then went away, leaving the little girl crying in the courtyard, but he still didn't get rid of it. In the evening, he killed several villagers and started up. The knife fell, and the gentleman and the word became farther and farther, he felt more and more happy.

Then he left, and he planned to hide his name, but he was still alive.

But at that time, he heard about Luo Fenghua’s position in the teahouse and became the news of the Confucianist generation.

The tea merchants who are coming and talking are saying, "Oh, I can’t think of it. This is really a confidant."

"Poor Nan Gongliu rebelled this time, but did not expect to be a wedding dress for others."

"He should hate his master?"

"This Luo Fenghua is really a fascinating heart, not something."

Xu Shuanglin sat at the greasy little table and held a cup of tea to be sent to the lips, but he never went to drink, so he listened so slyly.

There was a burst of blackness in front of me, and it turned out to be a whirlwind.

But he said nothing, and finally Luo Fenghua would make such a choice.

I would rather bear the misunderstanding and hate, preferring to be referred to by thousands of people, and cast aside.

I would rather suffer from the evil, and every moon night is not as good as death until the end of life.

Luo Fenghua, it is impossible to put this sword into the heart of his apprentice.

After all, chess is a step away.

"Hey. Hey. Hey."

The footsteps sounded slowly.

Xu Shuanglin got out of his memory. He opened his eyes and blurred his vision. A young man's face appeared.

On the empty stage of the soul, the ink burned to him, half-squatting down and staring at him.

At that moment, Xu Shuanglin felt that the young man’s eyes were very strange. There were too many things hidden there, not like a young man in his early twenties.

Ink burning road: "...Nan Gongliu, you plan to do all this, want to bring him back to life?"

"You don't have to."

"You left Nangong Liu and resurrected Luo Fenghua. From then on, there are no idlers who can come in. You have to spend the rest of your life here. Am I right?"

Xu Shuanglin screamed: "You don't have to!!"

The ink burns and picks up the broken spiritual core on the ground, and there is still a bright stream in the spiritual core. He said: "You disguised as easy, and returned to Nangong Liu as Xu Shuanglin, so that he will once again send troops to seize position, because you can't bear to see Luo Fenghua suffering from cursing night and night, it is better to die."

"Why do you want to spend my heart?!" Xu Shuanglin's eyes are red, and the inside is flashing with a moist and sly light. "Do you think you know everything?!"

"I don't know. I can only guess." Ink ignited, "But when I look at you, I feel that I guess, and it is not wrong."

Xu Shuanglin smashed the words between the teeth and took out four words: "After life, arrogance."

"It's the same. When you were twenty years old, didn't you go crazy?" The ink burned quietly at him. "Nan Gongxu, that year you helped your brother to regain the respect, but you didn't expect him to After being convicted, it is already a slap in the face of respecting the Lord. You did not expect that he would smash the roots and kill him after taking the position of Luo Fenghua. You did not expect his death."

"You messed up your mind, you are at a loss." He stared at Xu Shuanglin's face.

He understands the desperate state of mind more than anyone else.

He is reading Xu Shuanglin's heart and reading his heart.

"What do you do in despair?"

Chapter 230

If it is him, what should he do?

Rebirth.

I want to make that person reborn.

Xu Shuanglin, who was huddled on the ground, whispered: "You didn't expect Nangong Liu to smear poison to kill Luo Fenghua directly. Under desperation, you will simply count, saying that the curse on the ring is left by Luo Fenghua. In the wrath of Weinan Gongliu, according to the rules of the Confucianism, Luo Fenghua’s body was put into the blood pool and was taken to the 18th floor of Hell.

"Is it crazy?" Xue Meng stunned. "Since Luo Fenghua is resurrected, he must be cherished by this person. Then why should he be pushed into the 18th floor of hell?"

"Because the soul enters purgatory, it can't be super-born." The ink burned at him, and there was pity in his eyes. "So Luo Fenghua will not reincarnate immediately. You can study the method of rebirth and let Luo Fenghua

come back. Then, build an ideal. Bang, a place where you are a god, fair and just."

Xu Shuanglin: "..."

A few silences, the face of the festering people laughed a lot, he stared at the burning face: "Mo Zongshi, I found out today that you are a madman."

He paused and said in a very light voice: "Because there are only madmen, you can understand me."

After the words, I laughed indulging.

The laughter is like a winged ape. Although it is already drooping, it is still fiercely attached to the cliffs, and it will not reveal a weak point of death.

The ink burned and closed his eyes, and he whispered to him: "Nan Gongxu, you listen, there is still someone in the world of reincarnation. If you want, I will do my best to plead for the nostalgia. Master of sin, also with your master."

"..."

He spread his palm and handed the broken spiritual core back to Xu Sulin. "But please, tell me..."

He tried to catch the last floating grass to save his life.

He was stunned, and in a place that no one could see, there was a trace of helplessness in his eyes.

"Please tell me who the person who has been helping you is behind." Mo Yan said, "Who told you the reincarnation of such a evil door? Who taught you to treasure the chess game?"

Memory coincides with the past life.

In the smoky smog of the Confucianist Gate, Xu Shuanglin was in front of the leaves, and died under the chaos.

In this case, before the death of Xu Sulin in the past, there must have been no specific plan. But in this life, everything is different. Xu Shuanglin laid a mystery in Jinchengchi early, designed the peach blossom source to be amazed, the color butterfly town cracks, and after using the method of living sacrifices, it can quickly change the means and collect everywhere. Shenwu finally took Luo Fenghua out of purgatory.

This method of rebirth is certainly not what he himself thought of.

"Do you want to know?" Xu Shuanglin's eyes flashed with no bad intentions. "I am a man of skill, but I don't want to tell you."

"Do you prefer to die, do you have one of his pieces?"

"Chess?" Xu Shuanglin smiled. "You think too much. He knows me. I can understand my heart. He is the same person as me. Mo Zongshi, you are dead, I will never tell you. Who is it? You have to go to Lushan with great expenses, and you are satisfied with the road, but what about it?"

"..."

"In the end, the world will still be in chaos, and there will be a lot of smoke. The war will be disputed. He will still razor the upper and lower repairs to the ground and return to the scorched earth. Then, the good man gets paid, the wicked get the report, the person can live high, the mediocrity is slave "The smile of Xu Shuanglin's eyes is getting brighter and brighter. "It's really a good scene."

Xue Mengwen's furious: "What kind of good people have to pay for the evil people to report! What can live in Gaoyong as a slave! Others are good and evil, can be mediocrity, it is up to you to talk about it? You make a chess piece outside Those people...and Nangong Changying...and...and..."

He sneaked a glimpse of Chu's face, and could not help but lower his voice: "There is still Nangong." Xue Meng looked very unscrupulous and very wrong: "Is they willing to control it for you? Are they damn?"

"The sacrifice is always necessary." Xu Shuanglin gave him a faint look. "Xue Gongzi, you are still too young."

There was a kind of embarrassment in his expression. It seemed that he was not very willing to talk to people like Xue Meng who were so fierce. He turned his head back to ink.

"It falls into your hands, you want to kill it." He even said in an understatement. "There is still a lingering fruit in my Qiankun bag. You have to feel that you don't hate it. It doesn't matter if you feed me." ”

He said, coldly ridiculed: "In any case, at the age of twenty, I have already been overtaken by you, and you will come back this time."

Huang Xiaoyue said: "Who is Lingling over you? It’s shameless to open your mouth and say something!"

But the ink burns clearly the meaning of Xu Shuanglin.

The twenty-year-old is not in the body, but in the soul.

Nangong has also devoted himself to practice, and he once had a good heart. He also listened to the teacher and respected him. He wanted to be a gentleman and a sword.

And that Lingshan Conference, but he will be a thousand.

The ink burned closed his eyes and saw that Xu Shuanglin was miserable and could not live for too long. Perhaps because he is too similar to his predecessor, even if there is hatred and resentment, at this moment, he is somewhat unbearable. He said: "... Luo Fenghua soul core is still there, you should not be the reincarnation curse If you use it again, you may see him again."

“Let’s show again?” Xu Shuanglin smiled. He looked at the nucleus in his hand with great interest, and looked at his own flesh that was lacking in spiritual strength and was rapidly festering. He lazily said, “I am going to die. I am dead, there is no fairness in the world, what is the use of his return? It is not a crime, it is bullied by your big door."

He said, suddenly his eyes sank, and he personally crushed the soul core, the pieces plunged into the palm of his hand, full of blood.

Ink burning: "!"

Xue Meng: "Are you crazy?!"

Everyone is ignorant, some are stunned, some are gray and some are full of vigilance, and they all stare at the man on the ground who is not a ghost or a ghost.

Xu Shuanglin did not care, he looked at the last trace of Luo Fenghua in this world, watching it completely smouldering, finally burst into tears and burst into tears, laughing and horrible.

From now on, no one can see anyone, no one can hate anyone, they have become soil, become gray, very good, very good.

He slowly got up, staggered and walked under the eyes of the crowd, and walked to the front of the gods, where there was a weapon, it was awkward.

He sat down and used a smashed finger to sway a few strings.

The rebellion of the Zhenqi chess game became more and more serious. His seven scorpions began to bleed, his fingers began to burn, and eventually the whole person was swallowed up by the fire, but he still played in the fire.

His look seems to be a little comforting, some relaxed, but those who are comforting and relaxed can no longer be seen, his flesh is rapidly shrinking, distorted, and dry.

The fire is bullying.

Xu Shuanglin’s sloppy voice was heard from the fire. The voice was faint and calm, and it was still unruly. It seemed that the pain of the big one could not control him, and the death that was near could not coerce him.

"The weak crown is the best, the light hoof is fast, look at the end of the world..."

There are many elderly people in the crowd, who are all in this lazy, light and light tone, and suddenly remembered the young man at the Lingshan Conference.

Cranes and Tsing Yi, the eyebrows are upright.

The young man came out of the dark martyrdom and walked out of the memory of the wasteland. He entered the stadium with confidence and carried his sword with his battles. His hands were filled with the old swordsman who practiced swordsmanship.

He is so young, so handsome, so flamboyant, and even some people. He passed through the ten sects of the sects and the spectators who sang in the mountains, and suddenly smiled and smiled. The young man in his early twenties stopped, his waist was straight, facing the sun-drenched field, and holding his fist in the bright future of his eyes:

"Confucianism Gate, Nangong Fushi. Today's first battle, please also ask your predecessors, I have enlighten me."

Finally live up to the youth tour.

After a long time, the fire was extinguished, leaving only five unarmed gods on the soul-studded stage, and another rebirth that has not completely disappeared and is circling in the air.

Luo Fenghua or Xu Shuanglin is not there anymore.

Xue Zhengyi was a little unbelievable, squinting his eyes and muttering: "Is this all over?"

"Amitabha, the cause and effect of reincarnation, are retribution." The master of the mysterious temple of Wushou Temple closed his eyes and sighed. "Daddy hopes that all hatred in the world will be attributed to the dust."

Xue Meng blinked at him, this old vulture, there is not much power on the way, but it is quite a fight.

"What should I do next?" he asked, "Is it going down the mountain? But he still has a colleague, we don't know who that person is."

Just talking, suddenly Jiang Yan screamed: "Beware! Go back!"

Everyone slammed into his gaze, only to see that the rebirth of the air in the air narrowed to half a slap in the palm of his hand, and it was re-spreading at an alarming rate. The sky was like a crack in the sky. There was a twist of blackness inside.

Xue Meng was shocked: "What happened? Xu Shuanglin died, should this re-enactment disappear with it?!"

Jiang Yan pinched his fingers and stared at the eyes for a moment, whispering a curse: "No, no! This is not a corpse! It is not a rebirth! We are good, Xu Shuanglin, I am afraid I have been cheated!"

"What?" Xue Meng was shocked. "Not a corpse, not a rebirth? What will it be!"

Jiang Yan said: "It doesn't matter at all. It is imperative that this formation cannot be completely formed."

In addition to him, several other masters are also very responsive, between the electric and the Flint, the most non-nonsense Chu nightning has been

asked to go out and hit the enchantment center! Unexpectedly, although he was the first to take the lead, some people followed closely. The crowd suddenly plucked a dark blue shadow, like a cheetah culling, flashing the dagger in the sleeves, slamming toward the back of Chu’s late night, actually Seems to stop his actions.

"Master!"

"Master -!!"

The two exclamations are Xue Meng and Shi Yi, but they are far away, and it is too late to help.

A bang.

It was the sound of the blade that fell into the flesh and blood. Xue Meng suddenly closed his eyes, and when he opened it, it was already unmanned. He looked at the direction with his white face.

He is stunned.

The author has something to say: Some people don’t understand the problem that Luo Fenghua and Ye Yexi are not like:

The image of the leaf before the crowd is not the same as that of her in Nangong and Xu Shuanglin. This is also a soft explanation of why some people think that the leaf has changed. She likes her in front of others who like it. On the side of her daughter's side, she is not a fixed masked man with a gentleman's label.

Besides, Luo Fenghua, Luo Fenghua in the mouth of all outsiders are respectful and courteous, and there are a lot of advances and retreats. Now Luo Fenghua, who is now seen, will be ashamed, hesitant, and as soft as it is, why? One is because of age. The Luo Fenghua age group in the memories I saw was in his younger age, and the monks in the text felt like them. It was because the monks knew him. He experienced two changes in the martial art and finally became the Confucianist. The mature age of the Lord. If Luo Fenghua, who was a young man at the beginning of his age, had a later demeanor, he was a person who had never seen a poor person in the world. I think it was totally inconsistent with the logic... The second reason is that Luo Fenghua in the memory is from From the perspective of Xu Shuanglin, Luo Fenghua is the closest person to the most close to him, and he is relatively relaxed. He will cry and laugh and be soft. Of course, he couldn’t be in front of the crowd when he was still in front of the crowd, and he looked like a temper. If he treated the Quartet as a disciple, it was waiting for the Confucianism to be slaughtered...

Therefore, before Xu Shuanglin walked, Luo Fenghua was the soft master.

After Xu Shuanglin left, Luo Fenghua was the head of the gentleman's wind in everyone's mouth.

Just like Xu Shuanglin’s transformation in this life, Ye Yexi is the gentleman of the gentleman in the eyes of everyone.

Later, Xu Sulin Lin revealed the true face, the Confucianism door was ruined, and the Nangong Temple was lonely and unrecognizable. Ye Yexiong became a soft woman who was willing to help him.

He changed from softness to resoluteness, she changed from softness to softness, and the lives of two people were reversed. Because it is a supporting role, I will not write about each of their stages, and I will not be able to detail them in the eyes of each group. Many of these supporting roles are left to be understood by everyone, and I am thinking that I have some Explain the plot of the necessary explanations, explain my own thoughts, and crappy

Chapter 231

Chu Evening was not injured. In the midst of a thousand miles, the ink burned quickly and blocked the figure in the dark blue cloak. The man’s dagger had fallen into his shoulders, leaving only a handle with a silver serpent. The clothes on the shoulders of the ink were instantly stained with blood. He lowered his eyebrows and bite his teeth. His eyes flashed with sharp edges.

That was the hot eyes when the eagle finally smashed the rabbit.

"Hua Zongshi." He slammed the hand of Hua Binan who still held the dagger, endured the pain, and pulled the short blade out of his flesh and blood. He had a thin cold sweat on his forehead, but he gnawed his teeth. Tao, "You are attacking my master behind me, when I am dead?"

The night wind blew, shaking Hua Binan to wear it again, covering his ugly appearance, and Hua Binan was silent for a moment, saying: "How long has the Mo Zongshi doubted me?"

"From your venom, stay on the mountainside."

Hua Binan chuckled: "Oh... that's no way. After all, I was counting on a group of people in the hall."

Ink burns the teeth: "You used to stop Xu Shuanglin, what is it for?"

"Otherwise, by the change of the law, let him find that the reborn array that he has worked hard is fake. It is not too much trouble."

At this time, Chu Jingning had shot down the sky and asked the center of this mysterious battle. But when it fell, he was shocked that the Aura of the law was not easily able to contain it. Then I went back to see the ink block behind me, my shoulder was hurt by Hua Binan's dagger, and I couldn't help but attack the heart: "Ink burning -"

"Don't worry about me." The ink ignited, "It’s important to destroy the array. I am here."

There is no way for Chu’s late night. There is a kind of murderous spiritual flow that he has never touched before. Even the once cracked of the butterfly town is far behind, and he keeps his spiritual power flowing into the sky. In this, we can only prevent this formation from continuing to evolve, but there is absolutely no way to make it smash and disappear.

On the other hand, Jiang Yan also understood it at this time, but he said that he could not believe that the first holy hand under the door actually carried his own picture, and he could not help but face his face. "Hua Nan, you... ..."

Hua Binan’s hand was being squeezed by the ink at this moment. He didn’t look back. He heard Jiang’s voice, but he smiled slightly: “Hey, don’t act rashly. There is a door training on the lonely moon night. I naturally remember it in my heart, so this way, I am looking for opportunities on many people, and I have fallen into a heartworm that I have carefully nurtured for many years."

"!"

Everyone was eclipsed, silent, and suddenly made a pot of boiling porridge.

The cold scale holy hand put bugs on them?

It is clear that it is neither painful nor itchy, or even a feeling at all, but they suddenly feel that the whole body is very itchy, as if every corner of the horn is hiding a heartworm that can only kill people.

"Hua Binan, you crazy!"

"You are so poisonous!"

Someone cried out in a hurry and rubbed his body: "Where? Where? I am in the middle? I have no contact with him at all, I should not have it..."

There are also people who are temperamental and straightforward. They are the most incapable of using the means of Hua Bi Nan. They will be angry and say: "You are surnamed Hua! You don’t want to confuse people here, and talk indiscriminately! There are so many monks in the field, all of them are countless. The good hand, do you think you will be afraid of this threat?!"

The words did not fall, Hua Binan waved his hand gently.

The man who provocatively stunned suddenly swayed, and then his eyes violently slammed into his throat, slamming his throat, screaming in his mouth: "Ah! Ah-!"

The pus quickly rushed out of his nose and eyes. He rolled his eyes and violently twitched. His incontinence was full of suffocation and a stench. He quickly did not move, softened to the ground, and his skin quickly lost. Under the water, the mouth is still open, and there is a red worm that has been sucked up by human blood. It is like a spider, but there are ten thin legs on each side.

This shock has caused many people who are still indignant and filled with indignation. The people who want to confess Hua Binan have changed in color. They are all gray-faced and silently squinting at all this.

"The bugs are small, but they can kill people's lives in an instant." Hua Binan and Wen Wenwen said, "If you don't want to repeat the tragedy of the

Confucianism, it is best to stand in the same place, don't worry, also Don't make trouble, just listen to me, especially those who are alone."

His gaze fell on Jiang Yan, and he looked at the group of medicinal sects who had a light-colored costume behind Jiang Yan. He smiled and said: "Look at the same sentiment, Huamou does things, absolutely Will not hurt you."

Jiang Yantie is face-to-face: "Hua Bi Nan! Do you have such a wolf ambition?"

"The wolf ambitions don't dare to be." Hua Bi Nan seems to suddenly think of something, and Jiang said, "Yes, the head, you also have a heartworm on it, others are shallow, and the insects are only in the blink of an eye. Between, but the head is deep, I think I can always last for ten days and a half."

Ginger's cold tooth: "The lonely moon has not been treated with you for more than ten years. What are you doing?"

"Of course I have my purpose, but I don't have to tell you."

He looked back at the night, and looked at the ink burning against him, then turned his face again.

"Well, you can't figure out who has worms on the body, and who has no worms, but this is half possible, it's a matter of life and death. I think if you are smart enough, you should know who you stand on."

Dead.

Then the crowd suddenly sounded a warm and clear voice.

The teacher stood by Xue Meng and said: "The heartworms are blazing fire. As long as you ignite the spells or fires in your hands, you can see that there is a bulge under the flesh. That is the insect curse. The rest. People are safe."

"..." The cold scales squinted and squinted. "Shi Mingjing, are you stealing my scriptures?"

Shi Yan’s face seems a bit red, but the blush is not obvious. He is a person who is not used to being the focus of the public. Now he is watched by so many people, and his expression is somewhat stiff.

"In the past five years, I asked for a five-year retreat, and I was studying for a lonely night. I didn't read the scriptures of my predecessors, but I accidentally discovered this kind of bug, so... I did some research..."

Hua Bi Nan angered: "You steal the income, you don't want to face!"

Xue Meng stood with a black eyebrow and immediately helped the teacher: "What kind of face can you talk to with you?" Then he immediately did it according to the teacher, and he saw that there was no difference under his skin. Pulling the teacher shouted: "Great, thanks to you, you see, there are no bugs on my body!"

Others have followed suit, and one time they are on the stage, "I don't have it!" or "What to do, I have a heartworm!"

Hua Binan closed his eyes and then sneered: "Even if you can tell which people are there and who are not, then how? Those who have been infected with insects have listened to me! Come to me. For me, I won the late night, and beat the ink rain. I naturally wouldn’t wait for the wait, otherwise—"

He pointed to the warlock who had been bitten by the heartworm on the ground.

"There are such people."

Under the deterrent, the first tragedy was a female repair on a lonely moon night. She plunged into the side of Huabi Nan in the eyes of the public. She looked up slightly and looked a bit arrogant.

The smoldering is also amazed. The person who has become a traitor has a face and arrogance.

"I am sorry for Jiang’s head." She said, "I am standing on the side of the saint, not all for self-protection, but I have always admired the sage. The reason why I studied in the lonely night is also the name of Mu. Today Not to mention that there are no locusts in the middle, even if I am not in the middle, I am also a **** of the sage."

She said, glanced at the expression of Hua Bi Nan, seeing that Hua Bi Nan was fighting with the ink, but his face was smiling, apparently quite satisfied with her words, and could not help but sigh. "The predecessor of the saints has already said that he will not be embarrassed when he is on the same door. You should know how to make a choice."

She waited for a while, but only three monks came to the moon on a lonely night.

Others glared at them with anger, and they were cold.

The three monks each had a saying: "In these years, the Jiangmen goalkeeper is getting worse and worse, and the rivers are going down. If it is not for the cold scales, I have already left."

"The sage has the ability, we only follow the people who have the ability."

People who have a lonely moon night can't stand it, and they are angry: "The traitor! You can really say it!"

"Yes! Traitor!"

“Nothing to do, get out of the moonlight night!”

I didn’t expect that there would be so many people who wouldn’t give up even if they had a heartworm. The woman’s face was extremely embarrassing, but she still blushes and insists on calmly saying: “You don’t have to say that we have not planned to stay here. Break the door. You follow Jiang Yan, it is a ghost and a ghost!"

She turned her head again and stared at her forefoot.

"I am very embarrassed, and since then, with the moonlight night, with Jiang Yan, I have a knife -"

When the two breaks had not come out, they were interrupted by Jiang Yan.

Jiang Yan no expression, his eyes are very cold, he yelled at her: "Don't cut a knife, who are you?"

"I - I am very good -"

"You can't remember your name every day before I read it a hundred times." Jiang said, "Go."

The female drug sect was extremely annoyed, biting her lower lip for a long while, still indignant: "Oh, I can’t think of a sect, it’s this kind of demeanor."

"You see me today?" Jiang Yan sneered. "But it’s said that there are thousands of disciples on the night of the moon. I am seeing you for the first time. To tell the truth, if it is not today, it depends on you, maybe in this life. There is no chance to speak to me."

It is said that the sleeves have fallen, and a fragrant mist has risen. Jiang Yan has already shot with Hua Binan.

Huabi Nan had a hard-burning ink in front of her eyes. At this moment, there was another **** scorpion. Obviously, she couldn’t eat it. In a hurry, he spurred a wave of heartworms. All the people who were hiding locusts immediately wormed. Heart, pain is difficult.

"what--!"

"Save, save lives!"

Jiang Yan’s figure is also a meal, but he is not the head of the lonely moon night, immediately fell on his own several points, delaying the pain, still white face with the ink burning with the war.

Hua Binan was not stupid. He hooked his fingers and threw the three people who had been betrayed to him by the lonely moon night to solve the pain of the heartworm, and sighed: "The war."

Under the pain, some people who are not determined by the mind can see that the return of Hua Bi Nan can be protected from this crime, and they all come in abruptly. In the crowd of time, there is a small part of the crowd, and Huan Nan is shouting: "Seeking the Holy Hand!" Curse! I will wait for the sage!"

"I can't stand it, it hurts too much... I want to be a senior of China..."

Hua Binan smiled a little in the fierce battle, squinting at his eyes, and screaming at his own enthusiasm: "So, Master Mo, you see. The most powerful thing in the world is, after all, the medicinal sect."

His voice has not fallen, Jiang Yan has taken out the snow phoenix, he sighed: "The word medicinal sect, is this the person you used to use the next three means of indiscriminate?" The words and the ink said: "You go Helping your master before the formation, I am blocked here."

Hua Binan sneered: "Do you want to be an enemy of me today?"

"Without further ado."

"I am dragging the body of the locust, and I still have to fight with me. Jiang night sinks the **** head, you are really alive and dead."

Jiang Yanyin's face: "Is your life long-lived? You can't stop it today? If you don't stop you today, you will destroy the world's medicine."

To put it bluntly, two people who are good at using poison drugs have seen the move, and there are more toxic powders between the swords and swords. When the ink burned, Jiang Yan was not unable to compete. He immediately turned around and rushed to help him. He knew that he was on the road halfway, and a dark yellow shadow was rushing.

Ink burning teeth: "Huang Xiaoyue -!"

These people are the more than ten high-ranking disciples of Huang Xiaoyue and Jiang Dongtang. Huang Xiaoyue's wide-sleeved robes stand in the wind, and there is no need to say: "Mo Zongshi, the heartworm is not a joke, and the man is a knife for me to fish. In front of life and death, he has to be an enemy of the master and offended."

Not only he, but also the masters of other sects can't stand this kind of pain, they are all coming to this side.

At this time, the soul-studded stage is already mixed with fish and dragons.

The sects of the monks of the sects, the locusts and the locusts, the rebellious and not rebellious, everyone is fighting against each other.

For a time, Jiang Yan and Hua Bi Nan were all fighting against each other. The ink burned as the last line of defense before Chu’s late night, and it was the enemy of the back, fighting with waves of monks such as Huang Xiaoyue. Flow, and the mysterious battle is glued against each other.

On the other side, Xue Zhengxuan and the people of death and death are guarding the front line, not letting more rebels approach the Chu nighting, which is sealing the mysterious formation. The division is also a monk who rushes to death in those who have died. In the middle, try to unlock the insects for them.

"It hurts... kill me, beg you to kill me!" The teacher leaned over and picked up a young man who was rolling around. The young man grabbed his hand and cried. "It's really painful." I don't want to drop, I don't want to drop, you kill me! I beg you, kill me! Kill me!"

"Forbearance and forbearance." The teacher asked him to comfort him while putting his fingertips on his veins.

"I can not stand it any more--"

"You look at me, look at my eyes."

But the young man couldn’t listen to the teacher’s words. His fingers were squatting tightly. The whole person was like a fish caught in the water, and he couldn’t help but twitch and sigh: "I can’t stand it..."

The teacher had no choice but to force his cheek to come over and raise his hand to lick his closed eyelids. This is really not easy, because the young people are constantly struggling to fight, and they have scratched a red stamp on the back of the teacher's arm.

"Look at me, look at me!"

The man was reluctantly called back to some mentality, panting his eyes and panting, looking at the teacher with tears in his eyes. The teacher chanted and cursed, staring at each other's eyes. Suddenly, the young man was excited and felt that there was something in the waist rib that climbed up quickly, and soon climbed to the chest, throat, and eyes.

"vomit--!"

He jerked over, and with a strong nausea, he vomited a large vomit of vomiting, smashing his nose to the extreme, and a red heartworm inside could not hold back.

The teacher smashed a little and immediately split the worm into a powder.

He squatted up and said loudly: "The heartworm can be controlled by sputum therapy, but it can be solved! I can help you solve it!"

He ran around, anxiously shouting: "Don't fight! Can be solved, don't kill each other again, you can solve it - you can unlock it!"

However, not many people listened to him during the melee. His voice was not loud, and he was soon drowned in the words of drinking and smashing, explosions and collisions.

Jiang Yan heard the shout of the teacher, he sighed: Healing?

Just like a lot of worms tend to blaze, some poisonous worms do not enter the body, as long as the corresponding sputum therapy is used as a guide, they will be seduce out like the moths, and the locust poison can be solved.
.

Hua Binan apparently heard it. He snorted and his eyes flashed with fierce cold light.

"On this way, I killed all the monks who had a cure for the night of the moon. I didn't think of a ruined life and death. There are still people who would like this high-ranking medicine. It is really --"

The knife in his hand slammed through the snow phoenix of Jiang Yan, and the grid collided with a little spark.

Hua Binan bites his teeth and cuts his teeth: "After life, awe!"

Suddenly, the sword was withdrawn, and the whole person plundered like a bat and jumped toward the crowd.

"Not good!" Jiang Yan suddenly shocked, has seen the intention of breaking Hua Binan, is about to raise the gas to keep up, but because of the heart attack, the chest is stagnant, wow spit out a large mouth of blood, the sword is half-smashed to the ground.

He infiltrated the blood of the lips one by one, looking at the place where Hua Bi Nan went, trying to remind other people, but he could not make a louder voice, "When... heart..."

The teacher was detoxifying the monk who had locusts in the snow palace. After the monk vomited the heartworm, he could no longer feel the pain of the cone, and he got up and shouted.

"Don't hit it! Come and solve it, you can unlock it!"

Xue Meng was also busy with persuasion. He took ten people and went to the teacher's side. He couldn't help but scream: "Well, let's endure, don't cry, just untie it for you, right away. Just give it to you, who is my teacher? Who is one of the best, no worse than the disciple of the lonely moon, I-"

Xue Meng said, to call the teacher, and at the moment he looked up, the voice was broken.

"Teacher!! Behind -!!!"

Chapter 232

Almost a scream of distorted, Xue Meng fiercely rushed to the teacher's side, but it was too late, Hua Binan was like a scorpion, and the **** of death was smashing from the air, suddenly slamming the teacher from behind. Neck.

"Teacher!"

"Shi Mingjing!"

The elders of death and death are also good, Xuemeng is good, and they all look back. Hua Binan has brought the sword to the sword and rose to the air. Under the bright moon of the round, the cold eyes The people who are doing the same thing below.

Xue Meng was going crazy, stepping on the dragon city and catching up, but in the middle of the way, the killer bee that was taken out by Hua Bi Nan forced him to move forward. He couldn’t wait, and he had to return to the ground and fall.

Hua Bi Nan made the neck of the teacher, and the slender finger wearing the ring of the snake snake slowly stroked the other's throat. Suddenly,

"Oh!", a long thorn on the ring of the snake snake, flashing 凛凛Cold light.

"The treatment of sputum is extremely difficult to repair." Hua Binan said slowly, "This young friend is young and not a lonely moon, and he can use it so easily. It is also a gift of talent."

He can do this, who can still not notice the people fighting on the ground?

For a time, Xue Zhengyi was also good, and the ink burned well. Even the late night of the junction of Chu, Ning, clearly saw that the teacher was taken by Hua Binan.

The smoldering of the ink burned out, and the anger was anxious. When the ghosts and scarves were red, they actually smashed the life of more than ten people, such as Huang Xiaoyue, and several unlucky ones were even directly hit by the edge of the sacred platform. If you fall down and there will be no echoes, you will be swallowed up.

"Hua Bi Nan! Let me go!"

The teacher looked pale and looked down at the ink and looked at Xue Meng.

He licked his lips and finally said, "Go to help the Master, don't worry about me."

"Teacher!"

Before the law, Chu’s night was also like a white paper. A pair of hands against the eyes could not shake and tremble. On the back of the hand, the blue veins burst, and a heart was hung to the throat.

Shi Yan’s gaze turned and fell on him, and there was a trace of sorrow in his eyes.

"Master respect..."

"So smart." Hua Binan snorted and smiled. "I grabbed it, and I caught the apprentice of Chu Zongshi?"

Chu nightning: "..."

"It is no wonder that at a young age, I have already learned something." Hua Binan is not praised. "So a good apprentice, when you are a master, don't you feel bad?"

"Hua Binan, if you hurt him, I will ask you to pay it back!"

"The implication is that today's guru is going to stand by?" Hua Binan smiled and yelled at the teacher. "Have you heard, save you, or seal the law, he chose the latter."

The teacher looked at the eyes, his lips trembled, but he did not speak.

Hua Bi Nan laughed and said: "In this way, I really feel a little bit distressed by this little friend. By worshipping a teacher, it is more important to see the righteousness than the apprentice's life. You are really pity." ”

Surrounded by hunting, there was no answer for a long time.

Xu is because the life is hanging on the line, the teacher squats in this silence, slowly open his eyes, he said: "Master, I am sorry."

"..."

"I know... you all remember that I used to do something because of my own desires. Those things, I still don't know whether it is right or wrong... I don't really deserve to be a disciple of the teacher. Many times, I do. I don’t want to give up my life.

"Teacher..."

On the high platform, Xue Meng listened to him and said that he couldn't help but think of the night when he was dead. He was guilty and sent them to the local government to save the teacher. However, the teacher was slightly embarrassed and did not agree quickly.

The ink burned thought of the bowl of the year, and thought of the inn, the teacher made a glimpse of it, and apologized to tell him that the bowl was gentle, originally made by Chu.

And what about Chu Ning?

Chu Xi Ning thinks of Jin Chengchi’s sigh for the sword before he asks for the sword.

In addition, I can't think of his more regrets.

This person has always been gentle, perfect, and straightforward. He is like a snow in the winter, white and clean, so the dust on the snow and the one-and-a-half plum blossoms will be particularly eye-catching and extraordinarily embarrassing.

His mistakes, his hesitation, his occasional selfishness, a little bit of eyes, are so clearly visible and unforgettable.

But he is also a very ordinary person, not a stone statue, a pair of paintings, he also has an affair.

But no one really knew him.

For Xue Meng, the teacher is a friend. He feels that this friend should be behind him, accompany him, affirm him and support him.

For the former ink burning, the teacher is the object of admiration. He feels that this object is of course holy, tolerant, warm, and flawless.

For Chu Yuning, the teacher is a disciple. He is gentle and approachable, with tolerance and tolerance for envy and appreciation.

At this time, they suddenly realized that the teacher had been quietly in front of Xue Meng’s best friend and follow-up class, and in the ink of the former cinnabar, the later mosquito blood, in the night, the most inconspicuous, The most outrageous apprentice.

He has not been seen before, it is himself.

Hua Binan smiled coldly: "Do you have a last word to say?"

"Hua Binan, let him go!"

"Don't hurt him!"

"Don't hurt him to say it." Hua Binan said, "You all have a hand, you are sitting, waiting for you, I naturally do not need his life."

"..."

The law in front of Chu’s eyes was dark and clear. Obviously, when the law had reached the stage of survival, it was sealed or burst, and it was again. His hand was unrelenting, but he was shaking slightly -

This is not a ghost of the sky, the choice is only between the beggars, and even there is no time to think more.

This is to put the knife on his apprentice's neck, hesitate to him, and show him his own eyes, making him painful and thorny in the back.

Hua Binan slightly lifted his chin and smiled lightly: "How, the formation is open, you can fight again, but if this knife falls, it will be difficult to live again. The master can think clearly. ""

Just then, the teacher spoke.

His voice is not very loud, but it is still clearly audible.

“Actually, I don’t like to eat candied haws.”

"..." Hua Binan stared at him, seemingly did not understand what he meant.

The teacher did not cry, and the teacher was slightly smiling. He looked at the friends on the ground, the old people, and the master.

"I don't like to eat candied haws, but I don't like the Lord. When you were a child, you always let me help you. The most I want to repair is actually enchantment. Unfortunately, Master thinks that my talent is not enough, I will not give me too much, I... ..." His gaze fell on the ink-burning body. "A-burn, I actually know what you want to say on the day of the butterfly town."

The ink burned and stunned, staring at him.

The teacher still smiled softly and peacefully: "...but then the master came back, and you never finished the words that were not spoken. In the restaurant, I saw you eating together, I look at your eyes, I know that you will not talk about the second half of the sentence in your life."

Ink burning: "..."

"I actually admire the lesser, I also... I also admire the Master." The teacher whispered, "Can you not because I am envious, I feel that I hate..."

"I never thought you hated it!" Xue Meng yelled, his eyes could not help but red. "I, I don't know if you don't like sugar gourd, I really don't know... Shi Yi! Teacher! ”

Hua Binan was impatient. He grabbed the neck of the teacher and stared at the night, and said: "I count to three. If you don't stop, I will ruin him!"

"Don't!" Xue Mengcang looked back and shouted at the late night of Chu. "Master, stop first! Don't look at the teacher's eyes in front of us! Stop!"

"One."

The trembling of the tip of Chu’s fingertips has been invisible and is clearly visible to everyone.

He looked at the teacher, and the consistently fierce phoenix eyes were on the usual soft peach eyes, and the phoenix eyes were moist.

"two!"

"吵-"

At this moment, the blood is splashing.

The shouts of Xue Meng and Mo-burning have almost become a sharp sword: "Shi Yan!!!"

"...not counting three." The blood slammed down and the teacher raised his hand and covered his eyes.

He has never cried since the beginning.

But at the moment, there was blood in his eyes, and his fingers slid down his cheeks.

When he was counting up to two in Huabi Nan, he ran into the cold thorn that Hua Binan had hung in front of him. Hua Binan seemed to be able to close his hand when he was shocked. The spike was a few inches away. The sharp edge that had to be applied to the neck of the teacher had wiped his eyes and wiped his eyes. In an instant, the eyes were full!

"Under the jade balance, there has never been a drop, and... there has never been... weak."

"Teacher!"

"Teacher!!!"

The sound is broken.

Chu late Ning is also a big shock in his heart. He had already tried his best. At this moment, he saw the apprentice’s self-destructive eyelids, **** face, and could not help but soften the hand. The law suddenly slammed in this moment, crack In the middle of the madness, there was a wave of turbulence, and he actually hit him all in the chest and shook it out.

Chu night Ning violently took out a blood, but he was self-satisfied, and the backhand had to make up the tactics, but it was coming again. Under Hua Bi Nan’s sigh, he laughed. He picked up the shackles of the sergeant and pulled him up. His eyes sparkled with joy.

"I don't think you are so useful? It seems that if you kill you, it's a pity."

"What do you want to do with Hua Binan?!"

Hua Binan did not answer, only scolded Xue Meng, and then turned his eyes to the black mysterious enchantment that was rapidly splitting. He smiled and said: "This method combines the power of so many people, and finally it is going to open. The leader of the road, Yingjie hero, this is the first time that Huamou opened his life, and he tried to talk about it. What will happen next, I don’t know."

He said, the sword quickly fell, with the teacher, rushing down the martyrdom of the soul-striking platform, and disappearing in front of the martyrdom, he threw the last sentence to everyone -

"You will stay here, have fun, this magnificent mountain, used to be buried in the bones, is not lost in a beautiful thing."

Almost at the same time, the sky came with a loud bang, which was like the ink on the rice paper, quickly opened, and swallowed most of the sky in the blink of an eye, even the moon was covered in a dark black back.

"what happened!"

"What is this in the end?!"

"Is it a ghost?"

"But the ghost world is not this color!"

At this moment, the people who had just played incompetently became a grasshopper on the ship. They all looked up at the black curtain of the sky.

This may not be called a rip. Above the sacred platform, most of the scorpio has been split, and the darkness of the bottom is faintly faint and rushing.

Huang Xiaoyue's face is sallow, his nose is swaying: "This is... Is there any monster behind this? Is there such a big movement?"

The ink burned and took the lead, and the hand held the ghost at the forefront. Suddenly, a thunder was passed through the night.

Rumble -!

Thunder is broken!

"Cracked!!"

"There is something behind! Something comes out!"

"Is it a ghost?!"

Xue Meng saw ink burning and Chu nightning was too close to the dark crack, rubbing the tears on his face, and ran towards his cousin and his master, but he was Xue Zhengyi. Lived, and pulled tightly behind him.

"father!"

"Don't go, stand here!"

"I don't want to! I want to be with the teacher, to be with my brother!"

Xue Zhengxuan’s eyes are actually fierce than ever. He can’t let it go: “You don’t want to die?! Do you know –”

The rest of the words are like a dead branch, and he doesn't say anything more.

Xue Meng cried.

Almost squatting: "Hey, I am going to help them, the teacher has been taken away, I can't hide behind you and see that any one of them is hurt! Please!!"

Xue Zhengyi had not yet answered, and the darkness of the array was braving the smoke and thunder, and there was only a layer of rolling clouds coming from there.

Closer, I found out that a group of monks dressed in black and covered with masks!

They stepped on the sabre, relying on the virtual wind, from the thunder and lightning, descending from the sky, a group of one by one, can not see the martial art, can not see the road, the headed man wearing a luxurious cloak embroidered with gold silk wire, wear With a hood, he also covered his face with a silver-gray skull mask. He held his hands in the air, and the winds of the eight sides converge, and the clouds are condensed. Even if they don’t say a word, they all have immeasurable enthusiasm.

"What exactly is this?"

Xue Zhengxuan was shocked.

Others who have seen the world are few, but they can’t say a word. They only look at the sky with a blank look.

Is it a ghost?

But not right, there is no such ghost.

There are more and more people from the black cloud in the sword, dozens of people, hundreds of people... Finally, the black scorpion stands on the sky, and it is not like the monks on the ground, nearly a thousand people!

Xue Zhengqi Li Ran, half a sigh of gas and sighed: "Is it a man who is a ghost? Why not self-reported?"

"..." When the man turned his eyes and his eyes fell on Xue Zhengyi, it seemed to have some meaning.

"Speak! You can understand what we are talking about?" Xue Meng also shouted.

The man did not say much, paused, raised a pale, slender hand and settled in the air.

Then, a wave of words, concise and concise.

"kill."

The author has something to say: The enemy who is not a rival is finally playing, and you must know who he is, and give him a face tomorrow.

Chapter 233

In the blink of an eye, those black-faced monks swooped from the clouds and swayed like swords, stalking for the gulls who were hunted for food, and rushed toward the camp where the casualties were heavy.

The ink burning has already reacted at this time. As the predecessor of the emperor, the atmosphere of these people being controlled by the precious pieces is too obvious. These pieces are exquisite, perfect, strong, and the half-hanging that Xu Shuanglin does. different.

It can never be their opponent.

The smoldering of the smoldering is almost a sigh of relief. For those who have never learned the true wisdom of Jane Chess, he said: "Run!!"

He clung to the wrists of Chu Xiaoning, and another Jiang Yan, who was sitting on the ground, pushed the crowd along the way, and the pupils contracted sharply.

"Run! Get out of here! Leave the soul station! Don't leave! Don't hit! Can't beat!!"

You don't have to say it more and more. When the first piece of chess landed on the sword, everyone was shocked by the strength of his monks and they were rushing toward the ramp.

At the forefront, he was a timid horse owner. He first rushed to the stone gate of the ramp and stopped.

The people behind them stopped one by one, one by one, and they slammed together. Some people roared, "What happened?! Why stop?!"

The voice of Ma Zhuang’s master came from the forefront of the darkness with obvious horror and crying.

"Off, closed..."

"What is it closed?"

"When Hua Binan escaped, he closed the stone door..." Ma Zhuang said, his feet were soft, and he squatted desperately on the ground. It was full of tears and sifting. "This is the mountain." Stone, commonly closed, there is no blood of the Nangong family, yes... definitely can’t open it.”

Someone hurriedly said: "Although Nangong Temple is not there, but there is Nangong Liu! Isn't he who is made into a chess game on the mountain? What about others?"

"In the front hall, I felt that he was useless, and he did not bring him over..."

工具好 Panel filled the whole thorax.

"What should I do?"

"Going out hard?"

There are still people who are still unclear in the outside, and there are more people who disposed in the inside. There are more people who can’t get in, and they can only fight **** the scalp and export the mysterious pieces from the sky.

In the dim, Huang Xiaoyue suddenly yelled: "Let me go! I can open this door!"

He struggled to push the crowd apart, like a fish on the way to the front of the stone gate.

Ma Zhuangzhu raised his tearful face and said: "Yellow Road?"

"Get out, let me come!"

"But your name is Huang, you are not surnamed Nangong..."

Huang Xiaoyue ignored him, and the golden knife came to the horse. He waved wide sleeves. Fortunately, he still kept a little blood from Nangong, which was originally secretly saved in order to steal the secret room. He also deliberately applied a spell to the blood, not letting it dry up immediately.

However, this spell can't last too long. At this moment, he can't help but glad that all this shock happened in a blink of an eye. I hope this blood is still useful.

Huang Xiaoyue took his own thin old hand and pressed it on the broken stone.

The voice of the dragon was heard in the martyrdom: "Where are you, who?"

Heartbeat.

Huang Xiaoyue said: "The Confucianism is the seventh... the seventh generation of blood clan, Nangong, worship."

Set a few moments.

The magic dragon hoared: "Don't leave... Gong Gong... Master..."

"boom--"

When Shimen lowered, Huang Xiaoyue made the first martyrdom. The disciples of Jiangdongtang followed up one after another. The Mazhuang owner quickly climbed up and raised his hand. "Wait for me! I came out and I came out to me-"

A sword fell on his chest.

Ma Zhuang’s face was stagnation and looked up: “Huang Daochang, what are you doing?”

Huang Xiaoyue sneered: "When I was in the heart of the worm, I was opposite to the camps of all of you. If you let go out at this moment, I am afraid that the war will be calmed down in the future, and those who are looking for Huang will be like ants, and Huang is old. I can't afford it."

Ma Zhuangzhu said in a panic: "No, no! What do you want to do! Don't mess around! Have something to say! Oh, what kind of hate you are looking for, all are doing business, Huang Daochang will let us go out, the goods of Taoyuan Villa Give your party half price - no, half price at half price!"

Huang Xiaoyue’s old face on the dead wood reveals a trace of embarrassment. He ridiculed: “Half-price? You have the treasure of the Confucianism Gate Mountain. How can the wealth of the world still enter my eyes? The Taoyuan Mountain Villa in the district is nothing but a thing!”

When talking about the husband and the customs, the Ma Zhuang master will be pushed.

The horse fell to the ground, and all the people who were huddled together in the group were all thrown up.

While they struggled to get up, the last scene they saw was that Huang Xiaoyue and Jiang Dongtang stood outside, and Huang Xiaoyue seized the organ that had fallen down the stone. His face flashed with greed, hunger, gloating...

The people behind him in Jiangdongtang are even more like a villain. Some people even bluntly say: "Let's take it, let you look down on people along the way."

"We have no faults in the ecliptic, but they are all stunned by the squad, and they are all wronged. He risked the blood left by his life. Why should he help him?"

boom!

The stone gate was sealed again.

This time, the road was plunged into endless darkness and embarrassment.

A dead silence.

In desperation, the female repairs that have finally collapsed are sobbing, and the sad emotions are contagious. Soon most people are discouraged, fighting and losing, and staying in it, neither can go forward nor want to go out. .

"Oh... I don't want to die..."

"Master..."

"Auntie, let's go out and fight a battle, it's better than being trapped here."

The human voice creaked.

At this time, suddenly there was another voice that had been silent for a long time, with a hint of trembling, and more decisive.

He said: "I am coming."

The gray-smelling Ma Zhuang twitched and turned, and saw a beam of fire lit up. He slightly widened his eyes and said: "Mo Zong Shi?"

The ink burned the fireworks in his hand, reflecting his handsome face, and he walked to the front of the stone and stood still.

"You, have you left the blood of Nangong?"

The ink does not answer. He knows that although some people are resisting the entrance to the road, they will certainly not support it for too long. Those pieces will soon come in.

When he was on the way to the mountain, when Nangong was in danger, he had many times his heart and wanted to do it, but he did not make it.

He had thought that he had been taken care of by the heavens, and this time he could escape the public eyes and escape the hit.

But at this time, he was troubled by the back, and he knew that he had no choice at all.

There is no way to go back.

"Ink Master...?"

He did not take care of the Ma Zhuangzhu. He took out the silver short knife with his waist and rubbed it in his palm.

In an instant, blood was full of palms.

At this time, Xue Meng or Xue Zhengyi, have already arrived, and Chu Yuning is also there. They stopped after the ink burned. Xue Zhengyin’s voice is full of sorrow: "Fire, what are you doing? Useless, Lushan will only obey the orders of the Nangong family, and your bloodshed will not help."

The ink burned and did not look back, his **** hand shivered slightly.

After all, it was still shot on the stone.

The tentacles are cold and squatting.

He closed his eyes.

The distant sound of the demon dragon once again echoed in this darkness.

"Where, who?"

The throat is moving.

The ink burned under the watchful eyes of all, in a repressed silence, slowly and slowly answered -

"The Confucianist Gate... the seventh generation of blood clan."

Xue Meng stunned and took a step back and shook his head: "What..."

Xue Zhengxuan’s face is more ugly than he is. He’s a tiger’s eyes, screaming at the tall black and straight black back, muttering: “How could

it...?”

A word is like a sharp knife.

Knowing that the blood flow is like a note, there is no choice but to make it out of control.

He whispered the last half of the sentence: "Ink burns in the rain, worship."

Xue Meng’s voice was hoarse and shouted with bare eyes: “Impossible!!”

However, the door is still open.

Leaving the thin, smoke-like snoring, it is like a snowy bayonet, piercing the heart of the eardrum.

"Don't leave... Gong Gong... Master..."

"Fired..."

Xue Zhengyi has completely lost his mind and can't say a word.

Chu nightning is also a mess, he promptly grabbed Xue Zhengyi, looked up at the front.

The stone door banged, one inch, two inches, and fell into the ground again. The orange fire of the outer dragon soul pool poured into the darkness, and the ink burned against the light. The light shook his back and the edges were blurred and almost illusory.

"Ink burning! Ink burning!! How can you play it? What is the seventh generation of Confucianism? How can this be?! How could this be!" Xue Meng seems to be a bit mad and crazy, "How come you and Nangongjia Have blood? You are obviously... you know..."

The ink burned, and he finally whispered in the swaying light and shadow: "Everyone goes out first."

"Ink burn!!"

The hoarseness is exhausted.

For a moment, the ink burned off the cheek and seemed to want to go back and say something, but after all, he still said nothing, did not stop, no longer hesitate. As he moved forward, the light and shadow moved with his tall figure, and he eventually disappeared at the end of the ramp.

After him, the people of the major sects rushed to escape, and when they came, they were imposing, unstoppable, and when they went, they were like fish.

The ink burned in this torrent of torrents, walking alone in this escape like a river.

He did not look back, he did not dare to look back.

He saw the leaves in the hall of the Dragon Soul, and he walked over and set her up and took her away.

In fact, jumping into the Dragon Soul Pool, the person who sacrificed the sacrifice can not be Nangong, but he can be.

Although at that time, the ink burn did not know that this would protect the stability of the mountain, but he did not have the confidence -

If you know it yourself? Will it really replace Nangong to go to die?

He has lived for two generations, but he can succumb to sin, but Nangong is only 20 years old. The long road of life has not been halfway through, and it has turned into dust and smoke, and nothing is left.

Intellectally, he knows that Nangong is far more worthy of staying in the world than him, but he is still eager to live.

Suddenly there was someone screaming behind him: "The monsters, those monsters are chasing!!"

"how is this possible?!"

The ink turned and turned.

The broken stone has fallen again when the last person comes out of the ramp, and the pieces cannot be played unless unless

His face went pale.

Unless, among those pieces, there is also the blood of the Nangong family.

Between Wan Nian, he recalled the black mysterious sky that he had just seen, and suddenly thought of the third access control, time and space.

The ink burns only feels a strong chill and spreads straight to the bottom of the foot.

Is it true that the people who came out are?

No, it is impossible.

Nothing is possible.

It’s ridiculous, even in the past, no one can do this... Who can do it? ! !

At this moment, Mei Xuexue retreated to his side, and the ink burned the leaves to him, and the eyes flashed with frantic light, rushing toward the opposite direction of the crowd.

"Ink burning!"

"Fire!"

Among the torrents, Xue Meng and Xue Zhengyi saw him, they were all yelling at him, but regardless of the ignorance, he really did not know how to face these two people.

Paper can't hold fire.

For the rest of my life, they are all the same.

Suddenly the arm was caught, and the ink burned and turned: "...master!"

Chu night Ning said: "You can't go, those people are resisted by me. Since you can open the Lushan Faction, in order to protect you, you should stay with other people and take them out of here."

"..."

"Go!"

During the talks, the black man headed by him had taken the road out of his way. Behind him, the black robes of the black robes appeared one by one.

Chu night Ning Li said: "Come on! Take them away!"

There is no choice.

Even if there is more uncertainty in the mind, it will be unstable, and after all, it can only be withdrawn from everyone. Xue Meng refuses to go, and is being pushed forward by Xue Zhengwei. The dragon soul pool is finally left. A late night in Chu, and a mysterious monk who gathered more and more.

The dragon soul pool melted and the orange light shone through the cool stone wall.

Chu night, Ning was standing still, and Tian asked the flame current, reflecting his pair of bayonet-like eyes.

He looked at the mysterious black man headed.

And the man, also across the heavy cover, looked at him faintly.

The man stood still, and there was someone who couldn't stand the temper. He wanted to grab the pioneer and shouted: "You dare to block the way of so many people alone? Why is it arrogant! Come, let me teach you how to teach you!"

But the man has not yet plucked a slap, but he was slammed by a black man.

The man exclaimed: "Your Majesty?!"

The man in black didn't pay attention to him, and he didn't even turn his head. He still stared at the face of Chu's late night, but his hand was violently violent, and he heard a "squeaky" sound. The person who grabbed the pioneer had already been born by him. Twisted the neck and then left it on the ground.

Chu nightning subtle color change -

This man, even his own people are killing?

"What do you count, it is also a good idea to teach Chu Zongshi." The man underestimated, slowly walked toward the late night.

Behind him, no one dares to move.

Chu night Ning crossed the sky and asked, "What is your lord?"

The man listened to him and stopped.

He stood in a place not far from Chu’s late night, and there was a strange emotion in his eyes that could not be explained. After a while, he chuckled:

"I haven’t thought of you for many years, I can’t think of you, I will meet again, you The first sentence I said to this seat is actually not so salty."

"...when did I know you?"

"Oh, don't you know? Chu nightning, you are always so ruthless." The man went further, this time he did not stop. However, it is impossible for Chu’s late arrival to come back.

So the man went straight to him, and the distance was extremely dangerous and extremely abrupt.

Chu night, the hands of the cold light, lifted the palms and fallen.

So good skills, fast, but the man easily grasped the wrist.

"Actually, I have already learned this trick many times." The man bowed his head and stared at the face of Chu Yuning. He put all the details on this face into his eyes. His eyes were almost greedy. "But you seem to forget." It is."

Chu Xiaoning was stared at him like this, only to think that the cold hair was upright.

He was never a man who feared the strong, but the things in his eyes were too complicated and too embarrassing, as if hiding the earth-shattering truth and secret: "Who...who is it?!"

"Do you want to remind you of this one?" The man sighed, his strength was great, and Chu Ning could not break away.

"For the first time, you made this move, when I was sixteen years old. You taught me to fight with me. You told me that this attack seems simple, but it is difficult to learn. Let me practice well, don't slack off. ”

Chu night, he narrowed his eyes and looked at him incredulously.

There are smiles in the eyes of men, and there are also faint light.

"The second time, you made this move. When you and I decided to fight in the past, I was caught off guard, and I was hit by you and suffered a very serious injury."

He took the hand of Chu Xiaoning, and he couldn’t take it to his heart.

Chu night Ning suddenly found this man, did not have any heartbeat.

Just like a body.

"You...what is it?"

"Don't worry." The man immersed each word in his lips and teeth, and then gently and gently fed his deafness. He was getting closer, almost against the face of Chu.

He said in his ear: "The third time, you make this trick, it is in my bed."

"..."

"I want to go to you, you said that it is enough, refused to agree." He sighed, the strength of his hand was so big, next to the wrist of Chu Lingning, forcing his hand along his chest All the way down, I finally have to take it to a very private place.

When Chu is late, it will be like a snake, and it will change color dramatically. If you send it, you will fight with him.

The man seems to be familiar with all his body routines, and easily dismantled the move, and then he hugged his whole person in his arms, not innocent, not ruthless/color whispered: "What do you say, Chu night Ning. This seat was supposed to kill you, to destroy you, but I have not thought of

it for so many years, you have changed, I have changed, but I saw you, smelling your body, or soon hard."

"You, you give me a hand!!" Chu Xiaoning did not expect that things would become like this, his face was white and red, red and white, the whole person seemed to be fainting, but earning life and earning Do not open the person's clamp.

He is like a net, like a spider, sticking to him, staring at him.

Under the eyes of the public, he held him all in his arms, forced, overbearing, awkward, crazy.

Narrow and wet.

"It’s so hard, it’s hard to swell.”

"I will kill you!!"

The man seems to be amused, sneak a smile, release his hand, Chu night Ning kills his heart, the action is hot and fierce, it is really a blow to kill.

The cloak was soaring, he retired, fluttering like a paper basket, and steadily on the blue brick surface.

However, the face was not spared. He was smashed into two halves by Chu, and fell to the ground.

The man did not look up and his face was hidden in the shadow of the hood.

He was silent for a moment in this shadow, and then sighed: "You can't move and scream and kill the temper, you can't change it. It's the same everywhere. But Chu Ningning, Chu Zongshi..."

The man in black raised his hand and a dark wind came from behind.

He took advantage of it.

Chu Xiaoning saw it at a glance. It was actually the Shenwu Mo knife that was previously seen at the Xuanyuan Club auction. It was also one of the five battles that Xu Shuanglin collected.

The man is not guilty, he is slow, and he is very vicious.

"You really, can you be willing to kill me?"

He finished the sentence and looked up.

The hood falls.

Chu nightning only felt a basin of ice water, the bones of the ice cold body soaked in frost and snow, the brain was stunned, it was numb...

In the cold hall, the black man was handsome and pale, and his smile contained evil and lingering. He was a scourge and a enchanting man. He licked his mouth and revealed a white tooth.

"Take the emperor, the ink burns with light rain."

Not returning to the sheath, the frost illuminates his black and purple eyes.

Stepping on the fairy smiles like a ghost, like a tiger wolf.

"Please ask the teacher to be high."

The author has something to say: 2:0 is the soul after the death of 0:5, has always been a person, this is nothing to say, otherwise how to call the

rebirth, so do not expect to dream of the development of the gods, other Don't worry about the details, you will talk about it later. About the soul has been in 2.0, and lost the soul at 0:50, it should not exist, but why can he still come out, can still say that can move and think? This is not a bug, don't catch this bug~ I like to play a little stimulation, don't want to spoil, and abandon the text casually. I have said it many times. I will not modify any plot according to anyone's wishes. Besides that, I also feel very good. Interesting suggestions, I will not write to greet anyone, just write something I like, and the grain is produced for people with the same hobbies, so don't tell me [I don't think how to write it. Collapse, I think how to write it correctly, I think he can't do it, how to write it is in line with the person set up] This kind of words, thank you

Chapter 234

At the same time, at the foot of Lushan Mountain, all the monks have successfully escaped except for the people in Jiangdongtang who have disappeared. At the moment of stepping out of the enchantment, although I know that I have not left the danger, many people have been exhausted and soft.

The horse yelled at the big stone and screamed on a large stone: "If you can't do it, you can't stand it. Friends, go to the government and fight for it. You really have no strength to toss."

Jiang Yandao: "The people who came out of the mysterious circle and the squad have not yet fully checked, are you going back now?"

"What can we do? If we have the energy to fight against them, we will not be so embarrassed."

Master Xuan Jing also said: "Ginger Palm Gate, this time I still listen to Ma Zhuangzhu, and instead of being recalcitrant here, it is better to go back and reorganize and prepare."

Ginger licked his lips and did not speak, looking at the people who died. However, Xue Zhengxuan and Xue Meng looked very distracted and looked at the main trail of Lushan until the one who was rolling in the dust.

"Ink burning..." Xue Meng muttered.

The smoldering was the last one to go out of the enchantment of the Lushan Mountain. He took a dark eyebrow and glanced at the crowd. He said, "It is a chess game. It may be related to the first ban on life and death. If so, the head will come out. I don't know what character it will be, you are going fast, don't wait here to die, and keep your life."

He paused and said to Jiang Yan: "Gang Jiangmen, you are bothered to bring you to Linlingyu, where you can be protected by Xuanwu enchantment, you can resist Huabi Nan for a while. The other is the medicine, the middle Those who have a heartworm can also easily solve the poison."

Jiang Yan asked: "What about you?"

"The Master is still on the mountain. When you leave, I will go back and help him. After all this has been settled, I will meet again."

Jiang Yan did not speak for a long time. At the end, he raised his hand and hugged his arm. He actually made a glimpse of the ink and said: "When you are alone, you will leave."

A group of injured wounds, tired and tired, disabled, ready to leave this right and wrong with Jiang Yan. The ink burned and stopped him again.

"Ginger head!"

"What about the ink master?"

Ink burning said: "Ye girl..."

"Know, Jiang will not let people hurt her half."

This is the only thing that burns the ink. Jiang Yan, they have gone far, but the people who died in the dead have not yet moved. Xue Zhengyi has been patrolling for a long time. He turned his eyebrows and hoarsely and said: "Fire, what is going on here?"

The ink burned and looked at the uncle, and looked at the cousin again. The heart was steep and sorrowful, but he laughed and said: "It’s a story when you talk long. Uncle, you lead Xue Meng first, then I will take things from the beginning. I will tell you all."

Xue Meng was not willing to wait for so long, his heart burned and said: "No, how can you be a Confucianist? You have been growing up in the

dead, you - you -"

He "you" for a long time, and finally red eyes, actually squeezed out a sentence: "You are my brother, right?"

The smoldering stared at him.

Xue Meng was shuddering, and although he tried to restrain himself, he was still shuddering.

His sorrowful and sad look is too pitiful, and his throat is sour, he doesn't know what to say.

Finally he stepped forward and patted Xue Meng's shoulder.

"When I first came to life, you are not willing to recognize me." The ink burned bitterly, and he dared not go to see Xue Meng's eyes, the eyes of the water vapor.

The eyes are too clean and too hot.

And he is dirty.

He fears.

Xue Meng was silent for a long while, and his voice was hoarse: "... Can you give me a sentence?"

He clung to the Dragon City, and the ink burned him to the spar, the scimitar he set for him.

He grabbed it like a life-saving grass.

Just one night, he saw Nangong 驷 驷 殉 , 南

He couldn't breathe, he only felt that he was going to die.

The ink burns in the heart: "...well. I will give you this."

He holds Xue Meng's shoulder. He has no idea who is shaking, Xue Meng or himself, but it is no longer important. He looks at Xue Meng's eyes and makes a word.

"You listen, I have never been a Confucianist. I have never done anything to hurt the life and death of my life. If possible, the rest of my life will be for the martial art."

Xue Meng moved his lips and seemed to want to say something, but the words had not been spoken yet, but the tears rolled down first. He struggled to bite his lower lip and bite for a while, but collapsed: "The teacher said that I never understood him. Actually... Actually, I never understood you... I used to be too self-willed, never thought about it for you, I don’t know anything, I’m all in the air... but... but...”

He paused and his tears fell to his knees.

"But I really care about you. I won't marry you anymore, no longer bully the teacher... I think everything is the same as before... as long as things can be the same as before." In the end, he is already crying. "Brother, don't lie to me..."

He is like this, where the ink burns and he can bear to watch it again. He pushes Xue Meng to Xue Zhengyi, his voice is low and moist, like a thick water on the dawn.

"Be obedient, let's go with your uncle, wait for things to settle here, I will come to you right away."

After that, he turned and returned to the Lushan enchantment, dropped the seal, and never looked back.

The bricks and tiles in the hall of the Dragon Soul Pool are broken, the stone pillars are falling, and a battle has passed, but the smoke is filled with smoke. Stepping on the fairy knife of the singer in the neck of the night, the strength of the smashed a little bit, the glaring blood color picked up from the skin, dyed on the black lacquered blade.

Chu night Ning eyes, lips do not say.

"Master, this field, you are too absent-minded."

"..."

"You are not attentive." Stepping Xianjun picked him up from the ground, lifted his finger, and the strange knife did not return to the moment, but he also fell the strongest curse on the night, and the streamer of the clear He was firmly bound, and he held Chu's chin, forcing him to look up.

"Tell this seat, what are you thinking about?"

Chu Xiaoning slowly opened his eyes and his eyes were reflected. It was the familiar face that was extremely strange.

He feels pretty.

He knew that this was not a smoldering, but this man's tricks were similar to the ink burning. What is even more terrifying is that he suddenly found this face as if he had seen it in his dream.

How many times have been entangled in the dreams with the ink burning, it seems to be this slightly pale and thin face, handsome in the sinister evil, dark in the blind can not see the warmth, only fierce, only mad.

"In fact, even if you don't say it, this seat knows." He whispered slowly. "The teacher is thinking, who am I, what is my nonsense, and where do I come from?" ""

His fingertips smacked the cheek of Chu Yunning.

"No hurry. These... this seat can tell you slowly. By the way -" His eyes moved down and fell on the left hand of Chu Yuning.

"Nine songs and Huai Sha, you don't think about summoning. This seat has been wary, and will not repeat the mistakes of the year."

Hearing the name of his other two martial arts, Chu Xinning's face became more and more ugly. Although his phoenix eyes were gloomy, but the inside was also confusing. Stepping on the singer was largely pleasing by his stubborn and awkward look, and he even laughed softly.

He touched the face of Chu's late night: "What's wrong, I think I know Jiu Ge and Huai Sha, you are very surprised? But it's no wonder that this seat has already got news before coming, and I know this world. I know this. This time-space 'I' has not yet stepped into the blood of the corpse, forcing you to face his sword. 'He' has never seen the two gods."

"This world... you?"

Step on the fairy, but laughed and did not answer.

Chu night Ning suddenly had a very creepy feeling. I felt that this ink burned and looked at my own look. It was like watching a corpse, a dream, his eyes were too red and naked, too crazy, and it was full of lush Emotions, the emotions are so flamboyant that they will drive any normal person crazy.

"Time and space are dead and dead." He slowly said, "This ban, the master must be very clear."

"!"

"In another field of comprehension, Master, you have been dead for many years."

He looked at Chu's more and more pale face, watching the last blood color disappear under the other's skin. Stepping on the fairy looking at him, his eyes flashed with light.

Suddenly, as Lipe took out the sheath, the dragon broke the water.

The person’s calm mood seems to be stretched to the extreme. He stunned Chu’s night and gradually became crazy: “That is... this is the face.”

"..."

"It's this face... I look at your face, I look at you like a living dead man lying in the red lotus water, every night and every night... there is no blood on your face, your body is rot, but then I can't talk or blink. In the realm of comprehension, you are already dead - you retaliate!"

He took a breath and his eyes were shining.

Desperate, the flames are raging, and the dragon snakes are flying.

"Chu Ning, I hate you. You leave me alone."

He said this, but raised his hand and hugged him, and the whole embraced his arms.

So hot.

It is like a fire.

He was stabbed by the long-lost warmth. He gave a low sigh in his throat. He clung to him and stared at him. He hated to smother him into the bones, swallow him into the lungs, and live forever. Whether it’s dead or warm, it’s cold.

He is accompanied by shackles and no longer hangs in shape.

no no--

However, Chu night Ning scalp numb, black eyes in front of him, he did not know what happened, he did not understand, who died? Who is leaving someone?

The temple door of the Dragon Soul Pool was once again opened.

In the swaying light and shadow, one person rushed, and the man anxiously called: "Master!"

The soldiers are on alert, blocking the front.

When I heard this voice, I first heard it, and then I smiled and said: "Who I am, it turned out to be 'he'." He waved his hand in a slouchy and lazy way, saying to those who followed him: "both Dissipate it, nothing, let him in."

On the road of ink burning, I want to cherish the chess pieces and the time and space of life and death. He thinks that Hua Bi Nan is by no means the last hand. If all this is designed by Hua Bi Nan, there is no reason to hang it in front of the Soul Taiwan. Xu Shuanglin will recognize him.

So who is the last hand?

Zhenzhen Bureau, life and death, no return, two ancient legends twisted together, a pile of scenes together, he had a crazy thought in his heart, this thought made him all over the body, but he did not believe He ran all the way, he did not believe that all this would be true.

Until he broke into the Dragon Soul Hall.

Until he saw that person.

The smoldering sound only felt a scream in the brain, and the blood rushed into the skull. He was so angry that his lips were swaying and his eyes were cracked.

Do not……

Do not!

How can this be true?

The man in the temple, under the crowds of the crowd, looked so contemptuous, cold, and his eyes were so innocent and playful.

He faintly stared at the ink.

The same eyebrows, nose, lips, the same face, charm, body.

The difference is only between a few millimeters. He seems to be looking in the mirror, and it seems to be a torrent of years. Seeing that yesterday is like a ghost, the ghost is not scattered.

Stepping on the singer’s mouth, he opened a bloody, extremely rich smile.

He took Chu’s night in front of him, his fingertips smacked in the lips of Chu’s night, and he screamed and screamed, and then the man smiled at the door:

"Hey, Mo Zongshi, this seat has long been known as a master, very curious. And this life is a big death, you and I finally got a see."

He paused, his eyes flashed, and the white teeth slammed and knocked out two sweet, cold words.

"Fortunately."

Chapter 235

"How..." The ink burned back and shook his head. "How is it possible? Is it really you...?"

"Yes, it is this seat."

Stepping on the fairy slowly looked at him, and then smiled and said: "Hey... I thought about your rebirth, probably I don't remember too many past lives, but it seems that you are still very clear?"

"..."

"And look at your expression, you seem to have guessed the existence of this seat. In this case, it is not too stupid."

The ink burns, he has a lot to say, those words are rushing out of the throat, but in the end it is an incredible anger: "You can be clearly dead!!!"

"Oh?"

"You have taken it as early as in the Wushan Temple." The king of poisonous poisons, there is no possibility of survival! You died in the bottom of the flower tree before the Tongtian Tower, you are dead!!"

Stepping Xianjun chuckled: "This reason is not enough."

He said, slowly picking up his eyes, revealing a bitter smile, his eyes are like the sharps of a raptor, to smash the body of the ink master and break through.

"It's better to say this one for you?" He whispered softly, and he calmly laughed at the palm of his hand. "Yes, this seat is indeed dead, and it is the best proof that this seat has already been driven." People, standing at the moment."

Ink burning: "..."

"Because you are the soul of this escaping birth." Stepping Xianjun laughed. "The most is the master of the benevolent ink, through the red dust, there are people who often come to tell this seat, your...how to say, Heroic charity?"

He grinned.

"You are so interesting. I thought you didn't remember too many past lives, so you can pretend to be like nothing. But you actually remember."

"..." The ink burned and tightened the back molars.

"Hey, Master Mo Zong, do you think that as long as you are silent, no one will know the truth? Do you think that you can start from scratch as long as you put down the butcher knife? The most important thing is, do you think that..."

Stepping on the squadron, the underground hand is even more embarrassing, licking the neck of Chu's late night, the nails are deeply immersed in the flesh, and the sly Chu nightning skin is blue and purple, and the eyebrows are angry, but can't say a word.

"Do you think that there is no fire in my world, will I be kind to this, let you enjoy the light alone?"

"You don't want to move him!"

Stepping on the fairy sneer: "Don't move him? You don't think this sentence is up to you to say to you, is it ridiculous?"

He glared at the late night, slowly, and circled.

He and the ink are burning in the opposite direction.

Stepping Xianjun is staring at the ink master.

The ink burned in the rain.

The past life is staring at this life.

Stepping Xianjun is ridiculing him: "How did you move him in this seat? Don't you know? Now it's time to make a statement, what a good person."

"Don't say!"

"Well? Why don't you say? Do you think that those things are not interesting, don't care? For many years, the dead and the twinkling, don't you think you should come up with a pleasant talk?"

The ink can't keep shaking his head. His face is probably more ugly than Chu's late night. He is angry and helpless. He is also desperate: "Don't say."

"Oh, why do you want to shut up this seat? It's very interesting. Our wise and honest Mo Zongshi seems to be..." Stepping on the fairy, he spoke out three words. "I am afraid."

The ink burned can no longer wait, he looked at Chu Yuning was tightly held in the arms of the stepping fairy, and his heart was arrogant. He didn't know what to do. He just wanted to stop the tongue of the devil in front of him. He just wanted to sink all the ugly pasts underground and seal them in the embarrassment.

Seeing the ghosts, the slamming slams into the sacred prince, the red sparks are smashing, and the brilliance is more fierce than ever before.

Avoiding the attack, stepping on the fairy looks slightly changed: "...day asked?"

No, after he finished speaking, he has already got the answer. This willow is not a day.

"...Your new **** is very interesting." Teng Xianjun's face is slightly complicated. He stared at the rattan whip and looked at the whiskers. Then he looked up and looked at the ink and burned a little colder.

"If this is the case..."

He said that after drifting away, he handed Chu Xiening to one of his men behind him, and then lifted his hand and called him to return. "Come, confront this seat. It is curious, I am holding it." It’s awesome, it’s fierce when carrying a rattan whip.”

Said, stepping on the fingers of Xianjun, one inch inch wiped the strange knife, not to the blue light, the spiritual force quenched to the peak.

At the same time, Mo Zongshi's fingers swept through the willows, and the ghosts were red and the flames burned fiercely.

"Fire attribute?" Stepping on the fairy snoring, "Although I am the spiritual core of the dual attributes of wood fire, but I clearly remember that I use wood instead of fire. Why did you turn the temper?"

The ink burned silently, he looked cold, and his lips were close, his eyes were a bit stern.

It was a pair of eyes standing on the edge of the cliff and crumbling.

"Hey!"

The two almost identical high-profile postures jumped up and slammed against the air in the air.

Seeing ghosts and not returning to silently, flowing out of the turbulent stream, like a dragon encountering a giant whale, flooding to the beast, smashing the time of the dragon soul temple, splashing stone, flying stone, sand, their turbulent madness even picks up The magma of the Dragon Blood Pool was sprayed several times high and fell to the ground.

Everyone is attached to the spirit, not to let the overflowing lava water burn to himself.

Teng Xianjun and Mo Zongshi are no exception. The two of them have a fierce battle, and they are arguing with each other. The black shadow flutters toward the black, the **** eyes are staring at the desperate, one stroke and one style is the peak, the flame power is surging!

Another sharp whistling of a weapon, the two feet point a little, in the air, the rattan whip and the strange knife touch, the splash of spiritual power reflected two pale faces.

A dead and resurrected.

A life is like death.

During the struggle between the forces, there was a thousand piles of snow in the sacred priests, and shouted: "No return, quenching!"

Mo Zongshi gritted his teeth and sighed slowly: "Hell, quench."

In an instant, their own spiritual powers rushed into the martial arts, and the two sacred martial arts each released Huaguang, and the violent red and the singularity of the singer--the only sound of the bursting sound of "砰", not blamed. The shoulders of the ink burned, and the ghost pierced the left arm of the fairy.

Both of them were snoring, one left and one right, each falling on the ground, breathing, and did not feel the pain of the wound, all the attention on the other side. They are like beasts in the cage, not you die, but I live.

Stepping on the fairy eyes: "You make the trick of the rattan whip, it is too much like him."

"He" refers to the nature of Chu nightning.

Mo Zongshi is not willing to do more entanglement with stepping Xianjun, and his eyes are killing: "You are not going to roll?!"

"Let this seat roll?" Stepping on the fairy sneer, "Mini rain, what qualification do you have? Wearing sheepskin for a long time, you should not forget that your lips are still stained with sheep blood."

If you can't say one thing, you will start again and fight. Stepping on the fairy rushed, the lava was boiling and the sparks were splashing, but his one-in-one ink burned would be unclear. He was like watching his reflection in the lake, on the eve of the stepping of the sword. After violently withdrawing a few feet, the foot is also hot and hot, and the fire is flowing.

The two of them went forward and retreat, and they raised their hands and thrown their hands. They did not expect the other party's surprise. In the blink of an eye, there were more than a hundred rounds of confrontation, and it was not the same.

The burning of the forehead was full of sweat, and the stepping of the fairy was also low and breathing, they are still entrenched, staring, circled in a circle.

Between the sweat and the black eyebrows, the sweat blew for a moment and suddenly fell.

The smoldering teeth whispered: "What are you doing for this?"

"I have said that the world of this seat has no sorrow, and you don't want to think about the last fire."

The ink burned and angered: "That is your last fire!!"

"But I can't get him in this seat." Stepping Xianjun said, "Why don't you have a difference between me and me? Is this seat full of blood, you are clean? Why can you only have one person in the night to be drunk, you are But I can guard the teacher, keep the night, and guard your ridiculous uncle and cousin - why is it?"

The ink burned him to say so, suddenly stunned, and he said, "You got it."

"..."

The ink burned on his own life. He kept saying in his heart, but he had never said anything, and he murmured: "What you have got is that you stepped on him under your feet.... You put it out by yourself. he."

The expression of Teng Xianjun suddenly became extremely dangerous. His nose was slightly wrinkled, and there seemed to be a sinister wave in the water. He was so gloomy that he even changed his mind and said: "I ruined him. It’s ridiculous. How do you know, isn’t he ruining me?”

"You don't even know the truth about the day!"

"I don't need to know." Stepping Xian Junsen said, "Mini rain, everything is already late. I think this is very good, as long as he is alive, it is my person, I can be pinched in my palm, he is happy." If you are unwilling, hate me or blame me. It doesn't matter."

He paused: "I can only see him."

The smoldering voice was fried by anger and pain, and was torn apart by the sorrow and trepidation of the sun. He shivered slightly: "You have ruined him once. You have to destroy yourself and destroy it. He in this world... the second time..."

Stepping on the fairy to show his face, his pear vortex is deep, and he looks back and forth with his burning face.

Then he said: "What is ruined? Don't you think so? It doesn't matter if this person is dead or alive, as long as it can be squeezed in the palm of his hand, how can it be?"

The ink burned his head, closed his eyes, and hoarsely said: "You are wrong. You shouldn't be like this to him, he...he is the best person in the world to treat you."

"It's ridiculous." Teng Xianjun's smile was tightened. "He is the best person in the world to treat me? What about the teacher? You don't think you are ridiculous? You guys should always be gentle." When you are never slow to your teacher, you tell me that Chu is rather the best person in the world? Do you know what you are talking about?"

"The person who doesn't know what he is talking about is you!"

They are close to each other, and the spirits are smashing and colliding.

The burnt eyelids are red.

"He wants you to use your heart, but he is stupid, many things... Many things are so stupid, he doesn't tell you. Sober, the person you like is not a teacher, how have you been for years? Has the heart been born to the mourning of the teacher? When you are lying on the empty bed of Wushan Hall, who is the person who thinks?"

"... This seat does not deny that he is very cool." Stepping Xianjun is indifferent. "But what about it. He can never replace the teacher."

When I burned it, he said that he was a self-predecessor, but he was angry with the blood, and he was gnashing his teeth. He gnashed his teeth and said: "You don't humiliate him."

Stepping on the fairy eyes: "Why, you are protecting him now, is he with him?"

"..."

"You have been to him in this life?"

His narrow eyes are like snakes.

The strength and spiritual power of the two hands did not stop. The powerful technique even made other pieces impossible to support. Some people even collapsed to the ground.

Stepping Xianjun first stared at the ink for a while, then the eyeballs were skewed and fell on the night of Ning, and he whispered: "Mo Zongshi, this seat heard that in this world, the teacher is still alive, but you This is for him."

I didn’t know how to deal with such a guy who came from the door of life and death and didn’t know how to resurrect.

Finally he said: "What about you? Now you come to this world, the teacher is still alive. But when I came in, why do you hold my master?"

"Your master respects?" Stepping Xianjun turned his eyes and looked ironic. "Oh, your master is who in this seat, and you have your own heart."

"..."

"You said I can hold him."

The ink burned one heart and wanted him to let go of the night, and said, "Why are you right?"

"The teacher is so pure, he can't be embarrassed." Stepping Xianjun is not fooled, lazily, "but Chu is rather different, he looks cold, can't be alive, strong and conceited, but he **** What is the look of the waves, have you forgotten?"

The smoldering did not think that he would say so □□ straight and white, it was a glimpse.

Then he couldn't help but think of Chu Yuening's sullen look under his body. What's more, although he didn't want to, he thought of the most violent and maximum dose of the previous life. Under the medicine, I finally succumbed to desire, entangled with myself, took the initiative to cater, sweaty, and the animal's general sexual love.

The pair of phoenix eyes with unwillingness and shame, but confused with water vapor, slightly degenerate, Chu nightning eyes are out of focus, lips are slightly open, can not help but gasp...

He slammed his eyes shut and he opened it again. It was full of anger: "I am not the same as you! I have been in my life...all..."

"How are you still?" This time, it is impossible to step on Xianjun.

He felt that he had never pity on the late night, so he could not imagine the love and restraint of burning in the bed.

After a while, he suddenly realized from the angry and embarrassed eyes of the other party, but after he realized it, he was more embarrassed.

"You are joking?"

"..."

"Don't you still have him..."

The smoldering silver teeth are broken, and the ghost red light is almost solidified, tearing up the entire Dragon Soul Hall.

Step by step, Xianjun suddenly laughed: "Mr. Mozong, at this moment, I suddenly feel that you and I are not related. Are you still me? Um?"

They are two people, one is like a mad dog, and the other is like a loyal dog.

Crazy in the fangs, screaming and laughing.

The loyal, silent and stunned, stubbornly and firmly confronted him.

It’s just that he is facing the overwhelming look of the loyal dog’s face. It’s really pitiful and unhelpful.

Under the battle, the winners and losers can't be separated.

Stepping Xianjun gradually got a little tired.

He suddenly said: "Okay, play with you enough. Mo Zongshi, see the real chapter."

He said, with a wave of his hand, the cherished pieces that had previously listened to his orders to stand on the edge of the sleeves were rushed to the ground, and the ink burned when the enemy was attacked.

"This is your true chapter?"

Stepping out of the Guild Circle, stepping on the battle circle, and walking toward the late night, he walked back and sneered and said: "The chess pieces made by this seat are naturally the combat power of this seat. How can it not be true?"

The ink burned and watched him carry it away. He took the blood-stained blade and patted Chu’s cheek, and then raised his hand to cover the face of Chu’s late night, all of whom were talking sweetly.

He couldn't stand it anymore. Under the wrath, he forgot that there was a connection between Chu and Ning and he did not return. He said: "No return!!"

The handle of the knife was flashing, and it was really shaken in the palm of the step. It seems to be hesitating and struggling.

It doesn't know who to follow.

Stepping on the fairy, he raised his brow and looked down at his knife: "Oh? Do you want to listen to him?"

However, this is the sound, Chu night Ning suddenly sudden intracranial pain.

The dreams that have been done, the messy pieces, are like sand and gravel, covering my mind.

Scarlet bills, pungent hides.

Limbs are intertwined.

The foreign minister of the main hall looked down, and the arrogance of the palace lady was ridiculed.

Stepping Xianjun noticed his strangeness and raised his hand to solve his swearing curse. He said, "What happened to you?"

Chu late rather than answer, he is already suffering, the whole head is like to split -

He saw the ash that covered the sky, the blue sky of the crab floating in the dead gray, a man with black sleeves standing between the heavens and the earth, the corpse was everywhere, and the soul was coated with charcoal.

"Master." The man turned back, his face burned, his mouth smirked and he laughed evilly.

He squeezed a bright red thing in his hand.

Looking at it carefully, it is a cockroach, still beating heart.

"You are finally here, are you coming to stop me?"

His hands were weak, and the heart burst open in his hand, revealing a crystal-clear nucleus inside, and the ink burned the nucleus into his palm.

He walked over to him and approached.

"I can't think of you, my master and my half-life. In the end, I still can't escape this matchup."

"!"

Chu night Ning suddenly closed his eyes, the frontal angle of the blue veins suddenly jumped, blood flow surged.

Stepping Xianjun felt that he was not looking right, raised his fingertips, touched his cheek, and then picked up his chin: "What's wrong? Pain?"

"..." Chu Yuening shivered slightly under his fingertips.

Stepping on the fairy will become more and more misunderstood, and said: "I haven’t hurt you so much. How did you become so unfettered?"

Seeing that the night is still not talking, he twisted his eyebrows and seemed to want to say something more, but if he didn’t speak, he heard a heavy cracking sound outside.

Stepping on the fairy is slightly changed: "Someone forcibly broke the enchantment of the mountain?"

He was as hard as electricity and turned his head.

But seeing an apricot-yellow shadow flying over, the momentum is astonishingly fast, and the number of roads is sinister and sinister.

In the blink of an eye, Chu nightning has been taken over by the man.

Ink burning: "Master!"

Step on the fairy road: "Late Ning!"

"..."

Two men who screamed at the same time looked at each other and felt disgusted in each other's eyes, but soon, the ink burned and stepped on the princes, and they turned their heads again, staring at the uninvited guest who floated in the air and smashed.

Master of guilt.

The face of guilty is not so good-looking. Compared with five years ago, his look has dried up a lot, but the sharpness in his eyes is not reduced by half, still like the condensation of the river and the waves.

When the ink burns, the heart is loose. He doesn't know why the sin suddenly appears here, but since the individual is willing to use the technique of rebirth to save Chu, he will not be unfavorable to the teacher.

But when Teng Xianjun never saw him, his expression seemed very dangerous: "A small vulture, where did you get it out? You must also be an enemy of this seat."

He took a look at his sin and his eyes fell on the ink.

He didn't seem to be surprised by the appearance of two inks and rains. On his face, more of a look at the moment is not a shock, but a worry.

"Ink lord." With a wave of sinful sleeves, there are too many people here. In order not to let the singer hear it, he will pass the sentence to the ink in the voice. "I can't stay here for a long time." You are coming to Longxueshan to see me."

He paused and added three words: "It must be fast."

As it was when it came, it went like a blast and disappeared instantly. These cherished chess games are also good, and the enchantment of Lushan is also good, and it seems that he can't stop him.

Even for a moment, the smoldering saw that there was a monk who had already held his arm, but the next sinful figure was far outside the temple. The monk had nothing in his hand, only a small group of cold. air.

Stepping on the singer wants to grab the catch, but suddenly there was a sharp whistle in the sky, and his face condensed, and he snorted: "This time?"

The whistle was sharp and sharp, his eyebrows were twisted into Sichuan, and his eyes burned. Although he was unwilling, his fingers were still volley: "Let your life be big, and you will have the chance to play against you."

Speaking of the rolling chess pieces, quickly withdraw to the direction of the soul.

The fierce battle of this fierce battle is also anxious.

For a time, the guilty sin disappeared, and the stepping fairy was also gone. There was no more left in the Dragon Soul Hall. The center of the array was swept away, and the cherished pieces followed, one by one, and were instantly swallowed up by the boundless darkness.

And that method was also shrunk and twisted after the last wave of monks entered, and disappeared in the night sky, leaving only a round of Emei in the sky, with a scarlet scarlet.

Time and space are closed.

The ink was standing on the screaming stage of the hurricane flying. He looked at the boundless night, watching the land swaying, only feeling cold and cold, and he could not return to God for a long time. It’s like a dream, but he knows it’s not. He knows clearly in his heart that everything today is just the beginning.

He... is a ghost born out of death.

Some things are not too late, there is no way to escape.

The sinful crimes he once committed, such as the sword hanging over his head.

Finally asked him sin and asked him for his life.

He seems to see the eyes of the immortal to the eyes that seem to be red, sneer: "Atonement? How to redeem? You are the same as me. You, never think about washing your blood."

He saw Xuemeng in his previous life screaming at him: "Mini rain! I hate that you can't make you a thousand knives! I won't forgive you if I live in the world!"

He heard that Song Qiutong fell into the horrible sound of the oil and screamed for a moment. He heard Ye Yexi said that the Huang Dynasty Confucianism door seventy-nine city Ning no one is a man, he saw Xu Shuanglin blocking the face in front of Ye Forg, only Decisive and heart--

"Father of the Father!!"

The sound is like a pointed cone into the ear.

Blood flow is like a note.

Finally, in the swaying light and shadow, he saw a figure in the nightmare of yesterday.

White, peaceful.

Standing under the sea banyan tree, and then turning his head, Tianguang Yunying, he smiled slightly.

"Ink burning."

"..."

"I am thin, you don't complain."

He squatted down and experienced the **** battle all night. At this moment, he was dressed in a wolf, and he was full of blood. In the shadow of the blue sky, he made a sigh for a while, then it was like a singer, and the whole person was The ground bowed and shuddered.

"Master...Master..."

He mourned, he choked: "Not like this... that is not me... I beg you... I beg you... that is not me..."

"I want to go back, I want to come back again, I can ask for the price. I beg you..."

"I can take my heart out, as long as you don't let me die with the name of the immortal."

"I really... I really don't want to be that person anymore... I beg you..."

He thought of Xue Meng and thought of the teacher.

He thought of the string of candied fruit that Xue Meng had handed over when he was a child. He said to him that he loved to eat and eat.

He thought that he would not lie to me if he had to shed tears in front of him and tell him, brother.

He thought of the young man who was looking at him with a steaming copy of his hand, and told him that Ah Burn, I have no parents, and we are a family in the future, okay.

He thought that the teacher on the stage of the soul was self-satisfied, blood and tears flowed down, he said, in fact, you have never understood me.

Then he thought of Xue Zhengyi and thought of Mrs. Wang.

Thinking of how they died in the past life, I thought of Xue Meng's face immersed in the **** sea.

He thought of Chu nightning.

He choked slyly.

His fingers clung to the ground, so hard, the knuckles were worn and the skin was fleshy.

"What to do... what to do..."

He was like a beast that was whipped to the skin and the bones were blurred, and he whispered in despair and mourning.

At this point, he suddenly understood that he had previously thought that stepping Xianjun was the one who had more red dust. Then what about him? Why not? He suddenly did not know the size of the world, where is the peace, he suddenly did not know that the old friend is still, who can forgive him.

He is extra.

He curled up and he trembled.

He mourned, he hugged himself.

It was like a place of burial many years ago, next to the rot of the mother.

He shed tears, don't know where to go to stop, don't know where is his home.

At this moment he was even more miserable than he was when he was younger -

He was suddenly not so sure, he, who was drizzling, who is it?

Stepping on the emperor, Mo Zongshi.

The blood of the seventh generation of the Nangong family is the second son of the dead and the dead.

A wicked devil.

Qingzheng master with good people.

Suddenly he became a fragment of debris. The edges and corners of each piece were so sharp enough that he was devastated by thousands of times and once he was ruined.

died.

Alive.

He is all alone.

"I am not stepping on Xianjun..." He muttered, cold. The soul-striking platform is too cold, every inch of the musculoskeletal is shaking, he closes his eyes, tears fall, and he chokes. "I am not stepping on the fairy... what to do... I really don't know what to do... ...raised me...raised me..."

But who should beg for mercy? Chu nightning? Past life yourself? Countless ghosts and sorcerers who died under their own hands? Still to the fate of the displacement.

No one can give him forgiveness, no one can give it.

He buried his face in his palm, and in this empty world, he finally choked his voice:

"I am in the end... what else can I do..."

Chapter 236

After coming out of Lushan, the ink burns like a clay sculpture, his eyes are straight and straight, and a person walks silently.

Standing in front of a fork in the road, he was stunned.

The war has passed, and the rising sun is rising at this time. The morning glow washes away the lead of the night. Only the forests have the dew and the grass, which is like a greasy powder, floating in the morning sun.

He turned back and looked at the towering peaks. Then look at the road ahead. Straight away is Lin Lingyu, Xue Meng and uncle are waiting for him there, waiting for an explanation, an answer. But he can't go, he wants to go to Longxue Mountain.

In the burning heart, I vaguely understand that the master of guilty knows more than he imagined, otherwise he will not be as calm as when he saw the emperor. Perhaps because of this, he became more and more at a loss, not knowing what he was waiting for in front of him.

In fact, his mind is now in chaos, and he has no more mood to think about. In the end, he is only numbly clear -

He must go because the master is there.

Longxue Mountain was entangled in the vicinity of Wushou Temple. In the early years, there were occasional monks who went to the mountains to meditate, practice meditation, and enlighten, but this mountain often became obscured. Many people said that they had encountered ghosts hitting the wall on the mountain. If you go in, you will not be able to come out, so gradually, it will become a barren hill.

The ink burned the sword and the road, and after a day's road, finally came to the foot of the Dragon Blood Mountain at sunset. He had no food and no water all day, and he was very tired. So when he saw a stream of clear spring flowing from the cypress wood, he walked over and took a handful of water and washed his face.

The first thing to wash down is the mud, then the blood that melts, and finally reveals his face, and the reflection is on the surface.

It was not an ugly face, but the ink stared at it for a while, only to feel the disgust and disgusting, he slammed the water, broke the reflection, and then smashed the scorpion, almost painfully The face is buried in the palm of your hand.

Is there any perfect law in this world that can completely separate a person's past from the present? Is there any weapon to remove the rancid memory from my mind?

Is there anyone who can save him? He can tell him that you are not stepping on Xianjun, you are just burning, you are just drizzling.

But when he opened his eyes, the water was calm and calm, and the man inside still stared at him with such resentment and despair.

He knows that he has no way to go.

Get up and go up the mountain.

When I was halfway up the mountain, I suddenly got fog, there was no sign of thick fog, and I couldn’t see my fingers.

At the beginning of the smoldering, it was thought to be a ghost, but under the guise of it, there was no evil.

It was not too late at this time. The sound of Du Fu’s blood was occasionally heard in the forest, and the surrounding area became cold. The sun disappeared a little, and the four fields darkened.

"Grandmaster?"

His voice was hoarse, and while he was rubbing, he walked forward.

"Master of guilty?"

No one should be him.

But strangely, he climbed all the way, almost blindly, but did not receive any blockage. This road was horrible, as if someone had already laid a game in the depths of the fog, waiting for him to go to the meeting. , since the investment network.

"anyone there?"

The fog gradually dissipated.

The scenery in front of us became more and more clear, and the mountains and the vines all appeared in front of him.

He found that he had come to a flat and open place unconsciously. When he turned around, the road when he came was still covered by fog. However, only this place was a sloppy, moon-star.

He walked down the grass with the condensation of water, and all the way forward, then he heard the back of a person.

The ink burned for a moment, then rushed forward, and hurriedly said: "Master respect?!"

Chu night Ning back to him, is kneeling beside a cave covered by the wisteria, in front of him, the master of guilty squatting, looking stunned and silent.

"Master! You -"

He was aphasia, because he saw that Chu Ning had turned his back and was actually wet with lashes and tears on his face.

The ink burned: "What happened to you?"

Chu nightning did not speak, he has been suppressing himself. From a long time ago, he was high and majestic. It seems that when he was born, he was an elder, a fairy, when there was no young and weak.

"Ink burning..."

But this time, he exhausted all his strength, but only spoke two words, and he couldn't suppress it anymore, spilling over his lips.

The ink snorted forward, walked over to him, leaned over and held him tightly: "...what is it? Why are you crying?"

As he spoke, he bowed his head and stroked the hair of Chu. Chu Xiaoning's body is very cold, but at the moment he found him, but he can still hold him in his arms, but he feels very hot in his heart.

Every moment of his stability is stolen, and every sentence he has said with Chu Xiening has become a wrong charity. He can get a little more. He regards it as a treasure and dare not bear it.

"Okay, okay." Ming Ming is so helpless, but he will also stay in the broad warm chest between the night, and comfort. "Nothing, there is me, I am here, I am here." ""

The ink burned and kissed Chu’s forehead. At this moment, he suddenly found that he was restrained in his arms, but he still trembled and shed tears, and his fingers were close to the clothes, and he was like a little brother who would never appear in Taohuayuan.

No one is born to be a strong, Chu Yuening should also have a young look.

In the heart of the burning heart, he vaguely understood what he was holding. He held a slight trembling, and he kissed him, stroking his hair and looking at the master of sin.

The old man sat on a icy rock, his eyebrows were wrinkled, his eyelashes were low, he was half-closed and his eyes closed, his eyes were devoid of sorrow, his hand was holding a sea bract, and he leaned forward, seeming to give it away. Who. But that person must have rejected his kindness, the flower has been defeated, and only a few sporadic pieces have not fallen from the branches.

The crime is gone.

There are many myths and many mysteries hidden in this body. At the last moment, there is no relief on the face.

His look is painful.

What is even more uncomfortable is that after his death, his face no longer retains a young look of more than 30 years old. He has become a thorny old man completely, and for some reason, his face is being seen at a speed visible to the naked eye. A golden worm is eaten and eaten.

"This bug..."

"It's a righteous worm." Chu Yuening finally opened his mouth, but his voice was hoarse and terrible. "A person who hates his own appearance, some will set a **** relationship with this worm. The worm can change the host face, in return, to On the day the host dies, the worm will engulf the host."

He listened to his efforts to maintain the tone of the tone, and slowly said that the ink could not help but hold him tighter. The person in the arms has been here for a long time, and his hands and feet are cold.

From past lives to this life, Chu Ningning has always been his beacon, his flames, to dispel his dark night to give him the warmth he can.

But the ink burned him at this moment, only that the people in his arms were made of ice.

Really cold.

His cone hurts.

"I am here, I am here."

"He has already let me come to Longxue Mountain." Chu Xiaoning looked exhausted, as if someone had taken all his warm blood and poured it into the endless pain and suffering.

"He knows that I don't want to talk to him in person, I don't want to listen to him any explanation, so I have left a letter to me. I have a lot of words in my letter, but I just used it myself. I don't believe him... I guess he ""

The ink burned his cheeks, and he had never seen such a late night.

Plus no previous life.

This can not help but make him feel awkward, he asked: "What happened?"

But Chu Ning is just empty and replied: "I guess he is..."

This person who has been calm and has always been sensible has finally been fragmented.

He is like a corner bow, and the strings are stretched to the extreme. He shivered in his ink, and shivered, so desperate, so poor.

Chu night Ning huddled and curled up, and once the person who had stretched for half a lifetime collapsed, the kind of sorrow that still accumulates is enough to break the levee: "I should have been here... If you listen to him, many things will not happen, Nangong It won't die, the teacher will not be blind, it would have been enough... all are within reach."

"Master."

"If I listen to that letter, it won't be like this..."

It took a long time for the ink to burn and appease him slightly. After a long time, Chu Ning finally stopped crying, but his eyes were out of focus, and his ink burned his fingertips, but he found out why he didn’t Heat, just as the slight trembling, can't stop.

"Why don't I want to believe him again..."

The ink burned silently. In fact, this road came over. Because of the reason of stepping on the emperor, the ink burned in anticipation of countless scenes where Chu and Ning had met again, and thought a lot of explanations and requests.

But he found that he could not use it.

He did not expect to see him again, it would be such a situation.

"He...had left a reel of memories..." Finally, Chu Yuening finally calmed down, his ink burning his cheeks, his cheeks were cold, "...he had hoped before he left. You can come and give it to you."

Hearing his own, the fingertips of the ink burned.

Memories scroll?

What will be written there? What do the masters of guilty know?

The smoldering felt that his hand was also cold, and the cold hair was upright, and he was so cold.

Chu night Ningsha dumb said: "But he can't wait, his life counts up." He said, he seems to have been touched by an extremely painful sore, eyebrows, no more words.

He is probably afraid that if he says more, he will collapse again.

Chu nightning covered his eyes with his arms. He calmed himself and slowly picked up his own calm, calm, cold and reliable. He picked up the pieces and slowly wore them.

After all, he is not used to being a weak person.

In the end, Chu Xiaoning lifted the wet Fengmu, took the reel out of his arms, and handed it to the ink.

"There are all the secrets he knows."

The smoldering voice has a slight whistle: "... Did he see it for you?"

"seen it already."

The ink burns my heart.

He looked at the eyes of Chu Xiaoning, and at that moment he had a terrible thought.

He felt that Chu Jingning seemed to have everything clear.

Take the picture of the sapphire as the axis.

Suddenly, he was so upset, so he held the finger of Chu’s late night and rubbed it.

"Late Ning..."

"..."

"If you are in Lushan, that person... is true to you, will you hate me?"

Chu nighting face was originally very pale, this time is even more bloody, even the lips are slightly green.

"Do you hate me?"

The ink burns his hand, the strength is so big, stubborn, and even brutal. What is different from that of Lili is the pleading of his soft eyelashes.

"can you?"

Chu night Ning shook his head, did not answer, he closed his eyes, "... look at the scroll."

The scroll left by the master of guilty is very heavy, and is not similar to the curse of the mortal, but it is close to the dreamland of the Taohuayuan Yumin.

The ink burned and looked deep into the night, and then opened the drawing axis, and the picture of the shining jade was on the eyebrow.

The scene of the Dragon Blood Mountain disappeared, and the first thing that followed was a darkness that was bottomless. In the darkness, the guilty sin of the sin sounded with a bit of sigh and echoed in the ear.

"Chu Zongshi, Mo Shizhu, Laojiao knows that there is not much time, but seeing that today is going to change, the disaster will come. If you don't do everything you can, you will know the two and tell the two to help you back. In purgatory, you will also regret it."

The voice paused and then slowly came.

"In this scroll, the past events are incredible, and even the old man has made mistakes in the past. There is nothing to hide. I know that I am half-baked, and the former is deeply sinful, and the dull and shallow, narrow-minded, counted for two hundred years. The days of stealing and waking up are actually a handful of things, and the good things done are also very pitiful. I have no life to sin, I can’t redeem it, and I will fall into **** when I die. I will never be super-born. Just, I I still have a lot of hope. I hope that after seeing the two, I don’t want to give up on the old man’s heart. I feel that the old man is not as good as the beast.”

The ink burned in front of the eyes, and he blinked his eyes. As far as he could see, it was the broken wall, the old tree faint, and the birds that ate the eyes and licked the intestines.

He was awkward and inexplicably felt that the scene was very familiar, but he couldn't remember it again.

Until the city gate was dusty, a group of people gathered, holding the front ring, carrying feather arrows, riding a thin horse. One of the young men slammed the reins and rolled down from the horse. He rushed toward the gate of the city and couldn’t help but scream: "Hey! Auntie!"

The ink burned and was shocked, and felt that the back was cold.

this is……

Peach Blossom Yuan Yumin Vision?

Is this the ancient Linan in the war? !

Chapter 237

Unlike the peach blossoms, this time he is no longer involved. He is just a bystander. Anyone in the memory can’t see him. He walks to the cavalry. He looks down and looks at the crying cry. juvenile.

A blue vein in the skull is constantly twitching and beating.

He felt the chill of the bones and the chicken skin picked up.

Seeing this scene again, he was very clear about the role that the boy played in Linan’s horror. He sold the Taishou Gongzi Chu, and revived his father’s death, and he don’t hesitate to donate the entire city.

"Xiaoman, people can't resurrect, you don't feel too sad, here can't stay for a long time, let's go back soon."

"No... No... I don't go anywhere, I want Auntie... He, he is looking for food for me, so I will die, I am sorry for him, hehe! Hey!"

The ink burned and stared at the boy.

Who is this guy?

Is it a father who is guilty? or……

His eyes fell on Xiaoman's left hand, and at the mouth of his left hand, there was a black scorpion of rice grain size.

He suddenly thought of the hand of the master of guilty crimes, and this position, exactly the same place, there is such a flaw, not too bad.

The smoldering was horrified.

At this time, the sound of the distant voice slowly sounded.

"I was born in Lin'an at an early age. Without parents, I was adopted by a groom from the Taishou government. At the age of fourteen, the ghost world was cracked, Linan suffered, and there was no rice and no food at home. I was hungry and difficult to take care of. I went out to eat in the city and I didn't come back in the evening."

Frightened and screaming -

Is it really a little full of two hundred years ago? !

I was guilty of sin: "When I am out of town, when I find him, he has been killed by evil spirits, his belly is overflowing, his eyes are hollowed out by the crows. That scene, I will never forget this life."

In the ink-burning ears, he followed the Xiaoman into the city. When Lin’an was in the midst of a **** storm, the ghost king wanted to marry the people. He has seen these things once again, and once again, he still feels miserable and sad, and his heart is sinister.

He saw the night of the incident, and he was begging all the way. He asked everyone not to disarm his father. He asked the housekeeper to let him wait until Chu to return to see if he could leave his father a whole body.

"I beg you, wait a second, and then the son will come back. I must look at his body. If the body is dead, I will stop and ask you..."

"You can't stop the corpse, you need to be clear!"

"No! Don't tear him apart, please don't tear him apart..."

The torrential rain lingered, and the small man couldn’t help but slammed his head. The cockroach’s face was full of blood, but he still couldn’t stop it. His father’s body was still violently pulled out of his arms and was

dragged to the house by the management of the shoufu government. In addition, they surrounded the corpse that could change at any time.

Xiaoman’s gaze was blocked. After a while, he saw blood flowing out of the crowd’s feet and was instantly washed away by the heavy rain into a faint pink.

"I was selfish at the time, I only felt disheartened and full of resentment against everyone, so I renegade Linan and recommend myself as a ghost king. I want to retaliate against them."

With his self-report, the ink burned once again the picture that once shocked him.

The mother ate the child's stomach.

The city people betrayed their heroes.

On the stone steps in front of the Chenghuang Temple, Chu Yu went to the mud and cried.

He saw that the mob escorted Chu Yu to the temple, as if he was eating rot, and the black scorpion was surrounded by a group. In order to survive and survive, he did not hesitate to sacrifice his life.

He saw that Chu Yu took out his heart and the nucleus and handed it to the hands of the sporadic people who were crying for him, let them leave here as soon as possible, and stop staying...

Some of these, Xiaoman are also in the eye.

"Later, I went to the ghost world. When I was alone, I would think of the horror of Chu Gongzi at that time, thinking of his heart, thinking of his past...waiting for us. Every time I think about it, I am I feel more and more difficult, I am more and more unable to escape the inner condemnation."

I was guilty of crimes.

His voice became extremely painful.

"I am a traitor."

There is no such thing as a burning heart.

Good and evil sometimes only between one thought, and some people have regretted the moment when they fell, but what about it?

There is no way to retreat.

"After a while, I heard that the soul of Chu Yu was put into the government. He was a good man. Although he did not reach the peak, he could not be corpse into a fairy, but he was also enough to stand in the reincarnation. He was rich and glory in the afterlife, and he finally enjoyed his life, but he did not go. He The child, his wife, because of the catastrophe that year, the soul is confused, and it is divided, he went to the place of the pleading, willing to use his own three Fulu, in exchange for his wife and children free. But the end result is not so smooth."

The smoldering saw that he was running around in the ghost world. He was always shy and confused because he was ashamed and difficult to face. He tried to pull the ghosts and ghosts and asked: "That What about your wife and children? What did you say in the end? Can you find a way to piece together their souls and let them re-enter the reincarnation?"

"Can you think of a solution? Please."

"I want you to help Chu Yuzi to think of a way, you can negotiate what kind of price you can pay..."

There was a ghost who laughed at him and said: "I have heard about your glorious deeds. I didn't help you with the Nine Kings. I killed the Chuxi family. How did you get to the land, you suddenly turned the temper, you are afraid of Chu Got a ghost, come and settle with you?"

The ink burned behind the guilty, watching him ask a lot of people and married a lot of people. Maybe it shouldn't be called, it should be called a ghost. But in many cases, the nature of people and ghosts is actually the same.

As Chu Yuning said, the soul may change character, change hobbies, change temperament, but the essence will never change because of the cycle of life and death.

I was guilty of inquiring about the reincarnation of my wife and children, and I was quickly known by the Nine Kings.

At that time, the Nine Kings and Chu Yu played against each other and ruined one eye. They had already hated the birth of Chu, and heard the little man full of their hands. They were full of help and the old master secretly asked the law of reincarnation, and they were furious.

He took back the token of freedom to return to the ghost world, took him back to the world, and took away the eternal life of the ghost as a ghost.

"Go back to the sun, when all the gas in your body dissipates, you will die. After death, you will never be infernal, and your soul will not be super-born." The nine kings used the only eye that could still be used, and Sensen stared. I am guilty, "This is the price for you to work for the old master."

The darkness of the land has disappeared.

The smoldering sound of the rain is the spring, the rain is like a crisp, moist and green sprouts.

He saw that he was guilty of sin and walked in the spring rain.

"I have returned to the world. At this time, the world has passed for a hundred years. Although the ghost king took my token, but the residual yin in my body can make me return to the ghost world when the child is full of yin, but After staying for a long time, the loss is great. I am actually... I am still very afraid of death, so I don’t dare to stay in the ghost world for a long time. Only when I need some clues, some of them will sneak back into the underworld."

The ink burns his low self-report, looks at the front of the stick, and swears in the bamboo forest, the winter plum lies in the snow, Xiahe listens to the rain, he walks alone, from Wan Muchunsheng, to the frost Lin dyed through.

Hemp shoes broke through a pair of pairs.

I am looking for a sin, looking for it, hoping to get a one-and-a-half-point record, and give the pair of mothers who have been ruined by him a chance to reincarnate.

I am guilty: "That is also my chance to redeem a little sin."

Others may feel nothing, just think that it is ridiculous to sin, but you can hear it here, but your eyes are wet.

Atonement.

Everyone who commits a mistake and wants to repent is as thirsty as a fish, eager for atonement.

He is like this, and so is the crime.

They are not good people, they have dripping blood on their hands, and their heads are broken heads.

How to redeem.

With the hand that once killed people, returning to life in the merit pool, can sin be written off? He hopes that the world's good and evil, the cause and effect of blessings, can be as simple as this.

But he knows not.

"I have been in the world for nearly a hundred years." He sighed with sorrow. "This hundred years, the victims will help, and the hardships will be saved. I know that it is useless to do so, no matter how many good virtues, I After death, I will still be purgatory and suffer from suffering. But I just want to make my heart feel better. I just thought that if the son is still in the world, he must... worry about people, but harder?"

How many past events have passed by in the past 100 years.

He saw the orphans carrying the blind eyes walking in the mountains and seeing him helping the work in the fields. He saw that he was guilty of sewing the old clothes under a solitary lamp, but donated the money for the repair. A village destroyed by evil.

"Chu Gongzi, there has been no reincarnation. I later picked a branch to the splendid sea otter, thinking that this is his favorite flower with his wife, I was dizzy, and took the courage to go to the ghost world to see him once, the result is Needless to say, he turned me out of the door and made me unable to come again in the future."

On the screen is a sin between the ghosts of the lanes, the clear back.

At this time, his back is hidden.

"I didn't dare to bother him, and he never appeared in front of him, but the bunch of sea otters, he did not discard. I think he may still like this human

thing, he can't see it in the land, I will pick it up. Give it to him. I hope that his hate for me can be less, even if it is a little bit better."

"Afterwards, I heard that Mrs. Chu’s soul can be restored. It only takes time, but the three souls and seven scorpions of Xiaogongzi have been crushed. It is feared that the poor blues will fall to Huangquan, and in the future, there will be no more. After knowing this news, I was even more difficult and remorseful - until one day, I got one thing."

Moonlight spring mountain, smoke on the river.

Sitting in the cabin, the fishery in the stars reflected in the river, and also reflected the objects in his hands.

The ink burned and walked over. He sat down next to the crime, and he was close, and found it was a piece of wood. The wood grows strange. Other branches of trees have rough bark and fine lines, but it does not.

It is only one palm, the bark is smooth and delicate, and it has a faint luster. Even in the illusion, the ink burns as if it feels that the piece of wood seems to be flowing with a fragrance.

"Yan Di Shen Mu."

"!"

The ink burned his eyes wide open, and he looked incredulously at the broken branch of the brilliance.

This is... Yan Di Shen Mu? !

Legend has it that in the extremes of the East China Sea, where no one has arrived, the kind of sacred tree that grows for thousands of years? The ink burned the two worlds and walked the rivers and lakes for many years. How could you not know the legend of Yandi Shenmu?

Can live dead human bones.

Can be tempered into a weapon that is stronger than Shenwu.

It can even help the mortal to fly, and directly escape the suffering of the reincarnation.

It is obvious that guilty is also aware of these rumors. He whispered: "There is a spirit, a spiritual nucleus, and it can be ascended into a fairy.... I will never have to be cursed by purgatory. From then on, I can be free."

The smoldering slammed the rumors about sin.

Fang said that he refused the invitation of the heavens and has since stayed in the world.

Is the truth actually that he failed to refine the Yan Di Shen Mu, failed?

"I am really... I really want to use this Shenmu for my own use. For a while, I even thought that this is God's will. It is God who pity me, forgive me, don't want me to fall into hell, so I only It will make this Shenmu come to me because of chance."

In the cabin, he was guilty of the sacred wood, his eyes flashed with eagerness and confusion, and his expression was as contradictory as the echoing voice of the ear.

"But I have read it in a volume of ancient books. The Yandi Shenmu and the Nuwa's remains are the same. With this Shenmu, you can create a living person."

Chapter 238

"what?!"

The smoldering was shocked and he took a half step back. If he was not a vain person in this memory, he might have knocked over the fishnet rope next to him.

Can Yandi Shenmu recreate a living person?

"Yan Dimu, female soil, Fu Yuqin, these three original artifacts of the Three Emperors, the spirit is extremely pure, and the first batch of immortal celestial beings between heaven and earth is said to have been created by these artifacts. I got a paragraph Yan Dimu, even if there is no magic power of Shennong, it is not difficult to mold people. Just like the death of Tongtiantai, his mother rebuilt his body with lotus roots. I finally made up my mind to decide to take this piece of wood and paint. Carved into the appearance of Chu Xiaogong."

The ink burns only feels whirlwind, and the eyes are dizzy.

Carved into... Chu Xiaogongzi... Chu Yu’s appearance?

I am guilty: "I want to be a son of Engong."

The ink burned the throat to the extreme, as if something was blocked, and for a long time he muttered: "Impossible..."

In the picture, the nostalgic temple bell rings and the twilight is four.

The tired bird also returned to the nest, and the monks fluttered in their clothes, and the wide-breasted sleeves passed under the gallery.

The master of guilty sin is sitting in the Zen room, the doors and windows are closed, accompanied by the ancient Buddha of the Qing Dynasty, carefully carved a little bit, he does not dare to slash his sword, before he took the Yandi Shenmu to reshape the living, he has already carved it. Hundreds of thousands of people, until the vivid, exactly the same as Chu in memory.

That night, he finally carefully took out Yandi Wood. After a long period of attention, he carefully and carefully dropped the first knife.

The sawdust has been raised, and it has been scattered on the ground.

Every time he fell, he did his best, and every moment he fell, he was the figure of the two old people. The centuries-old time was in the fall of the knife, and the old man buried his head very low, and his neck seemed to have been crushed by sin.

"I am retreating here. In the temple, it took a full five years to finally finish the 'Chu Yu'."

The ink burned and walked toward the guilty sin. He looked at the scorpion and slowly put down the knives. It was the last one, and the ash of the stars was sinned.

The trepidation of the sinfulness of the face of the woodcarving son, the crown, he cried, kneeling on the ground, and constantly bowed to the statue of the wood.

The ink burned and looked at the case and placed the little elephant.

Shenmu is the body, and it is the blade.

The little body is the appearance of Chu’s childhood.

At this time, it was late in the evening, the bell rang, and only the last bit of the dead sun was left between the heavens and the earth, and it was poured through the window and photographed in several cases.

The sundial bells spread throughout the temple, and monks in the courtyard burned cedar and pine leaves, and the scent of the scent was still contaminated with bitterness and coldness.

The night is approaching and the temple is peaceful.

"Just call you, Chu night, stop."

The last blow of Hong Zhong fell, and guilty whispered to the wooden statue.

He bit his fingertips and dripped a drop of blood with a metallic spirit. In an instant, the house was covered with light.

In this piece of Huaguang, the ink trembled with eyelashes and smashed his eyes. His eyelids were not shaking. He tried to see everything in the light, but he was blinded by tears, and his eyes were dazzling. Nothing can be seen.

When the spurt is completely closed, what the ink burns is -

Chu nightning has also known all this, his heart, how much pain?

Not a living person.

No father or mother.

Just a piece of dead wood, a drop of blood.

I have lived for more than 30 years without knowing it between heaven and earth.

"After the gods have a spirit, after the blood is a human being, it is exactly what I want, and it becomes the appearance of the little son of Chu. I put him in the temple to raise the big, accept him as a disciple, slowly, he grows up. Now, start asking myself about my own life and ask me where I came from."

When I saw Chen Xiaoning, a child, sitting next to the master of sin, while eating candied fruit, he asked: "Master, you always said that I was taken back from the snow, then where are you from? What am I holding back?"

The eyes of guilty smuggled into the distant mountains, he went out for a while, and then sighed and said two words.

"Lin'an."

"So I am Lin'an?"

"Ok."

"But I have never been to a monastery. What kind of Linan is like, I don't know." Chu Xiaoning looked a little frustrated. "Master, I want to go down the mountain to see the outside. I... I want to see Lin'an. ”

The illusion faded away, and the temple of no sorrow was far away, followed by the bright summer scenery of the south of the Yangtze River.

It was in June that the lotus flower in the lotus pond was beautiful and straight, and Fang Fei was screaming. Chu nighting, who was a little smaller than the Xia Shi counter, kicked and walked on the bluestone road, and the crime was behind him.

"Late, you slow down, be careful."

Chu night Ning smiled and looked back.

It is a tender, green, and carefree smile that has never been seen before.

"Okay, I am waiting for the Master."

At that time, Chu Yuening, wearing a blue-gray robes, did not fall, tied a small pimple, with a lotus leaf on his head, the lotus leaf was still stained with some crystal clear dew, lining the night The face is more pure and clear.

He was guilty and walked over to him and took his hand: "Well, I have seen Xizi Lake. Where do you want to go next?"

"Would you like to eat something?"

"That..." The crime was overwhelmed. "Go to the city."

They brought them into the city, and the ink burned and walked beside them. He looked at the late night of the Chu, and even his own knees, and his heart was pity and sad.

He reached out and knew that he couldn't touch the people in the illusion, but he still stretched out and touched the head of Chu Ning.

"Ok?"

Under the guise of this, Chu nightning suddenly stopped.

I was guilty and slyly asked: "What happened?"

Chu night Ning raised his head and looked up at his face. The eyes were in the sun, clear like two springs, and they were on the ink.

The ink burns almost in vain, only the heart beats and the blood flow is rushing.

He felt incredible, but looked forward to it secretly...

"what is that?"

Chu nightning released his hand of guilty and walked toward the ink.

The more he looked at the ink, the more uncomfortable he felt. He had never seen such a late-night sorrowful, and he couldn’t help but lean over and couldn’t help but open his arms and wanted to hug him.

However, Chu Xiaoning walked straight through his illusion.

The ink burned for a moment, turned back, and saw the child walked to a snack shop behind him. He looked up at the stall owner and opened the bamboo cage. The smoke rose and steamed, and there was a pale pink flower cake.

The ink burned under the heart, and then there was a trace of sorrow.

It really is just a coincidence.

He walked with the guilty sin, and Chu was rather guilty of sin. He smiled and said: "Master, this pastry looks delicious."

"Would you like to taste it?"

"May I?"

The look of guilt is a bit embarrassing: "You really like it..."

Chu Xiaoning heard it, and opened his eyes slightly. He asked innocently: "Who likes it?"

I sweared and licked my lips and said, "...nothing. Master thought of an old man."

He paid for three glutinous rice cakes, and looked thoughtfully at Chu’s bite, steaming up, blurring the child’s face.

The past is like Sichuan, rolling over.

I sighed with sin and closed my eyes.

Suddenly the sleeves were scorned. He looked down and saw the two-and-a-half cakes. The red bean paste was delicate and soft, and it smelled of heat and dessert.

"The teacher is half, I am half. The big one is for the master."

"Why are you giving me big?"

"It's tall, you eat more."

"..." The ink burned and watched the guilty take over the pastries, and the two people in the night were standing at the stall and eating snacks and talking. He was quiet for a moment, standing under the bright sunshine of Lin'an, smiling slightly.

It hurts.

However, he felt that there was a lingering spring in his heart. He felt that no one would be uneasy and would not like it.

That is the best child in the world.

The prosperous sunshine in front of you has faded.

This new picture did not immediately emerge, the ink burning stood between the darkness, and the ear was a sin of the sin of the ghost.

"I am getting along with him all the time, teaching him to read, read, and telling him, Ming Li. But what I care most about is his spells - I still haven't forgotten that I made such a child for the ultimate He returned to me. I have planned from the beginning. When Chu Ning grew up and was able to withstand the spiritual and physical, I will take him to the ghost world."

The crime was overwhelmed, and the voice became more and more low.

"Take the past and smelt the remaining souls of Chu Xiaoxiaozi into his body."

Ink burning: "!"

He was guilty and hoarse: "I didn't think it was wrong at that time. What is Chu Ning? He is not a real living person. He is just a piece of wood, a wood carving. I gave him life and taught him. It is the truth of human life, but after all, what is flowing in him is not real blood, and the muscle bone is not covered with real meat."

The ink burned was already in my arms, and I couldn’t help but listen to it. He shouted: "No!"

But what is the use?

He couldn’t hear his resentful resentment, and the voice of the monk was still like a whirlpool, blowing the ink into a deeper and more painful whirlpool.

"Chu Ning is superfluous, he has no life, no soul."

"No!! Why does Shenmu have no soul? He has life, he has a soul! He is not anyone! He is not like anyone!" In the illusion, it is like a sleepy beast, "I am guilty, you are Raise him, you look at him every day... Is he not a living person? What is the difference between him and you, and me?"

But the sin is still whispering to himself, just like the numbness of the chanting of the Buddha before, the words of the temperament are forged from the lips and teeth, I do not know whether it is really a heart-felt Buddha, or just want to paralyze the heart that is too intense pain.

"He is a flesh that I carved for Chu Yu. Only the soul of Chu Yu lived in it. Chu will rather be a complete person."

The smoldering is almost creepy. He doesn't know what happened behind him, but he feels that he is going crazy, almost crazy, he is running in the darkness, but everywhere is the abyss, where there is no source, he can't help but whisper. Mumbled again and again: "No! You can't ruin him, he is guilty, he has a soul in his body, he is a living person..."

He knelt down.

He was so scared, even more afraid than the exposure of the past.

Suddenly, he was afraid that he would see the sin of bringing the late night to the ghost world, splitting his chest, and integrating the spiritual core with the soul of Chu.

What about the original Chu nightning?

The spirit of the **** of the night will be left, and the six reincarnations, he cut a piece of wood, where can I go?

Heaven, underground, clouds, yellow springs.

I won't ask him anywhere.

"No... I am guilty... You can't..." The ink burns and the lips are white. "You can't..."

How can there be no soul?

Why are you not living?

The child who was running on the road with a smile on the road.

The child who is careful to eat the cake, the big one to the teacher, the small one to eat.

He is still so small, but he is more affectionate and vocal than many people.

He is no worse than any **** life.

How can it be, not a living person...

However, the screaming and crying of the desperate ink is not awake.

He is here for a hundred years, and he feels that he owes a family to Chu, who has experienced many hardships to create such a righteousness. How can he misplace it.

"Days live day by day, Chu nightning grows up slowly, he is the body of Chu Fu's resurrection, I am worried that his life and well-being is far better than worrying about himself. So for many years, I was only when he was five or six years old. He took him to Lin'an for a few months, and later, he never made a half-step of the Wusi Temple."

Sighing with sigh, then said: "Sometimes I will think, the human weather that I have seen him, is not pitiful, he lived to fourteen years old, except Linan, wherever he has not been, he has everything from beginning to end They are just the world of the No.1 Temple of Nostalgia, the size of the spring and autumn."

It finally lit up again.

It was the moonlit night, and the first thing I saw was that I was standing at the door of the Zen house and looking out of the courtyard.

He also walked over, like the frosty moonlight, he saw the fourteen-year-old Chu nightning is dancing swords, sea bream flowers flying, the white boy in the shadow of the petals and the cold moon.

The voice of sin is still not scattered, and the fierce sword breaks the sound of the sky and lingers in the ear.

"But I feel that it is not a good thing to see less. There is too much suffering in the world. If this spirit of the gods is destined to be only a short life of more than ten years, then it will be replaced by Chu, then lively and relaxed. Is it true, honest, and ignorant, will it be more benevolent?"

Dance sword.

The residual flowers fall.

Chu nightning closed the long sword behind the arm, and the other hand raised his fingers and calmed.

He calmed down the slightly breathing, raised his head, and saw that he was looking at himself with guilt, so he smiled.

The dinner blew his forehead, some itching, he blew a bit, trying to blow the broken hair that kept scratching his cheek, but it was obviously useless, so he finally had to take the hand, the black phoenix Smiling and looking back at the crime.

That is also the direction in which the ink burns.

"Master."

"Well. Not bad." Nostalgia for nostalgia. "You come over, I test how your spiritual core is now cultivated."

Chu Yuening would not hesitate to come over, open the white sleeves and hand the hand to the crime.

Under one test, I was guilty: "It's very strong, but it's still a little unstable. Let's practice more. Before winter, you should be able to make a big success."

Chu Xiaoning smiled and said: "Thank you for your respect."

When he said this sentence, I don’t know if it was an illusion. The ink burned the shoulder of the guilty sin. It seemed to tremble slightly.

However, after all, there was nothing to say about the crime. Nothing was said or changed.

He turned and went into the house.

The ink burned in the same place, he no longer went to see the guilty in the house, he was extremely eager to eagerly look at the eager cherished youngsters who would disappear when they did not know.

It is still clean, pure and even gentle.

How can such a person have no soul?

His gaze fell, and he did not intend to see the undulating chest of Xi’an’s white clothes.

The ink burned suddenly remembered something. Suddenly, the five thunders thundered, and there seemed to be a huge stone falling between the chests.

"no no……"

He took a step back.

But what about it?

The memory has stretched out his fingers and broke into his internal organs.

He remembered, Chu nightning has a flaw in his chest.

...he was driven through the heart! He He……

The ink trembled, and the night of the night, Chu Ning, danced the sword under the moon and stepped on the flying flower.

So handsome.

But he felt that his stomach seemed to fall into a bucket of ice, and he only felt chilling.

He was cut open by...

So did the crime last really do?

He really took Chu Ning to the ghost world and melted the soul fragments of Chu Yu into the heart of Chu Yuning, so the original Chu night Ning was long gone, so -

He hugged his head and he sat down on the ground.

He shook and didn't dare to think about it anymore.

pain.

The heart hurts.

Those who would rather be dug out of the heart are themselves, and those who would rather be usurped of the original soul are themselves.

Chu nightning.

He is so good.

Why do you have to suffer so much, and finally end up with a "not a living person" judgment, as a lifeless person to bear another life?

Who is the master of his worship?

Is it Chu, or is it late?

I only felt that I was going crazy, my head was sore and I felt dizzy and disgusting. He didn't know how long he had been sitting in the same place.

Later, the sky was dark, and the Zen room and the flower tree disappeared.

Chu nightning also faded.

The voice of sin is slowly flowing in the darkness.

He said: "The time when Chu was late at the age of fourteen, the time has come to maturity. I plan to take him to the ghost world for another year and to enchant the soul with Chu."

Chapter 239

The ink burned empty and listened to it.

He has not shouted, he is sitting in the same place, staring straight, staring at the front.

"Everything was very smooth, but for a while, the down-cutting world was severely cracked, the people were overflowing, and the wild was hungry."

The light is re-lighted in the early winter. There is fine snow falling in the lead-gray sky. A mountain road slowly appears in front of the ink burning. There is a layer of hoarfrost on the road, covered with fresh snow, and a staggered cross-country car.

"I didn't expect that one day, on the way I went to the foot of the mountain to take Lingshi back, we would meet a child who was about to starve."

The ink burned still looked numbly.

Chu nightning and guilty sin appeared on the mountain road. There was a basket behind the night, and there was a stone of spiritual power inside. He wore a cotton cloth and a cold cloak, and walked next to the crime.

"Master." Suddenly, Chu Xiaoning stopped and turned to look at the grassy slopes. "Is there someone?"

"Go and see."

The two walked together, and Chu’s slender, white fingers plucked the grass, and he was taken aback. Wei Zhangfeng: “It’s a child...”

He immediately turned back and said to him: "Master, you are coming, you are screaming at him, what is wrong with him?"

what happened?

Whether you are guilty or smoldering, you can see it at a glance.

The child was dirty and smelly, and his clothes were thin. When the clothes were taken off, they were definitely not worn. The silkworms were all holes. It’s hard to say that the dogs in the temple are eating cruel and cold meals, and they are more radiant than the children.

If the child is still licking, and breathing, it is no different from a smashed rotten meat.

what happened? What else can you do?

In the face of every major disaster, the manpower is so small and small, let alone die a child, and it is not a rare thing to eat.

Only Chu Jingning, who grew up in the temple from a young age, can ask such a stupid question.

Wrinkled with guilt, said: "Don't worry, go back first. I will come to see him."

Chu Xiaoning trusted the master, so he immediately got up and obediently, but he had not had time to go, but the cloak's clothes were caught by a dirty hand.

The hand was so weak that the strength of the cockroach was so small that it was like a small milk dog scratching gently.

Chu nightning bowed his head and looked at the little dirty face that could not distinguish the facial features.

The child’s voice was as light as a mosquito, as if a snow fell in the sky, he would be crushed and crushed.

"rice……"

Chu night Ning stunned, did not respond: "What?"

"...meal..." The child choked, his face was black, and there were only two whites in his eyes. He shuddered and made a gesture of risotto, mournfully, "eat..."

Outside the picture, the ink burned his eyes and returned half of the god.

But his mind is still numb, he can't react quickly, but the shadow of the heart feels that the scene seems familiar, like where he has seen it.

He looked straight.

In the picture, Chu Xiaoning has already stopped.

He suddenly rounded his eyes, and finally understood that he had come to the point, first of all, unbelievable, unbelievable, and then he was in a hurry and was in a hurry.

He only knows that the world is good, but he has never seen a skinny child with only skin, like a kitten and cat that is going to starve. The snowy sky is shivering in the grass. The only thing that can keep out the cold is a summer dress. A cold rag. Hold him, only two words in his mouth.

Rice, and eat.

Sinful and stern: "You go back first."

But this time, Chou Ning did not listen again. He looked at the little dirty dog-like child, and he was very distressed. He took off his cloak and wrapped it on the child.

He was in a hurry. It seems that this child is not suffering, but he himself. He said, "Hungry? You wait, I have rice porridge here, I have rice porridge."

He went to ask for sin, but he frowned.

"I let you go back, this is not something you should manage."

"Why shouldn't it be?" Chu night Ning stunned, "He... he is so poor, Master, have you seen it? He just wants to ask for something, and then he will

starve to death."

He said that he was a bit ridiculous, and he murmured: "What is going on here? Isn't it true that the world is flat? Why?"

"go back."

Chu Xi Ning was wrong. He didn’t know why he was suddenly guilty of sin. He finally bit his lip and said, “I want to feed him some rice soup...”

"I can't help but still promise him." The voice of guilty sin was with some sighs, and with the hurricane blowing snow, floating in the ear of ink, "I gave him a pot of rice soup, allowing him to go in person." I was going to treat the child who was not coming. I didn't know at the time, this would make Chu Ningning feel something, and let him make a choice. I didn't know anything at the time."

The ink burned and stared at the night of the night, and opened the pot to the child's mouth.

The child eagerly rushed over but couldn’t move.

He is already starving to death, without any extra strength.

The ink is burning and the knot is moving.

He suddenly felt that there was a seed in the skull that buds and arched out of the mud.

He suddenly felt that all this was so familiar...

He looked at it.

He is returning to God.

Then, at a certain point, the dragon and the dragon break the waves, and the clouds roll.

He stood up and pointed into a fist -

He remembered it!

"Is it you?" He hurriedly rushed toward the night in the picture, and the pupil contracted sharply. "You are him? Is he? You are... you are..."

He couldn’t say it anymore, and he covered his eyes with his arms.

The throat is full of bitterness.

He did not think of it.

It turned out to be Chu Ningning.

- The child who was about to freeze to death between the grasshoppers, after burying the mother that year, climbed down from the mass graves, nowhere to go, and begged themselves! !

The illusion coincides with the memory, and the ink has never forgotten the snowy day, taking off the teenager wrapped in the cloak.

Chu night Ning worriedly asked: "What's wrong? Can't you drink?"

Little ink burned no more words, only a weak whimper from the throat, picked up the dark eyes, and glared at him with powerlessness.

"Then I will give it to you, don't mind."

The spout was unscrewed, and the rice porridge was in the palm of the juvenile. He carefully held it. He looked hesitant. He probably felt that it was dirty. Maybe the child would not want to drink.

But he really wants more.

dirty?

From Linyi to Wusi Temple, this road burned the river, the rain, the shovel in the pool. When he had eaten wild fruits, leftovers, and most helpless, he even swallowed ants and ate the soil.

He squatted on the ground and leaned over to drink rice soup. At that time, he only felt that Yang Zhigan was in his throat, and the person who gave him soup was nine days.

"Slow, slow, not enough." Chu Yuening was surprised and sad, he looked at the dirty little head buried in his palm, miserable and embarrassed, greedy and pitifully licking rice porridge, The whole volume of the tongue is like a small animal drinking water.

"Where did you come from?" He asked this question.

But the ink burned and whimpered without answering. The rice syrup was finished. Only the palm of the hand still had a little bit left. He refused to let

go, and kept holding the little brother's palm, and he was so late and itchy.

Itching is the hand, and the pain is the heart.

"Nothing, still, I will pour you a little more."

Chu nightning was full of smashing, and the ink burned all the time in the process. When he reached out, he went up again and couldn’t wait to continue. He squatted and sipped.

That is full of a pot of rice syrup, Chu Xi Ning holds a handful, so he feeds him to drink.

The ink has never been forgotten.

In fact, in his later ups and downs of life, he thought about it many times - if he did not meet this person at the time, what would happen to him.

He has deduced many possibilities, and there have been many ideas, but in the end they can't escape a word.

dead.

Starved to death, frozen to death, was taken away by wild wolf wild dogs, opened up the belly and eat the heart, liver and spleen and stomach.

If you don't meet this brother, you should have gone to Huangquan to meet your mother.

So later, when the ink burned on Xianjun, he had specially searched for the old benefactors in the Temple of Nostalgia, but because the time passed, it was too long, he could not remember the face of the benefactor, and he only felt that he was facing the full house. Unspeakable irritability, and finally waved away.

At that time, the abbot was frightened and frightened. I don’t know where the Temple of Sorrow was offended, and I have been waiting for it to rise and fall. On the second day, the Emperor ordered the people to carry hundreds of scorpions, and when they opened, they were full of glory.

"If you don't know who you are, you will treat everyone like you, and you will reward the monks of the Temple of Nostalgia for the sake of living."

It turned out that he was a benefactor who couldn’t find it when he turned around. He was trapped in the life and death, and was under house arrest by him all the time. Was he bullied?

In the past, the little brother, in addition to the warm cloak, wrapped in his thin body.

Fate teasing, but he violently tears the shirt of the little brother that night, and puts him between the stunned bed and smashes the phoenix.

He went to the benefactors all over the world.

Without knowing it, the benefactor was forced to kneel between his legs, humiliated and bowed.

The ink burned in front of the scene, and the blood was covered with a little bit of blood.

"How... how could it be you?"

In this life, these two lives. The edge of the encounter with the king, the shallow is wrong.

It’s all life.

Everything in front of him is dark again. Only the sound of snow and snow is endless, and the voice of sin and emptiness is echoing in the distance.

"I asked the child if he would like to live in the Temple of Nostalgia, but the child said that he would give him a kindness for his mother, so he must go back to Xiangtan anyway. I left him and gave him. Dry food and a little silver." He said, "When the child swayed down the snow slope, Ning Ning stood in the same place until his back was completely swallowed by the wind and snow, disappearing into the wilderness, he only Turned back to the temple. I went to take his hand, I remember his hand at that time, cold like ice."

He was quiet for a while, but the pain in his voice was still not suppressed.

"After that day, I was told by several times that I would go down the mountain to help me. I didn't even allow him. I even blamed him for his unstable heart. When a stone came into the water, he moved his Zen heart. So I punish him for the dragon blood. The mountain wall thought, and he was embarrassed for a hundred and sixty-four days."

"He originally asked me to let him out, but then I was so disappointed that I would never want to scream again. One hundred and sixty-four days, every day, I will ask him what his enlightenment, I hope every day. Can change his attitude, but the answer he gave me is always two words." Long sighs, like snow and silence.

"WTO accession."

Everyone was clear and repaired, but he only fell into the adversity because he had seen a child.

"Later, he put me and his scriptures on the torch and rebelled against it. I am worried that this is not the way to end this. I ended the house arrest against him. I intend to change some methods to teach him, wait a year, his spirit. The nuclear is stable, I can take him to the ghost world, and this is all over."

"...I didn't expect that, on the evening of the end of thinking, Chu Yuening would leave without saying goodbye. I only found a letter in his Zen room. The letter said that although he had been away for a long time, he always thought about it. The child I met was still suffering, so I wanted to go down the mountain for ten days. He was afraid that I would lock him again. He left with a starry night. I was holding the letter, and it was both annoying and anxious, but there was no way. ""

Sighed with a sigh: "I don't know where he went."

The new scene is lit up again.

This time it is still in the Temple of Nostalgia, in the courtyard.

Chu nightning has come back. He is covered with dirty blood, but his eyes are extraordinarily bright under the moonlight, and there is a god.

At this moment, he is like a sacred soldier who has been forged for a long time, and no one can stop his edge.

I was guilty of standing in front of him, neither of them spoke.

However, the voice of sin in the ear of ink is still slowly telling: "After ten days, he really rushed back on time. My heart was loose, and I was glad that I had not changed. I wanted to rebuke him and let him go back to the house. I have to rest well. But I didn't think that I was waiting for a knife without a sheath."

In the picture, Chu night was stunned and bowed to the ground.

I am guilty of grief: "What is this?"

"The teacher respects or shuns the world for a long time. Now the outside is really different from the teacher. The disciples are respectful, don't stay in the mountains, look down the mountain. This is a sea of nowhere, it is not a teacher." The source of the peach."

I am angry with sin: "Is it ridiculous! Do you know what you are talking about?"

Chu Jingning originally thought that if he saw the truth with his own eyes, he would certainly be able to change his attitude towards listening to the ear. He did not expect that the guilty conscience would be this reaction. He took a moment to say: "Shi Zun has always told his disciples to worry about the worries of others, and it is difficult for others.... In these ten days, the

disciples went up and down to cultivate a total of 20 In the villages of the three villages, the scenes that were seen were shocking, and if the masters saw them down the mountain, they would..."

When his words were not finished, he was interrupted by anger and anger: "Who made you leave the mountain without permission?!"

"There is no sun and moon in this mountain. You should be a good fruit soon, and you will rise to the ground. Why did you rush out of the mountain and manage the red dust before you have broken through the sky?!"

"The human sufferings are endless, and you are a small repairer who can manage it! Why do you look so high!"

The more angry the guilty sin, the more the eyes of Chu Evening are getting bigger.

He watched his master's squatting in the moonlight, squatting on his sleeves, screaming at his nose, screaming, and the sea otter tree cast a heavy shadow, cutting the guilty sin. The ink burned and looked at Chu’s face, first of all, and then lost, and then became a horror, turned into disappointment, and finally settled as pain.

Chu nightning closed his eyes.

I am angry with anger: "Do you know what is wrong?!"

"..."

"say something!"

"Disciple." Chu night Ning paused, his voice was as hard as iron, "I don't know."

I am guilty of sin: "You are arrogant!"

Chu’s cheeks immediately floated red, but he immediately turned his face back, his eyes flashing with incomprehensible and resentful light and shadow: “Master, you have taught me to do things righteously, worrying about the world, Why did you really encounter a catastrophe, but you want me to stand by and ignore it?"

"...this is not the same thing at all." He sinned and gnawed his teeth. "You...what is going out at the moment, what can you do? You really have a good endowment, but the sinister world is not what you can imagine. What are you going out for? To live up to the teacher’s 14 years of parenting, and to donate money for the sake of anger?"

He paused, the words swear, the golden stone fell.

"Chu Ning, you can't get away with yourself, what do you want to do?"

And Chu Yuning, at this time, is angry and sadly looking at his master.

He raised his chin slightly, and there was a fascination of water vapor in the eyes of the phoenix.

I have never seen the appearance of tears in the night of Chu, but the water in his eyes has quenched the evil fire in his heart. He stunned and hesitated: "You... oh, it’s only to fight. It hurts you?"

But the onlooker's ink burns clearly knows, no.

Chu night, where is the pain of the slap, he is a teacher who respects the respect of the child, and he will say something that is inconsistent with the tall image in his heart.

Chu nightning slowly closed his eyes. After a while, the ink burned the words that were familiar.

He said: "I don't know how to spend people.

The sinfulness of the sin is stabbed, and the figure is like a clay sculpture that is so impressed and protected.

The sound of the late night of the Chu dynasty is hoarse and hoarse: "All the sufferings of the world are in front of you, and the disciples are dull. I don’t know why the masters sit high all the time and close their eyes."

He finished and slowly got up.

In the moonlight, the dress he was when he went was no longer white, and there was mud and blood.

But it is so straightforward and solemn.

"This fairy, no repair."

He was horrified and stunned, his eyes were dim, and he screamed: "Counter, do you know what you are talking about?!"

"I just want to do what you taught me from childhood." Chu Yuning is also a sword, but between Zhang, he is shaking slightly, his eyes are full of sadness. "You taught me, is your morality only in On paper?! Is it that millions of victims are homeless, and there are orphans dying day and night. What I should do is not to go out of the mountain, but to accompany the ancient Buddha, to practice Zen?!"

I’m so guilty of sin and swearing: “After you fly, you can do a lot of good things!”

Chu night Ning glared at him, as if he had never seen this person like him.

His chest was undulating, his palms were pinched into fists, and his eyes were flowing in the river. The original thought that he would rush to the ground in the next moment, such as the smashing of the dragon, breaking the water, smashing the waves, and swearing the guilty throat to let him know the sin.

However, Chu Xiaoning trembled for a while, and finally did nothing.

At the end of his eyes, he was red and hoarse and said: "Master, I am comprehending, not for the sake of being free and detached. Is it true that it is only for immortality? If so, I would rather not. I would rather halfway, I I would rather have nothing, I would rather stay in the world."

"Pour me all and die."

"..."

"The Master will fly up. When I finish all the people I can cross, I will come with you."

"Chu Ning!!"

Even in the illusion, the ink can feel the wrath of the day when the crime is sinned, the secret of the heart, and the disappointment of the bones.

This wood carving clay sculpture, why dare to face the fate of the person, "it", what is it? !

The guilty conscience is red, and the blood is hidden in the eyes.

He is unwilling, he is angry and angry, who should he say in his heart of hatred and secrets?

He has nowhere to vent.

In the end, he shouted at the late night of Chu, who was about to step out of the courtyard. The sound of the ice was cold to the extreme: "Counter, you stand for me."

Chapter 240

This sound stood like a late night clock.

The ink burned almost know what to see next. He was covered in cold hair and his bones were violent. He wanted to get out of the illusion and escape the road. He wanted to plunge into yesterday and he would protect him.

"No... I am guilty... you can't..."

But he can't stop anything, all of this has already happened.

He could only look at the situation in front of his scalp, and watched the night of Ning, twisting his dark sword, his eyes bent and unyielding, and he greeted his guilty eyes.

The ink can't be self-proclaimed and yelling at him: "Run! Run!"

Juvenile Chu Xi Ning has always trusted to sin, trust this teacher who respects him as a sacrifice, and trusts his adoptive father and benefactor. So even if he was extremely disappointed, he did not see the killing of the dead

from the eyes of the guilty. The ink burned in front of him - knowing that it was useless, but he still couldn't stand by.

"I beg you, run fast..."

Chu night Ning did not go, he was like a pine and cypress, step by step toward the crime of sin, and finally stood, the high horsetail behind him was blown by the wind, the **** dyed robes were also blown by the wind.

I am guilty of sinning lips and smashing the words: "You have to go down the temple, you can."

"Master?" Chu nightning's phoenix eyes are slightly large, he is not sinister, only the knife lifted by the scorpion as a window of the moon, for a moment, he is even grateful and delighted.

He thought that he finally understood him when he was guilty.

However, the butcher's knife is chilly, killing the heart has been expressed, and guilty: "When you walk out of this courtyard tonight, you are no longer a person without a temple. You and I have fourteen years of mentoring and friendship, and this is a cut."

"..." The phoenix is still huge, but the content inside is changed from joy to sorrow and sorrow.

Chu Xiaoning probably did not expect that the guilty conscience would be firm until now, and the stupidity stood in the place for a long time before he moved his lips. The ink burned aside, and he kept whispering: "Please, please go, leave here, stop saying, leave here."

The lips are moving, but there is no complete words.

I stare at him with guilt, this is the most important bet he has put down, and he is very late. For the past fourteen years, only the two of them have been companions. If this teacher’s friendship is broken, he will cut his heart with a knife. He should will not--

Chu night Ning down.

"..." is guilty of guilt.

He still thought numbly, no, how could he refuse to do so, and he would do it alone.

Chu night is rather sturdy and long.

One, two, up to nine.

He raised his face again, his eyes clear, no water vapor, but his cheeks were moist.

"The disciple is late in the night, thanks to the teacher's grace to raise the teaching. From then on..." He was agitated, what happened? He didn't know, he couldn't go on.

Perhaps it was cold and cold, and the body that was guilty of swaying slightly in the wind, his cockroaches were blown up, the wind filled the sleeves, his face was getting more and more heavy, colder and colder, and his lips were bloodless. He stared at the person who was kneeling before him.

That paragraph...

wood! wood! !

He carved and carved, and gave blood to his life. He carefully taught and tried his best.

He has done so much for fourteen years to send the piece of wood to the ghost world to become the body of the soul of Chu, not to see it here today and talk about worrying about the country and the people. What is it?

- a piece of scrap!

firewood!

The fire in the chest burned into the eyes, destroying the earth, and impulsive.

This kind of guilty is too dangerous. The ink burned and leaned over and tried to hug Chu, but he couldn’t catch him. He couldn’t touch him. Chu Ning was still so stubborn, so stubborn and sturdy in the same place, barely because There is a way in the heart, and harmony is because there is a flaw in the heart.

In the eyes of Chu, Ning’s eyes reflected the more sinful face, and his chest was licking his blood.

He is born for others, this chopping wood, wood, there is no soul thing.

He was kneeling on the ground, but he did not think about it. He himself.

"Late..." The ink whimpered, and he raised his hand to touch the face he couldn't touch. "Please, please... let's go... let's go..."

The sound of "When you slam" is the sound of metal landing.

The ink burned slowly, and a machete lay on the blue brick floor.

Under the moonlight, the butcher had an inexhaustible blood in his eyes. He kicked a knife and kicked the scimitar straight to the knees of Chu.

"No, no, no, no."

The ink burned and panicked. He went to grab the knife, but the tip of the knife passed through his fingers. He couldn’t catch it. How could he try to stop?

The last slender hand stretched out and held the knife that couldn't hold the ink.

At this time, Chu’s eyes were calm, and the initial horror had disappeared. The pain of the greatness was gradually subsided when he sinned to throw the scimitar to him.

He seems very relieved.

"If the Master wants my life, I am still." Chu said, "I have lived for 14 years, and lived for 140 years. If I only sit in this world, there is no difference."

The eyes of guilty suddenly became nothing like the sorghum of the transcendental world. For a moment, the ink burned clearly on his face and saw the shadow of Xiaoman.

That Lin'an rainy night, the shadow of the boy on the eve of the rebellion.

"Chu Ningning." He said, "You have to break with me, I don't want to stay. I haven't taken care of it for 14 years. But you have to return what you have learned to me." ""

"..."

I have eyes closed: "I want to take your spiritual core."

The nucleus is the most condensed crystal of the monk, and it is the same as the sacred wood. As long as there is a nucleus, it may be possible to reshape a Chu night.

This time, he can no longer teach him morality, and he can no longer be taught to be kind.

He wants the core of the night.

The heart of the living.

Chu night Ning looked at him for a while, the light and shadow in the Buddhist temple swept, the Daxiong Hall had a monk who did the evening class, and the sound of the grandeur came from a long distance, like a sandalwood Buddha.

The voice of guilty screams in the air, but this time, he only said two sentences, these two words, as if exhausted his life's courage and strength.

His voice seems to be in an instant, and he is a hundred years old.

"He was kneeling on the ground and looking at me. I suddenly felt that when the Buddha forgives and hurts his mortal, is that kind of look."

"He is merciful to his executioner, the soul under the knife, the butcher who has mercy on blood."

"Don't!!!" the ink snorted.

The knife light flashed, and he closed his eyes slyly, a clear and audible squeak, and the ink burned on the ground.

"Don't..."

The blood is spewing and the flesh is separated.

The ink burned and mourned to climb over and climbed to the side of Chu's late night. He couldn't help but shake his head and squat, and he hurriedly blocked the wounds of Chu's late night, trying to perfuse the spirit to stop bleeding.

Nothing works.

Nothing works.

He watched the night of Ning Qiang's reluctance to pain, and he did not let himself faint in the instant. He watched the night of Ning's knife, poked into the chest, blood, and blood everywhere.

Hot, rushing, hot.

How can it be not a living person?

Meat, the meat is torn apart.

Bright red, sweet, broken.

How could it not be a living person? ! how come! ! !

He was standing in the same place, his look was still fixed at the last moment, and he looked cruel and cruel, but the light of his eyes shone, trembling, shuddering, stunned...

What he hopes, is that really the case?

At that moment, the picture suddenly became turbulent and blurred, and the situation in front of the ink became distorted by the emotions when the crime was made.

He saw how many old things appeared in the blood, and everything was soft and true.

Mo-burning saw that the eleven-year-old Chu Yunning was called to leave after Jin Chengchi’s call to the day, but there was another guqin in the lake water. At the moment of its floating water, Chu Ning’s body also shines

brightly, which seems to complement it. He was surprised and puzzled by the string of the Guqin: "What is this going on?"

I was immediately guilty of guessing that this guqin was also smashed by a section of Emperor Yanmu. It would have a pulse with Chu, and would naturally have mutual perception. His expression looked very excited, some accidents, and some delights: "This should be your destiny."

"Definitely sacred?"

In addition to sinful surprises, my eyes are a little dodging: "...well, some people are born with a strange root, and students come from a relationship with God."

Chu Xiaoning laughed: "I am a strange bone?"

"..." shunned and refused to answer, only rubbed the wooden body of the nine songs and sighed, "This guqin has a relationship with you, I am afraid that it can be summoned without a nucleus... it is connected with your blood. ”

As soon as the picture turned, the ink burned and saw two people walking outside Lin'an City. He was guilty of being behind Xiao Ning, and stopped him from slowing down.

He saw the steaming flower cake, Chu night Ning separated from the steam heart without the smile of the city.

He saw the inn, Chu night, holding a small Pu fan, drumming a bit, trying to help the sin of the meditation fan.

He saw that Chu Yuning had eaten sweet-scented osmanthus for the first time, and the sweet juice was full of mouth, and he opened his mouth and laughed at the guilty conscience.

Finally, the illusion is fixed on the edge of the lotus pond in a certain summer, and the lotus leaves are infinitely beautiful. The flowers in the pool are extremely bright, and the red dragonfly is high and low, and it is a good evening.

Wu and Ning, who are five or six years old, smiled and learned to sit cross-legged and meditate. A pair of black and warm eyes looked at his master: "Master respect, play again, play again."

I am guilty: "If you don't play, Master will go to Zhaitang to recite the scriptures, and for the sake of the old man."

"Play once and go again, the last time, really last time."

Then, before the big monk spoke, the little guy had already rolled the sleeves of the blue-gray robes, and the lotus swayed. He held out his small hand and went to sin with enthusiasm and did not want to take care of his hand. The child voice was sweet and crisp. It is like a sweet linger.

"You are right, I am right, what is blooming in the water? The lotus blossoms in the water.

You are right, I am right, what is a bunch of flowers? The eucalyptus blossoms in a string. ”

I couldn't help but look at his smiling face. In the end, I had to shake my head, smile and clap my hands and play a naive game.

"You are right, nine, I am nine, what flowers go with the wind? Dandelion blossoms with the wind.

You are ten, I am ten, what is flowering without leaves? The plum blossoms have no leaves. ”

The blood is dyed and the red lotus is soaked.

In the temple, he closed his eyes with sin.

Yes... a piece of broken wood.

In the past, Lang Lang laughed and was still in the ear.

Yes, no soul.

"What is blooming in the water? Hahaha, the master is stupid, the lotus blossoms in the water."

It is an empty shell. The body that he wants to sacrifice to Chu Yu is the wood of redemption that he has exhausted for hundreds of years! Not a living person! No soul! !

"Master, the flower cake is divided into half, you eat big, I eat small."

The tears of guilty sighed down.

He trembled and trembled fiercely, and he groaned. He had already plunged the knife into the heart, and the nucleus had begun to rupture, and the child to be dug up ran.

He knelt down, he was so painful, he was so screaming, he was holding the night with Ning, but he could only be like the ink burning of Chu’s lateness.

The crying in his throat was like a **** knife, like a knife. It is not the heart of Chu Yuning, but his jealousy, his soul.

How can there be no souls...

It is he who does not look at his eyes and does not listen to it.

He always knew, he always realized in his heart.

From Chu Xiaoning's smile, from the seriousness of Chu Xinning, from the tolerance and gentleness of Chu Xinning, from the reluctance and persistence of Chu Yuning, he has always seen the soul of that person.

But for his own self-interest, for the so-called redemption, he pretended to be dumb, and he paralyzed himself.

Chu nightning, never a wood-plastic, an empty shell.

He is a man of blood and flesh, who will cry and laugh...

"When I was a child, I watched him grow up day by day. When he was a child, he was like Chu, bigger, and like Chu, but I never missed him and any of them."

The guilty sin is ashamed and hoarse.

"It is he who divides me half of the pastry, and pulls me to call me a master. It is that he secretly took the fan of the fan to give me a cool ride. I thought I didn't notice it. He was with me at the Nos. Temple for 14 years and laughed at me. Trust me and say that I am the most benevolent teacher in the world."

Such as pharynx.

Innocently muttered: "The most benevolent teacher..."

In the picture, the crime of sin has curbed the hand of Chu Yuning, and curbed his spiritual power. Chu Yuning almost fainted at the moment when the spell was invalidated.

I am guilty of holding a living, **** body. It’s like holding a hundred years ago, when Lin’an was cracked, he dug his heart to illuminate the people who escaped.

But not the same.

Chu night Ning Hao, proud, Chu night Ning has such a small shackle like this, such as not sleeping with a quilt, such as eating and eating tired, can not help but bite chopsticks in a daze, such as never love to wash clothes, only Immerse them together.

That is his own habit, his own love.

Not the same as anyone.

The picture is dark again.

If it is black, if this is the case, if you look at it again, I am afraid that it will be crazy.

In the darkness, it is a sigh of sin.

"In fact, he was cold and right, telling me that he wants to go down the mountain and he is not willing to sit on the ground. I know that he is a living person."

"I am weak and selfish. I almost ruined my child."

"He is not Chu, he is not a sacrifice for my atonement."

"He is Chu Yuning, because the time when I wake him up is a quiet and peaceful evening. The bell of the Zen Temple is ringing. He was born under the watchful eyes of the solemn gods of the treasures. I gave him his name."

"But what I gave him was actually just a name. I have always lived by creating him, and therefore I believe that he should be used by me, for me, let me sacrifice. But until I look at him, and Like Chu Gongzi, for his own morality, he will not hesitate to self-certify..."

It’s hard to say anything when you are guilty of sin. For a long time, you are dumb.

"I finally understand that I have never given him a soul and gave him life. It is his own, because... because a dirty and weak sinner like me can never create such a life of purity and fortitude. ”

"It is never possible."

Chapter 241

The scrolls are lit up again, it is a morning of rain and rain, sitting in the Zen room with guilty sins, hand-picked Xingyue Bodhi beads, muttering the Buddhist scriptures in the mouth. Suddenly there was a flash of light at the door. He didn't look back. He just fell a wooden fish and sighed: "Wake up?"

The ink burned back and saw that Chu Ning stood outside the door, and Qing Jun’s figure seemed to melt into the thin sky.

"Why should the Master save me?"

"No sad temple, see no blood."

"..."

"You have been self-certifying, and I understand what you mean. You go down the mountain yourself. From now on, you have to come back."

Chu nightning did not go to get any luggage, he looked at the familiar back in the sacred candle, and said: "Master."

Master.

Then what to say? Don't you ever? Thank you, Da En?

The gauze on the chest is still bleeding, the knife is pulled out, but the heart is still hurting.

In the last fifteen years of trust, I finally got a sentence of "I want your spiritual core." This is nothing. For fifteen years, he always thought that he was guilty of being guilty, and he would be worried and ruthless. He always thought that this is just as peaceful and stable as Lin'an City and Shang Xiu.

But that's all fake, it is a crime to lie to him.

This is a tens of thousands more times than the nuclear fragmentation.

Chu nightning closed his eyes. In the end, he said to him: "Don't go over... Master."

He left his tenderness, trust, and innocence in this solemn temple. It was the thing that had been given to him by sin, and was later taken away with the broken spirit and the blood that rushed.

He turned and walked far.

"I know that he will hate me, even if I follow him down the mountain, the hurdle in his heart is always unable to pass." With guilty guilty, "I let him go, and since then he has lost an injustice in his impression. The image of selfishness and ruthlessness, he did not recognize me again, and I no longer have the identity of his master."

"At that time, his birth was just over, he was fifteen years old. The fifteen years of duckweed, spring, summer, autumn and winter, joys and sorrows, from that day, no longer look back."

I was guilty of sweeping the steps in the courtyard. The leaves turned pale green from the green, and there was no more life on the last branch. It was another year of winter snow.

The monk was wrapped in a thick robe, standing under the eaves, staring at the snow.

His face is still young, but his eyes are full of old age. Like all ordinary people who are drooping, he likes to be in a daze. If he sits for a while, he will unconsciously fall into the shallow.

"I am very old, two hundred years old. The things in my youth have slowly faded in my mind, but I have more and more vividly remembered the years when I was late to me. I sometimes think that my elders are for my son. The concern is whether this feeling... But what kind of elders do I have? I am just a butcher who has no courage."

I am guilty of sin: "The yin in my body is getting thinner and thinner, and atonement is not expected in this life. I don't want to go anywhere, I can't stay in the Temple of Nostalgia all the time, only when the flowers are blooming. The best one to watch, take the ghost world, as usual, trust people to hand over to Chu."

"I have never been a broad-minded person, so I can only do a little bit of things in the end. If I have more, I will not be able to do it well. I will not know right or wrong when I meet the choice. I intend to do this again. Until one day. - In my yard, I suddenly came alone."

It was late at night, and the door was hurriedly screaming.

I was guilty of getting up and opening the door, squatting.

"……It's you?!"

The ink burned behind and immediately saw the man's face.

It is Chu nightning.

Chu Xiaoning looked very anxious and his face was very poor. The strangest thing was that he was wearing a thin summer shirt.

The first reaction of the smoldering was that he gave the jacket to the emigrant who was about to freeze to death, but then he found out that it was not. The dress of Chu’s dress was very correct. He entered the bedroom with the permission of guilt. The trapped beast that was forced to the ruin was given a sinful curse.

I was guilty of guilty words in the throat, and finally only asked: "What are you...?"

"My mana can't support it for too long, and I can't explain it to the master one by one." Chu Yuening's speed is very urgent. "This incense burner is very important. I really don't know who to give it. This world is too much unknown. I I don't know what the next 'he' will be, I don't know who will survive, I can protect this secret, so I can only disturb you."

"...What are you talking about? Are you sick?"

There was no reaction to the crime, but the ink standing next to it burned his head and slammed, and it was dark! He suddenly realized that there was something wrong with "Chu Ningning".

Ear hole! !

This Chu Xinning has a pierced ear on his left ear, wearing a tiny scarlet earring, like a small cinnabar.

It’s just a tiny detail, but it makes the ink burn like a thunder, and can’t speak again.

This is not a late night of Ning... or, this is not the earthly night of this world!

He... He came from a previous life, from the era of Emperor Xiandi, otherwise he would never have this mark. The ink burns clearly remembers this earring, which is made by the blood of his own, and the attachment of the curse will make Chu Xinning more sensitive to his own touch and aggression.

Never wrong! !

He can even clearly recall what he was full of at the time, made this nail, and then, when he was so guilty, he glared at his left ear and felt under his body. The man trembled and released, while screaming at the night of Chu, he could not help but pierce his earlobe with a needle.

Chu Xiaoning was sulking, squinting at the bedding, but could not get rid of the man who was on his body.

"Is it painful?"

He glared at the blood of his ear, and his eyes flashed.

“Is it pain or irritation?”

The ear pin plunges in and breaks the soft flesh, just like another degree of conquest for this person. It is always painful for a foreign body to **** into the flesh, no matter what it is.

Seeing that the night of the night, Chu Ning was sore and trembled, the ink burned and felt more and more hot and excited. He rubbed the chin of Chu’s late night, and he came over and kissed himself on the hot and wet side, while breathing:

"Wear a earring, why are you shaking?"

He knows what he wants, and uses his hand to force the needle to violently break the earlobe, without any pity, fierce and rough.

"You see, it pierces you." He stroked the earrings that Ningxin put on the night, and he muttered, "Go in."

"..."

"It's in your flesh and blood, and you are my person ever since."

——Chu Ningning of the previous life, has come to the world of this life.

This cognition made the ink burned and stunned. His scalp was numb, his eyes were dim, and he felt that he couldn’t even breathe. He looked at everything in front of him, what is going on?

He tried hard to concentrate and listened to the dialogue between Chu and Ning and the crime of sin, but this stimulus is too big. He has no way to return to God immediately. He only vaguely knows what happened to Chu Ningning and his guilt, from time to time. The ground drifted into the "time and space life and death" "destruction ban" "can not stop" these broken words.

He saw the sinful sitting on the chair, his face sallow and his eyes tightened.

“How do you prove that what you said is true?”

"... can't prove it." In the end, the ink ignited Chu Zhongning said, "I can only ask the master to believe me."

"...this is ridiculous. You said that you came from another world through the door of life and death. In that world, there is one called tread... step..."

"Take the fairy."

"There is a stepping fairy, destroying the earth and destroying the earth, almost subverting the entire realm of truth, you found his secret, so I tried to open the door to life and death, come to this world? In order to rewrite everything?"

"It’s not rewriting, it’s blocking. If you go on like this, they will sooner or later grasp the spell of life and death. It’s not just our world that ends.” Chu’s night was settled, his eyes reflected the candlelight. No one can escape."

"It’s ridiculous." muttered in guilty. "How could it be... this is simply... nonsense..."

From time to time, Chu Jingning was watching the water leak in front of the sin. He was screaming at the hour, and his eyes gradually gathered into anxiety: "Even if the master does not believe it at the moment, he will understand it later. Before that, please only seal this incense burner. In the cave of the Dragon Blood Mountain, I set the most crucial spell in the

incense burner, let it slowly evaporate inside, the master does not care about it. The only thing to do is..."

Looking up at the crime, almost watching a madman, a dreamlike look, watching Chu nightning.

"The only thing to do is not to let anyone approach the Dragon Blood Cave. Until the master believes what I said, I will find a way to bring the 'I' of the world and the man named Moburn to the Dragon Blood Mountain. - The latter thing, the spells in the incense burner are already arranged, no need to worry."

I was guilty of sinfulness and moved my mouth. I seemed to want to say something, but this was a screaming whistle.

This kind of whistle sounds exactly the same as when the stepping fairy disappears.

Chu Xiaoning heard this movement, his face became paler, and he almost stared at the eyes of guilty: "Please, except you, no one in this world can help me, and there are no other people who can entrust." ”

Hearing the two words, he was guilty of sin.

In his scorpion, it seems that there is a turbidity and vicissitudes of the old man.

Finally he took the incense burner and nodded slightly.

The whistle is sharper. Chu night Ning looked back at the night outside the window, and then said to the guilty: "Please master must keep the Dragon Blood Cave, and if there is a step in the world, or... as I said, there is a ghost When the world breaks, the situation is bound to change. At that time, the master should be convinced that what I said today is not false."

The whistle screamed and almost tore the eardrum.

Chu nightning turned and ran into the night, and finally only had a deep look at the guilty look. He originally wanted to be a teacher, and he could hold it in half and he stopped. He closed his eyes and looked at him.

At that moment, I didn’t know where the courage came from, and stood up, shouting at Chu’s late night: “You...you know what I have done? I didn’t do the same thing for you in that world. ?? You won’t believe me again!"

Chu nightning just shook his head, his face was blurred in the night.

"Master..." His figure is getting farther and farther. "I don't have time... Please, think about it..."

"No matter what method you can use, this matter is too important. Please be sure to persuade me to listen to you and let me come to Longxue Mountain with him."

He finally disappeared.

The night is dim and the stars are permeable.

I was chased out of the yard, only to see that the farthing was more heavy than the night, and Chu Ning had disappeared. Only the incense burner in his hand was still full of spiritual power, and he was firmly gripped by him. In the palm of my hand, I have confirmed that this is not a dream I have made.

The scene in front of the smoldering eyes swayed violently. The scene of a pile that I saw before was like an avalanche, scattered bricks and broken tiles.

"He said that no matter what method can be used, but what can be done?" sighed with sighs. "He has no longer trusted me, and has avoided me. Besides, I have reservations in my heart, I am not sure about it." Is it a conspiracy?"

"Until the butterfly was cracked and the night passed away, I decided to rehabilitate him and repair the book with him."

"That letter, I have been thinking about it, because I don't know how many people behind the scenes have a lot of magical powers, so I dare not tell the truth in the letter. I really have no other excuse to find him. What's more, he has strong mana, and he is also a dead-hearted jade. I have no choice but to take him away. Finally, I think that he has not completely repaired his spiritual core in the past few years. It is probably very inconvenient. I took this as a reason and asked him to come to Longxue Mountain."

"But I lied to him for fourteen years. So no matter how eloquent my words are, he still does not want to believe me..."

A sigh of sigh, the sound is almost stunned.

"I have been waiting. Just like when I was imprisoned on the mountain nearly 20 years ago, I came to him every day, looking forward to seeing him change. Later, I went to Longxue Mountain every day to find him, I hope he can come back. ”

"If he can give me another chance, that would be great."

The old voice of the old man is like a broken paper, drifting away: "My time is not much, I know that I can't wait too long. So in the end, I made this scroll. In this, I have all kinds of Thinking about it, after a few changes, I put in a little bit of memories that I didn't want to put in. But I am a coward, this scroll, I don't really want him to see me when I am alive... I can't stand his sad eyes. When he was fourteen years old, that kind of look, I already saw enough."

"So, late Ning..." He sighed softly, as if he had fallen down. "When you get here, I... should have been gone."

"I am still very selfish. In order not to see you hate me, I will dare to hand over all the truth to you before leaving, and give it to the child you said. I am sorry, that year, It’s Master’s fault. You are a living person, always.”

He was stunned for a long while, and he was hoarse. He said the last sentence left in the world.

"Chu Gongzi, can you forgive me?"

A singer, I don’t know if it’s the Tao and the late Qing Dynasty, or the Tao and the hundred years ago.

After the sound is over, the wind is raging, and countless pieces of memory are like snow, just like flying, and they are rushing past. Those two hundred years of sin and punishment, fourteen years of joy and sorrow, are all at the moment -

The child is laughing: "You are right, I am right, what is blooming in the water? The lotus is blooming in the water."

The teenager is fighting: "I don't know how to spend people, why do you have to do it yourself. This fairy, no repair."

In the end, Feng Feng fell: "Don't go over... Master."

All of this overlapped and overlapped, such as the flashing lights, when the light was the brightest, the back of the sinful eyes appeared in front of the ink, and before the case, the last stroke was carved for the gods.

The night bell rings.

"Just call you, Chu night, stop."

After the sound, Hongbo surged, and the ink burned in this mad-like memory. Then he was suddenly pushed out of the reel scroll and fell on the gravel ground in front of the Dragon Blood Cave.

The time inside and outside the scrolls has been different. At this moment, the world is worth dusk. There is a magnificent red sky between the heavens and the earth. The sunset is peaceful. The ink burned down, as if he had returned to the night many years ago, and he was guilty of sin in the wood. From then on, there was a child named Chu Yuning.

He lay on the ground and his eyes were out of focus.

"Shi Zun...night Ning..."

He finally knew why he was so strong and strong at that time. Why did he cry in his arms and he finally knew it.

Just knowing that the price is too big, it is like a thousand knives.

Is it his fault?

It was the fault of the predecessor of the emperor, and the late Qing Dynasty was trying to stop him from chaos.

Chu Lingning’s spiritual core was dug.

An uncle who saved his life before the temple.

Not a person... is the spirit of the gods...

Every hit is like a brick and stone fall. Only one truth can make people's bones and bones broken, and the flesh and blood is blurred, let alone so many pieces pile up.

There was a moment of smoldering, and I felt that I was lying on the ground, and the bones of my body seemed to be broken, and I could not do anything else.

It’s all messed up.

He turned his eyes and saw Chu Jingning, who was sitting on the side and closed his eyes. He suddenly had regrets and gathered into bones. He loved to gather into meat, and pain became blood. Want to protect this person's desire, let him struggle from the extreme difficulties and stunned, get out of the mud.

He slowly stood up and walked to the night of Chu.

Chu night Ning opened his eyes and looked at him.

Two people, no one spoke first.

In the end, the ink burned over and hugged him: "Master, **** wood, people, as long as you still want me..." He is still holding back, but he still choked, "I have been..."

How are you?

Standing next to him?

He is not worthy.

So he finally inferior and painfully said: "I will always be, standing in front of you."

I can't accompany you, I can't deserve you, I am so mean and dirty, destroying the earth, but you are white.

I can't stand by your side, late Ning.

Let me stand in front of you, blocking the blood and the sharp knife for you.

Until the day of death.

Chapter 242

Chu nightning did not confirm the matter of stepping on the emperor, nor did he talk much.

In fact, the look of restlessness on the face is the best answer. Nothing else needs to be asked. What's more, he is already extremely tired at the moment, and his mind is numb after being hit in succession.

After a long time, he broke away from the smoldering embrace and slowly got up. He didn't look at the burning of the ink, closed his eyes, and then opened his mouth, but the voice had a chilling calm. He said: "I want to go to the cave."

"..."

"Since another me, I have to set up this game, I want to see."

"...Do you know the truth, will you hate me?" It was almost a naive question, but the ink burned and asked, and after asking, he muttered again, "You will hate me."

Chu night Ning's eye movements, finally turned around and looked at him: "Take the emperor... What did you do?"

He did not ask "you", he used to step on the emperor.

Mo-burning felt alive because of this title, but this line of life is too embarrassing, he wants to try to hold on to one hand, but on the other hand, he is scared.

Chu night, the lips are light, and the scorpion picks up slightly.

"kill?"

The ink does not answer.

"Tucheng?"

The ink burns and closes the eyes, still not speaking.

Chu nightning thought of the dreams that he had done before, those spring dreams that once felt ridiculous and embarrassing, and thought of the man’s words and demeanor about the man in the Dragon Soul Hall. He had already understood the original reason, but the words were in the mouth,

but they I can’t ask, but I finally said, “What about me? What am I with by his side?”

The throat is rolling, I want to answer, but I can't answer it.

The ink burned and fled for so long. If the net is not leaking today, he feels that he is a sinner standing on the torture platform and waiting to die. He is kneeling on the ground and can see the shadow of the executioner lifting the knife.

When did the people land? When do you land?

He suddenly didn't want to wait any longer, and he didn't want to escape any more. The process of waiting for the knife to fall was too long. He would rather touch the wall and die of blood.

The ink burned and opened, saying: "Go into the cave."

He moved his fingertips and seemed to want to take the hand of the late night, but in the end it was still hanging down, only licking his own clothes and walking in front.

Before he stepped into the Dongfu, he hesitated, then turned his head and smiled at Chu.

"Master."

Chu night Ning looked at him, and the man suddenly smiled so brightly, so warm. It seems that all hope and happiness must be squandered at this moment.

The rest of my life will never be used.

Chu night Ning suddenly was stabbed by this smile. He walked over, but he didn't know what to say. He was so confused that he raised his cold hand and touched the same cold face.

"..." The ink burned and slowly widened his eyes.

Chu night Ning sighed and sighed, holding the ink burning and then dare not take the initiative to hold his hand, like saying to the ink, but also like to say to himself: "I ... is watching you grow into today Looks like. So you, not him."

"You are not the same as stepping Xianjun."

The ink burned still, and it was stiff for a while before he smiled and his throat choked: "Well."

It is moistened before the eyes.

How can it be different?

He is the most evil person in the world, a ghost that escaped from the past.

But before all of this, I can get a kind of approval like this, and I think that God is really not thin. No matter what happens after Chu Xiaoning recovers his memory, he has no resentment.

He closed his eyes and took Chu's hand, took a deep breath and walked to the Dragon Blood Cave.

After stepping in, everything outside could not be seen.

The two looked around the cave and found that it was very small and almost the same size as the disciple's bedroom. In the empty cave house, there is only one small case with a rusty mottled stove on the top, which is the one that appeared in the picture. Smoked stoves are scattered with smoke, and ink does not like smelling incense, but the taste in this stove is not pungent, only the taste of Xifu Begonia is hidden.

"What is this spell?"

Chu night Ning shook his head: the voice was low: "...I don't know. This 'I' is not me today. He may not be clear because of some spells he will learn from the edge. Just like you, step on the fairy It is not necessary to use Liu Teng as a weapon."

He turned his eyes to the smoker that smoked the smoke: "Maybe you have to touch it to check out the person?" He said, raising his hand and tapping the shaft with his fingertips, but still no movement.

Since the ink burned into the cave, he has been watching Chu Ningning with enthusiasm and sorrow. Although he does not hope that Chu Ningning will restore his memory, he still said: "Since it is the illusion that "Shi Zun" leaves us two people, Maybe it’s useless to touch one person. You have to tell it, we both have come.”

"... um. Give it a try."

The two men turned to the left and right, and touched the finger on the fine wrap pattern of the smoker. The flowers in the cave were so full of time that the smoke was like a wave, and the whole cave was filled with instant, and the fingers were not seen. The ink burned did not think that the difference was so rapid, and was preparing to detain the hand of Chu Yuning, but the cloud was immediately swallowed up.

The ink burned: "Master!"

It’s too late, there is a spiritual power in this cloud, which is not the same as the power of the ordinary spiritual core, but it is extremely pure and powerful. He seems to be floating nine feet, and then all the limbs seem to be frozen, no Be controlled by yourself. Before even the sound was out of his own name, he tried his best to scream: "Master, how are you?"

The export is only a vague statement, and then it can no longer move.

The situation of Chu Yuning’s side is not much different from that of him. He evoked the name of the ink in the fog, and initially heard some responses, but it soon became dead.

"Ink burning?"

Chu night Ning was rubbed in the haze, trying to touch the edge, but there seemed to be some kind of spell in the incense burner, which made the space here infinite, and could not touch the end.

"ink……"

Suddenly, the throat was a glimpse, and Chu Ning was also like the smoldering. He was shocked that he could no longer make a sound, and soon he found that he was restricted not only by the voice but also by the action - he could not even Your own body. This feeling is like a dream before, he is still him in the dream, but the action and talk are no longer free, can only watch all the things in front of you, can not make any changes.

He couldn't help but be confused. If something is going to be said, it is not enough to set up a memory drawing axis. Why do you have to do this.

After a long time, the smoke gradually dispersed.

He opened his eyes and found that the original scene had disappeared. The swaying red candle was reflected in the shackles. He sat in front of a familiar table of sassafras, the table was clean, there wasn't too much, and there was a deep mark on the table - that was when he used to make the night god, he accidentally scratched it with a saw. .

... The cave actually turned into a red lotus.

Sitting in the night, he was still uncontrollable. It seems that this is like the virtual reality of Taohuayuan. The only difference is that he can't control the development of things. He can only be in it and repeat some past events that have already happened.

Why set this spell? What did you want to let him see in his previous life, and what do you want him to repeat?

It was too late outside, and two servants he had never seen before stood behind him, helping him comb his hair.

He was manipulated by the illusion, raised his hand, stopped their movements and said, "Don't comb, I come by myself."

The voice fell, only to listen to "Dangdang!", the door suddenly violently pushed away, Chu night would rather feel that he seems very reluctant to see this person pushing the door, so only sitting on the back of the table The head did not return, and even closed his eyes.

"Go out all."

A familiar voice came from behind.

The two servants immediately put down the comb on their hands, the basin, and the face was respectful and bowed.

"Yes, Your Majesty."

The two went out with the waiter, and Chu Ning still didn’t look back and didn’t blink, but of course he knew who the person was, the voice, how could he be wrong.

Chu Xiaoning has a beast-like alertness. He feels that the person is approaching himself, step by step and two steps... Suddenly breathing is in the ear, with a strong alcohol, hot and hot.

"How come you haven't slept yet?" The ink burned behind him and asked dumbly.

Chu Xiaoning heard that he was cold and answered: "I am going to sleep."

"Oh... I saw it." The ink burned in his ear and chuckled. "The robe is off, and the crown is also removed. So I don't like this bundle. It's all the best in this life." Gold silk sewn, embedded with the best Yuhua stone, this seat gives you something better than the Queen, how can you not see?"

"..."

"Whether it is worth mentioning." I don't wait for Chu tonight to speak, and the ink burns on my own. "In any case, I don't like everything you give to you. You can't get me from the bottom of my heart." He said here, slamming Laughed, "But what about it? You see, you still have to be my person."

The ink burned and said, slamming out his hand, and smashing Chu’s body into his arms from behind, Chu’s body could not withstand such stimulation and anger, and finally opened his throat, so he could finally continue to watch. Everything before the eyes -

In front of him was a bronze mirror, and the reflection in the bronze mirror was inked and his figure. The ink-burning gold-red flamboyant dress,

wearing a nine-pronged bead, is actually a wedding dress system. The man embraced him behind him, his face plunged down and began to kiss his earrings and neck.

Chu nightning shivered slightly, because of anger because of other.

"You don't move."

"Oh, don't shake it, how can the master want me to move?"

The threat is useless, and it is ridiculed. Chu nightning has to bite his teeth and say: "孽畜!"

The ink burned and laughed. His look was very obsessed. His handsome face was half-awake and half-drunk, and his lips could not help but grind the side face of Chu Yuning. The mouth muttered: "What about the animals? You see You are not completely at the end of the day... are you all..."

I don't know where the murder came from. Chu Xiaoning felt that his body had picked up something from the front of the case, and the reflexive rushed toward the back of the burning hand.

The ink burns and hurts.

He took the opportunity to break free and glared at the man in the lamp.

"Get out."

Chu Xiu Ning under the body saw it clearly, and it was a golden hair bun that he had brought to him. It was a charm of a man when he became a relative.

"Oh..." The ink burned his hand and looked at his **** wound. He first sneered, then sticked out his tongue, as if the poisonous snake spit, and licked the blood of the vertical and horizontal, and rolled into the lips and teeth.

There was a flash of light in his eyes, and the luster was full of animal nature. For a time, his face was no longer so handsome, but it was a bit sneaky.

"I can't think of your spiritual core is abolished, but you can also hurt this seat." The ink burns his lips and stains the blood, and he laughs out loud. "Chu Ning, you have sharp fingers, this seat is really small."

"……roll."

"Going around, do you only say this sentence?" The ink burned down the back of the hand, but he was not in a hurry to bandage. He seemed to enjoy the pain. His expression was quite abnormal. "You are so I like to spit on my seat. Today, in front of the guests in the hall, why don’t you say anything?”

"..."

"This seat is blocking your actions, but it does not seal your voice. You can swear aloud and let this seat not touch you." The ink burned again toward him, standing in a remote place. Ding, hold a handful of wrists that hold the hair of the night, and the strength is so distorted.

He grinned and there was bloodshot between the teeth.

"But what you did, that is, when the hands and the shackles were untied, the water of the scorpion was used to pour the half-sleeve sleeves of the seat."

The ink burned, and laughed out: "Master, you are so angry. At that time, why not call?"

"You... shameless!"

"This seat is shameless, but who is a gentleman? Xue Meng? I gave him an invitation today, but he did not want to come. If he came, what do you

want?" "Would you like to ask for help when you go to the church, let him take you away?"

Although Chu Xi Ning, who was caught in this restoration scene, still heard the clouds, but his body obviously understood the ink burning, and he hated silver teeth and refused to scream.

The smoldering look at his anger, suddenly sticking out the **** tongue, facing his face and gently rubbing his ear.

"...!"

"Chu Ningning, do you know when you are the most owed/fuck? It’s time to use this kind of grievance and anger, and look at me." He glared at his hand and went down. "I don't believe you touch, Is it very big and very hot? Master, Yu Heng elders, Chu Zongshi - "a title is more respectful than one, but finally wrapped in dampness.

"Look, it wants you."

"Get out!"

"This sentence, you have already said the third time." The ink burned him like this, and his eyes were more malicious. "Today is a day of great joy, the top of the crowd, the same wife and beautiful wife... Ben The seat even

hangs with the emperor and then accompany you. How are you still so fierce."

He paused, immersed in the evil, and finally quenched two words:

"Chu?"

"!!"

The night in the body is like a thunder, and his body is not so good. He seems to be disgusted by the two words, and the whole person is constantly shaking.

But the ink burned in laughter, and his eyes flashed with the light: "What's wrong? This seat calls you, are you happy to say nothing? Well, I have slept you for so long, if you are a woman, I am not like this. I'm going to play around every night, I'm afraid I'm pregnant, I'm pregnant, and I'm giving birth to a child. If you don't give you a name, how can you make it to be served in bed again? This seat is not a good one. A reasonable person, hahahaha."

Under the wrath of Chu's late night, he couldn't say a word, and his eyes were black.

Is this anger and nausea that is this body?

The controlled body and the free spirit are strongly resentful, and Chu Yuning is almost disgusting and vomiting, and he is unbelievable.

Step on the emperor...

The burning of past life.

What have you done in the end? !

madman! madman! ! !

The ink burned enough, and suddenly caught the chin of Chu's late night, and kissed like a kiss, full of blood and smell. He rudely made the two wrists of Chu Ningning with one hand and brought Chu Yunning to the couch. Push it down and then lean over -

Chu nightning closed his eyes and shivered.

The hot and strong male body pressed down like a rock and pressed him tightly.

"Take your servant's responsibility." Ink ignited, "You and I are married now, you are my person, and you can't escape."

Chapter 243

The golden red pillow is squatting underneath, and there is a sputum in the nose.

Chu Xiaoning looked at the burning face, and the dream he once did finally overlaps with reality at this moment. It turns out that these are not dreams, they are true.

He and the ink have already had a close relationship with the skin. They have already been married. He was imprisoned by ink and squatted in the snow and ice to plead for the ink side...

It's all true.

At this moment, Chu Xiening did not know how he felt, or perhaps under the scent of the fragrance, his wisdom gradually coincided with the other world's Chu night.

Feel the feeling.

Know what it knows.

When the clothes were torn off and the thick kisses fell, Chu night Ning was on the eyes.

He felt very painful. Who is he?

Is it the Beidou Xianzun of the red dust of the sword, or the ridiculous Chu Yu under the female? Is it the late night of the sect of Mo Zongshi, or is it the master of hatred of Xianjun?

Everything is no longer so clear, and the past is floating in the past, like the falling flowers in the stream. He tries to catch those memories, but he can't really see it.

In the end, only the □ between the mattresses is clearly visible.

[There are abridgements here, please move the collar]

They were intertwined with each other. When he was in a climax, he was humming, and he screamed under him. Such a fierce sentimental desire for the sea, I do not know because of the most aphrodisiac in the world, or because of the heart of the two, even the **** that they are not aware of...

After a long time, the knowledge of Chu Xiaoning slowly returned.

I don’t know why, for example, it’s not just perception, but also memories of past life.

After he and the combination of ink and burn, they all came.

When he remembered the crack, the division died and the ink burned in the snow.

He remembered that the blood of the Confucianism was flowing into the river, the heavens and the earth were discolored, and the ink burned and laughed, and the sacral bones of the leaves were broken.

He remembered that he was made into a blood leak, remembered that the red lotus water smoldered him to wake him up, but he put him under house arrest and could no longer make a difference.

I think of it all by piece.

The stone cave has been restored to its original appearance. He can detect himself lying on the cold ground, his clothes are removed, his body is smashed, and the ink is burning tightly behind him. The young man’s arms are shaking and they are all sticky. Greasy sweat, the air is filled with the smell of □.

I remembered it.

Chu nightning did not move, did not speak and was not angry.

His head was very painful and almost cleft. He felt that in the process of combining the two, there was something that could not be seen, from the burning body, to his body.

It was that thing that restored his memories of his previous life.

But what exactly is that?

There were too many memories to be received at the moment, and Chu’s brain pain in the brain was so strong that he felt that he must know what it was, but he was unclear.

"Master." The sound of ink burned in his ear, it was so cautious, like the tender core of the branches in the early spring, where there is a tyrannical appearance, "I'm sorry..."

He was burned in his arms, and he did not look back, but he could imagine from his voice that the ink burned the wet red eyes, the distressed and apologetic look.

"Sorry, I am still... I still hurt you..."

Just under the control of the smoker, the ink burns is the same as that of Chu Xinning. Although the consciousness is clear, it is impossible to do it by itself. He was painful when he violently clamped Chu’s waist and hurriedly and encroaching on the man.

He didn't want to do this at all... He looked at Chu Ningning's red eyes under his body, just wanting to lean over and kiss him gently, comfort him, and tolerate him. But the words on the mouth are so mean, and the movements on the hands are so fierce.

His heart is very painful. But what about it? He can't control himself at all.

Chu night is resting on the cold stone surface, the headache is cracking, and the strength of moving the finger is not. He listened to the apology of ink burning, but he only felt awkward in his ears, and his eyes were dizzy, and he might lose consciousness at any time.

He spoke, because it was too terrible to call the land, so the voice was hoarse and sullen: "You first... you go out first..."

The ink burned his lips and there was no snoring.

He recovered his consciousness earlier than Chu, but when he was able to control his body, he had already withdrawn, but Chu Xiening was torn so badly that he still felt that the weapon of the flesh and blood was in his own hands. In the body.

The burning heart is even more uncomfortable.

Before stepping into the cave, he thought he would see a spell similar to the reminiscence scroll, but he did not expect that he would return to the death and death of the year, the wedding night. He was a golden red singer and pushed the door of the red lotus.

Of course, ink burning knows what he has done, but he never thought that in this way, he would reproduce the situation at the time.

He didn't want to do anything to hurt Chu's late night, and he didn't want to be a fairy emperor - but he couldn't help himself. Even worse, he can clearly feel that he is doing such a tyrannical thing, and his heart is actually inciting and excited.

Whether it is stepping on Xianjun or him, in fact, they are eager to bite and conquer the late night.

What about how to endure, he is still the slightest rain.

Can't change. Can't escape.

When I violently invaded, the ink burned and listened to the painful sorrow of the person underneath. The brain was the thrill of destroying the top. The thrill of the topping and the strong smashing, the splashing of water.

He suddenly couldn't tell who he was, whether he was a monk or a master of ink. It was good or evil and loyalty.

Between the mattresses, he rubbed the cheeks of Chu’s late night and said the idiots that he had personally said... Chu Yu?

Yes, his previous life had done the three most excessive things for Chu, and he killed it, that is, he used the killing trick, and his second disgrace was to force him to be happy.

Third, it is. That is, to seize his identity, sleepy for his life, Biyue Huangquan, for him. Because of this selfish desire, he made the sacred sage of the sacred lord into his own abbot.

Although there are not many people in the world who know exactly what the "Chu Yu" of Emperor Junner was, but forced him to cover his face with red cover, and in the eyes of the public, he and his family, and they are in the second place. fact.

He does not know what it means to do so in the past.

In fact, if he really wants to be late and uncomfortable, he can make a big noise, let the world know that he has burned his master, so that everyone knows that Beidou Xianzun is now a person in the emperor’s account. .

Why not do this?

Instead, the secret was carefully kept, and even for a long time, even the Queen Song Qiutong did not know what the mysterious "Chu Yu" was. He was revengeful, and he made a heavenly scene. In the end, he only played a scene without a visitor.

He sings with gusto.

why?

He even remembered that after Chu Ning died, he wanted to set a monument for him, but he was afraid that the world would see him and laugh at him, so he could only hold a donkey himself and dig a tomb in front of the Tongtian Tower. The one that was buried was the wedding dress worn by Chu Xiening when he married himself.

Stepping on the emperor, sitting in front of the monument, holding the delusion for a long time, he would like to write:

Tomb of the late teacher Chu Yuning

But I feel like writing this way, as if I have been defeated, like a sorrowful woman who has nothing to regret. The scene is really ridiculous.

He did not return to grinding for a long time, and finally his eyes lit up, thinking of a narrow and intimate practice, he then happily laughed, using a knife as a pen, wrote a stroke:

Tomb of Chu Ji

After writing these four words, he felt that the sigh of the chest seemed to be out, but he still felt that he was not enough. He thought that the night of Ning was so cold and lonely, he always did not like to look at his face, and his heart was annoyed. It is lingering - he will never see such a look in the future, so he is still hopelessly in front of his grievances, and he thinks viciously in his heart.

Chu night Ning abandoned him.

Leave him alone.

In the late night, Chu’s heart was so good that he retaliated with death.

Excessive.

He groaned with a grin in his eyes.

Yes, it’s too much.

Therefore, he wants to humiliate Chu Xi Ning, bully Chu Yuning, to let Chu Yuning die under Jiuquan, and wait for his own hundred years later to go to hell, but also indulge in laughing and ridiculing the guy, and the white win Snow, the innocent person said -

You didn't win, I won.

You see, you are dead, I can still □ you.

Stepping on the emperor, holding the knife, thought for a long time in front of the grave, thinking of the sun setting, the twilight, and thinking of the night, the silver hook.

In the moonlight, such as the water, such as white, the ink burned finally picked up, and one stroke was added, and four words were added to the tombstone:

Qing Yugui

The lime is simmered and carved. He smiled and laughed, thinking that this is a good nickname, confirming that Chu Ning is his person, and that he is willing to do it, he must be guilty of himself, perfect. . If Chu is rather able to survive by himself, then it is even better.

With such expectations, he turned his eyes brightly and ran to the red lotus water.

Chu nightning's temper is the biggest.

How can such a humiliation be willing to suffer?

So wake up, wake up and compete with him. On the high and low level, this time he can make him a trick if he is seriously injured.

If it doesn't work, the ten tricks are not negotiable.

Wake up.

He stood in front of the lotus pond and looked at the corpse of the musculoskeletal inside.

This seat has made you ten strokes, you have to be interested. You look at the monument that I have given you, are you not angry? I don't want to hold my clothes and yell at me. You are willing to be famous for a lifetime. Finally, it becomes a ridiculous eight words - Qing Yugui, the tomb of Chu Ji?

wake up.

wake up.

He looked from the faceless expression to the look.

But Chu night is lying down, not talking, not moving.

A long time later, the ink burned finally understood that he was able to get what he wanted and won the taming he had always hoped for.

His master, his enemies, his lingering companion on his bed, his late night.

Finally obeyed.

In the still cold and cold Dragon Blood Cave, the ink burned the scarred lover, and no one spoke at all.

Then, he suddenly thought of the rainy night. In the inn of the town of Wuchang, the people in his arms were so green and eager, tumbling with him, his ears tipped red, and he whispered him uncomfortably.

At that time, he had sweared in his heart and swears that this life can no longer hurt Chu and Ning, and he wants to be gradual, slow and slow, he wants to let Chu Xiening adapt to it a little bit, and finally give Chu Xiaoning The shudder of the combination of spirit and flesh.

He has made many plans and has had many ideas.

Even imagined countless times, their first real combination, when and where, the horizon is the sun or the stars, the window is filled with sea otters or apricot flowers.

But he did not expect it to be like this.

□□□ blending, skin is attached, their first combination in this life is so ridiculous, painful, and crazy.

Both of them were exhausted, and the ink burned lying beside him. There was a very special feeling in the chest. It seemed that there was something in the heart that was violently trembled, and then the ground cracked like a giant, and the giant wood was uprooted. The mud and sand broke out.

The pure thing seems to wrap something dirty and horrible in his heart, frantically struggling outward, and a black and white thing quickly breaks free from his body.

He didn't know what these two things escaped from his heart. He didn't have time to think more, because Chu nightning said: "You go out first."

The ink burned did not speak and did not know what to say.

He silently endured the pain in his mouth, slowly picked up the clothes scattered all over the place, and silently put it on again.

These clothes have been worn for a long time, because he barely dared to move to the position below the waist of the night, and the traces of the blue and purple mottled thighs undoubtedly showed what he had just done, and also showed how much pain Chu will have at the moment.

He did not dare to look at the face of Chu Yuning.

What will happen to those eyes at the moment?

Disappointment, resentment, emptyness...

He does not want to think anymore.

It took a long time for the ink to burn, and I wore the clothes of Chu Xiaoning. At this time, his head was already hurting, and his body was covered with cold sweat.

He didn't know why the pain came from, and it was probably related to the two things that were missing in the heart. He endured the pain and took the cold hand of Chu.

I really didn't have the courage to look at the face of Chu Yuning, so he stared at the hand like that for a long time and whispered, "Is the Master respected?"

"……Ok."

The ink burned for a while.

There was a stunned look on his face, and the kind of abandoned dog that looked like a homeless person, he sneaked out for a while and then closed his eyes.

There have been countless times of fear of this happening, but when the trial really came, he was surprised to find that he was such calm and tranquility.

It seems like a restless fugitive who was finally escorted into jail.

He stood in the cell where the party was clear, and looked around. The nightmare that was feared and escaped was finally a reality, and it seemed like a stone fell to the ground.

There is never a night when you flee.

After breaking into the net, I finally fell asleep.

No more to escape.

There is no hope, no embarrassment.

It was relieved.

"I am very chaotic now, a lot of things ... are still unclear." Perhaps it is because the party is called too fierce, or perhaps because of the exhaustion of the past, Chu nightning sounds hoarse, face is also more ugly than ink burning, "too messy."

The ink burned up with courage and raised his hand to rub his pale cheeks.

Although his own hands were shaking too much.

"Ink burning..." He almost murmured in a hollow, "Take the emperor..."

"..."

Squinting eyes, eyelashes tremble, eyebrows into Sichuan.

"Then don't think about it, just sleep for a while." The ink burned red, his fingers slid across his face and burst into tears. "I am with you."

Chu nightning seems to tremble slightly.

The ink burns only feels like a heartache.

"Master, don't be afraid. It's me, not stepping on the fairy... I won't hurt you anymore, never again."

Chu night Ning Wei Wei eyelashes thick shade, the dark under the eyelashes have a moist luster flashing, ink burning for a moment, I think he seems to want to say something to himself.

However, there is still no exit.

Chu night Ning squinted his eyes, turned his face at the last moment, and his body subconsciously curled up.

"Master respect..."

"I have a word, I want to ask you."

"..."

"...if...you know that the person who gave you a pot of rice pulp outside the Temple of Nostalgia was me." The sound of Chu Yuning was extremely exhausted. "...Whether the years of Wushan Temple, will you let go?" I?"

This question is like a sharp-edged knife, straightforward to listen to the lungs. The whole person trembled, and he choked. I don’t know how to answer, but just reached out and wanted to hold the person in front of me. But when the hand touched, I felt that Chu Ning’s shoulder was shaking slightly.

He is crying.

But Mo-burn knows that he no longer wants to see himself.

After a while, the ink burned could not be supported. Although he did not know why the former Zhou Xining had to set up such a puzzle, the strange feeling of the heart was more and more vivid.

At this time, he suddenly found that there seemed to be a thin smoke in his chest, which floated straight between the chest and back of Chu's late night. The thin smoke was too light, so that he was not aware of it.

A closer look reveals that the smoke is black with a while, and then white as jade, flowing from his heart to the heart of Chu Yuning.

What is this?

He noticed that the black things were constantly blocked by Chu Xinning's body, gradually gathering into a group of ink, and was absorbed into the

incense burner next to him.

what exactly is it?

He wants to remind Chu Jingning, but he found that Chu Xi Ning did not know when he was already in a coma. The huge memories of the past lives are overwhelming, not to mention the memory is still messy, to re-coil and reorganize in the mind of Chu Xinning.

"Master."

It hurts... How can it hurt? It seems that there are two forces in the heart who are doing sawing. Black and white, pure and dirty.

The black-browed eyebrows were close, struggling to stand up, walked to the smoker, and twitched to reveal the lid.

Before he lost consciousness, what he saw at the last sight was the black gas that rushed out—in the incense burner, it gradually became a black double-flowered flower.

Chapter 244

Lonely moon night.

The monks who escaped from Mount Lushan pulled out the heartworms under the treatment of the medicinal disciples and wrapped the wounds. But the smell of sorrow is hard to clean up, and there is a deadly taste in the air.

Xue Meng sat on the beach of Lin Lingyu. He placed the dragon city scimitar on his leg and watched the tides rise and fall together.

Suddenly behind the footsteps, he turned back and his eyes were round and full of ardent hope. After seeing the people, he immediately disappointed and re-opened his eyes to the sea.

Mei Hanxue sat down beside him.

"You received a message and you went back to death. He went so fast, let me come over and tell you."

"..."

"You don't seem to be in a good mood with you."

"Know it."

Mei Hanxue didn't roll, and gave him a sheepskin pot: "Drinking?"

Xue Meng was angry and looked back like a hedgehog with a sharp needle: "Drink your head! I am not so depraved!"

Mei Hanxue smiled, and the golden soft hair was extraordinarily gentle in the sea breeze. His eyes were like light jasper, and it was like two pools of green water and falling flowers.

"When you drink, how can you fall?" Mei Hanxue raised his hand and licked the broken hair, the silver bell tied to his wrist. "I heard that the dead and the dead don't make people □□, but get drunk Always ok."

"..."

"I heard that Chu Xianjun loved pears and whites. You are his apprentice. How to learn will not be half his size."

Xue Meng gave him a look, Zhang mouth seems to want to lick something, but in the end nothing was embarrassing, grabbed the wine bag to untie, and drank a big mouth.

"Good spirit. This is the shochu of the Snow Palace, the taste is the most -"

"Hey!" The good-spirited Xue Shaozhu squirted a big sip, his face, "cough, cough, cough, cough, cough!!!"

"..." Mei Xuexue licked his lips and seemed to be a little surprised. "Can you not drink?"

Xue Meng's face could not pass, pushed away the hand he tried to get back to the wine sac, and slammed his head and slammed it. This time it was even more powerful. After swallowing, he turned his head and shouted "wow" and spit it out.

Some of Mei Hanxue’s rare things are incomprehensible: “I don’t know about you... forget it, don’t drink it.”

"Get out!"

"Give me the jug."

"Roll!" Xue Meng was under the focus, whoever yelled at him, he screamed at Mei Hanxue with anger. "You told me to drink and drink, you told me to stop, I stopped, my face? I want to face ?"

As I said, I patted my cheeks hard and I was already drunk.

The sorrow of death and death has been rumored: a thousand cups are not drunk Chu master, a cup of Xue Shaozhu.

Mei Hanxue is not a dead person. Naturally, he does not know this sentence. He knows that he will not use spirits to fill him.

After Xue Meng spit out, he held the wine bag and drank it. This time, he snorted and drank four or five mouths before he took a breath, and then his face became more ugly.

Mei Hanxue immediately took back the wine sac and frowned: "Don't drink, go back to rest, you have been blowing the sea breeze for a long time."

But Xue Meng insisted: "I have to wait for someone to come back."

"..."

"I...I..." Xue Meng looked at him straight and stared for a moment, suddenly burst into tears. "You don't understand, you don't understand, I wait for my brother, I wait for my teacher, I wait for the division." Uh... do you know? Four people, one less is not right, and one less is not the same..."

Mei Hanxue knows how to comfort a woman.

It’s nothing more than a few words of self-satisfaction, and the next month before the flower is promised, the right medicine, the medicine to the disease.

But he has never comforted a man.

Xue Meng does not need to be comforted. He just stayed for a long time. When the wine came up, he finally broke the levee. He just wanted to vent.

"Four people, only one of me, now I am left alone - my heart is uncomfortable. Mom, you don't understand?!"

Mei Han Xue sighed and said: "I understand."

"You are a liar, you know there are ghosts." Xue Meng cried, suddenly buried his head, he held the dragon knife, like holding the last dead wood, a floating grass.

The liar didn't know how to persuade, so he said again: "That's good, I don't understand."

"The dog thing that doesn't have a heart, why don't you understand?!" There is no reason to talk to the drunkard. Xue Meng slammed his face fiercely and glared at him, but his tears were sullen, "I don't understand anything." Isn't it easy to understand?"

He extended his finger: "Four!!"

Remove one, then remove one. When the third one is removed, he collapses again. It seems that the third finger is his lacrimal gland. Xue Meng said: "There is one left, I still have one. You understand. ?"

Mei Hanxue: "..."

He didn't want to be a liar, and he didn't want to be a dog thing, so he couldn't answer if he didn't understand it. He just didn't talk.

Xue Meng took advantage of him for a while, then turned his head: "vomiting!!!!!"

The most popular is Mei Gongzi. In the past, others were staring at his face and making a fool. This is the first one. I stared at him for a moment and actually gave it a shot.

Mei Hanxue has some slight headaches: "What happened to you? When I was a child, I gave you Houttuynia, you spit. When you grow up, you can drink Kunlun wine, and you spit. It is really harder to wait than the girl. ”

He looked at the man who leaned over and stunned and couldn't breathe. The light blue eyes were full of helplessness: "Okay, when you are finished, spit it out, go back and rest. Your brother, you. Whether you are a teacher or a friend, you will not like to see you like this."

He said, got up and went to help Xuemeng.

Xue Meng’s spit is probably a little vain, his footsteps are floating, and he has never tried to break the arms of others.

Mei Hanxue took him from the long coast, from the back door of the lonely moon night, ready to send him into the house to rest.

But before entering the flower hall door, Mei Hanxue felt a heavy killing in the air.

He slammed Xue Meng, and the two men immediately hid behind the corridor. Xue Meng couldn't help but scream, but he was stunned by Mei Hanxue.

"Don't say anything."

"Hand... hand open... I... want to vomit..." I can barely hear it.

Mei Han Xuedao: "Swallow it."

Xue Meng: "..."

Afraid of the troubles caused by this drunk, Mei Hanxue raised his hand on Xue Meng's lips and applied a curse, then he turned his face and turned, and looked into the flower hall.

The scene in front of him made him instantly shocked.

- ink burning? !

At this time, most of the heads and elders have returned to their respective sects. The mountains are amazed, and they need to strengthen the enchantments of their respective territories.

However, there were still a lot of injured monks in the lonely moon night. At this moment, they gathered in the flower hall and stared in horror at the man standing in the center of the flower hall.

"Hey." The ink burned in black gold and the cloak of the earth, squinting at the eyes and looking around. "Looking at this familiar face, I can't think of it for years. I can see you here again and again."

Someone braved the courage to say to him: "Ink, ink rain! What crazy you suddenly!! Are you caught?!"

"Go crazy?" The ink burned thin lips and sneered, "Speak like this, the person who is crazy is yourself."

After saying that everyone saw a black light flashing, the man stayed in the same place, and a blood splattered from the chest and went straight to the zenith.

"Kill, kill!"

"What do you do with ink?!"

Someone shouted and shouted: "Fast, go find the **** head! Go to the **** head!"

"Oh?" The ink burned slowly and squinted. "Ginger, Jiang Yan?"

"..."

"This person's level is good. In the top of the people who have killed this place, there is always no problem."

"What the **** are you talking about?!"

Mei Hanxue also felt that something was wrong. This is not the Mo Zong teacher he has ever seen. This man is resentful, and there is a sigh of relief on his body.

No matter how you look at it, it looks exactly like the ink burns, and the sound is not bad. Who can completely reproduce the look and tone of another person in such a short period of time?

There is a lonely moon in the flower hall: "Mr. Mozong, I am afraid that you are cursed by the dragon of Lushan. You should sit down and wait for the old man to give you a pulse..."

If the words are not finished, they will be interrupted.

"What do you mean?" The ink burned and narrowed his eyes. "The old man, turning around, is it sick?"

Elder: "..."

"Since I want to cure this disease, this seat will help you. There is no patient in the world, starving to be a doctor, this reason understands this." He said, the black shadow plundered, and the flower hall screamed again and again, **** splashes.

Waiting for the ink to burn a black robe, calmly back to the center of the hall, standing on the dark red Du Ruo carpet, the entire hall has been missing arms, broken legs, broken legs, and some people are even more miserable, directly He took out the heart, liver, spleen and stomach, and died.

The ink burned and looked at the elder who had fallen to the ground and said, "How are you sending so many patients to you for treatment? Are you happy?"

"Ink... ink rain..."

“Opening a good life, congratulations on making a fortune.” The ink-burning show smiled, and then walked out in the group or the whole body, or the dead body, “Oh, yes.”

When he was in front of the hall, he turned his face and said to those people: "I almost forgot to say that it has been a few hundred years since I was in the upper world. I remember to speak with you at the head of the branch - this seat will be repaired sooner or later. All the sects in the world are all flattened."

Sexually hard people are hoarse and hoarse: "The ink burns, you don't plant! You dare to come to the flower hall where the monks are seriously injured. You are afraid to face the other heads!"

"Afraid of them?" The ink burned and narrowed his eyes. "Even if you join hands again, the army will press the border. As long as you don't want to die, who can hurt you?"

"Ink burned, are you crazy?! Are you and Hua Binan a group?! You, what do you want to do?!"

The ink-burning dimple is deep and clear, and after a while it is slow: "...What do you want in this seat?"

His handsome face seemed to flash a strange brilliance, and then he closed his throat.

"What I want in this seat is not even clear to myself. In short, no one in this world can give it, no one can win this seat again." He faintly, "The body has been walking for so many years, there is no desire." But, if you have to ask one -"

He smiled awkwardly.

Opening your eyes, the black scorpion seems to have a scarlet glow.

"Look at you dead."

Full of stunned. The smoldering eyes swept over the face of Zhang Baibai, and couldn’t help it anymore. He laughed and said: "I have never seen such a interesting scene for a long time, it is very lively."

"Ink burning... you are really crazy..."

"You have said this for the second time." Suddenly the smile tightened and only heard a loud noise! In the blink of an eye, the ink burned and rushed to the person behind him. One hand slammed down and smashed his brain! !

"what--!"

In the screaming voice, the ink burned the stunned face of the **** stain, revealing a pair of extremely embarrassing, extremely animalistic eyes, swept past the crowd like a bird.

"If you are not crazy and crazy, I am afraid that you will marry your Excely."

The man who was called your lord was shattered, his blood was full of faces, his ink was burning, but he was too lazy to take a look, as if he had eaten a meal that was unusual, calm and cold. Everyone.

"Well, the idiot who killed today is enough." He slowly picked up his smile and gently pushed the body and kicked it to the side. "People, it’s always boring to kill once. It’s much worse. When the seat is lonely, leave you to live for a few days."

After a pause, I continued: "When is itchy? When will you crush your head and play?"

In a **** mottle, he slowly pulled out the hall and came to the door, and he squatted again and again: "Before that, remember to keep your head."

He said that he laughed loudly, wrapped his cloak, and slammed the ground, and the figure quickly disappeared behind the arch.

Three days later.

In the stone chamber of the Dragon Blood Mountain, the ink-burning and Chu-nighting are still affected by the spell, and they are in a coma. The sizzling stove suddenly creaked, and black smoke and blood poured out inside, followed by a scream of screaming and screaming out from inside, echoing in the cave.

The ink burned openly and woke up.

The heart has not hurt, and there is no injury. The mysterious thin smoke that was previously connected between him and Chu Yuning has also been exhausted.

"Master!"

He immediately got up, but suddenly saw the third person in the cave.

The man stood facing him at the stone table, and was carefully measuring the incense burner that exudes a burnt smell. The figure was slender and beautiful, and he couldn’t say good-looking. He uncovered the furnace cover, and a long, greasy hand clipped out a thousand petals from the inside, and held it in the palm of his hand.

"It’s really ruined." He whispered, and then pressed the black flowers to powder.

In the ashes, there was a bright white brilliance. The man looked at the white light with his hand, and he was quite fortunate: "Oh, fortunately, when I refining this flower, I melted my own soul inside. It’s not that piece of soul that gives me directions. It’s not easy to find this cave.”

The white light seemed to understand his words, slowly winding around the person, but the color was getting weaker and thinner, and finally disappeared completely.

The ink burns hoarsely: "You are..."

When I heard the movement, the man put down the smoker and sighed: "Wake up?"

"who are you?"

The man faintly said: "Who do you think I can still be."

His voice sounded familiar, but the ink burned just awakened, and the consciousness was still a little faint. It was like having a big dream, but it didn't react for a while.

Who can this person be?

Listening to him only speaks, it seems to be related to the mysterious black flower, refining flowers and grasshoppers is the best thing for the lonely moon night... is... Hua Binan?

When I thought of Hua Binan, I immediately thought of the teacher, and the ink burned a bit of hatred, but before I spoke, the man came back.

The light and shadow in the cave was faint, but as the man turned his face, it was full of brilliance, and his birth was really beautiful.

This person is used to the long hair that is laid down. At this moment, the high-end of the word is embellished with a fine-grained towel. The end of the person is perfectly placed in front of the forehead. The whole person’s mental appearance is very different. A pair of peach eyes contain emotions, clear and clear.

It’s such a beautiful woman, but the ink is shocked like a thunder, and the two words are coming out like a sharp arrow.

"Teacher?!!"

The one who came is the teacher... The one who came is actually a teacher!!

The beautiful man of this genius has smashed his hair and faintly said: "A burning, seeing me, so surprised."

The blood flow collided with the periosteum, the intracranial creaking, the burning brain could not turn around, and it was impossible to guess why the teacher would suddenly appear here, why would it be such a strange expression.

His whole person is stiff, and all the words are in the throat. In the end, hesitantly said: "...your eyes..."

"No injuries." The teacher smiled and rushed toward the ink. "I am coming to see the people I admire. If I am blind, I am ugly, who would like me?"

"..."

The smoldering slowly returned to God from his ridiculous manners, but he couldn’t speak for a while. The horror was like a black cloud, and there was a blank in his mind.

"You...how would it be you...the cold scale holy hand!!"

The anger in my heart suddenly surged.

At this moment, the ink burned finally understood the feelings of the previous Xuemeng. Nothing was more painful than the betrayal of the old people who were getting along with each other.

"The cold scale holy hand!"

"Oh, he." The teacher smiled. "I am coming to Japan and I am not in a hurry to explain."

He said, step by step, until it is close to the ink burning.

Shi Yan smiled and said: "I have experienced such a big twist compared to talking about the cold scale sage. I still want to talk to my admired person first."

The smoldering is extremely angry and chilling, and his face is more and more blue: "Between you and me, there is nothing to talk about."

The handsome man's man chuckled: "Well?" His eyes were soft, like a haze, staring at the burning face: "...you and my temper are repelled, there is really nothing to talk about."

He said that the robe was swaying from the ink-burning side and went to the front of Chu. The ink burned still did not respond, and the teacher had not stretched out a delicate and even hand, and looked down at the cheek of Chu.

"..." The ink burned in the air, but still did not understand what it meant.

The teacher gaze at Chu Yuning, and no one can softly say: "Master, the coward is hurting you? It's pitiful... But then, are you going to restore your memory?"

The squid-like fingertips point to the lower lip of the sleeping person, and the teacher narrows his eyes, but the beauty is still the same, but like drinking.

"Recovering the memory is also good. Some of the hands and feet that you moved, some of me still can't think of a reason, you wake up, we can also ask each other for advice."

He paused and smiled: "In the last life, your organs counted, and the sky was over the sea, and the disciples were bullied. If you change to others, you will toss me. It’s not enough to die a hundred times, but you are doing it with me, I am still It hurts you to love you."

He said, looked at the ink and glanced, then actually leaned over and kissed him on the cheek of Chu, and sighed and sighed: "Whoever makes me like you. My good teacher."

Chapter 245

"....."

It is like a thunderous thunder, and it is in the same place.

Unbelievable... Unbelievable... What is the teacher talking about? What is the teacher doing? ! This, what is going on here?

The ink burned for a moment and couldn't swallow this shock. He didn't even think that the teacher would be kissing Zhou Xining. This picture was too horrified. He saw that he thought he was born with an illusion.

He covered his hand with his hand, and the temple suddenly jumped. His heart flashed through the warm smile of the teacher, and he softly called: "A burning."

Can this person be in front of him...he actually... actually...

It’s just cold and vertical.

Shi Yan likes... Master?

how is this possible? ! !

The teacher has never shown any emotions that love the teacher's respect. To say that Xue Meng likes Chu Xi Ning, it is more convincing than the teacher who likes Chu. How can the teacher like it? He has always been cautious and respectful, and he has said very little, not even sticking to the Master.

After finishing the class, doing things, and leaving the rules and regulations...

how is this possible.

The teacher straightened up and leaned over, and Yingying looked at the ink, and chuckled out: "Is there a person here that I was scared?"

"You...simply... absurd..."

"A ridiculous?" The teacher squats and squats. "My little teacher, who is ridiculous in the end? Is it a memorable person who bullies the teacher? Is it me?"

The burning face was red, and the eyes were angry and stunned.

In exchange for anyone appearing here, he can murderously repel it, but it is not someone else who is here, but the teacher who mistakenly thought that he loved his life for two generations.

He couldn’t speak for a moment.

The teacher is more cheeky, he said faintly: "However, it is not absent to say that I have done ridiculous things. For example, pretend to like you, treat you for so many years, even under the murderous trial, hard life I’ve got a pain and lie to you... I like you.”

After a pause, there was a hint of ridicule in his eyes: "Don't make trouble, if I would like someone who has nothing to do except the face, I can really poke my eyes and die."

Ink burning: "....."

"Why don't you talk, don't convinced?" The teacher's grace in the city, even if it is sneer, is extremely beautiful. He squints at the ink and touches the chin of the late night.

When the ink burns and burns in anger, it is necessary to summon the devil.

However, only a scarlet flash in the palm of his hand, the spiritual flow disappeared immediately.

The sergeant's eyelids are too lazy to lift, saying: "Don't waste your time. In the past, I used to sneak out this game. With half of his soul, I finally pulled out the flowers for you. You are no longer under control, but now It takes ten days for the body to recover the spiritual power. At this moment, I have to fight with me again.

"Who are you late?!"

"You are a good person, do you only allow you to bully the ancestors, but do not allow me to love the Master?"

"you--!"

"You have been on the top, and the taste has been tasted countless times." The teacher chuckled. "It should be my turn? Fuck/you/fuck/over, I actually have some grievances. But watching is For his part, I will bear it."

The smoldering anger is extremely violent, there is no martial arts, and it is also close to each other.

"Oh... so I said, what I hate the most is that you are killing and killing things that don’t know Sven." The teacher released the night, and burned in the square stone room.

The stone cave was faint, and the figures of the two tall men's demolition were cast on the wall, just like the double dragons smashing and smashing, the flames were surging.

The sergeant is not good at attacking, and the close-fitting melee will not be an opponent of ink burning anyway. His eyes are not good, and he shakes his sleeves, and there is a rolling snake in his head, and the lock is burning. However, he took the opportunity to pluck aside, and picked up Chu Yuning and flew away from the cave.

"Master -!!"

The ink burned barely to open those cold and sticky snakes, followed closely, but the teacher stood at the top of the treetop, and a bright moon was shining behind him.

Shi Yan smiled and said: "Don't chase, you just recovered, even if you don't want to give up your life, you can't catch up with me."

"Why are you clearing the net... Why are you doing this?!"

"A burning." Shi Yan smiled. "I have told you about the teacher, I hate the teacher, the teacher, and the two addresses?"

"..."

"So if you don't mind, from now on, you can call my real name."

"……what."

"In the lower name, there is no word, no name."

Hua Bi Nan! ! ! ?

Seeing the burning eyes wide open, the teacher squinted and smiled and bent: "Yes, look at your brothers and sisters, give you a very important message - don't go Lonely moon night, you are going to the lonely moon night, and will be torn into pieces by Jiang Yan. Don’t try to follow me, hey, let’s go back to life earlier.”

The ink burned for a moment, and then his face turned pale: "What do you want to do for the dead and the dead?!"

"You are not stupid in this life." The teacher smiled. "The teacher gave you a small surprise. You will know when you go."

The ink is burning sweet in the throat, and the burning eyes are burning. He doesn't even know that he is sad or angry. He shouted: "Sir, what do you want to do?! What are you doing?! Not that you told me, is the home of death and death your home? Not that you told me... The ex-employer saved you from the exile... Not telling me, is the most important person for you is us?! ”

His voice was trembling at the end, pinching into a fist and clinging to the palm.

"...Is this all you are cheating on me? Is it so many years, two generations--" Mo-burning said here, stunned.

Bone chill -

"Is it for two generations... are you calculating?!"

The teacher did not make a sound, wide robes and sleeves, standing in the treetops, smiling at him. The peach blossom eyes are bent, and the squats are pointed. In this foggy mountain, it is like a midnight fox.

"You..." Every word and every sentence trembled between the teeth.

The smoldering brain is in chaos, and his eyes are crazy.

"Sir, you talk..."

From that side of the candlestick, gentle and persuaded, and later accompanied by peers, inseparable.

"say something!"

From the sturdy young boy who used to be as fine as jade, and then swayed in the snow, lying in his arms, telling himself, don't hate, don't blame the master.

The smoldering is almost broken: "You are obviously dead... I saw it with my own eyes... I took your body back to the dead... You can't be a teacher... You... How could it... ..."

"Because you are stupid."

The elegant voice rang, and the teacher finally opened his mouth, but it was not without sarcasm.

"You cowards, you only know that you are practicing spiritual nucleus, you can't get medicine. You are good, respect the Lord... even our wise master." He said here, smiled. "The foreword is wrong. The teacher is not a coward. But people like you are all invisible to the medicine."

The smoldering mutter: "Pharmaceutical 蛊..."

"It is very difficult to make a dead person alive." The teacher is slow and reasonable. "But let a living person die, my method is more."

If you are awake at this time, you should hear the mistakes in the sentence.

Even if the medicine can make a living person die, but in the past life he stayed in the Frost Heaven Hall for seven days, and then he saw the teacher's burial. At that time, the three layers were covered with longevity nails, and the seal was even thicker. In the absence of alarming the guardians, which living person can drill out of such a grave?

So there are only two possibilities: First, the teacher is lying. Second, in the past life, there was a person who sneaked into the tomb of the dead and the dead, opened the seal and coffin from the outside, and released the teacher who revived the corpse.

But when the ink burned, the whole person was chaotic. There was an invisible hand that turned his visceral heart and spleen and stomach into the

wrong position. He didn’t think about it at all. He heard the teacher say this, and immediately appeared in the memory. Pale lost the **** face -

In the midst of heavy snowfall, Shi Ming was dead. From then on, he hated the helpless self. He hated Chu Ningning, who stood by and watched it. He entered the abyss and slandered...

Who knows! !

Fake... is actually a fake! !

He was a fake man, crazy for half a lifetime, obsessed with his life, killing the world, and finally killed the man who loves him the most in the world.

absurd.

absurd! ! ! !

Anger and pain stabbed his scalp and his pupils tightened. He was almost violent: "You... can be safe!"

"I am very happy." The teacher smiled. "It is you, step on the emperor."

"..."

Four characters are out, such as seven inches.

"No matter what reason you hold the butcher's knife. It's because of resentment, because you are not willing, your hands are full of blood at this moment."

He said that Chu nighting, who deliberately stunned his arms, was tighter, almost like a gesture to show off the spoils.

"When you are full of **** steps, how do you spend time with the innocent Beidou Xianzun?"

The last bit of blood on the face of the ink burned back.

The teacher was very clear about his weakness, so he waved his cheeks and stabbed the venom into the other person's body. He narrowed his eyes and pressed hard.

"Do you match?"

"Do you not feel dirty?"

"You are stealing."

The wind has risen, the fog has dispersed, and a round of bright moons has vanished.

The teacher smiled and smiled, but the word was better than the sharp knife. The knife saw the blood: "Take the fairy, all the days with him are stolen. What kind of goods are you, you know best, you don't need it. I will mention more."

The lips are all white, and the anger, sorrow, fear, regret, self-blame, and no one can accept so many emotions, will be crazy.

"I……"

"Don't be me." The teacher sighed sighingly. "What am I? Do you think that you have been a molder for half a lifetime, and saved so many lives, is it enough to write off your sins?"

He looked at the burning face and chuckled: "You think so beautiful."

The ink burned out.

"Now, the Master has the memory of the past life, the ridiculous things you did, the people you killed, the city of the butcher, the ancestors who destroyed the teacher--you hurt his heart, he will remember all of them. All will think "He paused." He seemed to be looking at the look of his face with great interest, and then smiled with satisfaction: "Mr. Mozong, you should bow your head, you confess."

Bow down.

Plead guilty...

It’s ridiculous, poor and fierce, all wrong.

The ink-burning throat rolled up, red eyes, and stared at the man on the treetop, but his eyes touched the Chu-nighting in his arms, and he couldn't make himself painful. His eyes were like the stalks of the grass.

He jerked his head away.

"You think about it, wait for him to wake up, know that you lied to him for so long, how angry would he be?" The gentleman gently stroked Chu’s cheeks, and the soft, slender fingers swept Lips, "The sage of the master is violent, you know this - do you think he will forgive you?"

The speaker pierced the key, and the listener fell into the ice.

forgive……

He never had the luxury, but he never wanted the trial. He never dared to imagine this day.

The ink slammed into the eyes and the eyelashes shivered.

The voice of the teacher’s voice is so quiet and quiet in the misty and empty mountains. It seems to be a **** Buddha who advises people to return to the sea. “Don’t chase it, go back to death. When you go there, you naturally know that the surprise I said is what."

Resounding.

"Take the surprise, don't resist." When he paused, he seemed to think of something, his eyes turned, and the peach blossoms stared at the people under the tree.

"In addition, Ah Burn, we both said that it is totally different people. You are not able to get what you want." He sighed, as if in his former disciple room, he asked if his hand was delicious, and whether the spicy oil was

enough. "I am not so sick and sick, you don't want to frame friends and relatives around you. But --"

He turned his head, but he did not say much.

The ink burned back suddenly: "What do you want?!"

The sergeant saw his gaze swept over the night, and couldn’t help but smile. “You don’t have to worry, the master is here, I will only hurt him, not hurt him. He is such a white jade person. I know how to pity than you..."

Each cavity is soaked in the lips and teeth, and it is lightly spit out.

The smoldering of the smoldering body is shaking. If he is still spiritual at the moment, I am afraid that the sergeant has already been torn into fragments and broken into pieces.

But he has no spiritual power, and the teacher is also correcting that he has no spiritual power at this moment, and he will do whatever he wants.

The teacher chuckled: "But the brothers and sisters of the dead, even the uncle, the aunt...and the Lord." He waved his eyes and said the words without hesitation. "If you didn't handle the surprise well, You will kill them for the second time. Look, if the master wakes up, know that you have

hurt everyone again, knowing that you are selfish, and stealing a life - he will not look at you, Even the last glance?"

Chapter 246

The ink burned almost the silver teeth, and the eyes were cracked: "Shi Mingjing!!!"

The sergeant's robes are squatted, and under the shadow of the moon, the clothes are flying.

He stood on the top of the forest, facing his face, and the handsome face was on the Huaguang slogan: "Walk, don't leave the teacher to wake up. If he wakes up and sees us standing here quarreling, I am afraid that I am not happy. of."

After a pause, he smiled and added a sentence: "Yes to Ai. Next time I meet, remember to call me Hua Binan, or call me a teacher - if, there is the next time."

This time, he finished, vacated, and his toes were light, and his time disappeared into the dense forests of Longxue Mountain, and he could no longer see him. The only laughter that is fascinating but cold is like a spider web falling down, with a faint glow, long-lasting.

"Teacher! - Shi Mingjing!!"

In the fog between the branches and the mountains, the priests did not look back at the smoldering, but the people in their arms, swiftly passing through the undulating cliffs, the cloaks flying, and the robes hunting.

He couldn’t tell the joy in his heart, and the eyes were bright. It is like a hunter who is full of rewards, waiting to return to the fruit of victory. But in the low-flying ground, I suddenly heard the people in my arms screamed in a hoarse voice because of the previous nightmare: "Ink burning..."

The sorrowful look of the teacher was slightly stiff, and then he narrowed his eyes, and his eyes were cold and seven points.

"...he has something good, it is worthy of you to do this for him."

But Chu Xiaoning couldn't hear it. He had a high fever, a clear and heroic face. At this moment, it was like a icy lake. He even taught people to clear some of the light blue blood vessels below.

Chu nightning said softly: "Ink burning..."

The teacher stopped and tried to stop. It seemed that because he had been for too long, he was anxious and depressed, but he took a moment to restrain himself.

In front of the unconscious Chu nightning, he was not as comfortable as he was in front of the smoldering. He stared at Chu’s face for a while, and he said, "Don’t remember, soon there will be no more smoldering. Later you Just follow me."

After a pause, he said again: "But I know that you are deeply in love. If you can't forget him for a while, it doesn't matter. After I have done something big, I will have enough energy to slowly kill you."

After saying this, he once again plunged into the ground and summoned the sword in midair, flying straight in the direction of the hero of the mountain.

The night was deep, and the place where the Confucianism gate was buried was quiet, and the moonlight sprinkled on one tomb. Those who were previously made into a cherished piece by Xu Shuanglin lost their spiritual power and never moved. They only stabbed in their position and did not move.

The teacher opened the door of Mount Lushan with the blood of the Nangong clan stored. He turned his eyes and saw that Nangong Liu stayed on the foothills.

Nangong Liu can not be considered a complete piece, just a semi-finished product, how much is still a bit of vitality. But this person has now completely lost his mind, but his mind is just a five-year-old child. The teacher does not have the leisure to kill him, not to mention how much he can use.

"My best friend, you are coming back." Nangong Liu Yizhen saw him, and he smiled, and the slightly fat face was really sincere.

Xu Shuanglin once recognized Shi Ming as his own friend, so Nan Gong Liu also followed him as his brother.

This title made the teacher slap a little, and then narrowed his eyes: "Do not scream."

"Ah..." Nangong Liu was stunned at him. "You don't like me to call you that?"

"I don't like it, just call me Hua Bi Nan." Shi Yan sullenly face, "Go, go forward, open the way for me."

"Where is your brother going?"

"..." There is nothing to be said about this five-year-old man. The teacher is impatient. "Take me to the secret room where Xu Shuanglin lived."

Nangong Liu took him away.

In fact, the secret room is not a secret to the teacher, but there are too many places where the blood of the Nangong family needs to be sprinkled along the way. Although he has storage, he holds a late night in his arms, and it is really troublesome to make it out. Not as good as Nangong Liu.

After going one after the other, Nangong Liu suddenly turned back and couldn’t help but be curious. He asked him: “Is my friend’s brother coming back with friends today?”

"Overnight?" The teacher was liked by these two words. The eyebrows relaxed slightly. He smiled. "Almost, it is overnight, but he will spend a lot of nights here. It should be said that he lives."

Nangong Liu will become more curious: "Who is he?"

The teacher thought for a moment and suddenly smiled: "Do you really want to know? Children may not sound inappropriate."

Nangong Liu will round his eyes, so that a middle-aged man's face has a childlike look, which makes people feel a little disgusting and somewhat funny.

They walked all the way to the front of the secret room, the door opened, and the inside was burning with a bright light. The room is quiet and simple, only picking up a bed, covered with thick saber-toothed tiger skin, with a snow crepe. There is a small table next to the bed, a shackle, and the other walls are empty, nothing else.

The teacher squatted Zhou’s night on the bed, and he sat on the side of the couch, staring at the face of Chu’s late night. The candlelight is bright and illuminates this familiar face.

When awake, the sword eyebrows enter the scorpion, and the phoenix eyes are born.

At this moment, the face is awkward, and a line is pulled to the lower jaw like a stubborn smoke...

Shi Yi didn't care about this. He only felt that he had survived for two generations, and Chu Ning and Mo was finally defeated in his hands. At this moment, Chu nighting lies next to him, and the ink-burning power is temporarily lost. He will soon walk into his own step, and his plan will finally be realized.

I was seeing God, and I heard that Nangong Liu had said it together: "Hey? This person is familiar."

The teacher yelled at him and said, "Who do you think he is?"

"Can not remember."

The teacher said: "This brother used to reprimand you and gave you embarrassment."

“Hey? Where?”

"It is on the hall of the Confucianism."

Nangong Liu Yanran said: "Ah, really?? But why don't I remember it?"

The teacher was silent for a while and smiled softly: "I don't remember it."

Nangong Liu did not know that he was profound, and when he slammed his head and licked the night, he suddenly said: "But he looks so good. He looks good with his eyes closed and not smiling."

The teacher smiled and said: "He is the favorite of the emperor, do you think it is not good?"

"What do you mean by pet..."

The smile in the eyebrows of the teacher is getting deeper and deeper: "When you grow up, you will know. Now, you can help me pick some

oranges, and then burn some hot water... He has a bad temper, if he wakes up, Nothing to eat, I am afraid I will be even more angry."

Nangong Liu will be ready to go.

But when I walked to the door, I was a little embarrassed. When the teacher saw it, he asked him, "What happened?"

"Oranges..." Nangong Liu hesitated biting his fingers. "Do you know when your brother is coming back?"

His majesty in his mouth refers to Xu Shuanglin.

Shi Yan would naturally not say that Xu Shuanglin was dead with Nan Gongliu. He smiled and said: "You are obedient and do things well, and it will take a long time to come back."

Nangong Liu’s eyes lit up, and immediately picked up the small bamboo rafters beside the secret room door and went out to pick the oranges.

When the teacher looked at the place where he left, he smiled for a long time: "It's interesting. When there is a god, when the brothers smashed the wall, they didn't have the wisdom, but the brothers and brothers were congratulated... I really have a lot of things in this world, only clean when I was a child. Once grown up, it’s dirty when it’s a dispute.”

He said, looking back, stroking Chu's cheeks.

"You see, most of the people in the realm are people like him. It's not worth your care." The fingertips traced the face of Yingying, and the teacher sighed. "Why are you suffering for these people, swearing, cutting off the soul, tearing? Cracking time and space, bearing the burden of humiliation... Fighting with me for two lifetimes?"

Chu Yuening in the sleep of nature will not answer him.

The pain and the nightmare of the past life blew him, making his cheeks hot and his eyebrows close. The teacher squatted for a while and took out a bottle of silver bottle filled with musk dew from the sacred sac.

"This is for you to drink a little." Shi Yan opened the fragrance. "I know that you will dream about the past life. I also knew that you would come at Xuanyuan Pavilion, so I specially let them take the musk dew to sell." ..... I want you to be better, but I don't want to teach people to be suspicious. So you see, follow me than to burn with ink? This kind of priceless gadget, as long as you make me happy, I am every day. I can give you a taste of it. But what can he give you, he will only fight."

The fragrant dew drops into a small white porcelain, and it is close to the lips of Chu.

He was fed with medicine and went to his hard-won battle for a while. The teacher suddenly thought of something and his eyes lit up. He rummaged through the Qiankun bag and finally found a dark sash. He covered the shackles on the eyes of Chu Yuning and applied a curse to completely cover the other's eyes.

After doing all this, he slowly got up and picked up the chin of Chu’s late night and looked around. He was very satisfied.

"Well, it really looks good. It's no wonder that the last generation of ink burns like you are tied to you. It is not bad to learn a student occasionally, at least he is quite interesting in this regard."

The smile of Shimei has always been very gentle, and it has never been different. His fingertips slowly licked Chu's chin, his lips, his nose, and finally fell on his blindfolded black belt.

He used the kind of chilling soft voice to say: "Master, wake up soon. I... I just thought of a very interesting trick. When you wake up, it’s better to play together, okay? ?"

Chapter 247

Chu nighting is lying on the bed, his mind is groggy, his consciousness is sometimes clear, and sometimes he is very vague.

He seemed to hear the quarrel between the two people. It seemed to be a teacher and a smoldering sound. Later, the sound of the quarrel disappeared, and there was only a whistling wind in his ear.

Later, he seemed to be lying in the warm bedding. Someone was talking to himself. The broken voice was like passing through the ocean. He couldn’t hear clearly. He only occasionally drifted into three or two sentences. What kind of past life, what master respects— - He vaguely felt that this seemed to be the voice of the teacher, but he did not have much effort to digest, and these sentences quickly dissipated like the fog in the morning.

His memories became complete little by little, and became clear little by little. The memories of the past life were like rainwater flowing into the river and eventually rushing to the sea.

The first thing he dreamed of was the deep corridor, which was built in the red lotus waters of the dead and the dead. The gallery was covered with vines, and the wind was blowing and the snow was falling.

He sat down at the gallery and was writing a letter at the stone table.

The letter can not be sent out, stepping on the Emperor Xianjun does not allow him to contact with outsiders, and he is not allowed to raise pigeons or any animals, even the red lotus water scorpion has been overlapped and countless whistling curses.

But Chu Yuning still wrote.

Too lonely, one person, one world, probably has to live like this for a lifetime.

To say no trouble, it is fake.

The letter is written to Xue Meng, and there is not much more than nothing. It is nothing more than asking about the recent situation, whether it is safe, and asking about the external sun and the moon, what is it?

However, there is nothing wrong with it.

So a letter slowly wrote an afternoon and there was not much content. At the end of the writing, some of them were fascinated, and they remembered the days when the three little apprentices were around, and they taught them to write poetry and painting.

Xue Meng and the teacher drop out of school very quickly. Only the ink burns. It is wrong to write a word three or four times. It is always necessary to teach him.

What was written at the time?

Chu night, Ning Hao Shendi, pen and ink slowly spread on the rice paper.

He first wrote "Being a Bodhi tree, the heart is like a mirror table", and then wrote "Life has no roots, floating like a dust", a stroke, a whole workmanship.

Write a book or write a letter, his words are always clear and correct, afraid of reading people can not understand, but also afraid that disciples follow their own learning.

The words are like people, and the backbone is very proud.

He wrote "Where is the old man" and wrote "Hai Kuo Shan Yao".

Later, the wind blew the wisteria flowers and rested on the crepe paper basket. He was reluctant to look at the faint and magnificent purple. The

pen tip turned and wrote, "When the dream is awake, the river is still old and gentle." ”

Ping Ping.

May I be like a star, like a moon, night and night.

Written and written, his eyes could not help but soften, as if returning to the original quiet years.

The wind was blowing, the paper was blown, and the paperweight was not pressed, and it was blown up. In the afternoon, the mottled and fragrant sunshine filled the ground.

Chu Xiaoning put aside the brush and sighed to pick up the letters and poems of the place.

One after another, falling on the grass, on the side of the stone steps, falling on the residual flowers, between the dead leaves. He was about to pick up a piece of paper floating in the fragrance of the fall.

Suddenly a long, well-balanced, well-defined hand appeared in the field of vision, and before that, he picked up the page.

"what are you writing?"

Chu night Ning a glimpse, straight up, standing in front of a handsome and handsome man, is not knowing when to come to the water in the sacred emperor Jun ink rain.

Chu night Ningdao: "...nothing."

The ink burned a black gold robe, wearing a nine-crowned crown, and wearing a dragon-scaled finger on the narrow-skinned fingers, apparently just coming back from the hall. He first stunned Chu Yuning with a cold look, then flattened the crepe paper in his hand, read two paragraphs, and his eyes smashed: "See the letter as a meeting, the exhibition letter Shu Yan..."

Silence for a while, raise your eyes: "What does this mean?"

"Means nothing."

Chu said that he wanted to take the letter back, but he was easily blocked by the ink.

"Don't," he said. "What are you nervous about?" After reading this sentence, he carefully looked down and looked at the line, silently, "Oh. To Xuemeng?"

"With the handwriting." Chu nightning would rather not be tired of others, said, "I have no plans to send it out."

The ink burned and sneered: "You don't have the ability to send it out."

Chu Xiaoning had nothing to say with him, and turned back to the table to clean up the pen and paper basket at that table. Unexpectedly, Stepping on the fairy followed, and the black gold robe sleeves were displayed, grabbing the piece of stationery he was trying to close.

The phoenix eyes lifted up, and the narrow face on the stepping on Xianjun.

"..."

Then he will give it to him.

So he withdrew his hand and went to take another one, and the result was burnt with ink.

In this way, he took one, and the ink burned a piece. At the end, Chu Yuening finally got some intolerance. I don’t know what madness and madness in this man’s yin and yang, squinting, and sullen: “What do you want?”

"Seeing the letter as a meeting, the exhibition letter Shu Yan, what does it mean?" The ink burned in the dark and looked at him deeply, and the thin lips whispered, "Say."

The flowering branches and the vine leaves are swaying, and the light and shadows are mottled. Chu nighting can't help but think of the ink burning just under his door. The smile and the words are very soft. He smiled and asked him: "Master, body. It’s Bodhi, and the heart is like a mirror. What does this mean? Can the teacher teach me?”

In contrast, at this moment, the aggressive attitude of stepping Xianjun made Chu late Ning’s heart sorrowful. He bowed his head and stopped talking and blinking.

He did not say anything, and the smoldering began to become gloomy. In this silence, he picked up the stationery on the table and read it one by one. The more he looked back, the more dangerous his eyes were. He muttered thoughtfully, a man who could make the year number "snap", find a sentence at the stone table, and rack his brains.

In the end, the face was hazy and slammed the stack of stationery on the ground.

He calmly raised his eyes.

"Chu Ning, you want him."

"……No."

He didn't want to entangle with him, he said that he was going to leave, but he didn't take two steps. The sleeves were shackled, and then the violent and fierce strength of the chin slammed into the chin, and it was pushed to the stone table. on.

The burning power of the hand is so big, so oh, in the blink of an eye, he has a cyan red mark on his cheek.

The sun shone through the vine flower and shone in the eyes of Chu’s late night, which reflected the face of the emperor’s almost mad and distorted face.

Handsome, pale.

hot.

Stepping on the fairy, I don’t know the shame, and the curtains began to tear the clothes of Chu’s late night. If there is anything else that can be pushed on the stone table, then it is obvious that there is nothing to return to the ground. Chu nightning is almost irritated and sulking: "Mini rain -!"

The tone of anger and disappointment did not extinguish the evil fire of the ink, but instead the hot oil fell, splashing the flames.

When he rushed in, Chu nightning only felt extreme pain.

He didn't want to touch the back of the ink, only grabbed the edge of the stone table with his backhand, and gasped in a low voice: "Hey animals..."

The ink-burning eyelids are covered with a layer of blood, and the word "small animal" is not judged, but it is sullen: "You don't explain it. You really shouldn't ask you again. You can't count it now." The teacher is respected."

His movements were fierce and fierce, and he only sought his own pleasures and comforts.

"What is Ning Ning now?" He was almost gnashing his teeth: "It’s just a side squat, it’s banned... the legs are separated from the seat."

During the entanglement, the ink burned him over, the paper and ink on the table were all smashed, and the brush fell to the ground. Chu nightning was shackled at the table, and there was endless pain under his eyes. There was boundless sky in front of him.

He looked at the word and looked at the stroke.

As a bodhi tree, my heart is like a mirror...

What is the old man?

Haikuo...shanyao.

Words are hearty.

There was still a teenager in front of his eyes, and he smiled at him. The dark curtain of the ciliary feathers trembled softly, like a black butterfly.

The deafness is the low breathing of stepping on Xianjun. In the humiliation, he is bullying him, and he said in a hoarse voice: "Chu night Ning... Oh, will Chu’s heart in this seat still remember others?"

"Would you like me to be like a star, like a moon, night and night, and the glory of the night." There was a killing in the voice. "Do you think I really don't understand?"

Chu nighting bites his teeth and lie on the stone table. The body is bitten, and the bedding is a wet red mark. The Fengmu is awkward: "You don't

understand."

Ming knows that the words will be exchanged for more fierce treatment, but still obsessively say, you do not understand.

You don't know who the old man is, and you don't know why Haikuoshan is.

You won't know who Jun is, and who the month means.

You... won't understand.

After a ridiculous ridiculous, the ink burned finally let him go.

Chu nighting clothes are messy, lying in the wisteria flowers, lying in the poems of ink, his eyes have red marks, like the bright colors of the rouge flowers when they are fallen on the fingertips.

The lips have been bitten, all blood.

He got up, dressed slowly... He was under house arrest for so long, from the initial heart and bones, to the present, the mourning is greater than the death.

What can he do now with the destruction of the spiritual core? The so-called dignity, but only after the event, always stubbornly wear their own clothes, not willing to be artificial.

When he did all this, the ink burned and sat at the stone table, holding the letters he had written, and watching them one by one.

When he saw the dream of seeing the rain, his hand seemed to sink slightly, but soon he turned the paper over and then sneered with a sneer: "The bones are soft, and the words are still pretty. ""

He put the stack of letters into his robe and stood up.

The wind blew through his clothes, and the golden thread on the black collar smashed with brilliance.

"gone."

Chu nightning did not speak.

The ink burned through the eyes, and the wisteria flower lining his dark eyes deeper and deeper: "Don't send this seat?"

The shade of the trees was flowing, and the sound of the late night was low and dumb, and slowly said: "I have taught you."

Ink burns: "What?"

"See the letter as a meeting, the exhibition letter Shu Yan." He finished this sentence, finally raised his eyelashes and looked at the man who was very impressive. "I taught you to write, you forgot."

"You taught me to write?" The ink burned and frowned. This is not a deliberate attempt to tease Chu Xiening. Looking at him, he really has no impression at all.

The person who wants to go has stopped.

Ink burning asked: "When is the matter."

Chu night Ning looked at him and said: "A long time ago."

After he said this, he turned and walked to the room where the red lotus water was smashed.

The ink burned in the same place, and did not leave for a while, nor did it come in. Later, Chu Lingning saw him from the window and returned to the stone table, and read the remaining stack of letters under the paper.

Chu nightning closed the window.

That night, he was tortured and didn't know how to clean himself, so he felt cold.

It was not a big deal, he didn’t think it would be known. But I didn’t know why, I heard Liu Gong said that it was Song Qiutong who cooked a bowl of hand-picked hands. I don’t know why I was so angry that I was not angry with the emperor’s residence. Go and walk away.

It was late at night and it began to rain. At this time, the red lotus water came in.

"There is a flaw in your majesty, please ask Chu Zongshi to move to the palace."

These dears are clearly aware of the relationship between the ink-burning and the Chu-Ningning, but they are also required to be called the master.

If there is still a trace of goodness, it is mean and vicious.

Chu Xiuning’s body was very uncomfortable, his face looked pale and his face was very gloomy. He said, “Don’t go.”

"Your Majesty -"

"There is nothing going on."

"..."

It is not an interesting thing to go to bed with a patient. When he was particularly unwell, his ink burned basically wouldn’t force anything.

However, it didn't take long for the palace man who was sent back to come back. He entered the red lotus water scorpion and performed a ceremony in front of Chu Cunning, who had a cough and cough. Then he looked indifferently and said: "There is a squat, small If you are sick, ask the guru to go to the Wushan Temple to serve."

Chapter 248

Chu nightning knew that he had no choice. He finally put on a thick fox cloak, propped up a paper umbrella and went to the Wushan Hall.

In the hall, the wrong silver and bronze lamps ignited the brilliance, and the ninety-nine lights were as dark as the galaxy, and the entire Wushan Temple was brilliant. It’s commonplace for the accomplices on both sides to accompany the sect of Chu Zong. When he comes in, he is coveted. Chu night Ning no expression through the side of the veranda, go to the back hall to rest - before the lacquer Zhumen, he reached out and pushed the threshold.

The house is very warm, unlike the cold rain outside the river, and there is a fragrant wine. The ink burned lazily on the couch, and the white jade fingers held the red mud pot and were drinking.

"You came."

"..."

"sit."

Chu Xiening went to the bamboo seat farthest from him, sat down and stared.

The ink did not force him to approach, he was already drunk, and his pale face was covered with thin red. He squinted his eyes, and there were some shimmering brilliance in the black-to-purple eyes. I was bored again, and the ink burned up and looked at the top beam of the carved dragon, and the finger tapped on the knee.

He suddenly asked: "Is it still a hand?"

Chu nightning's eyelashes moved slightly, but he still said: "No."

Some of the ink burns: "You did it. That year... the year he left."

"I can't do it well." Chu Xiaoning didn't have much look on his face. "You said it's good. It's a good effect."

The ink burned and narrowed his eyes: "Are you in this book?"

"No."

"So if this seat is now letting you do one?"

Chu night, Ning did not speak, and his eyes burned with enthusiasm, glaring at him: "Ask you. If you want to do one now, you still want to."

"Even if I did." Chu nightning finally opened his eyes and looked at him coldly. "Will you eat?"

I didn’t expect to be defeated by an army. When the ink burned on the cheeks, it floated a layer of blood. It seemed to be a surge of alcohol, and it seemed to be anger. In short, the emotion in his eyes suddenly became very stunned, and it took a while to react. He then gnashed his teeth and violently slammed the wine cellar before the case, and the fine pears were spilled over the ground.

The ink burned in the shadows and stood like a mountain. He walked through the broken pottery and strode to the front of the night, and grabbed the clothes.

"You are good, Song Qiutong is also good." Stepping Xianjun gnashed his teeth, "You, all have to find the seat to be not happy."

He let go of the late night, like a eagle, squatting in the same place, walking back and forth -

Suddenly, the pace stopped.

He turned his head and looked at the night, and asked: "When did you teach me to read this letter?"

Stepping Xianjun has been drunk half-time at this moment, and he has no reason to talk at all. He wants to talk about where to talk.

"I don't remember anything at all."

The wrist was caught by a cold hand, and the ink burned him and took him to the book. Spread the paper and spread a pile of books. Ink burning: "Write it to me. Teach me again."

Chu night Ning had a low-grade fever, and he was forced to do so. Under the anger, he became more and more depressed, and his face was coughing up.

The ink burned the pen into his hand, saying gloomy and gloomy: "Write."

Impatience urged: "Quicker."

Chu Lingning’s spiritual core has been broken in the previous mentoring confrontation, and the body has always been bad, so coughing and coughing, there is **** blood in the throat -

The ink burned, and he stared at the little blood on the star, then slowly loosened his hand.

"It’s just that the letter is cold, and what can be said." Finally, Chu nightning stopped coughing, he sighed and took the pip to wipe the blood off his lips.

He raised his eyes, sighed and looked at the ink: "Every letter of the past, you will write this beginning. But you may not have been writing for too long, so I forgot."

"I... write a letter?" The black-painted scorpion stared at him. "Who is it for?" He was almost angry: "Who do I write to? Who can I write to in this world? Hu Composing and messing up... arranging and messing up... a nonsense!"

When the ink burned these words, it was awkward and mournful, and the eyes were full of fascination.

At that time, Chu Xiening was vaguely feeling that there was something wrong there. But he didn't think much at that time, only when the ink burned was drunk, and his memory was not good. So I only frowned and didn't answer.

In the study room of Wushan Temple, there are letters, and all the letters of the dead and the dead will be locked in a Qiankun 归档 file. The ink burns like a trapped beast in a cage. After a few rounds of thinking about the existence of the letter, the dusty scorpion is taken out and the letter of one long and one long is taken apart.

Those letters were written by disciples who were sent by the disciples, and they were classified according to the elders of the division. Most of the people who wrote letters had died in the year of the rebellious rebellion. Among them, the elders of Yuheng are the least disciples, only three, and it is especially convenient to find. The ink burned quickly and turned to a thick letter.

He shivered and disassembled.

It is his handwriting that is good, tender and skewed, but he is extremely serious. A seal looks at the past, and every letter says, "See the letter as a meeting, and show your letter."

Every one has it.

The ink-burning fingers are shaking, and the eyes are shining with strange colors.

——

"A Niang, see the letter as a meeting, the exhibition letter Shu Yan."

"My sister, see the letter, the exhibition letter Shu Yan."

Those long-standing names are shuddering and make him jealous. His cockroaches were narrow and small, and the clouds overwhelmed him in his face.

Chu night was standing next to him, and he still didn't care at first, but the more he came back, the more he looked like him. He couldn't help but lock his eyes in front of the desk, and the old man turned his old letters and manners. A man who is crazy.

A small horror sticks out the sharpness and slams the atrium of Chu.

What is wrong.

He walked slowly and watched the ink burned in the letter, but it was crazy.

... Where is it wrong?

"My mother is dead..." Suddenly, the ink snorted and opened his eyes and looked at Chu Ningning. "Why would I write to her?"

Chu nightning looked at him every move, the horror was smashing in his heart, as if there was any stormy darkness coming out of the shell.

The clouds have come to the world.

It is strange to forget the words "seeing the letter as a meeting" and writing many times, but it is not impossible.

But forgetting so many letters I have written, I have no impression at all. This is too much.

The ink burned still looked at one by one: "Exhibition letter Shu Yan... Exhibition letter Shu Yan..." The gloss that shines in the black and purple enamel is so painful, so contradictory.

It seems that there is a missing piece of important memory.

The ear seemed to hear the sound of the hard shell breaking.

Chu nightning condensed in breathing, the spine was almost numb. In addition to the two of them, there is no other person in the study. In this piece of silence, Chu night moved his lips and then whispered: "You don't remember? You said that although your mother could not receive the letter, but You still want to write to her."

The ink slammed up.

Chu nightning only felt that his blood was cool and cold, and he became angry.

"The first name you learned to write is not your own name."

The ink burned and whispered: "What is that?"

"The first name you asked me to teach you is Aunt."

The outside of the electric lightning thunder, the wind screamed fiercely, as if countless ghost claws slammed on the window, shaking the window paper slamming.

A flash of lightning fell, and the human world was shining.

Stepping on the emperor, I muttered: "...is you teaching me?...why don’t have any impressions...nothing at all."

The wind blows down the woods, the shadows are shaking, and the ghosts and spirits of the mountains are full.

Chu Evening’s face was white, and he stared at the ink, and he looked like an eagle: “You don’t remember?”

The heart is like a drum.

A few silences, answering him, is a smoldering almost inconsequentially asking: "What do you remember?"

Drum stop.

The tiny fears finally smashed the outer shell, and the horrible rush of the earth rushed and swept toward the only awake person in the house.

Chu nightning's scalp is numb - he does not remember? How could you not remember? !

At the beginning, the ink burned to write a letter to the mother, and wrote more than three hundred copies, saying that it was necessary to make up a thousand seals. Then, when the Bon festival was held, it was burned and burned with the mother of the land...

More than three hundred letters, how could it be easy to forget!

His lips shivered a little, and suddenly there was an extremely terrible conjecture. Chu night Ning mute: "You... can't remember the first time you saw the sky, what did you say?"

"What have I said?" The ink ignited, "How long has it been, how can I still remember it."

"You said that you also want such a god." Chu said, "You want to have a day to ask..."

The drunk man asked him, and his eyes revealed a sarcasm: "I want to ask what to do? Is it killing or interrogation?"

Chu night Ning whispered: "Hey."

When the red lotus water was smashed, the young boy was tender and green, and he smiled and held a paper umbrella and said to him: "You can save it."

But at this moment, stepping on the emperor's scorpion, like a wolf-like scorpion, is incomprehensible: "What?"

Outside the sky thunder broke, purple electricity night.

The bang of the rumble.

Chu night, licking his lips, the brown eyelids shivered slightly.

The chill of the cheekbones.

That night, the smoldering did not actually do anything to Chu. He really drunk a bit, and later he was holding those letters in a daze.

Later, the ink burned asleep before the case, and he was still muttering while he was asleep: "What?? Nothing..."

Suddenly, the wind blows open the window, and a bang sounds. The mountain wind is mixed with heavy rain, and the lights are extinguished by the window.

The house was dimmed.

Chu night Ning stood beside the ink burning, lips and teeth cold, looked down at this sleeping man. The uncertain thoughts in the brain are becoming clearer and clearer – why can't you remember these scattered pasts? Why did you selectively forget some pure past?

Is it because I am drunk? Because of coincidence? Or... Who deliberately erased the good thoughts in his heart?

Stepping on the table, Shen Xianjun whispered softly: "Cold..."

The blood of Chu Xiaoning was cool, and the whole person was numb. Hearing the coldness of the ink, he instinctively walked slowly to the window.

Raise your hand and close the window, blocking the wind and rain outside.

After doing this, Chu Xiening did not go, he slammed his forehead against the Xuan window with the deer pattern, and the knuckles were white jade.

After a while, he slowly took out a crumpled charm from the placket.

Shenglong Fu.

He has no psychic nucleus, and the smoldering feels that he can no longer use any spells, so those who have been used by Chu’s birthday, he is too lazy to take away.

In fact, it is not wrong to burn this ink. Chu nighting bites the tip of his finger and drops more than ten drops of blood. Almost all of them have passed through the dragon's paper, and the little dragon on the top floated out of sloppiness.

It was full of weak light, and looked up at the airlessly: "Ah... Chu nightning... I haven't seen it for a long time..."

Xiaolong Li was somewhat unstable, and the dragon paw took a few steps on the paper, and then slammed back to the paper. It has some grievances and some sorrows: "Why have you not been looking for this seat for so long? Why do you only give this seat a little aura... Hey, it’s really aura... Even the spiritual power is not... What happened to you? ?"

"Speaking long, still don't say it." Chu night Ning gently caught it and put it on the palm of his hand, "Please, help me a favor."

"There is nothing to do with the clock, nothing to do with Xia Yingchun." Xiaolong sighed, but its power is closely related to Chu Xi Ning, so it didn't even have much strength to complain, and he said, "You say, this. What do you want to do for this seat?"

Chu nightning took it and placed it on the side of the sleeping ear.

Fingering into a fist, not into the palm. Chu Xiaoning's face, which was difficult to see, looked paler and paler: "Try to try it and see if there is any curse that should not be there."

In fact, at that time, the boy who was brilliant and docile, and even the cockroaches were reluctant to kill, eventually became a devil.

As a teacher, how can he have no suspicion?

Watching the apprentice kill Xue Zhengyi, Mrs. Wang, killing Jiang Yan, and forgetting the leaves.

Tulu has been exhausted.

Stepped on the bones.

He looked at the smoldering and killing, watching the ink burned with blood in his hands, his face was full of blood, standing in the dead heap and smirking at himself.

He was distressed, why didn’t he feel weird?

The original burning is not such a person.

But when the little paper dragon tried his best, when Chu Xinning struggling to paint a shape of a spell on the paper, despite the preparation, Chu nightning was shocked.

Love is awkward.

What is the love of the burning body? ! !

After Xiaolong finished the spell, he lost his last strength. It turned into a blue smoke and disappeared into the dragon. Chu nightning is attached to the thin piece of paper, and the skull seems to have cracked mountains and stones.

However, after reluctantly calming down and repeatedly watching it many times, Chu Ningning found that the image of this love is wrong -

It turned out to be upside down.

Chapter 249

On the second day, the ink ignited, and remembering what happened after drunkenness is not so clear.

But he does not remember, Chu nightning will not forget.

After that day, he knocked on the side and confirmed that the smoldering was really a memory of many past events, so he became more and more uneasy. He spent a long time, and finally found a record of this formation from a medicinal scripture in the library of the dead.

The light spilled out of the window: "Eight bitter hate..."

The fingertips rubbed the dark black lines depicted on the scrolls, and Chu Xiening took out the charms of the dragon paintings. The two were exactly the same.

It is a black heart, which is easy to recognize as a love affair, but the love is that the heart will have a sesame-sized white space to the left, and this is reversed, on the right.

The traces of the spells displayed by Xiaolong correspond to the spell effects. So it seems that this is a flower pot that is similar to the bell, but has the opposite effect.

In the empty and uninhabited hall, the ancient books are mixed with the ancient magic, not so well understood. Although Chu Xiaoning is somewhat involved in the magic, it still looks very difficult.

He read slowly word by word, but whenever he reads a word, his heart is even worse.

"Eight bitter long hate flowers, magic species." The water color thin lips lightly open, Chu night Ning whispered, "It is said that thousands of years ago, the hook Chen Shanggong brought the world into the world."

The book is painted with a pair of seeds, with a drop of blood and a thin smoke.

"This kind of cultivation is very difficult. It needs to be drenched with magic blood for ten years, and then it can be scented with a stalk of the owner."

Chu night Ning whispered: "Need the magic blood and the soul of the owner to grow out? But this world...where there is pure magic."

However, the literature does not necessarily have to be all right, and it is not necessary to study it.

He then looked down and saw a heart painted on the plaque, with a double-flowered flower on the right side of the heart. Beside this interpretation, there is another complex magical text: "This magic flower, the soil is not alive, the hydroponics is not alive, seeing the sky is not alive, seeing the earth is not alive, only someone can raise it."

Chu night Ning was shocked, this is actually a flower that can only be opened in the heart?

Looking further down, it is even more shocking.

What I mean by transcript, roughly speaking, once someone has been planted with eight bitter long hate flowers, they will go through three stages.

In the first stage, the host is not much different from the past, but it will gradually start to feel emotional, easy to maliciously speculate on others, and begin to gradually forget some good memories. At this stage, although the eight bitter long hate flowers are difficult to remove, as long as they are discovered in time, the effectiveness can be slowly suppressed. If the situation is good, the last hate flower will fall into dormancy and it will be difficult to work.

But if this time is not discovered, then according to the host itself, the slowness is ten or eight years, and soon, only the emotion of a big event needs to be intensified, and the eight bitter long hate flower will grow to the second stage.

At this stage, the host will quickly forget all the pure memories related to "pure", "gentle" and "hope", and will repeatedly recall the frustrations and frustrations in life, malicious and bullying.

Life is bitter, life, illness, grievances, love will not be separated from the five sinister, will be remembered by the host.

Go deep into the bone marrow.

Chu Xiaoning read here, his face is white and frosty.

Ink burning... Isn't that true?

He forgot his childhood wish, forgot a letter that he had written, and even no longer had a clear impression of his mother.

He continued to look down. In the third stage, the host became bloodthirsty and irrational.

It will retaliate back thousands of times of suffering that has been suffered before.

Chu Xiuning seems to have sneaked in the blood of the Confucianism in front of the eyes of the Confucianism. One hand was filled with spiritual power and slammed into the monk.

Full of blood, the heart will be pulled out and crushed.

How many people mourn and swear, the corpse is the body of the corpse, but the smoldering is just a long laugh, the eyes are flashing with agile and crazy luster, and the mouth keeps saying a word:

"You hit a three-footer, you can't ask for a slap... You can't ask for a sigh!"

Awkward, crazy, evil, awkward.

Why does the ink burn like this?

I didn’t have any doubts at the time, but the effect of eight bitter long-sentimental flowers was progressive and deepened, and the most crucial point was that it was written on the transcript – this magic flower would not be plain. The land breeds tyranny, but it expands the hatred and desire of the host itself.

In other words, these hatreds and desires are indeed true to the ink, and no one has blasphemed him.

I did not want to think about the Confucianism of the Tucheng, I really thought about going to the world, and I really hated the resentment of Chu, but this kind of emotion may be just a moment, maybe just buried deep in my heart, even I have forgotten myself. A period of madness.

It’s just that the eight bitter long hate flowers will dig out all the hatred of his heart and put it into practice.

In this way, in the eyes of outsiders, although the host of long hate flowers is crazy, but hateful, it is justified, rather than suddenly temperament, has become another very different person. People will think that "he is slowly becoming like this because of hatred", and will not think "he is slowly becoming like this because of cursing."

For this reason, almost no one can easily detect the eight bitter long hate flowers in the body of the burning body, and when others discover it, it is often in the second and third stages. If you want to remove or want to contain it, it is impossible. .

After reading the passage of this paragraph, Chu Jingning was unable to return to God for a long time.

What kind of feeling is in my heart?

Surprised? regret? anger? fear? Or deplore...

he does not know.

He sat on the floor of the bookstore that was slightly damaged due to his disrepair. At this time, it was afternoon, the sun was still warm, but it was sprinkled on him, but he could not call back the heat of a star and a half.

Chu Xiaoning sat in the book scroll for a long time. He felt that there seemed to be a person who couldn’t see or touch him. The man smiled faintly, and the ghosts and the dead were generally squatting, watching them from behind the scenes. One move, one word.

He looked down again and went to see the sentence written on the plaque -

"In the first stage, if we find out in time, it is difficult to remove the long-sucking flower, but it can contain it, and the host will not lose its heart."

In this sentence, Chu Xi Ning came back and forth, and repeatedly recited countless times.

In the end, he found that there were drops of water and slowly smudged on the transcript. He held out his cold hand and tried to wipe the water stain.

But the hand has not touched the face, and instinctively turned to the face, covering the wet eyelashes, covering the trembling eyelids.

It is not good for him, it is his loss. It is he who has always been proud, and his face is more important than anything else. He is not willing to speak openly.

If you find out in time...

Not to lose the heart.

But for so many years, he did not notice anything. The so-called night-time Yuheng Beidou Xianzun, but even the apprentice became the host of the magic flower, he was not aware of it. It was his solitude and incompetence, which eventually led to the burning of the ink on his own. Long night, involved in **** seas and enmity.

How can he have a face-to-face position, how can he face his face with ink and call him a "master"?

If you find out in time.

A sentence is like a nightmare, like a curse, and his thorns are screaming at him. He is shocked. He is a teacher.

Looking back at this time, how long has the ink burned? It’s not a year or two, and so many years of time, the ink burned from the beginning of the somewhat awkward and somewhat brilliant teenager, was swallowed up by the darkness little by little, and was soaked by the **** hurricane little by little.

As a master of his own, even until today - until everything is irreparable, it is difficult to look back, until this time, he knows afterwards that he knows how to sneak inside him. Hate the pole - he is a teacher! !

On that day, Chu nightning did not know how to pick up the emotions, how to slowly step out of the library, and walk in the dead bamboo forest.

I don't know how I returned to the red lotus water, and under the wisteria flower stand, everything was chaotic. He sat alone, from the sun to the sun.

Later, he entered a person in his vision.

The man has a wide shoulder and a narrow waist. He stepped on the sunset, his hands carrying a glimmer of light, slowly and slowly rushing toward the water.

Chu nightning because of the ecstasy, a moment of reaction, but who is coming, what the year is. The tall, handsome man overlaps with the boy in his memory in his eyes-

He remembered that it was a month when the teacher was full, and the ink burned a small clay pot wrapped in bamboo and rattan, and rushed to the red lotus to find himself.

The teenager ran too fast, his cheeks were reddish, gasping, and his eyes were bright.

"Master, I tasted a particularly good wine at the foot of the mountain, hit a little, I invite you to drink."

Chu night Ning asked: "You have not received the appointment, where is the money?"

The smoldering grin and laughed: "Ask the uncle to borrow."

"... why bother to pay."

"Because the master likes me." The ink burned and laughed, holding the jug in both hands and handing it to the front of the night, "I like the teacher."

Chu nightning still remembers the embarrassment and sorrow of his time.

The young man's show is too blazing, he feels like a hot potato, can't hold it.

He screamed: "There is nothing to say. I don't like it. I won't say it in the future."

"Oh... that's okay." The teenager scratched his head. "But I have a good meal. If I drink well, I will definitely think of the Master. I want to try it with the Master."

"...I have not drunk."

The ink burned and laughed: "Is always going to try it? Maybe the Master is a huge amount."

Chu night Ning licked his lips, took the jug, opened it, and tried to smell it, his eyes wide open.

"Scent?"

"Ok."

"Haha, let's have a look."

Chu nightning took a sip, although it was strong, but the taste was mellow, and the lips and teeth were soaked with fragrant and fragrant, and Chu Ning couldn’t help but take a sip: "It’s good, what is it?"

The ink burns his mouth and stuns: "This is called pear white."

This is the first time in his life, he murmured: "Pear blossom white... it is a good name."

The smoldering is very happy: "If the teacher respects it, I will be able to accept the appointment and earn money. I will buy it every day."

Chu Evening took another sip and leaned over the phoenix to see him. His face was still faint: "Then your silver money is afraid to survive."

The ink burned and smiled: "You don't have to save it, and all I earn is used to buy things for Master and Uncle."

Chu night Ning does not say anything, but the heart faintly feels cracked, and the sweetness of the silky oozing out. In order to prevent his ink from burning his own joy, he would not feel that "the elders of Yuheng could buy through a glass of wine", and they continued to hold the jug quietly, drinking coldly and faintly.

Beside him is the newly recruited little apprentice, and Chu Evening sometimes feels amazed that his indifference is a wall for anyone.

Only this guy happily turned over the wall, and no one else touched the back of his head and looked around.

I am afraid to be a fool.

Here, the ink burning disk counts to buy a filial master, and then asks: "Does the teacher like to eat sweet-scented osmanthus cake?"

"Ok."

"What about lotus flowers?"

"Ok."

"Osmanthus sugar?"

"Ok."

The darker dimples became more and more sweet. He smiled and said: "Master is really like sweet things."

Chu Xiaoning was not good this time, and he probably finally realized that the sweet food was not consistent with his usual cold and cold appearance.

He took another sip of alcohol, because he was annoyed, so the drink was quite heroic. Although this wine is sweet and mellow, it is still a bit rushing. He was picked up.

Helpless face, Chu nightning feels that drinking is being embarrassed to be such a thing, so it is hard to resist, not to cough, endure the pain, the throat is more intense, so that his eyes can not help but some red.

The teenagers around me are still ambitions, saying that he is not a magnificent future. Some heroes are short-lived: "Then I will buy them back to the Master. I will collect the delicious food from all over the world and compile them into a booklet. The Master is eating all over the South, and then..."

He smiled back and suddenly jumped.

"Master, you, what's wrong with you?"

Chu nightning: "..."

As a teacher, if it is the drink brought by the apprentice, is it a joke?

Hold on, can't cough.

Then the tail of the eye became more red, and even a layer of misty water vapor was created.

There is something left in the ink: "Is it wrong? Master, how are you crying?"

"..."

Chu night Ning glared at him, long eyelashes trembled slightly, some anger.

The ink burned did not feel his anger. After a while, it seemed that he understood it somewhat. His tone became very gentle. "Is there anyone who bought it before the teacher?"

The anger of Chu Xiaoning is even worse.

The ink burned from the ground: "In fact, I have been eating for a while, and I still can't eat anything. I am starving to death. Later I met a little brother on the road and gave me a pot of sweet rice porridge... I also like it. Sweet, but no one can buy it for me before."

This young boy has a lot of talents to push himself and others. In the end, he believes that Chu Xiaoning is red because of his emotions.

He took the hand of Chu Yuning.

This is really unexpected. Chu is so long, and he has to deal with other people's spells. He only has to take his hand. It was so cold that he was caught by a newly recruited disciple who was unruly and unruly. He felt very surprised.

He was angering, but he raised his eyes and saw his little accident. He was looking up at a handsome and childish young face and said seriously:

"Master, wait for me to come out, I will buy you sugar to eat."

The eyebrows of the teenager's brow are soft.

"I will buy you the best candy, and I will manage it. I have taught me to give me a reward."

I didn't go to school very well. I have been in the music hall for a long time. The speech is always so strange and strange. There are always some words that are unsatisfactory.

However, Chu Xiaoning knew that he was burnt at that time. He stared at the ink and saw the whiskers. He suddenly fell down and no longer snorted.

After a long time, the wine strength finally slowed down, and Chu Ning had some uncomfortable light coughing a scorpion, faintly: "Don’t talk about it later. And..." is also a sudden curiosity, he asked "I have something, I want to ask you."

"Master Shi said."

Chu night, rather than squatting, he finally asked some questions: "At that time, there were so many people in front of the tower, why worship me?"

The teenager burned his mouth and spoke -

But at this time, the memories were interrupted.

Stepping on the jug with a jug, Tienjun stood in front of Chu Yuning, who had been worried, raising a finger and poked his forehead.

"what happened?"

Chu Yuning’s nephew slowly got the focus at this time, and he looked at the ink in front of him.

His face was pale and his face was dark, although he was still handsome, but it was difficult to cover up the tyranny. A pair of eagle eyes like a beast.

It was no longer the hot boy.

It's in the past.

He suddenly felt very tired and very tired. It has been a long time since the house was under house arrest, and it has never been so extreme.

He is very contradictory, and he doesn't even know how to face this man.

Chu nightning turned his face.

A small, cool hand grabbed his chin and licked his face. In the eyes of the phoenix, the light and shadow flow, reflecting the last red glow of the horizon, but also reflected in the dark and dark, stepping on the face of Xianjun, a slightly gloomy face: "Are you still angry?"

Chu nightning closed his eyes for a long time, and his throat was hoarse: "No."

"Hot out?" After the evening, he answered the words, and the ink burned his chin, explored his forehead, and then took care of himself. "Well, back."

He sat down and patted the seal of the wine jar and said: "Since the illness is good, the gas is gone. Today, I will accompany my seat to drink a bar."

"..."

Ming knows that there is an invisible behind-the-scenes black hand behind the stepping fairy. It is clear that the seemingly calm life and death at this moment is in danger, and knowing that it should not be a surprise, should not be different.

But when the wine poured out, the ink burned lightly: "Pear blossom white, your favorite wine." When he was still stunned.

The aroma floats out, like the world, like a illusion.

That was also the first wine he had ever had in his life.

I will never forget it in my life.

Chu Xiaoning raised his eyes and looked at the person who poured the wine. He knew that the burning of the ink must not remember this past. Suddenly his heart was dull and his throat was sore, so he picked up the wine cellar and drank it.

The wine is too strong, so booze will be picked up.

But this time, Chu Yuning no longer has no scruples, even as if he caught the floating grass in the rapids, coughed up sharply, his eyes were red, his eyelashes were wet, and even tears fell.

The ink burned slightly, and there seemed to be a moment in the middle.

However, he quickly narrowed his eyes and grinned unhurriedly: "What happened to Master? How did you cry?"

Chu night will endure, even if it is tormented, even if it is known, even if the truth is known, nothing can be done.

Or remove long hate flowers.

Or find out the black hand behind the scenes.

Or die by yourself.

Before that, he knew that he had to bear it.

I don’t know what to pretend to pretend to be hateful, and I’m so late, I’m so embarrassed, I’m struggling with my back and hoarse: “Wine.”

The ink burned slowly and slowly: "Is the wine too rushing?"

Chu night Ning did not answer, and filled a cup, drinking into the lungs, all the way to burn.

"Why did you worship me?"

He opened his eyes and looked at it. Between the two, the Tongtian Tower stood still solemnly. It was just that smile that said: "Because I like you, I feel that you are kind." The teenager can never come back.

There are eight sufferings in life.

Old and sick. Love is not to leave. Can't ask. Resentment will. Five sinister.

It is long hate.

There have been many opportunities to perceive the truth, but he has missed it, and when he finally perceives the real cause of the distorted ink, he has become a waste man and can't do anything.

In the night, Chu nightning looked at the ink burning on his pillow and slept, the once pure face was covered with a layer of cold, white-like paper.

He hated and blamed.

When the ink burned and he broke his knife, he was also chilling. When the ink burned his own female, he also died.

It can be long in the long night.

He is lying next to the emperor, and finally knows the truth of the Chu nightning only feels that the past hate or grievances, chills or death, it is so absurd.

The smoldering of the smoldering has already been poisoned, and all this has not been his original intention.

The singular Fengdi Emperor, who had already been imprisoned by the iron lock, was bound by the iron chain. As a teacher, you can't do anything.

Because he doesn't know how many eyes are behind him, he can't tell the truth to anyone.

He can't even show a half-hearted pity and relief to the ink burning. He can only hate, resent, and his heart is cold and dead.

Only when the night is quiet, in this Wushan Temple, in the depths of the Sumu, when the ink burns and sleeps, Chu Ning can get up and put on the pale face.

I can say it softly: "Sorry, Master is not protecting you."

Chapter 250

Only when the night is quiet, in this Wushan Temple, in the depths of the Sumu, when the ink burns and sleeps, Chu Ning can get up and put on the pale face.

I can say it softly: "Sorry, Master is not protecting you."

I have not protected you.

Let you become someone else's chess piece.

Become a tyrant of tens of thousands of people.

No one in the world knows your true meaning, I don’t know if you have been good, you have been pure, I don’t know if you have been troubled by the rainless days. You have laughed at the opening of the lotus pond.

Everyone in the world complains that you are cold-blooded, but I don’t know if you shyly scratched your head and said, "I, I have nothing to bear.

If there is some spare money in the future, I will cover the house more and give me the same people as I used to." It’s good to settle down."

Everyone hates you for killing and killing, but I don’t know if you told me: "Master, I want a **** like Wu. It can distinguish between black and white, but it can save lives."

Everyone is cursing you, everyone is guilty.

I know the truth, but I can't keep your dignity.

About the person who burns this kind of eye is always very sensitive to his eyes, even if he falls asleep. His eyes were slightly moving, and he did not react with the late night, and the blind man opened it: "You..."

The end is four-eye relative.

"What are you looking at?"

Chu Xiaoning’s emotions have been stretched to the extreme. He didn’t know how to deal with it, so he turned over and avoided talking with the ink, and then said: “Nothing.”

The ink burned without speaking. After a while, a warm body embraced him from behind, and the strong chest was attached to the back of Chu.

In the dark night, Chu night Ning opened his eyes, the breeze blowing in front of him, behind him is the hot chest of the Emperor. The man’s voice is not ridiculous or lazy. It’s faint: “You are cool and sweaty.”

Say, go down and sniff on the neck.

“Is it a nightmare?” The ink burned lightly, with some leisurely people waking up, “smelling some scary taste.”

Chu night never answered, but he did shiver in detail.

Not afraid, because sadness and self-blame almost destroy him. He almost exhausted his strength and only calmed down to keep this last point.

In the end, he succeeded in making a pass from the ink-burning eyelids. The ink burned did not notice his strangeness. After he yawned, the person gradually became awake. He went to sniff and sniffed the shoulders and hair of the late night, and he snorted with satisfaction.

"But then, your body, how do you even have some floral fragrance?" He smiled and laughed. "It's the same shape as a man."

If you usually ridicule this way, it will be a sorrowful sorrow.

But this night, the ink burned for a while, but did not wait for the response of Chu Yuning. He had some accidents, so he just got up and turned over the whole person, and re-tightened him. The broad figure completely shrouded the people under him.

His eyes looked into his eyes.

He lay under him, and he only had each other in his eyes.

The candlelight that had never been extinguished in the temple penetrated through the overlapping stacks of gauze. In such dim light, the ink burned against the handsome face that was close at hand.

Still the sword is sharp, the eyes are flying, the nose is high, and the eyebrows are naturally proud.

But I don't know why, I always feel that something is wrong tonight.

"What happened to you?" He reached out and touched Chu’s cheek. The fingertips came from a shudder, and the people underneath squinted at the eyes, all the emotions, and they could not bear it.

The smoldering is completely awake from the shackles.

He is thrilled.

Chu night Ning's eyebrows are also good, the thin lips of water, or the thin and fragile face of the tires... All of this makes the conquest in his chest greatly satisfied.

But there was a vagueness of uncertainty, and the ink burned and patiently asked him again: "What the **** are you doing?"

Chu night Ning opened his eyes, and the half-baked scorpion flashed with shimmering luster.

The pain and depression in his heart was nowhere to be vented, and he became a hoarse voice: "How do we get to this point today?"

"..."

"If you stop early, it will not be the same."

The ink burned did not answer. He felt that Chu’s late night was quite ridiculous. He had already lost his own hand for so long. He became a pro, sealed up and became a ban.

Everything is a foregone conclusion, why do you think about it tonight, and have this idea.

There is no one in the Wushan Temple at night, only the pair of grievances on the bed. The scent of flowers floating outside the window of Xuan makes the feeling of burning soft, and I don’t really want to get angry with this man who doesn’t know how to be good.

His patience with Chu is better than the patience of the Queen.

Therefore, he happily glared at the lateness and pain of Chu Yuning, groaning, his heart itch, and the heat was like a flame and ignited.

So he rarely laughed with it, with some laziness: "If you find the head of the emperor earlier, how do you want to stop this seat?"

Fingertips are adjusted. Stepping on the fairy is **** and tired: "Do you take your body?"

Looking at the layer of the moment in the middle of the night, I couldn’t tell the unclear complex emotions. The burning eyes were so cold and sullen.

After a moment, he cursed in a low voice.

He couldn't stand any temptation from him, whether it was intentional or not.

There is no excessive explanation and no foreplay.

Just like the beasts, he lifted the long, firm legs of Chu’s late night, and some of them rushed down –

If it is the eight bitter long hate, it will be born because of desire. Is it possible for this kind of residual body to ignite the heat of its own?

he does not know.

[There is a small river crab crawling over, it’s really small, if you don’t mind, see the old place.]

Very messy.

Everything is messy.

Chu nightning listened to the ink burning in his own ears and kept asking, kissing, breathing, the enthusiasm of pain and eroticism is like a rush of wind and rain.

For the first time in his life, he felt that he was like a duckweed. He couldn’t grasp anything. He couldn’t control anything and couldn’t change anything.

This night, he was so vulnerable for the first time.

Even worse, although he did not answer, the ink burned quickly from his trembling and his look to see the angle and position he could not stand.

[There is a small river crab, very small and small, it doesn't matter if you don't look at it. If you want to see it, see the old place.]

So the sky was overwhelming, and the bed was almost overturned. The pillows were all wrong and slipped to the ground, but the two people who were entangled in the fierceness could not care.

This kind of blending can even be said to be lingering.

The palace man who even swayed the night, and saw the night of Ning, the cheeks were a little reddish, and there were some flaws in his eyes.

He lost it to him, and he was also stimulated by him to dispel the gods, and the blind man was smashed.

In fact, this should be regarded as the second time that Chu Xiaoning was under house arrest. For the first time, he was directly released by ink burning without being used.

In the daytime, he heard the ink burning in a low voice and said: "We have come to this point today, it is a matter of course, do you know why?"

"..."

"I wanted you very early." The fingers of the burning ink did not enter the long hair of the late night of Chu. "I hate that you are tall and look indifferent. No matter what I do, I can't ask you a good sentence."

Chu Xi Ning is a tingling feather, almost stinging.

The man was still mumbling on his hair. It is him who is obviously bullied. The man who gets the cheap thinks about the past but is like a blame: "No matter how much I do, I will not look at me."

no.

There has been a gentleness between you and me. There has also been a pot of wine in the flower room. There is an umbrella in the rain, and a moon in the Mid-Autumn Festival. But you have forgotten it, and I can't mention it now.

"So, look. Only when you break your hands and feet, your bones are pulled away, your claws are pulled out, and you will lie down under me." The ink burned and kissed him, his voice was crazy and warm. "I only have to step on the emperor." In order to bully you, torture you, force you, trample on you."

The released place is still hot, pulsating between flesh and blood.

"You can see what you are like now." The ink burned softly. "Even if you are inferior to hell, you are judged to be incapable of being super-existent. It is worthwhile. It is enough to stimulate."

He touched the night hair of Chu, and he did not withdraw at the end.

That is, from this day on, the beginning of the ink burning has this habit - even if I know that Chu will rather become sick, knowing that there is such a bad, he is not willing to come out.

There is a hot fire in his heart, and his desires are splashing, and the beast is awkward.

Only Chu Xi Ning is his water, his jealousy, the man he wants to tear and tear and want to kiss the residual limb.

And what about Chu Ning? After the initial pain, he finally began to sink slowly, slowly starting to be alone, combing all the known clues, thinking about the people behind the scenes to plant the long-sucking flowers, what to plot, and ultimately want What is it?

On the other hand, although the book wrote that the long hate flower is in the third stage, it is impossible to pull out, but Chu Ning is still reluctant to give up.

He has never been convinced and lost.

He does not accept his life.

In this way, after a day and a day.

After the lack of spiritual power, Chu nightning is very difficult to do, not to mention the second person.

It’s hard to find out the black hand behind the scenes. It’s even more awkward to remove the long-sucking flower, but the purpose of the person’s control of ink burning is becoming more and more obvious.

Because the ink burns began to practice in the air.

"Rebirth, this seat can not be practiced."

I still remember the day when the ink burned, standing in front of the window, looking at the sly scorpion outside, faintly said, "Look at the file, saying that it is necessary for the yinful talents to learn." He said, he looked back and saw Chu night Ning glanced: "I intend to repair the first ban."

“Time and space are dead and dead?”

"Or what else."

"...you can't learn."

The ink burns and smiles: "I always try to bow again. Nothing is done, what may be impossible."

Chu nightning shook his head and said: "This first ban was changed against the sky, tearing two irrelevant red dust, never being for heaven -"

He has not finished speaking, and the words are interrupted.

The look of ink burning is very lazy: "What is Tiandao? Why do you want it to accommodate me? The most unbelieving in this life is life."

He then began to put into practice. The first ban had been lost for a long time, and the ink burned for the sake of the ninety-five. It was hard to receive a roll of ancient early extensions, and the most important chapter was missing. There is no complete secret, even if the ink is burning and even fierce, it can only be built into a space door, and it can not really tear the time and space.

And that is, since then, Chu nightning began to understand what it is like to be the one who burns the ink on the ink.

Certainly not for the unification of the world. What he suspects is that the ultimate goal of that person is to open the door to life and death. And it is not a small crack, I am afraid that I want to thoroughly integrate the two red dust.

Only a very small number of people, such as the burning of this natural and powerful hegemonic talent, can do this.

Chapter 251

"What do you want to do with the first ban?"

I don't know if he asked this question several times. When he was in a good mood, he finally replied slowly: "Go back to the past."

"and then?"

Stepping on the eyes of Stepanjun: "Save him back."

Who is "he", it is self-evident.

Chu night, white clothes like snow, standing in front of the ink: "If you carefully turn over the books related to the first forbidden, you should know that no one who can reverse the time and space can get a good end. The last master tried to put the daughter Bring back to yourself from another time and space, killing yourself from the time and space, what the end of the matter, you will not know."

The ink burned his brow, changed his sitting position, folded his legs, and looked at him with his cheeks: "I really don't know this seat."

"..."

"There are examples of such failures that can be seen."

Chu Xiaoning said: "No one has succeeded."

Ink burning: "The seat is the first successful person."

Chu Yuning said again: "If time and space are disordered, you don't know what the consequences will be."

The smoldering is almost ridiculous: "Even if the world is in chaos, the flood is soaring, what is it with this seat?"

Chu Xi Ning is still not reconciled: "Even if you really bring Shi Mingjing back from another time and space, what about the other you? How to be self-sufficient. If the two masters seized one person again, you thought about it. What should I do?"

The ink burned and smiled: "It's just another red dust myself. If he stops me, kill it."

Chu night, Ning slammed his mouth, and suddenly felt creepy.

The smoldering is really crazy.

"If that is..." is almost a stupid ground, Chu night Ning slowly said, "The masters robbed women of the same mistakes. In the process of robbing you and you, you have an accident, the earthly teacher is afraid of the net. Will be broken in the cracks of time and space, you..."

If this is not finished, I will hear a bang.

The ink burned out and he got up and turned the case of the fruit plate in front of him. Grape citrus lychee, at this moment, like the person he killed, the head cut, the bones rolled all over the floor.

Stepping on the fairy stepped over, embroidered dark dragon pattern red scorpion stepped on the ground, broken fruit, the grape cracked like blood, the lychee broken like a brain - he is filled with sweet and fruity corpse blood In the middle of the sea, I slammed the clothes of Chu’s late night, and my eyes were like tigers.

"I know that you can't look at him, I hope he will die." The ink burned in vain. "But you are too wicked. He said that he is also your apprentice. He once worshipped you and believed in you. Chu nightning, you curse." he."

"I didn't curse him, and what you said is true."

The ink burned and sighed: "Who wants to listen to your facts? The person who wants this seat, tearing time and space to turn around the Qiankun will also be saved back! Red dust stopped tearing red dust, I stopped and killed me - if you Stop, then..."

He gasped for a while, but his eyes were mad and a little damp. So what is it? trample? But he has already cut off the backbone of Chu Yuning. Domineering? Chu nightning has long been a man who married him.

So, kill? Suddenly, my heart was stuffy, but I couldn’t say it. I didn’t know the following.

The ink burned away, leaving the night of Ning, standing alone in the empty hall, and the four fields around him were dark. He knew that the darkness was a bureau that was laid down by one person, and it was good to go to Xianjun or Beidou Xianzun. trap.

But what should he do?

Once the first ban is applied, it is not a big deal if you just tear a crack. Just like a human scar can scar, time and space can heal itself. However, if the tearing mouth is large, the variables are much more, and the two red dusts are intertwined, and in the end it may become recorded in the ancient books.

crack.

"The red dust is orderly, and if the order is broken, the punishment will come, and all will be returned to Hongmeng."

——This sentence Chu Evening does not remember where he read it, but the impression is extremely clear. It is about the consequences of losing control of time and space.

The so-called daily punishment is coming to Hongmeng, that is to say, the gods will punish the mortal world, and the two disorganized time and space will be crushed into powder and returned to zero.

The first ban is out of control, and the price will be the complete destruction of two time and space. So in any case, this kind of thing can't happen, and you can't let the ink burn again.

That night, the ink burned to deal with the Kunlun movement and chaos, and did not find Chu nightning to ponder. So Chu Xiaoning took the wind lamp and went to the library.

This is also a bit of heartburn. He knows that it is hard to become a climate in the late night, so when it is angered, it will not be blocked in the ordinary days. What is the library, the back mountain, even the **** arsenal, he does not mind Chu nightning.

The reason is the same as raising a cat.

The fangs are smoothed and the claws are cut off, which is enough. If you want to discount your legs, let the cats move, and there is no wildness, it is too boring.

Chu Yuening combed all the veins he had obtained in the collection, combined with the current situation, and finally concluded two things: First, the people behind the scenes are extremely good at medication, but the spiritual power must not be strong. This is very understandable, because if the person's spiritual power is very strong, there is no need to fake people to do these things. Second, the death of the teacher must be planned by the people behind the scenes. The purpose is to promote the hatred of the ink.

This point is also late in the ancient books.

"Eight bitter hate can erase all the warmth of the people, but it can also retain the warm memories of a certain person." The complicated magic text is deciphered by words. "Therefore, the surgeon often makes the long hate flower owner retain normal memories of himself. That makes the long hate flower owner agree with the operator, relying on the operator, willing to be born and died."

The teacher has already passed away, and he saw it with his own eyes. There will be no leave. Therefore, the teacher should not be the person who applied the technique, but the ink burned clearly remembered all the good memories related to the teacher, and the people behind the scenes took advantage of the pure and warmth of the only burning ink, and tempted him to touch the three. The ban.

From the control of the world of chess games. Rebirth to the resurrection of the dead. To reverse the time and space of life and death.

The ink burns have indeed been tried one by one, whether successful or not. Who is so eager to control the three-door ban at the same time? Who would want to tear the time and space, risking the return of two red dust to zero, to satisfy their own lusts?

Chu night never thought that the answer to this question is not the most important at the moment. What is important is how he should stop this incident before the ink burns the death gate.

After thinking about it for a few times, he finally saw that there was only one road in front of him - he must kill the emperor, and then go back to the past, and the eight bitter hates in the burning heart have not been deeply planted and contain it. Try to get rid of it. It’s impossible for a person who has been bitter and hate once in the second time. In this way, even after the death of Stepan, the black hands still manage to open the door to life and death, and there is no way to get the strongest force. .

Kill the emperor...

In the night, the library has a moth and a fire, and it is thrown into the wind light brought by Chu Yuning. It is instantly swallowed by the fire tongue, and the remains are not left, only a stink.

Chu nightning looked at the candle alone and looked at the stupid moths.

The fire is very bright and the heart is very cold.

Killing the emperor of the emperor... killing the emperor...

Killed the ink. Kill the poor man who is controlled, used, and has fewer days.

From the predecessor, he was a teacher, and he did not protect him. Now he has to plan his own hands and make him fussy.

Chu night Ning squatting eyes, slightly back to the head, pillows between the bookshelves. The wind light flashed, and he would throw a moth like a moth.

Must kill the rain.

It's raining.

It’s light rain, and it’s lingering.

Chu Xiaoning is his male pet, waking up from the shallow.

The desire and energy of ink burning have always been amazing. I don’t know if this person is so entangled in Song Qiutong’s endless entanglement. What is he venting is simply a beast or a person’s own Thirsty.

unimportant.

The ink burned at his side and was already asleep, not much different from the many nights before. During this time, he became more and more ridiculous, and he wanted more and more. It is a common thing not to go out after finishing the work. On the second day, he will wake up again before the temple. kill him.

But the difference in power is so disparate, Chu night rather does not feel that he will have a chance of winning, even if it is on the pillow.

Wait a second time. He told himself this way.

After all, there are two things to do. One is killing. The other is to grab the time and space behind the scenes. First, open the door to life and death, and block the past ink burning and be swallowed up by the long hate flower. Since the first piece cannot be completed immediately, he will go to the second one. - Open the first ban, life and death.

Regarding this ban, there is always some impression in his mind. Combined with the roll of the founder of the ink burning, after numerous failures, he finally restored the original curse. However, because there is no spiritual core, it is extremely difficult for Chu to be able to cast spells. Fortunately, he and the nine songs are naturally acquainted, even if there is no spiritual core, they can summon. Therefore, although it is very difficult to find out, it is natural to go through the setbacks. But all in all, Chu Yuening finally used the power of nine songs to tear open a tiny gap in time and space.

That is the gap that can really lead to the past.

He was close, and heard a whistle from the crack --

Time and space are dead and dead, the door whistle sounds, and the whistle closes. It is exactly the same as the rumor.

He heard a long and empty voice asking him: "Where is the king going?"

At first, the heart was like a drum, but the boat really came to the bridge, and suddenly it was calm.

"Where is the king going?"

When the voice repeated the inquiry again, Chu Yuening looked at the Wushan Temple where the song and dance had started. Today, he provoked the smoldering of the thunder. At this moment, the ink burned has called Song Qiutong to accompany him, and he should not find himself again.

He took a deep breath, and Feng Feng had a light: "I want to go back to the year when the ink burned just eight long and hate flowers."

He tried to make the words clearer.

"That is, the year when long hate flowers are still in the first stage, everything can be recovered. ... Do you understand?"

No one in the crack promised, but when Chu Ning would be disappointed, a radiance suddenly lit up, and the space-time tunnel slowly opened.

Step in and step in and out. When everything came back to calm, he opened his eyes and there were just a few petals falling in front of him.

He...he really went back many years ago!

At this time, the white winds of the dead and the dead are the late spring season.

"..." Chu Xiaoning stood for a while, tried his best to calm his own mood, and then set aside heavy flowers and walked out of the crack.

He found himself coming to the back of the martial art. It was the fragrance of flowers and plants planted by Mrs. Wang, and the lights in the distance were lit up by the lights of thousands of disciples. They gathered in the night to form a quiet galaxy.

Revisit the place, if you dream.

Chu night is standing in the same place, although there are not many expressions on his face, but there are mixed feelings in his chest. He slowly walked all the way, watching the young disciples screaming and screaming, and glimpsed the elders of the martial arts martial martial arts and the elders of Lu Cun were trying to learn from each other, passing a corner, and even seeing the lady named Wang The fat cat is kneeling on the wall and stretches a fluffy head to sniff the rose flowers in the wall.

He is wrong, not a dream. In these years, even in the best dreams, he has not been able to return to such a life.

Chu Xiaoning looked at the scene in front of him and walked alone.

He knew that he did not have the habit of leaving the red lotus in the night, so he was not too worried about meeting himself in this time and space.

Walking and walking, I suddenly saw two teenagers on the front, one bright and beautiful, one dazzling. He was already very slow, and finally could not help but stop.

It was Xue Meng and the teacher of the boyhood.

Chapter 252

The two of them were chatting about something interesting. They had a relaxed smile on each other's face. Xue Meng even raised his hand to the teacher's hair and released a small flower of a yellow goose. He was picked up by the teacher and laughed. He Haha laughed out loud.

"Ah, Master?"

It’s too late to get out of the way. When Xue Meng turned his head, Yu Guang saw him. He first glimpsed it. Then he said with joy: “It’s rare to see the Master so late.” As he spoke, he greeted him.

The teacher also smiled and followed, gentle and rude: "Ask the teacher respect."

When he was late, he couldn’t say anything. He wanted to calmly agree, but he hadn’t opened his mouth yet, and his eyes were red. Fortunately, the night was deep and there was enough darkness to cover him.

Xue Meng is quite curious about some cats: "Where is the teacher going?"

"With..." The voice was exported, but it was hoarse. He was busy with his mouth, coughing, and for a moment, "just walk away."

After a while, I couldn't help but ask more.

"what about you?"

"My sister and I have just returned from the town of Wuchang. I bought a lot of delicious food." Xue Meng was very happy when he mentioned this. "There is a temple fair today, and it is very lively."

In exchange for the late Qing Dynasty of this era, this dialogue should stop here.

Chu nightning will not have too much interest to understand what these young people have gathered together, what to eat, why are they so happy.

At that time, he was faint, and if he was away from anyone, he would not like to take a look at the trivial matters of others.

But now Chu Jingning, but I feel that Xue Meng is also good, and the teacher is worthy. Every word, every look, and even every light and shadow in the eyes is precious.

He wants to look at it a little more and listen to a few more words.

This is something in his own red dust that he can never get.

So he asked: "What did you buy?"

“Is the teacher respected to see it?” Xue Mengxing went to his own Qiankun bag with great enthusiasm, and the treasure was general. “Godan skin, pine nuts, sweet-scented osmanthus...”

Counting a lot of things, suddenly holding a sweet-scented osmanthus sugar, all in the hands of Chu Yuning.

"Buy more, these are for the Master."

The teacher also rummaged through his bag, but he didn't seem to buy a few things. He turned it over and couldn't find anything to get his hand. The ear was a little red.

"..."

Chu night Ning said: "No need to give me any more." He picked two or three candy, and returned the rest to Xue Meng. Under the moonlight, his

eyes were almost moist and gentle.

"It's enough."

He knows that time and space will close at any time. He has overdrafted the power of nine songs, and it is not easy to open it. What's more, there is only one night light there, and it is too late to go back.

Holding on to the difficult mood, he asked: "Is it burned? Not with you?"

The two face each other, Xue Meng said: "I didn't see him after lunch."

Shimei also said: "He hasn't been with us for a few days. Maybe he has something to do."

Chu Yuning went to the disciple room, but no one in the room went to the temple to find it. Seeing the time and space consumption, not only the more heart and soul.

Thinking about it for a long time, suddenly, he remembered one thing.

He thought of it.

The ink will not go away...

After thinking about half of it, I didn't think about it any more. The thought of this flame-like squatting made him not very comfortable. His face slowly sank and the knuckles were involuntarily pinched.

——

He remembered a place where ink burned when he first went astray.

After half an hour, Chu Ningning stood outside a red and purple lacquered wooden building, hanging Zhu Xi, and writing the four characters of Xiantao Huijun.

This is the nearby famous Liyuan Xiantaolou. At this time, the night is deep, but the Huahuazhang of the flower building begins. There are passengers flowing in from the left and right, most of them are greasy men, smeared with powdered powder, and Chu nighting is cold, with a straight back and standing out of the crowd.

"Guest officer, please be inside."

"Let's take a look and see, today there is a famous **** play, Xiangtan's famous Dan, the song does not lose the hurricane of the year, the dance is not inferior to the past, the clothing is cold. Eighty-one text, the front row plus ten texts - ”

At the door, Xiao Yan was screaming at the scorpion, and there was a son who was shaking the literati fan. He happened to pass by and mocked: "It’s really a big word, what a big name, and dare to scream with the two paragraphs of the year."

"That is, the 80-year-old one has a face and a weak hurricane, and the hurricane is not enough for a play of eight hundred gold."

"This breaks the garden and swindles the money!" There was a passer-by, and he smiled at the armpits.

Chu night, I don’t understand, and I have a headache. He simply raised his hand and went into the building. There is a high knot in the silk lamp there. Some people are listening to the drama, some are drunk, and some people are ups and downs in the charm and gentleness of the rouge oil paint.

The play of Jin Sheng Yu Zhen, Xiao Yu Yu muscle spring.

On the first floor of the stage, the nobles are drunk and have a lot of flowers. The play was full of soft mourning, and the audience was touched with endless enthusiasm.

"Good -! Good!"

"A little more!!"

Chu Xiaoning was scented with a pungent fat powder and his eyebrows were wrinkled and his face was gloomy. The phoenix swept over and patrolled the circle, not seeing the young man.

He thought, isn't he guessing the wrong place?

At this time, the nephew who was too busy to take off the body noticed him, just like a colorful and colorful butterfly, he walked toward him, opened a pair of mouths with Zhu Hong Danxia, and smiled and solicited:

"This son, please come to the audience and listen to the eaves."

Chu nightning looked at her: "Find people."

"Looking for..." The child was condensed, and the smile fell, and his eyes were cold for three points. "Looking for people."

Chu night sighed and sighed, and took the waist ring to take it down. It was the beautiful jade that was given to him by the Emperor Xian, and the tentacles were warm. He handed the jade to his nephew and repeated: "Find people."

The nephew took it, and looked around, and the color of the stream was shining, and her eyes were bright.

She coughed up the jade and re-appeared her smile. It was fuller and fuller than before. "Who is the son looking for?"

"A young man who looks fifteen or six years old." Chu Xi Ningdao, "named ink."

The third floor of the Rongrong Pavilion is decorated with rugs. It's no wonder that many people are willing to buy drunkenness all night, just throwing the money into it, and the beautiful girl will make up a poppy-like dream. How many heroes are there. If the night can be spent like this, being sent gently, who is willing to face the scars of life, the pain of reality?

"This is the place." The nephew raised the narrow fingers dyed with the cardamom and turned over the wooden sign with the word "Rong Jiu" on the door.

She raised her eyes and exquisitely thought. If she looked thoughtfully at the late night, she said: "The son is not busy, wait for the slaves to call out

the nine children, and then ask the son to go to the house to talk with the friends."

"..."

Even Lian Niang can see that he cares about him.

Chu night Ning closed his eyes and closed his eyes: "I am bothering you."

She went in, and there was a language in the house that was unclear.

After a while, she came out again, followed by a handful of squats, and Chu night squinted. The cheeks named Rong Ji still had blush on their cheeks, and the side squatted on them quite familiar, seemingly like someone. When Rong Jiu and his low salute, he left with the nephew. Chu Xiaoning shoved in, and the eyes were red, purple and purple, and the scalp was numb. There is no incense in the house, but there is a wine smell. The ink burned on the cheek, lying on the bed, and the slender fingers were still playing with the red tassels tied on the small clay pot. The bed was also red, very messy. It is best not to think about what has happened on this.

He walked over, frost and snow, standing in this spring with his own incompatibility.

"Hey... is the Master coming?"

"..."

"Sit down and drink a glass of wine? Pear white, good wine. Guaranteed has not tasted."

Chu night Ning said: "You are drunk."

The ink burned and smiled, seeing the white man walked to his bed. He was really drunk, and suddenly reached out and dared to cover the sky.

"It’s so drunk, I’m not afraid of being drunk, I’m not afraid, come and come, long nights, it’s better to have a fight.”

Chu nightning did not scream again, but the young boy’s ink was lifted from the bed that was generally floating in the sea, and the blue veins were slightly convex. He is a man with a master's demeanor. At this time, he is still solemn, and only the trembling of the fingertips sells his heart.

He closed his eyes and whispered: "Ink burns."

The stunned teenager "snapped" and still was unclear, even with some heartless laughs.

Chu night Ningsha dumb said: "I am late."

He put his forehead in the past, his fingertips moving lightly, and it was extremely painful -

In this pain of tearing flesh and blood, a **** is born in the world, sea otters, flowers, tails rolled up, seven-string streamer. A good **** wood guqin.

Chu nighting bites the back molars, let Shenwu put his strong spiritual power on him. This kind of spiritual power against the Emperor is simply a joke, but it is enough for him to cast many spells.

He pressed his inked forehead against himself and closed his eyes.

Then he felt... The body of the burning body did have the breath of eight bitter long hatred flowers. It seemed as if I saw a black double-flowered flower, rooted in the heart, and the roots were buried deep along the veins.

It is this long hate flower.

It is the source of all sin.

Chu night Ning took a deep breath and recorded the curse in accordance with the ancient books. Then he sang a word and almost did his best to drink:

"The soul is broken!"

Chu night, Ning Yu opened his eyes, and the bottom of the bottom suddenly floated cold.

The long-sucking flower can only be suppressed by the power of the soul. As he said in the book, he will split his own half of the soul and pass it from the forehead of the two men to the inside of the ink.

When the sun was blowing, the nine songs were actually phoenix sounds.

Aura is blazing.

Ink burning... ink burning...

Once upon a time, Master did not protect you.

Now, I am here to save you.

I am crossing you.

The shredded soul turned into a white dusty smoke, and it kept flowing.

The smoldering is disappointing, and the late night is very painful.

The amount is constant.

I am crossing you...

The last glare disappeared and the two slammed away. Chu night Ning loosed his hand, and the ink burned heavily back to the bed.

The nine songs were gone, and they were hidden in the bones of Chu’s late night. He has lost half of his soul, and it is extremely difficult to maintain the stability of Shenwu.

Chu Xiaoning sat on the couch, slowly squinting his eyes, his face pale and pale, and even his lips were bloodless. But his heart is relieved and easy.

He finally made the first step to change his life.

Use the power of the soul to interfere with the eight bitter long-soul flowers that have not yet been deeply swayed, and not let the ink burn again.

Time back. He finally protected him.

Chu nightning can't stay for a long time. The first thing he has to do is to prevent the ink burning from being swallowed up by the long-sucking flower. This has already been done, and then he will do the second thing.

He didn't know what the ability of the people behind the scenes was so big. Although the man can't tear the cracks in time and space, the caution is always right.

- He wants to ensure that once the disaster starts again, he can restore the memory of his previous life and resist it in time.

So the second thing is to find yourself in the past.

All the screaming curses of the red lotus otter were useless to him, and he came in easily. He stood in front of the semi-open window and looked at the white man who was already sleeping on the table.

Halfway through the night, God is still painting.

... If the troubles of the world are just to deal with these little devils.

Chu nightning has crossed the half-soul soul that he has torn to the red dust.

Originally, this soul was his own, so the person who fell asleep would not have a slight discomfort. He looked at the white and bright light and floated over it, and surrounded a gentle glow around himself. Slowly, the brilliance was extinguished, and the wind blew over, blowing the drawings on the hand of "Chu Ningning" on the ground.

"If there is another major disaster, the ink will not be an enemy of you." He stood by the window and said softly to the people inside. "Now I have broken the core and separated the soul. I can only do this. One step can't change our time, but you can."

The people in the house are not awake.

"I divided the weakest souls of the three souls into two halves, half of which gave you, and half gave it to the ink. If you have a smooth life, these two halves of the soul will not have much impact on you. If you hate to invade, or if there is chaos in the world, then I will try to get this soul together again."

If he does not predict the mistake, the moment when the soul coincides, the eight bitter hatred in the burning body will be completely destroyed and removed. And he will also restore the memory of past lives after the soul of the earth is combined.

Chu night Ning said: "Do not blame me for giving these things to you. If you can, I hope you don't have to think about it, but..."

He didn't say anything more, only sighed in a low voice.

Then he went to do the third thing.

This is the last barrier - he went to find a crime. I gave it to the incense burner that I had already begun to refine.

In that incense burner, he applied the technique of healing the soul. This mystery will capture the deepest memories of his subconscious mind, to stimulate the two torn apart souls to merge again.

Chu Xiaoning is not very clear about what his deepest memories are. He thinks there are too many. Perhaps it was a big battle when the mentoring division broke down. Perhaps it was the experience that was made into a blood leak after being burnt down by the ink-burning hand. Perhaps it was the first time that the pain was humiliated under the ink. Too much. Sometimes people don't even see themselves.

He sinned and sealed the incense burner in the Dragon Blood Cave. If you see red dust, you must bring yourself and the ink to the place.

After doing all this, the time of Chu Xiaoning has arrived. Time and space are self-healing. If it is not a destructive tear, the gap will be closed.

He actually wants to stay here, staying in this peaceful, nothing that has not happened yet.

However, Chu Xiaoning knows that he does not belong here. He will not do anything against the forbidden morality in order to be self-sufficient and to be greedy for warmth.

he left.

Liu Jiangshan dreams are far behind, no longer look back.

"Chu Zongshi."

Returning to his own time, Chu Xiening just came out from the cracks in Houshan, masking the traces of spiritual power, and saw that there was a Zhuyi man on the Bluestone Trail. It is the old slave Liu Gong who is serving the ink.

"Where did the guru go? Teach me to find it."

Chu night Ning asked: "What about others?"

"In the red lotus water."

Looking for the past, the ink burned and sat down under the wisteria flower stand, and when he saw him pushing in, he slowly raised his face. Slightly waved at him.

"come."

Chu night, Ning licked his lips, and his look was indifferent: "The songs didn't sound too good? It was so early."

"There is nothing to be unsatisfactory." Ink ignited, "Listen to listen, so few toned. Tired."

The sleeves of the robes were opened, and Chu Xinning lifted his hand into his arms. The ink burned did not go to ask him where he went. After all, Chu Xi Ning has always been untamed, and it is strange to stay in the water.

He forced him to sit on his own lap and kissed the man's cheek, then buried it in the man's neck.

"There was a dream in this seat." "Well?"

"...in the dream, you are teaching me to write."

Chu night Ning Yi, the heartbeat suddenly stalled. But at this moment, Teng Xianjun indulged in self-remembering, but he was unable to extricate himself. Therefore, he did not notice his strangeness. He only continued to speak, his tone was light, but he was not saddened by his own unconsciousness.

"One word, I haven't written it four or five times. You are angry, but you have not given up on me." Mo burned, "Then you held my hand, there was a flower coming in the window, I saw..."

He was too indulged in that big dream, not even calling himself a seat.

The ink burned, and the look was naive.

"I saw it on the paper, seeing the letter as a meeting, and showing the letter."

When he said it, he suddenly grinned. That smile can't be said to be comforting or embarrassing.

"This kind of thing can only be seen by dreaming."

He looked up, and the eyes that were filled with thoughts on the night of Chu, gradually recovered the coldness of the son who belonged to Xi Xianjun: "Do you know why this group suddenly wants to see you?"

"..."

The hand reached up and touched the cold cheeks of Chu.

"In that dream, your appearance is very good." Stepping Xianjun faint, "I can't even forget to see this seat. So I want to see the real you."

Chu Xiaoning lowered his eyes.

"I'm afraid I don't hate you, I want to hate you." Ink said, "Otherwise I..."

Suddenly, what is it?

Otherwise, I will never be able to self-width, otherwise I will not know how to go forward, otherwise I will not know how to continue this broken life.

I have to hate you, I have not changed, and I have not hated it.

"Late Ning." He finally sighed. "There is only me and you left in this world."

For a time, my heart was like a knife, and Chu was rather awaiting to talk. Suddenly, I felt that I had to step on the edge of the cliff, and I fell asleep and suddenly woke up!

Chu night Ning stunned his eyes, and it was dark in the middle of the shackles. He could hear his own drum-like heartbeat, cold sweats, and the face of the emperor’s sullen and cold face seemed to be still in sight.

He shivered and gasped slightly, and the influx of past life reminded him of the cold hair behind him, causing him to tremble, and the memories were not stopped, and he continued to madly rush toward him.

The throat is agitated, he... Where is it?

where is he……

Why can't I see it? Why is everything in front of me black?

Consciousness, come over for a while, Chu night Ning finally finally remembered the Dragon Blood Mountain thing.

He slowly reacted back to God and muttered: "Ink burning..."

At this time, the cheeks were suddenly touched by a cool, soft palm.

The hand held his chin, stretched out his thumb, and rubbed his lips. Chu Xiaoning heard a sonar that was obviously applied to the sound-changing technique, and smiled at him gently.

"Wait for a long time, you are finally awake."

Chapter 253

"Wait for a long time, you are finally awake."

In the quiet room, this voice is weird and distorted. If Chu night can see it, he will find that the teacher is sitting on the couch and staring at him with a smile, like a spider squatting into the soul of the net.

"How, sleep well?"

Chu Xiaoning did not answer immediately. He moved a little and found that he had only recovered 20% of his spiritual power at the moment, and he was **** with his hands and tied his eyes with black silk.

"..."

At this time, there was no use for panic. Chu nightning was always fearless. He knew exactly what kind of results he wanted, so he also knew how to deal with it calmly. In his two lifetimes, he was alone in front of one person.

Except for that person, no one will let him go wild.

So Chu Xi Ning was silent, slowly smashing the broken memories and the situation before the coma. Before the consciousness was floating, he had intermittently heard some movements around him, and now he tried his best to piece together those words.

At this time, the door of the Chamber of Secrets opened and the Nangong Liu came back. He held a bunch of fresh oranges and, as soon as he entered the door, he said, "My brother, the oranges are picked up. I have a small circle underneath. This is especially sweet to eat..." I didn't finish talking. I saw Chu nightning on the bed, "Ah? Pampering my brother woke up?"

Hearing this name, Chu night Ning had a pale face that became more and more gloomy.

Pamper... Chu Yu?

So the so-called brother is...

The teacher took over the oranges handed by Nangong Liu, smiled and touched his head and said, "You did a good job. But I have a saying with the Chu Guizhen, you should go out first, play with yourself. For a while."

"Can't I stay here to play? I can help you peel the oranges."

"You don't have a good time." Shi said, "Some words can be heard by adults, and children can't listen."

Nan Gongliu snorted and snorted and turned away.

The room was very quiet for a while, only to hear the sound of breathing, or the sound of a candlestick.

The teacher picked an orange, peeled off the skin and peeled off the white silk. When he was doing this, he chatted with Chu Jingning as usual: "Listen who was the person who was just?"

"..."

"His voice, you should be no stranger."

Peel the oranges and hand them to the lips of Chu’s late night: "Taste and see, the oranges on this mountain are hand-planted by Xu Shuanglin. He is very proficient in this and should be very sweet."

Chu night Ning turned his face.

The teacher screamed slowly: "You look at you, and when you wake up, you lose your temper."

Chu nightning is silent for a while, cold and cold: "What about others?"

"Who?"

"You know who I am talking about."

The teacher slightly raised the eyebrows: "Do you want to ask about the burning?"

"..."

Seeing his silence, the teacher smiled softly: "You are really worried about him. The first thing to wake up is to find him, even if I am who I don't ask first. For a person who practices your life, no. It's worth it."

The lips of the man who was blinded by the blindfold licked, and the lines of the chin became more and more embarrassing.

The teacher stared at it for a while and felt that the evil fire in the chest was getting stronger. But he is self-sufficient and will not be too hasty to do

anything.

People should eat elegantly, without teeth and no residue. It’s too hasty to eat the flesh and bones like Teng Xianjun. The delicious food has not been chewed, and only one empty bowl is left.

That is a hungry dog reincarnation, the teacher can not see.

So he was on fire underneath, but he slowly gave his own dish with fresh juice and succulent texture. Just cook the crispy, then sip into the belly.

"Also ask a gossip. Don't you want to eat the oranges that are sent to your lips?" The teacher chuckled. "You are so embarrassed, how did you serve the Emperor?"

"take away."

"I think it's better to eat it. If you don't get into the water these days, your lips will crack."

Chu nightning only bites his teeth: "Is it burning?"

The teacher stared at him for a few moments, slowly, no longer laughing.

"Whether it is this life or the last life, whether it is memory or no memory, you only have ink burned in your eyes. Teacher..." The word has not been exported, known aphasia, and immediately stopped.

But it has missed a trace of trembling in the late night.

The teacher narrowed his eyes: "You tell me, where is the burning of him?"

He looked down at Chu Yuning and saw that the last bit of blood on his lips was slowly receding.

"That person, impulsive, no mind, thoughts are innocent and ridiculous, and character is not superior. What do you think of him?"

"..."

"Face? Spiritual? Sweet mouth?"

In the end, it is the animal/desire that has been forbearing for so long. The more we say later, the more suffocating the tone is.

In particular, when Chu Xinning began to bite his lip and seemed to try to suppress certain emotions, the teacher became more and more dry.

Words began to move in a more awkward direction.

"Is his ability to be in bed?"

Chu night, the pale cheeks floated with anger, and rose with anger: "Stop."

The teacher did not intend to stay in the mouth. The man who finally got it, don’t play it thoroughly, why stop? He smiled and said: "Chu Wei still does not know that after you died in the past life, the ink burned you a nickname."

He was interested to capture any trace of subtle expression on the face of Chu Yuning, and the eyebrows were more and more curved.

"It sounds a bit funny, but it's quite appropriate. After all, in the rest of your life, you are really clean, only by him." However, there is no comparison. Slowly, "You have never tried others, and naturally you will only think that he is the best."

The fingertips are falling.

Tip of the nose, lips, chin, throat.

Chu nightning trembled in detail, the wrists were brutally violent, and they wanted to break free from the bindings of the sacred ropes, but they were not allowed to move.

"Don't waste your time. Chu Guizhen wants to loosen it. I want to know the whereabouts of the burnt ink. I can satisfy you." The front turned. "But, you are my trophy. I have to accompany me first." Play a game?"

"……What do you want to do."

The teacher smiled and said: "I want your mind to be a little bit out of that person. Don't think about him, think about me, how?"

"You are the squatter of the past life. What else to think about."

If you listen carefully, you can hear the sinking and pain in the voice of Chu Xiaoning.

Chu nightning seems to be trying to suppress one of his own emotions, but if he can’t suppress it, he will blow out.

Shi Yan smiled and said: "Yes, it is me. But why don't you guess Chu, my true identity, who is it?"

"If you want to say it, just say it, don't say it."

"Hey, when can you not be fierce?" The teacher sighed and said, "So, Chu Guizhen once said, big gambling hurts, small gambling, but it is coming to hurt. Not as good as us. Come and bet on it."

"..."

"However," the teacher paused. "Before I started, I had to offend a little. I first glanced at how many clothes you wore."

Seeing that the late night of the Chu is not snoring, but the exposed half of the face is involuntarily taut, the look of the teacher is softer, he counts the past, and finally counts out the robes and the waist. .

"That will give you five chances. If it is within five times, you are right, I will tell you the whereabouts of the smoldering." Suddenly, continue. "However, every time you answer the wrong one, I will remove you." A piece of clothing. If you wait for five pieces of clothes to be finished, Chu Hao has not yet answered, then..."

He didn't say it, just smiled, and the pale pink tongue licked his lips subconsciously. Then he sat quietly, waiting for Chu’s guess. Chu night rather does not speak, he is not in a hurry, so I continue to wait.

He is very busy at the moment, he has time.

However, with the passing of time, Chu Ning still did not respond. The eyebrows of the teacher's eyebrows are raised - he has time, but may not have patience.

"You guessed it."

Chu night Ning finally said: "Roll."

Shi Yan’s face was gloomy: “...now you are in my hands, what can be done, what can’t be done, you should be clear.”

"..."

"Chu Ningning. You didn't talk to me about the conditional chips. It's not good to go to the emperor's brain. Maybe the accountant is not you, sometimes it's up to you, but I am different."

The teacher said coldly and coldly: "You are in my hands, it would be better to be a little better."

He waited for a while, and he saw that the night was still not snoring, and the tone was harder: "You don't want to toast and not eat fine wine. Don't think that you haven't talked, I will take you no way."

Said, the slender and cold fingers have been put up, and caught the waist seal of Chu Yuning. Then slowly stroked the band, the fingertips slipped past, as if the blade was cutting the fish.

"Listen, I counted three. If you don't open your mouth again, you will be responsible for the consequences." Shi Yan said, leaving a thin light in his eyes.

He didn't really know that he was hoping that Chu would rather guess it, or he wouldn't want Chu to rather guess. But guess it, this time is no longer important. Everything can't go back, and he just thinks about how to uncover his true face in a way.

It must be stimulating enough to be bloody. After all, this man has been playing with himself for two lifetimes. Now he wins, he must carefully smash the fruits of victory.

"One."

There seems to be a glimmer of victory in front of you.

"two."

What will happen to Chu Xining? anger? Grief? Fear?

He will wait and see, his lips will lightly open.

"Three... well, Chu Yu is really very strong, and it is no wonder that stepping Xianjun will want you to be addicted." Shiji half-joking is half serious. "Since you don't guess, then we will be rough. You... ..."

"Hua Bi Nan."

The hoarseness is cold.

The teacher’s fingers were slightly stunned, and the original action to solve the night’s waist was condensed, and then he smiled: “Guess the right half. Continue?”

"..."

He reveals a kind of fox-like shackles, which may seem cumbersome in others, but the sergeant is so elegant, whenever the water is like a lotus flower.

He believes that Chu will rather not guess the last layer of truth, he is full of ambition, he -

"I would rather you are really dead."

The smile on the face of the teacher was frozen. After a while, he asked: "What are you talking about?"

The man on the bed was very cold and didn't have a bit of heat.

"In the last life, that day, the snow, that snow. I would rather you are really dead."

The teacher stared at him, prepared a singer, and suddenly nowhere to pour, turned into aphasia.

He had lifted half of his hand and hung in the air like this. He didn't know where to go, and suddenly he was at a loss.

"Shi Ming net." A sigh of light, but like a bee stinging a sly person, "Is it you?"

"..."

Although it is a questionable sentence, there is no one-and-a-half-point voice.

The teacher squatted down the curtain, and no one could clear his look. After a while, he chuckled: "I didn't die, I was disappointed."

He didn't want to lose, but there was something in his tone.

Shi Shi said: "I am really the teacher of Ming dynasty. I came from your past life, the world that stepped on Xianjun. The child who has been with you all the time is not the same person." Suddenly, " Speak and count, give you loose."

He said that he untied the bundle of fairy ropes, and then he covered his hand on the silk ribbon that was covered by Chu, and took it off with a little force.

Peach eyes are on the eyes of the phoenix eye, and the two are opposite each other.

"Ask the teacher, respect."

Chu late Ning had prepared in his heart, but at this time it was more and more gloomy. He looked at him: "You still know that I am your master."

Listening to him, the teacher smiled softly, only then knowing his gentleness, what a sharp dagger is hiding.

"Well, of course I know. Jun is the umbrella for me, I have never forgotten."

Chu Xiaoning looks weak, but it can't change the natural flaws between his eyes. He stared at the teacher for a long while, his lips and teeth, and the words were crushed, very cold: "You are confusing."

Shi Yan smiled and said: "Carrying." After a pause, he asked again. "But when did Master Zhai guess my identity? Last life?"

Chu did not answer, but looked at him coldly and coldly.

There is resentment in the eyes, but the most lush is disappointment.

The teacher said: "No, it won't be a lifetime. If you have known in the last life that I am Hua Binan, you should tell the crime when you tear the time and space."

He lifted the eyelashes: "It's this life. Or, is it not long ago?... When you were in Longxue Mountain, how many times I heard a conversation with me?"

"..."

"Forget it, it doesn't matter." The teacher smiled. "No matter what, now you are in my palm, and I can't escape."

Chu night Ning became more and more silent.

In fact, among the three apprentices, the most incomprehensible is the teacher. He was willing to accept this apprentice because the teacher was gentle, gentle, able to worry, worry, and be kind to others. These are the courtesy of Chu Xiaoning. He couldn't do it himself, so he appreciated it, so he accepted this apprentice.

But sometimes, he always felt that something was wrong. For example, Xue Zhengxuan said that the teacher is an orphan who has been in the war, but when the teacher talks about his life, he occasionally has some prefaces. That gesture is like someone lying a lie and forgetting the details.

In some cases, the attitude of the teacher to the things revealed suddenly is a bit strange - like a domesticated dog, seemingly smooth, but as long as you smell the blood, you can't help but see the fierce light.

However, after observing for a few years, I have never seen any injustices in my teacher's work. Chu Xiuning feels that she is blind to her own eyes. She is a group of flowers and she is seen as a green face.

He is like a hedgehog, his body is very sharp, only the abdomen is soft.

He took his apprentice and hid all the people who were good to him under the soft stomach.

Regarding the teacher, he had passed between trust and distrust. He also had reservations and temptations, but he chose trust. Then the knife plunged from the belly of the hedgehog and flowed the blood of the ground.

The teacher asked: "What happened to you in the past?"

"..."

Also asked: "Would you not stand by and watch it? Why bother me."

"..."

There are too many annoyances in the past life. Finally, I can ask in this life. The teacher is not willing to stop, and there is no end to it: "Why didn't you kill the Emperor and help him reincarnate?"

Upon hearing the last sentence, Chu Nighting finally raised his eyes: "He is different from you."

Shi Yanwei: "There is something different. If I say that my mind is poisonous, why is he not full of blood?"

Chu nightning stared at him: "You are down, you know yourself."

"What about that? Even if it is my embarrassment, isn't it the one who killed him?" Shi Yan said, "You have seen it in the past life, half of the life of the mountain, Xue Zhengyi, Wang Chuqing, Jiang Yan, Ye Forg... Who are these people who died?"

He raised his hand slowly, licking his fingers and narrowing his nails.

A pair of delicate and clean palms, delicate and delicate, no stains.

The teacher blinked and smiled: "Is it me?"

"..." The anger ignited, and there was no speech for a while.

"I don't want to kill the Confucianism, I didn't think about killing Xue Zhengyi. So I shouldn't look for me if I want to collect debts." Shi said, "What did I do? But just planted a flower for him." I live so big, I haven’t killed anyone myself.”

The teacher continued to smile and said: "So in the end, the knife is what he took, and the person is his awkward. It doesn't matter much to me. The eight bitter long hate flowers will not bring him any new hatred. All his desires are Belong to himself, the curse can only magnify it. If this account is counted on me, I am wronged."

Every time he said a word, Chu Xining’s nausea added a point. Finally, he heard that he felt wronged. Chu nightly looked up and looked like an ice: "What can you be wronged?"

"It is his moving hand. What does the teacher blame me?"

"What kind of person is he himself? You don't know!"

Shi said: "Who is he himself is of course clear, I am afraid that it is the Master who respects you."

The orange had a white silk stuck in the fingertips. The teacher was too dirty, and the white panther was wiped out, and then one by one: "Why does the ink burn the Confucianism? Because he has hatred in his heart." Why can the ink burn kill Xue Zhengyi? Because he is fearful in his heart. Why does the ink burnt and humiliate you? Because he has desire in his heart."

The teacher said, lifted the eyelashes and glanced at the night of Ning: "Others scold him for a knife, he can't do forgiveness. Others give him the benefits, he can't refuse. The beauty is currently, he can't do it." It is his nature."

Chu nighting bites his teeth: "Shi Mingjing. You erased him to pure good thoughts, and expanded his heart's hatred to 10,000 times. Then he said that what he did is his own desire. Don't you think that you are ridiculous? Whose hatred will not destroy the earth after the magnified, you?"

"Who then makes him hate? Who makes him have ambitions in his own bones? Who makes him have desires?" Shi Yan smiled. "There is a skill, his heart is like a child, and no bad eyes have ever passed. Long hate flowers can't look down on any storms. So it's still blaming him for not being clean. But it's just a laity."

It’s very ugly to hear the face of Chu’s late night, just want to speak again, and listen to the teacher to make up a sentence.

"People are responsible for their own desires. There is nothing to argue about."

"..."

If I said that I had wanted to talk to him before, I suddenly found that there is no need to say anything, and it is not worth saying. Chu night Ning turned his face away.

The teacher saw his look and shook his head: "Master, you are too partial to him."

"..."

"In your eyes, there are reasons for him to do something, and it is understandable."

"Then tell me, I should understand who." Chu night Ning is extremely cold, "Are you?"

"..." The teacher calmed down for a moment and smiled. "So the Master still likes him?"

Chu nightning's gaze is like a icy lake reflecting the moon.

"So, in the past and present, I have been playing with Master for two generations. Even if I win, it is still better than him."

Chu night Ning coldly: "What do you compare with him."

The teacher narrowed his eyes: "Do you have only a few comments on me? Is there nothing else?"

Chu night Ning did not immediately return to him, look at his look, he seems to seriously think for a moment, then he picked up the eyelash curtain, very cold and quiet.

"Have."

The teacher smiled: "What is it?"

Chu night Ning no expression: "You don't have to burn with ink, you are even better than Xu Shuanglin. He is at least in love, dare to recognize. He is not like you, Hua Binan."

In the end, he didn't even call him a teacher.

Chu night Ningdao: "You are a confidant."

Chapter 254

The teacher slammed his mouth, and the white cheeks twitched slightly, similar to the shame of being slapped. But he still licked his lips: "You really have no face left for me."

As he said, his hand touched the lower jaw of Chu’s late night, but he was avoided by the night of the night.

The teacher narrowed his eyes, and for a moment his face was raining, but in the end it was extinguished as a sea of no waves.

"Don't say this." After restoring calm, the younger sister is still a gentle face. "You are a dead brain anyway. You used to want to kill him in the past life? But when you come to the head, you have no heart. You Even before the death, he put his own broken soul into his heart."

The teacher did not make a mistake. In the year of Kunlun Snowy, the life and death of the Kunlun Snows, Chu nightning touched the forehead with his fingertips for the last time. In fact, he was actually a remnant of his own.

In his life, in the end, the soul overflowed, and he stayed in the past in the burning of the body, and left it to the past himself. All that remained, he

held the hope of the sorrow and gave it to the emperor.

Chu Xiening does not know how to break the flower in the third stage, but since the flower needs the soul of the curse to be able to bloom, then injecting his own soul may change.

He is not a disability, he has done his best to do it. He has always killed and decided, the only soft heart is the slight rain.

Because there is still a glimmer of hope that can be redeemed, so in the end, he still did not kill him. He did not hesitate to sacrifice his own broken soul, only hope to bring the former ink to the world.

Although he was not sure if it was useful at the time.

It seems that he saw his inner thoughts. The teacher smiled and said: "If you do that, you can't remove the mites in the ink-burning chest, but it can really disturb his mood, make him good and bad, and eventually become crazy. I will die from my death."

"..."

Chu night Ning looked slightly moving and raised his eyes.

In fact, when he contacted the stepping fairy who had no heartbeat in Lushan, he had already guessed the ending of the previous life, but when he heard the words "death and death", his heart was still dull. of.

The teacher looked at him and continued: "Master, you did it, you did protect him, and I didn't even know what happened. His soul was still born again. Oh, I still don't understand, you also It’s a waste person. How did it ruin my plan? You... I’m really surprised.”

His soft, grassy eyelashes fell, close, and seemed to want to kiss Chu.

Chu night Ning slammed back to the gods, raised his hand like a power, grabbed his throat, and his hands were violent.

The teacher did not change his look at half a point. He casually pinched Chu’s wrist, and seemed to have expected Chu’s reaction.

He laughed: "How? Master still wants to ruin me for the second time, the third time? It's a pity that it is too late, it is impossible."

When the voice fell, only the snake sounds, and a golden snake snakes out from the wide sleeves of the teacher, and bites a bit at the arm of Chu.

The snake did not know how to be fed, only a glimpse, the pain is difficult. Chu Xiaoning took off his hands and was held by the teacher's wrist, tied to

the bedpost in a more humiliating position than before.

"You don't have to worry, this snake is not poisonous." The teacher tied his hands and then sat down. The cold white fingers touched the snake body of the golden ring snake, and the peach eyes were skewed. "This snake is specialized." Feeding for you, you will be weak when you take a bite. I am afraid of the Master, and I can only do it."

As soon as the teacher raised his hand, the snake sneaked into the sleeve and disappeared.

"Speaking, the past life is forced to helpless, let you stay with the ink rain for so long, I am actually very reluctant." He stood up, his fingertips calmly, actually began to remove his cloak, then the robe, and then... ...

Chu Xiaoning’s face changed abruptly, but it was disgusting: “Shi Mingjing –!”

The teacher is only a soft smile, approaching the late night of Chu: "Tell you a little secret. When you were married in the past, I went to the banquet as Hua Binan."

"!"

"Tai Xianjun has his selfishness and puts you in red silk, so that guests can't see your looks. I only know that he has a slap in the face, but I know that it is you. So after that day, I didn't have it. Go, I went to the Honglian otter - he came in later."

The teacher’s eyes flashed in the eyes.

"At that time, although he was controlled by a locust, I was able to think independently, so I can't let him find me. I hid and didn't leave."

Chu nightning shivered in detail, because of anger, but also because of extreme nausea.

The teacher sat down, and a pair of cool, cool hands slowly stroked his chest: "Do you know?"

His voice was hoarse and his eyes were greedy.

The fingertip moved down one inch and one inch, stopped at the abdomen of Chu night, and began to solve the girdle.

"You were lying under him that night, and he was painted with medicine, and he went to the waves and called... Hey, really." The eyes of the teacher were red, and they wanted, "Let me be thirsty for two lifetimes." ”

Chu nightning only felt shame, but the memory of the two worlds was extremely disappointing, and he was bitten by the golden ring snake. He had no strength at all. He broke his silver teeth: "Shi Mingjing, you fuck, give me a roll." Go out!"

The teacher sneered out loudly: "On the last bed, why is it so fierce, anyway, you have already been slept by your own apprentice. Do not pretend to be reserved?"

"Get out!!"

"Kneeling down to serve an apprentice, or two, is the same." The teacher is calm and unwilling. "I don't mind, why don't you enjoy it? Maybe my technique is not worse than him."

"you give me--"

When the voice did not fall, I heard a cold voice coming from the door.

"You get out of me."

Chu night Ning was like a thunder, slamming his head, Shimen did not know when it had been opened. An unrecognizable man embraced the black

gold knives and stood against the semi-open secret room door. He went up to Mori, and his back was quite straight.

The teacher narrowed his eyes: "Is it...? So fast?"

The man's heavy steps stepped in, wrapped in chills, and the interior lights swayed, and the candlelight was cold on his black slim leather armor. At this time, I can finally see his appearance. He has a pair of narrow legs, wrapped in boots, and a thin silver belt with a silver dragon head cover, a sterling silver weapon, a sharp hand guard on the wrist, and black dragon scale gloves.

Going up again, it is a handsome face, and the heroic spirit between the eyebrows is almost extravagant - step on the emperor!

The emperor's body exudes a chilly and **** sigh, as if he had just returned from the battlefield.

He raised his eyes, and even pale blood on his cheeks, his eyes like a bayonet, staring at the two people on the bed.

To be precise, he should only have a look at the night of the night, and then his eyes are straightforward and clear.

"Roll." The teacher saw him enter the house, first cold on his face, then straightened up and slowly sat up.

"Are you going to kill someone who is going to be alone in the moon?"

"No killing." Stepping on the side of the fairy, while walking to the white teeth, biting the edge of the glove, pick it up, revealing the hands of the bones below. He threw the blood-stained gloves on the table, staring at the teacher, and yelling, "I know each other. You don't have one of your souls."

The teacher’s face is also not good-looking, saying: “You better figure out who you are talking to.”

"This seat only knows if you are unhappy." Stepping on the cold and cold, "You got into the wrong bed and started."

"When is it your turn to call me three?"

Stepping on the dangerous king: "This seat has always been like this."

The teacher seems to be a little angry, and the scales in his eyes are flashing: "...I am your master!"

"How is it? The mountain is the land of this seat, and the person on the couch is the one in the seat." Stepping down the eyes of the fairy, the teacher is clear, the mouth is even with some ridicule, "Master. Please roll."

Stepping on the emperor and the teacher Ming net you say a word, **** for tat, the fire is splashing. Chu Xiu Ning, some do not know what the situation is, silently watching.

Shi Ming Jing Fang said that stepping Xianjun is dead, so what is this person in front of him? piece? Live?

Also, what he managed to suppress in the past was clearly the locust on the "burning" of this life. The Emperor of the last life, because it was too deep, could not be restored. Therefore, in theory, he should love the teacher and love him so much that he can't extricate himself. I can listen to this tone, and I didn’t take the teacher’s net as a thing.

...and, what is the so-called master, what is going on?

The teacher stared at Teng Xianjun for a while, then laughed and got up.

He did not know anything about Chu’s late night, but he was very clear.

——The last generation was burnt and self-destructive. When he suddenly lost his minions, he refining the dead body with the soul of the body and

making a living dead. This living dead is very similar to Jane Chess, and is willing to listen to him and retain all the consciousness of life.

But I don't know where something went wrong, maybe because the damage suffered during his lifetime was too great, or perhaps he had suffered too many reversals in his life, and his body was already broken. In short, in this living dead, in the heart of Xianjun - about the recognition of the teacher Knowing is extremely confusing. He feels that the teacher is alive for a while, and then he will think that the teacher is dead, and sometimes he even forgets who the teacher is. Therefore, even if you face Hua Binan's face face to face, stepping on the fairy will not realize that this is the teacher, but simply think that this is the "master." And he is not very willing to listen to the owner's words.

"I really can't help you."

The sergeant stepped forward and poked the forehead of Xianjun: "Soul!"

After a sigh of energy, after this action, the stepping of the fairy was a stiff, the original sharp eyes suddenly became scattered, and lost the focal length in an instant.

"It is obviously what I am doing, I am more and more disobedient, I always sing against me, and I want to retaliate against me." The teacher patted his cold face. "But forget it, I don't blame you, you are Not a complete 'person'."

Step by step: "..."

"That's forbearing," said the teacher. "I will get that kind of thing after a few days, reinventing you, and you will be embarrassed."

After he finished this sentence, the control of stepping Xianjun reached the limit. This recovery speed made Shi Yan's face more and more gloomy. He didn't think that it was only for such a short time. The Huanren who stepped on Xianjun returned to Guanghua, even more determined and colder than before.

This kind of cold-cold gaze focused on the teacher's body, stepping on the fairy, awkward eyes, and then the nose bridge wrinkled, looks like a cheetah with a waiter: "Well? Why are you still not rolling?"

Say, the narrow fingers are pinched on the handle.

"Looking at the target for this seat?"

The teacher did not say anything more to him, or said that the embarrassment of stepping on the king was deep, and Rao was the "master". Shi Mingjing also knew that he could not hold the reins on his neck.

This dark Lord is terrible if it is crazy.

The teacher left.

After he left, Teng Xianjun stared at the night on the bed and looked at it for a while. His expression was subtle and quirky. He seemed to be trying to restrain something and couldn’t help but craving something.

Finally he sat down, reached out and grabbed the waist of Chu Yuning.

"I……"

I paused and didn't know how to continue, so I licked my lips and changed my mouth.

"you……"

Chu night Ning looked at him, but the four eyes were relatively long, and there was still no following. He slowly and stunned his eyes.

"Cough, this seat has an important thing to tell you."

"You said."

Stepping on the fairy prince for a moment, he said that "it is not very important, or it is not said."

"..."

After a while, I opened my mouth with a more determined attitude: "It doesn't matter whether it matters or not. Since you want to know, telling you is no problem."

Chu nightning: "..."

"In fact, this seat wants to say..." Stepping Xianjun took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and spoke extremely violently. "This seat wants to say that after so many years, it seems... there are some who miss you..."

He quickly added a sentence, "But I don't think much, just a little."

He only spoke these two words, and the handsome and pale face immediately showed a regretful expression.

Chu night Ning looked at him, the soul and memory of his two generations intertwined, he did not even know what kind of state of mind to face this man.

But stepping Xianjun did not give him time to think.

He seemed to be a little annoyed. He simply untied the ropes on the night of Chu, and pulled the man over. A big hand touched the back of the night, and touched it, and then a thick kiss was impressed and lingering.

Stepping on the lips is cold, but the desire is fiery.

In this anxious and anxious kiss, the past is overlaid.

Chu Xiaoning was kissed by him. These two men, two broken souls, finally kissed together and entangled each other through the dust of their two lives.

When I was stepped in the arms and kissed in the arms, Chu Jingning seemed to think a lot, and it seemed like there was a blank in the brain, and nothing could be caught.

But in the end, he knew that his eyes were wet.

Right or wrong, good or evil, everything is difficult to define, everything is no longer clear.

But when he kisses a man who no longer has a temperature, he knows.

Stepping Xianjun did not lie to him.

The ink burned did not lie to him.

He really missed him.

Chapter 255

I don’t know how long a kiss lasted, and I stepped on him to let him go. Chu night Ningyuan thought that he would stop here, but he did not expect the lips to leave, and then touched.

Repeated this many times, stepping on the fairy is finally enough, he licked his lips, dark eyes staring at the face of Chu Xiaoning.

"No change, it is you."

There are too many things to ask, and the changes that are encountered are too great. After a quiet moment in Chu, I finally hoarsely said: "...the past things, you still remember?"

"natural."

"Do you remember how you died?"

The look of the emperor’s emperor is somewhat gloomy: “The ten sects have joined forces to besiege, and this seat is very sick.”

"Then you remember how I died?"

The sin of the stepping fairy eyebrows faded slightly, but it was caged with another layer of ashes: "You are blocking the big things in the snow palace, this place hates."

Chu Evening asked: "So, do you remember how you died and resurrected?"

"Hu Binan rescued."

“How specific?”

"This self..." but did not say anything again, stepping on the face of Xianjun gradually revealed a trace of embarrassment. But this kind of embarrassment did not last long. He closed his eyes, and when he opened it again, it was already clear.

Stepping Xian Jun frowned: "What did you just say?"

Chu nightning will not scream.

He almost knows what the teacher has done to this body. It is the most difficult to control from the ancient people. After the ink burns, the teacher can't fully control the emotion of this body, and he dare not beat the memory of the ink. To be more divisive, so I have to choose a few parts that will affect the important things of obscuration and eradicate them.

In front of this, I am afraid that it is just a weapon for walking dead.

Chu night Ning closed his eyes. After a while, he seemed to want to say something, but the words were not exported, and the throat was filled with sweetness. He coughed hard.

"Ink burning..." He dyed his blood between his lips and raised his eyes with water mist. "Don't do anything for others. You are already a body, and you should rest in peace. You... cough."

The front of the line burst into black, and the scattered pieces began to rise again.

You should go back to the past, you have been sleeping, and it is not yours.

However, this sentence is no longer enough to say, Chu nightning only moved his lips, and consciousness began to scatter again -

In the end, he only saw that Stepanjun was frowning and talking to himself. The handsome and pale face seemed to be a little anxious.

"Chu Ning," he vaguely heard that he was calling him, just like a past life, "Late..."

He closed his eyes, and the pain of the soul's reintegration invaded again. He didn't know the next thing.

Outside the mountains, the forest is bleak.

In the past few days, there have been drizzling rains in the middle of the day. Even the rafts with the rafts have produced a layer of mildew. They look out from the small window of the station, and the strings of water drops from the bamboo leaves, falling in the pool, and opening a little. ripple.

Suddenly, a pair of shoes stepped into the water, and the sky and clouds were broken.

Mo Zongshi appeared in front of the Qufu Mountain Road.

After the sudden change of the Dragon Blood Mountain, his spiritual power has not recovered, and he is unable to defend the sword. He was worried

about his death and death, and he rushed back from the dragon blood horse, and spent a total of four days.

On the way, he actually thought a lot of things.

For example, why should he be born again? For example, why did the late Qing dynasty of the late Qing Dynasty lay this mystery in the Dragon Blood Cave, such as the teacher.

I have been thinking for a long time, but I can't find any clear answer.

He was not a smart person. Now he is suffering and worrying. He is more and more unable to calm down and think carefully. After all, he understands him. Chu is rather a soft rib of his life. When I think of it, I will undoubtedly pronounce his death sentence. He is in a mess. The rain gradually grew bigger, and the smoldering wind stood at the entrance to the mountain of the dead and dying. He looked up and his silvery cream fell on his face. In front of it, a stone step twists and turns, leading to the mountains of the clouds steaming Xia Wei.

This mountain road, the life has also passed, the death has also passed, the sorrow has also passed, the joy has also passed, the two have been countless times, from the younger times of less things, to the dust settled, the guilty return today.

It was very cold, and the rain mixed with snow seeds fell, wet his black clothes, and stained his hair.

The youth should have no worries, and the wind blows the snow...

The ink burned closed eyes, stepped on the long steps, and walked up the mountain.

A sinner who has thrown himself into the net has finally "opened up" the door of Zhu paint, the heart of the dead.

The door, slowly opening, his two years of madness and glory, nightmares and darkness are all here.

He remembered his past life. At the age of twenty-two, he changed his mind to Wushan, and his smashing and smashing, the dust and smoke dispersed. Before he stood in the old days, he vowed to go all over the world to honor the world. That life has fallen here, and this life is here to end.

In the heart of the Dan heart, there are people, and the people with heads and faces gather more than the mountain to attack Xu Shuanglin.

When I heard the opening of the door, everyone looked back, but saw a tall black man standing in front of the threshold, his face pale, and a few wet black hair in front of his forehead. The skylight is behind him, and the cockroaches are lead-gray, rainy and snowy.

No one thought that the ink burning would suddenly appear like this.

He is the hero who changed his life to Anping on the mountain, or is he the murderer who sees no blood on the night of the moon? What kind of person is he?

No one was snoring for a moment, and every pair of eyes stared at the returning man.

The person who trusted him felt that he was poor, wet and cold, like a dog who came home in the rain. People who don't trust him only think that he is terrible, dark and deep, like a ghost who climbs out of hell.

The rain continued to strike the ridge of the ridge, infiltrating the stone in front of the step, and the moss on the tile.

The ink burns up the black-painted eyelids, the fan-like eyelashes, and the eyes moisturize. He whispered: "Uncle, I am back."

"Fire! How are you - how are you alone?"

Xue Zhengyi sat in the position of honor, his face was very poor, and the rare ones were not trimmed. The iron fan was randomly spread on the table. The words "the world is very ugly" glimmered like a farce.

"Yu Heng?"

When the ink burned into the temple, he fell like a drop of water in the rolling oil that burned to the sun, causing it to sizzle. Almost everyone shouted a big step when he entered.

"Ink burning!"

"Devil, you have a face!"

"You killed so many people in the lonely night, you actually dare to show up!!"

The ink burned without paying attention to these sounds. This way, he had already heard about the **** case that happened before the lonely moon night. He is also very clear that there will be more heartbreaking madness. What are dozens of people? Hundreds of thousands and tens of thousands of people, the world is a dead body in his eyes, a lonely moon night, stepping on the immortal will not be in the eyes.

"Maniac... You and Hua Binan are just a bunch!"

"What else do you want to do? Today's masters are here, and the Tianyin Pavilion will soon come. Even if you are scheming, you can't escape this day!"

"Ink burn, you are too cunning, you sing / red face for a while to sing a white face, make everyone confuse and then your **** will be successful, how vicious you are!"

Surrounded by tidal slams and sorrows, an angry face is surging. No one cares about the ink, he continues to move forward, he has already understood the meaning of Hua Binan - forgive him for not wanting to call him a teacher.

Hua Binan gave him a grave. Even the inscription on the tombstone was written, and Huabi Nan was very clear, he would jump in himself.

Because, at the moment when Chu Jingning recalled his predecessor, Mo Weiyu had already sentenced himself to a dead body that could not be saved.

ended.

"Whether you wear a few fake masks on your face, today's heroes gather, you must dismantle your true face."

"You must be sent to Tianyin Pavilion!"

Noisy and loud people. The three words that pierce the eardrum are the most: "Tian Yin Ge."

The ink burned did not think that Hua Bi Nan would also bring in the Tianyin Pavilion. Coincidence? Still planning?

The mighty sound of the heavens is an ancient sect that has been handed down for thousands of years in the realm of cultivation. The head of this martial art was first known as the son of the gods and mortals, and later generations were passed down by blood. In the past generations, the blood of the Tianyin Pavilion has been thin, but it is still very aura. Although Tianyin Pavilion is not involved in red dust, but like a mortal believe in monks, monks also believe in the justice of Tianyin Pavilion.

The authority of a hundred years has been difficult to overthrow, not to mention the millennium. Therefore, even if I used to go to the world to win the world, I finally left the pure land of Tianyin Pavilion. The teacher is very clever, and it is better to put the ink on to the Tianyin Pavilion. No one will disobey the judgment, and no one can disobey the judgment.

There was a lot of noise in the hall, and the ink burned along the carpet embroidered with Du Ruo, went to the front, and then stood still.

"I……"

The man only said one word, and the human voice suddenly went out. They stared at him, and many people’s eyes were hatred and alert.

They waited for his arguments and other ills to wait for his fault. They stretched their necks and prepared to rush to smash the sly demon into pieces.

This person is difficult to distinguish between good and evil, unpredictable, but rather kills, can not let go, must - "I come to sin."

The bird is silent, even more silent than it is.

It’s like honing a knife and fighting for a big fight. The golden drum is ringing and killing, but suddenly it is known that the enemy generals have been self-selling.

It is ridiculous.

"what did he say?"

Only a few people responded, but couldn't believe that this demon confessed so easily, so he whispered to the person next to him: "Does he say that he is coming to sin?"

The ink burned down the curtain, kneeling down, facing the uncle and aunt, and Xue Meng, who was pale. The light shadows reflect his handsome and thin face.

He really wants to lead the neck, but Hua Binan counts him so much, and he won't let the person be so comfortable. Before he blasphemes, he still has one thing to do -

He will do his last bit of power to protect those who can no longer be protected.

Then the ink burns slowly and the voice is blazing.

"I am really full of blood, because I have personally hatred and killed a lot of people. Although I want to repent in these years, I still have no guilty sins. This matter is also known to me, and I am known as a prince today. Chen has shown his guilt and has another matter to declare."

He paused, and the words fell, like a knife: "I have no friendship with the teacher."

When I heard this sentence, most of the people present were shocked: "What happened?"

To know that the mentoring of the mentoring is a great scandal in the realm of cultivation, this kind of thing, whether it is a master or an apprentice, is very difficult to face. So as long as there is no blood and deep hatred, even if the relationship is not bad, the surface kung fu will always do enough.

After the horror, many people whispered: "Isn't it good before? How come suddenly, it won't be tempting."

"I don't look like it, will it be what happened to them later in Lushan?"

"It is possible... Chu Xianning does not seem to put the apprentice in his eyes. When Shi Mingjing was shackled by Hua Binan, did he not let go to save it? The people later even stunned their eyes... I am his apprentice, and I am also chilling."

People's voices rise and fall like tides.

Among these voices, the ink burn continues: "He can't resist me. It's small to kill people and set fire. But all the time, he treats me indifferently, and humiliates my dignity. This person is full of the world, but he treats disciples everywhere, how hypocritical! If it weren't for him, I wouldn't have come to this field at all."

It hurts too much.

He stopped his voice, his lips and teeth trembled slightly, but he still had to finish it word by word. Will be thousands of knives.

"It is him who harms me. He mistaken me. I have nothing to do with him. I have been worshipping him as a teacher. Now, I have completely broken with Chu, and I will treat me as his disciple in the future..."

He lifted his cockroach and stepped on the eyes of Xianjun.

"That is disgusting me, I hope that the kings will not mention it!"

Xue Zheng stunned: "Fire children -!"

Xue Meng is even more unmanned: "Brother, are you crazy?! Do you know what you have said!"

The ink burned and closed his eyes. He didn't want to go to see anyone in the Xuemeng family. The "brother" had pierced his heart like a claw.

The ink burned and said: "In addition to this, I still have something to watch."

"If you plead guilty, you will plead guilty. Where is one, two, three things, you --"

The man had not complained yet, and was stopped by Jiang Yan, the head of today's cents. Jiang Yan looked at the ink: "...please say."

Ink ignited: "I have a deep sorrow and a good confession. But the moonlit night is not what I did."

Many of them were here to discuss blood debts. The mood was originally very exciting. At this time, he was denied the murder of the lonely moon night. There have been a lot of words:

"Hah! Joke! This is a fact of ironclad, what else can you argue!"

"Yes, not who you are?"

Ink burning: "I was not at the end of the night, when I was in the Dragon Blood Mountain with Chu night. It was someone else who did this. And that person, if I did not make a mistake, it should be..."

He hesitated, did not immediately report the identity of the emperor.

He is not afraid of the wrath of everyone, but he believes that no one in the scene will believe that the door to life and death has broken open, and there is another escaping such ridiculous thing.

"who is it?"

The ink burned his lips and decided to take the time to step on Xianjun later. So he did not answer immediately. Instead, he said, "Who is after me?" In short, the man colluded with Hua Binan, one was in a lonely moon night. Planting the other, the other took away the late night."

After he finished this sentence, the crowd divided two voices.

The first wave of sound is weak, but it is also clearly identifiable. Most of the disciples who are dead and dying are shouting: "What happened to the elders of Yuheng?!"

"Where did the elders take?!"

Another voice is the group of people who came to the house to ask for sin.

"Ink, do you think we will believe you?"

"You don't know what medicine to sell in your gourd! What other people, I am jealous of you and Hua Binan is a group! On the Lushan Mountain, you both colluded to play a play!! You do not hesitate to die Many people, even ignoring the friendship of the same brothers and brothers, have harmed the teacher, you, you are a liar!!"

Hearing the name of the teacher, the ink burned slowly and looked up at Xue Zhengyi on the seat. He looked at Xue Meng again: "The teacher yelled at him..."

Xue Meng cares about chaos, grabbing the next step: "What happened to him? How is he?"

You can't look at him at all.

Seeing a person's broken appearance, just one time is enough.

The ink burns the road: "The teacher is Hua Binan."

Dead and silent.

For a long while, Xue Meng slammed down and sat back on the seat, muttering: "What a joke, how could it be..."

Yes, if you don’t see it with your own eyes, you will hear it, and you will want to say how it is possible. The teacher is so gentle, so beautiful, the three of them have experienced many storms together. For him, the teacher is the first true friend of his life.

But this friend is fake, but it’s just a mirror.

So ridiculous.

The people around have talked about it: "What is messy?"

"Insane, then a little monk, will be the first holy hand in the world?"

"If the teacher is Hua Binan, he helps us to solve the heartworm in Lushan."

There are also people who have been saved by the teacher in Lushan. They are especially grateful to the teachers. At this moment, regardless of 3721, they angered at him: "Ink burns, you actually say this big to cleanse your sins." The word of sorrow, you are bloody!"

At this time, I kept frowning, and Jiang Yan, who did not speak, also spoke.

"Do you have any evidence that Hua Binan is Shi Mingjing?" Jiang Yan said, "Hu Binan has been under my door for many years and has never left the lonely moon night. If you say that he is Shi Mingjing, then how can he do it at the same time? Two locations?

Chapter 256

"The cold scales are covered with black crepe all day long, and they are not closed in the alchemy room all the year round. They are in contact with the outside world. Therefore, as long as you control a person of similar size, it is difficult for others to detect."

Jiang Yan frowned: "What do you mean, Hua Binan on a lonely moon night is fake?"

"Sometimes true, sometimes fake. To be undetected, it is the most comprehensive."

Jiang Yansi said: "As a result, Shi Mingjing should use Zhenqi chess, but our medicine is not strong, and it is unlikely to master this technique."

"Jiang Jiangmen said that it is a good thing. The wisdom of the chess game needs to be worn out. Hua Binan knows the theory, but it is weak because of the weak mana, and he can't use it alone. So he had to collud with Xu Shuanglin before."

Jiang Yan shook his head: "No. Xu Shuanglin once said that the person behind the scenes is his friend. Because he does not want to sell his friends,

he did not tell us who the identity of that person is. If you say it, the teacher is Hua Binan and Xu Shuanglin should have recognized him. So why did Xu Shuanglin still have no rebellion after the reincarnation of ecstasy was destroyed by Hua Bi Nan?"

Ink burning: "Because Xu Shuanglin does not know that the teacher and Hua Binan are the same person."

The master of the mysterious mirror next to him said: "Since they are each other, how can such a big event not know..."

"It’s Xu Shuanglin who treats the teacher as a friend." Mo Yan said, "But the teacher can't really get along with him. On this board, Xu Sulin is just an important piece, and that's it."

He paused and continued: "When I was in the Lushan Hall, Hua Binan was injured and took off the veil. The face was so ugly, like a echinoderma, now I want to come, it should be just a delicate piece. People/skin mask. For Xu Shuanglin, he may have only seen his first face of this 'friend' in his life, that is, the face belonging to the teacher. He will not touch the face of Huabi Nan. It is connected with the teacher. So he didn’t think that he was framed or used by his friends until he died. Naturally, he would not shake the truth behind him."

Jiang Yandao: "According to your point of view, at the time of Lushan, Shi Mingjing and Hua Binan appeared at the same time. One of them was a controlled piece of chess?"

"I guess so. But there is a second possibility."

"what?"

The ink swayed and shook his head: "The second kind I want to wait a little longer."

Master Xuanjing said: "Even if the first kind of ink donor may be right, the poor still feel that there is still a place to say no way - Hua Binan has no reason to interrupt Xu Shuanglin's rebirth. Does he have a hatred with Xu Shuanglin? Is it possible for Xu Shuanglin to repay his wish and let Luo Fenghua be born again, what harm has he done to him?"

The ink sighed and said: "Did the master forget the final result of Xu Sulin's cast?"

The old vulture did not respond for a moment and shook his head.

Ink burning: "From the perspective of the crack that opened that day, the teacher did not teach Xu Shuanglin the real rebirth."

"what……"

"He has been deceiving Xu Shuanglin. Xu Shuanglin has spent a lot of time on Zhou Zhang, thinking that he is arranging the rebirth method, but in fact he is making a wedding dress for Hua Binan who is not spiritually strong."

"What is Hua Biannan teaching..."

"It is the world's largest ban." The ink burned and finally said, "He taught Xu Shuanglin that it is time and space."

"!"

When I participated in the Battle of Lushan in the field, I couldn’t think of the black hole that broke open in the sky, and there were thousands of mysterious monks inside...

Is that the time and space of life and death?

Ink burning: "This is the second possibility that I just said. As long as there are sometimes empty doors, both Hua Binan and Shi Yi may be true, but one belongs to this red dust, and one one comes from another. Comprehension."

After listening to the silence, everyone immediately patted their legs and laughed: "Mr. Mozong, do you sleep with your child? Take the forbidden

technique in this mythology to swear. Two teachers are clear... Hahahaha! Laugh me. It is."

"That's how it is possible, but it was a ban that was lost thousands of years ago... Who can learn?"

"The most important volume of time and space, the legend has long been sealed in the emperor's wood, even if someone is studying this curse, can learn the most space, it is impossible to be time and space. Otherwise one earth and another earth Overlapping, the world is not a mess!"

I don’t want to argue with them, but to talk about all my thoughts. He knows that this is probably the last confession of himself as a Mo Zong teacher. After today, these people may not give him any chance to explain anything later.

He used confession as a bargaining chip in exchange for a little calmness of those who ordered the fate, only wishing to tell the people who were guessing what he knew. Regardless of whether they believe it or not at the moment, he said it, it is an alarm. If there is turmoil in the future, how many people will remember his reminder today, it may not be too late.

"Thinking about it, if I am Hua Bi Nan, I have the essence of the chess game and the time and space, but I am not born with enough spiritual power and I have no position to act. What should I do?"

Most of the people in the room are ruthless about the ink, and are not willing to listen to his advice.

However, Jiang Yan was still appreciative of the ink burning because of some previous things, not to mention the **** case of the lonely moon night. He was also suspicious in his own heart. Therefore, he pondered for a while and said: "...will find someone to help."

"Who will help you?"

"no one."

Inkburn said: "Yes, there really is no one, so I can only lie. I deceive a person like Xu Shuanglin who has a great desire in his heart to help him complete the plan step by step."

Master Xuanjing said: "The ink lord is ridiculous. The ruling is not likely to be something else. Time and space are not something that ordinary people can learn. For thousands of years, no one has ever. The most important one is the essence. They have been lost, who can practice it?"

"That is, this is simply a fantasy."

"You simply said that Fuxi Dashen came to the world, and this is no different from the opening and closing of time and space."

"It's really ridiculous, and the storytelling doesn't dare to say that."

In the heart of the Danxin Temple, in the end, some people sneered: "Mo Zongshi, paving the way for so long, you should not want to tell us that the people who killed the heroes in the lonely moon night are coming through the door of life and death. The other one in the world?"

Ink burning: "..."

Seeing him not snoring, some people in the hall laughed: "It’s amazing. It’s really amazing. In order to excuse himself, the ink masters have compiled everything."

"Dare to spend a long time, do you want to wash your own crimes?"

Jiang Yan couldn't stand such a noisy. He turned to his sleeves and yelled at the few people who took the lead: "Speaking, what does yin and yang do?"

The master of the mysterious mirror is in line with the tenth: "Jiang Jiangmen, it is not the yin and yang of others, it is really the words of Mo Zongshi. It is too ridiculous. According to Laojiao, it is better to invite it to Tianyin Court for trial. ""

"Yeah, the Tianyin Pavilion owner will arrive soon, wait for her to come, let the Mo Zongshi take a trip with her."

Jiang Yan also had a chance to speak in the future. Xue Zhengxuan spoke. Although he had a complicated mind, he still said: "I think the words of the child can be explained. Maybe the time and space door has really been torn. Tianyin Pavilion is Before the trial of the heinous, he can't go with you until things are clear."

"Yes!" The disciple who has died of life and death stood up. "Heshan lives and dies. If it is not for the Brothers of Mercy to save you, can you stand here with great enthusiasm? If he wants to subvert the upper and lower circles, he will be completely trapped. It’s not good on Mount Lushan!”

Master Xuan Jing glanced: "This..."

Someone said: "It is true. At that time, everyone was trapped in the mountains. It was the master of Mozhao who managed to let us out. He wanted to harm people. Then he could start."

This is true. Many people have pondered this problem and are silent for a while.

But silence does not mean recognition. Many people present at the moment are still wearing filial piety, and their relatives and friends are newly mourned. The mood is extremely sad. What's more, the survivors of the Lushan Flower Hall at that time were witnessing the murder of the

murderer. In addition to Mei Hanxue, the witnesses expressed doubts about the situation at that time. Others confirmed that it was the smoldering deity. Under such circumstances, it is easy for them to give up looking for ink to burn their debts, but to believe in the time and space that has occurred in mythology.

So soon, some people replied: "But I think this is very uncomfortable. Don't you remember? On the Huangshan Mountain, Mo Zongshi's control over the whole situation and the chess game is extremely accurate. He said that Shi Mingjing will Jane Chess, but I think that the person who knows a lot about this ban is his own."

"Yes." After the rebuttal, there was another person immediately. "There is one more thing. Don't you feel embarrassed? Why can you burn the enchantment?" He is not the back of the Nangong family. ""

The voice fell, this time, a heart of Lang Lang, a Lang Lang female voice.

"This is nothing to be embarrassed. Because the Mozong master is in the blood of the Nangong family."

Everyone looked back, but saw a squadron dressed in silver-colored attire with a silver medal on the waist. The head of the squad was a woman who was squatting up to 2,800 years old. The birth is extremely glamorous, and even comparable to Song Qiutong, the first beauty in the comprehension of the year, but her beauty is beautiful, but the whole person's temperament is very cold.

When everyone saw her, most of them were discolored, and even a few faces had awe.

Only Jiang Yan did not respond too much, nodded: "The owner finally came."

This hard-wearing woman is the main smoke of the Tianyin Pavilion in the rivers and lakes.

The wooden cigarettes lead the Tianyin Pavilion, and the case of the ups and downs of the crimes will fall to her hands. She will preside over the trials - but there are not many cases that need to be dispatched by Tianyin Pavilion, so the leaders of Tianyin Pavilion often Ten or twenty years will not appear in front of everyone.

Because it is not often out, the skin of the wood smoke is extremely white, showing the light green blood vessels under the hidden skin. She walked into the temple and stopped, faintly said: "Sorry, let you stay for a long time."

Master Xuanjing asked: "The cabinet owner is a little late than the appointment, but what happened in the cabinet?"

The wooden cigarette shook his head and shook his head: "It is not the case. Tianyinge has never arrested anyone. So before I came here, my cabinet was thoroughly examining the past events of the dead masters."

She paused, and a pair of apricot eyes looked coldly and smoldered. Zhu Lips lightly said: "Under this investigation, I found out that the matter is not so simple. The identity of the Mo Zongshi... actually involved a lot of Xiangtan years ago. Old case."

Everyone looked at each other and had some doubts: "What old case?"

Only the whitening face is whiter, and the palms are sweating.

He did not expect this to be said at the moment.

The wood smoke is like a scorpion, and the man who squats in front of the temple indifference, said: "Mo Xianjun, gossip does not speak. Your own life, you have your own heart, is your mouth public, or ask me to invite witnesses into the temple ?"

"..." The ink burns and closes the eyes.

As early as the beginning of rebirth, he knew that if there was no worries in the world, there were several people in this world who must kill the eternal suffering. But at first, he has no strength and no chance. Later, with strength and opportunities, they are no longer willing to take the lives of others for their own personal gain.

In order to conceal his own life, the chips in the handshake, the number of people he killed was enough.

When the wooden cigarette saw him silent, he said: "It seems that Mo Zongshi does not intend to confess himself."

When she finished, the cold and beautiful face showed a touch of indiscriminate inferiority, and then the sleeves turned and faced the guests, and the voices were like bells.

"That would be for me. You and listen - this famous master is already a murderer who has carried dozens of lives before he succumbs to death. These wicked people, early The rope is in order!"

"what?!"

"Have he killed dozens of people before the entry?"

Xue Meng’s eyes widened and he was full of anger. He murmured: “Brother...?”

This sound is not light, but it just falls into the wood smoke from the ear. The wood smoke leaves the young master of death and death, and faintly said: "Brother?"

Xue Meng: "..."

The rain and snow outside became bigger and bigger, and the sky was getting heavier and heavier. Even though the candle in the hall was bright, he could not breathe.

The look of the wood smoke from the smoldering is full of inferiority, and the look of Xue Meng is immersed in sneer. Her lips are like Danxia, saying: "Revenge is a brother, and Xue Shaozhu is really pitiful."

Xue Meng Ming Ming did not respond to the meaning of this sentence, but the skull has already thundered, as if the ground cracked. He took a clear look and stepped back: "What... what is a brotherhood?"

He trembled all over his body: "What are you talking about..."

The wood smoke no longer cares about him, and turned to say: "Ink rain, not the scorpion of Xue Zhangmen. What's more." She paused, a pair of beautiful and ruthless eyes like a sharp knife, passing Xue Zhengyi and Mrs. Wang’s face is not without justice, not without cruelty:

"The relatives of Xue Zhangmen, already eight years ago, have already died in the hands of ink!"

Chapter 257

"what?!!"

Full of color!

Only a person who burns a person closes his eyes and calms like water.

Everyone made a mess: "What the **** is going on?"

"What was the old case of Xiangtan that year?"

"Why is he killing..."

The wooden cigarettes left the road: "This is a long story, and because of the age, many people who know the inside are gone. But if you don't know, unless you have nothing to do, Tianyinge has found some evidence. ""

In this smoke, which is intertwined by human language and horror, the wooden smoke is calmly looking back: "The few witnesses Xiangtan found, have you brought it?"

With the door of the servant, he replied: "Returning to the lord, all waiting outside the hall."

"Then go and ask the first witness to come in."

The first witness entered the temple. He was a veteran artist. He was very old. He was carrying his back and squatting. He was only interested in Nono. He saw the full house of Xianjun. The first reaction was actually a slamming on the ground, and even the beheaded dagger. In the mouth, I was anxious: "By the singer, Grandpa Sinjun... I have been to you, Grandpa Sinjun..."

The wood smoke has slowed down from the tone: "The old gentleman has a hard time, and there is a lot of hard work along the way. You don't have to be nervous. I only ask some questions. One answer, one answer is two."

The old man couldn't stand, and the monk of the Temple of Nothing walked over and gave him a seat to help him sit up, but he was very scared. He only took a small half of his **** and tried to shrink himself to a minimum.

The wooden cigarette left the mouth: "The first two questions. Where is the gentleman? What to do?"

The old man’s teeth trembled, and when he opened his mouth, it was a thick accent: “I...I’m from Xiangtan, just paste the lantern on the street...”

Everyone was very curious to look at him, from sparse cranes to broken shoes. They don't know what the lanterns can shake and what they are going to do.

The wooden cigarette leaves the question: "How many years have you sold the lantern?"

"For most of my life... there are always fifty years, and I can’t remember it..."

"For a long time, I have to ask you something that is not as far as fifty years." The wooden cigarette said, and he showed him the ink. "Does this person, the husband do not recognize it?"

The old man looked up and looked at the ink, and saw that this person was tall and handsome, and he was so eager to look at it. He immediately turned his eyes away. After a while, he hesitated to steal him, and snorted and said: "I don't know."

The wooden cigarettes left the road: "I don't know how to be surprised. Then I will ask you again. When you were selling lanterns next to the

drunken jade building in Xiangtan, did you always have a small child, and you would like to stand by your booth and watch your paste lanterns?"

"Ah..." The old man’s eyes were murky, but he was very clear about this matter. He sighed and nodded. "Yes, there is such a child, almost every night, he likes the lanterns I made, but poor. Ah, I can't afford it... I talked to him at that time, and he didn't like the snoring, the courage was very small."

"Do you remember his name?"

"Oh, it seems to be called... ink... ink burning?"

Everyone is still listening to the old man's words. At this time, the sights are all on the ink.

The old man sinks into the memories of the past and swears: "I don't know if I have this ‘children'. I only know that he is the one in the drunken building...”

Xue Zhengyu interrupted his face with a calm face: "The burning child was originally the son of the first brother and the Louzhong mother. The wooden cabinet owner asked the old gentleman to prove it again. What do you mean?"

"嬷娘?" The old man snorted and waved his hand. "Oh oh, no. The son of Sang Niang is also a surname of ink, but he is called Mo Nian. He was a famous bully at the end of the street." The old man said, Licking his head down, he pointed to an old scar on his head.

"I was still smashed by bricks, and the child was fierce, wild and skinny."

Xue Zhengxi’s face has changed: "Ink... read?"

Mrs. Wang anxiously said: "Is the old gentleman remembering the mistake? After all, it is also a word difference. Is the child of the mother-in-law called the ink burning, or the ink?"

"...is the ink." The old man thought for a moment and nodded again. "I can't go wrong. How can I remember it? It is called Mo Yan."

Xue Zhengyi’s own child leaned forward slightly, and he heard this sentence for a moment, then he was on the seat and his eyes were worried.

"Ink..."

The wood smoke continued to ask: "The child who came to see your light lamp, he is doing in the drunken building, do you know?"

"Hey, I don't know the specifics. I know it is the head of the house to help me with the cooking." The old man said, "The reputation is not so good. It is said that the hands and feet are not clean, and the guests are always stealing things." He tried hard and then seemed to think of it. What happened, his face changed a bit. "Ah, think of it, the little child can't do it. After growing up, it gets worse and worse. Later, he also insulted a yellow flower niece. The prostitute couldn't stand it and finally committed suicide."

"what?!"

If it is said that the civet cat has changed the prince, then it is even more irritating to smear the girl before the smoldering.

There are a lot of parents who are parents, immediately angered and rushed to the crown, gnashing their teeth: "I don't think... the Tang Mozong master is such a beast with a human skin!"

"too disgusting!!!"

"Death is not enough!"

There was no snoring in the ink, only quietly watching the old artist.

In the past life, he was in the realm of repairing the **** hurricane, and Tianyin Pavilion tried to stop it. The old man was taken away by the

wooden cigarette and he was identified.

How did he do it at the time?

Indulge in laughter and accept it.

And turning to look at Xue Zhengxi and Mrs. Wang, the smile twisted and ridiculed: "How? Resent me? Do you want to abandon me? Is it the same as my good teacher, say me - **** is bad, quality Hard?"

At that time, the matter of ink burning and stealing the chess game had already been almost the same, but Xue Zhengyi initially chose to believe him. Until this time, Xue Zhengxuan was angry and got up. He was mad at the gas, and the tiger screamed and said: "Hey animals! It is a scorpion!!"

The ink burned these two words, laughing and laughing, and laughing more and more pleasantly.

I laughed and my eyes were wet.

Insult girl?

Xue Zhengyi believes.

Xue Zhengyi actually believes.

Hahahaha - the smile of the smoldering is tightened, and it is self-defeating. The heart is handsome, and the handsome face is twisted like wax.

"Yeah, I did these sinful sins. I killed your nephew and killed the pitiful girl. How? The uncle is going to kill the heavens and kill me-"

If the words are not finished, the heart is a pain.

Xue Zhengyi's temperament was fierce. When he was finished with ink, he was already angry and screaming. There was hate and tears in his eyes. The fan tip pierced the ink-burning chest.

The ink burned for a moment, and then the corner of the mouth was slightly lightened. He lowered his head and looked at his chest and gradually shed blood, sighing:

"Uncle, I have called you uncle for so many years. But in the end, you still won't believe me."

"shut up!!"

The ink burned and smiled, and the shoulders shivered slightly: "Forget it, after all, the flow of our body is not the same blood. So, this false home, this life and death... What else is there, I can’t bear it. ?"

Blood splashes and splashes face.

He looked at Xue Zhengyi's fall in front of himself, his mind was slightly numb - he didn't want to kill him - it was his temper to rush to get started... it was his own death. The ink burned for a while, lifting up the blood-stained eyes, and Sensing the land, looking at the sorrowful Mrs. Wang, who licked his lips and walked over his uncle's body and walked to the aunt.

Xue Zhengyi still didn't breathe, and he kept his clothes tight, and he wouldn't let go.

This half-old man seems to be very angry, and it seems that the sorrow and heartache are greater than the anger.

At that time, the brain burned in madness, what the meaning of the uncle's eyes was, what the tears in his eyes were for, he did not understand, and did not want to understand.

The ink burned and heard Xue Zhengyi said: "Don't... don't hurt..."

"She saw it. So she is going to die." The ink burned very calmly and calmly. "However, Xue Meng is not there, so ... seeing that you have raised me for so many years, his life, my right and left."

Mrs. Wang’s struggle is in the eyes of ink, what is it?

Moreover, she was already unable to struggle. She just cried. She also said like her husband: "The beast...", but the knife plunged in, the blood rushed out, her consciousness gradually dissipated, she looked at him, but finally Mumbling again, "Fire, why are you..."

The ink-burning hand was actually shaking, trembling, and finally pulled out. He looked down at the palm of his hand, his palms were moist, and the scarlet dagger caught his palm, slippery and stinky.

heat.

But it will soon be cold.

Like his so-called home, he called his loved ones.

From the very beginning, he was embarrassed because he knew that Xue Meng was in fact, Xue Zhengyi, and Mrs. Wang.

They are not his loved ones at all.

Their biological scorpion has already died in his hands.

"absurd!"

A violent drink interrupted the memories of ink burning.

The ink burned almost a little uplifted, and patrolled the hall in the hall, and finally fell to Xue Zhengxuan.

It is Xue Zhengyi who is talking.

"I raise a child, I know for myself how he can bully an innocent girl, you have to be bloody!!"

"..."

The ink burned, and suddenly I felt that my heart was filled with some kind of sourness.

His eyelashes squinted and squinted.

Not the same.

For two lifetimes... many things have changed.

The old artist was scared to roll down from the seat and beheaded on the ground: "No, no, I didn't lie, I was angry, I was... I just... I really..." He was just a pity. The craftsman, who had never seen such a scene, was accused by the lord of one fact, and was so scared that he could not say a complete sentence.

Xue Zhengyi is drinking low, like a beast that is ready to go: "Get out."

"..."

"roll!"

The old artist immediately got up and rolled, but the people in Tianyin Pavilion stopped him. He couldn’t get in and out. He fell down and sat down on the ground. He shook like a sieve and said: "Mom, what are these things... ..."

The wood smoke said: "Xue Zhangmen must be angry and angry, and the old gentleman should not be afraid. What Tianyinge asks for is to make the world sorrowful and can not be planted and framed, and it will not hurt."

She paused and raised the old artist.

"Please ask Mr. to finish."

"I don't have anything to say..." The old man was really scared, and he said nothing more. "I beg your princes, and let me go. I really don't have any more." What can be said, my memory is not good, I have a bad memory."

In this stalemate, the silence that has been silent, suddenly looked at Xue Zhengxuan, and worshipped the dagger.

The meaning of this action is self-evident. Xue Zhengxuan and Xue Meng immediately said a word, even a word was blocked and could not be said. Mrs. Wang murmured incredulously: "...burning?"

Ink burning: "When I was in Lushan, I thought about coming back to be honest with my uncle. But I didn't expect this to happen."

"..."

The burning eyes are very quiet, because it is too quiet, and even seems to be dead: "The wooden cabinet owner came here today, and the evidence of the person must have been fully collected. There is nothing to say. Yes, I am not the second to die. Little Lord."

He paused, and a sigh of words fell into the temple, his voice as light as a feather, and his waves rising.

"I am the 72nd City of Confucianism, the son of the ninth city of the South Palace."

"What?!!" Everyone is ashamed.

"Don't you want to hear the story?" The ink burned his eyes closed and said, "...the fire that drunk the jade building was put by me, and dozens of lives were indeed destroyed by my hand."

Mrs. Wang said with tears: "Fire, how are you... how can you..."

"But in Xiangtan that year, the little girl of Tofu Square was murdered to death." He said here, a little silence.

In the last life, no one wants to hear him tell the truth.

They all accuse him in anger and insult him, so he does not want to explain it. Anyway, in the eyes of others, that is, such a heinous devil, it is no harm to add another blood.

In this life, he finally wants to say it.

"That girl, not me."

There was silence in the Danxin Hall. Everyone was staring at the ink, waiting for him to speak out the old dust-proof cases.

The wooden cigarette is rising from the eyebrows: "Oh? Is there another hidden case in the case?"

"Have."

"Please make a speech." The wooden cigarette left the road, "Listen to listen."

The ink burned and shook his head: "Before telling the girl who was killed in the Tofu Square, I want to talk about a more important person first."

"who?"

"A monk."

The ink burned, his eyes were evacuated, and he looked out into the distant sky through the open window.

"... At that time, Xiangtan had two young prostitutes, one surnamed, called the hurricane weak, and one...the surname, called Duan Yihan."

Many people present at the scene heard him mention these two names, and they all showed their sorrowful look.

"...the hurricane is weak... Duan Yihan... Ah! Is it the same two-digit music workshop in the past?"

"That's them, I remember that both of them are the music of Xiangtan, and they are called Linjiang Shuangxian."

"Yeah, the wind is weak and the song is spring, and the clothes are cold and full of flowers." Someone sighed. "I was only thirty years old at the time. The names of these two are just like the ears. But they It’s hard to find a song. I heard that every time I starred in the concert, the music house will be surrounded by water and the limelight will flourish."

Someone said: "They are two musicians. It seems that they still fight the song."

Ink ignited: "It’s a fight. The hurricane is weaker than the two-year-old Han Yi, and entered the music house two years later. At that time, she was very proud, and she was not convinced that she was the same as her, so she went down. Hua Tie, invited Duan Han to play three songs on the drunken floor, dance three songs, to determine the skill level."

"Who won in the end?"

"Pluge." Ink said, "But since then, the two have been sympathetic. Although Feng Yiru and Duan Yihan are not a monk in a music house, they often walk around each other and are sisters."

Someone is impatient: "There is so much nonsense in the squatting! Good end, what do two women do?"

Inkburn looked at him and said: "Die Yihan is my mother."

Chapter 258

"...!!"

"what?!"

When the year of clothing and cold holding out, it is the Wuling juveniles vying for the head, a song of red 绡 绡 —— —— —— —— —— —— 那个

"My mother was a coincidence, and I met Nangong Yan, the ninth city master of Confucianism. He would have some poetry and songs, his mouth was very sweet, and he was very handsome." The ink burned, "My mother looked I looked away and liked this person."

Xue Meng couldn’t help but shake his head and muttered: "How could it be..."

"There are beautiful people who are willing to give up, and how can Nangong refuse." Ink burned, "But he has status and identity, and he dare

not tell his true situation to a happy person. He lied to my mother and said that he It is a Linyi businessman who lives here."

"This... I have a good feeling, I am in contact with you day and night, is your mother not aware?"

The ink burned and sneered: "If she notices, there will be no more things later. Nangong Yan can make a lie, not to mention that he only lived in Xiangtan for a short period of time, and my mother had no time to discover his roots. Later, From Linyi, I came to seal the letter. After Nangong received the mysterious letter, he hurriedly left Xiangtan."

"Your mother didn't ask him where to go?"

"He walked in the middle of the night, and did not say goodbye to my mother. They became monks for several months. Finally, Nangong Yan only left a stack of silver leaves, a piece of paper with the words 'Do not read', and it evaporated. ""

There are female practitioners who sighed: "Hey, these music singers, the little garden of Liyuan, the hardest to ask is a real person. It is also pitiful."

After she sighed, she couldn't help but wonder, and continued to ask: "Will then? Is your mother not willing to be abandoned by the lover, and the trustee is looking for him?"

The ink swayed and shook his head: "My mother's temper is soft and gentle, and some are awkward. Being abandoned, I will only pour the bitter water into my stomach, and I will not go to find things.... But it didn't take long before she found out that she had I am pregnant."

When Mrs. Wang heard this, she could not help but "hhat", her eyes were quite awkward, and she looked at the ink and did not know what to say.

"Lefang is willing to continue to accept her. But the premise is that she can not give birth to the child. Women who have given birth to children, dancing is no longer so good, they do not make a loss of business."

The ink burns and closes the eyes.

"My mother refused, and the niece who asked the matter asked her to pay a large amount of redemption fee. So she paid all the savings, the soft jewellery that she had, and the embroidered shoes on her feet to the workshop, earning a free body. I am going to Linyi to find me."

Mrs. Wang whispered: "When she is a penniless woman, how can she go from Xiangtan to Linyi?"

Ink burning: "There are people who help her."

"who is it?"

"The hurricane is weak." The ink ignited, "My sister knows that my mother left the music house and chased the city at night. She gave me all the money and told my mother--if I could not find me." Hey, come to the drunken house to find her, the sisters can also live well."

Master Xuanjing sighed: "With such loyalty, it is a small woman who is stunned."

Jiang Yan asked: "What then? Is your mother finding Nangong strict?"

The ink burned for a moment and sneered: "Found. Although the identity and name of Nangong’s strict stay are fake, my mother found him without any effort."

Someone was surprised: "Hey? Is there such a good thing?"

"There is no such thing as Tongtian. It is just because of coincidence."

People look forward to each other and have some doubts on their faces: "Which is such a clever thing, the city owners of the Confucianism are rarely seen."

"They really don't show up..." The face of the burning face is gloomy. "However, when the big marriage and the child are full moon, the Confucianist Gate will open a banquet and accept congratulations on the castle floor. Isn't it?"

Everyone smells stunned: "Is the letter received by Nangong Yan at the beginning, is it urging him to go back to marriage?"

Another person recalled: "Ah, think of it, Nangong Yan's wife is like a daughter of a big rich man. He should not be forced to helpless, so he left the song of his own sentiment, go back and that Rich family members are married..."

The smoldering look is extremely indifferent: "I didn't want to be helpless. I didn't go back to getting married. The mysterious letter he received at the time was actually a good news. It was the head of Confucianism and told him that his wife was about to give birth. He went back to accompany him."

This time, Xue Zhengyi, who has been silent for a while, has changed. He said: "So when Nangong was playing in Xiangtan, he was actually a woman."

"Yeah." It’s really hard for him to hang down his eyes. This kind of thing is now, there is no too much pain in his face. He calmly said, "Nan Gong Yan is not good because his wife is pregnant. It is easy to produce small, so I came to the outside to distract myself. He met my mother, and my heart liked it, and lied that she had never married and earned my mother's favor."

The popular straight footsteps: "This is really a beast!"

"The wife at home is pregnant, but she ran out to swim in the mountains, and she also made a child outside, hehe."

"This chilling is also a **** mold, can Nangong strictly recognize her?"

The answer is self-evident. The crowd was so indignant that they had a bit more pity for the gaze. But the smoldering does not care so much about how others see him. He just continues to talk about his mother's experience.

A secret has been for two generations, and this is the first time he has spoken openly. In spite of the pain, he also gave birth to a few points.

Ink burning road: "At that time, Linyi swayed the water table and celebrated the home of the Confucianism Gate City. I went to the turret of the ninth city and saw the red corner of the porch. The Nangong sternly married his wife and children. The people paid tribute and threw the Jiguoxi cake. My mother later... didn’t go looking for him again. At that time, she had already used up the money. Even the money that passed back to Hunan could not afford it. After half a year, it was in Linyi. In an abandoned wood house, I gave birth to me."

Jiang Yan asked: "Are you going back and forth to Xiangtan Drunken House?"

The ink shook his head and shook his head: "When I was born, my body was very poor. When I was born, I was sick. I couldn’t run around. In order to treat me, she asked the doctors in the medical clinics in the city. No one would help her... She later forced herself to finally hold me and find a way to enter the Confucianism and find Nangong Yan."

That year, the weak mother was holding a newborn baby like a kitten, and it appeared in front of the lover.

The man has no joy, only endless horror and fear, and even anger.

He has a wife and a child, his wife is a famous and promising daughter, the son who was born is white and cute, and the family is full of happiness. Duan Yihan is a mouse in his eyes, to break his good reputation, bad. Drop his family reunion.

She is uneasy.

Why should he recognize them?

I was afraid that she would make things big. Nangong Yan gave her enough money to let her take the children out of the Confucianism door. Duanyihan held the last hope and said with tears: "The child has not yet named, you can Can't..."

He glared at him, his face was blue like iron: "Roll! Hurry! This is not my child, don't give your face a shame, get out!"

She was rudely pushed out.

There is no time to be sad, the little baby in her arms is so weak, her hands and feet are cold and cold, like a dying cat, curled up in her arms.

She called him, and he opened his dark eyes and looked at her ignorantly. He was not naughty, very embarrassed, and very quiet.

She endured tears and hugged him to the hospital.

The doctor in the medical hall told her: "How many times have you said that we are not here? How can you give your child a medical treatment? No money is there-"

She was busy giving Nangong a strict alms to her, and the copper stinky money sent to her was smashed out, and she was so frustrated that she was scared to the young child in her arms.

Her eyes flashed and she kept bowing her head: "The rich, the doctor, the rich. I beg you, do it well, save my child. You see, he, he is still so small..."

The medical hall is not all without goodness. It is only annoyed by the woman in front of her head. The herbal medicine for treating children is not cheap, so she refuses her so rudely. Since this woman can pay enough money, their attitude will be better.

Herbs, acupuncture.

The illness is too heavy and he still has to live in the medical hall. The condition of the burning of the ink was good and bad, and it took a few months to recover the health. At this time, there is not much left in the silver of Duan Yihan. She thanked the doctor and left with her child. Seeing that winter is coming, she is afraid that the young child will freeze again, so she will cut a small donkey and a small bed.

After doing this, the money was exhausted, and she could not return to Xiangtan. However, Duan Yihan sat in the abandoned wood house and looked at the little guy with his fingers and giggling towards himself, but he felt very happy and very peaceful.

She has always been a contented person.

"What should I call you?"

The little boy is screaming and can't talk.

Duan Yihan gave birth to a pile of fire, holding his own child to warm in the fire pit and teasing him.

The child laughs and she laughs.

The fire was burning and the house was soaring and dilapidated, but because of this fire, she felt very warm. She stared at his little face and made him kick his little feet and haha.

She thought for a moment and said, "If you don't, let me burn it."

The ink burned his fingers and his eyes glared at her.

Duan Yihan’s face seems to have a moment of sorrow: “I don’t know what you should be, you can’t be surnamed Nangong, but you can’t follow A-n’n’s surname. The name of A-Niang is given by the aunt in the music house. You follow me. It’s always a little weird... I only want you to burn it, okay?”

Inklessly licking your fingers, don't nod and don't shake your head.

"Small flaming children, when the spring is over, let's go back to Xiangtan." Duan Yihan touched his soft baby hair. "Mother will play and dance. There is a girl, she is a good sister of her mother. I must like you very much, you have to be embarrassed, learn to call you a mother early... Hey, forget it, her

temper is not good, you still learn to call your sister. When you meet, you must say that your sister is good, so that you can eat candy, know do not know?"

She held his soft, young fingers and said softly.

"Fire, wait, the winter will soon pass, and when the spring blossoms, we will go home."

But this winter, after all, it is still too long.

That year was the year of the disaster. The sneaky sneaks in the lower squadrons and the high-rise city defenses in Linyi prevented the ordinary people from entering and leaving. Therefore, Duan Yihan could not leave.

She went to a shop to do a living and wanted to earn some money to support her family. But there is no impenetrable wall in the world. I don't know who revealed the husband's romantic history to Nan Gongyan's wife. In short, soon after that, Duan Yihan was hired by the bun shop to drive her out of the store, for no reason.

Since then, Duan Yihan has been crowded out, and in Linyi, who can't find a living, he has to carry a young child to beg. On several occasions, she was singing softly on the street, while Nangong Yan was angry with her fresh clothes. She followed the Haohao soup and walked in front of her.

He is guilty and wants to hide from her.

In fact, it is unnecessary for him to do this. Duan Yihan is weak, but he has a proud arrogance. She just sings Xiaotan’s song, and does not look at this man. She will not cry when she goes to the old lover. Why is he? So timid.

He actually didn't understand how proud this prostitute was.

"Look at her tears and scars, although the clothes are graceful and kind, the stranger meets each other and doesn't know how to face me."

Someone passed her and threw her a copper plate.

She is like the fascinating music fairy of the year, she is a low-key, soft voice: "Thank you for the good heart."

The days are just like this day, the next round of the world is smoky, and Linyi is on the wall, and the wall is always standing tall.

This vertical is five years.

The ink burned five years old.

One day, Nangong Yan quarreled with his wife, and his heart was annoying. Then he turned east and west, and visited the city. The weather was fine that day, and he held his hand and looked at a jewelry store and pastry shop with a lack of interest. There is also a grandfather under the big banyan tree.

Linyi has always been a blessed land. How many people have died in the next quarter? They are here, and they have been singing and dancing for centuries.

Nangong strictly walked over to see the uncles playing chess.

He is a uniform, and everyone can't recognize him. He will happily point his way to the side, making the uncles end up being so annoyed that he will leave.

Nangong strictly ate, and his heart was not happy. He walked a few steps forward and stood under a big tree. He saw a golden silk-embroidered birdcage hung on the branch, and the embroidered bird in the cage was crisp and humming.

Perhaps the sun is so good, it makes people feel sad, Nangong is standing in the tree and thinking, suddenly thought of more than five years ago, the soft and gentle girl in Xiangtan Building.

He leaned his head and teased the white-eye bird and said, "Hey, will you sing Xiangqu?"

The white-eye bird certainly can't sing, and it sings.

Nangong sighed with a sigh of relief, and his mouth sang a lot of minor tune in his ear.

Suddenly, I heard that the voice was clear after the body, and some people were mourning in the tenderness of the water: "The wild clouds are low and cold, and the sky is snow and ice." The voice is like a jade, oh.

He is like a world, and he looks back.

Because he has been deliberately avoiding, he has not seen her for a long time. At this moment, through the bustling downtown, the crowds coming and going, he suddenly saw the slender and gentle woman - like this for many years, he did not Dare to talk about the wife’s dreams.

He met her again.

Duan Yihan took a weak child, and the mother and son stood on the side of the street. She sang and sang the little songs that were hard to buy in the past. I hope that I can get the pity of the gentleman and get a meal.

She sings softly: "After the road, the mountain road is behind the mountain, there are thousands of pedestrians behind the mountain..."

There are countless people coming and going, no one is staying for her.

Although the song is good, it is not real, she wants to sing, no one is willing to pay for her.

"...Bielang is easy to see Lang difficult, looking at the Guanhe smoke and cold." Suddenly, a pair of gold silk, embedding jade shoes appeared in front of her eyes, she heard a man whispering her not After finishing the song, "The number is not enough to fly the book, the well is tearful to see."

Duan Yi Han snorted, then slowly raised his eyes.

She saw him again.

He is still the same as he was more than five years ago. He is handsome and handsome, and looks very handsome. He is not old at all, and the years have no trace on his face.

Duan Yihan saw his reflection in his eyes. The girl who has been fascinated by water five years ago has become a face-to-face temperament, and she

has nothing to look at.

However, Nangong looked at her eyes strictly, but she was somewhat affectionate.

After many years of marriage, his wife heard about his past love history. Although he did not dare to speak out, he was also unhappy. He couldn’t move his temper and his son was stubborn. Today, he stood in front of Duan Yihan and saw her look like this. How many sorrows and pity were born in his heart.

Duan Yihan lived in the mouth, dropped the eyelashes, and did not sing.

"A Niang?" next to the ink burning doubts, turned to look at her.

Duan Yihan said: "Auntie is tired today, go home."

The ink burned and nodded, and smiled: "Then we go back to rest, I think of a way to dinner."

The mother and the son are both willing to go.

Nangong sternly called her: "You..."

His eyes fell on the ink.

The child was thin and small, and the clothes were worn and worn, but they were very sensible and their faces were beautiful.

Nangong was sternly aware that this was his own child.

It is his bones.

He reached out and touched the head of the ink.

I don’t know who he is, squinting, letting this man mess up his black hair: "Hey..."

Nangong Yan thought that year, Duan Yihan hugged a kitten-like baby and came to his house to ask him to save.

At that time she said: "He still has no name."

"What is your name?" Nangong asked.

"Fire."

"Last name?"

"I don't have a last name."

Nangong Yan looked quite sorrowful and looked at Duan Yihan. I don’t know what the impulse was. He said, “Or else, you will—”

When the words were not finished, I suddenly saw a group of priests passing by the Confucianists at the corner.

The sorrow of Nangong Yan was interrupted.

He is a spirit and seems to have returned to reality.

He regained his eyes on the upper part of the clothes.

The eyes that once looked at him and smiled and bent, are now very ugly, no longer have any dreams of a young girl, even when he just wants to recognize them, it is cold.

She has already seen this man through.

Nan Gong Yan is therefore somewhat embarrassed and somewhat awkward. In order to cover up this kind of emotion, he coughed and generously, and stuffed all the gold and silver treasures in the purse into the ink-burning hands.

He patted the ink-burning head again: "Your mother sings well, these jewels, gold and silver, should match her."

A slender hand took the money bag from the ink.

Duan Yihan only took a copper plate from the bag and placed it in the broken bowl held by the ink-burning hand. Then he handed over the heavy jewels and silver coins to Nangong Yan.

She didn't talk much, but she gave him a blessing in a soft and plain way, just like a passer-by who gave her money for any one.

She said to him politely: "Thank you for being kind."

After that, turn and leave.

She is Xiangtan Lexian, and she has been holding the stars and dancing. When the 10,000 people were empty, she was not alone. Nowadays, Huayi is fading, and Zhu Yan is dying. She can only practise on the roadside, but she will not feel inferior.

That is, from the subtle attitude of Duan Yihan, the ink ignited the suspicion, and then knocked on the side, and asked him all the way to know his own life.

"Mother said this to you because I didn't want to lie to you. But Xiaoyan, you have to remember, don't be annoyed." Duan Yihan said, "I don't ask him."

She said, poke the ink-burning little brain.

"When the next round of disasters has been rehabilitated, Linyi allows ordinary people to come and go, and we will go back to Xiangtan."

The ink burned for a long time, then nodded: "I don't ask him, I and A Niang go back to Xiangtan."

Duan Yihan smiled and said: "I don't know if my sister still doesn't recognize me. I don't look good."

The ink burns is very anxious: "A mother looks good."

"Ok?"

"A mother looks best."

Duan Yihan smiled even more brilliantly. Between the eyebrows, it really revived the style of the beautiful lady of the year. She teased him: "The mouth is so sweet, who will marry you in the future, you have to squat."

The ink burned a little embarrassed, pouting, after a while, but still revealing sharp teeth.

"When I grow up, I want to find a wife like a fairy, and then I will be with my mother."

"Oh, you think so beautiful, whoever is married to you."

The mother and the son laughed a little, and the fire in the firewood room was very warm. As if every day in the future, it will continue to go so calmly. Fire and night gave the poor people illusory comfort, so at that time, none of them expected, in fact, Duan Yihan, has been no longer.

"It was in the autumn when I was five years old." Ink burned, "The Mid-Autumn Festival has just passed. The Confucianism Gate has been closed for a long time, and Linfen has insufficient supply. They have adjusted the price of the goods. In the end, it is the poor who let the head down." Control your stomach, don't grab the food with the rich."

Xue Zhengyi had heard a lot of feelings, and his heart was in a mess. But when he said this, he still thought about it and then nodded.

"Yes, I remember that price adjustment. After the flood, I was hungry." The Confucianist finally lowered the price back. It lasted for about a year..."

Jiang Yandao: "I remember it is half a year."

The ink closed and closed his eyes and said: "It is not that long. It is one month and five days. It only lasted for thirty-five days."

Chapter 259

Someone asked: "How can you remember so clearly? How long has it been?"

How can he remember? In the memory of Jiang Yan in the Shang Xiu Jie, it is a plain half year. In the memory of Xue Zhengyi in the Xiu Xiu, it is a year of great feelings.

In the memory of ink burning, it is gradually desperate, and it takes thirty-five days to live. Every day is not as good as death, every day is still purgatory.

At that time, when the price adjustment order came out, people were worried, and Duan Yihan and the children could not get enough food. They could only rely on smashed vegetable leaves and moldy rotten rice noodles. Later, more and more people were unable to eat, and they could not even get the leaves. In the midst of difficulties, the ink can't help but say to Duan Yihan: "A mother, let's go to the Confucianism Gate to find him, and ask some food?"

Duan Yihan moaned: "No one can ask him."

Begging for mercenary along the street, nodding your face, losing your smile and drinking, are forced to work, but if you go to Nangong Yan, the meaning is different.

Although Duan Yihan was poor and stumbled, he did not want to break the bottom line of this last layer.

She refused, and the ink was no longer mentioned.

The child is not eye-catching, his skill is surprisingly agile, and on the ninth day of the promulgation, he finally stole a white radish in the ground.

Duan Yihan carefully hid the white radish, and only cooked a big fist every day, the two separated. When I got the eighth meal, the radish was already rotten, but because I couldn't see anything that could be fruitful for a long time, Duan Yihan cut the remaining rotten radish again and managed to cope with it for a few more days.

On the twenty-first day of the price adjustment order, they ate the last radish and could not find any food to fill the hunger.

The twenty-fifth day.

Rainstorms in the sky, there are cockroaches in the ground, and the ink burns them together, picks up some rain, cooks and eats.

The feeling of being slippery in your mouth is disgusting. The ink burns and these small animals that are not thin, muttered sorry. There is really nothing to fill your stomach. If you have passed this time, you are his grace. Seeing pity in the sky, he does not want to eat grace again, when will this nightmare come...

The twenty-eighth day.

The ink burned.

Even if the children are talented and aura, they can't stand the hunger and toss.

Duan Yihan has long lost his strength and his eyes are empty.

On this day, with her ink burning, she finally made up her mind to get out of the sheltered house and slowly walked toward the towering fairy city of the Confucianism Gate. She had her own bottom line and would rather die than go to Nangong.

But the child is innocent, he is still so small, how can she leave the world with her.

The people in the hall have all been exposed to sin, and the ink is guilty and sinless, but it is too miserable.

Someone slowed down the tone and sighed and asked: "Have you got it?"

"No." Moeburn said, "The bad luck, when going, Nangong Yan is quarreling with his wife."

He paused and continued: "When the lady of the city saw her, she was furious. She was a violent man. Not only did she give me a star-and-a-half food, but she also drove her out of the Confucianism."

"What about Nangong?"

"I don't know." Mohburn said, "My mother did not mention him."

It may be blocked, or it may just be standing next to it, and I can't help it.

I don’t know what happened on that day, only knowing that when Auntie came back, she was covered in scars. She squatted in the wood house and held him without talking. Later, she began to cough up blood, vomiting blood and stomach juice outside, and the room smelled of sour and sour.

The thirty-fourth day.

Duan Yihan is almost out of order, almost unable to speak, not crying.

This evening, she recovered from her fainting and recovered her strength. Seeing that the ink was burning around her, trying to warm her with a thin body. She was very light and light, and said to him very gently: "Small children, there is a way to go back to Xiangtan."

"A mother..."

"Go back to Xiangtan, go find your sister, and report to you." Duan Yihan stroked the ink of the ink, "Go to Xiangtan to report, don't stay in Linyi to seek revenge... Listen to the words of A Niang, well... At the beginning, A Niang came to Linyi I owe you a lot of money for your sister, but it’s not clear...you go back, stay with her, do something for her, and ask her to be happy. In the days to come, if others give you kindness, they must be good. Remember."

The ink burned with tears and looked up at the firewood room. She described the skinny face.

Duan Yihan's eyes are black and shiny, even with some grape-like purple.

"And then go back."

That is the calculation of the ink burning before the death of Duan.

She was afraid that after she left, the child would go on a wrong path, so he must be so sure that he must leave this sad place.

If a person has a head, he will not be thinking about it, and it is not easy to fall into the trap of hatred.

She gave him a head - say goodbye.

Don't take revenge.

The thirty-fifth day.

This ridiculous price adjustment was finally abolished in the riots, lasting for only a month and five days.

For the rich people, it is like a farce has finally come to an end. Linyi was full of smoke and smoldering in the city, and they woke up in the soft warm pockets, took the sip of the eight treasures on the maid's side, picked the teeth, heard the news that the price adjustment was invalid, but also made a few complaints. , yawned.

Everything is irrelevant.

But for the ink burning, it is a very exciting thing.

I don't have to worry about the rations, so the good-hearted people on the street have increased, and the ink burns a cake, and even a bowl of poor meat porridge.

He was reluctant to drink in one bite, carefully in his hand, and he wanted to go back soon and hold it to the sick mother.

Meat porridge is such a good thing, A Niang drink, can definitely recover?

He couldn't wait to use this bowl of porridge to save his mother's life, but he didn't dare to go home. This porridge bowl is cracked, next to a big mouth, if it runs fast, it is a pity to splash it out.

He went back to the firewood room again and again.

"A Niang -!"

He held the broken bowl in his hands, and used the dirty head of the melon seeds. The little milk dog usually opened the broken firewood, and his face was full of laughter, full of embarrassment for the future.

How good, there is meat porridge to drink, A Niang will soon get better, and finally spring blossoms, they have to go on the road together, go back and go. Where the songs and dances are flattened, there will be no hungry, there is a sister who is surnamed, and they finally have no need to be displaced and beg for a living.

How nice, they go home together.

"Oh," he said.

The door opened.

"She is lying inside." In the heart of Dan, the ink burned quietly.

Other people are either surprised by his coldness, or his teeth are cold and cold.

This person, who mentioned the death of his mother, was calm and calm. There was no temperature, no waves, no tears.

But no one has ever thought about how many years of soul-wounding nightmare, in order to break the liver and intestines, to smooth the scars, to get such a well-waved face.

"I call her, she doesn't wake up." Mo burned, "She won't blink again, and she can't drink that porridge anymore."

Long silence.

Mrs. Wang trembled and said, "That... later, you... you are alone, back to Linyi?"

The ink shook his head and shook his head: "I went to the Confucianist door."

Someone "ah!" said a cry, "You, are you going to seek revenge?"

"My mother said, "Repay it, don't seek revenge." The ink is faint. "I didn't want to seek revenge. I just wanted to bury my mother. But I don't have the money, and I don't have time to raise it, so I went to his house. Ask him to give some money."

"Have he given it?"

The ink burned almost a smile and said: "No."

"No, no? But as you said before, Nangong is very strict, and there are still some pictures of your mother, how can you even lose money?"

Ink ignited: "Because he sent his wife and found a short-sightedness not long ago, he passed away."

"what?!"

Jiang Yan raised his eyes: "...The wife of Nangong Yan did go very early, and he still committed suicide..."

"The woman was pregnant, but her husband was entangled with others outside. After giving birth to the child, she always clashed constantly, and her life was extremely unsatisfactory. I went to the house to find them on the day, and after she bumped into her, she It became more and more furious. It was said that she stabbed Nangong Yan with a knife at that time, and angered Nangong and said that she would retire her wife."

The ink burned and paused, and then said: "She can't stand it. In the middle of the night, she died. She walked a few days earlier than my mother."

When I heard this, everyone did not know what to say. In the beginning, there was a dew of love and enthusiasm. In the end, the beautiful people

were fragrant and jade, and they were also home-breaking. The cause and effect cycle in the world is probably the same.

"When I appeared, Nangong Yan was being reprimanded by the head. His wife's family also came. It is a famous merchant in the Linyi." The ink burns, "Nangong has been smashed by the dog, and he is annoyed." Suddenly see me, where is there any good temper."

Mrs. Wang is the softest heart. Although it is known that the ink is not a blood relative, it is also a pity for the heart.

This past event, the ink is really not willing to mention.

The eyes of Nan Gong Yan at that time were on the face of those who were hanging.

There is also the mourning hall of Mrs. Nangong, the golden paper and silver flowers, the paper-small children, the spiritual tools piled up in the mountains, the beautiful embroidered souls, the black-haired nanmu lacquer, and too many things.

Hundreds of people lingered on both sides to guard the spirit of the woman who was looking for a short-sightedness.

The long lamp is filled with sperm whale oil, and the ninety-nine-volume heart-shaped dish is silently burned, the wind blows away the smoke, and the powder is fragrant.

Too lively scenes.

And what about his mother?

Xiangtan Lexian section Yi Han, only one piece of cloak that may be worn off, perhaps a thin and thin young child.

She didn't even have a straw mat.

"It’s hard to find a shot when you hit three feet."

- That is the anger of the South Palace, extremely desperate, and the words of the ink.

Then the man, under the watchful eye of the head, under the watchful eyes of his parents, pushed the illegitimate child out of the door and refused to recognize it.

Mrs. Nangong died, when she painted the golden lacquered enamel, the agate fragrant beads, the snow cold shroud, the corpse was not rotted, the silk was covered, the satin covered the eyes, and the crane was on the road.

Duan Yihan died, a corpse, one person tears, two yin and yang, no other. According to the meaning of Nangong Yan, she should not be extravagant for a thin wood coffin.

So, who dares to say that people are equal before death?

Destiny is unfair from the beginning.

To the end.

She is still as muscular as jade.

She has decayed into mud.

"I dragged her to the mass grave and fell to the funeral." The ink burned the numbers and understated.

He did not elaborate on how he pleaded with the gentleman to carry them on a journey, and how to spend the fourteen days of the rotten and stinky

body dragged to the suburbs.

He did not say how he used his hand to open the rock, shred the soil, and buried the mother's skinny body.

Ink burning is not used to complaining before people.

He has always been a person who buried the past very deeply, and he will not be ignorant if he is forced to do so.

He has been humiliated, malicious, blind, and defamatory in the first ten years of his life. He has a hard heart like iron, and he doesn't care how others look at him. He simply disdains that someone sympathizes with him.

"Then I went to Xiangtan."

He couldn't stand the place of Linyi again. One day, he hid behind the board of the city priests and sneaked out of the city.

He began to walk to the side of Hunan according to his mother's jealousy, and spent half a year, from midsummer to early winter. When the shoes were broken, they walked barefoot, and later they had thick shackles on their soles.

Just like this, he walked and asked, when he walked outside the Temple of Nostalgia, he finally fell into the haystack because of the freezing hungry.

"A Niang..." The little child was lying in the ground, and the messy Ufa was a pair of distracting eyes. He looked at the world.

It’s snowing, snow early this winter.

"I want to see you... Sorry... I can't hold it..."

The snow fell lightly, sighing softly, covering his eyebrows.

There was footsteps approaching in the daytime, oh, followed by a hand to open the grass, he heard a childish voice: "Master, you come! You hurry him, what's wrong with him?"

After a while, a pair of mans shoes approached, and a man was talking: "Don't worry, go back first. I will come see him."

The man’s voice was so cold and cold that he didn’t have much emotion.

The ink burned instinctively and felt scared. He instinctively felt that the boy was close, and the man was cold. He didn't know where the strength

came from, and the desire to live made him raise his hand and smothered the young man's cloak in front of him.

Still not talking, tears will first collapse.

"rice……"

Hungry, beg you, I want to eat.

The boy who was shackled by him was Chu Xiening who went down with the sin of the day, and Chu Ning stunned: "What?"

The ink burned and lifted a small face that was dirty and couldn't work. He twitched and made a risotto, and the throat swallowed bitter. Everything in front of me is faint, dizzy, and screams in my ears.

He shed tears and pleaded for the people in front of him. He knows that if this little brother is the same as many of the old masters he has ever met, and he will abandon him, then he will not be able to live, and he will be angry. He is really no longer able to stand it anymore.

"eat……"

Later, Chu nightning gave him a pot of rice soup.

A pot of soup saved a person who was starving to death.

After drinking the rice soup, the ink burned away from the Temple of Nostalgia. At that time, his brain was groggy. For the appearance of "Meng Gongge", he only remembered a pair of eye-catching eyes, the eyelashes were very dense and long, others There is no more impression.

However, from the day of no sleep to the Xiangtan, he was wearing the cloak that his brother had given him. At that time, his body was small, and a young man's clothes were extraordinarily clumsy and funny, especially after wearing the hat, the cap almost covered his entire face.

There are always children on the road who are worried about food and clothing. They are leaning on their parents and smiled and said: "Hey, mother, look at the little girl, what is he wearing, really funny!"

The ink is not angry.

What is the cynicism of others? He was only grateful that this unfit cloak could shelter him from the rain and give him a gentle inch.

He is draped in it, and when it snows, the snow falls on him. At night, the darkness did not reach his heart.

And when night falls, he will be born from the fire, sitting on the knees and warming with his knees. He puts the cloak over his head, and the whole person indents, looking at the orange flame from the soft velvet.

The cloak is very warm, like the arms of A Niang, and the gentle phoenix eyes of Engong's brother... The little child curled up and slept like this, and even smelled the faint scent on the cloak in his sleep, like Leaning against a sea bream tree that is open to the scorpion.

Looking back at it, it’s no wonder that I always feel that the smell of Chu’s body is very good. As long as there is a breath in his pillow, he can always sleep peacefully.

It is no wonder that at first glance, the elders of Yuheng were seen under the Tongtian Tower, and they felt that the phoenixes that were falling were extremely gentle. It seems to have seen it everywhere.

It turns out that everything is causal.

He and Chou Ning... It was said that he had spoken so early, and he had contact with his body temperature. He even licked the palm of his hand. It turned out that so early, he smelled the flowers on the clothes of Chu night, and the old brother he had been looking for was around, and he never stayed away.

The ink burned and fell, and in this cold and cold Danxin Temple, there was a warmth.

But this is the secret between them. The ink burns in my heart, thinking is both sorrow and sweetness. He keeps this secret in his heart, and no one tells, nor does he say to everyone.

He took a deep breath and paused and continued: "After Xiangtan, I found the hurricane weak according to Aunt's widow."

At that time, only the five-year-old Xiaolinger was wrapped in a thick cloak belonging to the younger boy.

The cloak of the cloak was dragged on the ground, and it was already dirty. The child poked out a dirty bird's head from the fluff, and leaned back on the face of the yellow-skinny face. He whispered, "Is it a weak sister? Is it here?" ?"

"Is the hurricane weak?" The monk who was pulled by him laughed and curiously looked up and down him. "Lefang huakui? Although we don't sell it here, but for the girl's limelight, a few don't like it. She looks more like her songs? How old is your younger brother, actually knowing to find her?"

The ink burned his eyes, his eyes were sloppy, and he didn't understand her at all.

But the sneer in the girl’s eyes was red, and the ink burned so stunned. He glared at the collar of his cloak and blushes: "Please, I want to see my sister. I, my mother let me Come to her..."

"Hey? Who is your mother?"

"My mother's surname is called Duan Yihan..."

"Ah!" The singer changed her color and took a step back. She covered her with a slap, and even the original lazy peach eyes were round and round. "You, are you a child of Duan Lexian?"

When Duan Yihan was famous for his role in the Quartet, he never made a fortune. He often used extra jewellery money for those who were old and weak, and his voice was no longer the sisters. Therefore, this monk heard that he was a child of the girl. He immediately changed his attitude and was busy taking him to the greenhouse to see the hurricane in the high lying room.

Covering the door, the ink burned down to the hurricane, and originally told the local authorities about the matter. The hurricane was weak and weak, and the tears were wet.

She immediately found her mother, saying that she wanted to stay with her, and she refused to do so, but she couldn’t help but scream for a few times, and she looked at it and thought that the child could do something for the building, so she Reluctantly promised. Calling Hanako to enter the building

is afraid of causing suffocation. According to the rules, I have to burn all the previous ones, and then thoroughly clean them.

There is no problem in taking a bath. When it comes to burning clothes, the ink burns and cries.

"Cry what! In the future, it is not not to buy you a new one!" Yan Niang took the hookah and hit the ink-burning head impatiently. "It’s interesting, the old lady gives it to live, and the others laugh too late, so you are so poor. kind!"

Insufficient smoldering sister, she has already said good things for him.

So he bit his lip and died, licking a pair of red eyes, standing in front of the fire and twitching.

He really didn't want to understand at the time, why is this all? Why he just wants to leave an old clothes, but because he is weak, because he is mean, because he is a stinky meal, in order not to provoke anger and trouble, he can only be taken from others by himself. Kneeling down. He can't struggle, can't say "no", and he doesn't even have the power to tears.

It once gave him so much warmth, pinning and relying on it. In order to shelter him from the wind and rain, the dirty color does not see the original color.

Now that he has a place to stay, he may never use it again. He just wants to wash it carefully and stack it neatly, even if it is no longer worn, and it is under the small box. It is his friend, not just an old clothes.

But everything can't help him.

With a bang, the dirty cloak was put into the flames, but the people who lost it were not allowed to give up, but at the end they were still dirty. For the ink burning, it is a cremation, a funeral.

He watched.

The flames of the fire slammed into the sky, and the earth was magnificently blurred.

——

"Slow down...not enough..."

"where are you come from……"

There is still a gentle voice of the boy in the ear. That was what he had received in his bleak life, and there was not much goodwill.

They are all gray.

The ink burned like this to the goddess of the drunken jade, and he also had a righteous surname, surnamed ink. Since then, it has become a miscellaneous little man in the building, and finally passed the Duan An birthday.

However, the good times are not long. At that time, the hurricane was not too young. According to the rules in the building, although the music house is no more than the brothel, but when it is old, if it does not make a full "self-pity fee," then the girls’ first night will be handed over to the niece. Sold to those who are wealthy.

The hurricane is weak and she has already earned a lot of money for the drunken house.

"There is still a difference of 150,000 gold." When the hurricane was weak, he smiled and said to the ink, "Small child, when your sister earns enough money, I can redeem my body. My sister will take you through a good life."

The ink burned was distributed in the house, and she rarely saw her. The mother-in-law kept her heart from letting the people in the building pull the gang, so the hurricane was weak and the ink burned, always quiet.

She reached out and squeezed his cheek, then stuffed him a candy: "Hey, take it. Unfortunately, I can't give you money, it will be discovered. The dry eyes are poisonous, hehe."

The ink burned and grinned, revealing a mouth that lacked milk teeth: "Well, thank you sister."

However, if the hurricane is weak and the difference is 150,000 gold, it will be able to redeem the body. Can this matter be unclear?

Although she was not moving on the face, her heart was in a hurry.

If the hurricane is weak, it will lose most of the source of money in the drunken building. Then the niece will figure out that before the hurricane is weak, it is necessary to make a good profit.

At that time, there were many big families with coveted winds and weak colors. The price was high enough for the mother to sit and eat for a lifetime. Ms. Niang finally moved her mind, carrying a weak hurricane, and made a deed with a rich businessman who could make money. The two men took advantage of the Shangyuan Festival, and the hurricane was weakly sitting on the floor, giving her a cup of tea that was added with medicine, and then brought it to the room...

On the day of the burning of the ink, I cooked the dumplings and carefully went to the warmer and gave it to my sister.

When he didn't go in, he heard the heavy gasping in the house. He was shocked and opened the door. A thick scent of scented scented scented his face and smoked him to vomit.

In the faint glow, he saw a rich and slick merchant like a streaky pork. The mouth was flowing, his clothes were wide open, he was struggling, and his body was weak and swaying.

"When it is!"

The Tangyuan porcelain bowl was broken on the ground, and the ink burned into the house. I didn't know where the strength came from. He was very amazing when he was a child. He yelled at the rich businessman, then hugged the fat man, and he cried. The pear blossoms with rain, and the hurricane is so overwhelmed that it is overwhelmed:

"Sister, let's go!"

"But you..."

"Let's go! I can't go, I have to catch him! If you don't leave, wait for the mother to come, let's confess here, you are going! Go! Go, I will run away!"

The weak wind is his benefactor.

The ink burned her away, fled the state, and never came back.

That day, he finally made a hero.

The hurricane weakly choked at him and escaped from the building. But the ink burned but did not have time to leave. When she heard the movement, she soon took the person up, and when she came up, she saw that the ink burned and shot the guest, and let go of the squad, the face of the gas was distorted, and she wanted to vomit blood.

Ms. Niang has a son, and his age is similar to that of ink. The son’s heart is poisonous, his stomach is bad, and his mother’s affection is so powerful that he has an idea—the child’s viciousness is sometimes so naive and terrifying. The boy punishes his peers who angered his mother by punishing the animals.

He found a dog cage and let people burn the ink inside. The cage is narrow and sturdy, the ink can only lie in the inside, can't lie, can't stand, they feed him the cold food like a dog, and it's like this for seven days.

For seven days, the ink was trapped in an old house with a weak hurricane, and the smell of incense in the house was mixed with the smell of the body/liquid of the man.

He groaned and groaned.

Smell this groggy, sweet and greasy taste.

I want to spit.

Seven days.

From then on, he smelled incense and was disgusting, and there was fear and horror from the bones.

Chapter 260

In the Danxin Temple, a group of monks did not know what to say. Many people bowed their heads and said nothing.

Master Xuan Jing said: "Hey... Hey, it’s all awkward."

The main wooden smoke of the Tianyin Pavilion is: "There are heads and debts. There are many things in this world. This is the cause and effect, and the interlocking." She said that here, the words turned, "but the ink burns, you Be aware that suffering is not the reason why you vent your hatred and squander your life."

"Yes."

An elder of Huohuangge also sighed and said: "Mo Xianjun, you have been wronged, but it is pitiful. But it is also because you are born bad, fate tricks. People have their own lives, you can not be because of yourself Bullying, go back and bully irrelevant people."

"You did do good deeds and you have been wronged, but as far as we know, you have also killed people... one yard is one yard, it is all clear."

The ink burned without speaking.

Jiang Yan suddenly asked: "How to count."

"This……"

"Who can be clear? Whose life is not life, who can do the most fair ruler." Jiang Yan was willful and did not regard Tianyin as a god. "I don't mean to swear, but I I just want to ask, today, we are standing here, saying that we have to pay for it with the ink, let him pay it back. Then - the humiliation that has been burned by the ink? The injustice he has suffered?"

"..." No one thought that the most lost Jiang Yan in the **** case in the past few days would actually stand up and make a fuss for the slightest rain.

The wooden cigarettes are off the road: "Ginger Palm Gate, Tianyin Pavilion has always been fair. My family has guarded the scales of the gods for generations. When the time comes, the instrument will be used to weigh the ink and son's merits and demerits, and you will be sentenced. You don't have to worry. ”

"Strange, what is his relationship with me, why should I worry?"

Jiang Yan looked at Tianyin Pavilion for a long time. He repaired the medicine. He said that as long as the medicine is good, the body of the mortal can be red and dusty. Therefore, the lonely moon night is the most unbelievable to the descendants of the gods.

He stared at a pair of apricot eyes and said coldly and coldly: "But Jiang is very curious. I dare ask the Tianyin Pavilion. After the trial is finished, do you still have to review the other people of these old things? Is it right? Looking at the ground three feet, see if Nangong Yan is still alive in the world? Is it necessary to go to Xiangtan, find the rich man who was the indecent girl of the year? The murder of the murderous man is justified, then he was detained and beaten. The clothes are not covered by the body, the grace is humiliated by the guests, and the mother is starving to death - who is going to talk about?"

The master of the mysterious mirror, Neander: "Wang Jiangmen, why did you suddenly argue for the sinner?"

"The voice can't be talked about." Jiang Yan's thin lips are open and close. "I just thought about how we treated Nangong and Ye Forgiveness when we were in Huangshan. Jiang was not very willing to see the old things repeat."

Someone said: "That is a two-code situation, it is not the same."

“What's the difference?” Jiang Yan said. “Now the Nangong is dead, and the leaves have been lingering on the lonely night. The things have become different – but at the beginning, wasn't we forced them to say that the Confucianism The blood debt, want their two lives to pay for blood?"

He turned around and his brown eyes were like an eagle.

"At that time? Where is Tianyin Pavilion? Where is fairness?"

The people of Bitanzhuang had a deep grievance with the Confucianism because of the swordsmanship. Li Wu’s apprentice, Yan Ming, said: “Ginger’s head is not biased. Nangong is a descendant of the Confucianism Gate. The people of Confucianism are dead, or the old debts must be pursued. No one wants to be a big man."

Jiang Yan sneered: "Yeah, so you see, don't you understand this truth very well? No one wants to be the last person who is slapped but can't fight back."

Description: "..."

"You think so, Xu Shuanglin thinks so, and you can think about it." Jiang Yanzhen sleeved. "When things happen to others, these words are always easy to say. But unfairness and cruelty are really coming. When I get to my head, I only feel that there are so many wicked people in the world, but it is me who suffers."

Yan Mingdao said: "Listen to the meaning of Jiang Zhangmen, I think we are treating the leaves of the South Palace, too cruel and unfair, and the Bitan Zhuangjian spectrum, do you do this?"

Jiang Yandao: "Nangong Temple is no longer there. Who do you want to pursue with?"

Yan Ming suddenly angered: "Is that my master is dying?! Nangong is not there, isn't there a leaf forgetting? She is the dark city commander of the Confucianism Gate, the sword score, she does not have the slightest fall?!"

A dead silence.

Everyone knows that Jiang Yan is a cold and spleen. Yan Ming and his name are too inconsistent. Actually, they are confronted with Jiang Yan in public.

Jiang Yan stared at Yu Ming for a moment and said: "At the beginning, on the Lushan Mountain, Nangong Temple and Nangong Changying played against each other and were seriously injured.... At that time, he spoke to me in a lip language."

"...What?"

Jiang Yan closed his eyes and looked at it. As if he had flashed through the **** battle of Nangong, he was slowly speaking to himself under the sword of Nangong Changying.

"I hope to dispel the century-old treasures of the Confucianism, and the Guangji Hanshi, there is no embers."

"This..." The monks face each other and have a little face on their faces. The monks of the Wuxi Temple are even more sloppy, with their hands folded together and the Buddha’s name low.

On the surface of the Ming Dynasty, there was a burst of red for a while. Finally, he gnashed his teeth and said: "He has no bones now. The treasures of Confucianism are in the secret room. Who can play? He is not empty-mouthed and swearing."

Jiang Yandao: "Nan Gongyi did not think that he would eventually have no bones. Moreover, I would rather believe that others will die, and the words are good."

Yan Ming’s lips shook a bit and seemed to want to refute anything, but in the end did not say anything.

After a long time, he said: "This is the reason why Jiang Zhangmen is protecting the ink rain today? I want to ask for tolerance, so as not to repeat the mistakes of Nangong?"

Jiang Yandao: "Jiang has only felt that it is extremely difficult or even impossible to seek fairness and justice. When you want to blame others, you must hold yourself too high. Don't feel that you represent justice. Heaven."

After he glanced at the gods, he said: "Even if the court is judged, it may not be all right."

He said that Xue Zhengyi also spoke here.

Xue Zhengxuan looked very tired, and he didn't even know how to face the smoldering, but he sighed for a long time, still sighing and sighing: "Jiang Jiangmen said that. For so many years, the realm of the realm is turbulent, ups and downs, out of the There are few chaos, and each sect has done more or less confused things. Who can judge an absolute fairness and justice? Hey, actually..."

He sighed and glared at his eyes.

"In fact, the grasshoppers must be killing people by hand? Confucianism's price adjustment order in the past, the knife did not see the blood and killed many innocent people. Xue's size body, standing in the world for more than 40 years, no more achievements, what to do, I don’t want to be a self-cultivation, I don’t want to make a name for myself. I just want to make this troubled life less.”

He said, his eyes were a little straight.

The lord of death and death, even if he is calm, knows that the children who have been raised for many years are not relatives, and they are finally lost.

Xue Zhenggan murmured: "I just want to make fewer people suffer, and one less."

At this time, the wooden cigarettes on the side were clear and cold and cold: "Xue Palm Gate has a strong heart, but you have thought about it. If you are tolerant of sinners, you will not respect the people who are innocent and die, and do not respect the mortals who are implicated. Tianyin Pavilion is weak, there is really no way to liquidate the mistakes made by everyone, and everyone will be brought to justice, but killing chickens and monkeys - since the ink is burning, I will not rush. The knot is over. Look at the head to know."

Xue Zhengyi: "..."

After the wood smoke said this, he turned his head and looked back at the ink.

"Mo Gongzi, you have now said that your life experience has been bitter, and compassion has been almost the same. It is better to talk about something else."

The ink burned faintly at her: "What the cabinet owner wants to talk about."

"Before you said that the girl in Tofu Square was killed or humiliated, not what you did." The wooden cigarette left the road. "I believe you. But there

is still someone who is dead, and you can't get away with it." ”

The ink burned closed and said: "The owner of the cabinet is really clear."

The wood smoke is cold and cold: "Then come and talk about it. In the beginning, how did you kill the ink--that is Xue Zunzhu, the real blind man."

Her voice was not lost, she was interrupted by an angry voice.

Xue Meng’s tears and hatred in his eyes, he gnawed his teeth and said: "Stop. Don't say it again!"

The wooden cigarette gave him a glance and commented: "... escape and avoid it, the so-called heavenly pride, it seems that this is not the case."

Responding to her is the Dragon City contend, just like a warning. The scimitar rubbed against the cheeks of the wood smoke, and did not enter the beam column, and the wood chips splashed.

The wood smoke did not dodge, she did not even blink the eyelids, a pair of beautiful eyes like ice and frost, looking at Xue Meng.

Xue Meng bite the back molars, and the muscles on his face trembled: "What kind of relatives, what 鸠 鸠 鹊 nest yin and yang wrong... you said enough."

He slammed back to the Dragon City and his chest was ups and downs.

He no longer goes to see the smoldering, nor does he go to see anyone. He was like a trapped beast, forced to go crazy in the original place.

"Are you finished?? Is it enough?! Is this fun, happy?"

Mrs. Wang said: "Menger..."

Xue Meng ignored the mother's whisper, his eyes were red, holding the dragon city, looking around, it seems to be self-deprecating is contemptuous: "Look at a generation of masters into a murderous demon, see the dead brothers and brothers turn their eyes, see their loved ones become enemies - Do you feel so happy?"

The voice is hoarse and dumb, and the tail sounds like a feather.

"Do you come, is it really for justice? Is it for a truth?" He paused and gnawed his teeth. "Isn't it a trouble to seek revenge?!"

Jiang Yan raised his eyes: "Xue Shaozhu, you are too rude."

Xue Meng slammed back and looked like a flame. "Will you get me to control me?"

"Menger!"

Xue Zhengyi got up and went to Xue Meng’s shoulder, but at the touch of one, he stopped. Although Xue Meng was angry and angry, but the whole person was shaking slightly.

Nearly broken.

"I don't want to hear." He said a word, the deeper the word hatred, "all falsehoods. Lies.... a group of liar!"

Xue Zhengyi was waiting to persuade him, but Xue Meng had pushed everyone away and turned to the Dan Heart Hall.

He did not go to see the smoldering from beginning to end.

In fact, who is lying, the truth, Xue Meng has been clear, but many things in the world are clear and easy to accept.

Xue Meng has been in the wind for more than 20 years. Apart from the death of Chu, he has never experienced any major disaster. It is because of this smoothness that he still feels like a child. This is not a good thing. The red heart has a heart, but there are also rashes, ignorance, impulsiveness and sharpness.

Xue Zhengyi looked at the place where he left, stayed for a long time, and slowly settled down.

He is not young anymore, and nearly half a hundred people have a few white spots. He didn't know if he could stand it. He had to sit down.

This can at least be more comfortable.

The wood smoke seemed to condense a thin layer of ice from the face. There was no temperature at all. She only talked about things, so she said: "Ink rain, that thing, are you going to say it yourself, or do I ask witnesses to come?"

The ink burns very calmly.

The death of a prisoner.

"You don't have to bother others." Ink ignited, "That, if there are related witnesses alive, I don't want to see anyone."

He slowly looked up.

The slight sunshine shone on his pale face.

"I said it myself."

The wooden cigarette lifted his hand and immediately raised the empty seat. She was seated, one handed, and the other wanted to listen to a long story: "Please."

The ink burned closed and closed his eyes. After a while, he finally opened his mouth.

"This matter was originally a businessman."

"What businessman?"

"...you should know that there is a kind of business in the realm of comprehension, called ‘packages.’

Ma Rongzhuang is most familiar with this. He said: "Right, our villa is most familiar with these people. They often walk around in various lanes and inquire about some old stories, so as to make some good. ”

Ink ignited: "Well, so the uncle inquired about the graves of the deceased brother, and found a bag to listen to Mr."

Xue Zhengyi: "..."

This matter, Xue Zhengyi, of course remembers that the smoldering was found by the clerical inquisition of the bag. At that time, the drunken jade building was in a sea of fire, and it was said that only one child survived. He could even clearly remember the bag that inquired about Mr.'s excited face, and could not help but sigh - it is God bless, so that the brother's child will not die, there will be blessings.

"When the bag was inquired, Mr. took over the appointment, and after several investigations, he finally got a look. He went to the drunken building to find someone. Looking for a woman with a surname of ink."

Someone is curious: "Who is that?"

"It is the monk of Xue’s brother, who is called the ink lady. It used to be a prostitute of a big family."

Someone responded and was surprised: "Ink-woman? Is that the name of the drunken jade mother?"

"But I only listened to what she did, as if she were a bad woman."

The ink burned lightly: "She is not born to be evil. Listen to my mother said that the ink lady is quite similar to her encounter, and is also a poor person. She had a lover when she was young, and she was a poor and white one. The Scatter said that he was going to the Xiu Xiu and created a famous martial art school. The ink lady gave him all his money and jewelry, determined to help him achieve his ambitions."

Xue Zhengyi muttered: "It is my big brother..."

The ink burned continued: "When the time was gone, I swear to the ink lady, and I will wait for my own great cause. I will definitely hire the three media and take her home. In this way, he also gave the ink lady a sentence. The word - "Smoke on the river, painted in the boat, the sound of the fairy is slow, Lang Jun is not silent. ", and later became the evidence that Mr. Hearing used to identify with her."

This kind of thing for men and women is the most deplorable.

A female practitioner asked: "Is it difficult to be the foremost gate of the dead, and like Nan Gong Yan, did you abandon your wife?"

Xue Zhengxuan’s leopard was stunned and immediately shouted: “The nonsense! My brother is the kind of person! My brother, he, he has never forgotten the ink girl...”

Referring to the dead brother, this man can't help but feel sad, his eyes are reddish.

Elder elders also said next to him: "This fairy priest is cautious. The former generation was unfortunately sacrificed in a battle after the establishment of the school. It was not a deliberate remark. Before he died, he often talked with the deity. The woman always said that when the martial art was a little stable, she would pick her up immediately. He and Nan Gong Yan were not the same thing."

“It’s true.” The ink whispered, “She is still much more fortunate than my mother. Her husband has passed away, but some people still remember to take her back. Nangong is still alive, but never dares to recognize me and My mother."

"Ha! Then I can know! It turns out that for this reason, your heart is awkward, so the civet cat changed the prince, killed the ink lady, burned the drunken house, and impersonated!"

Hearing such a malicious speculation, the ink burned the "smart" monk and then said: "I never thought about making a name change."

The monk was not convinced and sneered: "What is going on? Is there anyone who forces you to be the son of this dead child?"

It is how it happened?

You can't help but think about it – in fact, there are many things in this world. At the beginning, it was totally different. Only one day, suddenly the butterfly fanned its wings, so the wind rose and the sea turned into a mulberry field.

It’s as if he didn’t think about replacing the position of Xue Zheng’s son at first, and the ink lady was not the one who was full of evil.

She also had a gentle and good-hearted lush years, and she was standing by the Xuan window, hoping that Lang Jun would return soon. She also knew that when she had a child in her abdomen, she was happy to write a letter to inform her distant lover. She also received his letter, and the father’s excitement overflowed with paper.

She has had these wonderful years.

What is a prostitute? Others sneered at her lover is a nameless pawn, laughing at her unmarried pregnancy. One day, he will honor his promise and pick her up and the children in the door. She is so convinced.

However, later, day by day, gradually, the letter changed from a letter on the third day to a letter on the seventh day, and from one day on the seventh day to one in January, and finally there was no news. The ink lady was finally disheartened. She was sexually wild. This relationship was originally taken care of by her parents. After giving birth to a child, she hesitated to take the child to go home. As a result, his father was furious and Mrs. Zhengfang was also insulted. The ink lady was angry and left. Later, several times, the big niece of the year, eventually became the treasurer of the drunken house.

Life is ups and downs, fate is like a melting pot, you go in without knowing what to do, and then come out, perhaps unrecognizable.

This is the case with ink burning, and so is the ink girl.

When Mr. Inquired about her, it was fourteen years since she was innocent and innocent.

The gentleman entrusted by Xue Zhengyi was seated, and folded a fan. He smiled and said, "What about your mother? Call her."

She is coming, she is wearing a peach flower, her arm is yellow, and she twists her waist. She carries a hookah and picks up the bead curtain. She smiles and smiles: "Hey, this son, come to listen to the little song in the morning." Do you like 琵琶 or dulcimer? My **** here, Jin Shi Si Zhu, all versatile, open the door business, slaves give you cheaper."

This is life. When the lover was gone fourteen years ago, she leaned against the bead curtain, looked sly, and looked beautiful and beautiful, and watched him go.

Fourteen years later, the younger brother of the lover finally found her, and the curtains of the years were separated from each other, and they were rolled up again. She opened the vermilion green, and it was already full of vicissitudes. The woman who used to be as shy as the little deer has already died. Sitting in the drunken jade building, it is a half-old Xu Niang who smokes a hookah and looks like a silky eye.

Mr. Inquired that Mr. did not feel so much, he only had money in his eyes. He shook his fan and smiled. "It doesn't have to listen to music. I am here, I want to ask my mother about it."

The smile on my mother’s face was stiff and the tone cooled down: “Ask the people? Who are you asking?”

That gentleman said slowly: "On the Yanbo River, in the boat, the fairy sounds slow, and Lang Jun is silent."

When she heard half of her, her face changed. When he finished the whole sentence, she was already unmanned, her lips were shaking, and a pair of sharp, even rather thin eyebrows twitched, holding her hands on her chest. For a long time, this is awkward to ask:

"You, who are you... who is it?!"

Mr. Inquired, Mr. laughed and said: "If I am not mistaken, then I can find someone for Xue Xianchang. In the past, you have a good time?"

The ink lady swayed, did not stand firm, fell on the paulownia stool, gasping with a big mouth, a red face on the face for a while, half a wave of waving and repulsing everyone, leaving only the bag to inquire about Mr. one in the hall. She stared at the businessman's face, her eyes ecstasy, sadness, and all sorts of complexities.

The bag inquired about the faint look of the gentleman. He mentioned the teapot and gave her a half-cold and cold tea. He handed it over: "First drink tea."

The ink lady took the cup and took a sip. She took another sip and waited for the tea to dry. It was still empty for several times, and then she looked up.

"Is Xue... Xue Lang let you come to me?"

The bag sighed and sighed: "To tell the truth, Xue Xianjun, who is mourning for her mother, has already passed away."

"what?!"

"It’s his younger brother, asking me to look around for my brother’s confidante. At the beginning, his brothers and two were in the lower self-cultivation, and they were no longer the ones who were wandering in the past. But the Xue Xianchang was busy. The sects made a tree and couldn’t get away from it. Later, when he was stunned, he had an accident. Unfortunately,..."

When the ink lady hadn’t finished listening, she immediately covered her face and burst into tears.

The bag inquired that she had persuaded her for a long time, and she barely stopped the convulsion. Then the gentleman continued: "Xie Xianjun had talked with his brother about the situation of her mother before her death. His younger brother has been looking for the whereabouts of her mother for years. Find you and pick you up."

The ink-naughter murmured and did not dare to be confident. He yanked the bag and asked Mr.’s hand to say, “You will repeat it again! I don’t believe it, I don’t believe that he is...”

This is the most important sentence of this business. Of course, he is backing up like a stream, and he repeats it again: "On the Yanbo River, in the boat, the fairy sounds slow, and Lang Jun is silent."

The low-low voice of the ink lady "ah" exclaimed, and the tears filled her eyes in an instant. "He, he never looked for me in the past, because I thought... I still blame him..."

Mr. Inquired Mr. sighed: "It’s been many years, and my mother, the festival will change. Yes, is there a son?"

"Yes...Yes, yes!" The ink lady cried and wept, crying, wiping her tears, and then shouting to the warmth upstairs, "A Nian, A Nian... Ink! Quick, come down!"

The door of the warm pavilion opened, but it was not the ink, but a child who could not help but wind.

The child held a pile of change of clothes in his hand, and the thin face came out from behind the clothes, and there were some bruises on his cheeks.

The package inquired that he was hesitant: "Is this... lang?"

"Ah, isn't it." The ink lady said with tears in her eyes, "This is a small fire in my building."

The gentleman immediately relieved and smiled and said: "Oh, it is."

The ink lady turned to ask the child: "Ink burns, where did the son go?"

Chapter 261

Hearing here, the master of the mysterious temple of Wushou Temple sighed: "Amitabha, the ink son is not the relative of Xue Zhangmen, the fate."

Another person reacted: "Ah... is he?"

The surrounding monks did not understand: "What is him?"

"It is the child who mentioned the idea of burning the dog cage with the ink." The man said, "The age is similar to the ink burning, and the son of the ink lady." He thought like this, suddenly squatting, one I slap my head and say, "I understand, you killed their mother and child, and they took up the nest, not because of greed, but because of hatred!"

Some people have heard such an analysis and feel that they are very reasonable. They are scornful and pitiful.

"So, it makes sense."

"Oh, hateful people must have pity."

In this piece of sigh, the wood smoke cleared his throat and the surrounding area immediately calmed down.

She said: "Mu Gongzi, I heard that you are not eating enough in the drunken house all the year round, and you are still being abused. You have never been jealous, you are not?"

Ink burning: "...Yes."

"The son of that mother-in-law is the child who had chosen to close your dog cage that year. Is it right?"

"Yes."

When everyone saw the speculations of Fangcai, they sighed and sighed. They nodded and said: "Hey, look, it is a murderous act of hatred. He must have hated the mother and son."

They are right, how can they not hate it? Ink is the same age as him, but he is much stronger than him. Because he is the son of a mother, no one in the building dares to provoke him. The child has been sinister and inferior, and he loves to take the smoldering gas when he is okay. He smashes the

scorpion and often plantes it to the body. What steals the chicken and touches the dog makes the ink burn to the top.

But the smoldering is very honest. Even if he is wronged, he does not dare to retaliate against Avon.

At that time, he only had one cake to eat every day. If you dare to say more, I am afraid that even this last ration will be deducted, so if you are beaten or shackled, he will not say anything, if you really can’t stand it, only In the dead of night, I curled up in the sleeping wood house and whispered for a while.

The voice didn't dare to ring. If you woke up others, it was a beating.

The wood smoke asked: "Do you hate them very much?"

The ink burned and raised his eyes, and there was almost a sneer in the throat: "... otherwise?"

The wood smoke left the road: "But your surname, still follow her, you hate her so much, then I have not thought about changing?"

Ink burning: "The name of ink is the righteous name of the drunken jade. Many servants who sell here are taking this name. We call the ink lady "Da Niang" or "Ama". Everyone is like this, I am used to it. Nothing to change."

"She treats everyone so badly?"

"...no." Mohburn said, "Just she never liked me very much. Later, when I let go of the hurricane, she became more and more sick of me."

"What is the point where the ink lady is waiting for you?"

In fact, this is a very good question. The ink has been burning in the building for so many years. Only on New Year’s Eve, you can eat a piece of crescent meat, that is, the guests have half the fat. In addition, there is only one cake per day. Eat, do the heaviest work, a little careless, will ask for a whip.

But he really didn't want to say anything more, just said: "I don't want to talk about this."

"Good. No harm, let's change one." Wood smoke asked again, "Because she is very poor, so at the time, she asked you where you are going, do you lie? Are you already starting to have yourself? Counting?"

Ink burning: "No."

Where did he dare to lie? His life and clothes are all pinched in the palm of his mother's hand. So when I heard the inquiry from my mother, the little ink burned like a dog that was used to being beaten. First, it shrank, and then whispered: "Reading the son to go private..."

The ink lady is most clear about her son, how is it possible? That kid usually doesn't like reading at all, and 80% is going crazy. But when the bag was still sitting next to her, she coughed and nodded. "Hey, my child is serious and sensible, sir, look, this is not, go out to class again."

Mr. Hearing, he smiled and said: "Ah, it’s good to study hard and diligently. In this way, I will repair the book to the Lord of the dead and the dead. When the uncles will recognize each other, they will not be in a hurry."

The ink-woman will get up and be excited to go on: "Thank you, Mr.. He is rich and glory, and he will never forget the grace of his husband."

After the bag was inquired that Mr. left, the ink lady sat in the same place for a long time, with infinite thoughts and emotions, crying for a while, and laughing again.

After a long day of embarrassment, the corner of my eye found that the ink was standing in the corner and staring at her.

She probably saw a similar experience with Duan Yihan, and perhaps because she was daring before the ink burned, she even let go of her cash

cow. But for whatever reason, like the memories of the ink, she doesn't like this scorpion, and she doesn't like it more and more.

She yelled at him: "What are you doing?"

The small ink burns down the long eyelashes: "I'm sorry."

"I am sorry to say that you are in your mouth. Is it ridiculous to think that I am crying and laughing like this?"

"..."

Seeing that he was not snoring, he only lowered his head smoothly, and the ink lady swept him back and forth. He said: "Forget it, don't care about you, what can you understand? A dog who eats outside and doesn't know how to be grateful. ”

The ink burned has long been used to yelling at his dog, hanging his head and not talking.

Mo Niangzi said: "Don't be here, I feel good today, don't hit you. You go to get the son of the son - don't yell at me, I know he is not private - bring him back. I have important things. Tell him, go."

Hearing to let himself go to the son, the ink burned subconsciously. But in the end, I nodded in a docile place, and whispered: "Yes, dry mother."

"Don't call me a mother." The ink lady wrinkled her nose. "This drunken jade building, I will soon... let's not say more to you, you should go first."

At dusk that day, according to the instructions of the mother, the ink burned in the vicinity of the drunken building to find the figure of the son.

He doesn't know if he wants to find this person faster, or find someone slower. Because I found it, I will undoubtedly be swear by the son of the son, and he is tempted to ruin his Yaxing. But did not find it, going back to the ink lady will also blame him, it is useless.

The little figure walked helplessly under the sun.

At that time, the burning of the ink did not know that his fate was about to be exchanged with the son of the son.

He is everywhere, looking for it honestly.

Going to all the places where the sons went to go - river beaches, casinos, brothels, cockfighting yards... and then they were all drowned out.

In the end, he inquired about it and learned that Nianzi’s afternoon and a group of friends and friends went to the mill in the suburbs. It was said that he still had a huge sack.

Nothing to think about, but rushed to the mill.

The mill had long been abandoned, and there were cemeteries around. There was no smoke in the weekdays, and there was no smack in the ink. Before coming to the front, I heard a commotion from the mill. A group of well-dressed teenagers rushed out from the inside. It’s the son of a trousers with a belt.

The ink burns busy: "The son, the mother called you back, saying yes-"

He did not finish his words.

Because he found that the teenagers were full of fear of a big disaster, and several people even shook and cried, shivering.

The ink burned for a moment. The bullying that has been made for many years has made him a kind of vigilance. He saw that the son of the son was **** and stared at himself. He immediately shuddered and turned around and ran.

Nianzi responded very quickly and shouted: "Catch him!"

Where is the ink burning of these children's opponents, three times five and two, they were squatted on the ground, twisted to the son of the son.

Someone whispered: "What to do, A Nian, this is a disaster."

"It’s too late to escape, I was seen by this kid."

"If you want to be with him..."

I don’t know what they are talking about, but this piece of tenderness is fierce, and that is his initial impression of the word "Ghost".

Nian Gongzi narrowed his eyes. He is the calmest and most gloomy of these people.

He thought for a moment and said, "Don't kill him."

The ink burned up.

kill?

These people used to beat him and bully him, but he never thought of the word "kill" and could speak from a group of fourteen-year-old teenagers.

He was a bit stunned at the moment and could not even react.

Nian Gongzi said: "Take him to the mill."

"..." A group of people around him looked at each other, and the young boy with a pointed monkey first responded. His eyes were bright, his nostrils were still thick, his face was red, and he said: "Okay, good! Good idea!"

Someone later understood: "Ah! It turned out to be this meaning! Or Ai Nian!"

These people were originally staring at the ink, like staring at the deadly enemies with blood and sea enmity, but at this moment a pair of eyes fell, but like a wolf staring to death staring at a fat lamb.

The ink burned was pushed into the mill indiscriminately.

He was struggling with the hammer, but the door was quickly blocked. There was no window in the mill, only the smoky sun came in through the leaking planks.

The ink burned and shouted: "Let me go out! Let me go out!"

Someone outside is shouting: "Go to the newspaper! Go to the newspaper!"

"Fast, fast! We are watching here, take a few foot fast, go to the newspaper!"

The ink burned for a while, hammered the door for a while, and found that he couldn’t open the hammer and open it. He gave up and walked back, and through the dim light, he saw the room lying across. Someone else.

That is a girl.

Some were good, and later I remembered the prostitute who sold the tofu family in Dongjie. I have been entangled in the family since I was a son.

The girl’s clothes have been torn apart. The blue and bare body is lying on the ground alone. The hands and feet are spread out. The body is blue and mottled, and the private place is a mess.

She was humiliated and dying by this group of animals. When she died, her eyes were still round, her cheeks and tears were not dry, her eyes were empty, and she stared at the direction of the ink and stared at the door.

The ink burned for a moment, then screamed loudly, his back slammed against the door, his pupils gathered - finally understand what the outsiders did and what to do.

It turned out that Nianzi had been showing good things to the girl many times, and he was so sad that he knew that the girl was a soft persimmon and had no background at home. Just with a few partners, I earned people into the mill and took turns to tarnish her. The girl was weak, and the guy was very rude. The result was half done and the girl died.

The ink burned and muttered: "No...no!!" He turned back and began to slap the door panel frantically. "Open the door! Open the door! Not me! Open the door!"

As if to hear his pleading, the mill's threshold opened.

The ink burned out, but the hands were rudely stunned by the teenagers.

The head of the school is Nianzi. He is very heart-wrenching and said: "I almost forgot, I did it like a little."

It means pointing the partner, smearing the ink-burning clothes, and staining some blood and mucus on the girl, and smearing it on the ink.

In this process, the ink burning has been crying, struggling, but the strength of this group of teenagers is too great, the desire to survive is even overwhelming, their eyes flashing the beast-like light, the child’s pleading After they cried, they all turned a deaf ear. Even after someone had bitten a bite by ink, they raised their hands and slammed him several slaps. They said: "You **** shut up, you are a murderer! Strong · Violent! So many people support, can you still tell?!"

"No... not me! Not me..."

But how can you resist again? They threw the green and purple that he had caught in the mill, and the dead girl was locked naked and physically, and then the thief shouted to catch the thief and reported it to the government.

It’s hard to argue with ink. In the Tuen Mun, he was blamed on the 30th board in the court. The skin was smashed and fleshy, and then he was taken prisoner, waiting for the final sentence.

The prisoners who were in jail were smirking, swearing at him, several prisoners with daughters heard about his actions, and they couldn’t help but beat him up – some even wanted to □ him – or they didn’t want to make things big, they This will be done.

The ink lady came on the night, and she already knew the truth of the matter in her heart. She also hated her son and did not live up to expectations.

so what?

She is a mother, and she will always protect her children.

When she was afraid of opening a court hearing, the official officials would go through the investigation in detail. If she found out her thoughts on her family, how could their mother and son jump to the top to become a phoenix? The letter of the inquiring Mr. has been sent out, and the people who have died will be sent to pick them up. After waiting for so many years, she has burst into tears.

Whether it is Ronghua or her status, she and her children deserve it.

She is not allowed to make any mistakes.

Therefore, she came to the moon with the stars, and both the prisoners and the official officials were filled with money. They begged them to close one eye and take things in the burning of a person.

But it was probably because of the uneasyness of the conscience. After the bridal lady had finished bribing, she came to the prison to visit the ink. Also brought a bowl of braised pork to the ink.

"No poison, I won't poison you."

The ink burned in the corner and looked at him, and a pair of black and purple eyes flashed with helplessness, sadness and pain. The kind of cow, sheep, pigs and dogs that are about to be slaughtered are like this.

Fear, sad.

But it also has the taming after despair.

The ink lady suddenly felt that the heart was a little shuddering and some were screwed.

She was astonished and afraid of her emotions. She suddenly got up, lowered her voice, and stunned her heart. She said, "In any case, you are a child who has no mother. Although poor, but you are dead, no one will be sad. I have been raising you for so many years, and it is time for you to return to my kindness."

"..." There was no buzzing in the ink, no mention, no, no.

The ink lady bites her teeth: "This bowl of roast meat is to be practiced for you. You eat it. Under Jiuquan, don't blame me... I have no choice."

After all, the skirt fluttered and turned away.

In this life, I have not eaten braised pork.

There is a bowl in front of him, he stared at it for a while, and finally did not eat. He put the bowl on the ground and the brine was flowing. He stared at it for a while, and thought of the blood flowing under the girl. He suddenly felt the nausea that he couldn't tell, and turned his back and held the wall and vomited.

He can't spit anything.

He is a person who only has one piece of cake a day.

The cake had already been digested, and he only vomited sour water.

That night, he could not sleep. The blood of his body became a shell, and the blood shell gradually became brittle, and the touch fell like a rust powder.

He is in the cell, not talking to other prisoners, no one knows what he is thinking, no one knows if he is dead or alive.

He is alone, curled up, alone, and slowly figured out a lot of things.

In the dark and dirty cell, in the cell of the party filled with the smell of sour and braised meat, the ink of the honesty was burnt to death. What came to life was the singular emperor who made the whole martial arts stunned - the original look.

Later, eight bitter long hatred flowers gave birth to the hatred of the sky, which is why.

Chapter 263

The confession of ink burning is over. There was no sound in the heart of Dan’s temple, and it was silent.

What is wrong? What is wrong?

Although the individual's heart is self-considered, it can't say absolutely.

The ink burned did not go to see the face of Xue Zhengyi's family. He hung his eyelashes and said halfway: "In those days, I thought I was going to die in the sea of fire. But when I woke up, I found myself lying in the dead. The gentleman sat on my bed and saw that I woke up, just hold my shoulder and tell me - from now on, I am the son of a dead child."

He paused and chuckled: "It is the uncle's nephew."

On the ground of the Danxin Temple, Du Ruo can be embroidered, and the ink burns and looks at the purple and red, and the expression is light.

"That bag to inquire about Mr., I am afraid that I have no money to take. So when my uncle rescued me from the drunken jade building, he anxiously asked him if he was the child he was looking for. He nodded." This point has changed my destiny."

Master Xuanjing sighed: "Amitabha, ink donor, can you be safe? For so many years, have you ever thought about confessing with Xue Zun?"

"Why didn't you think about it, I was very upset when I woke up, I wanted to be honest."

The burning eyes looked awkward and seemed to see the years passed by.

"But, when I heard that I woke up, my uncle... I came to see me. My mother gave me a noodle. I remember lying three poached eggs, all of them, and full of fluffy foam. She told me... I was afraid that I just woke up, didn't digest, and chopped it before I swallowed. Xue Meng also came over and sent me a whole box of cakes."

Slowly.

"I ate the bowl of noodles, those flower cakes. I can't say anything about the truth. They smiled at me like this, treat me well... If I said, the fire of the drunken house is for me, I killed you. The nephew, your younger siblings... What will happen?" The ink burned softly. "I can't say it. This sentence swallows in the throat, the more it goes to the back... I don't know what to say."

Master Xuanjing sighed: "Hey..."

"I know what kind of person is innocent. His temper is lazy and frivolous. I didn't know if my uncle knew him very much at first, so he did his best to do it with every move. Later, I found that my uncle didn't know, I didn't know. Everything is subject to him.” Moe said that he paused for a while and continued to sigh. “... In the end, I have a deep-hearted blood debt with the Moyan family. But in the end, I occupied their loved ones.”

Everyone in the dead and the dead is awkward, and many disciples or elders who have had contact with the ink have stood up, and their hearts have mixed feelings. Xue Zhengyi and Mrs. Wang did not speak, and they looked at the burning figure.

This child, from no less to a generation of masters, they watched him grow up.

But now tell them that all this is wrong from the beginning.

The smoldering is not their scorpion, and even worse, they are even separated by human life, through blood.

What should I say?

What to do?

Xue Zhengyi did not know that Mrs. Wang was not clear.

They have not seen "Mu Nian", and all the owing and sorrow for the deceased brothers are pinned on this child called the smoldering. They don't know who the ink is, but they touched the smoldering hair and took the ink. The hand was smothered by ink, "uncle", "aunt".

Xue Zhengyi is in a mess.

In the silence, the wood smoke said: "The ink burns, although you are pitiful, but the crimes are so tiring, don't be light. If you count down, how much do you know how much you have committed?"

The phlegm was not like Tianyin Pavilion, he closed his eyes and did not answer.

The wood smoke is stunned by him, and his voice is like a bell. His voice Lang Lang: "You kill the mortal, set fire to the building, defraud the identity, lie to the son - on the top of the mountain, you know that you are carrying the blood of the Nangong family, but Cold-eyed, unpredictable, lonely night, you open the killing, blood splashing hall - what are you asking for?"

"I repeat, the people of the lonely moon night are not me. It is the two worlds after the opening of the door of life and death. That person is not me at all."

"Life and death is the first ban, it has not been opened for thousands of years. Don't you think your pretext is too ridiculous?" The wooden cigarette was cold and cold. "I am afraid that you are not a shackle after you are a Nangong. Want to design subversive ups and downs?"

"The wooden cabinet has too much words." Jiang Yan heard this and couldn't help but frown. "In my opinion, there is no motive for wanting to subvert the upper and lower circles. If he wants to do these things, he will be free in Lushan. Some means, I am afraid that the top ten sects will suffer a lot. These places are full of doubts, and they are not clear before, and they are cautious."

The wood smoke from the cold eyes screamed at him: "Jiang Jiangmen does not have to speak for him. Even if he does not intend to subvert the realm of cultivation, he will be guilty of his previous sins, and it is enough to go to Tianyinge to ask for trial."

After she finished her speech, she raised her hand and directed her to follow me: "Take the ink and take it away."

"Wait!"

The wooden cigarette was off the side and looked at Xue Zhengxuan: "School Master has something to say?"

Xue Zhengxuan’s face was green and red. He didn’t seem to understand why he would stop the wood smoke. It’s been his habit to see his ink burned for so many years.

He couldn't sit and let Tianyin Pavilion take people away like this.

But what should he say? Retain it?

Xue Zhengyi closed his eyes and his teeth trembled finely. He only felt cold and felt hollow in his heart, like something important to be smashed.

He buried his face in his palm, and he was always insane. At this moment, he was shocked by aging and embarrassment.

"Does Xue Zun want to talk to his nephew?"

The wood smoke is notorious, intentionally or unintentionally used the word "scorpion", let Xue Zhengyi as the wind in the wind, tremble.

"I..." Xue Zhengyi’s throat was hoarse, "burning... ink burning..."

He didn't even know how to call him.

The ink burned no longer made him embarrassed. He closed his eyes, took the first few steps, and bowed down to Xue Zhengyi.

Three to nine.

Someone is swearing: "Well, what to do."

"Awkward..."

The smoldering turned a deaf ear to this, and the ceremony was over. He got up and was ready to leave.

However, at this time, Xue Meng suddenly rushed into the Dan Heart Hall. His Dragon City was full of black blood and was extremely shocking. He shouted: "Outside -"

"what happened?"

"There are a large number of rare chess pieces to kill, and many of them are the dead soldiers of the Lushan Confucianism!!"

Everyone is amazed! Rushing out of the temple - only see the shackles of death and death, hundreds of clouds outside the sky, countless monks vacated the sword, robe sleeves hunting and flying. Half of these people wore a uniform black robes, wearing a cover, and the other half were cranes and feathers, and they were covered with glare. It was the corpse of the heroes of the Confucianism.

"This, what is going on?!"

"Isn't these corpses, Nangong, already sinking? How come they have come out! Who is the ban on unraveling?"

When the party exports, there is an answer in mind.

Who is the ban on unraveling, and who can unlock the ban on the Nangong family?

Many eyes that have gone out of anger have already gathered over the ink.

At this time, although the ink was known to be behind the scenes, it was a hundred words. What is even more terrible is that he is now losing his

spiritual power and can't stop the chess piece from invading. He can only watch as many thousands of dead people come.

The life and death are as good as before.

In an instant, the dragon and the dragon will turn over and become a blood sea in an instant.

——The “surprise” that the teacher said was not finished yet...

"First fight!"

"Repel this wave of chess pieces! Fight off first!"

Everyone went out to the hall to meet, but because they had no prejudgment about this change, and these precious pieces came, there was no sign, so they made a mess.

The ink burned in front of the temple, and the chess pieces fell. They were connected with the disciples of the dead and the dead, and they resisted the monks who faced the war.

Silver blue frivolous and black cloak smashed a place, mixed together.

He is standing on the jade level, his eyebrows are bursting with pain, and this is almost a re-enactment of past life memories.

In the last life, it was he who controlled the army of chess pieces gathered by the dead and the living, killing all the people who dared to say "no" to him.

From that moment on, he began to get used to killing people. I am used to human life like grass mustard, and the liver and brain are heavy.

He still remembers that he was standing in front of the Dan Heart Temple at that time, and the rebellious disciple smiled and looked at the crowds and stunned people. Lying on his boots, lying is the body of Xue Zhengxuan and Mrs. Wang’s uncold.

"Start from the dead, use your blood, pave the way for me."

The sneer of the past life is still in the ear, the burning eyelids suddenly jumped, and he shouted to Xue Meng: "Don't fight, can't beat! Go away, you are going!"

The voice was noisy, Xue Meng was too far away from him, and he did not hear it.

The ink burned around and looked around, and the swords screamed and war.

He saw Jiang Yan fighting with more than a dozen pieces of chess. At that moment, he thought of how Jiang Yan, the last generation, fell under his knife.

"You don't care about this seat?"

"No."

“Do not recognize this seat as an emperor?”

"deny."

Blood splattered, and the hand fell.

Can't beat it...

The smoldering saw that the Lord of the Snow Palace was low-pitched, and the sound was ninety-nine. The stagnation of the chess piece was vague and swaying, but the last time he thought of this palace was how the ten fingers were destroyed and the bones were broken.

“Why are you recalcitrant?”

"I am the owner of the first house. Although I am unable to keep the snow palace safe, I will never escape."

The pottery smashed and became the final sound.

Can't beat it.

The chaos was overgrown, and the smoldering saw Mrs. Wang and Xue Zhengyi working together to defend the enemy in the distance. What he had flashed in front of him was the face that he had never noticed before, and his earnestness and anger were frozen in the eye.

Through two lifetimes, I stared at him and resent him.

cold.

Really cold.

The smoldering body muscles are trembled, the fingertips are cold, and the teacher has done this step... He actually did this step!

Before that, he felt that the teacher had to take away the sin of the late night, so he would resolutely return to the death and death. At this point he couldn't help but numb the scalp -

What if he was impulsive on the day, did not listen to the threat of the teacher, and insisted on recovering the late night, what would happen?

The half-walled heroes of the comprehension world are here. What if these people die in the dead and dead without knowing what to do?

The interlocking arrangement of the division is not to give him a half breath. Looking at the ink, the treasures of the mountains and the wild... The life-dead people who are not afraid of death and fear of sorrow...

Can't go on like this, can't go on like this! !

Shi Yan said that this is a "surprise" for him, and it will not be laid for no reason. Since he is back, he is obedient, and there must be a solution to it! He can't watch the old dreams repeat, can't look at the death and death, and can't look at his uncle and die in front of him.

If the past is repeated, how can he face himself... How should he face the late night?

The ink burned back to the gods, and the crowds of overlapping and overlapping were rushed toward their aunts.

"Don't fight! Let's leave here first, leave here first, don't fight! It's impossible to play!"

He was hoarse and stunned. Like a man who is sinking into the ocean, he is doing his best to earn money. He earned a living like a dead man, like a moth earning a fire, and earning his life to another life.

"Don't fight! Go away, go quickly! You can't beat!"

Can't beat it.

I have seen your death with my own eyes.

Let's go, please.

Suddenly a sword crossed the road, Jianguang Sen cold.

Looking at it, it is the face of wood smoke from the cold.

"Do you want to escape?"

Ink angered: "You let it go!"

"You are a recidivist in the realm of cultivation, I deserve it -"

Between the broken teeth, the wood smoke feels cool behind, and when I look back, I see a chess piece with a cover and a sword. She is busy returning to fight, and her eyebrows are killing. She shouted: "The ink burns! It really is that you are a ghost!"

This woman's sound is clear, like an ice spring, very easy to identify.

This sound led to a circle of monks around, and saw that the pieces and the wood smoke were in full swing, but they did not burn the ink.

It was discovered by the people that almost all the pieces that came to the death of the dead seemed to regard the ink burning as partisan, and all avoided him and did not hurt him.

Someone yelled: "It’s really the ink that the dog thief is doing!"

"He is a group with these pieces!"

The faces of the burning anger were twisted and twisted, and one of the ears filled with such whispers and low-pitched, and both pairs of **** red eyes looked at him.

Overlap, overlap.

In such an angry look, he is the devil who kills people without blinking. He seems to have become the emperor who has stepped on all the celestial beings to respect the world. He slashed his sword and smashed it. He regarded this earthly world as a madman!

Someone shouted: "Get him!"

"Look at him, don't let him escape!"

"Hey, when can he be loaded?"

The creaking in the ears, the same resentment, the exact accusation, the same crusade.

The scenes of the two worlds are too similar. He can even recall the life and death confrontation between him and Chu.

On that day, as it is today, the ink burned the hand of the cherished chess piece, and manipulated the dead and the living and the beast and the bird. The army was like a black cloud and the ink was like a frosty peak.

He sat high, coveted and laughed, watching the world subvert, and the white scorpion became dim.

Finally, Chu nightning stopped him.

It’s Chu Ningning, trying his best to fight against his million pieces, and the weapon changed from Tianwen to Nine, and from Nine to Huaisha.

Huaisha.

Ink burning will never forget the coldness and pain in the eyes when Chu Ning finally summoned Huaisha.

"It is rumored that this is the blade of the killer, and I have finally seen it today."

When Chu was late, he asked him: "Ink burning, how can you let go?"

He just smiled: "I can't let go, Master, I'm already full of blood. I killed my uncle and my brother, and killed the same brother. Now, as long as you sacrifice your head, I am the absolute hegemon." - No one can stop me."

The feeling of Chu Xiaoning is extremely stinging.

He saw it, but he felt so uncomfortable, and his heart was slamming into a malicious revenge. He bit his back and squeezing out the words.

"Kill you. There is no one in this world, I can't kill."

Chapter 264

In the past, the masters and apprentices eventually turned against their enemies.

That is a battle of the peak.

In the end, the late night of the night, because of the weakness of the spiritual core, the enemy’s gas, swallowed the mountains and rivers, and was young and fierce.

"Don't dying again." The young demon is more and more arrogant, and he grins and grins. He does not return to the Huaisha short-handed, and the sword collides.

The golden light is dark when it is bright.

The flames of Yubi are filled with the eyes of both men and women.

The ink burned at a glance at the pale face of the night, and then the eyeball turned, looking at the spiritual flow that gradually swayed into Huaisha, and

the eyes were full of ridicule.

"You have no spiritual power, and then fight with me, your spiritual core will be broken. Master, you are so proud, you will not be willing to be a mortal, right?"

Chu nightning does not answer his teeth, and the thin lips are bloodless.

In the end, the brilliance of Huai Sha completely disappeared, and the ink burned to know that the night Lingning spirit had been exhausted, and he laughed and laughed.

"What else can you resist me? Late night Yuheng... I am a high-ranking master?"

In the late Qing dynasty, the sword was half-squatted on the ground, and the white clothes had been stained with blood.

He raised his eyes. At that time, the hatred of the ink burned was too deep. He only saw the demise in his eyes, but he could not see the sorrow buried deep.

Years later, when Ting Xianjun took the poison and squandered himself, he unconsciously recalled the first battle of this life.

He couldn't help but think that when Chu Ning was at that time, he did report his mortal determination to stop himself...

The sentient beings are headed for the end.

He once told him that he was a villain and would only speak well.

But Chu Xi Ning did say what must be done.

- "Let's be good."

His master said.

"Don't be evil."

The golden light flashed.

The ink burned only to see the final calm of the night, and he saw his palms and radiance. This Beidou Xianzun, a man who has no friends in the realm of comprehension, re-calls at the expense of his own spiritual core. There are three gods.

Nine songs asked Huaisha.

How proud is the lateness of Qu Zi?

The mighty male soldiers made by the ink-burning were finally suppressed by the power of the core of the night, and a black-and-white son was broken into ash under the brilliance of Shenwu.

It’s strange to say that at that time, the ink burned on the opposite side of Chu’s night, far away. He looked at the man who was recalcitrant and vomited, and he did not stop.

He was so surprised and curious.

He wants to know what this thin lover can do for his so-called "all beings".

He looked at it like that.

Look at the night of the night, the last inch of spiritual power.

The raging river tide subsided, and the Yaque who covered the sun dissipated.

The controlled living people restored their knowledge one by one, and the controlled dead people regained their sorrow and stayed underground.

The ink burns like that.

He saw that the Beidou Xianzun spirit was broken, and he saw that the night of Ning Guanghua fell, and saw his master in front of himself, and finally fell into the dust.

There was not much expression at the time, and the face was slightly on the side, and the ear faintly sounded before the mother’s death. The kind-hearted woman stroked his cheek and said to him, "Repay it, don't take revenge."

After so many years, he heard such familiar sentences. Before the evening, Chu’s self-declared spirit, said to him: "Let's be good, don't be evil."

But he did not do it.

There seems to be endless resentment in his heart, only blood can give him a moment to breathe -

He killed the dying, the martial arts, and the uncle, the aunt, and the monk smashed several heads, and made the Tianchi red, full of mountains and bones.

In the end, the Yijun was surrounded by mountains, and he squatted in front of the tower.

These things are his experience, and the sins of the heavens are all made by him. In the horrific tragedy, he is a creditor. He does not return to the blood of thousands of people, and he has to kill thousands of people.

It's him.

The ink burned in front of him, and he was forced to breathe.

Suddenly, he heard a sullen sigh and pulled him out of the muddy memories. He returned to God and saw the shoulders of the wooden cigarettes being stabbed by the pieces, and the blood splashed on his face.

"The owner!"

"The owner is careful!"

The people of Tianyin Pavilion immediately came up to protect the wood smoke.

The wood smoke took a breath, and she gritted her teeth: "Nothing."

The cherished chess piece in front of her will bring out a sword flower in her hand. Under the eyes of the public, the piece of chess will come to the ink and smash down. He covered his mask and bowed his head: "The subordinates are not good for the rescue, the master is disturbed, and the sin is dying."

Everyone is ashamed.

"It's a piece of ink-burning control!"

"He called his master!"

Ink burning: "No...no..."

But who believes in him?

Who will believe him!

The ink burned back in despair, and he looked at the face that was filled with hatred and doubt.

no.

He went to see Xue Meng, but Xue Meng was too far away. He did not notice the movement here. Then he saw Mrs. Wang and Xue Zhengyi.

Both of them saw a glimpse of all these changes, and their faces were extremely ugly.

I burned my lips and wanted to say something, but I didn't know what else to justify.

Suddenly, he saw a group of chess pieces behind Mrs. Wang, and between the electric and the flint, he said: "Aunt! Beware!!"

This violent shock surprised everyone to turn back, Xue Zhengyi immediately alerted, but because of the left and right chess pieces, it was too late to look back.

"aunt!"

"mother--!"

"boom!"

The metal is crisp, but Jiang Yan is plucking out of the crowd, and a snow-capped sword is arrogant. In one fell swoop, Wang Zhen’s Zhenqi chess pieces will be repulsed several times.

Mrs. Wang was shocked: "The younger brother..."

"..." Jiang Yan looked back at her coldly and glanced at her. She only said one thing, "Long eyes."

At this time, Master Xuan Mirror suddenly discovered that there was a thick cloud over the black pressure on the horizon, which forced the death and death. He couldn't see it at first, but after seeing it, he couldn't believe it.

Until many people around him noticed the black cloud, he finally confirmed, blowing his beard and shouting: "How is it possible?! How many pieces are there?!!!"

The black pieces are rolling in the tide of the river.

Some are dead, some are living, these people are all melted by some kind of spell, and they have unplugged their tongues, even if they can restore their knowledge.

Behind them, there are more birds and beasts that are controlled by the precious pieces.

"Mini rain!!"

"Ink burning..."

At this time, these people looked back at him, but it was already more fearful than the anger. Some people who had approached him even stepped back a few steps.

"Maniac... ink burns you crazy..."

"How many pieces did you refine?!"

The ink burned open the mouth.

He wants to say, no, not me.

But not him, but who else?

The time and space of life and death will be opened again, and the stepping of the king will lead a million soldiers to the world.

What is the difference between him and stepping Xianjun?

They have the same memory, and they use the same technique. They are also good at the chess game of the Fairy Club. If you don’t add a special order, you will also recognize the master of the ink.

Therefore, killing the pro-slaughter city, participating in the ban.

Thousands of troops and horses, peas into soldiers.

Subverting the world, all living and walking dogs.

These are all what he did, and no one has ever blasphemed him.

More and more pieces of chess are under pressure, and at first glance, the black ink is quickly opened on the rice paper, and it is approaching.

Someone has panicked: "What should I do!"

The wood smoke is angry and screams: "Ink burns! What are your sophistry! All this is designed by you! I only hate that Tianyin Pavilion did not intervene earlier and kill you!"

Black clouds cover the sun, and the sky is dark.

The mountains are bleak and hurricane. These tens of thousands of dead corpses are like huge bells hanging over nine days. They will crash at any time, shattering the five lakes and the sea, and killing people like ants.

The ink burned the hole and he looked at the sky.

Everyone doesn't want to get rid of it, or the sword or the close, has been mingled with those pieces. This time the battle is much more intense than before, and there are blood and screams everywhere.

The head rolled down.

The belly is flowing out.

But there is a steady stream of black tides coming from the skyline, endless, and creepy.

Suddenly heard the shouts of Xue Meng in the distance: "Hey! Mother!"

The ink burned back, see Xue Zhengxuan, Jiang Yan two people have been covered in blood, the red splatter is too powerful, has long been unable to tell whether they suffered their own injuries, or the blood stains when killing the enemy.

Xue Meng struggled to squeeze out to his parents, killing all the way, but outnumbered.

"Xue Meng -!"

Mo Yan wanted to help him, but Xue Meng saw him very contradictory, Xue Meng is avoiding him.

Suddenly a Confucianist sergeant slashed his sword and stabbed Xue Meng’s shoulder, and immediately blood flowed like a note, scorned and dyed.

"Xue Meng... Xue Meng!"

The ink burned and rushed toward him, but there were so many melee people, they were so far away, he couldn’t get through... he couldn’t go...

After the injury, more chess pieces came to Xuemeng, and the young figure quickly swallowed up in a group of red-eyed treasures.

"Menger!"

"Meng Er -!"

The screams screamed.

It is the voice of Mrs. Wang and the voice of Xue Zhengyi.

The smoldering has never heard such a cry that makes him ruined.

His scalp is numb.

Xue Meng...

Do not.

This should not be the case.

There must be a way, there must be a way! !

Since Hua Binan let him come over and laid out such a situation, it is not to let him see that the dead and the dead are destroyed. What does Huabi Nan want him to do?

What should he do? ? ! What does Huabi Nan want him to do? ! ! ! What is this "surprise" for? How can I end this and how can I let him go?

suddenly.

He thought of it, he understood.

The ink burned for a while, and then the heart beat.

He finally understood.

Hua Binan did not do anything, but he wanted to lose his name, but he still had to turn back... He understood.

This incident, Nangong Temple was done in Lushan.

Chu nightning, the past life has been done in the duel.

He has no spiritual power now... but the spiritual core is still there.

He can feel the brilliance flowing in his chest, and he is in the same breath as his heartbeat.

The sneer of the past sacred and maddening seems to have come to the forefront now -

"You have no spiritual power, and then fight with me, your spiritual core will be broken. Master, you are so proud, you will not be willing to be a mortal, right?"

He knows what to do.

The eyes are warm and the war is in flames, but the state of mind is calming down.

In the last life, Chu Yuning snarled himself and told him personally that the so-called sentient beings are the first, and they are the end, not a false statement.

He seems to see the pale face before the previous generation of Chu, who had been overdrafting the spiritual nucleus.

His master thought that he would die, and before he died, he said to the ink:

"Let's be good, don't be evil."

The earth is banging.

"what happened?"

"what happened?"

Everyone shouted, while avoiding the flash, looking for the source of the movement.

In fact, there is no need to look for it.

In the place where the ink burns, the blazing fire bursts out—it is not a real flame, but a strong spiritual flow that burns when the fire core is overdrawn, and the whole ink is wrapped in it.

Light rain.

In the past, the emperor of the emperor, now a generation of masters.

He...he was in front of the catastrophe, he actually...had to stop this...

The students broke their own spiritual core!

Like the Nangong 弛Chu Ningning, the broken core of the nucleus made him suddenly gain his greatest spiritual power. His eyes were reddened by the flames, and there was not much painful expression on a handsome and straight face.

Who is he at this moment?

Can he stop being a step-by-step singer?

If he can, he also wants to be a late night.

The nucleus slowly breaks and melts in the chest.

The more the flame burns, the more blazing it is, the clouds pass through the fog, and the light shines through the earth.

At this moment, he suddenly felt that the pure and clean dreams of his childhood had fallen back to the bottom of his heart. He stood in the flame. He saw Duan Yihan and saw Chu Yuning.

Seeing that she was touching his cheek in the wood house, saying, "Repay, don't take vengeance."

I saw the boy outside the Temple of Nostalgia, holding the rice syrup and carefully feeding him.

"Drink slowly, not enough..."

In both of his life, he wanted to be a good person.

He did not do it in his life.

Looking back on the dust in my life, I have been saddened for nearly ten years.

He didn't know how to compensate, and he didn't get a result.

If he tells others that he has had the old dream of being a poor man, who would believe him?

Only ridicule, oh, oh.

Because he is a light rain, he is the emperor.

He missed and killed people, so what to do to make up is to no avail.

It is all wrong.

No one can forgive him.

Perhaps only in this fire, only when the spiritual nucleus is broken, and the body is snarled, to the moment of the road to the late Qing Dynasty, he can get a solace.

He can only say with care:

"If I can, I also want to be a late night."

I beg you, hear this wish, don't laugh at me.

Don't spit on me.

I am stupid, and for a long time, no one is there.

I have been away for two lifetimes, and I have gone the wrong way for twenty years.

Too stupid, I don't know why I will end up in an endless darkness. I don't know why things will eventually become like this. Looking back, it's all wrong.

I can't find A Niang.

Can not find the master.

I beg you, **** is too cold.

Let me go back, okay...

I want to go home.

Chapter 265

When the wax is burned out, there is darkness left.

The fire is extinguished, only the embers.

But the darkness has also been brightened, the ashes have been heated, and he has had the light and the heat of the years, no one knows at this moment, will not be mentioned again.

The ink has already exhausted its last trace of spiritual power.

He looked at Yaque, and the sinisters fell to the ground. He watched the living beings no longer under control. The chess pieces were splitting. He looked at the black tide that was about to engulf the dead and dying, and looked at the **** disaster.

Everyone said that he was not evil, and he felt so much. But this demon finally did exactly the same thing as the god, and Chu Ning was his wax torch. After he followed the light, he walked away.

"brother!"

"Fire!"

He vaguely heard someone calling him, and he was seen by Xue Guang screaming at him, and saw Xue Zhengxuan and Mrs. Wang break out of the encirclement and rushed to him.

He was relieved by the call of them. He licked his mouth and seemed to want to laugh, but the tears rolled down his **** face.

He wants to say: "I'm sorry, I didn't do well."

But the throat whimpered, and in the end, he pleaded: "Don't hate me."

I am real……

I really like you.

I like my aunt and my aunt, I like the life and death, I like this kind of stolen warmth and my loved ones.

Uncle, aunt, Xue Meng.

Don't hate me.

Millions of soldiers retired, and the ink burned heavily on the ground, covered with mud.

When the previous life was late, the white clothes were stained with blood, but the whole person still looked very clean. He is not the same as the ink, and the ink is always dirty.

When the consciousness was dissipated, he felt that Mrs. Wang reached out and took him, soft and warm arms, and called him without any pain: "burning."

He heard Xue Zhengyi and the wooden cigarettes arbitrarily arguing, angered: "The traitor? There is still a traitor! If it is the chess he called, why can he do this for the sake of retreat!"

He heard Xue Meng shouting: "Don't move him! Don't move him! Don't take him away!"

a mess.

The ink burned and explained, how much more, but he was really tired and too tired.

He closed his eyes.

Lushan.

In the main hall of the sage, the long lamp sighs and sighs. The wax torch made by whale oil has a thick bowl of mouth. There is no sunshine, no light, no light, no flowers, no flowers, no tears, and a tear. It shows the passage of time.

The teacher squatted in the white fox robes and sat in the high position. He is holding his forehead and is closing his eyes.

This position was originally sitting by Xu Shuanglin. At the beginning, he looked at Xu Shuanglin to refine a piece of chess, to create bliss and purgatory, and to hope that his master can return to the world.

He thinks this person is very interesting, but unfortunately he can't stay.

In front of him, there was a crepe with illusion on one side. The dragon and the snake fluttered above, and the dense dots of various colors were scattered.

This is the "sand plate" created by the former Shixian Xianjun in conjunction with the Zhenqi chess game. The black point is the precious black spot, the silver point is the white child, the red one is the abandoned child, and the small square on the cloth represents the small box. Hostile forces - as long as this sand table is in hand, even a thousand miles away, he can see the battle.

The teacher put the crepe in front of the case, but did not elaborate. He is very clear about the choices that the ink will eventually make, and the cloth is placed, but it is interesting. There are countless ways to get rid of the predicament, but the Mozong Master has only one way to go, so there is nothing to look at.

I don't know how long it took, the temple door suddenly opened, and there was a slight footstep in the hall. The teacher didn't look up, only faintly asked: "Are you here?"

On the masonry of the light, a man stood.

The man who came in was covered in a white cloak, his hat was very low, and he couldn't see his face. He stopped in the middle of the main hall and looked like a lotus.

The man spoke, his voice was elegant, but his tone was low: "There was a movement outside, and the ink burned the pieces made by Stepan."

The teacher didn't even twitch the eyelashes, and faintly said, "Yeah, he didn't have to choose."

The man said again: "...Take the body of Xianjun is no longer good. So the pieces that he controls have already begun to counteract you. Now the ink is burning with the power of the spirit, and they are all solved. You have to understand, but also count A good thing."

The teacher smiled and said: "Oh? Are you caring about me?"

The man did not answer, after a while, he said: "Next, what are you going to do?"

"I still follow the old plan." The teacher finally moved. He licked his waist and opened a pair of peach blossoms. Under a smile, he was full of spring. "I haven't told you about it long ago."

"...I know that you think carefully. But if you want to make it clear, the ink burns so much to stop the plaques. The monks of these sects are not fools, and they don't have any doubts about the whole thing."

The teacher smiled and said: "I know what you mean. In order to stop the next catastrophe in the real world, he will not hesitate to break his own spiritual core, hero."

"Do you think the comprehension community will interrogate their heroes?"

The teacher did not answer directly. He still smiled, and the ten fingers overlapped. He was lying under his arm and gently asked the person: "Is this thing done by the ink-burning, not like the previous life?"

The man was silent for a while: "...like. It’s almost a repeat."

"That's good, I will ask you again. In the past, Chu, Ning was taken over by Xianjun, and there were several people who really care about him in the real world. Remember him?"

"..."

Seeing him not answering, the smile on the face of the teacher’s face became more and more unpredictable: “Almost no, right? I told you. In those years, Xue Meng ran west and west, and there were still two drops of sympathy. Promise that he will give a helping hand to save lives after death. But then? Under the prestige of stepping on the king, those promises are only on the lips. And as time goes by, the initial feelings are scattered, people The more I feel that Xue Meng is bored. When he ran to ask someone else, everyone said to him - Chu Xi Ning has been in the palace for so long, maybe he is already dead. For a person who is unidentified, how can he lose other living? What about your life?"

The mysterious man shook his head: "Chu Ningning was really missing at the time, but now the ink is burning but it is still at their side. Even if it is

worrying, they will not hurt a blood that has just flown through the world of comprehension. People."

Listening to his rebuttal, the teacher could not help but sigh: "You, compared to me, I have lived for a few years, so it is too naive."

As he spoke, he put away the cockroaches on the case, and the pieces on it had all turned red, which meant that they all failed. He didn't care, he put the donkey back into the Qiankun bag.

"When people do not care about their own interests, they can be noble. But once they are damaged, they will gradually reveal the animal nature."

The slender fingers tied a knot on the Qiankun bag, and the teacher looked up and said: "Now in their eyes, half of the ink burns may be a good person who is shackled, and half of them may be a scheming wicked person. It is a pity to accidentally hurt a good person. But the misplaced wicked person may lead to a **** hurricane in the entire realm of cultivation."

"..."

Seeing the other side silently listening, the teacher will continue to continue: "So, even if he breaks the nucleus, he will stop the next catastrophe for the true world. But there are still too many doubts on his body, human nature is suspicious, and damages his own things. You will choose to remove the roots. This small variable will not change the final result."

The mysterious man asked: "So, do you think Tianyin Pavilion can still slam the ink?"

The teacher smiled and smiled: "Tian Yin Ge is a person on our side. Everything is in the plan. This is inevitable. Next, as long as I can find a way to get the smoldering nuclear debris, I will be able to re-enter the step Packed up and obedient. With his power, there is nothing that can't be done."

The man did not answer the call immediately. After a while, he said: "In another world, you have controlled him for nearly ten years, and what has been done?"

The teacher was slightly stunned and seemed to be stabbed by the man's questioning tone. His face slowly sank. After a long while, he squinted and asked: "What do you mean, do you question me?"

"...No, I didn't question you." The man sighed. "You are the same as my original intention. I am afraid that no one in this world can know you more than I do."

The cool look of the teacher was slightly relieved, but his beautiful voice was still staring at the man’s face. It seemed that there was a bit of truth in the man’s words, and he had some leave. Finally he smashed. With a thin lip, he said, "You understand. Every step I take is to get back what we deserve, so some sacrifices are inevitable."

"Ok."

"You are right, the one who knows me the most is you." Shi Yan gently, "I am living between the two worlds, living step by step, fearful and scared. I can hardly trust anyone except you."

"..."

"You don't let me down."

The voice of the teacher fell, and the music was like a butterfly. After a complicated silence, the mysterious man spoke up. He said in a calm tone: "I have been asking you for a while."

"what?"

The clouds in the outskirts of Lushan were densely covered, and the winds were raging. Wherein there business people are chilling.

The man said: "I really want to know, in my life, for the sake of our affairs, what is the sacrifice of the end? You tell me the truth."

I didn't expect him to suddenly ask disposed, the teacher 昧 宇 宇 腾 腾 腾

"I have been working with you for a long time. I have come to find me from you. After telling me the truth about the past life, I have been helping you for so many years. You are lurking on the lonely moon night, I will do every piece of your life and you will explain it to me. The man said, "Although there are some puzzles and occasional confusion, your thoughts are my thoughts, your pursuit is my pursuit - for the sake of our common, I have already set aside life. I always thought that you are like this, so I don't care if I sacrifice myself, as long as we can succeed."

The teacher got up and walked back and forth.

"What do you mean by saying this? You have set your life out of the way, which means that I am jealous and stealing?"

He looked back and stared at the white man, his face frosty.

"If you know what kind of person I am, you should not say such words at all."

"I know." The mysterious man said, "But I was thinking, after you swindled in your life, you hid behind the scenes as Hua Binan, and controlled the worms that burned your heart - ten years."

"Eight years." The teacher interrupted him. "Later Chu Ning later divided his soul into two, and broke into his body, how many times he recalled some of his nature. In eight years, he committed suicide, no ten year."

"Okay, eight years." The man said, "In the past eight years, you have expanded his hatred in his heart and made him commit such a sinful crime, but it is farther and farther away from our original intention. You see him like this, why not? Stop him in time?"

The teacher yelled and smirked: "Do you know how difficult it is to refine a flower of eight bites?"

"……I know."

"Do you know that people who have spent a lot of time in the flower garden can no longer take effect for the second time?"

"I know."

The teacher didn't smile, and his eyes flashed with anger: "What do you ask? Switch to you, what do you do?"

The man was silent, and after a long time he sighed: "You have not made a choice for me?"

The teacher is aphasia.

The man said: "I have not done this kind of thing personally and walked the way you walked, so even if I know that if I encounter the same situation, I will make the same decision, but I..."

The teacher squinted, step by step, walked down the long steps and stopped in front of the man: "But you?"

"...but I still have a question."

Dead.

Suddenly, the teacher grabbed the man’s robe. Such a beautiful hand, wearing a snake-shaped ring, an extremely elegant hand, close to the front of the person, the back of the meridian burst.

He gritted his teeth: "A good question is awkward, what is the difference between you and me? The past things are one piece, which one is not planned by us? You used to understand it very well, understand it? You Isn't it a bad heart? Are you guilty now? - Why?"

"..."

"Because you think Xu Shuanglin regards you as a friend, but you have been deceiving him all the time, telling him about the fake rebirth, let him open the door to life and death for us, are you jealous?"

The man whispered: "He didn't sell me when he died."

The teacher stunned, and the eyes flashed with sorrow and anger: "Good, good - I said how you were so reconciled at the time - and what? You saw thousands of pieces, you are heartbroken for those people." Are you blaming yourself?"

The man is very calm: "Do you have no blame in your heart?"

"You..." The teacher gnawed his teeth, his eyes almost mad and mocking. He stared at his eyes and stared for a long time, like watching a big joke, and looking at a traitor who made him cold.

Suddenly, he thought of a very vicious wording. He sneered, revealing poisonous cheeks and smashing into the man's blood.

"Okay, very good, you said so many beautiful words. Self-blame, oh. But after all, are you still deploring?"

Looking at the other side of the eyebrows between the cage, the light in the eyes of the teacher is more prosperous, he is like a slap in the air, soaring,

hovering, waiting for the moment of prey, smashing.

"You suddenly asked me about sin. You probably think that you have regretted seeing the millions of chess games. I probably feel that I saw Xu Shuanglin’s death, so I touched it. But I know you. I know how you are. People - self-blame and jealousy do not exist for you, you are as cold-blooded as me, and you are sympathetic."

The shadow of death from the wings of the dragonfly is falling more and more, and it is getting colder.

"You are not confessing at all. Don't lie to yourself."

He laughed proudly and decently.

It is always elegant and calm to pinch the seven-inch teacher.

He has a word.

"In my opinion, you are just deploring your eyes."

After the words, the teacher took out the waist dagger, and slowly, with the shank, picked up the man's low-hanging white cape hat, and slammed it

down.

The cloak fell, and after the white velvet hood, it revealed the face of a beautiful country.

A peerless, elegant look.

Both of them have the same face!

Only this cloaked cloak, his eyes were smashed, covered with a white bandage, and a few foreheads fell in front of the sash.

The teacher looked at the man who had opened the cloak and sneered: "Shi Mingjing, see yourself. What you deplore is nothing more than your sacrifice. I went to the very bad situation on the mountain. Disturbing the mood of Chu Yuning, we had to come up with the last resort of discussion - so many people around us, we naturally can not do the play. So in the end you lost your eyes, but I am still good, you are embarrassed."

"...If I am embarrassed, from the very beginning, I will not promise you this plan, and I will not do my best to sacrifice myself. In fact, for me, any one of us is alive to complete the unfinished Things can be. Why should I --"

The voice was not closed but was interrupted.

"Who?!"

The dagger was thrown and hit the pillars with precision.

The teacher returned to the hustle and bustle, and the cold and cold road said: "Come out."

Huang Xiaoyue’s unkempt face turned weakly from the back of the stone pillar.

On that day, he betrayed the people and looked for the treasures of the mountains. However, because of the triggering of the organs, he was unable to escape from being trapped in the secret room. Confucian style secret room gold and silver treasures, swordsmanship cheats, nothing is lacking, only the lack of food.

Jiang Dongtang was trapped in it, his hands and feet were broken, he was bullied, and people were eating. In the end, only Huang Xiaoyue left himself.

He finished the last disciple, struggled and fumbled, and finally came out of the secret room, but did not want to hit such awkward situation.

- What did he see? Two divisions clear?

Huang Xiaoyue couldn’t figure out how to understand it.

With his mind, he can only guess that this is a twin brother. He would never have thought that this was the two divisions of the same world under the influence of time and space.

But the more I listened to the dialogue between the two, the more ugly, Huang Xiaoyue was savage and savage, and it was vaguely aware that it was wrong. He wanted to go first, but he knew that the teacher was sharp and sharp, and he found his existence.

The teacher narrowed his eyes: "Who I am, it turns out to be an old old mouse."

He moved down and fell to the robes of Huang Xiaoyue: "Blood?... There are no animals in the mountains, what blood?"

He was quiet for a moment and seemed to want to be transparent.

The lips and teeth are open and closed, but there is contempt.

"Human blood?"

Huang Xiaoyue feels murderous and runs away.

"Where can you escape?"

The teacher's green shirt is elegant and light, and it is firmly standing in front of Huang Xiaoyue, lifting a pair of smoke and rain.

Unfortunately, his eyes were too cold, and the rain became frozen in the ice.

"Old man. You are afraid that you don't know, the most disgusting thing in my life is that people eat people."

- This is the last sentence that Huang Xiaoyue heard.

The hall was filled with blood and suffocation. The teacher looked at Huang Xiaoyue and fell to the ground. The blood poured out from the hole in the chest and wrinkled the eyebrows in disgust.

As he wiped the blood on his hand, he said, "Disgusting things."

Looking back, he stared at the other teacher for a moment.

Then his tone slowed down.

"Two generations, the world is a lot of animals like Huang Xiaoyue, have you seen it? So this card of the real world should be re-washed. In addition, you don't think too much, what I told you will not let you in vain Sacrifice. When things are over, I will find a way to cure your eyes."

"..."

Seeing the white man in the cloak, he still didn't make a sound. He turned his eyes and said faintly: "Don't be embarrassed.... Forget it, I promise you, if you have to, you will not be tired of innocence. You can always rest assured. Are you satisfied?"

Hearing this sentence, the white sergeant’s tight back is only slowly relaxed. His lips are moving and he seems to want to say something to himself. But after this trouble, the teacher from the previous life has become very bad. And did not intend to listen to him again, has strode out of the main hall of the Pantheon.

Chapter 266

There is a secluded path in the back of Lushan Mountain, which is covered by overlapping vines. From this path, it is the Qingtan Palace used by the Nangong family to worship during the ancestors. The palace is not big, but the arc of the corridor is changing, and there is a dragon blood flower that glows in the night. In this time, the flowering period has passed, only a few clusters are still blooming, as seen from afar. The stars are broken and embellished with the night sky.

The teacher went to the depths of the flowers and there was a hot spring there. He took off his robes, and his white toes stepped on the shore, looking down at himself in the pool.

The hot spring pool is very hot, but his eyes are very cold.

He reached out and slowly stroked his heart -

There was a big bang in the past because of the ban, but now he no longer needs to worry, everything is going according to plan, everything will be fine.

He stepped into the spring water, and the hot springs of Lushan mixed with the dragon's breath, and it was very comfortable to soak. The teacher leaned against the pool and squinted.

Suddenly, there was a noise from the distance. The teacher did not blink, only faintly said: "Who is it?"

Nangong Liu was drilled out of the bushes, and there was a dragon blood flower in the hair.

He saw the teacher and smiled very happy: "My brother is taking a shower? Is there a place where I can help?"

The teacher said: "No."

Nangong Liu will scratch his head: "That, then I am not standing here, I will go first. Otherwise you are naked, I am wearing clothes, you are good."

In the transpiration of water, the teacher smiled a little, his face became more and more transparent under the moist water of the spring, just like the thin ice of the early winter of the Yangtze River, it was both crystal and fragile, and it was cold and cold.

He opened a pair of peach blossoms and looked at Nangong Liu with a smile: "How can I lose?"

Nangong Liu is very straight: "Because you look good."

"Oh... you are a child's family, do you know beauty and ugliness?"

Nangong Liu is a little angry: "I am five years old, not a child."

The teacher is like an interest, the deeper the smile: "Well, then the brother is wrong. Come, my brother asks you. I and step fairy, which one do you prefer?"

"Of course, my brother is a friend." Nangong Liu did not think about it. "Who is Stepping Xianjun? I don't recognize him."

"That's another way to say it." The teacher shouted. "I and that ink burn... do you remember? He greeted you."

Nangong Liu took a finger and thought for a moment, nodded.

"I and he, who do you like better? Don't choose because you are not familiar with you. I really want to ask you the beauty and ugliness in your eyes."

This time, Nangong Liu did not answer immediately. He looked at his head and thought for a while, and said: "I still prefer my best friend."

The teacher is like being pleased: "Oh? You talk about it, where is he bad?"

"...I can't say it."

"Then why do you like me more?"

Nangong Liu actually appeared to be somewhat wronged: "I don't know... I think it's good to look good."

The teacher sighed thoughtfully for a while, then walked out from the depths of the hot springs, to the shallower water, the hands folded over the pool, revealing the soft back of the curvature, smiled: "You come over." Said, the south of the palace Liu recruited the hands of the wet, until the Nangong Liu approached, the teacher squatted from the depths of the hot springs straight up.

"Oh--"

The teacher said with a smile: "What are you calling? All men, what is it so shy?"

Nangong Liu’s hand smeared his eyes and muttered: “It’s not shy, you get the water in my eyes.”

The teacher did not care about his eyes and eyes. He pulled the wrist of Nangong Liu and forced the other to look directly at himself. Then the scars on the chest were so thoroughly bottomed out under the eyes of Nangong Liuyan.

"Look at this. Are you afraid?"

The mouth was sore and furious, and there was a pus out. Nangong Liu only glanced at him and turned his head away in disgust. He was a childish saying and said, "It’s so disgusting."

The teacher smiled and didn't change, but his eyes were a little cold: "Do you still think I look good now?"

"..." Nan Gongliu tried hard to break his restraint, but the strength of the division was too great. He tried nothing to use. Finally, he had a layer of water vapor in his eyes. Some were afraid and some were shrinking. "You, you let me go. I don't like it."

"Hello, look good."

"I don't want - hey!"

The slamming sound was so loud that it was too hard, so the teacher smashed the hand bones of Nangong Liu to the dislocation. The flashing light in his eyes can't be said to be annoyed or unwilling, almost paranoid: "I didn't say that I looked good? Just how, a little hurt, it turned from beauty to ugly?"

"No..."

"Is it true that if the beauty is a little embarrassed, it will be disgusted?" The teacher approached him. "In the past, it will become an annoyance. In the past, it will become a stab in the throat."

Nangong Liu finally couldn't help but wowed and burst into tears: "I don't understand, I don't understand! You let me go, I don't want to stay here."

His arguing made the teacher's mood a bit more dim and darker. He seemed to have black clouds in his eyes, and suddenly raised his hand. A slap fan was on the cheek of Nangong.

He finally loosened Nangong Liu, cold and cold: "Waste things, roll it."

Waiting for Nangong Liu to cry away, Shishi re-sneaked back to the depths of the hot springs. The surroundings are still beautiful, the dragon blood is fragrant, the air is filled with light fragrance, but his first joy disappears, his heart is only angry, endless anger.

He hammered the surface of the water, splashed and returned to calm.

Dissipated, re-examine the reflection that is still gentle, but the chest is festering.

In the anger of the teacher, there was a sudden sorrow and weakness. He leaned back to the pool, and the eyelashes lifted up and looked at the sky.

"People will change."

He muttered.

Just as the seeds will germinate, the buds will turn green, the flowers will bloom in the green leaves, the flowers will fade, and the flowers will be crushed into mud.

Time can't be seen, but everyone is being quietly washed by it. Someone is sharpened and mined, and some people are worn away.

"It will all change..."

He tiredly took the water and wiped his face.

I will know about his own past life and this life, but in which step does he start to go astray and never look back?

After bathing and changing clothes, the teacher smashed the black hair of the black hair, and returned to the Shushan secret room from the path of the fragrant and fragrant. Standing at the door for a while, reaching for the door.

At this time, the night was deep, and the lights in the secret room were almost extinguished. Only one bean was left alone, burning after Luo.

The teacher sneaked into the room without any sound, but only brought the unique scent of the scent of the scent after bathing. It is this scent that alarmed the man lying in the depths of the bed.

Stepping on the sound of snoring and hoarseness: "Who?"

The teacher yelled: "...I."

Silence in the account, the sound of the clothes in the roll, the sound of the clothes screaming, stepping on the fairy sneer: "... the master is really elegant. Deep in the middle of the night, come to the bed to listen to the corner? ... You are not hot?"

Shi Yan’s face is cooler: “You can just stop. If you kill him, no one has to play.”

Stepping on the sound of the singer is lazy, and there is a lack of sorrow in the low: "The master can rest assured that there is nothing abnormal in the bed. It is always only pragmatic, for the leisurely skin, the snake, the tying There is no interest in playing guessing in the eyes. I can't kill anyone."

"..."

I am free to grind my lips, take a snake, and tie my eyes to play guessing puzzles - even if my heart is big, I know who he is talking about.

In the heart of the sorcerer's heart, the anger and smoldering, the squatting of the scorpion, and the smashing of the scorpion, as if the swords touched each other, the fireworks splashed, and the face of the teacher's net feminine face on the handsome face of Xianjun.

"You -!" The words have not finished, he slammed.

He had thought that stepping Xianjun and Chu nightning would not reunite for a long time, and would inevitably be hungry and thirsty.

But after the curtain was opened, the situation in front of him actually surprised him.

He saw that Chu was rather sleepy and his cheeks were hot and red, and he was burning. The stepping fairy is slightly open, revealing a large piece of smooth and well-proportioned chest, holding the person in his arms, sinking his face, but the big hand touches the hair of the pregnant person. A pair of disguised and absolutely impossible to let go.

The teacher said: "...What are you doing?"

Stepping on the face of Xian Xianjun: "What can you do with this seat?"

"..."

Why should you care about a dead person?

The teacher closed his eyes and forced himself to press his anger, but the small flame at the chest was so hot that he couldn’t extinguish it for a moment. He couldn’t help but sneer and sigh: "I don’t think it’s so big. The age, sleep, but also the master to accompany. I think if this is not because of fear of black, then probably want to worry with Master."

I have to say that the teacher’s sentence is very effective. Stepping Xianjun immediately squints dangerously. He subconsciously wants to raise his

hand and push the night of the coma, or simply push it to the bed, so it looks like It will be very powerful.

However, when he saw the teacher approaching, what he did last was to hold the man in his arms tighter, and the wide sleeves of his sleeves waved to cover the face of Chu.

After doing this, stepping on the fairy will lift his eyes: "What is this, what to do with you."

The teacher gnawed his teeth: "There is a degree in the back, and you don't want to think who made you?"

"The cold scale sage hand has a mouth to close the mouth and only have such a sentence to coerce the seat." Teng Xianjun cold and cold, "it is really a big success."

"you--!"

After the sergeant was smashed by him, he was still intolerable. He raised his hand violently, and he took some spiritual power before he slammed the prince.

"The soul gathers."

The curse was pronounced from the shape of the lips and teeth, but the eyes of the stepping fairy were still hard and persistent for a long time. For a long time, I felt that the man was about to completely get rid of his own restraint.

His forehead pulled out the fine sweat, and stepped on the immortal gel. At the end, he exhausted almost all the spiritual power. He sipped: "The soul gathers!!"

This time, the body shape of the stepping fairy was slightly shocked, and then the gaze finally broke.

The teacher took away the spiritual power, took a breath, and licked the painful chest, and his eyes were dizzy.

Because of his physical reasons, the spiritual core and spiritual power are inferior, and even if he is diligent and hardworking, he cannot stand shoulder to shoulder with others. Usually, the medication is very powerful, but once it involves the need of spiritual power, his body can not support at all.

The teacher closed his eyes and slowed down for a while before revisiting the step to Xianjun: "I will ask you again, what have you been doing?"

Because □□ / control, so step by step, there is no emotion to say: "He has a fever, chills."

"……So?"

There is only one glimpse of the past life, and the occassion of the corpse is faintly said: "With this seat, he will be warmer."

"..."

The teacher stared at Teng Xianjun for a long time.

"Warm?" His pale lips moved, and he laughed out loudly. Although there was no smile in the eyes of the peach blossoms, "Is it burned, are you crazy? You touch the temperature on your own body - you count What? You are as cold as ice and you are already dead. You have no heart and no body temperature. You are even cold, you want to warm him?"

It seems that there is a bit of pain in the black scorpion of the stepping fairy, but the pain is fleeting. He is a dead body after all.

The teacher said: "Get up."

Stepping on the fairy tale did not immediately get up, his black eyebrows tightened, seeming to struggle between his will and the control of the teacher.

"You give me up!"

The order is stronger, and in such a fierce tone, Stephen is finally obedient.

He slowly got up from the bed, his robes were still open, and Chu’s body temperature stayed in his chest that had never been ups and downs.

The teacher yelled and said: "Go out."

Stepping on the fairy, he walked a few steps slowly, and suddenly stopped again, whispered: "Yes."

"……what?"

Stepping on the immortal wood, repeating: "Yes."

The teacher did not react for a moment and asked: "What?"

"Temperature." The man raised his hand slowly, stroked his chest, and stroked the temperature left by him. "Here, it is hot."

The teacher seems to be stabbed by the tip of the needle, and there is nothing more annoying than the palm of his hand. He shouted: "You get out of me."

Stepping on Xianjun took another two steps, but this time it was really just two steps, and his look was bitter.

"No..." He held his head, and the roots of the meridians and the roots of the palms were violently trembled, and the whole body was shaking and shivering. The throat made a deep gasp. "This seat... is unwilling... How can you do this... So..."

He is close to his eyes, his will is strong or weak, and his memory is far or near. He is struggling, tangled, a few ups and downs, and two torments.

"...by...you...put it...!!"

The whisper suddenly stopped, and the shudder stopped.

The teacher snorted and slammed his heart--Tianxianjun gave him a strong force when he broke free from the clamp. He almost took a step back. Then,

he saw that Xi Xianjun blinked his eyes, and the blood was fierce and foggy.

"..."

The eagle-like black scorpion, there is no confusion, and it reflects a cold face.

The teacher’s face was pale and slowly said: “You are recovering faster and faster.”

Stepping on the singer did not make a sound, and the bottom of his eyes plucked the brilliance of the snow. He gasped slightly and raised his hand to call for no return.

The teacher slightly lifted his chin and his eyes moved up the handle and fell to the face of the ink-burning tiger-like leopard: "How, angry? Want to kill me?"

The dark and dull blade is lifted up, and the blink of an eye has been hung between the white neck of the teacher. The force is extremely strong, and even the flesh is broken, and the fine blood is taken out.

The teacher did not retreat, sneer: "The emperor is squatting, you can now move, relying on my spiritual power to maintain, if you kill me, you must

die. You will not understand this."

"..."

Shishi continued: "On strength, I really can't beat you. But you think about it yourself, you want to die, or want to continue to live in this world."

Stepping Xianjun’s hand is extremely stable and there is no shaking.

But after a while, but slammed back and took back, don't go too far.

When the teacher saw him picking up the knife, he raised his hand and slowly touched the blood mark between the neck, and then said: "Fortunately, you are not too stupid."

"..."

"Don't stop yelling and killing in the future. In fact, our relationship is very clear to you." The teacher looked at the fairy. "You are like a rusted knife. I want to restore you to It used to be as good as it used to be. Continue to be my blade. And you, I am afraid that after I intend to recover, I will completely get rid of my control and ask for my head."

Stepping on the black eye of the stepping king, turning sideways, staring at him coldly.

"In these years, you continue to do things for me in another red dust. The gap between life and death is very narrow and difficult to pass. Usually I use a letter pigeon to pass on books to you. But we occasionally use locusts to communicate with each other. I want to connect with my heart. So of course I know what you think, you don't have to be surprised."

Stepping Xianjun finally opened his mouth and said coldly: "It’s not far from seeing you. Whose eyes have you seen this seat?"

"..." The teacher licked his lips and his face was more heavy. Then he said, "Okay. Since you know the pros and cons of things, you should be more tolerant of that time. Let's work together, and wait until the day when you're done. Whether you can kill me or I will get an invincible weapon."

Step on the fairy road: "wait and see."

The teacher was trying to say something more. Suddenly, Chu Yuning on the bed gave a slight suffocation. It’s just that this is like a slap in the blink of an eye, but the two men who are screaming at the sword are turning their heads.

"Late Ning?"

"Master -"

"..." In the past, the brothers and sisters looked at each other and stepped on the fairy. After a while, his eyes turned, from the teacher's body, to the unsettled Chu Xinning.

After a while, he said in a tone that he didn't care very much: "This person has been feverish for many days. How can he not be good? If he goes on like this, will he..."

If the words are broken, there will be no more talks. This murderous stepping emperor will stop when he speaks a certain word. His long eyelashes moved and closed his eyes.

It doesn't matter if the teacher is down: "What do you want to ask? Would you like to ask if he will die?"

I don't know if it is an illusion. Stepping on Xianjun's original pale face is more and more unmanned. He licked his lips and seemed to hate the word "death" and said in a concise manner: "Will?"

"Of course I can't die. You are too small to see the Beidou Xianzun. But you are still very embarrassed to ask me?" Shi Yan raised his eyebrows. "Who is he because of fever? Not because you are like a wolf." ruthless."

Stepping on the face of Shen Xianjun is even worse. It is stinking to the extreme. He is sullen: "He is not me, don't confuse me with that waste."

Listening to him, the teacher stared at him and looked back and forth. He said: "Challenging, I also think he is a waste. You are also very clear, I have tried my best to tear a huge time and space in this time and space. You come over, so that the waste disappears and you are re-entered."

"Your Majesty." He suddenly had a taste of play, so called "Tian Xianjun," "The last thing is that our goal can be achieved. You actually want the complete strength, you have to surrender the spirit core, right? ?"

"..."

The sergeant is like a snake hunting, and the silky spit is scary, seduce and tempted.

He saw the desire to step on the eyes of Xianjun.

So he smiled and smiled, and he was bound to get it.

"If you want to restore all your strength, then be obedient." His teeth are sterilized and stunned. "You obey, we can do things."

Stepping on the fairy, he was silent for a moment, and said: "Don't talk about this first."

Then he pointed to the late night, "Talk about this."

"He, he is the soul fusion and the body is too much stimulation." The teacher said faintly, "There is nothing to talk about. But if you really want him to be more comfortable, it is better to go out first."

Stepping on the eyes of Xianxian is immediately vigilant: "What do you want to do?"

The teacher looked like a smile: "Take him a cure."

"This seat is also here."

"That can't be done." Shi Yan said, "The cold scales of the holy hand to save people, will not be seen by others."

"..."

Seeing that Xi Xianjun still has no intention to go, the teacher said: "You can not go. Then I go out, you stay. Anyway, you have the ability to do the

heavens, you can certainly take care of him."

Listening to the teacher, this way, it’s even more ugly to step on Xianjun’s face.

He is fierce and fierce, and the most unsuitable is the healing technique. There are so many people in the previous palaces, and there is no shortage of medical officers, so he has never learned it carefully.

The teacher regained his calmness and smiled at him.

It was obvious that Teng Xianjun was disgusted by his smile. He suddenly turned his head and the silver teeth bite. He was not willing to see the teacher again.

After a while, he said: "... OK. This seat goes out, you give him a cure." Suddenly, and fiercely, "but this seat is at the door, if you dare..."

His words have not been finished yet, and the coldness on the face can almost kill people.

"If you dare to do something to him, this seat will immediately kill your dog."

This kind of threat did not have much effect on the teacher. He smiled again and made a "please go" gesture to stepping on Xianjun.

Stepping out of the fairy, and before the walk, the face was still stunned for a long time. The teacher stood in this finally quiet room and looked at the stone door that was finally closed. After a while, he turned and walked over to the white man on the bed.

"..." The ridiculous smile on the face of the teacher disappeared, and it was replaced by a very peaceful and extremely crazy look. He gently said, "Master."

Go step by step.

Now Chu Xiaoning is finally lying in his palm. What about stepping on the outside? What he has is a way to prevent Chu Xiaoning from making a sound.

When the emperor came in, he couldn’t do anything to be angry and fierce. To blame, blame yourself for being too naive and too incompetent. I have to keep my lover in the snake cave and accompany it with the cold scale.

The slender and white fingers opened the curtains, and the teacher almost gazing eagerly and greedily at the man with a high fever on the bed: "This time, no one will bother us any more."

He slowly sat down and raised his hand to caress Chu’s cheek.

"Come on, Chu Wei, let me adjust and teach you in a place separated from your husband. "Well?"

Chapter 267

The teacher first fed a cure for the holy medicine of Chu, and then leaned over, and the soft fingers were like ten white snakes that confuse people and sneaked into the ink. He held up the late brain of Chu Yuning and reached his forehead.

"Zhuang Zhoumeng, the butterfly incarnation, always accompanied by the night..."

In the mouth, cursing and ignoring, can read and read, and suddenly stopped whispering.

He originally wanted to cast some memories of Chu Yanning, which is one of his best spells. He used it before.

However, because the soul of the body is very disordered, the memory is also in the recovery period, and the rejection of the outside world is very large. He found that this trick did not work for Chu.

"This is really a nuisance." The teacher sighed, he closed his eyes and then opened -

A pair of peach blossoms linger on the brilliance of the demon. He stared at Chu Yuning with such a pair of eyes, and then read again: "Zhuang Zhoumeng, the butterfly incarnation, always accompanied by the night, yesterday is like running water, drunk in this mountain..."

This time it has some effects, but it is not perfect.

His curse is like a huge stone thrown into the pool, although 10,000 waves are splashed at this moment, but it will soon return to its original state.

But it doesn't matter, I can forget it for a while.

When he didn't want to go to the sea with Chu, he had always been murderous in his head.

That's too bad.

"Master, sleep for a long time, you should wake up."

This voice screamed as a curse. After a long while, Chu nightning eyelashes fretting and slowly opened his eyes.

Because of the teacher's curse, his consciousness temporarily became blurred, suspended in the previous life, and stopped after the death of the teacher.

Once, Chu Xiaoning was hurt by the ink that was lost and loved. He was subconscious and always thought that if he could change it, he would be fine. So the knowledge goes back to those years.

——However, the three souls and six scorpions of the human beings are very subtle. The body of the Chu dynasty bears the souls of the two worlds at this time, so even if the sorcerer casts a spell, the mind is chaotic, and the whole person has some dreams. Look.

He has some memories and his dreams are awake.

"...Shi Mingjing?"

"Yeah." The voice of the teacher is very gentle, suppressing the gentleness of a certain distorted feeling. "It is me."

Chu nightning seems to be very tired, high fever makes him unwell, he just screamed if he had nothing to do, then he put his eyes on it again.

The teacher knows that he is adapting, not anxious, waiting for him with ease.

After a while, he heard Chu Jingning sighing with a closed voice: "I am afraid that I am dreaming.... It’s good, you are still alive."

Knowing that his memory stopped after the previous world, but did not expect him to have such feelings. The teacher’s heart was moved, and there was some long-lost sorrow.

"Do you want me to die?"

"...you are still so young... there are so many people who like you..." Chu nightning whispered, "I should not be you. Sorry..."

"..."

"If it is me, it will be fine. At least no one will be too sad."

The sorrow of the heart became more and more vivid, and it was agitated in his dead heart. This kind of feeling was the first time when I went home with an umbrella in the evening, and I had a conspiracy to fight for so many years. The people around me died and scattered.

He crouched in the dark, treating himself as a ruthless stone.

Later, he really thought that he was a stone. Until today, he really felt the existence of the heart.

Both sweet and sour, bitter, and itchy.

He clearly knows that he should not have this kind of emotion, sour rain will corrode boulder, soft moss will make him fall apart.

But he still couldn't help but catch Chu's hand, and his heart beats.

He opened his mouth and dried his throat, so he swallowed again and asked again, "What about you? I am dead, are you sad?"

"..."

"Are you sad?"

Chu night Ning Feng eyes half open, spring-like long and thick under the eyelashes, is a pair of eyes carrying too many things. The teacher tried to look inside and tried to catch a sharp edge.

But no.

Just like the water alone is the water, the wheat valley alone is the wheat valley, and a feeling is simply placed there, in order to always be that kind of feeling.

It is a pity that people's emotions will never be single. The death of the teacher has made him sad, painful, self-blame, and later repented. So many emotions are mixed together, just like the wheat valley is mixed with the water, and it has already been fermented and changed, and it looks like it.

The teacher’s obstinacy is deeply questioned: “Master, if you give you another chance, will you be willing to save him? Give up your life to save me?”

Chu night Ning eyes are empty.

"Will?"

"Shi Mingjing..." He only had time to say these three words, and suddenly his lips were ruined.

After waiting for such a long answer, I really didn’t dare to listen to it, but I didn’t want to hear it.

The teacher thought that he probably knew the answer.

The grievances in the chest were rampaged. He was almost retaliatingly kissing the man on the bed, greedily sucking, and Chu Yuning did not react at first, until the teacher’s tongue tried to open his teeth and explore, he was like a dream. Woke up, wide open your eyes.

"Well--!"

"Hey, don't make a sound." The teacher gasped and breathed a little in the throat of the night, and snorted. "This curse is what you taught us before, saying that we can make a sound in danger." Have you thought that one day, it will be used by me for this purpose?"

He said, he did not go to see the confusion and resentment in Chu’s eyes. His embarrassment and thirst almost made him a little out of his mind: "Master, you know? Two generations. I am bitter, step by step, I have not had a day. Peaceful days."

He bound Chu’s hands and feet and tied them to the bed. While doing these things, he gnashed his teeth and said: "I am not really a normal person. I don’t want to be a normal person, but what about it? ?! Stepping on the Emperor's Emperor, you can do whatever you want. Why should I look forward to it?"

Shi Yan said this, watching Chu Xi Ning struggle under his anger.

He felt painful and happy.

"Now I want to understand. Life is still unsatisfactory, it is all to be happy... Master." He straightened up, and some of them hurriedly began to take off the clothes of the late night. "It’s hard to go this step, too. Let me taste your taste. It’s a reward for the disciples, eh?”

The seriously ill person did not have much strength to resist, and the sergeant took off his robes easily. The air is cool, the lights are smashing, the lines are sharp, and the muscles of the muscular body are green and purple, which are traces left before the ink burns.

Shi Yan’s eyes were dark and whispered: “He is also true, so embarrassed.”

Finished, raised his hand, pinched Chu's chin, and looked at the eyes.

The pair of phoenix eyes is like a layer of fog at this moment. Chu nights must be indistinguishable between dreams and reality. Probably not only feels that all these ridiculous things are not true, but also feels that the touch is not true.

In addition to the confusion of memories of past and present life, it is not so easy for him to react immediately.

"I am different from him." The teacher stared at Chu Xiening for a while, his eyes gradually calmed down, but the gentleness was always awkward. "He didn't know how to make you addicted. You tried I know that he is nothing at all."

After the words, he began to undress himself.

He had just showered, wearing only a pair of bathrobes, and slipped to the ground easily, revealing the delicate and delicate body of Kunshan.

"Master respect..."

He whispered, bullying and pressing.

Regardless of whether this is a dream or a real thing, Chu Yuning was disgusted and could not stand it, and his body was shuddering and his face was even more blue.

"You are so hot."

"..."

Knowing that at this moment, if you release the curse of Chu Yuning, this man may be screaming and arrogant. But the teacher couldn’t help but stroking and muttered: "Is it hotter inside?"

"Teacher...clear!"

The teacher screamed and slammed.

"...have you made a snoring?" He raised his eyes and stared at Chu’s face. "You, this is really..."

Chu night, the lips and teeth are slightly trembled, coughing and bleeding, hoarse and dumb: "You put it! Give me a roll!"

The teacher was silent and looked down at the man under him.

Is this person too fierce?

Too stubborn?

Still too ignorant of the fate, not willing to lose?

There are too many things to say, so I don’t know what to say.

In the end, the teacher just smiled, and then, when Chu Ning was about to anger and uttered the next sentence, he slammed his mouth and quickly removed the hair band and tied it between his lips and teeth.

"Since you can break free of spells, then I have to use them. I am sorry for the Master."

On the eyes of the two with horror, but anger and humiliation, the teacher only felt that the blood was boiling. He leaned over and said to him in the ear of the night, "I will be refreshed after a while, but I also remember to call it. Whisper, your emperor is kneeling outside. If he is told that you are under such a wave, I guess, will he be happy?"

Shi Yan’s fingers slid down a little bit, staying on every mottled brunch, and when he went down, Chu Yuening only felt that he was going to be stigmatized.

His memory disorder, stopped in the past life, he has not found the secret of the ink burning curse, so he hates the ink.

But he hates his own shameless heart.

Even so humiliating, then disgusted, so disappointed with the ink rain. However, when I was smothered by ink, when I heard the ink snorting, the sweat of the person gathered in the abdomen and dripped on myself, and I felt uncomfortable and refreshed.

Even in a few times of the most insane love, he can even feel that he is secretly eager to stop burning, so he tears himself through the soul.

The stagnation of the blast makes him have the illusion of tranquility.

When you are lying in your arms, you will occasionally feel that nothing has happened. This person who keeps entangled himself may love him.

But the teacher is different.

Although he did not know why he fell into such a strange nightmare, but when the teacher touched him, he had only anger and resentment, he could not stand such a relationship...

He doesn't like it at all.

The body of the teacher is not the same as the impression, it is very tall, but it is still smooth and white, the lines are soft and elegant, like the condensation of sheep fat, the smell of the body is fresh and fragrant.

It’s not the hard work he’s used to –

He only used to the burning body. Although the skin of the man was pale, the blood of the beast was rushing underneath, and the wildness was terrible. The most pure manly atmosphere is like a hot sun, burning heart.

Although sometimes it will be bloody, iron and suffocating.

Very hard, very cold.

But the strong chest is extremely hot.

Chu night, Ning Yu opened his eyes, his hands were bound to struggle, and the wrists were marked with blood, and the end of the eyes also caused two red marks due to humiliation.

But his struggles didn't work, and the bed was soft and covered with thick skins, and there was no loud sound.

The sergeant glared at him as a beastly beast, and finally smiled: "Why should the master be in vain? Do you believe that I will make you comfortable?"

He said, lifting Chu’s long and firm legs, his waist wedged, his eyes dark, he had to go in like many times before.

Chu night, his eyes closed, his lips were bitten, and his nails fell into his palms. His muscles were tight, not because of the fear of intrusion.

But because of shame.

It’s really a shame, no matter whether it’s true or not.

If it is a fake, then he is shameful for himself to be such a dream. If it is true, then he is ashamed that he is so stupid, and he has received three apprentices. The two have had such a big rebellious mind.

He has always been a habit to reflect on himself.

If you say that the burning of his desires, it can be said to be a problem of ink burning. Then what is the division between the teacher and the ink?

He couldn't help but wonder if he had something wrong with him. He didn't do it right. It wasn't a teacher's watch. He would let his apprentices move this wolf ambition in bed one by one.

It is only when he is wrong that he is going to suffer such a crime.

"..."

Stenched and taut.

After a long time, I did not see the movement.

Chu night Ning slowly opened his eyes, dark brown eyes turn, but see the teacher do not know why the original is in the same place, the spring color on the face is gone, but the black is like a pot bottom.

He still didn't fully understand why the teacher had this expression, his eyes moved a few inches, but he saw a picture that made him speechless.

.....

what……

Before the atmosphere of deep feelings was swept away, Chu nightning was sometimes hit by lightning.

Cough and cough, what is under the teacher's body is actually gold and gold? ? ?

This situation is really ridiculous, Chu night Ning stiffly turned his head away, do not want to hurt.

But after you have to pass it, you feel that it is wrong - which normal person will have this color?

Then he smacked his scalp and turned his face back. He looked at his face and glanced again.

This time he saw it clearly. It wasn't the teacher who was golden, but a golden little dragon that didn't know when it appeared. The whole place was in the position of the teacher. The little dragon was very tight, and he raised the dragon's head. He was angry and stunned with the teacher's eyes. If there is a kind of teacher, if he dares to move, it will be the meaning of the thing that will be caught directly. .

Chu nightning: "..."

Teacher: "..."

The little demon dragon is fierce, and he screams at the unlucky one he has been arrested: "Wow, oh yeah!!!"

If it wasn't for the hands to be tied, Chu Xiening would like to raise his hand at this moment. He really didn't look at it.

"..." The teacher was silent for a long while, gnashing his teeth, "What happened?!"

When the voice falls, I hear the sound of the Shimen Longlong hole. The face of the fairy sorrow appears behind the doorway, and the voice is full of dark clouds to urge the city to kill.

Step by step, step into the door and hold the arms with both hands. His gaze swept through the picture of "Jinlong Panyuzhu", and there was a bit of sneer in the killing, followed by a thin lip and a cold, and said: "This lady, please get out of bed."

The teacher was very angry and angry. For a moment, he did not understand what he meant. He said, "What Miss? Who?"

"Sorry." Stepping Xian also quite carefully identified the objects that had been caught by Xiaolong. "It turned out to be a son. The son is too small, and the seat has never been discovered."

Xiaojinlong climbed on the column, the beard was tilted up, and his mouth screamed and summoned his own master: "Oh!!"

The humiliation of a man is almost the ultimate in this job. Rao is a teacher and then calm and calm, at this moment can not help but blue veins burst, his face rose red. Helpless, his clothes were messy, and he was bound by a ghost dragon who did not know where to come. He was angry and did not seem to be imposing. He simply did not speak.

Stepping on the emperor, he walked over to him. Stand by the bedpost, hold your arms with both hands and lean against it.

"Hua Binan, do you think that you have not made a sound, this seat does not know what you are doing?" He narrowed his eyes, Ying Ting's face was full of inferiority, "You really are three years old this year. Ok?"

Chapter 268

After saying this, Stepping Jun moved his fingers, and the little dragon immediately wrapped his body tighter. The face of the teacher changed, and it was obviously painful, but he always loved his face. Even at this time, he tried his best to maintain his position.

"Ink burning, how dare you look at me?"

Stepping on the fairy, he smiled and said: "Interesting, you have to say, what is there in this world, is this seat dare not do?"

"..."

"Introduction. This is the separation of the Lushan Demon Dragon. I only listen to the orders of the Nangong family." Stepping Xianjun glanced at him. "You still don't know how to converge on the site of this seat. It’s really awkward.”

The division of the forehead horns and nucleus bursts, it is obviously not light. However, he did not think that the blood of the Lushan Mountain could be used in this way. He was taken care of for a while, and he did not dare to be too arrogant. He said: "You have given me this disgusting thing."

Stepping on the fairy did not say anything, staring at the place where the dragon was entangled and watching it for a while, then sneered: "Then you must first guarantee that you will never take this disgusting thing to your seat."

The bed was irritated and was irritated. The teacher yelled at his face: "Who do you say disgusting?"

"Who is tied?"

Chu nightning: "..."

After looking at the tied Lin Yuning, Stepping Xian frowned and changed his mouth: "Whoever is not wearing clothes is who."

Chu nightning: "..."

Too many misunderstandings, stepping on Xianjun simply waved his hand: "...this seat did not say you."

The teacher said: "It’s ridiculous to burn."

But to put it this way, he still put his bathrobe on the face, and then raised his eyes to the ink: "Well, now you can unlock it?"

"No hurry, you go out first, go farther, go to almost the back mountain, it will open itself." Stepping Xian is lazy, "but this seat reminds you, if you next time you have your heart to this seat." The man is moving the foot... It’s already familiar with your taste, even if you’re outside the mountains, it will catch you and strangle you.”

People are invincible, and it is invincible to step on the heights of Xianjun.

The teacher left.

In the house, there are only two emperors and Beidou Xianzun.

Stepping on the fairy, go out and reach out -

Then he saw the eyes of the late night, obviously with a sharp edge and hostility, but with some wet eyes. He reached over and it was probably the imprisonment of those years that made him think of his tyranny when he was standing up late, almost in taut.

"..." Stepping Xianjun sighed slightly in his heart, but he did not know what it was because of his soft heart.

He touched the forehead of Chu Yuning.

"Not so hot just now." There is not much expression on the face of the stepping fairy. "Others are abolished, and the medicine is really good."

After a pause, I said coldly: "I won’t let the scorpion insult you in the future. No one can touch it. You can rest assured."

He did not know that the memory of Chu Xiening at this moment had been cleaned by the teacher, and he had returned to his previous life for a while, so he did not know how much his own words gave Chu Jingning a big horror.

The smoldering actually turned out to be a scorpion...

Stepping Xianjun did not pay attention to the look of the late night, in fact he has been avoiding looking directly at him. He knows himself. If you look at this scene for a few more eyes, you will lose control. However, it is definitely more unbearable to do it in the state of Chu’s late night.

If you change to the past, he probably won't have any pity.

But he alone, in the other world, has been so lonely for so long, and he can't be the master of death and death. He can only live like this.

Once again, I saw Chu Xiaoning, and his cold heart seemed to have a faint warmth. It was this warmth that made him not as violent as he used to be.

He untied the ropes for Chu Yuning, and when he saw the bright red marks on his wrist, he even subconsciously sighed twice. But he immediately realized what he was doing, so he stopped.

He really didn't know what happened to him.

After a while, Shi’s memory disorder spell gradually weakened, so Chu’s eyes began to be a bit confusing, but in this faint stun, he was still pale and endured the pain in his skull, saying: Ink burning..."

"..."

"He is back."

It is a dream that is no longer important, but a long-cherished wish in my heart.

Chu Xiaoning is almost hoarse: "So... don't hate any more."

Stepping on the fairy is looking at him.

It’s about to think that this dream will be in the middle of the night, and Chu’s night smashed his eyes, raised the red mark, and touched the face of Xianjun: “Look back.”

There seems to be something in my heart that collapses. I stepped on him and stared at him without looking at it. It was also floating on his face, and it was like a cloud of smoke.

Chu night Ning squinted, it was a bit sobbing.

"There is no road ahead, go back... Don't go any further." He held his cheek and floated in the two times of life, Beidou Xianzun, looking at the already immortal, the emperor, the two lives. In the past, they have all been broken. Chu Yuning’s voice is hoarse, “Inflammatory, how cold your face is...”

It is as cold as ice.

If I can, I am willing to be a wax torch, waiting for you to look back at the fork in the winter night. I am willing to burn my life and follow the path of your return home.

But why are you so cold...

I don't know how long I can burn. If I am exhausted, I will burn it out. If you wait until I am extinguished, you still refuse to look back when you are in the dark. What should I do?

Chu Xiaoning's fingers trembled slightly and closed his eyes.

He stood in his life, no friends, no friends, and he was not afraid to leave.

Just thinking that maybe he burned his life's heat, and he couldn't warm the cold heart, he felt very embarrassed. Thinking that if he was extinguished, the young man would feel that he should live if he wanted to turn his head back and look for the direction.

Wait a day or more.

Maybe tomorrow, the ice will be gone.

The man will look back, walk from the endless night, and walk towards the light.

In the next few days, the remnant influence of the curse of the sorcerer's curse, coupled with the fluctuations of the memory of the two dynasties, the days when he was awake, he slept less, and he woke up every time. They are very loose, and the things they know are also fragmented and incomplete.

After Tang Xianjun understood the original committee, he felt that this was quite a worry. Chu Ningning is now confused, so good. The first day of bullying is awkward, and the next day you may not remember the previous things. And because of the broken memory, Chu Xinning always thought that he was dreaming, so he was less alert than usual.

The sharp-eyed cat has a taste, but the white cat who sleeps in a milk dumpling is also rare.

I have to say that he thinks Hua Binan has done a good job.

"How many things do you remember today?" This became a sentence that he would inevitably ask Chu Yuning when he woke up in the morning.

And Chu Evening often frowned and asked him: "What."

He had a patience and tireless answer: "Your memory is still only in the last generation, after we got married, or did it become another day?"

At this time, most of the time he will wait until the late face of Chu is rather embarrassed, and there is a deep sentence: "Ink rain, what crazy you are."

It’s not a good word. In the past, it’s necessary to go up.

Stepping on the fairy is now a slap in the face, but the tail is gentle, and then the other hand keeps up, picking up is not like a slap, but holding the other's face.

He sneered, but there was a slight satisfaction in his eyes: "Good. If you keep doing this, it would be better."

He really didn't want Chu to think of things in his life, and he didn't want him to think of the drizzle that became a master. As long as Chu Yuning has always been so confused, they can return to the Wushan Temple that year, no matter how much he hates him, they both can spend the day and night together.

His master, his lateness, is his own.

Hua Bi Nan ridiculed him: "I even eat my own vinegar, my heart is not as good as a woman."

Jealous?

Stepping on the fairy thought, does not exist. Just a piece of livestock, a thing that has been with him for a long time, will give birth to feelings similar to "habits."

That's all.

On this day, the mountain was fine, and the fairy squad forced Zhou Xiening and himself to linger in the afternoon of the orange blossom tree. He looked at the small white flowers with fragrant and fragrant flowers, lazily sighed: "It is missing some taste, if the sea otter Enough."

Chu night Ning's knowledge is vague, still thinking that this is his own night dream.

So he said: "Why are you, why are you so picking up in your dreams?"

Stepping on the lawn, he stepped over and put his head on his knee. Four eyes are opposite, stepping on the fairy road: "Consistent. Right, this seat is hungry, go back later, you give this room a bowl of porridge."

"..."

"To egg-flower lean meat porridge, egg flowers should not be too cooked, porridge can not be too thick, just put a little bit of meat. You will do it? Teach you many times."

Ningyuan did not want to go to Chu, but he was hard-pressed and hard-working. Later, I had to go with him to the back hall of the Sacrifice Hall.

Chai was born, the rice was clean, and the water began to boil. Stepping on the fairy table, sitting on the small table, looked at the look of Chu Yuning in front of the ring and sullen and helpless.

Fortunately, Chu nightning thought it was a dream, so I didn't plan to spend too much energy to resist.

And when you step on Xianjun, he knows that this dream will eventually break, so it will be cherished more than any time before.

The water rolled, and the scent of rice and meat floated out under the wooden cover.

Stepping on the immortal posture, hands folded on the chin, he felt that he had a lot of words to say with the late night, but also felt that it did not make sense, said it is also a loss.

In the end, he moved his mouth and said that he was low and lazy. "Hey."

"Ok?"

What to say?

In fact, he did not know, so he thought about it and solemnly said: "Remember to put salt."

"... let go."

"That kind of remember to taste salty."

"..."

Stepping from the black to purple eyes, there is a hint of teasing and relaxation: "Don't count on the salty death of this seat." He said, got up and walked to the night of Chu, and looked into the pot, then suddenly lifted The hand, from the back, embraced the warm man.

He licked the nightmare of the night, and he dropped his eyes: "This seat still wants to torture you forever."

"Ink rain -"

Feeling the rigidity of the man, he was even tighter, not even holding back, kissing his face on the side of the neck, and the long eyelashes were lightly moving: "What? This seat taught you how long the porridge is, you Still not willing to cook a bowl of porridge in this seat?"

Chu late Ning was blocked by the robbers and gangsters, and there was nothing to say. It was hard to think of some harsh words that could be refuted, but only opened up, even if the sounds were not issued, they were blocked by the lips that Xianjun had brought over. It’s rigorous.

He took the fire he had recovered and returned to the warm spring.

In the pyrotechnic flavor of chai oil and salt, he is already a living dead body, indulgently and affectionately kissing Chu nightning, cold lips wrapped in warmth.

His master, his late Ning, his Chu Yu.

No one can take it, no one will give it.

Kissing to the fierce place, stepping on Xianjun's mind is dim, put people at the table, and from time to time to go over and kiss the two already red lips, while reaching out to pick up the clothes of the night.

He used to do such a confusing thing, and he was interested. Even if someone is in a hurry to ask for it, he will not care.

Once the most insane, he suddenly began to want to read in the day, in the Wushan Hall, and the late night of the Chuan Ning, who had just been shackled, and the monk did not go to the monk, because the Yellow River monsters could not stop asking for a glimpse. He was finally annoyed, and he ordered the people to put down the curtains and let the monks come in.

He continued to encroach on his master's respect on the summer couch carved by the lobular rosewood through the layer of tulle and the crispy bead curtain.

"Don't make a noise... I said to the outside world, I am calling Chu Guifei to be pampered, and I will leave you a face." At that time, he was pressing on the night of Chu, and he gasped, "If you Shouting, and those who are vultures will know that the person who goes to bed with me is you."

"Ink rain..." The people underneath are shameful to the extreme, their eyes are red, "You are confusing!"

[Climb a small crab here, see the old place]

At this moment, in the depths of the Lushan Mountain, Stepping Xianjun stared at the face of Zhang Qingning, the late Qing Dynasty.

He silently recalled the things of the year, but his heart vaguely raised a narrow curiosity - he did not know whether there was any doubt in the late Qing Dynasty, why did he have such a strong energy, and Song Qiutong did not.

In fact, although he has been fortunate enough to have the woman, he can always eat wrong, and he does not want to have a child with Song Qiutong, even if he is happy, he will avoid letting her get pregnant. Perhaps because of his origins, he always felt that there should be no children with two people who have no deep friendship and can abide by their lives.

But it is also strange to say that he is so disgusted with the night, but he always thinks about it. If his Chu Yu is so favored by himself day and night, he can bear his bones.

Conquest of desire?

Revenge?

Possession? It is still a more humiliating punishment than being seized.

he does not know.

In such self-paralysis, he sang again and again with him and went to the abyss of sin and sin.

Chapter 269

In the mood of confusion, the seal of the person who stepped down the body of the fairy, the robes scattered, revealing the traces of green purple purple below. He acted as if he had thought of something, his eyes were dark and hot, just like the two smoldering fires in the ashes.

After a while, Teng Xianjun closed her eyes and sighed: "But..." He also knows that if he does it again at this time, Chu night would rather be separated from his flesh.

"Today is... and spare you..."

In this quietness of the world, he finally released the person in his arms and did not do anything too much. But still bowed his head, his throat twitched, kissing the lover's eyebrows, all the way down... and finally fell between the necks, and Sensen's white teeth took a bite. Then he straightened up and pulled up the man who was pressed at the table.

The porridge was cooked, and he snorted and snorted.

Stepping Xian Jun has a rough hand and a good dress for the night, and has a soft cough. The voice is still low. There is still room temperature: "The

porridge is good, go, and have a bowl."

Although Chu Yuening was made in the fog, he was moody because of his usual day, and he felt that he was a dream, so he did not go too far. What's more, eating well is much more comfortable than finding ridiculous, so I didn't talk much more, to uncover the coffin lid.

"More."

"...hold you?"

Stepping on the fairy is like laughing and laughing: "You try."

Speaking and sitting down at the table.

Although he would like to take a look at the appearance of the pot porridge cooked in the night, but the emperor's shelf still has to be end, so the human model sits at the table and corrects, but also put a casual look.

However, when the porridge really comes up, stepping on the fairy will not be careless -

This porridge was overcooked, and the water was also put a little more. The taste was salty and faint. Even if it had not been moved, he knew that he was familiar with the taste that he had never tasted.

"Eat."

"..."

Stepping on the fairy bowl in front of the small bowl of God, the spoon was stirred in it, but did not send the porridge soup to the entrance.

Chu nightning looked at him: "If you don't eat again, it will be cold."

"……Oh."

The porridge was picked up, and it was put to the lips, and hesitated to let go.

Chu Xiaoning finally felt his strangeness and asked: "What happened?"

"Nothing." Stepping Xianjun smiled and was still sinful and contemptuous. "It’s really bad to cook, don’t drink."

"..."

"It's too stuffy here, this seat goes out and breathes."

He finished, pushing the unmoving porridge bowl away, and he got up and walked to the door. When the door was approaching, the voice of Chu Xiaoning sounded behind the scenes.

"If you don't drink." Chu Yuening's voice is very calm, it is the calm that he has been humiliated many times and he has tempered. "I just dumped the whole pot."

Anyway, what he did to him, in all likelihood, was ruined.

This has been the case since the initial copying of the hand that was shot down to the ground.

Stepping on the fairy suddenly came back: "Don't move!... I mean..." He coughed and concealed his gaffe. "First let go."

"What are you doing?"

"...no need to take care of you."

He opened the curtain and went out. When he reached the eaves, he closed his eyes and sighed heavily.

He is actually a corpse. How can he be like a living person, and after all, it is different from living people - he has been unable to eat.

At that time, he was killed in the Wushan Temple, and was used by the cold scales to make a living dead. The cold scale sage came to the world through time and space cracks, and he was left in the old and broken red dust to do things according to the order, just like this, for nearly ten years.

In the ten years of this corpse, he has never eaten anything. But he is not gluttony, so he never feels any regrets.

Until today, sitting in front of a bowl of succulent egg-flowered lean meat porridge, he suddenly felt lost -

Why is he no longer a living person?

He waited for so many years, and finally waited for a few days, and got a late night that belongs to him.

But he couldn't drink any more porridge that the man had made.

What is the taste of porridge cooked in the late evening?

He stood under the corrugation and squinted and recalled. After a long time, he suddenly raised his arm and covered his eyelashes. No one could see how his face looked at him. He showed it only. The pale lips of the squatting, as well as the chin of the lines.

Later he put his arm down and opened his eyes, his eyes were reddish.

His memory is not good, not too smart. If the tip of the tongue can still feel a little bit sour, bitter and salty, he may be able to regain his memories. But his bones are cold and his lips are tasteless. So even if the bowl of porridge is in front of him, he can't remember what it is.

He won't know again.

At night, he went to find a teacher.

Sacrifice to the cold pool in front of the Temple of Heaven, the handsome and innocent man with a bare foot, the toes twirling with the torrents of spring, picking up the star-like water.

Seeing him coming, the teacher’s eyebrows are slightly raised, and he seems to know his intentions. His look is cold and ridiculous: "So beautiful scenery, I don’t think that Emperor Jun is not in the secret room to accompany Chu Zongshi, but I have come to find me."

Teng Xianjun did not want to bend around with him. He asked directly: "Do you have any way to make this seat become the same as before?"

"..." The teacher swept his eyes back and forth. "Although you are a living dead, the bed rest should be unaffected."

"I didn't tell you this."

"Oh? What do you mean?"

"... Eat." Stepping Xianjun is cold and cold, "This seat wants to eat."

The teacher’s eyes were dark and thoughtfully asked: “Isn’t the emperor wanting to eat that bowl of dragons?”

"Besides my teacher, no one in the world can do it well."

The teacher smiled a little: "It's rare, you can think of him today."

Teng Xianjun’s memory of the teacher’s voice is messy and unstable, and sometimes it can be recalled. Sometimes there is no impression, but in general, there are many impressions. So I heard him mention the word “teacher” today, and the teacher is not new.

He asked: "Hey, you are mixing all day in Lushan and Chu night, why don't you think about your Ming brother?"

"..."

The so-called opposites do not know, this is probably the case.

After a while, Tseng Xianjun said: "You said that this body is too heavy, and you should not go to see my teacher before you get a new spiritual resurrection. He is a water attribute, this seat. Will hurt him."

The teacher did not lie at the slightest shame: "It is true."

"So you ask the dragon to copy what to do." Stepping Xian looked at him with cold eyes. "Which pot does not open the pot."

The teacher smiled and smiled: "I am just curious that in addition to the dragon's handwriting, there is nothing to eat in the world that will make you

taste the treasures of the emperor."

"..."

"What, don't you want to say it?"

"..."

"That makes me guess, is Chu Zongshi cooking for you?"

Seeing the emperor's look slightly changed, the lips are slightly stunned, the teacher smiled and said: "I heard that the Chu Zong division of the dead and the dead is a must, the best cooking coke, you are really interesting, this can swallow Lower mouth."

The face of Stepanjun is getting more and more heavy: "You can say that there is no way, others don't have to worry."

"There is definitely a way, and I have already told you about it."

Stepping Xian frowned: "What is it?"

"The old way." The teacher said softly, "Get the spiritual core of the Mo Zongshi at an early date, and exchange his spiritual core for you, you will be exactly the same as before."

An orange flower floated over the water, and the tip of the teacher's toe swept a little, and the white and fragrant flowers were caught in the gap between the toes. Although Fang Fei was white, it was not as delicate and delicate as the skin of the teacher.

The teacher smiled and glared at the flower that was embarrassing on his toes and could not continue to float. He said: "We both worked together and got the spiritual core one day earlier. I will get your full strength one day, you, You can also eat what you want to eat one day earlier."

I paused and raised the lashes of soft feathers: "See people who think about it."

"..."

"So let me do more with me, the emperor will kneel down."

"Before you want to go to the lonely moon and night to kill people, and later you have to call this Zhen Zhen army to attack the dead, these these have been done. You have to cooperate with you in this seat, simply say it."

The teacher smiled and smiled: "Okay, really happy. In fact, there are not many things to ask you to do next, only the last one."

"You said."

"Go with me to Tianyin Pavilion, our chess game has been down to the end, and the net."

When he said this, Teng Xianjun noticed that the pigeons were wearing a golden tail feather pigeon, which was the soul of the Tianyin Pavilion.

"Tian Yin Ge is here for you?"

"Yeah." The teacher stretched out two long fingers and sandwiched a thin piece of paper. "It’s all good news. Everything goes according to our plan. Good people don’t feel so happy. Anping Anzhen, but no one gave him a sin."

He smiled and licked his fingers. He had cursed the letter and instantly folded it into a paper butterfly and threw it to Stepan.

"Look at it yourself."

"You don't have to look at it." Stepping Xian took the paper butterfly, but did not expand. He looked at the teacher with a pair of black eyes. "You will say, when do you start?"

"Trial after three days. Execution after three more days."

"Six days?"

The sergeant stroked the wings of the Jinwei homing pigeon, and his expression was very gentle. Suddenly, a small snake in his sleeve was pulled out, and the neck of the pigeon was bitten by lightning, and the soft bird was swallowed in an instant. belly.

All of this is only between the electric and the flint, and there is no fluctuation on the face of the teacher. It seems to have been used to it.

He smiled and opened a residual feather, and looked up: "Yes, so we will stay in Lushan for three days, then go to Tianyin Pavilion and wait."

The feathers fell into the pool, and the cockroaches spread softly, breaking the reflection of the two men on the shore.

"His spiritual core will give you the power to be invincible. In this way, everything you want will soon be available."

After this conversation, Stepping Xianjun returned to the Shushan Chamber of Secrets.

The spirit of Chu Evening was not good. It seemed to be reading a book, but at the moment it fell asleep on the table. A white sleeve was like a snow cover.

He stood by him for a while, in fact, it was such a man, a lonely lamp, a book of green books, he has been prosperous in the world, read the flowers, and the beauty of beauty has never been seen.

What is the night of Chu?

What catches your eyes.

He thought so sullenly, but his throat was swaying, and he couldn’t help but lean over and hold the man, burying his cheeks in the neck of the man.

"..." Chu Yuening was disturbed by him and opened his eyes. Fengxian was first confused and gentle, and then remembered the brutality of this immortal monarch, and his eyes were sharp and fierce.

These changes have all fallen into the eyes of stepping Xianjun. The troubles in his heart were unwilling to grow like wild grass, and in the end he couldn't stand it, and he would hold up the night.

"What are you crazy about? - Hey!"

A sigh, the man has been on the wall.

Stepping on the fairy and kissing him desperately, from the neck to the lips, from the lips to the chin, he gasped and said, "Do you like me?"

"..."

"Chu Ning, do you like me?"

"What are you doing? Why suddenly..."

However, Teng Xianjun does not seem to want to know his answer. He simply wants to ask this question. As for the answer, it has nothing to do with him.

Or because no matter what the answer is, returning to the road, you can't go back, so it doesn't help.

"If I am not the emperor, I am like you, become a generation of masters, will you be willing to be with me? Will you be willing to treat me better?"

He finally bite Chu Ning's neck side, blood-sucking possession.

It seems that this is the only way to prove that this person belongs to him in his arms, not to the ink rain that is completely different from his own.

However, the moment of falling off the eyelashes, the voice was hoarse.

"Do you like him all the time, more than me who likes this..."

"What the **** are you talking about!"

Yes, Chu Xiaoning’s memory is disordered at this time. There are only memories of past lives, and there is no impression of this life. Naturally, he will not understand his gibberish.

It is only this time, he is completely a person who is a monk.

He suddenly felt very sad.

I don't know why, there is even some pride and misery in the voice.

Stepping Xianjun and his lover are lingering in the neck. In the end, he whispered: "If I win his spiritual core... will you hate me more?"

Nothing is more incomprehensible than being denied by myself.

Stepping Xianjun holds the people in his arms.

"But you are the one in this seat..."

"Don't betray me."

When he was whispering, he even felt that he was bleak.

Probably lonely for a long time, and then the sharp knife will be blunt.

"Eight years. How long have you been after he was born again, I am alone, how long it has been waiting for another red dust."

Lonely Wushan Temple, floating for no reason.

"Don't leave me for the second time.... The first time, I can still die. But if you go for the second time... I can't even choose to die." Stepping Xianjun raised his eyebrows. Gloomy and crazy, sadness and paranoia symbiosis, "I can't stand it..."

Chapter 270

The three-day deadline was fleeting. When the dawn dawned on the third day, the teacher came to the secret room.

Stepping on the fairy has been worn, still a black armor, the waist is thin and thin with a silvery dark box, the legs are slender, the shoulders are wide, the hands are wearing a scales, and the wrist is tied with a thousand shackles. .

He raised his eyes and his eyes were cold: "You are here."

"Ready, let's go to Tianyin Pavilion."

"You don't have to prepare, go."

The teacher looked at him: "So what is the late night?"

"Hey he took the medicine and slept."

The teacher nodded, but for the sake of prevention, he and Teng Xianjun re-entered the secret room once. After the diagnosis, the teacher said: "His energy will almost completely recover in these days, be careful."

Stepping on the battle against Chu’s fighting power is not afraid, but asks: “What about memory?”

The teacher gave him a look: "The same is true."

"..."

Ignore the gloomy dissatisfaction on the face of Stepanjun, the teacher got up and set up a fascinating scent in the secret room to ensure that Chu Ning would not suddenly wake up and make a bad plan. Finally, when I went out, I dropped a high-level curse on the door.

Stepping on the fairy eyebrows: "What do you do with this curse? There is no other person in this mountain. Nangong Liu is also the mind of the little devil. No one can go in and save him."

The teacher’s face is unchanged, faintly said: “The family thief is difficult to prevent.”

"Who?"

"You don't know." The teacher sighed. "It's one of my closest people. Don't say it, let's go."

The two left.

In the cold and cold stone room, there is only Chu Xinning himself. He is still in a coma, and the memories of the two worlds are recovering.

But not only, even the teachers didn't notice that the reason why Chu Yuning had been lingering for so long, the knowledge and memories have not fully recovered, not just because he is in poor health, but also has a very important reason. ——

What he wants to remember is not just his own memories!

About because half of the soul stayed in the body for a long time, and the soul of the burning soul was entangled all day long. When the soul returned, he also brought him some memories of the soul of the soul.

- At this moment, these memories became the last image that poured into his brain. He is dreaming, dreaming of some broken past events.

He first dreamed of a funeral post, and the unkempt child crouched on a rotten female body, squinting, and his eyes were blurred.

"Mother... A Niang... Anyone? Anyone... I buried it, buried me and Auntie..."

Then I dreamed of the drunken jade building in Xiangtan. The ink burned and was beaten in a purple cage. I curled up in a dog cage. The warmth of the cows and the beasts were fascinating. The child was kept in a cage and did not have to eat or drink. He can't even turn around.

A child who is similar to his age is grinning at him: "Don't look at what you look like, but also want to be a hero? I see you are a joke! Hey! You are a joke in your life!"

Spit spit.

Small ink burns off your eyes.

Chu nightning's eyelashes are also shaking.

Ink burning...

Then, he dreamed that the raging fire tongue was like a sling, and the ghost was twisted and twisted in the building.

There were crying everywhere, the burning beams collapsed, some people were screaming, and smoke was rolling.

The young boy burned in the fire of the sky, his face was very cold, his eyes were calm, he lowered his head, put a **** mottled knife on his lap, holding a bunch of grapes in his hands, slowly peeling the purple skin.

"It's all over, A Niang."

The smoldering looks very peaceful.

"But I can't see you... I killed someone, my hands are blood. A Niang, I will go to **** after I die, I will never see you again."

Ink burning... ink burning...

Suddenly the light started to shine.

It is a woman's gentle face, and her eyes are slightly picking.

who is it?

Chu Xiaoning felt that the woman’s eyebrows were similar to themselves, and when she looked down seriously, she was very clear.

She sewed the coat in her hand.

"A Niang..." There is a child's voice, calling in a light mosquito.

The woman screamed and smiled at him: "How did you wake up?"

"I have a nightmare... I am so hungry..."

The woman put off her clothes and opened her arms. She smiled softly and said, "I have a nightmare again? Well, don't be afraid, I will burn my baby in my arms."

Burning children... ink burning...

Chu nightning closed his eyes, and he did not know how bitter the taste was.

too bitter.

Just watching, I feel that this day is dry and shrinking, and every night is so difficult.

A Niang...

This is the first time he saw the appearance of the ink-burning mother. He suddenly understood why there was no sad temple in the past. Xiaomo burning instinctively grabbed his robes and believed that he prayed for himself. He suddenly understood that before the tower, that Why did the teenager come over to himself and beg for himself and accept him as a disciple.

The teenager smiled and said: "Because you look the best, the most gentle."

At that time, everyone was laughing at the back of the ink, and the sneer was burning.

Actually not.

no……

He is not awkward, nor is he a flattering. He can't tell the truth, he can't cry, he can't pull Chu night and say: "Xianjun, when you look down, there are actually some people who have been the best in the world. She is gone, can you ignore me, can you replace her, and look at me again."

I miss her very much.

Nothing can be said about ink burning. It can only endure the great bitterness in the heart and endure the tears rising. Endure the indifference and neglect of Chu Yuning. Chasing behind, pretending to calmly laugh and deceive everyone.

No one needs to know his past, no one can share his pain.

He can only smile like this, under the tower of the sky, the smile is too eager, too eager, stealing endless thoughts, so that the night will burn.

The ink burns open your eyes.

He is not dead, he is in an extremely narrow cell. The walls are gray and the only light comes from a small meal under the door of the Xuan Iron Gate.

The top of the cell was engraved with the coat of arms of the scales, and he knew he was in the middle of it.

This is the first fair and fair judgment temple in the world, independent of the top ten martial art outside the first martial arts.

Tianyin Pavilion.

He lay inside, his throat burning and his lips cracking.

It is very quiet around, and it can be quiet in the eardrum to produce an empty wind, and you can hear the slang of the soul. It took him a long time to gather his own distracted consciousness -

He actually felt that he should have had such a day in his life, but his fate is still kind to him, and he will be able to settle his sins with him in this life.

"The ink burns and eats."

I don't know how long I have been lying. Here, time is blurred.

He heard someone coming over and pushed the meal from the hole to him, a piece of oil swirling cake, a bowl of soup.

He did not get up and pick up, and the attendant of Tianyin Pavilion did not talk to him any more, and he walked quickly, and soon he went far.

How is Chu nightning?

How is the death and death?

Where did the pieces that were destroyed finally go?

He was faint, and he was tired of thinking about these three questions. After thinking for a long time, he was willing to accept his life and knew that no one would tell him the answer.

He is now a prisoner.

He sat up.

There was a pain in the chest, and there was no strength in the body. The once-frozen spiritual flow had disappeared. He stayed behind the wall for a while -

After the original nuclear nucleus was broken, it was this feeling.

Can not summon Shenwu, can not cast spells, as if the wind and the waves of the waves lost the tail, Peng Yun Peng has no wings.

He was kneeling in the corner, his black eyes staring blankly at the front.

The smoldering was suddenly very sad, but the sadness was not because of himself. He thought of the past life of Chu, and the reincarnation of heaven. He finally realized the helplessness and pain of Chu Xiening at that time.

He really wanted to say sorry to Chu’s late night.

But it is late.

Everything can't go back.

He was trapped in the house, the cake and a bowl of soup from hot to cold, from cold to cold. Later, he began to eat, and after eating this, no one has ever been to this cell.

He became the ink that was locked in the dog cage when he was a child, but the treatment of the house was much better than the dog cage. He could

comfortably lie down.

He was lying in this darkness, and he woke up when he woke up, but it was not so important to wake up and sleep. In this room, he seemed to die.

The ink burned faintly, maybe he is already dead?

Perhaps this life, that is, he is lying in the raft under the tower of the sky, the soul is not scattered, and a good dream. He swayed the thirty-two years of life like a circus, and he was full of gloom and joy, and finally he became a bone in his heart.

He rolled his mouth slightly and smiled.

He actually felt that if the truth is true, then it would be better.

He was very tired. He walked for too long and struggled for too long. He was in **** or human. He was not so concerned. He just wanted to rest.

He is very old in his heart. In fact, when he was born in the middle of the night, he had already gone down completely and went on. He has been doing good for so many years, and he is looking for a cure for this aging medicine.

But he could not find it.

He fought for so long, unrelentingly and shamelessly seeking for so long, and now he is tired and tired. In this life, he lost his mother, lost his master, lost his best friend, lost his lover, lost his stolen relatives, and lost his vain reputation.

Now, he has lost even the core. But he was still taken to the Tianyin Pavilion, still unable to escape the most severe blame in the realm of cultivation.

He finally died, and he knew that he would never be forgiven.

His drizzle is an ugly and deformed mountain, and the vast winter snow covers his scars.

But it was snowing.

His darkness, his horror, nowhere to hide.

He couldn’t do the Master of Mozambique. When he was contaminated with the blood of the first innocent person, he was destined to be the emperor in his life. He burned the piano and burned his teeth. His face was as good as his beast. He Damn it.

He is dead, cheering in the world.

I don't know if he was trapped in the forbidden room, the door opened.

The disciples of Tianyin Pavilion came in and tied him with a bundle of sacred words, then picked him up and left him and dragged him outside.

They took him through a long, dark road.

The ink burned hoarse and sullenly opened, saying the first words from these days: "How are they?"

No one cares about him.

He was twisted and went to the end. The sky is set off, and the ink burns like a dragon that has been huddled in the dark for too long. It has already been glaring, and it seems so dull and uneasy in such a dazzling glare. He couldn't adapt to the sudden light. He wanted to cover his eyes, but his hands were tied back, so he could only bow his head and shed tears under the thick black eyelashes.

He was fainting, and he didn't know where he was. Only the sense of smell was clear.

He smelled the breath of the wind, the breath of the sea, the breath of flowers and trees, he was pushed a bit, and hesitated to go forward.

Slowly, the ears can adapt to the noisy here.

He heard many people talking, and whispering whispers together was like Jiang Chao. The tide can wash away the dirt, but the tide can also kill people.

I feel that I can't breathe.

He is very weak.

At this moment, it is weak to the extreme.

"Your Majesty."

The man who escorted him was pushing him, and he knelt down, and the sun shone in the high heavens, shining on his dry face.

I didn't think that the outside would be such a sunny day.

"That is the ink master..."

"I don't think that one day I could see him being judged in Tianyin Pavilion. Hey, it's really a matter of knowing people and knowing what to do."

The ink burns in the ears, and the eyes can gradually see something, but it is still very unclear. He can only look at everything in front of him with the shadow of the eyelashes.

It is the public auditorium of Tianyin Pavilion in memory.

When he was young, he once saw the place of trial with Xue Zhengyi Xue Meng.

But he has been a spectator and has become a person under trial.

The crowds in the audience are crowded and crowded. These are the ordinary people who came to the Tianying Pavilion for onlookers and interrogated. He couldn't see the faces of any one person, and he couldn't see the expressions on those people's faces. He only thought that those heads that had whispered together were together, and they became high and low undulating wheat waves.

Then he looked up again.

The four walls are towering, and the visitors from various sects sit on the stage.

The blue color is Bitanzhuang, the red one is the fire phoenix pavilion, the yellow one is the mourning temple... Then his heart slammed together, it is strange, he still feels pain.

He saw the familiar silver blue, the quietest of the entire stands, and the most popular martial art.

The shackles of life and death.

He blinked, regardless of the sting of his eyes, trying to look in that direction - but he couldn't see, he couldn't see where Xue Zhengyi was, and he couldn't see who was Xue Meng who was the elder of the wolf who was Hey, he can't find Mrs. Wang.

In the end, on the trial stage, he still couldn’t see those people he was most worried about.

"The smoldering of the dead, the ninth city of the Confucianism, the singularity of the Nangong, and the singularity of the Nangong." On the high platform, the wooden smoke was clearly stated in the sound of the

sound, and the sound was suppressed. Adding trials, you can't misplace them, you can't make a mistake..."

The ink burned did not listen to her words.

Such a sharp voice is too harsh for a long-awaited person.

The wood smoke is not a singularity. It is about the slogan of a cup of tea. It floats into the ear of the ink, and it is the incomplete word of "killing and paying for life", "intentional speculation" and "cultivation prohibition".

In the end, he heard her say: "To remove the recidivism, and to give justice, this Tianyin Pavilion is also responsible."

After the wood smoke was finished, a disciple of Tianyin Pavilion came next to him. The disciple came to the front of the ink, and against the dazzling sunlight, cast a dark shadow of ink.

"Open your mouth."

"..."

Seeing that the ink did not respond, the man snorted and slammed his chin violently, pouring a pot of bitter medicinal juice into his mouth.

"Cough and cough -"

The ink can't burn the cough. He hasn't eaten for many days. The stomach suddenly touches such a strong slurry, and it is almost irritating. It seems to be retching.

The man held his throat and prevented him from moving, forcing him to swallow the pot of potion. The cold liquid is like a snake sliding into the belly, turning over the river, and tearing through the internal organs.

The ink burns his face, and he wants to vomit. He really wants to vomit.

However, he did not accept the soft, refused to ask for mercy, he did not even want to tears in his eyes. He is half-baked, and his despicable days are too much, but this does not mean that he has no dignity.

The potion was filled down, and the man loosened him, and he gasped heavily.

The wings are lost and the fatigue is exhausted.

However, there is still a fierceness before the death of a lonely eagle.

The people of Tianyin Pavilion are explaining to the spectators who come to the five seas and lakes as usual -

"This is a sin."

The ink burns the lips and the teeth are pale, and the coveted laughs.

Swearing water... Oh, complaining about water, how can he not know?

This kind of syrup, the sinless person must not drink, only to become the trial prisoner of Tianyin Pavilion, will be poured this kind of decoction, and then will be conscious of the sin, to describe the big mistakes made in life.

After the interpretation of the disciples of Tianyinge, they came over and tapped on the lips of the ink to expand the sound so that everyone could hear his words.

The ink burns and closes the eyebrows, and the head of the stomach seems to have a knife.

He was forbearing, because he was too hard to endure, and he was shaking and squeaking. He was pale and his eyes turned up slowly. He squatted on the platform... twitching...

He still has consciousness, but the consciousness is clear for a while, and it is blurred for a while. He exhausts all his perseverance to fight against the drug, but still can't get rid of it -

"I... killed people." In the end, it was still painful to close his eyes and hoarse.

His unspeakable voice, walking through every corner.

Everyone was quiet, and they looked at the people on the stage with their eyes.

The wooden cigarettes lingered on the high platform.

“How many people have you killed?”

"...too much...do not remember..."

The following people have changed their faces.

"How old are you when you first murder?"

"fifteen."

"Is it a monk or a mortal?"

"mortal."

"Is murder for revenge, or is it for self-protection?"

"There are both."

He asked one by one, and many of the spectators gathered to see the excitement. It was not clear about the previous things. When they heard the ink burning, they actually killed people at the age of fifteen, and the more they killed, the more they couldn’t remember the exact number. They were all shocked and angry.

"I don't think that this famous Mo Zong teacher is actually a devil who kills people without blinking!"

"It’s terrible... this person is so sinister."

"I didn't even dare to kill the chicken when I was fifteen, but he actually started killing! It's a metamorphosis..."

If the wooden cigarettes are not heard, they will be cold and cold: "Follow the crime."

"I..." I couldn't stand the bones and bursts, but I couldn't stand it. The ink burned and mute, "I...pretend, I pretend to be the scorpion of the Lord."

"how long?"

"eight years..."

"Continue to commit crimes."

The ink burns slowly and slowly: "I... cultivation... three major bans... Jane... Jane... the game..."

Many people in the stands were speechless at this moment.

Some people yelled at the side of the dead and sorrow, and sneered in the mouth: "Is Xue Zhengzhen not to give up this animal? I will say a cup of sin to feed, he must tell the truth - Xue Zheng Before the embarrassment, I still didn’t let the Tianyin Pavilion interrogate the ink. I saw that this old thing was blinded by lard, and the hatred of the killing did not want to be reported. The sect of the dead is actually a disciple practicing ban, this martial art Can you disperse it? What else to keep? Then cultivate the devil?"

"I also said that he did it! After the death of his life, he abolished his spiritual core to save us. It was nothing more than a bitterness. Fortunately, he did not let him go!"

"That is, staying in the green hills is not ignorant of firewood. He must have thought about it at that time. He is so great, how is the spiritual core abolished? Maybe he can think of any tricks to restore himself. It seems that it is really It’s dangerous, if it’s not the Tianyin Pavilion’s insistence, we might have misplaced this poisonous thing!”

On the public auditorium, there is a Pangshuo Libra, which is full of golden brilliance. It is a very special martial art. It has a hundred tons. Since the opening of the Tianyin Pavilion, it has been standing here for thousands of years. On behalf of the same.

It is said that this scale can be left in the world by the gods, and can clarify all the sins and punishments of the human world and give the most fair ruling.

The ink burned without opening an acknowledgment of a guilt. The wooden smoke left the disciples to put the weight of the golden spirit into the weighing pan. The exquisite code fell into the weighing pan and quickly became bigger, pressed down heavily, and the other side of the scale On the top, facing the corresponding punishment.

When he recited his first sin, Libra pointed to "the dig of the core."

After he finished the game, Libra pointed to the most extreme punishment -

"Crush the soul."

In the stands, Xue Meng’s face was full of blood.

He murmured: "Crush the soul...?"

Since then, there has been no light rain in the world, no more burning.

This is his brother, really good or fake.

Even if the round is reincarnation, it will never be seen again.

There was a blank in his mind and his hands were stiff.

Xue Zhengyi stood up and abruptly said to the wooden cigarette: "The punishment of smashing the soul has never been suffered since the Tianyin Pavilion. The wooden cabinet owner may fear that your trial is unfair."

Chapter 271

Listening to Xue Zhengxuan’s opening, people with other martial arts are angry and get up: “Can you shut up the dead sorrow?! Your disciples have cultivated the chess game, which has already violated the taboo of the comprehension, and it is reasonable for you to break the door. I’m not going to care about you for a while, but can you be a little self-aware?”

"Xue Zhengyi! You still speak for him? You should be a group with him!"

It’s surrounded by slang.

The martial art is good, the family is good, and it is often the case. One person becomes a god, and the dog grows up. But once a person makes a heinous thing, the entire sect or family will be regarded as a demon cave.

"This is a sin, not a fixed sentence." The wooden cigarette is a faint one. As far as things are concerned, it is not to judge the death and death. "Shu Palm Gate does not have to worry. After the sin, it will be broken. The difference is the final conclusion." ""

When she finished, she turned her head and looked at the ink, and the voice was cold: "Continue to sin."

"I...have...the bully...the annihilation...the ancestors..."

"The bully destroys the ancestors?"

This is confusing.

The ink burns but feels like a fire.

Deceiving the ancestors, Chen is the sin of his previous life - this sins of water, will actually smash the felony committed by his last life from the throat!

But he doesn't want to say... he doesn't want to say it! Is it necessary for him to say how his former life is lingering/insulting with the lateness of the eyes under the gaze of countless pairs of eyes?

Prisoners are imprisoned and blasphemy.

Insulted him, and finally killed him.

He didn't want to say.

He felt that he could not live, but the days of Chu Xiening were still very long.

Chu Nighting is the spirit of Shenmu, with the purest aura and talent. He hopes that Chu Ning can go on well, and in the end he will be able to fly and rise to the ranks of Xianban, no longer need to suffer from reincarnation, the pain of love.

His master is so good, so clean.

He wants to protect him...

We must not let everyone feel that they have something to do with it.

You must not let everyone feel that the night is rather dirty, and the body is contaminated with the sin and sweetness of stepping on the king.

He wants to protect him.

Protect him...

In the abdominal cavity, he still burns a fire, and the pain is broken. The ear faintly heard the wood smoke from the cold and forced to ask: "What is the bully ancestors?"

He did not say, he did not say.

The fingertips whipped on the rough sandstone ground, and the front of the forehead was scarred. He groaned in the same place, like a fish that died on the beach...

He does not say.

It is the same to resist the crime of sin and to resist the heavenly question. As long as you die, you can always endure it.

He asked in the whistle of the Tianyin Pavilion, and everyone struggled in the eyes of the people. This torture is too deep, and ordinary people can't stand it even when they ask questions, and this is a hundred times more than a hundred times more painful than the day.

He felt that the intestines and stomachs were tightened by a pair of invisible hands, tearing, smashing, **** mottled sores were flooded with salt water, burning pain, pain in the wrist bones.

The sound of the wood smoke seems so far away, as if it came from the ocean.

"What is the so-called bully and annihilation of the ancestors?!"

He did not say that he bit his tongue and bit his lip, but blood in his mouth, but no tears.

The same as the seven days in the dog cage.

He does not cry.

His tears will only be the laughing stock of the spectator.

No one will be merciful, and he is not afraid of the pity of these people.

Even if it hurts to death, it will hurt until the liver and intestines are broken.

The wood smoke is still interrogating and questioning: "What did you do to Chu Xiening?"

It hurts too much, and in the end, there is an illusion.

He saw the appearance of Chu Xi Ning after a hundred years of flying into a fairy. It is still a white coat like a snow, handsome eyebrows, and fascinating. When you don't laugh, you have a sharp edge. When you laugh, the edge is turned into a gentleness.

"No..."

The wooden cigarette smashed a bit, and the lips were lightly opened: "What?"

The ink-burning throat is crushed and hoarse: "I said wrong, I have never... I have not... bully..."

Lifting the scorpion, the blood is vertical and vertical, but the scorpion is bright.

“Destroy the ancestors!

The words are broken.

"..." The wooden cigarette was not known from the face. It seemed to have a hint of horror. It seemed to be a bit stunned, but she was too cold, and her horror and sorrow were quickly frozen into ice. She paused. Said, "Continue to sin."

The ink burns and coughs blood, and the lungs seem to be shattered, and they breathe with a turbid smell.

He lay on the ground, waiting for the huge pain of the sin, the body was soaked, pale as paper, his cheeks against the ground, hair stained on the cheeks, gasping.

The wood smoke was involuntarily stepped forward.

She stared at him: "Continue to sin."

"Not guilty..." The ink burned on the eyes, dumb, "can be Chen."

The wood smoke left a disciple to take a little bit of blood burned, and then wiped it on the exquisite code. The code was engraved with three small tricks of "gongshande", which was used to measure the merits of this person.

She threw the weight into the scales.

Libra is slowly floating, except for the burning, everyone is watching the golden pointer -

"Smashing the soul"...still "smashing the soul"...

The pointer is moving.

Smash the soul.

But there is no way to smash the soul.

Xue Meng held the dragon city machete on his knees and his face was extremely ugly. He stared at the scale. He tried to keep his waist straight, because he knew that if it fell, he would not be able to straighten up.

He shook a little, and his palm was colder than the Dragon City.

The wooden cigarettes looked at the golden scales without looking at the beautiful eyes. The pointer moved more and more slowly, moving in the field of "smashing the soul", almost banned.

She opened her sleeves and said faintly: "Okay, it seems that the overall situation has..."

"Still moving."

"Xue Gongzi..."

Xue Meng stared at her, he was talking, although the voice was trembling, even though he did not know whether he was right or wrong.

"The pointer is still moving."

The wooden cigarette leaves the road: "Quickly stopped."

"Then wait for it to stop."

The wood smoke is opposite to his sight.

After a while, she had a cold and ridiculous smile on her face: "Okay, then wait for it to stop."

The sun was poisonous, and the ground of the roasted sandstone floated a layer of gray smoke.

They waited, everyone looked at the pointer and waited for it to stop. The strange thing is that the pointer has not settled for a long time -

It also seems to be not sure how to decide for the light rain, it is swinging, hesitating to the place of reducing the sin, slowly, little by little.

Wood smoke did not seem to have encountered such a situation, she no longer snorted, goose yellow clothes, and quietly await the judgment of Shenwu Libra.

Xue Meng’s knuckles were white, and he stared at the needle. It seemed that it was not the life of a person who was about to arbitrate, but the years in which he and his ink were arbitrated.

From scorn to dislike, from disgust to acceptance, from acceptance to recognition.

Is it the beginning of the cold and wrong, or the later "brother", wrong to be outrageous?

he does not know.

He stared at the needle, and he had no hope when he stared at the needle.

Don't stop.

I beg you.

Go ahead and go some more, you see, it’s still a little...

The guy was wrong again, but he also broke the spirit core and retired thousands of troops.

How can I be sentenced to death?

How can you crush his soul...

a little. A little more.

To the end.

——

"Life is to dig the core."

The wooden cigarette was announced with a blank expression, and she was very fair and cold-blooded. It was very different from the robes with golden warm light on her body. Her whole person was colder than frost and snow.

The pointer stopped.

The tip is swaying at the word "living the core of the spirit".

That was the final judgment of Master Mo.

The wooden smoke is off the stalwart spectators below, as well as the top ten sects on the stage -

It is indeed the top ten sects. The Tianyin Pavilion still has the old seat of the Confucianism Gate. There is a lonely person sitting on the seat. It is a black leaf.

She carried the cloth sac of Nangong, and she lost her master's white gold forever. Her face was very awkward, but her eyes were clear, and she was watching everything on the trial table.

The wooden smoke is off the road: "There is an eye in the sky, the mirror is high, and the Tianyin Pavilion has passed the judgment. It has not been used for personal gains and fraud. It has never been biased. It has not been deliberately slandered. It has been judged by ink, and it has been used to dig the criminal law. Express three days, tell the world, if there is no objection, three days later -"

Xue Meng has been closing his eyes and forbearing, but at the moment he finally couldn't help it. He suddenly got up, and the silver blue light armor flashed: "I have dissent."

"..."

"I don't have to wait until three days later, I have objections now."

The following is even more prosperous: "The death of his mother's fast-closed! What!"

"Everything Xue Zhengyi and Xue Meng have tried together! In all likelihood, it is a group of people. How can I help the devil to speak on this?"

"At that time, Jane Chess came to the world. How did you not kill the number of people? Are you really a magic cave?"

Xue Meng's face was blue, but he had to do his best to suppress his anger.

The angry snarls of the monks, the wooden cigarettes were heard from nature, but she turned a deaf ear, only faintly said: "Small Xue Gongzi has something to say, I am listening."

Xue Meng opened his mouth and seemed to be ignorant of what he said. Mrs. Wang was very worried in her heart and quietly pulled him: "Menger, there are still three days, we have long considered it, think about how to say..."

Xue Meng did not seem to hear the mother's words. He stared straight at the wooden cigarette for a while, then turned to look at the scales, and finally his eyes fell on a small black spot in the distance.

That is the ink burning above the punishment platform.

Xue Meng’s eyes trembled, like a slap in the wind, and the bottom of his eyes wrinkled.

It’s not dark, it’s not bright.

He said without a word: "He has no spiritual core."

Wood smoke away: "What do you mean?"

Xue Meng suddenly got excited. He looked back at her: "What do you mean? You don't know? The person who saved you in the dead, the person who retired the chess piece, isn't he? The wooden cabinet owner, I want to know you. How to execute a sentence? His spiritual core has been broken! What else do you have to do? Dig out his heart?"

He had water vapor in his eyes and his nails fell deep into his palm.

"Life is to dig the core of the spirit, to dig the core of the spirit... There is no spiritual core, you are not going to kill him!"

The wooden cigarettes are narrowing their eyes: "Tianyin Pavilion has its own way."

"According to the rules, after the verdict falls, the sentence will be executed after three days." Suddenly a muted voice was heard, and everyone looked up. The person who spoke was Ye Zhixi. "There is no way for the cabinet owner to look at it." ”

Immediately, the people of Bitanzhuang angered: "What qualifications do you have to open? What are you counting?"

Some people whispered below: "Looking at Jiang Yan to support her, taking advantage of the Nangong Temple to change to return to the Confucianism door innocence, she really took her seriously, such a big occasion, an unnamed female flow like this question The voice cabinet owner, she also matches?"

Ye forgets to ignore this.

Until there was someone who had previously complained with the Nangong family, she said to her loudly: "Ye is a forgotten, the Confucianist door has already died. You should be sitting there alone. Wouldn't you think that you are the head of Confucianism?"

Ye forgets to hold his arms and screams, but has not restored the spiritual white gold. She was alone in the same place, not angry or noisy, waiting for those who were angry or sneer to gradually calm down, she said: "The Confucianism of the Dark City is still in command, and it is not dead, not what you said. ”

"you--"

The leaves are not willing to talk to others, and a pair of scorpions look at the wood smoke: "Please also ask the owner to express."

The wood smoke is off the road: "There is no way to reshape the spiritual core in this world. The nuclear nucleus is broken, but the debris is still in

the heart. The so-called digging of the nucleus is naturally not necessary to demand the integrity of the nucleus."

Xue Meng looks like paper: "So what do you want?"

"There will be a way to dig out the core pieces of the spirit." The wood smoke leaves the road. "Tian Yin Ge will not want his sex..."

"Life" has not been exported, Xue Zhengyi also stood up, his face covered with clouds: "Drilling out the core fragments?"

"Not bad."

"How many times does it have to be dug?" Xue Zhengyi screamed at his eyes, and his side was mixed with white hair. "Five times? Ten times? The heart is dying to damage the heart, and it is extremely painful for a few years." The former Tianyin Pavilion dug a psychic nucleus of a prisoner. She did not support it. She died in the prison on the same day."

The wood smoke is indifferent: "That is her own weakness, and she can’t blame the Tianyin Pavilion."

"Then you might as well ask for his life directly!" Xue Zheng said with anger, "wood smoke, spiritual nuclear debris! If you say that you can export, if his spiritual core is broken into two pieces, it will be dug twice.

Three pieces, I dig three times... But what if it breaks into a hundred pieces? Do you want to delay him?! You are in the middle of it!!"

"If it is broken, it is his own life."

Xue Zhengyi is dumb.

Life?

Everything is life.

He suddenly felt ridiculous.

What is life?

Because of his life, he mistakenly raised this child as his own nephew.

He gave the child's family, Master, and gave the child a place to live, a home. But what is the fate of this child?

The illegitimate abandonment of the child, not enough snacks from the snacks, followed by the mother begging to sell for a living.

The mother died, and he was a thin and timid young child, dragging the rotted body, burying the post, and burying his only childhood warmth.

He has been beaten countless times, countless scolding, he was shut down in the dog cage, and he was jailed.

Everyone expects this world to be fair, but from the moment of birth, fate is unfair.

Why is the family husband and son of the car here, in exchange for a beautiful smile.

The poor people there have been displaced, and they have to feed on insects and the world.

Why do some people be addicted to their mothers in a carefree manner.

Some people have to take the mother's bones and go to the front of the giants to ask for a "three feet, you can hardly ask for a shot."

Why are some people humbled into the earth.

Someone is born rich.

This is not fair.

When fate dumps injustice on those who are at the bottom, a price adjustment order can take the lives of their loved ones around them -

Where is justice?

They are all living people. How can they not hate, how can they be detached?

Even if this child is missing, even if it is not his flesh and blood, even if fate is teased... Thinking about it, it is still distressing.

Xue Zhengyi closed his eyes.

He murmured: "It's too cruel, and Shenwu Libra may not have considered the situation of breaking the nuclear nucleus... hundreds of times, the wood smoke."

He squinted and his voice was shaking.

"You have to take an awl and stab his heart, hundreds of times."

"..."

Everything between heaven and earth is clear, and everything in Tianyin Pavilion is rigorous, fair, and meticulous.

Xue Zhengyi raised his face and looked at the clouds and slowly drifted past.

"Well, now that he is guilty of compensation, he owes this world, and it should be paid off."

got windy.

Xue Zheng whimpered.

"But this world owes him... Does anyone give it back to him... Does anyone give it back to him..."

Chapter 272

The public trial is finally over.

Even if someone utters a voice, someone pleads that the result will still not change.

The trial of the scales of the Tianyin Pavilion is already the ancient system of the millennium. No one can escape, and the rain is naturally not spared.

In the clearance field, the ink was escorted to the sinful sin outside the Tianyin Pavilion.

The instruments are bound, the enchantment is over, and the guards stand. He will be here for three days and three nights, accepting the ridicule and resentment of those who have passed the road until the day when the core is born.

It is called publicity.

"Hey, mother, I want to see him."

In the room of the Tianyin Pavilion, Xue Meng couldn't sit still. He suddenly got up, but he was pulled by Mrs. Wang.

Mrs. Wang said: "Don't go."

She is hard to be firm, but at the moment she can't be denied.

"Don't go to the crimes, don't go see him."

"Why?!! I am just... I am just..."

Mrs. Wang shook her head.

"Under the eyes of the dead, it is difficult to protect themselves. How many people are ordering us to distribute today? Your father and son should be calm, and never be out of the way. Once you have a life or death, Yuheng is good, and you are burning. Even the last retreat was cut off."

Xue Meng stunnedly: "But is there really someone going to fight him and screaming at him? I don't know what the chess game is all about, why he can solve it...but..."

He buried his face in his palm and his voice was moist.

"But, that day, he really saved us... Why some people have not experienced the catastrophe that day, and have not seen the situation of the day, just rely on one side of the word, it is necessary to treat him like this."

why?

Xue Meng did not understand, he was too pure.

But Mrs. Wang knew that Xue Zhengyi also understood.

Tianyin Pavilion is the most just palace in the realm of comprehension. Once a certain thing has been fixed, especially after years of hard work and standing for thousands of years, then few people will think about it. Why is it just, it will not There will be a mistake. In such a force, even a refuted voice will be easily overshadowed.

Ink rain is a sinner.

Because it is a sinner, anyone can swear him and swear at him.

Because you are a sinner and a sinner, so those who have saliva or fists are not violent, not venting, not following the trend, not venting, or even the infinite pleasure of the tiger.

It is to punish evil and promote good.

Everyone should clap their hands and say, whoever dares to utter a sigh of love, that is, the same party, the covenant should be put on the stage, the face is painted, the hair is cut off - oh, morality is lost, right and wrong, and fight together.

Xue Meng can't go to the crime scene.

Will be crazy.

In the evening, it started to rain.

The sinful sin is not covered, the ink burns in the misty rain, the fine rain sticks to his face, he closes his eyes, the crowds are surging, and the rain is pouring out.

At this time, the monks have already dispersed, and most of them are ordinary people who are unclear. The residents of these upper-level repairs did not comprehend and did not know the various accidents that occurred

before, but they were extremely curious, holding a paper umbrella and looking at the bound man.

In the daytime, their stands were far away, and they could not understand the appearance of the ink.

However, when the public is guilty of crimes, these people can come closer.

Some girls were surprised at the low voice: "I heard what he did in the morning, thinking that it was a ugly ugly, and I thought it would be good."

The strong man around her thoughtfully took care of her cloak and said, "You are too naive. In this world, people who look good but have sinister hearts are innumerable. You must not be confused by the appearance of such people. Go."

There are also parents who bring their sons and come to them.

The one who was awkward was a teaching book from the upper revisionist, Sven Wenwen, who picked up his own child so that he could clear the appearance of the ink there.

"Have you seen it? You must be a good person in the future. You must never make a pie with this kind of animal."

The child was ignorant, five or six years old, still not very sensible, he asked: "Hey, what mistakes did he make? Why are you here?"

"The mistakes he made can be described as difficult." Mr. Jiao Shu is sour, "According to the conclusion of the Tianying Pavilion public trial, he killed people, put fire, practiced forbidden, and deceived his identity. This person, there is no shame, The slightest humanity, his cold blood is dark, the pigs and dogs are not as good - after you grow up, you must not be like him, can you remember?"

"remember."

The father just breathed a sigh of relief and listened to the child asking himself: "But hey, do you know him?"

When my father stunned: "I?... I certainly don't know him. You see me as the most right-minded gentleman in the Qingfeng Academy. I have a bright life and a good faith. I am a gentleman. How can I be a gentleman?" Know this evil devil."

He paused and seemed to feel that he had to add more fire. He taught the children: "Our family is a scholarly family. It has been cherished by great morality since childhood. Even people who are like him, even if they say a word, You should feel extreme shame and dirty. Have you remembered?"

This time the child did not say to remember, nor did he say that he did not remember.

He asked inexplicably: "But hey, you don't know him, how do you know him...he...heh..." He tried to learn his father's words, and he laboriously recalled, "He is not as good as pigs and dogs, cold-blooded. Darkness? We are seeing him on the first day today...I don’t need to know a person for a long time? For example, I have a small flower next door...”

Mr. Teaching: "You don't understand, this is different. He is a person who has already been convicted."

The child’s big black-and-white eyes looked at the ink, and he said halfway: “But this brother looks like a poor man... He is not like a bad person. What kind of sound cabinet, will it be wrong?”

"You are too young, so you will think like this." Mr. Teach has always been pedantic, and he has vetoed his son’s question. "When you grow up, you will understand that Tianyinge has been in this world for thousands of years." In the most fair and just place, there is almost no mistake in the temple left by the gods."

The child licked his fingers and stared at the smoldering look. He seemed to understand and understand, but he did not help the ink.

Late at night, the crowd gradually became sparse and gradually dispersed.

Three days later, the drizzle turned into heavy rain, and no one was there anymore.

Overnight, at dawn, there were hawkers in the morning market pushing the board slowly.

The rain was so hot that the hawker squatted and pushed his old wooden cart. The ink burned for a long while, half awake, groggy, heard the sound of the car rolling on the bluestone road, and the hawker's hard and heavy breathing.

His consciousness is erratic, and he thinks that he is still the time to travel outside.

He opened his eyes slightly and the scorpion was out of focus.

But almost it has become a reflection, and every night after the loss of Chu Yuning, he instinctively wants to take the handle, want to help the tired hawker push the cart under the tree, want to do something Do what you can.

But he found himself unable to stand up.

After a long time, he remembered that the time of redemption was gone forever.

He is now a sinner appointed by the Tianyin Pavilion.

Suddenly a gust of wind blew, the wind was too strong, the tarpaulin on the hawker was rolled up, and he tried hard to flatten it, but to no avail.

The tarpaulin was blown up, and a pile of cargo on the car was thoroughly drenched by rain. The poor man who was exhausted by his livelihood was anxiously lining in the rain -

The ink burned at him.

He felt very uncomfortable because he remembered the past of his mother's dance of a knife for a copper plate.

There are always so many people in this world. When others are lying on their backs, they have to brave the hurricane and rain and go for a meal.

He really wants to help him.

In this quiet rainy night, he felt that his mood was so stable that he was enough to recall many things in the past. I remembered the sentence that I once smiled and said to A Niang.

"When I have a good time, I will make many houses. Everyone will have a place to live. No one will ever go hungry and freeze."

In fact, the smoldering of the ink is very unclear. Why are the disciples of Tianyinge who are standing next to them, no one is going to help the hawker.

It is only a matter of doing things.

But these people stand up like a pine and cypress. They are the most solemn and solemnist faction of Tianyin Pavilion, but they are not moving. They are like a meteorite. The heart is probably not much different from the meteorite.

The hawker panted and chased the tarpaulin, and the tarpaulin was blown and wrapped up, and it was blown to the sinful sin, and it was blown to the ink.

A hand that was as thin as an old bark finally caught it.

The ink sighed and he felt relieved.

But the hawker knows that the things in his car have been ruined, the mood is so extreme, but he does not know how to vent. He glared at the piece of tarpaulin, and when he was distressed, he suddenly noticed that the ink was burning to see himself.

He turned his head and stared at him.

Suddenly gnashing his teeth and licking his face on the face of the ink: "Look what! What's so good! Even if you are so bad, you have to laugh at me?! Damn thing! See how you die!"

He didn't get rid of it, but he didn't dare to rely too close. He picked up a few stones next to him and smashed toward the burning body.

The young disciples of Tianyin Pavilion are familiar with this.

They often smiled privately and said: "People, as long as they are able to distinguish between good and evil, they will hate the heavy criminals. It doesn't matter if they play twice."

They are very understanding of the emotions of the people.

So it doesn't stop often.

A few stones are on your face, and it doesn't hurt.

But the ink burned slightly trembling.

Seeing him tremble and seeing his pain, the hawker seems to feel that his unfortunate and sorrowful world is no longer a problem. The evil in his heart is somewhat out of order. He drags his weak body and walks toward the pusher. Go, cover the tarpaulin, and go far.

There was a night of mist and fog between the heavens and the earth, and the heavy rain washed away the hawkers’ smashing scent, and many stains were washed away.

The rain is getting bigger and bigger, and the world is clean.

Its daybreak.

The monks of Tianyin Pavilion have successively left the city gate, passing by the ink, or turning a blind eye, or disgusting.

Suddenly there was a pair of black boots that stopped at the front of the ink.

An umbrella fell and covered the patter.

The ink burned in the sputum, not aware.

Until I heard someone is arguing.

A gentle and calm voice, but the tone is very persistent: "Give him an enchantment to avoid the rain."

"There is no order from the owner of the cabinet.

"It's just an enchantment."

"Love can help."

The ink burned open and stumbled, and saw a man who stood tall and straight - no, not a man, a leaf forget, and a reluctant attitude: "The execution day has not arrived yet, you should not be so against him. ”

"How do we treat him?" Someone frowned. "Ye girl, you have to be responsible for your speech. Tianyin Pavilion is doing things according to the rules. It is God who sees him but wants to rain. This is not the punishment we have imposed on him." ""

Ye Jingxi's eyes flashed with anger: "Isn't this a punishment? All night! Did you let him be so overnight last night? If I didn't see it today..."

The following people from Bitanzhuang pass by, and they are accompanied by a group of younger brothers.

Hearing the movement, Ming Ming, and sneer: "Hey, the dark city leader of Confucianism is no longer in charge?"

"The scapegoer has an umbrella, hehe."

There were people around, everyone whispered, whispering, and a few women repaired the leaves and whispered each other, whispering each other -

Unfortunately, the sound is not low.

"I heard that in the Confucianist Gate, the black man who made a fortune in the leaves is the ink."

"What? I don't know... is this evil guy helping her?"

"Ink burns and kills their own dry mothers, how can they be so good for the leaves?"

Silent for a while, then someone opened his eyes and covered it with Pai. It changed color: "God, they shouldn’t be..."

What is it?

Very clever, no one has made a clear statement at the moment. But they all showed a disgusting and excited look on their faces. The irresponsible guess is too comfortable, as if it was a long-lasting and intense climax, which culminated in the crowd and spread in the rain.

They stared at the two people on the stage.

One man and one woman.

Why is a woman willing to help a lost man? Did she sleep with him? She must have slept with him, she must have loved him, and she loved his lingering sorrows in the bed.

So dirty.

The ink burned and lifted the scorpion, and looked at the leaves for a moment. He wants to talk, but the first time he speaks, he can't make a sound.

He had to swallow again and then hoarsely: "Ye girl..."

"you're awake?"

Ye forgets to bow his head, still the gentle and correct appearance of the year.

"...you go... don't stand here, it's not good for you."

Ye did not leave but she took a pot of warm water. She leaned over and held the umbrella while she untied the mouth. The umbrella was slanted, and most of the rain was drenched on her.

"Drink something..."

When Tianyin Pavilion was established, someone came to stop it: "Ye girl, the prisoner, must not give meals."

"Can the prisoner be beaten by the onlookers?"

Although Ye Yexi did not see the situation last night, but the ink burned around the large and small stones, forehead cheeks, are also bruised by the bruises.

She stared at them, her eyes were a bit fierce.

On her body, the shadow of the old man gradually appeared.

“Does Tianying Pavilion not act impartially? Is this your fairness?”

Those people who know what they are doing are not going to say anything more. They are the first to show their face, and they cough gently: "If you have water, you can't eat anything else."

Ye forgets to give him some warm water.

Ink whispered: "Why..."

"You helped the aunt." Ye did not lift the shackles, "also helped me."

"...On the mountain, if the dead person is me, Nangong, he will..."

The leaves of the forgotten hand slightly paused, she was shaking, but she finally said: "Whoever wants to live. I will not blame you because you want to live."

"..."

"Drink," she said. "Xue Meng can't come. He is stopped by his mother. I am holding an umbrella here. You used to take the world and help me and my aunt. Even now no one is facing. You, I will help you too."

Her expression is still faint, but very firm.

"I am here."

She said that she must practice, and she is so standing beside the ink, Tianyin Pavilion will not let the enchantment open, she will take an umbrella, tilt slightly, and stop the rain.

When she is standing, the people who throw stones are no longer there, but the words of discussion are getting harder and harder to hear.

A demon who is not male or female. A well-dressed beast.

A good woman who does not care. The murderer who is devastated.

What is the crime of wanting to add? Moreover, everyone knows that the man who is kneeling on the ground never turns over, and the woman standing next to him has already been sent to the door, and he has nothing to rely on.

It’s hard to hear, who will care for them?

At this moment, it was only when the warriors in the world were so shocked that there were so many warriors in the world, and they were as passionate as they were after the rain.

So upright, indignant, hateful.

In the past, these people did not know where to go.

The Tianyin Court trial is the most rare. I am afraid that no one will be able to win this honor in ten years.

The people who watched the bustle waved and waved back and forth, like the tides. Someone said: "I did a lot of good things before this ink burned.

Now I don't seem to know what it is. He still stayed in our village. It's such a murderer. It's scary to think about it."

"I heard that his mother is the one who is cold, do you know?"

"Die Yihan? A song that is hard to find?" The reporter was surprised. "Is that girl not very good? I heard that I have learned, gentle, noble, and very kind..."

Immediately there will be yin and yang sighs: "You guys are really interesting, Duan Yihan is a scorpion / son? This year, 婊 / son can be praised as high clean, I see this world has really changed, there is no moral benchmark in my heart."

The man who was struck by was somewhat unpleasant: "Die Yihan is happy, not awkward. She has been in the music for so many years and has never taken any flowers."

"You think she hasn't taken it because you are poor. This kind of woman, as long as the money is in place, there is nothing innocent."

At this time, some people said with a loud voice: "What is the difference between music and music? Are you people who don't know how to be self-satisfied, and who are shameful and shameful. In this year, someone actually defended the darkness. I didn't expect that I would practice the world, morality. It has already fallen to such a situation."

It’s not someone else who spoke, it’s the teacher who took the child yesterday.

Today, he did not hold his own children, but held a stack of books, followed by a group of books in the school. Mr. Teacher raised his chin slightly and looked extremely clear.

Someone recognized him and said with kindness: "Mr. Ma is early in class today."

“There is a lighter feeling on paper.” Mr. Jiao said, “I’m going to school early today, so I’m going to bring students to teach and see the world.”

He said, he glanced at the son who was talking about the cold clothes, and sneered at it: "But I didn't expect to hear such shocking remarks. It really made Ma a big eye-opener, and I was really worried about my culture." ""

"Yes, Mr. Ma said it is good, Mr. is a moral model."

"Mr. is a teacher, and he has a good heart."

The man who was brave enough to defend Duan Yihan was ashamed and angry, but the people around him were laughing at him. His face was raised

as pig liver color, and it was hard to say anything.

These words, the ink burning sounds very angry at first, and then weak.

He couldn't do anything, only to listen to the mother who had already passed away and became very embarrassed between the lips.

Only by the time before the death, he also told him that "to remember, don't take revenge", was chewed by a black hole, chewed into a niece/female, kinky/female, and gave birth to a scum of cockroaches.

Can not block the long mouth.

Ye forgets to endure for a long time, and finally can't stand it. She steps forward and wants to argue with the people in the audience.

But the ink burned her low: "Don't say it."

"..."

"It's useless."

Ye forgets to return to his side, when the rain has gradually stopped, but her umbrella still does not receive, as if this thin oil paper umbrella can block anything.

The ink burned and looked at her, half awkward, hoarsely said: "Don't stand here with me, Ye girl, if you believe me... then go back to Tianyin Pavilion, go find Xuemeng, find the dead and the dead People... tell them..."

He slowed for a while.

At this moment, he is not enough to speak.

"Tell them, listen to me, try to find Huabi Nan as soon as possible... find my master..."

When he mentioned Chu Yuning, his heart was again a colic.

Where is Chu nightning?

Listening to the teacher's tone will not hurt him, but where will he be taken by the teacher, what will be forced to do?

He can't think about it.

"The first ban is really solved, and you should be wary early." The ink burns the eyelashes, "... I can't stop the second attack... but there will be a second time... please Believe me... I have no other heart, I just hope that all this can stop."

Can't continue this way.

I don't want to repeat the same mistakes, and I will see the late night of the call of Huasha.

I don't want to see him again, to die, to make up for it.

Chapter 273

In the hall of Lushan, a bean lamp is lit.

Nangong Liu Yan was sleeping next to the throne, and he still had two oranges that he had not finished eating.

Suddenly, a slender figure appeared at the corner, and the shadow fell on Nangong Liu and slowly approached. The man's footsteps were extremely slow, with a stick of scepter, and the soft nose was covered with a white cloth, completely covering his eyes.

"Oh..." Xu was the sound of the bamboo stick and the ground was disturbed to the Nangong. He woke up from the shallow shackles and blinked his eyes. Some of them were awkward: "Ah, my brother, my friend... What happened to your eyes?" ”

What appeared in the temple was the blind eyed teacher who had been out of the crowd before, and tried not to appear in front of everyone.

Nangong Liu Yandi: "Are you not going to Tianyin Pavilion?"

Shi Yan shook his head: "If you talk long, you won't talk to you." A little bit, and again, "Aliu, I should have a piece of Zhen Zhi on the table, can you help me find one?" Looking for it?"

"There is nothing wrong with this." Nan Gongliu immediately turned over and looked for it in the case, and soon found the soldier's military squad, "Give."

"Thank you."

The teacher’s slender fingers slowly moved on the shackles. His eyes were blind and he could not see the words on the head. But this squad is not only recorded by characters, but also for the sake of prevention. Read the knowledge. He stood in the empty hall and interpret the contents little by little. The one that was written on the top was Hua Binan’s previous efforts to force the ink to ruin the spirit and call all the chess games.

Called, the former Lin Lingyu is a citizen, 46,000 people.

Wusi Temple belongs to the people, 13,000 people.

.....

All of these.

The disciples of the past life and death, all.

The teacher squeezed the soft and delicate shackles of the party. The first fashion felt numb, and the mind was just bluntly thinking about it: the original sacrifice of the previous life was such a sacred blood?

Disciples of death and death, all.

All of them were made into precious pieces, and they were driven by the emperor, except for Xue Meng, who was spared?

But he clearly remembers that Hua Binan once said softly to him: "You know, I am also used to people who are acquainted with life and death. I have a lot of hardships in the world. I hope that all evils can be done. I hope that there will be fewer people who die on this road. There are few, otherwise, I am also very conscience."

That was what Hua Binan had just come to him through the cracks in time and space and said something to him.

- There is more suffering in the world, and all evils are not done.

This is not too much deviation from his own ideas. He is very guilty, but he is not what he wants. He is also forced to do so.

"Conscience is uneasy..." At that time, Hua Binan, who pleaded with sincerity to say this to him, had already killed the world in another world.

And he did not know until now.

"My brother, you, what's wrong with you?" The cranial sputum was congested, and the ear was blurred and the sound of Nangong Liu was anxious. "Your face is so ugly, how are you shaking? You... Are you sick? You Cold?"

The child-like groaning, and suddenly wrapped around him warmly, Nangong Liu took off his robe and hurriedly put him on him.

"Come, I am not cold, I will give you my clothes."

The sinner who used to hang the needles and count the organs, became so simple after losing his knowledge.

Perhaps everyone has had such an urgent need, worrying about people, when is young and sincere? Just under the ravages of the years, the heart is also wrinkled like the face.

Become no longer like yourself.

The teacher was wrapped in the clothes of Nangong Liu. He was cold and cold.

There was a stun in front of him, and the white cloth oozes and sheds tears... He falls to the seat and makes his body small.

"He is not me..." The teacher groaned, "He is not me..."

Nangong Liu was confused at the side: "What?"

The teacher smashed his face into his arms. The tiny shudder spread from his fingers. He didn't even want to touch the cockroach.

"I want to save people. I also know that sacrifice is inevitable. I know that there will be a lot of calculations. I will live up to a lot of sincerity. I have already prepared for it. He discussed with me that maybe I want to donate my purpose. Never hesitated. But I..."

"Friends brother..."

Nan Gongliu put his hand on his hair, like the comfort of the child, awkwardly comforting him.

The teacher whimpered: "But I really didn't think about it. He killed so many people..."

The cockroach fell to the ground, and what was recorded above was almost all the monks and civilians in the red dust.

All become white bones.

After a long time, I went to the Nangong Liudu squatting for a long time, and I didn’t know what to do if I stayed, and the sergeant slowly supported the cold case, and stood up.

Nangong Liu busy asked: "Where are you going?"

The teacher was quiet in the place for a while. He seemed to be really confused about where he should go. When Nangong Liu asked the third time, he only passed away. He bit his lip and said, "The Chamber of Secrets."

He can't go wrong anymore, he is going to save the teacher.

When he came to the door of the secret room, he found out that Hua Binan had imposed an extremely deep curse on the stone gate.

"..." The teacher whispered slightly, and then there seemed to be a bitter smile.

From the squad, to the stone gate curse. He suddenly felt that he was so ridiculous.

He is wary of him, so the curse imposed is a spell that has never been practiced by the teacher. After all, Hua Binan did not trust him at all.

"Let you down." The teacher whispered, and a bright blue glow lit up in his hand, touching the heart.

"Maybe you, at my age, haven't learned this curse yet. But I will, but you don't know."

The stone door of the secret room suddenly opened.

Who is going to live again, and the road to life will be the same?

Even if it is the same person, it may be because the spring has avoided a rain, sleep in the summer shade, and change your life.

The teacher squatted in front of the secret room and finally slammed in.

In the secret room, there is a bright light of the Kowloon candlestick, which is exuding pure light, but this light is of no use to the two people in the house.

They are comatose and one is blind.

The bandaged teacher sat on the bedside of Chu’s night, and reached out his hand. The slender, white fingers rubbed the face of Chu’s late night.

He whispered softly: "Master respects..."

Chu nightning did not wake up, there was no response, his cheeks were still hot.

The soul splits and the two are one.

He bears the piecemeal memories that belong to the smoldering, and suffers in his dreams.

The singer's fingertips illuminate the radiance of the glory, and he points to the side of his neck. The gentle, watery spirit passes over and flows through the body.

“Can it be better?”

Still no one answered him.

The teacher dropped his eyelashes. In fact, he also knew that Chu Ning was still asleep, otherwise he could not courageously enter the stone room and sit next to Chu.

He stayed for a while, as if he thought a lot, and he didn't seem to think about anything.

In fact, before he entered the division, when he was still very young, he had a long-cherished wish. It is worthwhile to sacrifice anything for this wish.

He knows what his fate is, so he never feels that he is missing.

But one day, time and space were wrong, and another dusty servant in the red dust suddenly appeared in front of her eyes.

He saw himself more than ten years later.

I didn’t say that I was surprised and scared. When he saw Hua Binan for the first time in his youth, the biggest feeling was actually a violation. He didn’t know what it was like to kill himself. It’s cold, sullen, sullen, and desperate.

However, in order to share the wishes of the two people, he finally promised Hua Binan's request, step by step, and finally came to this step.

In the past few years, the two red dust divisions have performed their duties, and it has always been him who stayed with the ink-burning side, and the other behind the scenes is the one who passed back.

Just like Teng Xianjun and Mo Zongshi are two, he and the teacher are not so similar. Because of their different experiences, the teacher is more like a cold-scale sacred hand, and he has become a shadow on the chessboard in the torrent of time.

Looking back now, before Hua Binan broke the space and life, he was also a sultry young man. However, after he cooperated with Hua Bi Nan, Hua Bi Nan has been telling him: To conquer the edge, you must learn to disguise.

In his youth, he once had a big fight with Hua Binan: "I am fed up. When do you want me to be loaded? Everywhere is gentle and good, and

swallowing. I have so many lies and you should be outside, who remembers?" ”

At that time, he and the ink-burning group returned from Jin Chengchi. Hua Binan was dissatisfied with his performance in front of the heart-splitting Liu. He blamed him for a few words, but did not expect that the reaction of the teacher would be so huge, and could not help but see: "I am just reminding you to be cautious and not to show up."

"You said it was light." He bit his lip. "You asked me to confirm the burning sensation several times. I didn't do it for a while? Do you know how disgusting it is to be a person who doesn't like it?"

Hua Binan seems to be ignorant of how to answer for a while. After a while, he said: "I have experienced everything you have experienced. What qualifications do you have to say that I don't know."

"But I have never experienced anything you have experienced!"

"..."

"After you came to this world, you told me how to do it wrong, how to do it right. Yes, you are coming over, for that purpose, I am willing to listen to you and pay for it. All. But Hua Binan." The more the teacher said, the more excited, the gasping, the eyes are red, "You better know, you have no position to count me."

This is the first time since the crossing, when it was such a big conflict with the younger ones, Hua Binan’s face was gray and his lips were not snoring.

Shi Shi said: "You have failed in your world, so come here through the cracks in the life and death of the night, and want to start from scratch. But you have to be clear, I am not your chess piece."

"..."

"I am colluding with you for the purpose of our common cause."

Hua Binan closed his eyes and closed his eyes: "You think more, no one will treat you as a chess piece."

The teacher’s emotions are still very excited: “Forget it, from the time you perceive it to the resurgence of ink, what kind of thing I am not doing according to your instructions? I have been staring at you for the eight bitterness of his body. Hate flower! It's me!"

"..."

"From the impermanence town, he first appeared, you are anxious to let me go to 'occupy' him, and later you let me take a side dish to explore his tone,

let alone those you let me deliberately leave him and Chu Yuning The thing." Shi Yi, a pair of peach blossoms, stared at the increasingly embarrassing face of Hua Binan. "I spit in the show!"

"Even if you don't have me, you will do it." Hua Binan gnawed his teeth. "You don't think that I am forcing you. These things are the same as before. I have done it. The ink is a bitter long hate flower. The host, only by repeatedly confirming his emotions, can find out the situation of his body flower. Do you think that you have suffered these grievances, I have not received it?"

Seeing the teacher did not immediately refute, Hua Binan said again: "Previous life, I did almost the same thing as you, I have been disguising until the ghost world, I gave birth to his hatred with his own death. After that, I started living again as Hua Binan."

"..."

"I have endured it for so long. Why have you been unable to bear this for only a year and a half?"

The teacher looked up and said: "Do you still ask? You are fighting for yourself. What about me?"

Hua Binan: "...What is the difference between you and me?"

"There is a difference. If I can, I don't want to be left or right." The teacher stared at him, half a sigh of spit out, "even if it is another world."

However, it was difficult to be sincere, even if there was a big disappointment in the heart, after the dispute broke out that day, the division had to bow to fate.

After all, he is too young, and many of his mistakes have never been experienced, and he does know exactly what he is ultimately seeking, so he will eventually compromise himself.

In the past few years, he has been listening to another red dust, and he is more like a jealousy than a rare piece. If you are not tired, it is fake. But whenever the heart is filled with sorrow, he will stop telling himself that these pains are nothing for the big things.

"When can I end this play?" This became the phrase he most often asked Hua Binan, "When is the sky cracking."

Hua Binan’s answer to him is often like radishing in front of the flower scorpion: “It’s faster, it will be faster than the past.”

He waited day by day, waiting for the trouble.

Later, the door of the ghost world finally opened, and he thought that he could be as free as a previous life. However, I did not expect that Chu Ning was in this battle.

That night, his contradiction with Hua Binan broke out to an unprecedented level. In the closed disciple's room, the teacher smashed all the celadon bowls in front of him, and his chest was undulatingly swaying -

"How do you let me pretend to pretend to be calm? The master is dead, you count it, do you count this out?"

Hua Binan’s face is also extremely ugly: “How can you blame me for this matter? You have to blame and blame it, it’s he’s rash.” The fingers he put on the table squeezed into a fist and almost fell into In the palm of his hand, the voice was fierce and fierce. "It is he who killed Chu and night."

"...Yes, it’s him." The teacher’s eyes were red, but he could not lose his tears. He was warned by his mother from an early age, and he must not cry no matter what he encountered.

Hua Binan is the same.

"It is he who killed the Master, then you don't stop me, I will kill him now!"

Hua Binan looked up and said: "Are you crazy?!"

"Oh?" The teacher gasped, beheaded, and his eyes were full of provocation. "Do you still know that you are crazy?"

Hua Binan gnawed his teeth: "...protecting the ink, tempering him, controlling him, this is the key to our work. As for the rest, it is not what you should think."

"Look, that's it." The teacher sneered at the sneer, and the eyes flashed with agitation. "You are the sacred hand of the cold scale. You can sing the master of the sorrow with the monks on the lonely moon night, and even smother the ink." A few words - but what about me? What are you talking about with me?"

"..."

The teacher was seated in the chair, and the look could be said to be inferior: "The first thing you come to tell me today is to confirm as soon as possible whether the eight bitter long hate flowers in the burnt body have completely lost their effectiveness. Is it still possible? save."

He muttered, slowly raised a few inches of gaze, and fell to the gray face of Hua Binan.

He sneered: "You told me to confess at this moment and ink? Tell me, can't let Chu Xiening in his heart, replace my position?"

The words are as sharp as a thorn, stabbing to Hua Binan, and stabbing himself.

He sneered: "Where are we crazy between the two?"

Hua Binan squinted his eyes, and Huanren rolled under the thin eyelids. Then he said, "I can't do it. Because of the sacrifices made by Chu's past life, the eight bitter hate flowers in the burning body are in jeopardy. It was completely destroyed, and it was hard to control the ink burning at that time."

"So you will push everything that is not done by people to me, is it?!" The teacher couldn't stand it anymore, and slammed the case and got up. "The teacher respected him just to go... Have you considered my feelings?" ?"

"..."

"Do you like him, don't I like it?"

After the teacher said this, the voice could not help but tremble.

The house was dead.

At last he sat down and raised his hand, and the long eyelashes were fighting under the palm of his hand. For a time no one snorted again, the rainstorms outside the window, the heavens and the earth seemed to be splitting in the lightning and thunder.

After a long time, I heard Hua Binan sigh softly: "...A Nan, I can't afford you."

The teacher’s reaction to this was just a stiff and cold sentence: "Don't call me A Nan."

"..."

"I am different from you. Call me a teacher, or a teacher."

Chapter 274

About people will change, even if they are the same person, they are the same in the beginning. However, because of various factors, the variables are reversed. After ten or twenty years, the temperament and circumstances will not be the same.

In fact, when the curse was burned to the ink, the teacher was also a person with a cold heart and a determined will.

In addition to his own revenge, his own pursuit, nothing can be accommodated in his eyes.

But at that time, he looked at another red dust of his own actions, he asked with enthusiasm, and suddenly I would like to know, Hua Binan's heart has had such a star and a half of the incompatibility, a moment of cold teeth.

He eventually did it according to the instructions of Hua Binan. At this point of sacrifice, he is riding a tiger.

He clearly knows that the private situation will make the big things fall short. Nothing is more important than stabilizing the ink and keeping yourself.

Anyway, he has been playing for so long, wearing a mask for so many years, disgusting into the bones, it is numb. What is the scene of the game, what is not the case, even if the death of Chu nightning, can not change anything.

Just carrying the ecstasy lamp given by the master of guilty, standing on the bridge of Naihe, wherever he has never gone, or even can not resolutely go to the fire for the loved ones, he can not help but envy.

If he can also be like Xue Meng, like a smoldering, to be the master of his own life, or to think that he can give his life to be the master, then it is good.

But fate never depends on him. Like a pear garden, he is unwilling to silently hold the hand in his hand.

At the beginning, seduce the ink.

The ink burned and smiled and said, "Sir, I really like you."

Later, I used Xu Shuanglin.

Xu Shuanglin lazily throws oranges and squints: "I have lost my life, I can't think of a friend like you, thank you for teaching me to reincarnate. When Luo Fenghua's waste is resurrected, I must let him cook for you. The dumplings are eaten - you don't know, the dumplings he cooked are best eaten. I can't afford to see you, I will give you a taste."

In the end, the picture is poor.

Like the worst plan he and Hua Binan had discussed, he had to sacrifice his own friends and win the hearts and minds of his teachers and friends, so that the door of time and space could be opened smoothly at the moment of the millennium.

He is a man holding a chess piece.

But after ten years later, he came into his own pawn.

The taste of being controlled is actually not very good. He is not completely indifferent, but his mind is too strong and his wish is too deep. He does not want to give up.

but.

He really, really does not know, that a red dust of himself, the so-called "small sacrifice" refers to the lives of hundreds of thousands of people, a

worldly dumping.

After he opened the door to life and death, he saw such a cruel truth.

This teacher is clear, after all, it is not the teacher. He has not experienced that decade, and has not fallen through that day.

At this moment, he really can't understand himself after ten years.

But there is no way to go.

At this moment, he is just an abandoned child. Like all the black and white armor on the board, he loses his edge and is useless.

"Master." The shadow of the lamp, reflecting his beautiful face, he is still quiet and gentle, "In fact, I think this thing has been a long time... I am thinking, the ink can be repeated again, can become No longer the same. I was thinking, if everything can go back, I will make different choices because of the difference in one thought."

The house is very quiet, only the voice of him alone.

"However, it is too late at this moment." Shi said, "I know that the Master has hated me, and the ink has hated me. The Lord will not take me as a friend again... no matter this. Along the way, did I hesitate, and I finally became his appearance."

His hand was pressed against the cheeks of Chu night, and he quietly gave him the spiritual power of healing.

"I can't help but let the Master disappoint," he said. "The only thing fortunate is that my eyes are blind and I don't have to see you hate me."

After a pause, the teacher smiled, and under a smile, the room was full of spring.

"The last thing I saw in my eyes was that you are sad for me. Enough."

He untied the bundle of fairy ropes on the hand of Chu, and the curse on the couch was eliminated, and then the spell of Shimen was destroyed.

After doing this, the teacher turned and rubbed, and slowly left the secret room.

He traveled far and was swallowed up by the darkness.

At the same time, Tianyin Pavilion belongs to the same place.

Mr. Roulma, who taught the book, just returned from the private school. He knocked on the sore shoulder and entered the house. As usual, he had to go to the house to cook a cup of Babao tea.

Push the door in, the black light bonfire.

Mr. Ma couldn't help but frown, and when he went to the Capricorn lampstand, he shouted, "Mrs. Grand night, how can I not even have a candle? You are..."

The sound of the cluster, the fire knife flint polished.

Mr. Ma was silent and stood in the middle of the room with horror. He saw that the servants in his house had been strangled, like a string of wind chimes hanging on the beam. His old wife and son have been smashed, the **** intestines are flowing all over the floor, their eyes and mouth are open, and they turn in the direction of the door.

"Ah..." Mr. Ma wanted to call, but the export was a vague and trepidation. After a while, the scalp screamed and screamed, "Ah!!!!"

"Hey. Noisy." A man walked out of the back room and held the volume "Shang Shu" in his hand. He scratched the itch of his neck with a book and

yawned. "I haven't seen the dead?"

"You...you, you!! Ink-ink...!!"

The man snapped a finger and explained lazily: "The curse."

"What, what?"

"Oh, I don't know." The man rolled his eyes. "This seat is reading the classics of Mr. House. I know that the neighbors are not good at rest in the evening. Come. Now call, if anyone can hear Mr., please blame this seat."

Mr. Ma’s face is as white as a ghost. Two standing stations, he usually also has it. Where have you seen such a **** scene, I have already been scared and lost, sweating, and screaming for a while: “Ink...you ... Devil... You... Shouldn’t you be in the Tianyin Court? You...you...”

"Tianyin Court Law Field?"

The man raised his black to purple eyes and smiled.

"Yes, this seat is to go there to see. Or how can you hear Mr.’s high opinion of the day before?"

He said, throwing the book at his fingertips, straightening up the tall and straight body, and slowly coming towards the teaching book.

The lamp is shining on his very handsome face, not who is stepping on Xianjun?

Stepping on the fairy, the dimples, and the dimples, made a glimpse of the teacher: "The life of this family is the most admired to the readers. It is really a slap in the face to kill your family. It is Mr. Tang. Ask Mr. Ann."

This is not a yin, no temperament, and a strange tone, plus people who are dead and dead.

Rao is a surname of Ma, and there are seventeen or eight courage. It’s not enough. He threw himself to the ground and snorted: “What do you want to do... What do you want!!”

Stepping on the fairy is just a smile, raising his hand and plucking, and there is a strange knife in the palm.

He squinted at the teacher and said, "Guess?"

"Don't kill me!!!" Mr. Ma screamed and kept moving back. "Don't kill me!!!"

Retired and slammed into something, he turned his head and was screaming at his wife’s blind eyes. "No, no, no, no, no, no, please... Don't ..... ah ah!! Ah ah ah ah!!"

Responding to him is a knife stabbing, straight into his lap, straight through the ground!

"what--!!!"

Stepping on the fairy, his eyes narrowed, his smile and sweetness: "Don't ask Mr.... What is the difference between music and music?"

"What, what?" Mr. Ma sighed, where the pain was thinking, just crying, "What..."

"You said it yourself." Stepping on the gentleman slowly, "Mr. said before the Tianyin Pavilion. Music, oh, oh, are people who don't know how to be self-respecting, widowed and shameful. · Sophistry, I didn’t expect that I would go to the world of revision, and morality has already fallen to such a situation."

He imitated the tone of the words of the teacher, and the old **** was there.

After that, after a while, I laughed and sang a handsome face.

"Is it still familiar, sir?"

Mr. Ma finally had some vague awareness between the intimidation. He remembered that this was what he said when he slammed his mother, and he said with a tear in his eyes: "No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no ....." He swallowed his face, his face was sweaty. "Hey, hey, he is happy... No, it’s different, it’s different..."

"How is it different? This seat thinks that Mr. said it makes a lot of sense." Stepping Xian Junpi smiled and walked over, and raised a strange knife. "If you say it, your mind is not so good, around you." There is always a lack of personal guidance. Mr. has such a dexterous tongue, it is better to give this seat, eh?"

"No... no no no!! Master is forgiving!! Grandpa is forgiving!!" Mr. Ma is incoherent and sweaty. "I beg you, Da En Dade, Daren Dayi..."

Stepping on the fairy smiles: "What is the master of the lord? Long without long ears? - Call your majesty."

"Oh... squat?" Mr. Ma stunned, but if he was alive, as long as he was alive, he could scream. Immediately after a sigh of relief, "Your Majesty! Your Majesty! Your Majesty!"

Stepping on the fairy, he pinched his chin and smiled and said: "Hey. Moral model, ask you, is this part of the house shameless, or is it a shame?"

"I, I, I! I am me! It is me... is..."

But what is the use of fortune?

Stepping on the palm of his hand, he was already in his grievances and crying, and he smiled and pinched his entire throat.

After doing this, the black robe man looked around the house and confirmed with satisfaction that no one was alive. This stood up, wiped the blood on his hand, and pushed the door out of the hospital.

Huabi Nan is waiting for him.

"Is it vented?"

"almost."

"Can you go back to Tianyin Pavilion with me?"

Stepping Xianjun gave him a look: "Go."

Hua Binan shook his head: "I really can't take you. I have to pay attention to such a small hatred. I won't say a few words about your mother, you are --"

"Do you want to say a few words about your mother?"

"..."

Hua Bi Nan's look changed slightly, and finally he turned his face and stopped talking.

"Go. You didn't mean that you got the heart of the Mozong master, and put it back in your body? What else you are doing, this seat can't wait."

Stepping on the fairy, the robes plunged and walked toward Tianyin Pavilion.

Jinguang shines, Yunxia is first revealed, and the sky is bright.

With the horror of horror, the body of Mr. Ma’s family was discovered by the early neighbors. Such a murder case should be able to set off a big wave in the same place, but unfortunately it did not.

Because at this moment, there is a more eye-catching judgment going on.

On the execution platform of Tianyin Pavilion, the torch is burning. The wax oil melted and the pine and cypress scented. The two maids of the Tianyin Pavilion wore the robes of the golden silk, and the jade arms were soft, and the lampstands on both sides of the table were lit one by one.

It is strange to say that the appearance of this Guardian team of Tianyinge is surprisingly good-looking, male and female, and I don’t know if this is due to the method of repairing by Tianyin Pavilion, or because the wooden smoke is collected. When I was a disciple, I was extremely fancy.

"The world is self-explanatory, and good and evil will pay off."

One after another, the beastly bronze lamp leaps into flames, and the flame is like a bright red silk.

People are everywhere.

On the stage, under the stage, northwest and southeast.

The torture platform was blocked, and Xue Meng sat on the seat of the dead and dying, and trembled and shivered.

In these three days, Xue Zhengyi asked for people everywhere, but it did not help. Those monks are superstitious and fair and fair, and they are afraid of mastering the ink rain of the chess game.

"He saved us."

The people who are dying of life are trying to explain to every persuasive object. "The day he dissipated the spiritual core to save us. If he had a conspiracy, why bother to do this?"

However, there are too many doubts on the burning body, so there are still no sects who are willing to stand on their side. Even the lonely moon night and the Snow Palace remain neutral and silent.

——

The first ban, which was lost for thousands of years, suddenly reappeared, compared to the first public trial hall that stood for thousands of years.

Only a fool will choose to believe in the former.

Therefore, Xue Zhengyi’s running seems so stupid, and the excuse of life and death seems so pale and powerless.

Xue Meng had vaguely thought, or else, hijacking.

But he also knows that it is impossible.

There are guardians of Tianyin Pavilion everywhere, and there are other martial art heads and disciples. Below the stands are Wang Yang-like people.

Countless pairs of eyes stared, can not escape.

Therefore, the birth of the spiritual core is ultimately the end of the ink burning.

"Tianyin Pavilion publicized on the 3rd, the crime has been fixed." The wooden smoke looked down from the solemn and beautiful side of the boundless sea, and knocked the bell in his hand, "with the inmates burning."

From the crime of sin, to the punishment. The smoldering was escorted, and a person whose core was broken was stared at by dozens of the highest-ranking disciples of the Tianyin Pavilion.

They are jealous. And he will die, and few people will survive after they have dug the core, and they smell the blood, and the eyes are shining.

"The sin of the sin is burned. At noon today, the penalty will be seized." The sound of the wood smoke is clear and cold. "There are ten sins, read here to tell the world."

The rain has stopped, but the ground is still moist. The ink burns in the pool of water, and the shadow of the sky is squatting under his feet. He will move the line of sight and find the leaves in the crowd.

His dark eyes stared at her like an inquiries. Ask her if she has already raised the point of death and death according to her own guilt. Ask her if she has already figured out what she can't put behind.

Ye Jingxiu nodded to him, and the ink burned his lips to open a bright and soft smile, and the eyes were soaked.

The weather is great.

The rain stopped.

"The crime is one, killing the people, and killing people."

The sound of the wood smoke echoed in the Tianyin Pavilion, solemn and solemn.

"Two counts of crimes, arson burning the building, to report private."

Before the Buddha's incense was burned, the gods of the gods asked in the clouds, or they were angry or kind, fell down and held the ring, overlooking the mortal beings. Over the years, the burning of the ink does not like to look at the high heavens. If there is a **** in the sky, there is a sin in his eyes, and he is buried with sorrow, afraid that he will be discovered.

But at this moment, he finally relaxed. He looked up at the sky, the sun was washed, and his black and purple eyes were soaked into glazed light brown, which turned pure.

He looked at the sky, the sky was sparse, and even the clouds were light.

The sound of the wood smoke is so far away, he closes his eyes.

Don't look at the shackles of life and death, and don't look at any of the faces of the old man.

"Sin six, stealing the ban, and breaking the big ring."

Suddenly thought of something, his eyebrows showed some regret and embarrassment.

In the original life, I wanted to treat the night well, but unfortunately I couldn’t do it. Even the first true lingering of the promised heart was finally ruined.

Ended with failure.

He is not a good person, a disaster star, a god, a lame joke.

These two lives.

I want to protect my mother, I have no protection.

I want to report my feelings and I have never done so.

When I was a child, I wanted to be a hero. Later, I wanted to steal the day when I was the son of Xue’s door in my life. The end of the road was poor, and I had a heart. I want to be the most cold-blooded and ruthless emperor in the world.

It’s gone.

"Tai Xianjun, ink rain, Mo Zongshi..." His eyelashes trembled, his throat rolled, and he finally sighed a sneer and emotion that he could only hear.

"You are really the most ridiculous person in this world."

He sighed and said, looking up at Gao Tian, the wind blew his fine hair, he narrowed his eyes, and then thought, where is Chu nightning now?

About because I have received too much, I have already exhausted all the fate, so in this life, the last journey, I will not see you again.

pretty good. He bent his eyes and sneered at the torture platform.

At the very least, don't let Yu Ning see him like this.

"The hour will come! Prepare the sentence -!"

A majestic sing and a horn blew.

As if the nightmare casts a shadow, it seems that this "preparation" is introduced into the tympanic membrane through thousands of miles. In the middle of the mountain, the night of the night, the eyes open, and the stunned and stunned.

"Ink burning!"

The candlelight flickered, and he gasped with a big mouth and sweaty heavy shirt.

He shivered a little, almost subconsciously, opening his mouth and reading the name that entangled the two worlds. Then the throat is rolled up and down, and the eyes are straight.

He just seemed to see the knife shadow, and he had a strong embarrassment, and his heart was stunned. I don’t know why it was terrible.

"..."

Sitting on the couch, the palm of your hand slammed on the face, and the sweat gradually cooled down, and he slowed down.

There was a clear flash of memory in front of me, but those memories did not belong to him - half of his soul stayed in the ink for too long, so that when he returned to him, he also brought a lot of ink. Burning memory.

Those who were swallowed up by the eight bitter long hate flowers were thrown away.

Even the ink burns important memories that you no longer remember.

Chu night Ning has seen...

Chapter 275

He saw that the ink of his childhood was burning at the mother's smile. He saw Duan Yihan touching the head of the ink and said: "To repay, don't take vengeance."

He saw the ink burning a box of cakes that Xue Meng gave him, cautiously licking and eating, and he was not willing to waste.

He saw the ink burning in front of the wine shop in the town of Wuchang, wearing a new disciple's suit, and handing the broken silver hands in his pocket to the boss, then smiling a little shy and looking forward to some more: "I want a pot of good pears." White, can you have a good looking jug? I want to give it to my master."

All the memories are emerging one after another.

Those who used to be in the heart of the burning, the warmest, the clearest of the past - just like a lantern, flashing in all directions.

The ink burning in the picture has been laughing, from the childhood of hunger and cold, to the childish years before the attack of eight bitter long hates. But these memories are not many. The pure time that ink has burned

in this life is really too little. There are only a handful of days to be indulgent.

Chu night Ning looked at the pieces that flashed past.

Then everything settled down.

Because the souls of the two people have been entangled for too long, so at this moment, he can clearly perceive that before the hate flower planting, the ink burned like him so much, respect him, attach to him, love him, even though he does not like to laugh. When teaching spells, it is even a bit harsh.

But I like it, I feel familiar and warm.

I feel that this cold and cold master is actually a very good person.

The smoldering gas actually liked him... In the early days, he liked him warmly and innocently.

The memory in front of the eyes continued to flow, and Chu Xi Ning followed the memories of the burning of the ink, and fell into the night of a certain white wind. That night, the disciples of the dead and dying were lit up with a solitary lamp, and the ink burned sitting at the table, carefully sewing the white palm in the hand against the spread of the book.

Only a few lines were sewn, and the fingertips were staggered, and the blood dripped and stained on the cloth towel.

The ink burned his eyes and looked very frustrated. He sighed: "It's so hard."

White Pa was squashed and threw it aside.

Also take a new one, and then sew.

One night, the candle did not go out, and I lost countless pieces of the sun. I finally got some hands and feet, and slowly, the reddish petals bloomed, one flap, two petals... five petals.

Each flap is embroidered with meticulousness, and each flap is embroidered with sincerity.

The juvenile clumsily sewed a white puff, and made a needle and a line to open an unbeaten Begonia flower.

He looked at the light in the eyes of the towel.

Embroidered, in fact, it is ugly, and there is a lot of unevenness in the foot. A glimpse of what is done by a hand, but the burning of the ink is not self-satisfied, he is excited to look left and right, and throw the towel again. The soft handkerchief fell in the air and landed on his face.

Cover his face.

He laughed under the slap and sighed, and the sea otter handkerchief picked up his horns, revealing his gentle eyes below. Looking forward to streamer.

"Give this to the Master, he will love it."

His heart is full of warmth, which is the warmth that must be tolerated and must be swallowed by the flowers that he planted later.

"Every time I use a handkerchief, I will think of me."

The ink burned the scorpion in his arms, and he thought that countless times in the night, he would praise him, and he would be happy. He only felt that the grass was flying and could not restrain the happiness. That night, he rushed to the night residence of Chu Yuning, and found the man who was standing by the pool.

"Master!"

He rushed over and glared at his face.

Chu Yuning turned back and was a little surprised: "How come you?"

"I, aunt--"

It’s too cold, it’s too rushed out, it’s not wearing a big cockroach, the young words are not exported, but it’s a sneeze.

Chu night Ningdao: "...what is so urgent, do not remember to wear clothes?"

The ink burned his nose and grinned. "I can't wait, I have one thing. If I don't give it to the teacher, I can't sleep."

"what?"

"Supply the teacher's respect for the teacher." He said, he carefully smashed the folded handkerchief from his arms, and when he presented the gift, he suddenly felt his face, and his face turned red: "Actually... it is not worth it." A few dollars. No, not very good."

After thinking about it, the Tuanba Tuanba and the handkerchief were hidden behind him, and the toes swayed the ground uncomfortably.

Chu nightning: "..."

"What did you buy?"

The young boy’s ears are red, and he replied slyly: “I don’t buy it, I don’t have money...”

Chu night Ning stunned: "Is it your own?"

The ink burned down the head, and the two curtains were like clouds, whispering: "Well."

Before he answered the words, he hurriedly said: "If you don't forget it, it is especially ugly and ugly!" After a while, I still felt that it was not enough. When I took the courage to look back at the night, Also forcefully added a sentence, "especially ugly."

Chu Evening still remembers his feelings at the time. In fact, he was surprised and surprised.

He has never received a gift from someone else.

But he was embarrassed to show it, and he was too embarrassed to laugh. He had to stretch his face tighter, for fear that the little apprentice who had just started to see the sweetness of his heart.

He coughed and thought about opening: "That's all done, how ugly, let me show it?"

In the end, the ink was still taken out of the handlebar. I wanted to put my hands on it, and I felt that I had tossed it. The handkerchief had already been wrinkled, and I tried to smooth it.

It was the blush that burned, and a thin, well-stretched hand came over and took the piece of the scorpion that had died.

All the troops are in ruins, and they are dying.

The ink burned silly, and the "ah" could not help but said: "Master, really ugly..."

At that time, Chu Ning had not yet burned the ink, only remembering the black and shiny eyes. Wet, like a flower on the rain, very nice.

Sometimes the situation is like a thunder and lightning, sometimes as slow as a dripping stone.

Chu Yuning is the latter. He was thoroughly touched by the young people's warmth and bitterness. At that time, there was a lot of fierce laughter and lack of stamina.

When I was shocked, this tenderness had become muddy, and he was deeply immersed in it.

"Is it a handkerchief?"

"Hmm... um."

White square scarf, silk, embroidered with sea bracts on the side, the needle corners are carefully and sturdy, and the oysters are somewhat cute.

Chu Yuning, an empty valley-like heart, was suddenly touched. There was a stream in the valley. The spring floated on the flower. He took the handkerchief and didn’t know what to say for a long time.

He was the first to receive such a ceremony.

The gift-giving person saw that he did not speak, and thought that he did not like it. He explained slyly: "I, I embroidered according to the pattern on the picture book. Actually... oh, in fact, there is such a handkerchief in this town. It’s not expensive to sell. It’s also embroidered... it’s much better than me.”

He was a little anxious in the end and wanted to get his handkerchief back. But Chu Ningning was one step ahead of him, and he had received the robe in a quiet voice.

"I don't like words. How can I get out of the teacher's ceremony and come back?"

The crumpled puddle, and the temperature of the ink burning, is really ugly, going to the impermanent town, the same style of ten copper plates can buy eight.

But I feel precious and don't want to return.

Then it became the gift of the second gift of the same life in the life of Chu. After the curse, this memory is also good, and this square towel is also forgotten.

Chu night Ning's face is thin, not good at words, and he did not specifically mention the point afterwards, but seeing the burning of the teacher to the teacher is getting more and more heart-warming, the saddle before the horse

is around, and the things that have been sent are not 100 or 80, he is more and more silent. I don't want to let the ink burn the peek.

That is the smoldering of charity and his things, and he cherishes himself.

He remembered...

The soul of the earth is merged and brings past events. Such a thing, a pile of pieces, Chu night Ning is slowly thinking about it.

He got up, angry than ever, eager, sad, and painful -

His hand was shaking, he finally knew the truth of everything and knew the beginning and the end of the matter.

In fact, it is not just the childhood of being desecrated.

Not only was it tempted by the teacher.

Far more than this.

But these most important memories have been suppressed by the curse of the teacher. For twenty years, for two generations, no one knows the original appearance of this incident.

until today.

Truth, truth...

These are the ultimate truths!

Lushan has no one to resist, Chu night Ning can not be other, he went crazy from the foot of the mountain, he went to the nearest village, asked the whereabouts of the burning.

"That Mo Zongshi?" The villagers did not know the identity of the late night, and said with a rough voice, "What a **** master is a beast with different looks."

There are different tables, animals...

sinner……

tyrant.

The eyes were dizzy, and the two generations were stunned. The stepping prince of the previous life was screaming at him. The ink rain of this life was screaming at him.

no.

The truth is not like this.

Chu night Ning palely asked: "Where is he?"

"Tianyin Pavilion." The villager said, "Which is not known to anyone who knows who is not knowing the world. This person is guilty of a sinful crime. Today, he will be slain and get the punishment he deserves!"

If the rock breaks, it will scream in the skull.

"When is the execution?!" Chu Yuning asked too eagerly, and the eyes of the phoenix flashed agitation, which made the villagers startled.

"Remember, don't remember clearly, it seems to be... noon?"

Noon...noon...He looks at the sundial next to the drying field and stunned!

The dragon rose out of the air, and the raging wind screamed in the wind, and the night of the night, he let the paper dragon take him to the wind and go to the ground. At the beginning of the paper dragon, he still wanted to squash his mouth with the owner, but he was shocked to see that there was water vapor in his eyes.

Xiaolong was shocked: "...What happened to you?"

"help me."

I have never seen such a look of Chu Xiening. I don’t know how to be good. I just said: "This seat has never helped you. - Oh, don't cry."

Chu nighting bites the back molars, but it is already an empty shelf.

The truth is a locust that bites his spine.

"I didn't cry, took me to Tianyin Pavilion, and it was too late to come!"

"What are you going to do there?"

"Save people." Trembling can not stop, obviously do not want to cry, obviously never want to cry, but the tears have finally collapsed, Chu night Ning smeared the red eyes.

"Save a person who has been wrongly sentenced."

"..."

"If someone in this world should be born to dig out the core and be reviled by thousands of people, then it should not be him." Chu night Ning Sha mute, "I want to sink for him."

The paper dragon did not ask again, it carried him, turned into a dragon that smashed through the sky, screaming and screaming, rushing to the sky, swaying the wind, and swaying the wind, the wind was shattered, the cold fog shattered, Take off in the humid sea of clouds.

Chu nightning sits next to its dragon's horn.

The strong airflow passed over his face, and the coldness of the nine days was amazing, and the blood at the fingertips seemed to be frozen. He looked at the front and looked at the overlapping clouds, the mountains and rivers, the rivers that flowed through the river, and the human beings, like yesterday, swept past.

In fact, from the moment he wakes up, he is crazy, numb, broken and separated.

At this point, he was thoroughly immersed in the grief brought by the past. He crouched on the dragon and slowly curled up and slowly buried his face in the palm of his hand.

The wind is very urgent, hunting is blowing over my ears.

They have to examine the ink, they have to cut his heart and break his spiritual core -

Ten evils, sin is dying.

no.

The wind is so loud that it is enough to cover the sorrows and sorrows of all mortals.

Tian Gaoyun is wide, Chu Yuening finally burst into tears in this hurricane, these two lifespans...Tai Xianjun, Mo Zongshi...

This is not the case.

There is a saying in the ink.

The worship under the Tongtian Tower was wrong from the beginning.

As the sun grew higher, the copper pot outside the Tianyin Pavilion leaked to a certain scale. The female officer slammed the bell and said: "Noon to -"

Yaque started to start.

"Execution!"

Ascend the criminal frame, bind the sacred rope, remove the robe, and open the placket.

The wood smoke was cold and cold, holding her **** martial arts, and stepping forward, standing in front of the ink.

"Tonight, I will repent."

The lips and teeth are open and close, and the ancient plaque of Tianyin Pavilion.

"The sound of the sky is so loud, not private.

The son of the sound of the sound, can not be sentimental.

Tianyin, you can't be blasphemy.

The sound of the heavens is pitiful, to respect all beings. ”

She coveted to the ink-burning ceremony - it is a farewell.

Then, the blade was pulled out, the fireworks splashed, the artifact screamed, and the golden feathers scattered. The sheen of the dagger illuminates her eyes, and there is no feeling in the head.

Someone below squinted, someone stretched his neck, someone closed his eyes and sighed, and some people applauded.

All sentient beings, but Err.

"Well, the nuclear nucleus will be fined."

The hands are falling and the blood is blooming.

Dead.

Then someone on the stage lost his voice and screamed for nine days: "Brother -!!!"

The red, bright red blood rushed out, and Shenwu did not enter his chest. The ink burned and blinked, and at first it was unaware, and then he bowed his head and looked at the heart of flesh and blood.

His lips twitched, and the pain began to blow up like a fireworks. In front of him, light and shadow were boiling.

"Cough!!"

Blood rushes out of the mouth, dripping, irony smell.

The world is vast, and it has turned into a blushing sea.

But it is wrong, it is wrong.

Chu night Ning Yulong flies, getting closer and closer.

He used to think that he was indifferent to himself, and that he was playing because of resentment because of his resentment.

He once thought that the ink was burned under repeated punishments, and he was gradually reluctant to forget the gentleness of the two at the beginning.

Actually not, those memories have always been embarrassed in the soul of the burning.

He saw it.

Chu Xiu Ning saw the deepest inner heart of the ink, and under the suppression of the eight bitter long hatred flowers, it was the deep friendship of the past.

That year, the ink burned so young and white, he also had a warm and healthy heart, beating under the chest. That year, he looked at the new worship of the master standing on the edge of the lacquer wood window, facing his face, faint, said: "Ink burn, come over."

Approaching, in front of the pen and ink.

"Listen to the Lord, you still don't know how to write your own words. Pick up the pen, I will teach you."

He taught him that the tone is light, such as the apricot flower outside the window.

"The word that the Lord gives you is light rain, and the name of yours is the opposite. I write it again, you are careful."

As a result, the horizontal and vertical hooks, Master's strokes and enthusiasm, the young apprentice ignorantly stood next to learn.

"Write more points."

"This time I wrote a little less."

The two words have been taught five times before they are twisted and twisted and written, but they are like a ghost, and they are ugly. Chu Xiaoning has never seen such a stupid person, and can’t help but feel a bit sullen: “...is it difficult?”

Not difficult.

But at that time, the ink burned did not dare to tell him, in fact, because his low-pitched writing looks too good-looking, he was insatiable, and asked for so much, so he deliberately wrote more and wrote less.

Make him good and teach yourself again.

"It's so hard."

Chu night Ning will swear at him: "You look at it seriously, don't be jealous."

The ink burned and grinned, and really distressed: "That, Master, write it again, and teach me again."

He really liked the bowing moment, and the phoenix flew.

As long as Chu Ning Ning holds his hand to teach him, he can hear the open sound of Begonia outside the window.

The execution of the execution platform is high, and the judgment of the Tianyin is unstoppable.

Shenwu 匕 锋 锋 锐 锐 , , , , , , , , , , , , 神 神 神

execution.

They let him awake, in case he couldn't tell whether it was a coma or a sudden death, so he looked at his heart and was cut open again and again, searching for fragments, and then being temporarily suffocated and healed.

again and again.

Xue Meng has collapsed, he is squatting, his face buried in his palm, tears falling.

"brother……"

The pain is so vague that the roots of the tendons are violent.

But actually felt that it was finally liberated.

The wooden cigarette fell from each knife, pierced his heart, and dug out the fragments. He felt that the sin of the past life was full of blood and faded.

Is it painful to be forgiven?

Is it possible to return to the past?

Where can I be before?

If he returns to the day under the Tongtian Tower, he is still a fake son of a dead child, and his mother has already starved to death. That happiness is still a mirror.

If I return to the old time, the firewood room, only the years when he and Duan Yihan lived together, he was afraid of the erroneous yin and yang, and never met the late night, this happiness will also be regrettable.

He looked back at the past, and at this moment he could not find a node that could really be reconciled from the life of his two generations. He could not find a real day of worry-free, warm food, even a day.

His two lives, for more than 40 years, have no peace.

The wooden cigarettes are still buried in the flesh and blood, and they are buried in the flesh and blood.

He knows that his soul is filthy and sinful, and the heavens are going back and forth, and the judgment will always come.

But at this moment, he suddenly had some sorrow.

He wants a mother, wants a master, wants a younger brother, wants an uncle, and he wants a home.

However, probably he is too greedy and wants so much.

So in the end, he didn't have anything.

His known happiness, the vested warmth, is fake in the end, fighting the water in the basket, palm in the sand.

He used up all to make up, but he couldn't get anything.

He was holding his small, wet basket by the long river of life. He knelt down and the basket was empty. He stared at the tide of the river, and the dead were like this.

In fact, from the beginning, he only had this small basket, he took it.

A dream that is destined to break.

Chapter 276

The execution ground is solemn. The smoldering core fragments of the ink were continuously extracted and dug.

One after another.

He was patient and patient, and he endured awkwardly. It is one thing to pay for sin. It is another thing to show weakness. He does not want to call for pain in front of the wood smoke. He is like a rock.

The pain is too deep, and the bitter sea is floating.

Suddenly, I heard a voice, and the spring thunder exploded in the skull.

"Ink burning!"

Impossible, how is it possible?

How could it be him……

It must be that I am too painful, my heart is hallucinating, and my mind is blurred.

"Ink burn!!"

Surrounded by the hustle and bustle, it seems that some people are exclaiming, in the hustle and bustle, the sky is blasting, and the hand of the wooden cigarette has stopped.

The ink trembled and looked up with the utmost strength -

He saw his god, the dragon, and he swooped down from the sky.

He saw his **** in white robes, and if he was a fairy.

Closer, the face next to the dragon's horn became clear, and the burning heart suddenly hurt, which made him more painful than the knife.

He saw his **** crying, Chu nightning...he was crying.

"Master...respect..."

The blood flow of the wound in the chest is like a note, the ink burns and struggles, and the ring buckles.

Chu night Ning jumped down the dragon, and in the moment before falling to the enchantment of the penalty platform, the paper candle dragon turned into a dazzling golden light and returned to the spell.

"Yu Heng!"

"Master!"

"Yuheng Elder!"

Everyone in the stands of the dead and the dead stood up, and the other martial art people also started to stun, and even the people in the cloth were shocked: "Is this the rumored Beidou Xianzun?"

"It is the master of ink burning!"

"Don't they say that they are broken?"

Chu’s eyelids were originally red, and they collapsed when they saw the blood and spiritual debris in the silver plate.

He was hoarse in his throat and wanted to talk. He had already swallowed before he opened his mouth.

"You... can't do this to him..."

Four stunned.

"What is he saying?"

"Is he crazy? Ink is a murderer who is mad!"

Every sentence is like a sharp knife in the heart of the late night, and every accusation is like the awl does not enter the chest of the night.

It hurts a lot.

Chu Xiaoning looked at the Tianyin Pavilion enchantment, the black scorpion wet, silently staring at his man, the man who was opened and

distracted, and the spiritual core was damaged.

When I was pointed out by a thousand people, I still didn’t know the man I was blind.

So stupid.

Chu night Ning lips twitching, trembling.

His hand was attached to the transparent enchantment of Tianyin Pavilion, and he choked: "The wrong decision... the wrong decision..."

Don't take the dagger and tie him, tie me.

Tie me...

The road is ruthless, and the ink is light and rainy.

In the past life, the human population was arrogant and he hoped that he would not die. In this life, day and night are hard to escape, and I can’t escape my inner condemnation.

Who knows the truth?

The wooden cigarette seemed to be in a hurry. After the initial horror, the sharp knife was lifted immediately. The tip of the knife dripped blood and the stars were a little bit.

The ink murmurs: "Don't look."

With a bang, the dagger entered the atrium again and the blood flowed.

Chu nightning's pupils suddenly gathered, after a long while, bursting like, humming and hoarse wearing clouds: "Don't-!!!"

The golden light is coming, and the hurricane is rising.

Tian asked to be called out, and a whip fell. The dozens of high-ranking disciples who kept the enchantment in Tianyin Pavilion could not bear the blow. They vomited **** and the enchantment broke. In a dazzling brilliance, Chu Xiuning held his own sparks of sacred martial arts and rushed straight toward the center of the penalty platform.

"Someone wants to rob a prisoner!"

"Chu will rather rob the prisoner!!"

When the wooden cigarette was separated, the spiritual core fragments in the hard disk were incorporated into the Qiankun sac, and the head shook his head and ordered: "Block him!"

"Yes! The owner!"

The golden wave of Tianyinge swarmed up and collided with the spiritual flow of Chu’s late night. The monks in the stands were shocked. They never saw the appearance of Chu’s night.

Crazy, compassionate.

There is no more reason.

Seeing that the late night was closer to the Ning, the wood smoke was cursed from the low voice, and the eyes flashed through the frost. Finally, a broken spiritual core was found, and the income was in the pocket of the sacred sac, and then the robes were hunt and returned to the late night with Chu.

"Chu Zongshi, do you really save him? You want to be clear, this step is going down, and you will be famous from here, you will be with him!"

The sword illuminates the apricot eyes of the wood, and she stares at him.

The sky asked to kill the blade of the wooden cigarette, and the streamer splattered.

Chu Xiuning is a word that is broken: "That, let me stay with him!"

The history is neat and complete, and the hero is scored.

But I just want to be with you, lying in the tyrant's biography, and rotten on the fierce list, it's all good.

I don't want future generations to mention us, to treat me as God and to refer to you as a ghost. I don't want to write about you in the later generations of this book.

If I can't sink you for you.

Ink burning, ink rain, stepping on the fairy.

I am willing to be reviled with you.

Hell is too cold.

I burned, I am coming to marry you.

Between the cloud and the air, the dazzling light and shadow has seen people in a mess.

On the stage, I was ignorant of it. In the chaos, I only heard the words "铮!铮!", and Tian asked to break the chains that were bound by ink.

The ink burned down to the ground and fell into the warmth of the late night.

His blood was reddened by his white clothes.

From the beginning, there was no tears, and the ink that had been smashed by the chest and not swallowed was finally broken at the moment. His hand trembled and lifted, and fell again.

He wants to hug Chu Yuning, and then wants to push Chu Yuning away. He is eager to look forward to not separating from Chuchun Ningbi and Huangquan, and he is deeply eager for everything in Chu’s night, which is good and always clean. It has nothing to do with your own dirty.

So he didn't know if he should hold it or should it be separated.

A pair of hands trembled for so long, and finally carefully took the back of Chu Yuning.

The ink burned and cried.

He said: "Master... Why don't you blame me... Why do you want to save me..."

Chu nightning only felt distressed, and he held the person in his arms tightly, and he no longer wanted to look around. Everyone looked at them and said a thousand words, but they didn’t know what to say first.

"I am so dirty... I will stain you too..." The smoldering whispered, the words are full of **** smell, the more he cried, the more sad he was, the man who never showed weakness in front of others, in the late evening There is no armor in my arms. "But I am afraid that you will not want me. If you don't even want me, I really don't know where to go..."

The broken one is the nucleus of the ink burning, and the thorn is the burning heart.

But this time, Chu nightning actually felt that his heart was also smashed, shattered by the delay, and **** and fuzzy.

It turns out that one tendon and one bone are all closely connected.

A large number of monks around the Tianyin Pavilion surrounded them, and they were wrapped around them, pressing hard.

Chu night, white clothes, blood, a hand-held day to ask, holding a burning in one hand.

Many black and white in the world, it is not easy to say clearly.

Self-righteous justice is too much.

There are also a lot of calculations.

Therefore, Qu Zihuai, Luo Luo water weep. Wu Mu is awkward, and the storm is resentful.

They can still be innocent and innocent, but more juvenile hearts? Not every sin can be confided, and there is a black one, and there is no one who will never turn the case.

Chu nightning held his ink, he whispered: "Don't be afraid, I won't want you."

"Master respect..."

"I will always be with you, live or die, I will take you home."

Losing the healing mantra, the burning consciousness became more and more faint, and the heart became more and more painful. But when he heard this sentence, his whole person was shocked, and then his lips moved, his tears rolled, but he smiled.

"You treat me so well, my basket is full... I am very happy..." He paused and his voice gradually fell.

"Master, I am so sleepy... I am cold..."

Chu Xinning’s body trembled inexplicably. He held the ink-burning hand harder and continually sent his own spiritual power, but it was useless.

Just like the past, Kunlun Mountain, stepping on the immortal, holding the dead himself, trying to save his life.

Useless.

Chu night Ning is very heart-felt, Fengyan wet red, tears silently rolling down, but still touch his hair, sideways, kissed his wet cold forehead, hoarsely said: "Don't sleep, you tell me, what? basket?"

Those who are close to each other are full of vigilance, inferiority, cold, alert, disgusting, disgusting.

so what.

Nothing is important anymore.

Reputation, dignity, life.

For the rest of his life, he saw his ink burning into the abyss, but he was helpless. He only felt so painful and felt that he was failing like that.

It is he who is late.

The ink burned gently, the consciousness was gradually dissipated, the blood flowed more and more, and the body became colder and colder. He said softly: "I only have a small basket... there is a hole in the small basket... it is empty... Fishing for a long time..."

He subconsciously wants to curl up.

The white lips groaned and choked.

"Master...the heart hurts..."

"You hug me, beg you."

Chu night Ning’s heart hurts like a twist, and can’t help but say: “I’m holding you, it’s not hurting, it’s not hurting.”

However, the ink burning has not been heard, and the consciousness of ink burning has become chaotic.

It’s all messy.

Like the child who was helpless in the wood-chambered house many years ago, like a child who was eating and drinking, like a child who was ruined

on the post, the mother rotted and screamed, crying and crying.

Like never returning to the past, the emperor.

Like the Tongtian Tower, the lonely figure.

Like the sword, he went back to the soul of the Mo Zong teacher.

Like a rainy night, the man who wets his pillow on the couch.

"I hurt so much... really hurts..."

"Master, have I paid off? I am already clean..."

More and more blurred.

"Master."

Finally, the child, the boy, the demon, the tyrant, the little apprentice, sobbing, slowly, screaming.

"It’s dark, I’m so scared... I want to go home...”

Chu nightning has been listening to him, and at this moment, it is already crying.

Ink burning, ink burning, why are you so stupid?

What pays off, what is clean...

I owe you.

No one knows the truth, even your own memories are erased.

But I finally know -

I finally knew that you only used my apprentice for a few months, but it took two lifetimes to protect me.

Carrying all the nicknames, crimes, misunderstandings, and jealousy.

Forced to become crazy, crazy, bloodthirsty, dirty.

If you don't have you, the person who is on this sinful sin today should be me, the person who is ridiculed... and it will be me.

It was the emperor who used his own soul to protect the night jade.

From then on, he will always be dark.

And he stays bright.

It’s all wrong.

At this time, the essence of Tianyin Pavilion is like a cheetah that has been turned around for a long time. It finally broke out, and the claws tore the air, and more than a hundred people rushed to them!

Tian asked Jin Guanglie to pale, white to glare.

"Kill them!"

"Block them!"

Chu nightning closed his eyes.

Surrounded by all sides

The surrounding crowds attacked and attacked, and in the shadow of the sword, Chu night was stunned! Then he sank with one hand and five fingers open, and the hurricane rolled up. He shouted: "Waisha, call!!"

Chapter 277

With this sound, the golden violent killing and killing blade is called out, and it is mad!

Everyone changed, and the high-ranking disciples of Tianyin Pavilion were taken back a step further, but then they screamed hard and shouted: "No retreat, you can't misplace!"

"How can these evils be kept! You must scoop the roots!"

Both sides had to make an arrow on the string, and the air was stretched to the extreme -

"Hands!"

The sound is like a drop of water, falling into the oil pan, and suddenly it is a piece! I saw the curse and the sharp blade from the center of the four-way execution, and the late night of the night, the Qinghuai, the golden light broke through the clouds. With the power of one person, he faced the monks who came from the tidal waves. The swordsmanship and **** flowers in the eyes of the phoenixes made him look like a Shura.

He guarded the ink, with a sword, with flesh and blood, with a life, and all the innocence after that.

No one listened to him, and no one was willing to put two trapped beasts in a desperate situation. No hope, no redemption, no trust, no light.

All of their last things are left with each other.

"Inflammable, I will bear it, I will take you away."

Suddenly, a curse slammed the arm of Chu Yuning, and the blood rushed in the moment, and the wound was deeply visible. But Chu Xiaoning just bite his lower lip and slammed it with a sword.

"Quickly open!" The monk on the court exclaimed, "Get out!!"

There is a terrifying trend in Huaisha. This sword has been banging loudly, the sand and the sky are all over the sky, and the swords are staggered and criss-crossed, and several deep gaps are found on the ground.

The wood smoke is sharp and sharp: "Chu night Ning! There is no heaven in your eyes!"

"..."

Seeing him ignore it, the wood smoke became more and more angry, and drunk: "Do you want to openly confront God, against the will?!"

Someone shouted at the spectator: "Beidou Xianzun, you let it go. Do you want to be a repeater in the realm of cultivation?"

Under the bursting suffocation of Huaisha, no one was able to approach the first half of the time.

Chu night Ning finally turned his face over half of the face, looked at the monks of Tianyin Pavilion, and said: "...I am already."

After all, he gritted his teeth and took a dying smoldering fire. He put the man with blood and blood on his shoulder and muttered: "Don’t be afraid, it’s over. Let's go, let's go home... I will take you home."

But he looked to the front, and the moment in front of him was already a **** road. He killed the monks of the Tianyin Pavilion, and there were more red-eyed dead men behind the broken limbs.

Where is the family?

They have nowhere to go, only **** can vote.

In the end, he did not know how many people he killed, and finally he was able to get out. When the smoldering sword was used to vacate the nine, he was shaking slightly. He has never taken so many innocent lives. He is now dyed with ink-burning blood, his own blood, and more of the blood of the Tianyin Pavilion.

Dirty.

Dirty in the bones, can not wash again.

Clouds are gathering in front of the eyes, and there is a piece of heaven and earth.

Where should I go?

Lushan is impossible, Dragon Blood Mountain is no longer safe... The sorrow of death... How can he have a face and drag on to death?

"Master respect..."

I heard the hoarseness/吟 耳 吟 楚 , , ,

sentence, but he was blind and at a loss. He raised his hand, but he did all his strength, and just lifted his hand.

The bloodstains of the Great Beach Big Beach have already dyed his clothes, and the ink burned eventually lost consciousness. It fell in the night of Ning Huai.

Chu Xiu Ning holds the weaker and weaker body in his arms, and he can no longer be patient. He is not sure whether they will chase after the soldiers. I don’t know how long they will arrive, he will come to the vicinity with ink. On one of the hillsides, his hand shook too much, and after a few dials, he randomly opened the smoldering clothes.

- A **** hole in the heart.

The brain slammed open, and he didn't even dare to look at the face of the moment.

He suddenly thought that in the past life, ink burned his bones for two years.

What kind of mood will he be in the days and nights of those two years?

"You don't go, the ink burns..." The hands overlapped before his wounds, and he sent a steady flow of spiritual power to him. The night of the ****

blood was kept in the same smoldering blood, like a hunter. A beast that has not yet died.

In the afterglow of the last days, the blood melted the blood, and the meat was wrapped around the flesh.

"You can't go, it's not your fault... It's never your fault..."

The ink burns, the ink is dark, and the burning is light. He sought light in his life, but he could not escape the darkness of the night. Chu nightning finally took the courage to look at the burning face, only a glance, almost collapsed.

The face is already alive, the shadow of a living person is no longer there, the white is terrible, it is blood, and there is even a mottled old cockroach at the brow bone - it is a trace of a stone that was once smashed.

He couldn't help it anymore, and he burst into tears in front of the ink and burned his heart.

This is the boy who once stalked him under the Tongtian Tower, splendidly and vigorously, and told him "Xianjun Xianjun, do you reason?"

Why... It’s all blood...why... no more angry, no scars left in the eyebrows.

I can't recognize it... I can't recognize it.

So what exactly did the ink rain do wrong? Throughout his life, he suffered such suffering and suffering.

It may be because he has no relatives and no reason, so he even bullies him. In the cracks in his life, the smile that he tried to fold out was still regarded by the world as a face that was awkward.

Who knows the predecessor of the mud, but also Fang Fangfei in mid-April.

"... Chu is late."

Suddenly, a familiar voice screamed coldly in the distance.

"Do you want to save him, do you not hesitate to lose your good name?"

Chu night Ning was stiff and looked up. He saw a tall figure against the sun and slowly approached him.

Stepping on the emperor, standing between the trees, squinting, staring at them.

"I thought that the most important thing in this world for you is that you are innocent." He said slowly, "I don't think you will end up dirty for him."

He stepped closer, the dark embroidered dark dragon pattern glared in the sun, and the black gold smashing red scorpion finally stopped in front of them.

Almost instinctively, Chu nights up and up, the golden light in the palm of the hand suddenly rises, and Tian asked to come out - he is standing between the past and the present.

Stepping on the eye of the fairy, the line of sight first patrolled on the willow of the golden light, and then quietly returned to the body of Chu.

This man is now like being fished out of the blood. There are no pieces of clothing on the body that are clean. A pair of phoenix eyes are wet, and they are rushing toward their own eyes.

Stepping on the fairy smiled: "He is so important to you?"

"..."

Seeing the late night, I wouldn’t answer, and stepping on Xianjun would be cold and cold: "Let it open."

Chu late, Ning did not move, he was confused at the moment, but he still knew that this "ink burning" was just a weapon, an empty fleshy body.

The sneer of the corner of the body is becoming more and more cruel: "Why, do you think that you are so stunned, this seat will take you no way?"

"...I want to take him away."

"Where to go?"

Just one sentence, just like a sharp knife into the clam shell.

Stepping on the eyes of Emperor Xiandi, he sneered and said: "Chu Ningning, you ask yourself, this red dust, in addition to this seat is willing to take you, where is your place. ... Take him away? Don't be ridiculous."

He stepped forward, his hands were like a slap in the air, and he slammed the chin of Chu’s lateness and approached.

"The last point in his body that has not been cleaned is the one. You are also your own. You better set your position."

When the voice fell, suddenly the golden light violently, and stepped on the prince in time to grab the hand, but the cheek still felt a burning pain. He smacked at random, and he was asked by the day to open a hemorrhoids mouth, black blood flowing down the face.

"..." Stepping Xianjun was silent for a long while, and raised his eyelids in a haze. The look on his face could not tell whether he was angry or happy. His nose was wrinkled, his emotions and his face were almost distorted. "Good, very good." ”

He laughed awkwardly, waving his sleeves and hunting in the black robe.

"I can't think of it for a long time, this seat can still fight with the sky." Raise the long fingers, touched the cheeks, smashed the blood, and stepped on the darkness of the fairy, staring at the face of Chu Yuning, " This seat is very nostalgic."

Behind the ink, the life is hanging on the line, and it may take a while to delay. Chu Xi Ning, even if the mind is chaos, I also know that I can’t talk to the fairy.

"Tian asked - people!"

Stepping on the fairy, the toes just plucked, the ground has cracked thousands of mouths, countless rough willows from the depths of the earth, and spurred toward him. Other soft vines wrap the infatuated Mo Zongshi into the abdomen, and protect it densely in the depths of the willow branches.

Stepping on the fairy standing in the middle of the battle, Chu Xiaoning, almost laughed: "You treat it differently?"

"Heaven, wind."

"..."

His own questioning has only been exchanged for a more violent offensive, and the blade-like wind is sweeping, and there is no resentment, it is a fake.

Stepping on the man who stared at the man on the ground, he suddenly felt a long-lost sorrow and grief in his heart. It was such a moment of distraction, the wind blade smashed to his ribs, he violently ate pain, bowed his head and saw the black blood flowing out of the wound.

He hurt him again...

No matter in his life or in his life, Chu Jingning never put him in his eyes.

The throat was steep and stunned. Stepping on Xianjun's pretending smile, he tightened his hand and raised his hand and said: "No call!"

When Biye Zhuqiao was in the past, and one year did not return, but what happened? Jun returned, not facing his sword, not for such stupid reasons, want his blood, want his life!

Suddenly hate.

Do not return to the day to meet, the two gods are issued a dragon and a tiger.

For two lifetimes.

It's been two years since the last life and death of these two weapons. The engraving on the blade handle has long been worn out, as the past days of stepping Xianjun and Beidou Xianzun have been broken.

The golden glory and the radiance of the brilliance are biting each other, seemingly hating the blood, and seemingly lingering. In this constant light and shadow, Teng Xianjun stared at the face in front of her eyes.

The blood is mottled and the look is complicated.

living.

The heart is violently violent and the burning is severe.

He bit his alveolar and suddenly he was very reluctant to ask: "Why is it all me... you have to fight for him and fight with this seat."

"..."

Chu nightning does not know what to say, facing a body, no matter what is said to be useless.

But I don't know if the flame is too glaring, it makes people feel illusory. He has a moment, and feels that the eyes of stepping on Xianjun are so painful and lonely.

It seems to be moist.

"He hurts like this, you will feel uncomfortable. That seat." Stepping Xianjun hoarsely, trying to be sullen, but that is not too lucrative, he hates not to burn these ash, but the fire When he got up, the flames made him red.

"Chu Ningning. You know that after the resurrection of this seat, you can see the red lotus in the water, you don't even have bones... What do you feel?"

Chu night is a glimpse. Finally, I couldn’t help but say that the stepping fairy who said this sentence was closed, and the muscles on her face were tight. Resentment and humiliation, suffering and madness made him almost crazy, and he suddenly infused all the spiritual power into it.

I only heard a loud noise!

The rock smashed and the ground moved. The vegetation around him was crushed into powder by the fierce spiritual flow in an instant, and the willows could not withstand the violent anger, and they collapsed into ash.

"Approximately ten years!"

In this scatter of ash, the eyes of the madness of the singer are clear, and his eyes are scarlet.

"Ten years, Chu night Ning. He was born again in the past, leaving his seat to be awakened in the death of life, in the Wushan Temple. This decade in the letter knows all kinds of joy in your letter, know his great achievements - What about me? Me!!"

The blade fell down, the sand flew away, and the ground broke through the bottomless gap.

"I have only one person from beginning to end! When he came over from the beginning, I didn't even have a skeleton!"

Mo Mou, Chu Xi Ning withdraws to the sky to ask, to meet with Huaisha.

But this is the blade of the killing, so that the stepping of the fairy is more and more violent, he is like a ghost returning from **** at this moment, resentment deep.

His kind of eyes made Chu lateing feel uncomfortable.

... Why is it just a corpse, and there is such a strong emotion.

"Why do you treat me like this."

The flames burned the trees, and the falling leaves were still dyed with fire, the corners were black and the stars were bright and dark. When stepping on the black, he stepped on the power, and suddenly he plucked his back and plundered him. He stood in this sorrow and sorrow.

Chu nightning did not know why he suddenly withdrew, he saw him close his eyes, the two volumes of deep eyelashes in the town is too pale face. Stepping on the fairy said:

"Why do you treat me like this."

The voice fell, and the ground loomed with a rumble.

Chu night, the land is changing, he immediately turned back -

"Ink burning!"

Waiting to return to the front of the infatuated ink, but already heard the five words of the cold.

Step on the fairy road: "Hell. Masses."

The stone is shocked!

Chu Xi Ning's blood is cool, Liu Liu... Liu Teng... Stepping Xianjun and ink rain is simply a person, ink rain can summon a return, step Xianjun can

also summon a devil!

The rough vines rose up and broke through the ground, stalking the body of the night. The other part of Liuteng cuts through the damaged days and will be entangled in the darkness of the willows.

Chu Xiaoning saw anxiously burning: "You stop!"

No one cares about him, stepping on the fairy to sneak into the ink burning, coldly looking at the depths of the vines, the same face as himself.

The eyes moved down and fell to the chest that was already bloody.

Chu night Ning screamed: "Tian asked -!"

However, Tian Wen and He Gui are the same level of Shenwu. They don’t lift their heads. They only reach out to the volley. The golden willows that are re-emerged are entangled with the flaming stalks, and they will never succeed or lose. .

Chu night Ning's lips are white and white, and the meridians in the hands are violently violent, trying to make a devil's bond with a flesh and blood.

"..." Stepping Xianjun finally turned his eyes, and looked at him intricately, his lips and lips sighing and whispering. "Chu Ning. You really hurt him."

After the words, he raised his hand and smashed the chest!

As long as the last bit of the nuclear debris, he will return to normal. He is the real stepping emperor, the real ink rain, the person who has endured ten years of loneliness and deserves to be paid.

He should be alive.

"Hey-!"

But in this electric light flint, a golden light flashed through, and straight through the palm of the stepping fairy.

Black blood, ticking down.

Teng Xianjun stared at the palm of his hand that was pierced by Tian Teng, and his face did not have any expression for a while.

pain?

Disappointed?

resentment?

I have tasted it too many times in my life, probably already used to it.

What he did last was just slowly turning his head back. Gujing looked at the man who was smashed and stunned by the ghosts.

Stepping on the palm of his hand was bloody, and he looked at him so deep and faintly, then suddenly smiled.

"Chu night Ning."

"..."

"Why don't you just lick my heart?"

Chu night Ning is shaking, and the ghost seems to have produced thousands of tiny thorns, and every inch of his musculature is tied. He is holding his

sword and eyebrows. Under the eyelashes, the pair of phoenixes are full of pain.

Stepping on the fairy, looking at him, pouring spiritual power into the palm of his hand and breaking the willow.

At this moment, he suddenly did not rush to dig up the heart of the ink-burning meat. He stepped forward toward the night.

Approaching, with his own hand holding blood, stroked the pale face of Chu night.

"Ask you." He seems to be understatement, and he seems to hate to be born. "You are so embarrassed, why not just lick the heart of this seat."

"..."

"This seat is in your eyes, what is it..."

Stepping on the fairy sighed gently, falling down.

Chu nightning will not answer him. Teng Xianjun was about to say anything more, but at this moment, he suddenly noticed the flaming

brilliance of the willows wrapped in the night. He suddenly looked at it and seemed to think of something, muttering: "Interrogation?"

Since the devil is the same as the day, then the question of the interrogation is the same.

The black-purple eyes of Teng Xianjun suddenly lit up, and he wanted to use the ghost to judge the truth in the mouth of the night. His lips moved, but probably didn't think about what to say, so he picked it up again. After a while, I tried to discretion: "Cough...if..."

"This seat is to say if."

The question to be asked seems to be too damaging, but such a god-given opportunity, I would rather regret it for the rest of my life.

After a long time, he was cold and cold, and he did not look at the eyes of Chu Yuning. He slowly finished his words: "If, for the rest of my life... I walked early and walked before you."

The light of the ghosts is getting more and more prosperous, forcing the people who are wrapped up, ready to confide in the truth.

Step on the fairy to raise his eyes.

"You... will you remember this one?"

The man wants to know the answer is too urgent, so Chu night Ning actually felt that thousands of steel needles stuck into the body, hurting the liver and intestines, each needle tried to force the truth in his heart, he trembled, musculoskeletal Cold, his face is green.

Stepping on the fairy, staring at him with a sigh of relief, his lips are light and his mind is deep.

"Do you know?"

"I..." hurt into the bone marrow, like to tear the viscera, and the night is forced to the sinister Chu nightning lifted the scorpion, faintly looked at the step of Xianxian.

In the moist water vapor, the handsome face is so familiar, with a thirst, and even a deep affection.

It was like the moonlight night long ago. On the tide of Feihua Island, the ink burned with him and he took his hand. He said, "I like you, how about you?"

The eyes are wet.

Chu Xiaoning is almost a scattered place, hoarsely whispered: "...the same..."

Perhaps the voice he answered was too light, or perhaps another reason. Stepping on the fairy is closer to himself, almost pressed against the late night, and has been sweaty, and the face is unmanned.

"What is the same?"

"The same..." The eyelashes hang down, and when they overlap, they are all warm and fuzzy. "I don't want to... let you walk before me..."

"..."

"I'm sorry." The voice was hoarse and unmistakable, like a broken cockroach. "I didn't protect you."

Stepping on the fairy stunned.

He had no **** face, and he looked more and more desolate in an instant.

The eardrum was rumbling in the thunder, and he couldn't help but think of the Tianshan Tianchi. When the man fell in his arms, he used a **** mottled hand to gently poke the forehead.

That person said, it is me who thins you, and does not complain.

The heart is sore and painful, and there seems to be something cracking inside.

"...night Ning..." He stood stiffly in the same place, like a woodcarving clay sculpture.

He reached out again, but this time it was not narrow. He didn't even know what it was because he just reached out and wanted to touch the face that was so similar to his previous life.

Cold, **** face.

Suddenly, a sharp whistle pierced the eardrum.

Stepping on the cheeks of Stephen is about to come to his fingers.

For the corpse, the eyes that carried too much emotion suddenly became hollow. Stepping on the arm, after the whistle, it was like losing self-awareness, slowly retreating, then waved and removed all the weapons.

If you don’t return to the past life, the ghosts of this life will disappear.

Chu nightning fell into the dust, but raised his eyes and saw a man with a white dress in the distance. The man wore a mask, holding a tube of jade flute between his fingers, and the other hand was holding a cane. .

The man stood at the end of the forest, among the fallen bamboo leaves, his body was so sturdy, standing quietly, leading the step of walking toward him.

"you are……"

"Let the ink master go." The man sighed, and the voice was obviously distorted by the voice-changing spell. "I can't support it for too long, and he will soon recover consciousness."

"..."

"Come on," the man said. "Tian Yin Ge and Hua Bi Nan will soon catch up. If they are caught by them, nothing can change."

Chu night Ning gritted his teeth and set the ink up, urging the dragon to symbolize, calling the dragon to carry them away.

Before the dragon leaped, he turned his head and glanced at the man standing in the depths of the bamboo forest, only to find that the man had to kneel on the ground to be able to ride forward.

There are some hidden memories in his mind, but I can’t think of it for a while.

"……Thank you."

The man just shook his head and urged: "Go away."

The paper dragon knew Chu Xinning's heart and spoke at this time: "The little brother is kind, my owner is afraid to ask your name, and if you have a relationship, you can come to thank you."

"..." The man was silent for a while, whispered, "I?"

Lin Muzhen rang, and his voice was very empty.

"I am just a person who is finally free."

The paper dragon also wants to ask again, but Chu Yuning knows that this person will not tell his identity. He gave the person a ritual, took a picture of the dragon body and said, "Let's go."

Since he spoke, the paper dragon knew the priority, and he did not say much. He took the sky and lifted it up, and immediately disappeared into the Baiyun Cang dog, and there was no trace.

The earth was moving, and the man in white wearing a quiet face stood quietly for a while. He looked up until the storm weakened and he went to silence. He looked at the sky that he could never see again. Unclear back, whispered:

"The disciple's teacher, congratulations to the master."

The sun shone and fell on his plain crown.

"The rivers and lakes are far away, the masters are respected, and they are taken care of all the way."

Chapter 278

These days, both the Shang Xiu and Xia Xiu circles are rumored to be rumored to be the first time that the Tianyin Pavilion in the thousands of years has been robbed. The robbers were actually the first great master of the world, Chu Yuning. He killed the Tianyin Pavilion with eleven people and injured 100 people. He took the felony prisoner and drove away.

Some people say that the night is rather crazy, and some people say that the night is like a rainy animal. There were still some people who were close at the time, so they saw the details, and they were angrily. The relationship between Chu and Ning was not right. They were stupid and dirty.

But no matter how the outside talks, Chu Xiaoning and Mo Weiyu did not appear on the rivers and lakes, no one knows where they are.

The most pure master of the world took away the most dangerous evil spirits in the world.

Then, the sound disappeared.

The wooden window is half open, the snow is like a crisp, the curtain is covered with a new trace of moss, and the remaining flowers are four or

five.

It has been four days since the Tianyin Pavilion storm. The outside has already made a pot of porridge, and there is nothing to judge. Only in this empty mountain is there a little quiet.

Suddenly, some people came from the depths of this empty forest, and walked into the colorful ink paintings framed by the window frame. He took a large oil-paper umbrella and held a bundle of firewood. The house was very cold. He piled the firewood on the edge of the fire pit and added a few pieces of chopped wood to the hearth, which would burn the weak flames.

This place has been in disrepair for a long time. It has not been used for a long time. Although it has been roughly cleaned up, there is still a musty smell in the air. To this end, he deliberately folded a branch from the outside with a white plum, brought it back to the bed.

Chu night Ning sat down and looked at the man lying on the narrow couch.

The fourth day, still did not wake up.

Since that day, after stepping away from the step of stepping on the king, he used the spells he had learned in the previous life plus the spiritual power that had not been lost in this life, and finally he hangs the ink. But after so long, the ink burns still groggy, and the lifeline can no longer be repaired.

"This room is still made by my master when I first traveled. I haven't lived for too long. There is always some flavor." Chu night looks at his face and looks at himself. "Know that you don't like incense, but you don't hate flowers." I brought a branch of plum, which should be open for a long time."

The ink burns down and the eyelashes fall.

The appearance of his sleep seemed very quiet and peaceful, and it was a rare peace of life.

In the past few days, the ink has been so quietly asleep, and Chu Ning, after finishing the work he is doing, will stay with him and talk to him.

When they got along with each other, they always burned a lot of people and he listened to them.

Unexpectedly, the person who said one day and the person who heard it would turn upside down.

"The outer enchantment is reinforced, and the curse is also laid down. No one will find it here." Chu said, "The firewood and the food are brought back, and there will be no other things for a while."

Suddenly, sighed: "You, why are you still not awake?"

He said, reaching out and touching the burning hair.

The fire in the pond is swaying. He sat on the bed and waited for a long time, waiting until the shadow cast on the ground moved with the sun, but still did not wait for the blink of the man.

Chu night Ning closed the eyelashes and sighed softly.

"Since you still want to sleep, just sleep... I will continue to tell you the story that I told you yesterday."

"Sorry, you said that you like to listen to bedtime stories, but I can't say anything...so, I can only talk about what we have experienced before." He was silent for a while, and he said, "Well... Where did you talk about yesterday?...Let me think about it. Right, when I found out that you cursed in my life, I always wanted to unlock it for you."

Chu night Ning said: "But the eight bitter long hatred is too deep, and I have done nothing to help. I have finally solved this life, but I have never thought that it will become like this."

He touched the cold back of his hand.

It’s always so cold.

He held the ink-burning hand like this and whispered to him with such words.

In the past, because of their conspiracy and because of their personality, many of them never spread to the table, so that they were so wrong and wrong.

Chu nightning regrets very much.

What if there is more frankness? Everything will change in this way, will you find out that the ink has already been poisoned earlier?

Can you all go back?

"You have been living forever, and you always want to redeem." Chu nightning closed his eyes and sighed. At the end, the voice was condensed, and he couldn’t say anything. "But you still remember, how did you end up with eight bites and hate? You Think about it... ink burns, you think about it..."

You never owe me.

From the beginning, I owe you.

Please, wake up.

If you can wake up, if you can remember the lost memories, you will know... The truth of all this originated from the rainy night that I closed seven years ago.

——

That is the node he changed with the fate of the ink. It was a day that he did not pay attention to in his life. On that day, the red lotus water rippled, the rain rushed through the roof tile, and the thunder and lightning flashed, but he could not hear.

Chu night Ning Ling nuclear is weak, that year is just the time to repair.

In order to make the disciples who are with him around, he gave a curse to himself before retreating, and then quietly sat in the pavilion, and God became too imaginary.

So he couldn’t see the arrogance in front of him.

That day, just in front of him, in the thunderstorm, in the red lotus water, the ink burning and the division of the teacher stared at each other, the burning face was pale, and the teacher's look was cloudy.

A truth that Chu Xiaoning did not know before, slowly unfolded in the night rain.

That retreat, the ink burning soon after entering the division door felt aggrieved because of the "flower picking" incident, saying that the service was not good, and did not want to come to accompany him.

But where can the young people's words be taken seriously?

For two nights, the ink burned or remembered not to avenge the enemy, pressed down the pain in my heart, went to the red lotus water alone, and wanted to take the class for the teacher.

I didn’t expect that because of this erroneous yang, he bumped into the conspiracy that changed his life.

The teacher was swearing at the late night of Chu.

Amazing, horrified, fearful, angry, disappointed. Burn the internal organs in an instant.

He rushed forward and grabbed the sharp edge of the teacher's hand - low drink, as the beast snorted: "What do you do?!"

Shi Mingjing only used the whisky to be surprised, and then a pair of gentle and beautiful peach eyes were finely smashed.

He smiled: "Who is my way? Nowadays, this red lotus otter is very enchanted. It can only enter our three apprentices, and the head of this life and death. The Lord is good, the Lord is good, who is coming? It’s all trouble, but fortunately it’s you.”

The ink burned and rushed, and he gasped, and the thin body was stopped in front of Chu, and the night wind blew his clothes and broken hair.

He stared at the teacher's face.

"What do you want to do to retreat? You...you..." The ink burned at that time couldn’t even believe that the gentle and succinct brother had a second devilish devil’s face. "Who are you?" ?!"

The teacher smiled and said: "A burning is so cute, I am naturally your good brother. Or who else can I be?"

He smacked the ink to protect the look of Chu.

A new entry disciple, so small, not self-reliant.

It’s like a lame joke.

"You are not saying, do you hate the Master and never want to see him again?"

The teacher was so eager to tease him as he was in the chest, laughing at him.

"When I confessed to you, you can tell me that you hate the sturdy person who is a sultry man. Why didn't he change his mind after two days, and he came to him again."

"If I don't look for him, who knows what you will do today!" The smoldering is resentful and sad. "Shi Mingjing, I thought you were good at that time, I believed you at that time!"

"Oh, you are so good, who is it?" The teacher smiled and said, "A bowl of hand-picked, a few words of warmth, will lie to you." In fact, you are a dog

that no one wants, who will give you a Root bones, you just leave with him."

"..."

"Why are you squatting at me like this, how about making a good hand?"

The darkness of the ink is cold, and his dark eyes are wet and cold in the night. After a long while, the throat is moving: "Shi Mingjing... Your heart is black."

The teacher is still laughing: "The black one is the heart of the heart, the heart is sick, my heart is not sick, no pain, naturally, you are the same as the teacher at the moment, the red is the same."

He paused, and the delicate white fingers swayed, and there was an extremely beautiful flower on his fingertips. The flowers are waiting to be placed, not yet opened, the black leaflets, the edges flashing silver.

The teacher clung to the flower and sniffed at the tip of his nose.

Flowers and beautiful people, but the style is devastating.

It’s chilling.

The ink murmurs: "What are you going to do..."

The teacher squinted, the eyelashes were long, the peach eyes were full of waves, and he smiled. He looked very good: "In fact, it is useless to explain to you. I just apply a curse, and you will soon take things tonight. Forget it, nothing will be remembered."

The black flowers are slicking his fingers.

"However, if you look at the same door, you can't tell you." Shi Yan said, "This is the flower bud that my mother gave birth to. It is the eight bitter long hate flower that I have worked hard to cultivate. If nobody appreciates it, it will be It disappeared into the world, and I feel that it lacks some flavor."

"Eight bitter... long hate?"

"The younger brother, born with eight bitterness, death and long hate. There is a kind of flower left by the Mozu in this world. It is extremely difficult for mortals to cultivate. It is called the eight bitter long hate." The teacher is very gentle, "This kind of flower, drink people when you are young." After the blood is in full bloom, it is necessary to take root and absorb the kindness and warmth in the heart, and breed sin and hatred."

He said, touching the black leaflets with relatives.

"The best people in this world, as long as there is a trace of dissatisfaction in the heart, can be born by the eight bitter long hatred, gradually... become the devil who kills people without blinking."

There was a snake-like gleam in his eyes.

The peach blossoms turned and stared at the Chu Ningning who was meditating.

Ink burns: "Do you want to plant long hate into the teacher's heart?!!"

"Why must be so surprised." The teacher smiled. "He is the world's largest master. You said, if he becomes a devil, how big will it be?"

"You are crazy?! How can you... how can you bear it..."

"He is cold-blooded and inhuman - isn't that what you said?" The teacher was faint. "I turned him into the most annoying way for you, the younger brother. From then on, you can hate him with justifiable words. You can't do everything."

The burnt scalp was almost blown up, and the spine was numb with sputum.

"You... ridiculous... that's what I said for a moment, I, I didn't hate him, you let go, don't hurt him like this..."

The teacher is interested: "Why?"

why?

He is so good, the table of the red lotus water is all the drawings he has drawn, the armor made, the weapons, or not for himself, are worried about the safety of others.

He is pure and clean, like the first new snow falling in the early winter.

Although he is very strict, sometimes not close to human feelings, but he will hold his own hands over and over again, teaching himself to literate.

Will accompany him to practice martial arts, from day to night long night.

He is willing to accept himself. From then on, the light rain is no longer lonely, only fake relatives and happiness.

Since then, there has been a real identity.

- The disciple of Chu Yuning.

"You can't harm him..." The ink burned anxiously. He wanted to wake up the master, but he didn't know what to do. He could only stand in front of Chu, and he couldn't be a evil spirit. He was so Ok, if you let him kill... he will be sad."

The strong anger in the chest does not know how to express it, can only use the simplest and most simple, even incoherent sentences to persuade.

It's like you haven't had time to learn a spell, you can only resist it with a thin body.

It is extremely painful to let a good person kill.

In the fire of the drunken building, he has already felt it.

The teacher looked at him and only thought it was funny.

"Is it sad? When he becomes such a person, he will not be sad. Ah, you don't have to worry about it."

"But why are you doing this?! Why do you want to hurt him?!"

This time, the teacher did not answer immediately. He dropped his eyelashes and paused for a moment before he said: "Because I also have things I have to do."

"..."

"I need the strongest strength for my use." The teacher licked his lips. "You won't understand."

Juvenile smoldering is almost doing his own poor power, trying to convince the innocent brother in front of him.

"What kind of person is the Master, you will not be unclear, even if... even if you are doing this to him, polishing all the goodness of his heart and making him a murderer, he will not only listen to you. Used for you - you... you can't do it."

"How do you know that I can't do it?" The teacher chuckled. "Oh, I forgot to tell you that this eight bitter long hate flower, I have melted my half-

piece remnant soul. As long as I spend my time, I will slowly love it. I am unable to understand the whole life."

The ink burned: "You are crazy!!"

The teacher Shi Shiran approached them. The night was polished by lightning, and the roar of the roaring sound reflected the face of the teacher.

"As you said, he is so good, for my use, to be my own, is it impossible? Even if it becomes a demon. By then, he only listens to me alone, and loves me, I am not good."

He knew that Chu Xiening would not wake up at the moment and would not hear the dialogue between the two. Therefore, he was not afraid of it. He said with a sigh of relief: "Teacher, let's go to the side. Do you think that you who have just cultivated the spiritual prototype of the spirit can fight me?"

The smoldering is almost gnashing: "I won't let it."

The teacher just laughed, and the latter blinked. He had already sneaked into the ink and burned his body. His hand was vacant on the top of the crown of the night, holding the black flower that was about to open.

"A burning, do you know how much effort I have put in order to refine this eight bitter long hatred? I am bitter and lonely, waiting for the day when the teacher retreats."

He lowered his body and his cheeks were almost affixed to the side of the night.

"He is going to be my blade, my embarrassment, to be my person. What can you stop?"

The flowers fell.

The life will change.

Suddenly I heard the young man screaming, and I was struggling.

"Don't touch him!!"

"You are really ridiculous." The teacher gradually lost patience. "Do you know..."

"Change me."

The rest is broken between the lips and teeth, and the sky is thundering and the flames tear the night.

The teacher squinted and asked, "What?"

The whole person is shaking.

It was only a little time for him to get started. The spells he had learned were so poor that he was destined to stop the teacher, and he did not know how to wake up the night.

He is unarmed and has no strength.

Only the flesh and blood.

So he can only say: "Change me."

The teacher quieted for a while and then sneered: "Do you know what you are talking about?"

"I know."

"The eight bitter long hate flowers are my mother's painstaking efforts, which I cultivated when I smashed the soul." The teacher straightened up and stared at the burning face. "What are you, you also match?"

"I..." means pinching into a fist, half a squat, and slamming his face up. "I may not be worthy, but it is more suitable than the teacher."

There was a little bit of flash in the eyes of the teacher: "...how do you say this?"

"You said that this flower will give birth to hatred in the heart. But if that person is clean, don't hesitate?"

The teacher shouted for a moment and smiled: "Impossible. Everyone has enmity in their hearts, even if it is Beidou Xianzun."

But his hand was smashing the petals of the long-sucking flower, and it gradually became a gloom.

There is nothing wrong with ink burning. In fact, he has been thinking about whether Xi Ning can become a hotbed of long-sucking flowers in the past few years - in case there is no trace of resentment in this person's heart?

It takes time and effort to cultivate another flower. Moreover, the division of the soul is too painful. He does not want to experience the second time.

When the ink burned and he hesitated, he took a step forward: "So many years have you seen the Master hate anyone?"

"..."

"You said that long-sucking flowers will swallow the goodness and warmth of your heart... These things may not be all for ordinary people, but you should understand the Master more than I do."

The rain is getting bigger and bigger, Wanmu is bleak.

"Shi Mingjing, you are not afraid that he gradually loses all memories, and no matter what good is no longer remembered, you are not afraid of being discovered."

The teacher squinted his eyes.

The scorpion is faint, and it seems that a snake has spit.

The ink burned closer to him step by step, his heart was like a drum, he was cut, and he was more urgent than the rain.

"I don't know what you are going to do, but if you have to sacrifice for one person, change me."

"you……"

"I have hate in my heart, I can breed. I don't have too many pure memories, even if I don't forget it, it's not easy to be discovered."

The ink burned as much as possible to convince the executioner to turn the blade around his neck.

"I still can't do anything today, but both Master and Uncle have said that my endowment is high, my spiritual power is enough... I can do it."

He shuddered, his nails fell into the palm of his hand, but he insisted on it.

"I can replace him and become the blade and weapon you want."

"I can replace him and become the killing demon you want to make."

"Sister." He finally stood in front of Shi Mingjing, lightning was shocking, the wind swelled, and the rain curtain slanted and slanted into the pavilion.

After another burst of coldness.

"Change me."

It is probably his key point, but perhaps because the teacher is not sure whether Chu Xinning can make the eight bitter long hate flower take effect, or, even if the ink power displayed in the year is unprecedented, his time for the spiritual core is even higher than that. The singer of Heaven is quicker and quicker.

In short, after several adjustments by the division, the final black bud that is about to bloom is finally burned into the bottom of the heart.

After doing all this, the teacher was sitting at the stone table, holding his hand and his eyes faint.

He does not understand why this is.

Why does the ink burning block the night for this night? With life, soul, future and dignity.

They clearly have only a few years of mentoring.

He doesn't understand.

The teacher looked at the black flower from the ink-burning chest, which is obviously a soft leaflet, but the steel needle can penetrate people's flesh and blood and stab to the depths.

In this process, the ink burned forever, without snoring, until the flower is like some kind of locust with a strange tentacle, a fierce plunged into his heart, and the smoldering finally snorted and crouched on the ground.

The teenager trembled in front of himself, and the teacher was sitting quietly like this, the jade arm was clear, high above, watching the ink burn in front of himself, vomiting blood in front of himself.

"Is it painful?"

"Cough..."

The teacher is very interested, his eyes are still gentle: "How much pain? I have never given this kind of curse, I am really curious... My good teacher, the taste of being hated and flowering is What is it?"

His gaze was like spring water, one section, flowing through the body of ink burning on the ground, and finally fell on the pale knuckles.

The ink-burning fingers unconsciously glared at the ground, and the fingertips were worn out, and the blood marks were one by one.

“Is it more painful than digging my heart?”

The smoldering did not answer him.

The pain is true, but...there is much better than the pain in the mass graves outside Linyi City that year.

It’s much better than watching the dead in front of you.

It’s much better than burying the sand and burying the flesh.

"At the beginning... I didn't protect Aunt, now, finally... can protect Master."

He was muttering like a gaze.

Those best memories faded a little bit, and those pure and sloppy pasts disappeared a little bit, and his eyes flashed through those poor, poor memories.

In a certain year, someone gave him a bowl of hot soup with his mother.

An old farmer once wanted to invite them into the house to get warm in the snowy night, and the fire was resting.

I also beg for the children who want to eat, and share with him half a piece of meatloaf.

Duan Yihan took his hand and took him through the long, **** of the autumn sun...

No hate, no bitterness, no unwillingness, no jealousy, no suffocation.

Everything is peaceful.

It is the purest beauty.

He saw the embroidered Haiyan handkerchief carefully under the lamp, and saw the stork sitting at the stone table, laughing and watching the teacher respecting the moon cake himself. He saw the moon under the discretion, the first time with the pear white to the master. Yourself.

These memories must be forgotten from now on.

Never remember again...

From then on, hatred will breed, and those gentle past memories will change.

From then on, the heat in his heart will be extinguished, and there will be no more fire. The spring water in his eyes will be frozen and condensed into ice.

From then on, he will run counter to his mother's last words.

Duan Yihan said: "Repay it, don't take vengeance."

I can't do it anymore.

I don't know where it came from. He bit his teeth and endured the visceral shredded pain. He staggered and wanted to stand up - squatting, but he couldn't stand, he groaned, crawled, and finally hurt the soul. Shaking, but still squatting, climbed to the night of Chu.

"Master respect..."

He struggled ridiculously and squirmed.

Shi Yiyuan thought that he wanted to do something, but finally found that the boy was just trying his best to exhaust the last enthusiasm and gratitude.

Tears are coming out.

"Master, I am very fast... I will disappoint you..."

The night rain is falling.

"I will soon remember your good, I can't... I can't learn spells with you... you hate me, hate me..."

He was crying, and he said the last words when he told the attempt of good deeds.

But Chu night would not hear.

He is in front of him, but he can't hear anything.

"Sorry, I folded the flower because I wanted to give it to you. Master, I am here today. It was originally... I am going to wait for you to wake up, I will apologize to you, and I will tell you everything I want."

The voice was hoarse and seemed to come out of the throat and flesh and blood.

"Master, thank you for not giving up on me, willing to accept me..."

"I am real, really."

The heart is pumping, and the bottom of the eye is already bloody. That is the sign that the eight bitter long hate flower began to take root, and it is also a manifestation of the beginning of the situation.

The forehead fell, hitting the ground and rolling the ground.

Weeping.

"I am real, I like you very much."

The teacher sighed softly, and his expression seemed to be interesting and pity.

But his pity is also good, interesting, it is faint, nothing can not enter his heart.

He finally walked over, picked up the burning cheeks, stared at the faintly chaotic eyes, and whispered, "Come, brother, tell me, what are you asking for now?"

"What to ask..."

What is being asked?

Linyi autumn color, in front of the tower.

Duan Yihan was laughing, and Chu was rather low-lying.

The hurricane weak sister of Lefang showed two pointed tiger teeth, and her eyes flashed with eager and excited luster. She said to him: "A burning, I will soon make enough money for redemption. I will take you with you. We left here and my sister took you to a good day."

The smoldering stunned, but still trying to capture these memories like the stalks.

He murmured: "I want to repay my grace...not to avenge..."

The teacher shook his head and waited for a moment.

Ask again: "What are you asking for?"

The ink burned hoarse and obsessed: "I want to... one day, I can die in the hands of the master."

The teacher stunned and then laughed: "Did the teacher's hand?"

"I don't want to be a devil... I don't want to go to hell..." He slammed four times and repeatedly whispered, "I don't just remember hate, Master..."

He actually broke the hand of the teacher, and Fuxi was in front of the night, almost squatting. His eyes are already scarlet-filled, and his consciousness is getting more and more chaotic.

"kill me."

In the end, the only thing that repeats is this one wish.

"On the first day of my evil... please, please, please... kill me."

The torrential rain blew, devour the dark night, the sorrowful sorrow of the young and the beast. The thunder and lightning flashed, the bamboo forest was bleak, and all the lotus flowers in the red lotus water stalked and fell into the pool.

There are eight bitterness in life, and there is long hate in death.

Before the loss of consciousness, the ink burned out the trembling hand and held the corner of Chu’s clothes. He looked up and whispered: "Master...you...justify me...you reason me...good ....."

You reason about me.

How many sufferings and hatreds in this world have been covered by the rushing winds and rains?

After two lifetimes, I finally learned the truth of the night, and then looked back, and vaguely remembered the next day, and ended on a Sunday, waking up from meditation.

The golden brilliance sprinkled into the bamboo pavilion, and the sea otter and the red lotus in the otter had to be destroyed. The fragrant Philippine of the old branches would soon be crushed into mud.

The rain has stopped, and Chu night has stunned his eyes. He turned to see the teacher standing at the stone table to cook tea. The mist rises. The eyebrows of the teacher are so gentle and beautiful. When he wakes up, the teacher smiles.

"Master."

"Why don't you still have a rest? You have been on the third day, and you have to change the ink."

On the samovar, the amber hot water is full of thoughts.

The teacher sang tea at him and smiled and said: "Today, I am still guarding the teacher, and I am burning the child's heart. I was punished by the

teacher, and my heart still couldn't get through."

Chu nightning stunned: "He is not coming?"

The teacher’s eyelashes, the thick black soft eyelash curtains fell, like the two clusters of tender springs in the early spring, he “humbled” and said: “Don’t come, go to the library, help the Lord to organize the books. ""

Chu nightning has such a moment of loss and sorrow.

He had intended to use the opportunity of two people to be alone and to talk about the smattering of the ink, and that day he was too harsh...

He never encountered an apprentice sin, and afterwards he thought about it and felt that he was too fine.

However, the ink burned but did not want to see him, and he was reluctant to accompany him.

Chu night Ning smashed his eyes.

"Master, drink tea."

For a long time, he should have, from the hands of the master's long white hair, took over the full of fragrant tea, blowing the misty mist and taking a sip.

The tea was too full, and when it came over, it was a little dripping on the robes.

The teacher’s heart was as fine as a haircut, and when he saw it, he laughed: “I have a slap.”

"You don't have to borrow yours." Chu Xiaoning took out a white sun-striped towel embroidered with sea otters, and wiped off the dried tea stains.

"A beautiful handkerchief, squatting up like the best one bought in the town." The gentleman said softly, "Do you want to buy it yourself?"

There is such a need, Chu night would rather say, no, it is inked.

It is his embroidery.

Give me a teacher's gift.

But I was in a bad mood, didn't want to say it, and felt that I was so shameful.

So I was silent for a while, and Chu Ning was just a sigh of "hmm", then he folded the scorpion and took it back.

After collecting the scorpion, he sighed softly.

On that day, the sun was shining. Last night, the hurricane and rain had only left the red and dried, and the lotus leaves were stained with new dew.

"Is the rain last night very big?"

The teacher sang the tea set and heard the fingertips smothered, and the twilight was deep: "Well?"

Chu night Ning turned his attention to Manchi Fangfei, faintly: "Flowers are thankful."

The teacher smiled again and put the tea pot carefully. Then the cloud was light and windy: "The thunderstorm last night, it was noisy for a while, it stopped. Today will be a good weather, wait for the ground to do something, I will go Sweep off the flowers in the yard."

Chu, Ning, never said anything again.

The sky is shining, the brocade is beautiful, and when we look far away, the sky is like a wash, and when the sun rises, Jin Yu flies.

indeed.

It is a rare sunny day.

Chapter 279

Nanping Glen.

Late at night, new snow fell from the huts.

In the past few days, the burn of the ink has turned more and more heavy. Even if Chu Xi Ning used the flower soul sacrifice to treat him, it has little effect.

In the afternoon, he woke up vaguely, but the consciousness was still unconscious. He was squinting and squinting at the night, he just cried, he said sorry, and said not to go, a word turned over and over again. Finally, I can't stop crying.

He has been dreaming and has been moving through his turbulent years.

He thought that he had just been returned by Xue Zhengxuan for a while, and thought that he was in the five years of losing his late night.

The only thing he can't dream of is the memory that has been taken away by the eight bitter long hate flowers. I can't dream of all his efforts, all the protection, all the innocence.

"Ink burning..." A bowl of freshly cooked porridge, Chu nightning came to his bed.

The porridge is barely able to enter, and it is a craft of the past.

He sat down on the couch, raised his hand and touched the inked forehead.

It is very hot.

He called him, but he couldn't wake up. He was waiting for the night, and waited until the porridge gradually became cold and gradually cold. He felt that he couldn't do this anymore, and he kept the porridge warm.

He doesn't know when the ink will wake up, but if he wakes up, he can always eat.

"It's a chicken soup, you like it the most." Chu nightning whispered to him, the spiritual spells that kept the heart burning and the heart beat have not been broken, but the ink can not wake up.

Wake up, that is to say, the spirit is broken, maybe he will not blink.

It is impossible to save it.

But I am not willing, how can I be willing.

The ink burns still alive, and he still has a breath, though it is so weak. These days, the sun and the moon faint, Chu night Ning stayed by his side, watching his chest still ups and downs, I feel that there is hope, everything can be turned back.

It’s still too late.

Chu nightning still remembers that one night, the ink burned and stumbled. At that time, there was no light in the room. The ink burned and looked straight at the candlestick. The dry lips were still slightly shaken.

He was very excited at the time, busy holding the burning hand and asking him: "What do you want to say?"

"……light……"

"what?"

"...lights...want to light..." The ink burned at the candlestick that he was destined to be unable to light, and the tears slid down his cheeks. "I want the lights to shine..."

At that moment, the time overlapped.

As if returning to the same year, when I was just instructed, the ink burned, and the thin teenager was lying on the bed and was groggy.

When Chu Xiaoning went to visit him, he whispered and called Aunt.

I don't know what to do, Chu Yuning sat on the bed of the teenager, hesitating to raise his hand and touched the boy's forehead.

The skinny child cried and said, "Black...all black...Auntie...I want to go home..."

In the end, it was Chu Wanning who lit the candlestick, and the bright fire illuminates the walls, and also illuminates the face of Chu. It seems that I felt the warmth of the light, and the child with a high fever opened a pair of eyes that were bright and smoky.

"Master respect..."

Chu night, Ning should have, licking the quilt for him, the voice is low, it sounds very gentle: "The ink burns, the light is on... Don't be afraid."

After a long period of time, a bean solitary lamp lit up again, and the warm yellow halo was soaked in the huts of the house, dispelling the endless darkness and coldness.

Chu night Ning caressed his hair and hoarsely called him: "The ink burns, the light is on."

He wants to continue, don't be afraid.

However, the throat swallowed, but I couldn’t say it anymore. Chu nighting refused to cry, but after all, it was against the ink burning forehead, broken and weeping: "...the light is on, you wake up, okay?"

"You reason about me, okay..."

The lanterns and tears are a dream, and this lamp has been burning, from the light of Huaguang, to the exhaustion of the oil.

Later, the sky was bright, and the fish belly was white outside the window, and the ink burned still did not open his eyes. The time to wake up the

sleeping boy with a light is over.

Never look back again.

Three more nights.

These days, Chu, Ning, stayed at his bed every day, took care of him, accompanied him, lost to his spiritual power, and told him to listen to things he forgot.

At dusk this day, the snow has stopped, and a red sun outside the window, the sun is shining on the earth. There was a squirrel leaping over the snow-covered branches, causing the white pears to sway and crystallize.

The man lying on the couch was blazed by the glory of this kindness, and the evening glow filled his pale face with blood. Under his thin eyelids, the cocoon turned slightly - and then, when the twilight was about to be four, he slowly opened his eyes.

After a few days of severe illness, the ink burned finally woke up.

He opened his eyes and his eyes were still empty, until he saw that he was tired and tired on his couch.

The smog is hoarse and whispered: "Master respects..."

He lay in the depths of the beggar, and the consciousness slowly returned. Slowly, he vaguely recalled that between half-awake and half-sleeping, Chu Yuning repeatedly repeated the words he had said.

A cup of wine in the Mid-Autumn Festival, a sea otter handkerchief... and that year, the red lotus water scorpion, he gave up the eight bitter long hate flowers planted for him.

Is it a dream?

Is he too eager to redeem, only to dream that Chu Ningning told him these stories, is he too hopeful to turn back, will dream that Chu will rather forgive him and be willing to forgive him.

He turned his face and reached out, trying to touch the man who was sleeping on the couch, but the fingertips never touched, but they shrank back.

He was afraid of a touch and the dream was broken.

He is still in the Tianyin Pavilion, still squatting on the sin of the sin, and below is the spectator of the mountain. He was alone in front of thousands of people. In those eyes, those people eventually became one and another

ambiguous face. They became the souls of one and another who had died in his hands. They screamed and smiled. He is asking for his life.

No one wants him, no one saves him.

It is his brazenness, his wolf ambition, his madness and madness, his illusion that Chu will rather come later - it is his pain in the heart, the illusion of the last fire in the world.

fake.

No one has ever cut a lock, and no one has ever embraced him. No one has ever come from the wind, and no one has ever taken him home.

The eyelashes trembled. He shed tears and stared at the sleeping face of Chu Xiaoning. He didn't dare to swear until his eyes finally ended, until the tears finally fell.

The reflection of Chu Xiaoning was broken into thousands of Huaguang, and he went to see his good dreams.

The dream is still there.

The ink burns off the bed, the eyelashes are wet, the throat is sobbing, and the corners of the eyes are constantly tearing down... The heart is very painful, the blood has been oozing out. He is afraid of waking up and not sleeping. The lips have been crying silently.

He woke up, but his body knew himself. He knew that this was only temporary and it was a return to light.

It is also the last pity of God.

He has been stunned for a lifetime, and he has been crazy for a lifetime. It was difficult to escape the **** name and it was not until the end that he was convicted of blasphemy. So he felt very awkward and even awkward.

He didn't know if it was lucky or unfortunate.

Unfortunately, the two lives are ridiculous.

Fortunately, the rest of my life will be peaceful.

But how long will he spend the rest of his life? one day? Two days?

That is a good day for him to exchange his life.

- It is a peaceful time that has never been obtained.

Later, he heard the movement of the late night of Chu, and he hurriedly wiped away the tears. He didn't want the master to see him crying.

The ink burned over and looked at the eyelashes of the person on the couch. The person watching the couch was stretched and looked at himself in the eyes of the person in the couch.

Outside the window, the golden crow sinks and the Big Dipper turns.

He heard Chu Xiaoning whispering a whisper: "Ink... burning?"

The sound is low and gentle, such as the spring buds breaking ground, the glaciers first solution, and the wine on the small red clay stove is warm to the third, the silk steam is steaming, and the hot people are warm. That is the sky that he can't forget in his life. The ink burned for a while, and then he smiled.

"Master, I woke up."

There is no snow in the night, and the rest of the life is long.

On this night, in the deep valley of Nanping Mountain, Mo-burn finally waited for the most relaxed and soft time in his life. He woke up, and he was able to see the surprise and sadness of the eyes of the night. He woke up, he leaned on the couch, and what he said to him by Chu Xiening, was told by him and his experience and misunderstanding.

It doesn't matter to him.

He just wants to stay longer and longer.

"I will see the wound again."

"Don't look at it." The ink smiled and held Chu's hand, and brought it down gently. "I'm fine."

After several refusals, Chu night Ning looked at him, like suddenly understood what, the blood on his face faded a little bit.

The ink burned strongly and calmly said: "It's really okay."

Chu night Ning did not answer, after a while, he got up and walked to the hearth. The wood in it was gradually extinguished. He left a back to the ink and slowly swayed in front of the fire.

The fire was born, and it was lit up. The whole house was warm, but Chu did not look back. He still used fire tongs to play with the firewood that didn't need to be played.

"porridge..."

Finally, he hoarse and open.

"The porridge has been warm, waiting for you to wake up."

The ink burned for a moment, and smirked: "... I haven’t had a porridge that I’ve cooked late for a long time. I’ve gone away in my life, and I’ve never drunk.”

"I didn't cook it." Chu said, "I still can't, probably...that is, I can barely enter the entrance..." His tail was a little shaken, and he couldn't seem to say any more.

After a long stay in Chu, I slowly said: "I will give you a bowl."

Ink burns: "...good."

The room was very warm, and when the night turned deep, the outside began to drift off the snow.

The ink burned the porridge bowl, carefully drank and drank a few mouthfuls, just look at the night of the night, then look down and drink a few mouthfuls, then look at the night.

Chu night Ning asked: "What's wrong? Is there something uncomfortable?"

"No." The ink whispered, "I just want to... look at you more."

"..." Chu night Ning did not say anything, took the silver carp first to pick up the grilled fish on the fire pond, the entrance to the stream of fish, but the thorn is still there, he picked the thorn, the white fish is finely subdivided.

When he used to eat, the ink burned always took care of him.

The same is true now.

He handed the chopped fish to the ink and said, "Come on."

The ink burns very smoothly.

When the man was wrapped in a quilt on the couch, it was not so tall. The orange flame reflected his face, very young.

At this time, Chu nightning suddenly realized that in fact, it was better to step on Xianjun, and the Mo Zongshi was even smaller than him for ten years.

It has experienced so many sufferings.

After burning the porridge, he poked the most fat piece of fish and wanted to hand it to Chu, but he sipped: "Master, what happened to you?"

Chu night Ning lowered his head and his eyes were reddish. He calmed his mind, and this faintly said: "Nothing, I feel cold."

He was afraid to sit again, he couldn't control himself, and he got up and said: "I went around to investigate. When you finished eating, I would rest early. When the injury is good, I will take you back to life." ”

Both of them know that the so-called improvement is not a return to light, and all the warmth is no longer.

But they are talking about tomorrow and talking about the future. It’s like rushing to the night after a few decades, and moving all the stars in the future, all over this snowy night.

After Chu Xiaoning left, the ink burned for a while before the fire, then he untied his clothes and looked down at the acne on his chest.

Then he stayed for a while and felt empty.

Nanping night snow.

The outside is getting bigger and bigger, and I don’t know when I will suddenly deteriorate. I don’t know when life is the end. He was kneeling by the bed, watching the snow outside, and the ears were whistling. He suddenly felt that his life was like the rushing wind at the moment. Everything passed away yesterday.

In fact, in the last life, in this life, there are always such smart people who are planning and playing.

The teacher is also good, the teacher is also good, one of them wants to protect him, one wants to harm him, but they all have their own plans, even if the last mistake is not successful, but they all have a plan.

The ink burns is different from them. He is the kind of dog that is stupid to die. There is no such thing as a seven-bend and a round heart. I don’t know how to step by step and make the pieces beautiful. He will only be honestly guarding his beloved ones, even if they are beaten and smeared, hurting the bones, and standing stubbornly in front of that person, not leaving.

This kind of person said that it is brave to be nice.

It’s ugly, it’s stupid.

This stupid man crouched on the window, his eyelashes fluttered, and he saw a familiar shadow under the plum tree in the original place.

Chu nightning did not go to patrol, this is just an excuse for him.

He stood under the flower tree, the distance was too far, the snow was too urgent, and the ink burned naturally could not see any trace of his face, only to see his blurred silhouette. Standing in the snow that covers the sky, I can't move.

What was he thinking about?

Is he cold or not?

he……

"Master."

Chu Yuening, who was fascinated in the snow, turned back and saw the night, in the frost and snow, the black youth was shackled, but he did not know when he had come behind him.

Chu night Ning was shocked and immediately said: "How come you come out like this? What do you do out? You are going back soon-"

"Go" has not had time to say it, and wrapped him in warmth.

The quilt with the quilt smashed the quilt, and the overwhelming blackness, the overwhelming warmth, he caged the Chu nightning into the quilt.

Two people stand under the old plum tree, standing in a thick cotton quilt that has been used for a long time. The snow is big outside, and the wind is no longer relevant to him.

The ink burned in this warm and darkness: "You don't think about it, although the things that the master said, I don't remember, but..."

He paused, first kissed Chu's forehead, and then whispered: "But if I let me go back and go through it again, I will still do it."

"..."

"And." He was wearing a quilt, and he was holding a hand that caught the coldness of Chu, and he didn't have to feel sad. In fact, I think the teacher said that it was right, the eight bitter long hate flower just took my heart. Those thoughts, those who can't see the light, are inspiring to achieve it."

Ten fingers are handed over.

The ink burned against his forehead: "I had a lot of hatred in my heart, but I didn't vent it when I was a kid. I was thinking about the slogan of the Tu... I thought about it. I ruled the world, I also thought about it. It is ridiculous to say it, I When I was five or six years old, hiding in a broken house, I was imagining that one day I could call the wind and rain to spread beans. These are my own thoughts, and no one has imposed it on me."

He stroked the face of Chu Xiaoning: "So, if the person who was in the middle of the sorrow is a master, you can't say that you will not become a tyrant like me. You will not be used, not even He will be stunned by Tianyinge." He smiled deeply in his nasal voice, and his forehead grinded comfort. "You have not been replaced by me, don't think too much, go back to the house and go to sleep."

The bed was very narrow and the ink burned him.

The moment that comes, it will always get closer and closer, and it will never escape.

The consciousness of smoldering began to blur and smashed. The colic of the heart was even worse than any previous one. The return of light will not last long. The same is true when A Niang died. He knows that his time is running out.

He had thick eyelashes, and the fire in the hearth was a little faint at the moment, and the dim light reflected on his young and handsome face, which was extraordinarily gentle.

This stupid man is generally able to see the pain in Chu’s eyes, so he endured his own discomfort and said with a smile: "Well, look good?"

Chu night Ning actually stunned: "What?"

"Oh." Moe said, "Men's husband, a few more scorpions have a taste."

Chu nightning was silent for a while, raised his hand, and slaps him a light slap without a light weight. It is too light, but it is like touching.

After a while, he seemed to be unable to endure anymore. He was buried in the warmth of his chest, without snoring, but his shoulders were shaking slightly.

He is very clear.

Chu night Ning knows.

The ink burned for a moment, grabbed him, kissed his forehead and hair.

"It's so ugly." He was more docile than he had been in the rest of his life. He sighed softly. "Is it all ugly to cry late?"

If he calls the teacher, he will be fine.

One night, the two alternate.

Chu nightning embraced the man’s hot and lively body in the depths of the beggar—he always disliked and was ashamed to express any intense emotions in his heart, but at the moment he felt that his tension and shame were so ridiculous, then Ridiculous.

So in the embrace of this limb, on the narrow couch that was wrapped tightly, in the empty huts of the four walls, in the long night of wind and snow.

Chu nightning whispered softly: "How can it be ugly? You have a flaw, no flaws. It looks good."

The ink burns.

He has never heard such a straightforward expression of Chu Xiening.

Even the Yu Jian confession did not have that day.

There is only a little bit of lasting fire in the house, very quiet and gentle.

The peace and gentleness of the evening.

"In my life, I like you all my life, I am willing to be with you. I will be willing to do so."

The ink burned and he said in his own mouth, he couldn't see the face of the night, but he could imagine the appearance of Chu Ningning at the moment.

I am afraid that my eyes are red, and my ears are red.

"I used to know that you were tempted, but you can't show it, you can only hate you... Now you can always replenish you." Chu nightning's cheeks are hot, and the eyes are also booming. "I like you, willing to bear with you, Willing to dissipate for you, willing to surrender to you."

Hearing the willingness to surrender to you, the burning heart is like a burning fire, and the whole body is trembled.

He is both moved and sad, both painful and embarrassing.

He is almost trembling: "Master respects..."

Chu Xiaoning raised his hand and stopped him: "You listen to me."

But after waiting for a while, Chu Evening was a person who wouldn’t say good things. He thought a lot, but he didn’t think it was appropriate.

For a moment, Chu Yuening actually wanted to say: "I'm sorry, you have been wronged and carried too much."

I want to say: "Before I left, I can't tell you the truth clearly. I missed you."

He also wants to say: "The red lotus in the year, thank you for your willingness to protect me."

He even thought about what dignity is not going to be at this moment. He wants to cry with ink and wants to hold this body that is still warm and warm. He said, "Please do not go, please be careful not to leave."

But the throat swallowed, and my heart was bitter.

In the end, Chu Xi Ning bowed his head and kissed the scars of the burning heart, the eyelashes, and he whispered.

"Ink burning, no matter what happened in the past, I will always be with you in the future."

Shame burned the blood of his body.

But the words are so solemn.

"A person who has been a fairy in his life is also a person who is a master of ink."

It’s too hot.

The ink burns only feels that the fire in the arms is once again lit up, and the fireworks are in front of them. All the pain and sorrow are gone at this moment.

"For two lifetimes, it belongs to you."

"No regrets."

The ink burned and closed, and it was moist.

He finally kissed Chu's lips, and he sighed: "...master...thank you."

The snow outside is getting bigger and bigger, and the night is getting deeper and deeper.

They are embracing each other, they are thinking, it turns out that this is the rest of their lives.

Mo-burning knows that his clothes are soaked by tears, but he does not say. Since he was a child, he hoped that there would be many joys in his life. At this time, he should always be happy.

He hugged Chu Yuning, he said: "Sleep, late Ning. Sleep, I am holding you. You are afraid of cold, I am warming for you."

"Wait for me, let's go back to life, I want to go to my uncle and ask for sin. I want to quarrel with Xue Meng again... We still have a lot to do..."

The ink burns the hair of Chu Xiaoning, and the voice is soft.

The throat is full of blood and sweet, and the breathing is getting more and more relieved.

But he still smiles, his look is very quiet at the moment: "Master, I will give you a lifetime umbrella."

Chu Yuning is in his arms, and he is so whimpered.

"Xia Shidi..." He teased him again, and he was so quick that he couldn’t speak, or teased him. "Teacher... tell the story to you... After every night, I will tell you...you Don't dismiss the teacher's stupidity. If you talk about it, you will only tell the cow to eat grass..."

At the end of the last, the ink burned up the eyelids and looked at the layer of snow covered with frost on the window.

The heavens and the earth are vast and white.

"Night." He held him, his heartbeat echoed in the ear of Chu, and he whispered, "I have always loved you."

He slowly fell off his eyes, the pear vortex was shallow, and the two pears were white.

The heartbeat is a little bit slower and bit by bit.

Suddenly, a branch of plum tree outside the window was covered with snow, the snow was too heavy, the branches were broken, and the sudden movements were made. The snowball fell with the branches and slammed.

After this noise, Chu nightning, but can no longer hear the sound of the heartbeat.

He waited for the beggar, he waited for a moment, he waited for a while, he waited for a long time.

There is no more sound.

No sound... nothing...

It is a terrible silence that makes people feel cold.

It is a terrible silence that is desperate for a lifetime.

end.

stop.

rest.

The house is dead and quiet, terrible.

After a long, long period of time, Chu nightning did not move, Chu night Ning was still lying in the ink burning, lying on the bed, he did not even get up, did not look up, did not speak.

His little apprentice, his ink brother, his stepping fairy wants him to sleep.

He said that he would hold an umbrella for him for a lifetime, telling a life story, and he will love him for the rest of his life.

The ink burns, the outside is cold and the snow is big.

I warm you.

Chu night Ning was kneeling in his arm, squatting in the chest where the heat had not yet disappeared, and did not move.

They will leave for home tomorrow.

He must rest well with the ink.

Chu nightning extended his hand and surrounded the ink-burning waist.

In the dark night, he said, "Well, I listen to you, I sleep.... But, tomorrow, I will call you, you must remember to wake up."

He stuck to the chest that had no ups and downs, and the tears soaked in the smoldering clothes.

"Don't go to bed."

Good night, ink burns.

This night is very long, but I will stay with you. May you have a good dream, a fire, and a light.

There is home.

Chapter 280

On the second morning, the sun shone into the Xuan window.

Chu night Ning opened his eyes, the beggar is warm, a person's temperature can warm the body of two people. He looked at the burning face quietly. In his eyes, this is the most handsome person in the world, and the best person.

He didn't move, he was thinking, what kind of porridge is cooked today?

Yesterday's has been finished, the ink-burning starving ghosts generally drink a whole four bowls, and there is no leftover.

He kissed his cheeks and asked, "Do it for you, okay?"

The man slept very hard, the dark eyelashes fell there, like two rolls of grass, gentle, gentle as if the next moment would open his eyes, smiled and pulled him, said to him: "Hungry, late to give Cook a bowl of porridge."

It seems that he will tell him deeply and awkwardly: "Whatever the teacher does is good, I will like it."

The body was already cold, and the cheeks were cold and there was no temperature.

Chu nightning did not cry.

He got up, covered the quilt with ink, and then he went to the yard to collect firewood. He cooked seriously and cooked well.

The water was open, the mist filled, and the rice porridge twitched and squirmed, carrying small bubbles. He used a colander to remove the foam, added some salt, and covered it with a wooden lid.

Those who have been born again can no longer be rescued for the second time by rebirth.

Chu night Ning was standing on the side of the stove. There was a moment of clearness in his gods. The Qingming of this moment almost killed his life. He was busy suppressing the trembling of his fingertips and raised his hand to uncover it.

When the porridge is cooked, there will always be people drinking.

He now has a piecemeal memory of smoldering. When he is a child, he is very poor. If he doesn't have enough food, he has a steaming cake that is a happy day.

Ink burning will not be wasted, so it will always wake up.

After the porridge was cooked, he went to the courtyard to clean the snow, and then folded a new plum, took it back to cut off the branches, and immersed it in a clay bottle.

Plum blossoms are ten miles, so that the ink burns on the road and can smell the world.

No, his consciousness is confused.

What is going on the road, what is smelling in the world... The ink is clearly lying here, exactly the same as yesterday and the day before and a few days ago, but the face is clearer and thinner, and the face is paler.

He will still wake up.

For two generations, no matter whether it is blame or blame, it is love and pity. Since they met, the smoldering never took the initiative to leave. So gradually, the ink burned through his life, became the wind, became the

hour, became the spring flowing through the finger gap, and the light that was worn in the long hair.

He is his day and night, and it is his red dust.

Chu nightning strolls in this red dust. This earthly world, the snow will fall, the cockroaches will still sing, the autumn will still die, the summer flowers will still be born, everything is as old, so how can the ink burn away?

He is willing to guard him, accompany him, day after day, waiting for him to wake up. Just like the burning of the past life and the body of Chu Xinning, the contract was made, and the yin and yang of this life was reversed. Chu Yuening also did the same thing as stepping Xianjun.

"On the day I left, you will leave."

Once stood in the red lotus water, the ink burned a black robe, so I said to the late night Chu.

"With me."

Nowadays, in the Nanping deep valley, Chu Yuning has attacked the white clothes and overlapped with the emperors of the year.

He reached out and put on a burnt, bloodless face: "...with me."

Jin Guangqi, his spiritual power flowed into the body of the corpse. From then on, even if it falls into the yellow spring, the heavens and the earth, as long as there is still a late night in the world, the body of the ink rain will not decay. Only after many years, Chu Yuning passed away, and the flow of spiritual power was terminated, and they would die together.

It is turned into ash, scattered into powder, and turned into mud and dust.

He left with him.

The charcoal fire of the Temple of the Tianyin Pavilion burned, and the light and shadow of the dark and the inconspicuous on the wall. The wooden smoke stood alone in the center of the main hall, holding hands and closing the eyes.

Suddenly, the temple door opened and a man came in.

The wood smoke did not look back, faintly: "Are you coming?"

"Come." The man took off his cloak and hood, revealing a face that fell into the country. It was the teacher, "Isn't the wooden sister going to the apse?"

"There is nothing to see." The wooden cigarette left the road. "But it's just that you give people a chest-cutting thing. The blood is too heavy, I can't stand it."

"There is no way, the medicinal sect, this is the case." Shi Yan smiled. "Even if it is a lonely moon, Jiang Yan, the knife will not be full of fragrance for the dead."

The wood smoke frowned and didn't intend to talk to him about the corpse-cutting of the living, so he asked: "Say, you have been doing this for a few days. When will you be able to step on the emperor? Reborn completely?"

"The rebirth is not counted, and there is only one piece of soul in his body. At most, he is a living dead."

The wooden cigarettes passed away from the eyes and said: "What we want is a living dead. The more you listen, the better.... How do those spiritual nuclear fragments come in handy?"

"Almost, although not complete, but the strength is as terrible as it is." Shi Yan said, "The ink is indeed the first monk to be the best, enough to open the way for us."

The wood smoke sighed: "I hope that this time I will not regenerate the accident."

"It’s hard to say if you don’t have an accident." Shi said, "I am casting a spiritual nucleus to restore the body of Stepanjun. At least ten days. In these ten days, I hope that Ms. Wood will do two for me. Things."

"You say it."

"First, after the full recovery of the stepping fairy, we have to do that big thing. At that time, these monks will be stupid, and they will know that the ink is telling the truth, I am afraid that they will join hands to stop us." Dun, "Although the shrimp and crab will not be enough, but there are more people, always a headache."

"So?"

"The strength of the upper training industry is strong, but the experience is not enough. The key is the death and death. I hope that the wooden sister will release some news, first provoke the dispute between the dead and the sects, and dismantle the sect in advance."

The wood smoke leaves the road: "Chu night Ning hijacked the prisoner, and the ink rained away. These two people who were originally dead and dying, it is not difficult to make an article. Not to mention the fact that many people have been attacked before the death of the dead. I want to force them to distribute. This is good to say. What about the second thing?"

"Second." The teacher sighed and seemed to regret, "kill someone for me."

"Who?"

"Myself."

The wooden cigarette turned away from him and the light of the flame illuminates the gentle face of the teacher's eyebrows: "You from the past?"

"Ok."

"You are crazy? Are you serious? He will say it again..."

She paused and didn't say anything more, because she saw the teacher's soft and thick eyelashes lifted up, showing a pair of black cockroaches underneath.

"What does he say is me?" The teacher smiled. "This is true. But he is also a traitor."

"..."

"If it wasn't for him to let him go, would anyone come to jail?"

"..."

"If it wasn't for him that he later disturbed the gods of stepping Xianjun, could Chu nighting take away the half-dead ink?" Speaking of this, the teacher’s eyes flashed a trace of Sen Han, "I also lost my life with me." These techniques, a scorpion, sneaked away and ran fast, did not let me live him."

The wood smoke could not help but say: "I know that he did not do this thing, but he is our people after all."

"He is me, these two red dusts are destined to be superimposed together, and one is enough for me." The teacher stepped up the steps and stood beside the wooden cigarette. "Like you, you have died in previous lives. But The same is true of the current wooden sister who helped me."

"But you don't have to kill him. Our family has suffered enough." The wooden cigarette was staring at the eyes of the teacher anxiously. "A Nan, we swore, as long as it is in the family. People should be accustomed to each other and support each other and cannot kill each other."

The teacher turned his gaze away. He didn't talk. He looked at the flame of the dragon snake. He said: "I used to think so in Lushan. I doubt that nobody has doubted him, so I will give it to the end. He can take the opportunity. After all, he is different from me."

"..."

"I am still Hua Binan and Shi Mingjing." The teacher was faint, and finally closed the scorpion and sighed. "But what about him? He just remembers that he is a teacher, and he never remembered who Huabinan was."

The flames are smashing and there is an orange starburst.

The wooden cigarette shook his head and finally shook his head: "I can't do the second thing you said. He has lost a pair of eyes for us. Now we can no longer afford him. They will not accept him again." He can't go anywhere, he can't do anything, why should you hurry to kill him, because he betrayed you? Just because he and your last choice are different?"

The teacher didn't talk, for a long time, smiled: "You have always been decisive, how suddenly is your heart soft?"

The wooden cigarette looked up and slammed, and her eyes flashed with pain: "Because he is also my brother, he is also you."

Her face has finally become so cold because of this secular mood, no longer like a stone statue, an ice sculpture.

"A Nan, whether it is a past life or this life, no matter what you become, I can't start with you. I can't do it."

The fire tongue in the charcoal pot faintly squats and dances into a staggered red silk.

The teacher sighed: "... forget it, this is a private matter, you will follow you if you want to. But the first thing, the success or failure, please be sure that the wooden sister must do it."

The wooden cigarettes closed their eyes, and at this moment it happened to ring at the end of the night, and the turret from the top of the pavilion was solemnly inhabited. The old clock of Tianyin Pavilion has been built for thousands of years, and the tone is still very macro. In this lingering bell, the wood smoke is slowly opening.

"I know....you can rest assured."

On the second night after the dialogue of Tianyin Pavilion, there was a serial murder case in the upper square of Bitongzhuang. The matter has not been thoroughly investigated, and similar cases have appeared in the sects of Huohuangge, Wushen Temple, and Lonely Moon Night.

Soon, a single terrorist incident became a cycle, and people quickly realized the key to the problem -

Jane Chess.

There are treasures everywhere.

Township Lane Mo, Huadu Xianmen, no one was spared.

There are more and more pieces of these lost minds, killing people and setting fire everywhere, and the self-cultivation of the realm of the real world is no longer enough to control the lives of the people.

Every day, the blood stained the river, and one city after another became a desert city. This disaster was more terrible than any previous crack.

Because people are not even sure who is behind the scenes, do not know how to end this sudden big kill. However, most monks believe that this disaster was planned by Chu Yuning and Moxue, whose whereabouts are still unknown. However, there are also people who are suspicious. For example, a group of refugees gathered in the temple at the moment, they said: "If it is said that it is a smoldering ghost, it is also credible. But why should Chu Ningning help him?"

"Who knows, maybe for a share?"

Some people said, "I don't think it's as simple as a piece of cake. You sneaked into the court that day. If you are just an ordinary apprentice, you will be so excited. In my opinion, Chu Yuning and Mo-burn The relationship is simply not normal."

"Ah... are you saying?"

"The good thing about Longyang, the mentoring and the traitors."

The upper and lower lips touched each other, and there was no swearing.

The people sitting around together showed a very horrified and extremely disgusted look, muttering: "No? He is Beidou Xianzun..."

"Then don't forget that when he was late in the night, he accidentally died. His apprentice burned his life and risked his life to **** to save him. Although the teacher and the teacher are deep, this is a matter of life and death. ,Can you do it?"

It is convenient to be silent.

There was a pod in the campfire that burst and gave a crisp sound.

"There was also Lushan that time, have you heard that? Before Shi Mingjing was taken away, he once said something."

"what?"

"The specifics don't remember very much. At that time, the situation was critical. Many people did not chew them carefully. Later, when they thought carefully, they always felt that there was a share of the stocks in the lines."

Someone frowned: "But I heard that the teacher is clear, Hua Binan, can he believe in his words?"

"A nonsense!"

Everyone was shocked by this angry anger, and turned to see a man glaring: "How can this kind of truth be true! It is clear that the ink is burning in the water to the teacher!"

"How can Li brother be so excited..."

The man said: "Why am I not excited? My life is saved by the teacher!"

"what……"

"At the time I was in Lushan, Hua Binan gave us a kind of scorpion venom called the heartworm. If it wasn’t for Shi Ming’s use of sputum therapy to

solve it for me, I would have been on the spot! If the teacher is Hua Binan, why bother to curse us?"

The more the big man said, the more excited he was, and the last time his eyes were all wet.

"In order to save us, Engong was hurt by Huabi Nan, and his life and death are still unknown, but he still has to be burned by ink. I... I am not worth it for him."

He said, he burst into tears. Other people in the temple have not known how to be good at the moment, they all look at each other -

On the one hand, Shi Mingjing and Tianyin Pavilion, on the other hand, Mo Weiyu and Chu Yuning, both sides have doubts, but obviously the latter has more doubts and more doubts.

There was a female repair in the crowd. At this time, looking at the fire pool in the dark and dark, suddenly whispered: "Actually... when I was against Xu Shuanglin on Lushan, I was in the ranks. Shi Ming’s work and ink burned. I have seen everything I do, neither of them is a bad person."

"But among them, there is always someone lying?"

The woman shook her head and shook her head: "Whoever is lying is a matter of great importance. I dare not break it. But I want to say something that I have seen with my own eyes."

Seeing that everyone turned their eyes to her, she was a bit stunned and coughed and said: "At that time everyone was injured, and the ink burned and Chuzong... The state of Chu Xiaoning was not good, sitting next to the rest. I Inadvertently glimpsed, the smoldering secretly reached out... I touched the face of Chu’s late night."

Chapter 281

"what……"

Many of the older people couldn't stand this kind of mentoring, and immediately covered their sleeves and frowned.

"What is this system!"

The woman repaired the tea bowl in her hand and lowered her head. "I felt weird and stunned at the time. But both of them are famous masters. I said that I dare not think about the place where there are people." But looking back at this time, the two of them are really not quite right."

She paused and continued: "There are those words that you just mentioned before, Shi Mingjing was caught before he was arrested. At that time, his words were vague, I only felt awkward, never thought about it, now I want to come, he It means that it should have been a sigh of relief, and later changed his mind and fell in love with Chu.

Everyone will not say anything.

A lot of inconspicuous details have become clear at this time.

Suddenly someone whispered: "When the Tianyin Pavilion was robbed, have you gone? When Chu nightning comforted him, I seemed to see him kiss his forehead."

"Ah!" The description of the details is more disgusting, but it is more and more curious. "Who is who?"

The man scratched his head and explained: "Chu Ning has kissed the ink."

"..."

"You haven't seen it yet?"

Everyone said that they didn't see it clearly. The man then said with a hand: "Well, then when I didn't say it. Maybe it was my eyes that I was wrong."

But many times, "just when I didn't say it" is actually a nonsense, and it has the same effect as "there is a saying that I don't know if I don't know what to say."

Can the water poured out be recovered? So this kind of nausea is becoming more and more vivid. If the apprentices take the initiative, it will be better.

This kind of private discussion and speculation is of course not limited to this broken temple. As the biggest suspect, Mo-burn and Chu-Lingning became talks in the streets and lanes.

The so-called good things don't go out, the evils go a long way, the topic of "teachers and filial piety" can make people sleepy, and the "teachers and apprentices" can make the eyes of the whole dinner table gather together in an endless stream. On the mouth. Even if someone suspects that someone is dissatisfied, it does not hinder the rumors.

So for a time, I guessed everything - saying that the ink burned on the bed, saying that Xue Meng and Chu Xi Ning also had dyed, saying that Shi Yi and Chu Xi Ning are probably not clean. In this way, the original Beidou Xianzun, which became clean and clean, became a perverted old man who liked a handsome boy.

"It’s never been empty talk," it’s never been empty.

"Look at his three apprentices, which one is not the top one. It is said that he does not have this thought. Do you believe?"

"When the ink burned just before the entry party, did Chu latenight refuse to accept him? I have a friend who knows in the dead, and he told me that the ink burned and went to Honglian Water for a night, then Chu night. Ning

will accept him - why? This is still used to ask, have slept, and burned the bed."

The people who are hooked on these details are tickle and talk about it more and more.

"The time when the ink was burning, it was just a weak crown, and it was really good to go to the night."

"Suddenly understand why the woman who went to peek at his bath was half-dead, I am afraid I saw something that I should not see."

After a few silences, then there was a hooligan who smiled in disappointment and said, "Oh, actually, I am really curious. You said, when they are sleeping, who is above, who is below?"

"It must be the ink burning below. You know the temper of Chu Xiaoning. He is so proud. He will never find a disciple to sleep."

"Thinking like this, the ink burns is really pitiful... I was forced to go to bed with an old man who was so old. The temper is hard and hard to serve. It is not the best looking, it must be disgusting. Let's go."

"Ugh……"

These swear words are not the most arrogant. As time goes by, there are a few cherished pieces that have been recognized as identities. They are all disciples of life and death.

If one or two are coincidental, then the clues that are caught every time point to the shackles of life and death, that is, the innocent sects will inevitably become the target of public criticism, causing great panic.

In the past few days, some people have come to the point of dying, but they have all eaten closed doors.

"Snow is not in the door, what will happen in a few days."

"Where did Xue Zhengzhen go?"

Seeing the other party directly calling the name of the Lord, the young disciple of the goalkeeper came to the temper: "Since the change, my head has been running around the clock, busy with the chess pieces, and personally, wherever he is suffering, where is he, you find it yourself!"

Those who are looking for troubles sneer: "Busy and flatten the pieces? I think it is busy to control the pieces, and the criminals are burning and burning."

"What are you talking about?!"

"I don't talk nonsense?" The humanity, "The smoldering practice of escaping, the late night of the murder of Chu, the escape of the prisoner, combined with Xue Zhengxuan's enthusiasm for the enthusiasm, these days, the disciples of life and death are made into chess. Say that you are not stupid behind this sect, who believes?"

In the face of these pieces of chasing, Xue Zhengyi always sighed exhaustedly after listening to the sigh, saying: "The Qing dynasty is self-cleaning, and now this world, can do what he has on hand, thank you very much. Don't worry about what they are talking about, let them go."

On this day, someone came to the mountain gate and brought a few bodies, saying that they would let the dead and the dead pay for their lives.

Xue Zhengxuan came back late at night. He was covered in blood and suffered several injuries. While listening to Mrs. Wang telling him about these things, he washed the sludge on his face and took a breath, not immediately snoring.

Mrs. Wang said: "It’s not a way to go on like this. You see if you should go to Tianyinge for help..."

"And Tianyinge ask for help?" Xue Zhengyi passed his eyes, and there was a scratch on the cheek. "I don’t see the place in Tianyin Pavilion. The wood smoke is like a clay sculpture." , it’s a simple idiot.”

Mrs. Wang is busy to cover his mouth: "You can't talk nonsense."

"..."

"I know that you are not feeling well." Mrs. Wang sighed and touched his face. "But what is the solution? It is a descendant of the gods. It is the Chitose school of the gods. They are very powerful. So even Three hundred years ago, no one dared to question them during the disaster of Ping Wang. What strength did you have to incite it?"

Xue Zhengxuan’s eyes are resentful and seem to want to say something, but he does not know how to say it. Finally, he threw the towel from the wound, and went to the window alone. He held his hand in front of the window and looked at the outer round of the moon.

"You said what happened to the burning child at the moment." After a long time, he was hoarse and asked.

Mrs. Wang dragged her long skirt and walked over to him: "The husband..."

The moonlight sprinkled on the man's face, and the face that had always been a haha's face smirked at the moment, and it seemed so exhausting, and even some old-fashioned.

"Although he is not my brother's biological family, he even killed my relatives. But for so many years... Do you understand? For so many years, I have taken him... I..."

"I understand. You don't have to say it anymore, I know." Mrs. Wang's eyes are also a bit red. "I am the same."

Xue Zhengyi buried his face in his palm, groaning with pain and pain, suddenly bowed his body and coughed hard.

It’s hard to stop the cough, and the hand is removed, but it is the blood of a palm.

Mrs. Wang was ashamed, and she was in a hurry: "How do you hurt so much? Lie down, let me see."

"There is nothing to look at." Xue Zhengyi wiped the blood with a towel. "I was injured by a little internal injury. It will be good for a few days."

"Tomorrow, you should stop running outside. You look at the head of another family. Who is like you?"

Xue Zhengyi seems to want to squeeze out a smile, but he is too tired, both physically and mentally exhausted, and the smile is half-finished: "The children and Yu Heng are still missing, and these days are not quite flat."

The impermanent towns at the foot of the mountain have been murdered a few days ago, and nine people have died. At this time, let me sit?"

"..." Mrs. Wang stared at him with a pair of eyes and looked at him silently.

Xue Zhengyi patted her head: "You know me, it's impossible."

Mrs. Wang bit her lip and said: "Then you will rest at least for a day. You have been vomiting blood, you can't be contemptuous. Can you forget how your brother went?"

The last trace of smile on Xue Zhengyi’s face also condensed.

He saw Mrs. Wang’s eyes falling, and the soft eyelashes under the faint faint sorrow, and could not help but sigh, saying, “You, don’t cry... I’m so big... oh, ok. Then, I will stay in the martial art tomorrow, and I will not go anywhere. I will take a day off and then go out again. Is this the head office?"

Mrs. Wang choked: "I don't care about you, the tube can't help, wherever you go."

"Where can it be." Xue Zhengxuan smiled bitterly. "Well, don't worry. You see me for decades, what big winds have not seen, it's okay. You believe me, it will be alright."

On the second day, Xue Zhengyi did not go out, but he did not idle, and he was mulling in the library.

"Respect the Lord, the Lord has given you the medicine, and you should drink it hot."

Xue Zheng said: "Let's put it."

He was thinking about the important places, and he didn't have any thoughts to get up and left, and he was busy until the afternoon. Later, due to the onset of abdominal rib injury, I thought of slowly taking the already cold medicine.

Stepping out of the library, Xue Zhengyi asked the disciple who was guarding the door: "Mrs. and Xue Meng?"

"The young master has just returned from the foot of the mountain. My wife is burning incense in the ancestral hall, and is going to call them?"

Xue Zhengyi originally wanted to talk to them and rest for a while. But when I was about to speak, I felt that I was dizzy in front of me - he was old, and he was no longer a young man in his twenties. He recovered well after being injured and slept.

He had to serve the old.

"Forget it, don't bother them." Xue Zhengyi endured the pain and smiled reluctantly. "I went to the retreat to meditate for a while. If there is something, come there and look for me."

"Yes, respect the Lord."

Xue Zhengyi raised his hand and patted the shoulder of the disciple. It was about a time when the fusion of the disciples was awkward. His whole state of mind was a bit desolate. At this time, he looked at the little disciple in front of him and couldn’t help but sigh in the heart. It was the most lush. Great good years.

And he, if you can do something more for the good times of these young people, then it would be better.

"Go, those books that I have messed up, bother you..."

He didn't finish his words. Suddenly someone rushed to see Xue Xingyu squatting down, looking at the look of a big disaster, and said: "Respect the Lord! Not good!"

This all-night screaming of Xue Zhengqi's abdominal ribs is even more painful. Oh, really, I knew that I should let the greedy wolf diagnose it first.

His face was white, but he still had a painful question: "I am in a hurry, what happened?"

The disciple said with a deep heart: "Dan Xindian came to all the martial art in the upper sect, even including the world's first big party."

Xue Zhengxuan snorted and vaguely guessed the reason, but still said: "...what they are doing."

"It is said that this time, there are too many complaints and doubts about the death and death. They said that they can no longer sit back and watch, and they must ask the Lord and ask the Lord." The disciple said more and more, I almost have to shed tears. "Respect the Lord, look at their posture, I am afraid it will force us to disperse."

"..." Xue Zhengyi's face was blue and green, biting his molars, raising his hand at several acupuncture points on the abdominal ribs, and endured discomfort. "It's true and false, it's too deceptive."

He turned his head and said to the bookstore: "Don't say anything to the lady before, lest she worry too much."

"Yes."

After the command, Xue Zhengyi slammed the little disciple who was stunned on the ground and said, "Come with me to the front hall."

Chapter 282

In the Danxin Hall, Xue Zhengxuan and the elders of the disciples were sullen and staring at the uninvited guests.

Sure enough, these big sects are almost all alive, and even Jiang Yan, who still understands the affair, is standing there. Although he does not want to target a certain sect, it is a big deal, and there are too many clues pointing to the shackles of life and death in the past few days. As a leader of the Xianmen, he has to come to the public.

The disciples of the dead and the dead were found one after another in these days, and they were not happy in their hearts. Today, they were suddenly pointed to their noses, "early guilty" and "hidden criminals". Moreover, the ups and downs of the world have been questioned, and there have been many questions in the language. When talking about it, the air has already filled with a strong fire/medication.

"Xuemou said it again, the dead and the dead have never deliberately disclosed the forbidden scroll to the ink, nor did they condone the ink burning practice, did not steal the precious pieces, and did not intend to use this ban to master the real world. , Yu Heng and ink burning are not in the moment, please be reasonable."

In the upper martial art school, Bitanzhuang, Jiangdongtang and the dying of death and death are the deepest.

Jiang Dongtang is now only a hundred people, all of which are clearly defined on the bright side and Huang Xiaoyue, but not in the bones. When they looked at each other, some people sneered: "Xue Zhangmen, there is nothing to say. Although you are innocent, the various doubts are pointing to yours. People are separated from each other, who knows what you want to do." ?"

"Yes."

"These chess games that have been ravaged by the blood and the wind in these days are all related to your life and death. If it is a coincidence, it is too far-fetched."

Some people in Bitanzhuang said: "I don't know if you know about it. The dead and the sorrows are used to replace the demon slayers. They often take no more than 20 years. The most bitter and tiring ones are rushing to do it. After finishing the work, I don’t ask for a return. It’s probably good intentions once or twice, but in 20 years, don’t you feel too ridiculous?”

Xue Zhengyi said with anger: "I started with my brothers, and the original intention of the establishment was to protect the people of the dawn of the Xiujie." Xue Mou was a heart, I was innocent."

"Dan Xin?" The man sneered, "A piece of Dan Xue Zhengzheng, taught a scorpion who sneaked a ban, and raised a master who killed and robbed the prison. Now these two biggest devils are from your life and death, What is the face of Xue Zhangmen and the word "Dan Xin"?"

Someone helped me: "It's good. Xuezhangmen said it is really nice, haha, sheltering the people from the dawn of the wind? Who is not stupid in this world, no one will do good things for twenty years and not return. conspiracy!"

"There are so many unidentified pieces before, it will never be made overnight. Maybe in the past few years, the face of the demon guard is on the bright side, but privately, it secretly raises a wave of treasure. Chess..."

Xue Meng is also in the hall. He sighed with anger in these days. He heard that he couldn’t bear it anymore. He stood up and smashed the knife, and the cup was dumped, and he was all over the place.

"You haven't compiled enough."

"..."

Xue Meng raised his eyes and looked at him: "It’s a bad idea to make a shack in private. Going to the wilderness and swearing, who gives you the courage?!"

Jiang Dongtang is the end of the strong, after the death of so many seniors, the referral has been a bit of a come. The new generation of heads is a young girl who is only 16 or 17 years old. In addition to being beautiful and nothing, it is still relying on the support and love of several brothers in the party.

The little girl didn't understand the rules. She didn't eat the bitterness. She probably felt that the people in the world would be as convinced as her unfortunate brothers, and she would be impressed by her flowery appearance. So she smiled and said: "Zi Ming brother, don't be angry." ""

Xue Meng: "..."

"If you are angry, you will not be handsome."

"Hey!" Someone immediately laughed.

Rao was in a tense atmosphere in the hall. Listening to her opening, many of the monks had some tension on their faces. Like the big martial art of the Fire Phoenix Pavilion, the disciples looked at the "one faction" with the look of dementia."

The girl became more and more aware that the men in the world had dumped her, lifted the white neck and lifted the white neck. I was intoxicated and said: "What grievances can't be said with peace of mind? As long as you make sense, take me as the head, Shang Xiujie The heads of the top ten sects will preside over justice for you."

When this statement came out, the original heads who were still solemn and solemn were somewhat unstoppable.

The horses in the Taoyuan Mountain Villa are merchants, and they have the fastest response to the numbers. He sighed: "Hey? How many martial arts in the upper cult? Ten?"

The main moonlight floor of the Snow Palace Palace has no expression: "She is wrong. You should not hear it."

Ma Wei is a kind-hearted person, immediately "oh oh" two voices, smiled and did not interject.

However, the long-haired faces of the Eunuch Elders of the Wushou Temple and the Qinghuangge of the Qinghuangge can not look good. However, the sum of all the heads of the heads is probably not as dark as the half of Jiang Yan.

Although Jiang Yan did not speak, he was obviously offended by the girl's "thinking that I am the first". While rubbing his own ring, he stared at the little girl.

The girl is still making a big splash: "We are all talking about things. Everyone expresses their thoughts and talks about guessing. There is nothing wrong with it."

Xue Meng’s tone is splattered: “When you tell the story, go home and talk. In the middle of the battle, there is no place for you to talk!”

"?"

The little girl stunned, and suddenly she burst into tears. She turned her head and yelled at the masters of Jiangdongtang, who were behind him. "He, he doesn't make sense - he yells at me... oh, I Don't just say a word, how is he so fierce..."

Jiang Yan: "..."

Mingyue Building: "..."

Elder Archangel: "..."

Someone on the scene whispered: "Jiangdongtang is over."

"Who is this little girl? Not as good as Huang Xiaoyue..."

Mei Hanxue is also in the crowd. He smells his nose and smiles. "That can't be said, it is better than Huang Xiaoyue. The little girl is at least good."

This girl was crying, and Jiang Dongtang immediately had her brother's urgency. There was a white-faced scholar-like figure who first wiped her face with her handkerchief. Then she turned her head and said to Xue Meng: "It is true that this is not the disciple of Chu Zongshi, the cousin of Mo Zongshi."

Now, the late night of the Chu and the burning of the ink for Xue Meng, it is like the dragon's inverse scale, where can I mention?

Xue Meng narrowed his eyes in danger.

The partiality of the guy still doesn't know, the lips touched and sneered: "You are a criminal, the devil's brother, where is the face of the face?"

The voice has not fallen, the dragon city is cold, and it points to the neck of the man! All four are silent.

The man did not think that Xue Meng would actually do it directly, through the cold blade, but see Xue Meng's eyes very cold, reason is difficult to save, could not help but face a whiter, opened his mouth but did not dare to scream again.

"Yeah, I am a prestige. Can't I prevail?"

Xue Meng poked the man's neck with a knife tip. His angry hands were shaking, and the strength was difficult to control. He had pierced the skin of the man and saw the blood.

"It's you, what are you. It's also worthy of being a dead-hearted person, saying nothing to me?"

Xue Zhengxuan saw Xue Meng violently, but he calmed down a little. He sighed: "Meng, you sit down."

Xue Meng slammed back: "Do I have to say it by them?!"

Xue Zhengyi: "..."

Xue Meng took his eyes off his father. The wolf-like gaze forced every person who dared to whisper his whisper. His chest was ups and downs, and he spoke. Even if he tried to maintain his calm, there was still a trace of anger in his voice.

"It's so ridiculous. For so many years, the dead and the dead have not been unjust, the disciples are running around - what is it for? Fame and fortune? Money? Forbidden?"

The dragon city is high hanging and the snow is shining.

"You are a fairy, a gentleman, a hero, a head." One word and one word, the words are broken, and the face is cut, Xue Meng is red-eyed. "I will ask you..."

"Twenty years ago, when the town of Wuchang was about to become a ghost town, where are you?"

"When fifteen years ago, when you were in the middle of the sky, when you were in the ten rooms and nine empty spaces, where are you?"

"Three years ago, the enchantment of Choi Butterfly Town was damaged, the ghosts were rampant, the hungry people were displaced, where are you?"

There was a slight splash of water in his eyes, but the voice was stunned and cold.

"In these years, how many times have you been pleading for help from you, and asking for your pity and help? Is it useful? How much does the Confucianism Gate have to pay in order to get rid of the demon? The cultivators are not enough to eat, and there is money. Please move the Buddha."

Some people were said to be a bit stunned. Some people did reflect on their heads, but some people were screaming and trying to take all the sewage to a Confucianist door. "Yes, Confucianism was really black, but it has nothing to do with us. I sent a demon to demon, and the money I asked for was only a few hundred dollars. Xue Shaozhu could not knock a boat with a stick."

"Oh. Hundreds of silver." Xue Meng suddenly sneered, "Dao Chang, have you seen the towns and villages in the middle of the city?"

"..."

"Look at the south of the border, you go to see the ghost town in the capital, go to the foot of the eyebrows, look at how those people live, then you come back to me, you ‘only’ receive a few hundred silver.”

Master Xuanjing sighed: "Xue Shaozhu, Laojiao knows your heartache."

Suddenly, but the words turned.

"However, no matter what, the sorrows of life and death have indeed caused the disciples to practice the ban, and there are also elders who deliberately cover up, intercepting the Tianyin Pavilion, and even killing the victims, killing 11 monks in Tianyin Pavilion. Sin, the sin of death and death is also difficult to escape."

Xuemeng's anger is getting stronger, like a black cloud covering his eyebrows: "Master, Tianyin Pavilion has a lot of handcuffs at the time, you have seen it. They want my master and ink burning life! My teacher Don’t you go, do you still have to sit in the same place and die?!”

His temper was fierce, and this sentence blurted out, but immediately seized the empty space for others.

"Well? According to the meaning of this, Xue Shaozhu actually thought that Chu Ning and Mo-burning were right?"

"There are so many reasons to kill people, and it really is that the upper beam is not right."

"This is a concept of right and wrong, it is so chilly. I see this life and death, it is really impossible to stay."

When I heard the last sentence, Xue Zhengyi was also rushing into the blood, and the pain in the wound was more intense. His ten fingers secretly tightened, endured this pain, and then stared at the man who spoke, his face became extremely gloomy: "This fairy is probably laughing."

"They didn't laugh."

Xue Zhengyi raised his eyes and looked for his voice. He turned his head slowly. He murmured: "Jiang Yan..."

From the beginning to the present, Jiang Yan did not say anything dirty, but did not open his mouth to help. He wore a light blue embroidered silver thread Du Ruohua robe, standing in the temple, can not see the mood.

Jiang Yan didn't really want to smash the beach, but if he didn't open it, I was afraid that the scene would become more and more anxious, so he moved his eyelashes and raised his eyes: "According to the rules of the repairing world, if a disciple practices a ban, no matter Whether the martial art directly instructs it is unfavorable to the instructor and the monitoring is not good."

Xue Zhengyi’s face was white.

Jiang Yan continued: "To prevent the aftermath, once discovered, such sects will dismiss the disciples when they stand, and force the lock. This point, Xue Zhangmen will not be unclear."

It is not unclear.

However, although this rule has been drawn up, it has not really been followed in the centuries.

How many disciples are there in a martial art? What did each disciple do, how could it be managed? Looking back at the front, regardless of Confucianism, lonely moon night, even no sorrow temple, Shangqing Pavilion, which one did not have a few people who practiced the three major bans? For example, if you are guilty of sin, you will be known for the technique of rebirth. Who will go to siege the Temple of Nostalgia and let the abbot close the temple?

This rule is just for the sake of restraint, but never to cash it. Only in today's situation, the wall is pushed by people, and they are afraid of possessing conspiracy in the dead and dying, and will carry out this paper empty text, forcing the dead and the sin.

Xue Zhengyi did not answer, but described the gray defeat, staring at Jiang Yan, seems to be surrounded by the lonely wolf.

For a long while, he asked Jiang Yan: "Do you not think this is ridiculous?"

Jiang Yan replied: "I feel absurd. But the text is so, I can't distinguish it for your class."

"Wen Wen..." Xue Zhengyi smiled, and the knuckles of the animal's head embossed on the edge of the seat, closing his eyes and sighing. "Twenty years. The order of the upper revision is still strict and strict. It’s wide and it hasn’t changed at all.”

Jiang Yan seems to have a conflict with this matter, and licked his lips, no more words. Instead, the other sects of the other sects began to show their heads and said, "Please ask Xue Zhangmen to follow the order and dissolve the shackles of death."

"Take a guilty punishment, Xue Zhangmen has a number of hearts."

"Everything must be done according to the rules. You have made so many things. Do you dare to say that you are innocent?"

In the snoring, some people turned their heads and said to Jiang: "Gang Jiangmen, we have received the complaints of major cities and towns before we came. The death and death of this life is difficult to escape. You are the head of the public. Let’s make a statement."

Jiang Yan: "..."

Everyone's eyes were concentrated on him. Jiang Yanmei was low-lying. After a while, he whispered: "There are so many doubts about your faction. Nowadays, the situation is turbulent and cannot be lightened. Xue Zhangmen, the rule of death and death Dispose of as a disposition. If you have evidence of self-certification in the future, you can do it again..."

When he had not finished speaking, he heard a sigh: "Jiang Yan, you have to deceive too much!"

"...Xue Shaozhu." Jiang Yan was a bit sloppy. He has always been a singer. Now he has been ordered to do things. He was in a bad mood. At this time, he was still named by a little guy and said that he was "deceiving too much" and could not help but feel more emotional. difference. His forehead was slightly fretting, and then he narrowed his eyes. "I have told you many times. The elders talk, the younger learn to shut up. You are also in your twenties, but the people are more than the same. Oh, I’m afraid it’s more than one.”

Xue Meng listened to his words, but he was angry and burned. He kicked the monk standing in front of him and flew straight toward Jiang Yan. He slammed Jiang Yan’s clothes and slammed him. On the beam column.

The eyes are like a bayonet.

He doesn't have to hate life: "Jiang Yan!! You still like to compare me with Nangong? How can you not compare with Nangong Liu?"

Jiang Yan was offended and looked more and more cold: "Look at your young age, first mention you. Let go."

Xue Meng suddenly ignored it. He had been forced to be a little crazy, and he continued to gnash his teeth: "In my opinion, you are more deprecated than Nangong Liu as the head of the door! You are black and white upside down, so it depends!" you you……"

Everyone was amazed, and the disciples of the lonely moon night didn’t even have time to react. They never believed that someone would be rude to the one.

He stared at Jiang Yan's cold eyes, and his silver teeth shattered.

"Jiang Yan, you are a beast."

This is still a good time, Dan Xin Temple instantly fried the pot.

"Xue Meng! You are arrogant! You are a younger generation, how to talk to the elders!"

"What day's pride, cultivation has eaten in the dog's belly!"

Jiang Yan slightly lifted his chin and sneaked into the sin. He stared at Xue Meng for a while, then slowly raised his hand and caught Xue Meng’s hand, only one force.

Hey.

The brittle sound of the bones.

"Well!"

"Menger!"

Jiang Yan is like abandoning the residue, cold and cold will Xue Meng to a side, carefully smoothed his collar folds, and then opened.

Not against Xue Meng, it is against Xue Zhengyi.

"Xue Zhengyi, you really taught a good son."

Xue Meng was pinched to dislocation, but still roared to rush up, but the person who was alone on the moon night would not let him do so, and they would block the sword.

Jiang Yan finally had no patience, and there was a fire in the eyebrows. He was tired of saying: "Distributed."

"Distributed!"

"The shackles of life must be distributed!"

The crowd of black people is forced to come over, nothing can be more united than fear, and the same meaning is repeated in different mouths -

The shackles of life and death must be disbanded today. These caves cannot be left.

Chapter 283

The atmosphere in the Dan Heart Hall is stretched to the extreme, and it burns at a point. The disciples of the dead and the sorrows and the disciples of the upper cults are opposite each other and do not give each other.

The bowstring is full, and then pull it down, either the string is broken or the arrow is out.

At this time, one person in the crowd suddenly stood up, but it was the palace owner of the Snow Palace, Ming Yue Lou.

The sound of the Moonlight Tower is gentle and pleasant, breaking the dangerous silence: "Please wait for you to wait a moment, let the text be dead, and the people be alive. You will compare your heart, think about it, and now there is no evidence to prove that the chess pieces are made of life and death. It’s true that there is a bit of fire in the hard work. I don’t think so, let’s take the ban on the shackles of death and death, and carefully judge and make decisions.”

Master Xuan Mirror shook his head: "The Ming Palace Lord and Xue Zhangmen have deep personal training, but they are biased. The shackles of death have already violated the taboos of the realm of cultivation, and where do they need to be carefully examined?"

"The abbot said this, many rules of this sect have been violated." Ming Yue Lou whispered, but the attitude is very firm, she warmly said, "If you want to calculate, I have not forgotten your guilty master."

"You-!" Xuan Mirror's face was dark, and then a pair of sleeves, re-packing the face solemn, hands clasped together, "save the skill, you can compare with the chess game."

"Is that saving the man's surgery is not the three major bans?"

The person who spoke was Xue Zhengyi. At this time, a few people close to him have already noticed the wrongness of Xue Zhengxuan. The man who is very popular in this week is a little angry, and the color of his lips is more white.

Xuan Jingdao: "...naturally counts."

Xue Zhengyi closed his eyes and gasped, then re-visited the abbot of Xuan Mirror, hoarsely: "In this case, how can a master be able to save people because of rebirth, and then exclude it from the rules?"

Mysterious mirrors are awkward, I don’t know how to defend them, and they are hard-lined: "This is not the same thing."

The disciple of the dead and the dying is angry and goes forward, and asks: "Why isn't it a matter of fact? There are also many people who have been practicing the ban on the martial arts. It is not successful. If this rule is to punish me, is it also? Should you close all of you?"

The greedy wolf elders are sinister and sinful: "There is no sin in the temple of no sorrow. There is Hua Binan on the night of the moon. Why do you only say that you are dead and sorrowful? Jiang Jiangmen wants to close the door of death and death. It is better to lead by example and announce the dissolution of the lonely moon night. ""

I don’t want to be an army like this. The sects of the sects are somewhat guilty. Those who are so screaming are also quiet at this moment, and they don’t want to bring the disaster to their own door.

Xue Zhengxuan coughed a few times, his eyelashes drooped, and quietly covered up the bloodstained by the palm of his hand. He raised his smile and said: "Since all the factions have done the same thing, and the so-called dead scorpion steals the pieces. The nonsense that attempts to subvert the upper and lower worlds cannot be settled, so Xue is rude - please leave immediately."

"This……"

When I came to the air, I thought that I could dismiss this alien martial art, but I didn’t expect to make such a situation that was unscrupulous. The faces of everyone were sometimes ugly.

Jiang Yan has no intention of forcing death and death. But before it was a difficult ride, I had to. At this time, when everyone saw it, he closed his eyes and said: "Go ahead."

Hearing this sentence, a piece of stone in Xue Zhengxuan's heart was finally dropped. He gently sighed and sighed, and his tight back relaxed. But the ribs suddenly hurt, and his eyes swept down, seeing the mottled blood on the waist side of the dark blue robes.

The injury I suffered yesterday was really too heavy. After a while, be sure to find a greedy wolf elder to take a good look...

He still didn't want to finish it, and there was a disciple who had a sword in his mouth and entered the temple. They are all cold and sullen, and when they enter the door, they sing:

"Xue Zhengxuan, you really have a face. The words of death and death have never been to the words of Jane Chess, how can you say it!"

Everyone did not think that Tianyin Pavilion would come, but they were all shocked and turned back. But seeing behind them, there are dozens of people who are unassuming, and there are still a few faces that are familiar. They seem to be the village heads of several small villages in the middle of the village.

"what happened……"

One of the brothers of Tianyin Pavilion said: "Are you not asking for evidence? Is this enough?"

More disciples said to the people: "The filthy land of death and life, the ambition of the wolf, the years have been spreading the fishing nets in the middle of the shackles, forcing ordinary people to sacrifice their children and boys to cultivate the chess game - these are the witnesses What else is identifiable?!"

Xue Zhengyi stood up, his eyes were fierce, and his throat was bloody: "No words!"

"Is it nonsense? You and I don't count, you ask them."

The dozens of villagers were like frightened ducks, swaying together, shivering, and squinting, no one dared to speak first.

Xue Meng's eyes, suddenly recognized a familiar face inside, suddenly said: "Liu village chief?"

The villager Liu surnamed a fierce sigh, and Yu Guang twitched him, and he slid away like a fish that didn’t keep his hands.

"What are you doing?" Xue Meng hadn't been able to react at the moment. He was almost innocent and lovely, even though this innocence seemed so pitiful at the moment.

"I..." Liu Cunchang swallowed, his skinny fingers pinched at the corner of the robe. He kept staring at the ground and his feet swayed.

The voice of Tianyin Pavilion is strong, and he said: "To tell the truth, if you tell lies, Tianyin Pavilion will always be impartial and will not tolerate it."

Liu Cunchang snorted and slammed down, grabbing the ground with his head: "I... I, I said! The shackles of death and death have been smashing the devil's voice in these years, saying that it is not taken. In fact, it has always been a must. We gave them to the boys and girls in the village..."

Xue Zhengyi was furious and took the case: "Fart!"

The voice of Tianyin Pavilion is louder than Xue Zhengyi: "Go ahead. What do they want to do with boys and girls?"

"I, I don't know." The head of the village was holding a greasy sweat, swallowing a spit, and his shoulders were screaming. "It is said that I took it to the mountain to practice, but I have never seen it again. Little tiger, small stone ...the dolls are not coming back."

The people of Tianyin Pavilion turned their heads and asked the monks of the dead.

"Can you have the child mentioned by the village chief?"

"..."

Nature is not going to be there.

The blood of Xue Meng’s body was boiling and stirring, and the little tiger’s small stone... When he rushed to save the stormy little village, he was already buried in the belly of the demon.

"Lie!" The chest anger is burning, the throat is sweet, and Xue is almost vomiting blood. "You will be envious, can your conscience be safe?!!"

Liu Cunchang looked pale and sorrowful, and tears continued to flow down. But I don’t know what Tianyin’s court had forced him. He still insisted: “There is no good sect in the life of death... They, a face-to-face set... behind the set... In the shackles, did... done countless What hurts the world..."

I’m not daring to look at any one person, but to touch the ground:

"The shackles of life and death are under the hegemony!!"

Amazing.

If you say that the words of these dozens of grass-roots people on weekdays, the monks will not be fully convinced. However, most of the people present at the scene were originally sent to the death and death, and they already had their own judgments in their hearts. Therefore, they received such evidence and immediately accepted them in full, and they were furious.

"I said that they will never do good things!"

"Xue Zhengyi, what else do you have to argue?"

Xue Zhengyi, Xue Meng, and the disciples and elders of the dead and the dead are all stunned.

Before that, many sects came together to commit crimes. They still felt angry and could wave their arms and scream for grievances and jealousy.

But at this moment, at first glance, it was actually a few village chiefs and dozens of people in the middle of the country... those who used to have eggs, white noodles, and tears to thank the immortal beings for living, saying that the grassy ring does not think Reporter.

These dozens of Zhongshan wolves. They personally put the knife into the heart of this piece of Dan.

It’s very painful and cold.

Such as falling into the ice cave, all over the body.

Those witnesses came forward one by one, the first one was still awkward, the second leg was still trembling, the third one was able to look directly at the crowd, the fourth started righteous words, the fifth learned to add fuel and vinegar... people like geese The head geese are in front of them, and all the people follow.

The so-called public funds, three into a tiger. They talked and said, they were so passionate, they talked and said that they were self-righteous.

Xue Meng only feels **** and feels cold.

He once thought that people have a spine and can't break it, but they don't expect to walk the dog to live. They can drink feces.

"Yeah, that's what the chess piece..." It was the turn of the matchmaker in Jiacun. She also came to testify. "They forced us to give them the rewards

of demon, and don't take money, only small dolls." This is the rule we all know in the world."

Jiang Yan frowned and asked: "Why do you still want to find them?"

The matchmaker will take the peach powder to wipe the tears: "No way, poor, and can not afford the grandfather of the monk in the repairing world, you can only pick the dolls in the village to send the past ... said to be sent to the death of the sorrow, But the big guys have counts in their hearts, oh... these hard-working children have been sent, and they can’t live anymore."

Say your chest and cover your face.

There are also scholars who have come to the test: "It is true. If you die, you will not collect money. We still have to live. It is also daring to anger." Fortunately, there are eyes in the sky, and many lines of injustice will be self-defeating. Tail. Dear friends, please be sure to be the master of the dawn of the lower world!"

When Jiang Dongtang stood up, someone stood up: "Reassure, the upper revision of the world is clear and white, and today's presence is full of famous people with heads and faces. They all have a hundred years of history and will act with impartiality."

The villagers who came to testify were grateful to the zeros, and they all went forward to cry for the evil deeds of life and death.

They know that since they have done perjury, they have never looked back. If the dying of life and death does not fall today, he will definitely liquidate with himself.

In the hall, I couldn’t see the living beings for a while. I could only see one of the devils in the whirlwind, open the **** mouth, bite the old wooden pillar, and bite the plain roof tile wall... The threshold of the "Dan Xin Dian" that has not been repaired due to insufficient funds.

Bloody.

Xue Meng was shaking, he closed his eyes and his tears rolled down. He hoared: "How do you say that you can export?"

Is Tianyin Pavilion honored by Ronghua?

Still forced by life.

How to say how to export, how to do it...

The matchmaker's scarlet mouth is still open and closed, and the fragmented words are scented into Xue Meng's ear—“the sneak peek of the dead”, “the grasshoppers” and “the virgins”.

Words and sentences are distorted into awkward nightmares.

"They are bullying and practicing."

"The coat of arms and beasts, the road is awesome!"

"That is the late night and the burning of the ink is the most disgusting. In order to refine the pieces, how many innocent people have been harmed..."

The bones hate and the palms tremble.

Reason collapses.

"You - how to export?! How to do it!!"

Anger like an ant hole ruined the last levee in the heart. Xue Meng slammed the wrong elbow back, and then the blade violently started. The dragon city screamed and screamed, but the reaction was not reflected.

The matchmaker who was arranging the "daughter's disciple--the young girl" looked down at her chest, and then wowed a spurt of blood, and even

if she didn't even have time to say a word, she slammed it on the floor.

Dead.

It is strange to say that the people of Tianyin Pavilion stood by the group of villagers, but they did not stop it - because of surprise? Or did it not respond at all? The answer is unknown, and no one will think deeply.

Everyone's eyes are gathered on Xue Meng, blood beads ticking, down the dragon's knife tip, one drop, two drops. Converging into a pool of deep red pool.

The abyss falls and the phoenix can't escape.

"Ah!" Suddenly someone screamed like a doomsday and finally ringed. "Kill, kill..."

"Xue Meng kills witnesses! Xue Meng is crazy!!"

When the temple was smashed, it was even more chaotic. I don’t know who was the first to move, and the long-repression anger was sprayed and cracked. The bowstring breaks, and the people of death and death are finally fighting with the upper-class

Private hatred, fear, and exclusion of dissidents.

The war contained too much selfishness and the scene was lost.

In a piece of sword and light sword, Xue Zhengyi endured a severe pain in the mouth, and snarled low: "Don't fight, stop!"

The person who can die is listening to him, but he does not stop in the upper world. In this case, the battle will not stop, Xue Meng’s heart has been smashed, and it’s not like it’s like it. This kind of brokenness spreads into the eyes and it’s wet red. He’s holding a scimitar to kill the evil spirits, but not The place choked and kept crying.

Perhaps only at this moment, the phoenix really understands how the ink burns when he is young.

In the drunken building, when a hatchet kills the whole building, the desperation, nausea, excitement, and self-disgust. Nothing is important anymore, anger burns his heart, and blood can be extinguished.

Suddenly, a sword resisted his attack. The sword was full of Yingying blue light, and it was very familiar with it. But Xue Meng couldn’t think of it at the moment. He just yelled at the ugly Snow Palace. : "Get out!! Don't stop me!"

"Don't fight, it will be a disaster to fight again, you calm down."

Into the ear is a familiar voice.

who is it?

Xue Meng can't think of it, and he doesn't want to think again.

Pain and hatred have destroyed his heart. One's forbearance has its limits. After that, the **** is also a ghost, and the saint is also a Shura.

One buddha, one mind.

His eyes burned red, and at the moment, only hate, endless hate, the hate that burned from Tianyinge, finally burst out and swallowed him.

"roll!"

The dragon city collided with the blue sword, but the man who looked like a face was not inferior. He struggled with him, and a pair of blue eyes stared at Xue Meng’s face.

"If you don't calm down again, you will only be worse off."

"What are you counting! Are you taking care of you?!!"

The knife is more and more sturdy, but the sword is calm and uncomfortable.

Bi-colored eyes looked at the black, so familiar eyes.

……who is it……

"Zi Ming, don't fight."

The low voice is ringing in the ear, and there are not many emotions, but still can hear a trace of anxiety and pity.

Xue Meng's crazy and chaotic brain seems to flash a glimmer of light, his fierce and fierce offensive pauses, but his chest is still undulating.

At the moment, it was full of blood, and the hair was confusing. He stared at the ugly strange man: "You..."

If you don’t speak, you will feel a gust of wind from behind.

Xue Meng suddenly turned back, to raise the dragon city photo frame is too late, the arm was opened a **** mouth, see the bones! !

"Menger!!"

When Xue Zhengxuan saw that his son was injured, he rushed from the long step and rescued him.

The more than ten elites in Tianyinge were the dying souls of the wooden smoke. At this time, they looked at each other and they rushed toward Xuemeng.

The strength of these individual soldiers is similar to that of the elders of death and death. They all go to the already wounded Xuemeng to kill the tricks, and they may have the life of the phoenix.

"Menger... Menger!"

But when it was too far apart, Xue Zhengyi couldn’t come, but there were more people who would go over to him and embarrass him. Xue Zhengyi's protector is eager, under the attack, he is also traumatized and bloody.

Xue Meng gritted his teeth and slammed his knife. Two people were retired, but his arms were bloody, and the entire arm was shaking.

Suddenly a red light flashed -

"Beware!"

Between the electric and the Flint, the blond man who was only fighting with him blocked him from killing.

Tianyin Pavilion disciples narrowed their eyes: "Take a traitor to the Snow Palace? Should you stand with the dying of life?"

The blue man did not answer, and the sword was like a frost. He turned back and looked at the white face and looked fierce. Xue Meng said: "Go to the uncle. Hurry up."

"I..." Xue Meng glared at the edge of his arm. In fact, he couldn't help himself. The white bones under the flesh and blood were all exposed to the air, and the entire arm was stained with blood.

His lips were swaying and seemed to want to say something, but did not say, his eyes went to Xue Zhengyi.

Only this one, the last blood color on Xue Meng’s face faded.

He was almost screaming, screaming at Xue Zhengyi, regardless of danger, yelling: "Hey!!!"

Xue Zhengyi glanced at him and immediately responded. He brushed his hand and lifted his hand to the offensive of the person behind the steel wristband. Then he slammed the man and slammed it on the ground. Xue Meng first sighed and sighed, and then did not want to squeeze into his father.

He slammed Xue Zhengyi’s arm, and he was sad and happy: "Great, hey, you are fine... you are fine..."

Xue Zhengxuan had torn the old wound because of the blow, and there was a large blood in the waist, but he was already covered with scarlet, so Xue Meng did not notice that he was holding his father. Hand, said: "Hey, I want revenge, today I will have these people's lives, no life, I-"

"Cough..."

The voice stopped quietly.

Xue Meng saw Xue Zhengyi squatting on the ground, and a large amount of congestion was found in his throat.

"Hey...?" Phoenix was shocked at once. He was so big. He had never seen his father suffer such a heavy injury. He suddenly had a slap in his head. "Hey, what happened to you? You..."

Xue Zhengyi's blood-stained lips opened and closed. He held Xue Meng's arm and hoared: "Stop."

"……what……"

Xue Zhengyi stared at Xue Meng's face, but Yu Guang also swept the wind around him.

Is this a fierce battle that he wants?

There are shouts everywhere, red blood flow and white brain splashes. The black hands have not yet been seen, and the major sects have begun to kill each other...

Xue Zheng said: "Let the people who are dead and dead stop."

"But they -"

"What can you do if you fight like this?" Xue Zhengyi was defeated. "Who can get what he wants? Is it the pain of the sentiment or the dying of the sect?"

Xue Meng did not say anything, but his eyes were red, and even his fingertips were shaking.

"Go..." Xue Zhengyi gently pushed him, and Xue Meng’s tears fell. He almost climbed up from the ground and stood in front of his father, screaming:

"Armed! Don't fight!"

Chapter 284

This sound seemed to take all the strength and arrogance, and Xue Meng closed his eyes and his cheeks were hot and humid.

"stop fighting……"

But just like the fire of the original, it is easy to burn, but it is difficult to extinguish. There was a chaos in the Danxin Temple. It was already full of dead people and injured people. The blood of these people became hot oil, and the hatred and madness were ignited to the extreme. For a time, Xue Meng’s snoring, Xue Zhengyi’s sigh Not many people listened to it.

Even if I listened to it, the eyes that were both red and red would not stop.

The uneasiness of these days is too much. After a series of **** cases, the sky leaked, the chess game was smashed, the dead man died in the night, Jiangdongtang made a mess, Bitanzhuang had no more than one day, and there was no mourning temple Buddha's blood. Many monks were present in the past days. Lost my friends and family...

Who is the mastermind? Who is lying?

There is no answer, but all the points lead to the door of death, so the accumulated hatred and fear broke out in this battle.

It is difficult to cover the water.

Xue Meng had experienced less wars. At this moment, he did not realize what this meant. He was up and down, standing in the same place and watching the crazy fight.

But Xue Zhengzheng already understands that when this matter comes to this step, I am afraid that it has been out of control until the initiators have never thought of it.

He bit his teeth, endured the pain of the wound, and endured the dim flower in front of him, grabbing Xue Meng’s shoulder: "You... hurry."

"father?!"

"Hurry up and go out!! Go to your mother's side, faster!"

But the voice did not fall, there are seven or eight people gathered in front of him, each killing red eyes: "Xue Meng, you kill my brother, I want you to pay for life!"

"The son of the animal!"

Xue Meng stood in the same place - he killed this man's brother? When... He clearly never hurt another person’s life, he never...

His whole mind is chaotic, and he bows his head in the chaos, seeing the dragon in his hand ticking his blood. He suddenly became creepy.

Yes, he killed.

He murdered - the first killer was the matchmaker who was perjury, then...

He can't remember. He just started to kill in a crazy way. He was full of blood on his face, full of faces... full of faces...

"what!!!"

Xue Meng sighed with sorrow, like a beast of dying, the forehead ribs bulging, and the eyes were cracked.

Why did it become like this... From the day the ink burned away, everything changed, and one pile was out of his control, and he was farther and farther away from himself.

"I murdered... oh... I murdered..."

He turned around, but it was Xue Zhengying's pale to terrible face. Xue Zhengyi grabbed his hand and dragged him behind him, killing himself with an iron fan and highlighting a **** road in the encirclement.

"go."

The crumbling man broke the birth machine for the younger son.

"Meng, go."

Xue Meng stood still and did not move. At this time, someone rushed to death. Xue Zhengyi had been unable to stand up. He raised his hand and held the blade of the man. The blood flow was like a note, and the bone was visible. Xue Zhengxi snorted, and the other hand twitched out of the dagger from the waist and slammed into the spleen.

Blood spewing! !

"Go!!"

Xue Zheng was angry and screamed, and suddenly saw a person. He screamed: "With snow! Take him out! Take him out of here!"

Mei Hanxue has been playing here, and at this time, he finally broke through and went to Xuemeng. He first glanced at Xue Zhengyi, and there was a hidden pain in his eyes, and then he grabbed Xue Meng’s arm and said: "Come with me."

He said, with Xuemen, who had been stabbed and lost, went to the back door of Danxin Temple. Perhaps it was the retreat of the Snow Palace that made everyone not return to God for a moment. Mei Hanxue always took Xue Meng to the door of the temple, and finally someone reacted. He yelled at the two men and shouted: "I want to kill people." Run? Who will pay for it?!"

Mei Hanxue swayed the shackles with one hand, and counted the sounds, such as the broken stone, repelling the enemy in front. Just relaxing, I heard Xue Zhengyi shouted: "Be careful!"

I looked back violently, but I saw a person full of blood, smirked and slashed, and it was too late to stop. At this moment, suddenly an iron fan volleyed and smashed, and it was full of spiritual power. It made a spin in the air. The man stabbed and pierced the man's chest.

"uncle……"

"father……"

The two young men turned back, Xue Zhengyi gasped, and obviously this shot has cost him a lot of strength. The iron fan of the handle also fell to the ground after hitting the target.

The blood is stained with the fan. Whether it is Xue Lang or so beautiful, or the world is very ugly, the words on the fan can no longer be seen clearly.

Xue Zhengyi made a gesture to the two men and whispered: "Fast..."

The walk has not yet been said, and Xue Meng’s eyelashes are reflected in an eye-catching epee. A Jiangdongtang stood behind Xue Zhengyi with a fierce blade. Before Xue Meng had spoken out, he was facing his father.

Falling in and out! ! !

Lost sound.

Xue Meng opened his eyes and suddenly could not hear any surrounding sounds.

Just like the silence at the depths of the ocean, there is no wind, no heat, no light.

black.

Xue Meng's blood flow is like freezing and blasting, his hair is stunned, his eyes are cracked, and he stares at the man in front of him.

Xue Zhengyi saw his son saved in the past, and his face was still relaxed and gratified with a trace of glimpse.

There was a illusion of peace.

The sea is deep, endless, and boundless. The water is very cold, and it breaks into the musculoskeletal bones.

Very quiet, dead.

No sound... no sound...

No.

Until the blood of the water goes down the cracked heavenly cover, follow the eyes and follow the cheek.

Two lines, like red tears, dripping.

At this moment, Xue Meng seems to think that this is a joke, or that this is a dream, or that all of this can be turned back, and it is too late.

But not.

Too late. When people are concerned about cutting, they have weaknesses.

God of War will also die.

"father!!!!!!"

A bang, the mountain went into the sea.

All the silence has been broken since then - the waves are rolling up, thousands of piles of snow, but see the stone breaking, the flooding, the waves breaking, the waves breaking!

Xue Meng was crazy and went to Xue Zhengyi. He screamed and screamed and smashed and smashed nine smashes to break the movements of all the people. Everyone heard the sounds and turned back.

The waves split, and he stumbled from the crowd and marched toward Xue Zhengxuan.

Xue Zhengyi has been standing, and even the spine has not bent. He stared at Xue Meng like that, and a pair of tigers stared and kept groaning. The eyes made Xue Meng think that he was still alive, and he could save it, still...

When he was far away, Xue Zhengyi fell.

With a bang, it was almost straight and fell. The four people were scattered, and there were no more brothers.

Xue Meng stood still, and he never went forward.

He stood still in the same place, and he was trembling all the time, from a small shudder to a fierce tremor, lips, fingers, nowhere to be controlled by himself.

He muttered, asked the ground, cautiously.

He is hoarse: "Hey?"

The temple is full of blood.

No one answered any more.

When the Dragon City landed, Xue Meng slowly retreated and retreated... But where can he retreat? yesterday? I can't come back yesterday.

Any step in life, whether it is yin or not, whether it breaks the liver and intestines, as long as it falls, it can no longer look back.

Danxin Temple is quiet.

He didn't retire, his body swayed violently, and then he sat down on the ground, and he looked at everything in front of him, tears rolling down his face. He raised his hand and tried to wipe it, but he couldn't wipe it out indiscriminately, and the tears fell in a string.

Finally, he buried his face in the palm of his hand, and the throat squirmed in the throat. The choking was like ink on paper, and it was rendered - later it was ridiculous and full of ink stains.

"Hey...hey!!"

The pharynx eventually becomes a sputum.

The person who was in front of Xue Meng could no longer stand up, using his wide shoulders and a hearty smile to block the ups and downs of his life.

The youthful time of the glory of the sky, the worry-free years, will really end at this moment.

The land fell apart.

Chaos, everything is messed up.

The Jiangdongtang monk who had fallen into the hands of the sorcerer, the epee fell to the ground, he muttered: "No, no... not me..."

He couldn't help but shake his head and watched Xue Meng's madness in the same place. He was terrified and shook like a sieve. He wants to take the road and flee, but everyone's eyes are focused on him, and he can't retreat.

"No... you listen to me... I just wanted to knock down the weapons in his hands..."

He stared at Xue Meng and swallowed nervously.

Xue Meng is still immersed in great sadness at this moment, but he knows that once Xue Meng raises his eyes, there is only one way to wait for himself - death.

"Come and ask Mrs. Wang to come over." Elder elders are the most calm of all. He looked at Xuemeng, who was in the same place, still not standing up, still crying. He whispered to his disciples, "Be quick, for a while, I am afraid that no one will stop the Lord."

The disciple saw the head and died, his face full of tears: "But the master is the head, not the lady, and the lady never intervenes, she..."

"When are you, I still have some of these." He said, "Go!"

The disciple wiped his tears and nodded to the back of the mountain.

When the head is dead, everything finally calms down. Someone in the temple did not live because of the pain in the wound. Some people were blue-faced and some of them licked their lips. Some people whispered:

"What happened? Xue Zhengyi’s ability should not be so much, how can he avoid it?"

They did not know that Xue Zhengyi had been stabbed in the chess pieces by the smashing of the evil spirits in the impermanent town the day before. They just sighed:

"Hey, the head is sitting for a long time, people are old, and the hero is late."

The sly words, Xue Meng did not listen in, his eyes were gradually covered by blood because of tears and hatred, he choked, sobbing, crying, and finally, a red maple like a sea.

He raised his eyes and stared at all the inmates. The eyes burned pure and sincere at the moment, only blood and hate, hatred and resentment.

A roar! Dragon City violent! !

kill!

This time, Xue Meng was really violent and lost his heart. He screamed four times. He became so terrible, irrational, not afraid of death and not afraid of pain. Who can stop him? No one can stop him.

Wushen Temple, Lianyue Night, Jiangdongtang, Fire Phoenix Pavilion... Hey! He can't see it! He only saw a face of a devil, a distorted figure, and he felt that he was in the **** battle of Purgatory in the endless.

hate!

why?

Why is it that in the past 20 years, Dan’s heart can be learned, can’t escape the calculations, and the four-five gossip?

Why do you spend all your life doing it, and you are only paying for it in good faith?

Why do you raise your rice and raise your hat to raise your hatred?

Why are you so stupid?

The blood flows into the river.

Whose words can't be heard, and who's persuasion is in vain.

Xue Meng is crazy, the phoenix wants blood, the blood burns to make fire, and the fire breaks out is the fierce beast of binocular red eyes, full of blood and blood, and the throat of every person trying to stop him is bitten!

Jun knows that the weak crown that year, the midsummer humming.

Xue Zhengxi smiled and touched Xue Meng’s head and asked, “What do I want to do in the future?”

"It's the same as 爹爹." Phoenix said with a pair of clear eyes, "When you are a big hero, you can do good things, punish evil and promote goodness, and don't worry about it."

Blood spurted on his face, and some people were screaming.

Who did he kill?

It seems to be the wife of whose sister.

It doesn't matter.

Let's die, kill it, kill it, anyway, he is not clean, but they are looking for themselves... they forced him! !

He was mad and slaughtered, and the crowd gathered. He can't hear... can't hear...

Until the voice of that person sounded.

"Menger."

Such as seven inches.

Try to suppress the emotional, trembling voice.

The weakness is like a scent of scented scent, and the smog is scattered at the fingertips.

Xue Meng is a god.

"Get him!"

"Don't let him go crazy again!"

Someone rushed.

"Menger..."

Xue Meng is a tiger leopard besieged by a group of wolves. He is covered in blood and his arms are already shaking. After this battle, I am afraid there is no way to use this arm to hold a knife. He blinked and there was blood from his eyes. He turned his head stiffly.

The back door of Danxin Temple opened wide, and the skylight sprinkled in.

Mrs. Wang appeared at the door, wearing a plain white shirt. Her body was weak and her temperament was mild. She never interfered with the predecessor, and she always did.

Until then, she only heard the news, the former beautiful woman, is already a tearful wet skirt.

Xue Meng is hoarse, the voice is broken and broken: "Mother?"

The disciples of the dead and the dead have fallen and prayed: "Mrs."

The elders also salute: "Mrs. Wang."

There is no blood on her face, the only gorgeous is the coral red beads on the earrings. She didn't say anything, first saw her husband's body, her body slammed, and then she saw Xue Meng being crushed and smashed on the ground, her face whiter.

The doorman was worried about her so weak body, afraid that it would be unbearable to faint in the next moment.

But Mrs. Wang just shivered slightly, her lips moved, and for the first time, she did not succeed in speaking.

But the second time, she spoke. The voice is hoarse, but it is trying to calm itself.

"Let him go."

The three words are lightly spoken to those who rudely suppress Xue Meng.

Many of those people did not directly see Mrs. Wang’s face. At this moment, she only felt that she was a weak woman. She said to her fiercely: "Your son killed so many people, how to put it?!"

"You must take the Tianyin Pavilion to detain the trial!"

Mrs. Wang’s eyes were filled with tears, but she still said one word: "Let him go."

"..."

No one is letting go, they are deadlocked.

Mrs. Wang looked up slightly and seemed to want to hold back the tears, but she did not succeed. The bitter tears slid down her cheeks. She closed her eyes, and the slender body was shuddering and weak as the wind blew.

Some people say: "The shackles of death and death today refused to shut down, and hurt countless monks in the upper monk. The things of ink burning and Chu Xiening are even more suspicious, so no matter what, you must seek justice - killing people to pay for justice. Madam, I can't help it."

Mrs. Wang didn’t say anything, and she didn’t look at her husband’s body again. She silently walked through the consciously dispersed people, step

by step, and stepped on the high level of Dan’s heart, standing in front of the Lord.

Stand still.

The following are all human voices: "The death of Xue Zhangmen was accidentally coincidental, but Xue Meng was deliberately slaughtered."

"Yes, you must take him away."

The sound is like a tide, and it’s going on and off.

There is a wind blowing into the temple, the curtains are floating, and the curtains are cold.

"Xue Meng is guilty -"

"Hey!"

The temple is full of surprises.

The table was actually a woman who was as weak as a bush. Mrs. Wang’s eyes have been stunned, and a pretty hibiscus-like face has become popular.

She didn't know how to get angry, but she was angry but had burned her heart.

She stood in front of the temple, her eyes passed over everyone -

"Menger is my child, burning children is my nephew, it is my husband."

Her voice is not loud, but the words are clear and decisive.

"You, dig up the spiritual core of my nephew and hurt my husband's life. Now, want to be in front of me, take my son away?"

Jiang Dongtang has the most women, but on the contrary, she can't understand Mrs. Wang's mood.

Immediately, there was a woman who was cold and said: "Wang, you can make a point."

"Yes, if it is not for you to practice the ban, why should we dig his nucleus? If your husband does not listen to advice, why is it such a tragedy? If your

son murders countless, how can we take him away? Wang, You must have a degree in your protection."

At this time, the sects of the sects have had a deep hatred of death and death, and they are not willing to let them go.

"Closed to close the door!"

"Take away the people who have just started! It must be severely punished! These killing devils, are you going to let them go?"

"One can't let go, grab it!"

Mrs. Wang stood on the temple and faced this chaos. This weak woman closed her eyes and slowly said: "There are people who are dead here. If I am alive, I will not allow you to move again and again. My son is divided."

The following people listened and only thought she was funny, only Jiang Yan slightly changed her face. Liang Zhubian, Jiang Dongtang, a female practitioner first said: "You are really a big word."

Mrs. Wang slowly walked down the steps of the temple. She ignored the female repair, but said to all those who stared at her: "You bully the orphans and widows, what is it?"

Walking down the last stage, she stood on the dark red carpet embroidered with Du Ruo, lifting a pair of beautiful eyes, her face still soft, her eyes firm.

She raised her hand, moved, and took off a silver bracelet on her wrist.

The woman who mocked her squinted her eyes: "What are you doing?"

Mrs. Wang raised her hand, but I don’t know why there was a dazzling red light in my palm. She pointed her finger together, and the slender fingers actually made the silver bracelet into a powder! !

Many people have to take a step back, and even the people who are dying of life are so shocked that they can’t speak. Xue Meng is also full of gloom. There is only Jiang Yan in the crowd - only Jiang Yan.

He stared at her, his face was extremely ugly, but he was not surprised.

"The dead and the dead, the dead and the dead do not change. If you want to close the door, go forward -"

Mrs. Wang smashed the residual powder of the silver bracelet and carried it up, saying something that made everyone stunned.

"Play with me."

Chapter 285

As the silver bracelet ruptured, there was a sound of distant phoenixes, and the fire tongue was caged behind the lady, Ying Yingying, and the red light was bursting in the moment, and the flames burst into flames! The fierce and violent stream flows like a lava, consuming all things.

She stood in the fire and lifted the slender hand. The hand immediately had a large stream of fire gathered in it, slamming in the palm of his hand and creaking.

"What happened?! Isn't she weak in spirit?"

"Xue Zhengxuan is obviously a woman who can't learn spells... What happened to her and her?!"

Xue Meng is almost stunned: "Mother?!"

Jiang Yan also stepped forward and sighed: "First sunny! Stop! Today's business, why are you doing this?"

For a long time, no one has called Mrs. Wang’s small and medium-sized characters. She was flashed in the eyes of the fire, and she couldn’t tell the unclear emotions, but she quickly disappeared. She looked at Jiang Yan: “Ginger Gate, If I don't do this, will you retire?"

"..."

"I will let go of the dead, let go of Xue Meng?"

Jiang Yan bit his teeth: "You stop first, everything else can be said."

Mrs. Wang shook her head: "I have been dug by you, I have been lying in front of the Dan Heart Hall, there is no third time."

"First clear!"

"Ginger head, so far."

Phoenix screams, Mrs. Wang’s clothes slammed and fluttered, and her eyes gradually climbed into the blood red color. The sharp-eyed person found that her waist began to emit orange-red glare, and she shouted out. She could not help but exclaim: "What is that?!"

Jiang Yan snorted and turned back to everyone: "All down the mountain!"

"But things haven't ended yet, Xue Meng still..."

"If you want to die, you will keep it!" Jiang said with anger. "This is the phoenix skyfire of the lonely moon night!! Do you want to die?!!"

As soon as I heard the four words of Phoenix Tianhuo, almost everyone was in the same place in the moment. The high-level female disciple of the lonely moon night stabbed the Phoenix tattoo on the waist. It was a well-known thing to detonate the Phoenix Skyfire in times of danger. But knowing to know, but no one has ever seen this evil fire.

Because the cost to pay is too great, and less is a lifelong repair, and more life is worrying.

A group of monks rushed to panic like a house of mourning, and rushed out of the Danxin Hall, rushing to the sword at the foot of the mountain, and only a few people remained in the hall of the sword.

Jiang Yan has not gone yet, and his shackles are hunted in the wind, and he looks back to Mrs. Wang: "...you can't bear your spiritual core."

He is almost incomprehensible, with brown eyes.

It seems to be anger and sad.

"What kind of violent nuclear nucleus, point phoenix skyfire? You have protected your son today, but then?"

"If I don't explode the skyfire, I can't even protect my child today." The flames on Mrs. Wang are getting more and more fierce. Once this evil fire is ignited, it will burst out and cannot be extinguished.

She walked up the jade steps and stood in front of Xue Zhengxuan's smiles and stood countless times. The red eyes swept across all the disciples and elders in the temple.

"You are at the same door." She convinced her. "Before you were with me, you have already believed in the truth when you are leaving. Today, the door is forced, and Tianyin Pavilion acts a lot. The monarchs look in the eyes, right and wrong, black and white, I want to come to my heart."

The doormen were stunned, and both eyes were looking at the woman who had been sloppy in the past.

Sparks splashed on her robes, and the mottled shadows.

"The dying dynasty has been established for more than 20 years. It has not been harmed and innocent. It has not been unjust, even if it has been ruined and ruined, it is not in the heart. However, I am weak and can't affirm the truth and be fair. Today, don't go, there are three. I hope that all of you will be in the past, and you will not help each other."

The disciples all cried with tears: "I heard the lady telling me."

Xue Meng whispered and said: "Mother..."

"After the blast of the Phoenix fire, it will not go out for at least three days, and others can't get closer. The first thing, I hope that the kings will keep their lives, and they will leave their lives and live together."

"This……"

The greedy wolf shook his head: "Ning Shoumen is sent to death, not to walk away."

Mrs. Wang heard a smile and said: "This is not a dog. I heard that there is a saying in the Confucianism Gate Nangong Chang Yingxian."

She saw all the disciples and elders in the temple, just like any previous appearance in front of everyone. The red eyes suddenly became gentle flowing water and flowing.

"Nan Gong Changying once said that no matter whether the Confucianism is established or not, as long as there are still people in the world who are watching 'gracious grievances, killing and looting, it is my Confucian gentleman's seven can't be', and the door is not dead." Mrs. Wang paused. Said, "I pick up his teeth, and I want to say it today, it is the same."

"lady……"

"The princes are gone, when the truth is clear, and when everything is finalized, if there is still a heart, it can be attributed to this place."

There was no one in the temple for a moment, only the young disciples were sobbing and weeping, and the tears were heavy and heavy.

Mrs. Wang said: "The second thing is to ask the princes to be ignorant of burning children and jade. I believe that he has a hard time acting, and he believes that the words are not false."

Headed by the elders, the disciples bowed their heads and sighed: "The doorman of death is never enemies with the sons of Mo Gong and Yu Heng."

"That, the third one." Mrs. Wang sighed. "I am afraid that life and death will be said to be burning, and will not be opened in the future. By then..."

She paused, and it seems that she did not understand whether her insistence was right or wrong.

But I still slowly said: "There will be many kings at that time, and many people will cultivate each other."

The greedy wolf has a temper, and at the moment, he can’t help but anger: “Where are the animals that bite a bite, what can they protect?!”

"The wife is not there, I don't know how disgusting those people's faces are!"

"There are so many people in the lower circle, there are dogs, there are wicked people, and goodwill may not be rewarded in the end." Mrs. Wang whispered, "But it was not to gain praise and gratitude, but to be worthy of one's own." Real heart."

Her eyes are more and more scarlet, and the phoenix tattoo on the waist is getting brighter and brighter.

Mrs. Wang stood in the blazing fire of the sky: "You, this red dust is so vast, the word of fairness is too vain. But even so, I am righteous, and my heart is still a small matter that is feasible for my generation." ”

She closed her eyes and sighed softly.

"So, if the sorrows of life and death are because of the dozens of traitors, because they have suffered from injustice, they have become devastated. Since then, they have turned a blind eye to the people and become the second Confucianist door... that is the most deplorable thing."

"We can't change evil, and we don't have a pair of eyes that can break the hearts of people. But at least we can do it, don't let malicious and hate change us."

Mrs. Wang finally smiled slightly: "I hope that all the kings will live this life, and they will not change their minds."

The voice fell, the flames bullied the sky.

The seal of Phoenix Skyfire has finally been completely solved. Mrs. Wang’s seemingly thin body is constantly spurting out powerful forces. During the time, a heat wave is like a mountain torrent, and the rushing out of the heart of the heart, Hao Hao Tang Tang Surging forward -

Qingtian Temple, Wujianping, Mengpotang, Naihe Bridge... two mountain peaks, one pool river, frost temple, red lotus water...

In an instant, all were covered by the fire.

These flames can recognize the will of the master. For the dead and the dead, all the grass and the trees are wrapped and not burned. Just like the elders and disciples who are still standing in the temple at the moment, they are trapped in the sea of fire, but they have not been burned by the fire.

Mrs. Wang said: "Let's go."

No one is moving.

She sighed and urged everyone: "Let's go, still stupidly standing and doing? Let's go."

Repeatedly, some people continued to bow their heads and slowly left. The Danxin Hall gradually became empty, and at the end, only Xue Meng and Jiang Yan were left.

Jiang Yan finally looked at her and turned and wanted to leave. Mrs. Wang called him: "Wait a minute."

"...Do you still have to explain things behind you?"

In the fire, the look on Mrs. Wang's face is not so real, when it is dark, when it is cold and warm. She has been suffering for a long time. She seems to be

suffering from a certain kind of heart. Finally, she closes her eyes and slams her heart. She whispers: "Teacher, you come near, I have a sentence, I want to tell you."

As soon as this statement came out, Xue Meng and Jiang Yan were all embarrassed.

Xue Meng really couldn't think of what Mrs. Wang had, and he had to tell Jiang Yan alone at this time. Jiang Yan obviously thinks so, he slightly narrowed his eyes and did not move.

Although he and his wife are the same sisters and sisters, they have parted ways and have not met privately for many years. Coupled with the new mourning of Xue Zhengxuan, he is also a member of the blasphemy of death and death - to beware, he is not without.

Jiang Yandao: "If there is anything, just say it here."

"..."

"There is nothing between you and me that you can't tell others."

When Mrs. Wang saw that she could not move Jiang Yan, she turned to Xue Meng and said, "Menger, you go down the mountain first. There are a few words in the mother, I can only say that I know with Jiang Jiangmen."

"mother……?"

"Go ahead, this matter has nothing to do with you."

Xue Meng’s face was full of blood stains, tears streaming down, and rushing out one after another, he smeared his cheeks and choked: "I don't want to go... you are all here... I don't want to Go! I just want to be with you..."

"If you don't want to go, you will go to the Frost Heaven Hall." Mrs. Wang sighed. "When the mother finished the matter with the **** head, she took you to the past."

"..."

Mrs. Wang’s face is very bad at the moment, and there is blood in her mouth. She coughs and coughs, whispering: “Menger is obedient...”

Xue Meng shook his head and wiped his hands with tears, but he also knew that his mother had bursting the Phoenix Skyfire at the moment. It was also a long life. She should not violate her mind and ruin her last time.

He eventually left, and in the big Danxin Hall, there was only one of the same brothers and sisters left alone.

After Xue Meng left, the last breath that supported Mrs. Wang was dispersed. She suddenly fell down on the throne, and there was no longer a calm look.

She looked at the table in front of her eyes and licked it for a long time. The tears fell down on the chewy jade-like cheeks, and then she began to cough and vomit blood.

Jiang Yan stood in the same place. He saw Mrs. Wang’s hemoptysis and seemed to want to go forward, but in the end there was still no movement. After a while, he said: "There is no one else here, what do you want to say."

Mrs. Wang coughed so badly that she could not answer for a while.

Jiang Yan saw it, his eyebrows were tight, and his face was gloomy: "You have become more and more violent because of the cultivation of the same year. It is difficult to continue to practice the spells. What's more, it will ignite the Phoenix Skyfire? This will kill you."

Mrs. Wang slowed down, her eyelashes were damp, and she looked at the table, her eyes were a bit stunned: "Yes, I know."

The sea of fire is like the tide, flooding them but they can't burn them. Between her and Jiang Yan, it is like a sea of scarlet.

"So what else do you want to say?"

"..."

"If you have nothing, I will leave."

Jiang Yan waited for a moment, seeing that she was still unassuming, and she lost her patience.

He turned and wanted to go, but he heard a soft voice.

"Younger brother."

Flames dance like red dust.

"Are you very embarrassed?"

She has no such thing as a head or a tail. Jiang Yan’s heart is actually uneasy: "What?"

"When you first met him at the Confucianist Gate, he had a fight with him. If I didn't come later, I was afraid that you would start with him." Mrs. Wang sighed softly. "Younger brother, his temper really does not." It’s great, but please look at what he’s like when he’s young with you... don’t care about him.”

Jiang Yan did not respond at the moment. He turned his face and asked, "What do you mean?"

Mrs. Wang did not answer immediately. This piece of silence was like a rolling thunder cloud over the top of the two people, as if it would be raining at any time, and the world would change.

In this silence, Jiang Yan remembered a period of his youth, his heartbeat was intense, but the look on his face was colder. He didn't say anything, pinched into a fist, waiting for Mrs. Wang to speak.

"Xue Meng..."

Mrs. Wang sighed softly, but like the purple electricity, the thunder was broken.

"Xue Meng, he is actually like you. Teacher, do you understand?"

Even if there were some predictions in my heart, when I heard this, Jiang Yan’s brain was still screaming, and his thoughts were blank.

Who is like him?

Xue Meng?

Every time I saw him, he was rude and rude, and he was so thin that he was born into the bones.

absurd……

The hall is dead, Jiang Yan chews her meaning, the dusty truth is like a black ice splitting, breaking through layers. The face of the **** is not moving, but the blood is cool.

He is almost a bit cautious and feels extremely ridiculous.

He turned back and stared at Mrs. Wang's face. He thought he was wrong, but he knew it was impossible. The sentence was light, but it was a word, clear as water, and rushed to him through the raging fire.

In front of his eyes, it became a stormy wave.

"Ginger night sinks." Mrs. Wang slowly, lifting the wet eyelashes, a pair of black eyes looked at him, "Xue Meng, he is your child."

Chapter 286

"..." A few silences, Jiang Yan is almost ridiculous, but the eyes are flashing. "Wang Chuqing, are you crazy? Do you know what you are talking about?"

The hand under his sleeve has been pinched into a fist, and the skull seems to have cracked mountains and stones. The whole person is groggy and dizzy.

"What does he have to do with me?"

Although Jiang Yan’s attitude is hard, Mrs. Wang’s words have made him fearful and fearful, from fear to doubt, from doubt to anger—he has been independent for so many years, and he has no relatives in the world. Son? This time tell him that Xue Meng is his son? Simply... ridiculous!

Mrs. Wang endured the **** throat in her throat and gasped. She seemed to feel shame, but she still insisted: "The original thing, the younger brother and the heart are also clear. What is the relationship between Menger and you, I will not lie to you. ”

"..."

Jiang Yujing for a while, suddenly began to laugh, he rarely had such a lazy laugh, laughing and laughing with ridicule and fury.

The silver teeth are broken, and the words are cold.

"My son? Sister-in-law wants to ask for a loneliness. It is not necessary to tell me about love. Why do you make such a ridiculous story! Let the temperament look like a temper, how has he been similar to me?"

It was probably because of the strong uneasiness in my heart. He tried hard to recognize it.

"Where are you and Xue Zhengyi’s booth, I have to use the next three methods to earn me to clean up? Xuemen Xue Ziming could be my son!!"

There was a trembling in my heart. There seemed to be a voice in the depths of consciousness that said to him coldly. Yes, he is your child. Think about his age and think about how Wang Shijie left the lonely night. You ask yourself, Qingtian is on, Jiang Yan, you think about it...

What can I think!

He almost bite back like a beastly animal, tearing the slyness of his heart into a powder.

Why do you want to?

After being alone for more than 20 years, he suddenly told him that he had a son. The son was always against him. He was born with a look that he was extremely annoying, and he still recognized others as his father.

It is ridiculous.

He is not a good-hearted person, and he will never be a fool who has no brains. He will never be fooled, he will never listen to this joke, never...

"Snow phoenix."

Wan Hao received the sound.

As if all the light is extinguished at this moment, Jiang Yan is like a dark night, and he looks around.

He was so upset for the first time.

Mrs. Wang looked at him and said, "Snow phoenix."

"...what do you mean." The lips are stunned and pale.

Mrs. Wang said softly: "You brother, you will not understand."

"..."

He really can't understand.

Xuehuang is his martial arts. Although other people can use it, but they can't exert the powerful power of Shenwu. Only his source of blood can make Xuehuang convinced.

Jiang Yan’s time could not be said in one sentence.

I don’t even have to try it. Mrs. Wang can tell the story to this point. What else is there? He seems to be forced to a dead end.

He is dumb.

"……this matter……"

After a long time, Jiang Yan was pale and hoarse. After the initial madness, he was almost exhausted: "This thing, Xue Zhengjun he... knows?"

Mrs. Wang said: "He always knows."

"..."

When she said this, her eyes were gentle and painful.

——Xie Zhengxuan When she saw her, she was seventeen years old, which was the good time for Fu.

On that day, he rode a small donkey and stalked the dog's tail grass and passed through Yangzhou. He happened to see Wang Chuqing who came to the port to purchase the cloth. On the night of the night, a group of female disciples who had blossomed and stalked, he did not squat, but only the king girl in the crowd.

Xue Zhengyi was a straight-forward person who smiled and greeted her.

Other women ridiculed him to be frivolous, Wang Chuqing was gentle, some embarrassed, blushing to persuade him to say a few words, then bowed and hurriedly left.

The girl was gentle and beautiful, Xue Zhengyi fell in love with one of them, and went to the lonely moon to find her every other day, two years and three years, Mid-Autumn Festival Dragon Boat Festival, all came to her. Looking for the last lonely moon and night, she was told that she was infected with a little punk. Rao was Wang Chunqing's temper and couldn't stand it anymore, and hurriedly rushed him away.

Xue Zhengyi was also a little rogue at the time.

The king girl said, "Let's go, you are so embarrassed."

Xue Zhengxuan said, "You are not good, I have not, I will come to see you. If you marry someone one day, I will disappear immediately.

The king girl is speechless.

Xue Zhengyi laughed, really, the guarantee disappeared faster than lightning.

He paused and asked her carefully: "You...you won't already have a sweetheart?"

Wang’s face was red when she was stunned. She lowered her head, and the flowers were shining, whispering: “No.”

It is not a truth.

She is naturally intimate, the person is not only her sweetheart, but also the dream of a lot of women in the lonely moon night - she likes Jiang Yan.

But every disciple of the lonely moon night knows that Jiang Yan is a personal scum.

In his peers, he has the most handsome appearance, the most exquisite skill, the most beautiful voice.

And the heart that does not enter the most oil and salt.

This human being is so lonely, his words are mean, but his ability is strong, his wrists are awkward, and he looks very beautiful. This kind of Junjie is easy to harvest the girl's heart, but Jiang Yan only treats his heart as a pig heart. He never cherishes anyone. The women dedicated their true feelings to him. He was slandered by others, and the men dedicated his true feelings to him.

Ginger Night Sink lived in his own world, always hurting people without knowing it.

Like many teachers and sisters, Wang Chuqing has always secretly liked Jiang Yan, but she knows that she is not very beautiful, and she is older than Jiang Yan, so she dare not boldly confess. After all, Jiang Yan has never accepted the favor of any woman. . Others praise him, he can't hear, others hold him, he doesn't appreciate, if others dare to show love with him, he will slap each other and even the relatives don't know how to cry and run away. All in all, it is a hero who can show things with Jiang Yan.

Mrs. Wang does not feel that she is a hero, so she thought that this sentiment would eventually be worn out with her years and finally brought into the shackles. However, one day, the head found them both.

The head said: "Lone Moonlight is the martial art that is the best at repairing the number of life-saving gods. Most of the disciples can live to be over 100 years old. And the heads of all generations are working hard to prolong life, and hope to find a way to live forever. Flying can also be happy."

Indeed, in order to live forever, the head of the lonely moon night has made such an attempt, which naturally includes the double repair method left by the nine-day mysterious woman.

She and Jiang Yan are a pure water system, one is a pure fire system, and both of them are unmanned, and they are best suited to practice together. At that time, the head of the company found them, so that he would

accompany him to practice together. Wang Chuqing was very happy because he loved Jiang Yan for a long time. However, Jiang Yan did not have any happiness and dissatisfaction. He was a man who concentrated on his way and was extremely disgusted with love and trifles. He thought that it was both troublesome and useless. I really don't know how there are so many crazy men and women in the world, which makes him incredible.

"Talking about love is a disease. There is a disease and early treatment."

- This is from the mouth of the first beautiful male Jiang Yan in the lonely moon night. I don't know how many girls have been repaired.

In Jiang Yan’s eyes, even if it is a mysterious girl’s room, it should not bring any feelings. The double repair is a double repair. Since the head has requested it, then he is not too embarrassed, and he will retreat with the sister-in-law according to the cheats.

However, the love in the eyes of the girl is hidden, and one after the other, Jiang Yan gradually understands the teacher’s intentions for himself.

This made him very annoyed and very upset.

He practiced with her, only because of orders, no selfishness. What's more, the secrets required by this pair of secrets are those that do not move. When men and women are combined, they are also for the sake of spiritual flow, and there must be no love and desire.

For this reason, Jiang Yan and her sister seriously mentioned it many times, let her calmly think, do not think that some have nothing.

"If you have a misconception, if you double-repair, I am afraid that I will go into flames and the nucleus will be violent."

Where can the Wang girl control her feelings? Finally, once after the practice, she was confused because of her unstable mood, and her knowledge was unclear. Jiang Yan spent a lot of effort to suppress her Yin Yang Ling nuclear. He was furious and asked why she repeatedly refused to persuade him to become Hu Si.

"If you continue this way, don't fix it, it will kill you."

She was also very upset at that time. I didn't know where the courage came from. She actually shed tears and asked him: "Night sinking, do you practice, just for the command of the head?"

Jiang Yan’s face is extremely ugly, and asks: “Why can it be for what?”

Although I already know that Jiang Yanbing is like a cold spring, my heart is like a stone. But when I heard him say this, she still couldn't stand it, and she shed tears. She felt embarrassed, raised her hands and wiped it away, but her tears continued to make her more embarrassed. She hurriedly got up and choked: "I'm sorry."

Then turned and left, never looked back.

After that, Jiang Yan did not come to her again for several days. She saw her on the road and stopped talking to her.

Some of the young beauty of the lonely moon night saw the clues, and they all gathered in the back to laugh at her: "I was so eager to get together, I thought I could climb Jiang Shige, how could it be."

"Double repairs are double repairs, she is self-satisfied. If it is repaired into a fire, it will be even more damaging to us."

"Forget it, what double repairs. Brother and her to do these things is for the public. She and the brothers do these things, it is for private. She is thinking about what is clear to everyone, oh, I think she just wants to be in vain. It’s cheaper for the brothers."

"Wang Shijie is older than us, and my face is thicker than us."

These words, passed on and passed on, came to the ears of Xue Zhengyi, who was in the mid-autumn, as usual.

Xue Shaoxia is straight but not stupid. After a while, he understands the ins and outs of things. He immediately angered the rags of the little gimmicks, and then ran to find the king girl. I can see her, and I don’t know what to say, just staring at her: "You..."

Wang Chuqing raised his eyes, red and red, just cried.

Xue Zhengyi was in a hurry: "Don't cry, don't stop the gossip of those people, you, you... I think you are fine, I... I..."

Wang Chuqing stood beside the willow tree and turned his eyes to the waters of Penghu: "I didn't tell you the truth before, I have people I like."

"……Ok."

"Then why are you still not going?"

Xue Zhengyi scratched his head: "But that person doesn't like you... He doesn't like you, I... I can always talk to you, he can't manage it."

"..."

Seeing her silence, Xue Zhengyi hesitated: "Does he get it?"

Wang girl bowed her head and said softly: "He won't care."

What is Jiang Yan and her? From the beginning to the end, it is only a teacher's order, it is her own wishful thinking.

Everyone in the party said that Jiang Yan was a scum, but Wang Chuqing felt that if a man was sentenced to dregs because he did not want to accept the love of others, it would be too harsh.

Jiang Yan has never deceived anyone's feelings. He has never given anyone hope. They are like moths, knowing that he is cold and ruthless, but chasing him with wishful thinking.

At this point, she actually felt embarrassed and wanted to let go.

However, the difference between the yin and the yin is probably because the disciples responsible for the medicated diet are confused. One day before the dispensing of the pharmacy, there was a mistake, and perhaps another reason - Wang girl found herself pregnant.

She only felt flustered and helpless. I don't know how the teachers and sisters would talk about her after the incident spread out, laughing at her, and not knowing what Jiang Yan would be. She couldn't help but screamed and decided to go to the head.

Can come to the outside of the house, not knocking, she heard a cold and faint voice inside, it is Jiang Yan talking.

"The teacher's sister is uncertain, the spiritual core is becoming more and more violent. Now a little spell can't control his own spiritual flow. If this continues, it will hurt her. Please ask the boss to take back the double repair order. I can't talk to her again." Practice together."

"Hey, hey, it’s better to talk to her again, maybe..."

"Don't say it. I have told her many times, but she is not suitable for this." Jiang Yan said, "The first clear heart is too easy to shake, useless."

The head asked: "...What are you going to do next?"

Jiang Yandao: "If no one can clean up, they will not be repaired."

The head sighed: "...I know, you go. Clean and sorrow is the most difficult part of the double repair. I don't know if you can have a person like you in the decades. ""

Jiang Yan did not leave immediately. He stood there for a while and asked: "Is this difficult?"

"It’s very difficult." The head glanced at him. "You have been with Wang Chuqing for so long, there has been no trace of shaking?"

Jiang Yan asked almost incomprehensibly: "... Why do I... shake?"

The head stared at Jiang Yan for a while. From the eyes of this young man, he did not see half-inch hypocrisy. This made him feel amazed. He pondered for a moment and asked: "Jiang Yan, Wang Chuqing is in your eyes, is what?"

"Master sister."

"When is the double repair?"

"...the object of double repair."

“Nothing else?”

"Nothing else."

"..."

Seeing the complicated look of the head, Jiang Yan frowned. "Don't there be anything else?"

"No." After half a mile, Huafa’s old boss sighed. "For so many years, the disciples have never been able to pass the love. You are the first one.... but unfortunately, I don’t know who can do this with you. A big deal."

On that day, Jiang Yan or his head, they did not know that their own dialogue has fallen into the ears of Wang. If you say that the former Fan Wang girl still has a hint of fantasy, a little hope. Then this dialogue made her all over the body and lost her face.

It’s too embarrassing. I really don't know how to stand on the martial art again. I don't know where to look. In the past, her spine had to be poked by the sisters and sisters. If it was known that she was inadvertently and had a child with Jiang Shidi...

She just thought about it and felt chilling, she never dared to stay in the martial art. Starry night fled Linluyu.

"...You are not elope with Xue Zhengxi?"

Mrs. Wang said: "No."

Jiang Yan’s eyes closed, but he didn’t know what to say.

He is indeed a thin lover, and he only has his own way. In his life, except for Mrs. Wang, he has not touched any female color, and he also felt that he had no feelings for this master sister. Later, I heard that Mrs. Wang and Xue Zhengyi ran away from the island, and he still frowned.

He feels that the feelings in the world are not as good as flowers and plants for a long time. The women in the world are really unreliable. Even if they are full of affectionate teachers, they are not saying that they are leaving with others.

Since then, he has become more and more disgusted with love and even cold.

After twenty years, until today, he finally heard the truth of this past from the master sister. It was only the "Wang Girl" at that time that has become the "Mrs. Wang" of today, and the best years of their lives have passed.

After a long time, Jiang Yan was extremely blunt and said: "Then you... why are you leaving the lonely moon night?"

"I can't live with you under one roof, my brother." Twenty years later, Mrs. Wang finally looked at him so calmly. "People are all dignified. I don't have a face and stand on the teacher's door." ”

"..."

"I want to kill Menger in the belly, but I can't bear it." Mrs. Wang said faintly. "So I went through a lot of places. Later I gave birth to me and your children in Baidi City. When I found me, when I was with me, Menger was already one year old. He always knew his identity."

She spoke and started coughing up blood.

In those days, the fire was enchanted, and the spiritual tyranny was repaired. These years have been suppressed and never used. Nowadays, the phoenix is burning and the flames are rising, and her life has come to an end.

Mrs. Wang slowly stopped her cough, and her breathing was somewhat disordered. She said: "The younger brother, the so-called smashing me back to death, is the one that he released. He has always been afraid of me.... I am afraid that I am embarrassed."

Her gaze patrolled for a long time and fell to the body of Xue Zhengxuan.

But it is just a must, it is stinging.

She thought of the wedding that year, Xue Zhengyi said to her with a smile: "Well, from now on, the past will not think again. In the lonely night, the

bad guy makes you lose face. I can't."

"You are with me, I will let you look good in this life."

"As long as I am there, I won't let you suffer a little bit of grievance."

Mrs. Wang turned her face away, and she shivered in detail.

A gentleman is a promise, and it’s hard to chase.

Xue Zhengyi did it. When he was there, she never had to show her face and she would never be embarrassed. Her tears, humiliation, and fallen blood are all after him.

"For so many years, he doesn't care that I am weak and can't be pregnant any more. I don't care if Meng is not his own flesh and blood. He regards him as his own. Xue Meng... Xue Meng grows so big, has not suffered much. ....."

She is eye-catching and her face is white to transparent.

"Now we can no longer protect him."

Ginger is standing on the ground.

"Teacher, you will count these twenty years as my revenge for you... Resentment, hate, be disgusting... I am alone."

Mrs. Wang’s voice is getting more and more contemptuous.

"Please help him... Don't let others, hurt him..."

In the end, she murmured her voice: "Sinking...I beg you..."

The phoenix skyfire covers the sky, Jiang Yan stands in this piece of fire, the heavens and the earth are all blazing scarlet. He looked at the woman in the high seat. She closed her eyes and hung her eyes, as if she was asleep. He thinks she probably has something to say, not to mention that she has just promised Xue Meng, saying that the mother and the child are going to meet in Frost Temple - so he waited patiently.

He waited for her to stand up and tell herself that it was all fake, a joke, a farce.

He waited for a long time, and waited until his face became more and more cloudy, his heartbeat became more and more dull, and his blood became

colder and colder.

She never said anything again.

Mrs. Wang and Xue Zhengyi went together.

She used to be a high-ranking female repairer, gentle and gentle. Later, people said that she was maimed by Xue Zhengyi as a wife. Others said that she was a pro-elect with Xue Zhengyi. the truth. In these years, many people who have died and feel that Mrs. Wang may not like her husband very much, but because she is timid, she dares not complain.

However, no matter what others say, she knows that Xue Zheng’s life is dead. She didn't know if this was a sensation or something. The woman’s mind may not even understand her at the end. In her life, is she grateful or loving her husband? Has the feelings of Jiang Yan been wiped out? She can't really see it.

There is not a clear answer to many things in this world.

In the end, she actually thought vaguely, just a poem she read at the window many years ago -

"But I will open my eyes all night and repay my eyebrows."

At that time, she was married to Xue Zhengxuan, and she also remembered the years when she was a **** a lonely night. She looked out the window, the fog in the shackles was always so big, gathering and clutching, like the clouds in the ground.

I don't know the world.

Someone came over, she was ecstatic, and she thought it was Jiang Yan. But when a cold coat is put on the shoulder. The dream will wake up.

Because she is clear, Jiang Yan will never know that she is warm and cold.

Madame Wang turned back and the candle in the west window was shining.

The young and handsome husband looked at himself with a smile and scratched his head: "It’s cool, be careful not to freeze."

The Dan Heart Hall is covered with a thick Du Ruo carpet, which is the favorite floral ornament of Mrs. Wang. Jiang Yan walked out from this full house of Du Ruohua. His expression was still indifferent, even more than a three-pointer on weekdays.

"Oh," he said, pushing the door of the temple.

He was about to leave here, but at the moment he opened the door, he saw Xue Meng, who was motionless and white.

Chapter 287

Jiang Yan did not say anything. Xue Meng did not speak.

After a long time, Jiang Yan was so depressed that his face was very uncomfortable and succinct: "Since you have heard it, you don't have to say it."

"..."

"You go to settle down, according to the rules of life and death." Jiang Yan turned his eyes away, he did not even want to see Xue Meng's eyes again, "Your mother is alone. I will wait for you under the mountain."

Xue Meng moved, but it only moved in a meaningless way.

The blood of his body seemed to be taken out, but the two or three activities of the finger joints exhausted all his strength.

Xue Meng went straight to the deep Dan Dian Temple. The blood on the carpet is no longer so clear against the flames, but Xue Zhengyi is still on

the ground. When he was not laughing, his appearance looked a bit old, his wrinkles were very clear, and his horns had already produced white hair.

However, Jiang Yan is only 30 years old and looks like a forever.

Xue Meng slowly walked a few steps forward and then stopped.

"Let's go."

Jiang Yan looked back and saw the back of Xue Meng.

Xue Meng said: "I don't recognize you, you are not my father."

After the words, the backhand slammed the door. After a while, Jiang Yan heard the crying of Xue Meng’s hoarseness and sorrow and sorrow.

"..."

Jiang Yan stood in the cold wind for a long time, until the hands and feet were cold, then slowly stepped down the mountain.

At the foot of the mountain, all the monks were afraid of the phoenix skyfire, mostly scattered. There are still a few disciples in the Wei Ting Xue Palace. Among them, there is plum and snow.

See Jiang Yan came out, because of the number of rituals, these juniors from the Snow Palace gave him a sigh of relief, whispered: "Ginger Gate."

Jiang Yan felt that the muscles on his face were very stiff. He licked his lips and turned brown, and fell to the head of Mei Hanxue: "Don't you leave?"

Mei Hanxue is gentle and cold: "wait for a friend."

Jiang Yan understands who he is referring to and says: "He will not come down for a while."

Mei Hanxue said: "I will wait for a while, and wait for three or four days. There is nothing left and right, just keep it here." He paused and continued, "In addition, Jiang Jiangmen. The palace owner has a sentence. Let me bring it to you."

Full of heart and soul, there is no vent, Jiang Yan repressed and asked: "What?"

Mei Hanxue made a ceremony: "The palace owner decided not to blindly follow the gods and smash the Tianyin Pavilion, and no longer cooperate

with the upper-repairing public. Jiang Jiangmen is the head of the public, and will act from now on. I don't have to think about my trip to the Snow Palace."

Jiang Yanjing for a while, his face does not look like: "You are planning to be independent of the outside of the door?"

"Isolation and helplessness is terrible." Mei Hanxue’s eyes are still full of spring waves, with a smile, but his expression is a bit cold. "However, blind obedience and the so-called **** beliefs are the most undesirable things."

Jiang Yan stared at him.

He felt angry when he didn't come, and felt bored and felt cold.

In the past, he saw Nangong Liu sitting in this position. He only thought that Nangong Liu’s many determinations were ridiculous. But when he really got to this point, he discovered that many things were involuntarily.

Is it his intention to dispose of ink burning?

Is it true that he blindly listens to Tianyin Pavilion?

This time he crucified the dead, he once tried to discourage, but the public retorted, he was the head of the cents, and finally what? He used to be able to lead a lonely night and have his own attitude. And when he stepped on the throne, when the lonely moon night became the world's largest faction, he found that he had nowhere to look back.

He will eventually become the next Nangong Liu.

Jiang Yan closed his eyes and did not say a word. Mei Hanxue knows the book, and he makes another gift behind him. He said: "Give me the door of Jiang, and the rivers and lakes will meet again."

He did not respond, and he was wearing a green silk embroidered with dark silk, and he did not return to the distance.

In the past, he was in the throne of Lingshan, replacing the glory of Nangong Liu yesterday, and the following applause was full of joy and joy. At that time, he thought that he would be different from his predecessor, thinking that he could change the sun and the moon by his own power. At that time, he was ambitious, bloody, and ambitious.

But now he understands.

The applause of the day was not to welcome a fairy head. Instead, he is buried for a free spirit.

Since then, the rivers and lakes are far away, the world is vast, it is easy to meet Jiang Zunzhu, and it is hard to find Jiang Yan.

After Xue Meng’s parents were buried, they have not left the dead. Later, the skyfire was extinguished. Mei Hanxue was ordered to go up the mountain to find him. Finally, he found the unconscious Xuemeng in the Frost Heaven Hall and took him back to the Kunlun Snow Palace.

At the same time, the president of the Snow Palace Palace announced to the world that since then, the resolutions of the various parties have not required to support Kunlun. Kunlun has never been bound by the laws of the real world. In this regard, one cut and two cuts.

Later, Jiang Yan called everyone in Lingshan to discuss recent events. At the meeting, Jiang Yan proposed that the major case should be decided by the third instance, that is, “public court trial”, “Zhang Xianmen’s trial” and “people’s trial”, and should not listen to the words of the family.

Although he has not yet pointed out which "one of the words" refers to, but everyone has understood that he is dissatisfied with the status of Tianyin Pavilion. Therefore, Jiang Yan’s move was strongly refuted—

"Tianyin Pavilion was created by the gods, and the wooden cabinet chief trial used the gods that the gods left behind. Nothing is more fair than the gods."

"Jiang Jiangmen is so capricious, he is afraid of being condemned."

There are some more convinced Tianyin Pavilion, which is a conservative sentiment of the wooden smoke from the words and deeds, and does not know where the courage comes from.

"Tianyin Pavilion is the glory of the thousands of years of cultivation. How many sinful sins are washed away by them. The whole truth-cultivation world is because there are Tianyin Pavilion, and many people will hesitate before they commit rape." At the head, are you going to extinguish this sacred fire in the realm of comprehension?"

Jiang Yansen said: "According to your opinion, Tianyin Pavilion is actually a place where you can't make mistakes when you are white and clean?"

"Tian Yin Ge is a thousand years old, created by the gods, and naturally there will be no mistakes."

"We cultivate the immortals, and all of them can be swallowed up after death. If Jiang’s head feels that the gods in the sky will be wrong, where is the true faith?"

There are too many people with conservative opinions, and they are excited and eager to defend the Tianyin Pavilion left by the gods. In the end, Jiang Yan looked pale, but he could not compete with it.

It’s not going to end.

But the paper can't hold the fire, and the truth will eventually surface. After the stagnation of the dead and the dying, the chaos did not slow down, but it became more and more fierce. Three days later, the riots began to be violent.

The first one couldn’t help but the impermanent town. A group of cloaks wore filial piety and went to the Shangyin Pavilion to insult the protest.

"When did you get a boy and a girl?"

"Where is the beast found in Tianyin Pavilion! It means that the dying of death is a thief! Can your conscience be safe?!"

"Cultivate the immortals and cultivate the immortals with closed eyes! The town of Wuchang is at the foot of the mountain. Why don't you dare to come down to the mountain when we ask the sin? We are the traitors who have no heart and lungs, and the dog who is willing to report is nothing more than to give Find your own reason for atrocities and ugliness! A group of murderers!"

"Please Chen Xue’s head is innocent!!"

The old people who were rescued in Linyi’s robbery before were even tearful and wet, and they were full of anger. They said: "It’s not a human being, it’s a ghost!!"

Some monks can't stand it, and they hold the sword and anger: "Is it enough? Tianyinge is a god-declared, full of foul language, not afraid of going to **** after death?"

The people were silent for a few moments. Suddenly, Mr. Storytell took a paper fan and sneered at the door of the Yinge Pavilion: "Go to hell?... Then you can hear it well--" He cleared his throat and slammed his throat. Tianyin Pavilion, not as good as a pigsty!"

The people laughed and shouted.

A son sighed: "Sir, this is how you have been talking for more than ten years, and you have heard the most exciting one."

"Not bad! Tianyin Pavilion is not as good as a pigsty!!"

The shouts of the one-and-a-half sound rang, and the morale of the monk was like a pig's liver. It wasn't a fight. It wasn't awkward, and the place was dead and awkward, and his face was blue and green.

Because these people are all spiritual people, Tianyinge does not put them in the eyes, they are arguing. But I didn't expect more and more people coming from all corners of the country. On the second day, the disciples in the cabinet couldn't help but sing the wooden smoke.

"The owner, the square is all about the people who are screaming for death. You see, should you go out and say something?"

The wood smoke is faint: "There is no need to explain to them. If the person shouts twice, they will feel that they are not interested and will leave."

"But now there is..." The disciple said, "There are more than a thousand people stuck in the door..."

The wood smoke is awkward: "Thousands of people?"

She got up from the red rosewood stove, and stepped on the thick animal skin carpet and came to the window.

The eyeballs go down and look out from the window of the flower garden. The main square of Tianyin Pavilion is all white. Those clothed people wear filial piety and filial piety. Some are screaming at the mouth, while others are sitting on the ground, a stubborn appearance that is going to take root here.

A pleat of wrinkles in the wood smoke from the eyebrows.

The pro-disciple disciple carefully cautiously said: "Two days, there are not many people, but more and more. The people in the large and small towns and villages in the middle of the country have begun to come to Tianyin Pavilion. If this continues, we will find People who do perjury may not be able to take it anymore and want to be exposed."

Wood smoke away: "..."

"What about the owner?"

The wooden cigarettes licked their lips and had not answered yet. They heard the sound of a warm and jade behind them: "If you can't take it, don't take it."

After the curtain, the teacher walked into the warm cabinet, and the disciple saw him and was busy bowing his head: "The predecessor."

When the wood smoke left, he frowned. "How come you? Don't you guard the fairy?"

"Spiritual nuclear debris has all melted into his heart. But he will not wake up for a while." The teacher walked to the window and glanced down. "There are many people who go up, they It’s really free.”

The wood smoke is a little bit sorrowful: "When are you, you still say cool words. Nowadays, it is supported by Tianyinge’s reputation. There is no situation out of control, but I don’t know how long it will last. There are many fools in those monks. But there are also some stupid ones. Under the group, the people will continue to make troubles. I am afraid that when I step on Xianjun, I will not change, and the situation will change dramatically."

The teacher smiled and smiled: "The wooden sister doesn't have to worry. How can it change dramatically? Tianyin Pavilion is also stable."

"How to say?"

"Cultivating immortals, in the end, wants to fly into a fairy. It is not always on the ground to offend the gods." Shi said, "In fact, the sin of death is not guilty. Is it unclear to those monks? Is it perjury? ?"

"..."

"At the time they chose to believe, because they feared the conspiracy of life and death, and feared the burning of the ruins. They wanted to eradicate this sect, so they would be willing to believe the testimony of dozens of people." Put on the window, faintly, "they are clear in their hearts."

Next to the pro-disciple disciple said: "Yes, but these people are here to squat, there is always no way, always need to explain."

"So I just said it. If you can't take it, don't take it."

The wood smoke asked: "What do you mean?"

"Just take it, drive them away."

The wooden cigarettes left the road: "... Tianyinge can never help but bluntly, and will not rush to leave without reason. You may be afraid to do so."

The teacher said faintly: "I haven't just explained it yet? Tianyin Pavilion is right or wrong. In fact, they are all very clear. But they will not be able to rise up for a while. When they turn around, - Our stepping fairy has already woken up. Do you know what it means?"

"..." The wooden cigarette seemed to want to say something, but he felt that there was some contradiction. In the end, he closed his eyes and turned to his disciples. "To disperse them."

The most loyal disciple left, and there was only a wooden cigarette left in the warm cabinet and Shi Mingjing.

They stood by the window and looked at the situation below.

The disciples of Tianyin Pavilion sneak out, and the white gold crown shines in the sun. The people who were white-skinned and saw them coming out, thinking that they had finally got a saying and got up. I went to the group of disciples.

Because the distance is far apart, the teacher and the wood smoke can not hear what they said, but the anger is visible to the naked eye.

Suddenly, I don’t know why it happened. A people rushed to grab the disciples of Tianyin Pavilion, and raising their hands was a loud slap in the face.

Scene violence / chaos!

The wooden cigarettes widened their eyes, and the crowds were surging. You pushed me to squeeze, and the more than ten Tianyin disciples were surrounded by them.

Is this still ok? Rao is a wooden cigarette to stay calm, seeing his disciples being blatantly insulted, but also can not stand. She was about to push open the window, so that the disciples could use their own spells to protect themselves, but they were caught.

The teacher said: "Let them play."

The wooden smoke is off the road: "Tianyin Pavilion has rules. If there is no order, the monk can't reply to the people. I will not say anything, my feet will be ruthless, and they will have a life worry."

The teacher said calmly: "Then die."

Wood smoke away: "!"

Anger can make people lose their senses. Especially when a group of people gather together to beat a few people, the start is not so important.

Soon, the wood smoke saw the crowd settled.

They slowly spread a small circle, and there was a new introduction to the Tianyin Pavilion disciple. The wooden cigarette did not even remember the person's name. The disciple was kneeling on the ground, and gradually a pool of blood was stained under him.

The teacher smashed the hand of the wooden cigarette and said, "Okay, now there is reason to crush these ants. Let's do it."

It is hard to find an excuse for violence/force/town/pressure.

As long as you find an excuse, violence/force and town/pressure are all things that can be done easily.

The Tianyin Pavilion opened in the middle of the door, and soon a large number of disciples came out, and each of them stood up and rushed toward the group of incompetent people.

The crowd was in a mess.

They first drove, and then stabbed the sword. Screams, roars, and raps are intertwined. People dodge, drink, and support, but they don’t see people turning around.

"If Seoul is so entangled, it’s cold and ruthless!"

"When did Tianyin Pavilion have a feeling of love?" A tremulous voice suddenly sounded in the crowd. It was actually the village head of Yuliang Village. "The old man is going to ask for a fair today, even if he died here, there is nothing to regret."

The Linger Shantou in the village is even more sad and angry. It is not a retreat with the seven aunts and eight squatters in the village. "You have to kill them. Come on, my grandmother will see if you can kill all the cockroaches today." The people in the country, blocking the mouth of the long!"

The head of the Tianyin is sharply gnashing his teeth: "A group of pretty people, lined up to find death." Seeing the group and attacking, the curse flashed.

Suddenly, "bang", the feather arrow pierced into the ground, bursting a golden light! Then the Ming and Huang Jiejies vacated and slammed into the air.

Tianyin sharply yelled: "Who?!"

A white light volley flashed, and the corner bow crossed the clouds in the blink of an eye. In this amazingly powerful spirit, a beautiful and handsome monk jumped down and stood in front of the people in the cold with his bow. Behind her, there were two adult men with high wolf demon standing on the wind. It had snowy golden claws and red eyes, and was licking his teeth and vomiting a breath.

The teacher squatted upstairs and said: "Leaves forget..."

The leaves reluctantly raised their hands, and the bow was closed, and the other hand called the long sword. The single-handed horse stood in the wind, and the eyes were tough and hard.

"Is it you?!" The person with Tianyinge recognized her and glared at her. "You are the ember of the Confucianism."

The leaves have no snoring, and a pair of long legs have taken a step forward.

"In the last time, you insisted on giving water to the ink, and you know that you are not right!" The Tianyin Pavilion said with exquisiteness, "You really and the ink are a group! It is a curse!"

The long sword is sheathed, such as water flowing.

Ye forgets to squint and said: "Who is the devil's head, you know it in your own heart. However, there is a saying that you are doing well."

She paused and reopened:

"Ye Mou is indeed a person standing on the side of the ink master."

The head of the Tianyin sneer sneered: "Ye is a forgotten, you have to be a woman, do you want to fight alone with us?"

Ye Forgetting has obviously been indignant because of the sorrow of death, and there is a flame-like light in the scorpion. She violently throws the sword in front of her, and the savage spirits smash the long-blade stalk that is not the martial arts. Into the slate, the ground cracked a long slit!

She gnawed her teeth: "I have been holding you for a long time. Don't hang on to your mouth all day long!"

"..."

The monks have seen the leaves in the past, and she is basically a kind of attitude that is tolerant and retreat.

This is the first time they saw her anger.

"I have listened to it." Yeh’s body was so tight that every inch was very tight, like a cheetah. She stared at the men without hesitation. "In the past, the dead and the dead have never been to my Confucianism. Falling down the stone, and protecting the Linyi people in the sea of fire - although today's life and death are no longer there, but Ye is here, will not let you hurt the remaining people!"

Tianyin Pavilion has never had a positive hand with Ye Yexi, so she does not know her strength. She only thinks that she is just a female baby who is crying around her family. So some people couldn't help but sneer out: "Small girl, do you know what you are talking about?... Just rely on you alone, want to protect a group of hairs behind you? You have a big tone. Where are you coming from? Can you bear the resistance?"

"Then you will open your eyes and see if I have this ability!"

Throw the sheath to the side, the sword is like a frost.

The leaves are no longer nonsense with them, a ringing finger, a long leg, and a light body like a swallow. Then she raised her hand and pulled up the sword on the ground, and rushed to the group of thin or frivolous Tianyinge monks.

In the warm cabinet, the teacher looked at the lively chaos in the air, and the lips of the water opened and closed. He sneered: "Hey, I thought I would never see the female war gods of previous lives. I can’t think of it, she was forced. On this road."

"God of War?"

The teacher did not answer, just a little pity, and looked at the leaves with a little irony: "Sister, you see. People in this life, going around will probably go a lot of ways. But in the end, the ending is the same. She What kind of people are in the past life, and this life is also destined to escape."

The blood spewed, the flames collided, and the sound of the killing in the blink of an eye, she was infested in countless swords and swords, and the enemies behind them blocked all the people who could not pass the spell.

This woman is dressed in black and has a long waist and a long leg. When she holds the sword, she is a leaf forget.

The white gold can be matched with her, and the arrow sac embroidered by Mrs. Rong swayed at her waist.

At the moment of Qing Gong, she was again in Nangong.

In this life, she experienced more than her previous life. She has been helpless, has been confused, and even had such a short cloud, and her children have long love.

Nangong gave her the night of Yu Pei, and Yunxia on the bridge was just right. She thought that she could relax her tight-knit bones from now on, and finally she could be the gentle girl who laughed and laughed.

But Nangong is dead.

There was no sign of his death. Before he left, he even said to the leaves that had left the enemy at the time: "I know that you are afraid of black, and will come back soon."

But he never came back.

Therefore, Ye forgets, after all, like her previous life, lost her weakness and lost her armor. She slowly digested and digested the remaining tenderness,

and she slowly accepted herself as a figure. In her heart, she quietly did two funerals for herself -

Xu Chang was dead and took away the small leaves. She personally buried her with the righteous father's peach Li Chunfeng a glass of wine.

Nangong was killed and took away the girl. She personally extinguished her ten years of rain with the aunt's rivers and lakes.

God of War sealed off the tomb of the girl and the woman.

She turned and single-handedly came to the Tianyin Pavilion, facing the monks and soldiers.

The teacher looked at the situation of the fierce battle, and said to the wood smoke: "Remove all the high-level disciples of Tianyinge to fight. This woman can't stay."

The wooden cigarette was slightly surprised: "All high-level disciples? She, she is just a girl..."

The teacher smiled and smiled: "The girl who gave birth to this girl had to suffer from the hardships of her life. If you look down on her, you will have to learn how hard my bones will be."

The valve opened, and the high-ranking Tianyin disciples rushed out of the nest. The leaves were ecstasy and the enchantment was invincible.

She still wears the Confucianist's green crane hair band, evading the advance and retreat, and carrying the hunting and hunting. The wood smoke left the death order, so those Tianyin disciples killed her step by step, the power of one person was originally difficult to attack the group, but the leaves are still gnashing, but the white gold is brave, and there is no downwind for a while. .

"Add people." The teacher is like watching the fish at the pool, squatting under the head, faintly, "In short, she is sent to the door today, she can't let her live back -"

"A Nan, look over there!"

Suddenly, the wooden cigarettes interrupted the teacher’s words and looked at her gaze. The teacher saw a blue-and-smoke cloud in the sky.

The elders who died in the real life are arriving at the disciples!

Those who survived because of the protection of Mrs. Wang, still wearing the armor of life and death, stepping on the silvery sabre, from the depths of the cloud curtain, the majestic unfolding, headed by the wolf With the two, they took the wind and the robes flew.

More than a thousand disciples behind him are all glaring and glaring.

璇玑 Elders rang: "The so-called gods in Tianyin Pavilion, is this so much bullying?"

The greedy wolf is sullen and violent, and a pair of brown eyes are staring at the bottom. He does not come to so many literary, five words are concise, and his anger is clearly visible: "Go to hell!"

"..." In the face of this stormy rushing rushing male soldiers, the sergeant's face was slightly depressed, and the curvature of the lips was not a smile or a mock.

"It’s really a shackle. Every time you fight, you have to win the battle with the people who are dead and dying." He said this as he watched the crowd.

There is no figure of Chu Yuning in the crowd... After the robbery of the Tianyin law court, where did Chu and his ink burn? The ink burned was dug many times, and the decision was that it couldn’t be done, so what about Chu’s late night?

Is it next to the new smoldering ink, or just like the last life, died with the ink burning.

No matter which kind of thing may make him irritated, there is a kind of uneasiness in the heart of the teacher. He turned and walked to the inner room.

The wood smoke left the door and said: "Where are you going?"

"Go and see the situation on the side of the stepping fairy." The teacher paused. "Think about the way, let him wake up early. When he wakes up, life and death can be opened again - no one can stop We are."

The long fingers stroking the runes of Tianyinge, and the secret room opened. The teacher stepped down the long steps, along the lines engraved with the exquisite ancient charms, after three gates and enchantments, came to the deepest part of the stone room.

It was covered with ice and mist, and a gypsum was inlaid on the blue-gray vault, and there was a holy light. Underneath the jade, there was a crystal-clear crystal of the air, and the sergeant stopped in front of the scorpion, bowed his head and looked at the man lying inside the coat.

"Take the emperor Jun ink rain..." He sighed and his eyes fell on the man's chest. "Sleep for a long time, should you get up?"

His words obviously did not have any effect. Stepping on the fairy is still closed and his lips are bloodless.

"The Spirit is so turbulent." The teacher shook his hand in front of the forehead of Stepping Xianjun. After careful perception, he stared thoughtfully at the handsome face. "Are you a nightmare?"

The stunned person naturally will not answer him.

The teacher smashed his frontal hair and looked very gentle. It was like looking at a dying soldier who was about to be cast. He whispered: "Although it is your own spiritual nucleus, it is the nucleus. Things are closely related to the heart, and when you are one, it will make you feel uncomfortable."

His voice was tempted and he imposed a spell of hypnotic will.

"Take the fairy, don't believe anything, don't believe it, it's all fake.... Come, wake up. Wake up, you can get everything."

The body is low, almost sticking to the ear, soft and extremely tempting.

"Shi Ming net is good, Chu night Ning is good, even you a mother, will come back."

"Come up, come on." He muttered to the emperor in his dream. "I am waiting for you."

Chapter 288

It is a dream.

Stepping on the fairy, he opened his eyes and found himself standing in a vast expanse of wilderness. The clouds were scarlet, pressed very low, and at your fingertips. There are lush reeds growing around, floating and floating, and there are people singing in the bushes. Some people are laughing, some are crying, those voices are very light, like a gauze over the fingertips, the water is generally touched.

He walked forward and stunned the deep blue spurs in the deep reeds. Then he saw a magnificent and quiet river, which was more magnificent than any river that he had seen before, and the flow rate was extremely slow.

There were a few leafy boats floating on the river, and the singing voice of the ferryman screamed away: "I am in Leiyuan, and my limbs are all muddy. I am crying and smashing, and my eyes are dry and dusty. Eat my heart. , red ant huanghuang. 啄 my belly, 兀鹫茫茫 ... the soul of the soul to come back... the soul comes back..."

The soul of the soul comes back, yesterday is like running water.

He seems to have been here, when?

Stepping on the fairy and watching, everything in front of him is so familiar, but when you think about it, your brain is empty.

"Hey you."

Suddenly someone spoke behind him.

He turned back slyly, but he didn't see anything except the blast.

That voice is very embarrassing, very illusory: "You go forward, I am in front."

Although he was annoyed when he was pointed out to do things, he still couldn't hold back his curiosity and calmly walked toward the depths of the reeds that fluttered by fireflies.

Soon, he saw a run-down mill, a small courtyard in the weedy garden, and a broken wooden shredded tile, and in the center of the courtyard, a man sitting on the dark graphite, facing away Looking at yourself, looking at the sky.

"who are you?"

The man heard his voice and did not immediately turn back, but sighed: "I may be a person to leave."

"Where? Where?" Before he answered the man, he asked a little bit, "Where is this?"

"The other side of the soul." The man said, "Have you seen the river? Sitting on the bamboo poles, all the way, will go to the land."

"..."

"The birth of a child will have to wait for seven or eight years. When you enter the door, there will be a guard from the belly and your life will be measured. If you are guilty, you will directly **** the eighteen layers of hell." Speaking of these aftermath, the man's tone is still gentle and gentle. It seems to be revisiting some old things.

"The first layer is called Nanke Township. There is a poor scholar who sells paintings. But he should not be poor now. I later burned a lot of paper money for him. There is also an old man who sells wonton, and then goes inside. Going to a palace, it was built by the four kings of the ghost world, right, and there is a downwind building..."

"It’s a mess." Stepping Xian interrupted him impatiently. "What do you want to say?"

The man calmed for a while and suddenly asked: "Take the fairy, are you afraid of dying?"

Stepping on the fairy sneer: "What can be feared."

"I used to think so." The man said, "So, I chose to take my own poison. I thought I had nothing to do in the world, I am not afraid of death."

After a pause, the man bowed his head.

"But I don't want to go now. He is still in the world, I can't let him go."

After saying this, the man gently fell from the graphite, from the shadow of the darkness, to the clear moonlight. The wind on the other side of the Soul River blew, and the wind was fascinating.

Stepping on the fairy looks slightly changed: "...is you?"

The ink burned toward him, and the heart was empty. It was a black hole that leaked the wind. His eyebrows were sturdy, his nose was high, and

Zhou Zheng’s face looked so heroic. He and Teng Xianjun were almost the same when they saw it for the first time in Lushan, but at this moment he seemed more frank, and there was no longer the fear and fear at that time.

"How are you..."

"As you can see, I am not a living person."

"..."

"But I don't know why, I don't seem to be the same as everyone else. The first seven have passed, but there is no black and white impermanence to get me into the house. I have been wandering here."

Stepping Xianjun slightly narrowed his eyes.

"You don't have to be nervous. My spiritual core is in your body, and I naturally can't live." The ink burned his eyes to the mighty river, whispered. "But I don't want to go... I want to go back."

Listening to him, stepping on Xianjun is a glimpse, then raise his hand to caress his chest. After a few silences, he suddenly twisted a slightly embarrassed smile: "Your spirit core is here in this seat? ... Was Huabi Nan successful? He did it, and the seat will soon be free to come, you can --"

When he did not finish his words, he was interrupted by ink.

The ink burned over and looked at him faintly: "Do you know who Huabinan is?"

"..."

He walked toward the stepping fairy, walked closer, lifted the fingers of the white light, and gently clicked between the eyebrows of the stepping fairy.

"Actually speaking to you, it is useless. You have been touched by him here, and many things that are not good for him to manipulate you, he will be removed. However, since you still have a soul, you should remember some Let's not be so ignorant."

I don't know why, at the moment when the ink burned to him, Stephen suddenly felt that the intracranial pain was difficult. It seems that scattered fragments swept past the eyes.

"what are you doing?!"

I didn't answer the ink, just took his face, it was very quiet, and looked at him sadly: "If you can know the truth of everything, then it's good."

"you……"

"If I go, I can rest assured."

Stepping Xianjun bites his teeth: "What is the truth?! What a mess! You let the seat let go!" He said, and he was furious to break away from the embarrassment of ink burning, but his strength seemed to be squandered in cotton wool. On the top, the spell and the legs and legs pass through the translucent body of the person in front of him.

The ink burned on the eyelids and sighed softly: "Do you know? I really want you to see the experience since I was born again, and I want you to get all my memories."

"Maybe because the obsession is too deep, my soul has not been taken, I can see you here."

He said, leaning forward, his forehead stuck to the forehead of Stepping Jun.

"Look back." He murmured, "Let yourself."

Hearing this sentence is too similar to the previous life of Chu Chu Ning before death, stepping on the immortal body, but his anger has not yet come to vent, before the eyes flashed a **** vertical and horizontal.

He saw the ghost world again.

In the catastrophe that changed his life, everyone was self-sufficient and cried.

Stepping on the fairy is like a paper basket, wandering in the air, the crowd is crying at the foot, is the stench of blood and broken limbs. He looked at him, what about the teacher? Where is the teacher?

He couldn't find it, he couldn't find it, his heart burned like he was furious - suddenly, he stopped.

In the smoke, there is a familiar figure moving. Stepping on the fairy to fly over, he was shocked to see that it was a boyhood. Unconscious and dying.

What's wrong?

As if to answer him, stepping on the fairy to see the picture changed, someone picked up his broken body and crawled hard in the blood of the corpse.

who is it?

The fleshy hands are... who is it.

That person has been unable to climb, but still refuses to let go, who is screaming at him, who is it?

Stepping on the singer, he swayed around the two people. He stared at the man who was covered in blood and looked at the incomprehensible person. Finally, he saw it, but he was like a thunder.

"Chu nightning...?"

How is it possible... how is it possible!

Some people are roaring in the ear, but the voice is far away, but the anger of the man is like a bayonet. He sipped: "The long-term blood is not exhausted, that is the way he takes you home!"

"Viewing enchantment is twin, how much injury you suffered, and he is the same."

"How can you say that he does not save you... How can you say that he does not save you..."

It is full of cold.

Stepping Xianjun suddenly opened his eyes and his eyes were red. He looked at the slight rain in front of his eyes and gritted his teeth. "What are you looking at this seat?! So... ridiculous!"

He had a raging anger, but his eyes on him made him squat.

The smoldering gaze at him, the dark and quiet scorpions were moist: "I have tried my best to give you all my memories."

"Who wants to see you and him?! Who wants to know what happened since you were born again! You are stealing, you are disappointed... you are not the same as this seat!" He is almost angry, "Who wants you to be self-made Advocate? Go away!"

The anger of countless people, but in the eyes of the burning, but can not afford a wave.

The ink burned at him, and the eyes were even merciful. He stood in front of the stepping fairy, from the corner of the robe, suddenly lit up a golden

flame, his vain body melted little by little in this flame. Turn into a little bit of fire.

"In fact, you don't have to say it, I should go."

"I gave all my memories to you with my own soul. This is against the sky, and I don't know what I will do in the end." When it came to this, the ink burned and laughed." Maybe it will not be allowed by the six reincarnations, or it may be directly sentenced to hell."

"..."

"Think of the best possible." Ink burns, "Maybe my soul can follow the spirit core and melt into your body."

He didn't care about what he said before, but when he heard it, he slammed his eyebrows and said: "You don't even think about it!"

The ink burned like a smile and looked at him: "Are you afraid?"

"What is terrible in this seat?" Stepping Jun was greatly offended and narrowed his eyes. "But this body is your own seat. You can't think of it!"

The ink sighed: "You just don't want to accept some facts."

"..."

"You don't want to accept the truth that I have admitted, but you have turned a blind eye."

"you shut up!"

The ink burned calmly at him, and the shadow disappeared faster and faster, and it spread to the waist and chest. Before he disappeared, he raised his hand and tried to touch the hair of the fairy. However, stepping on the fairy is like being smothered by something poisonous, and he took a step back in disgust.

Seeing him like this, the ink burns just smiles. The golden light in his body is like a moth, and suddenly he goes to the chest of Xianjun. The power is so fierce and hot, like a melt under the rock.

This power made him feel gracious, but he was extremely disgusted.

"You can't think about melting your soul with this..."

"Nobody wants to go, I have to try my best."

Stepping on the fairy tends to be furious: "Get out of this seat!"

The smoldering is just staring at him: "I'm sorry. In the end, I still have to compete with you for this body."

"..."

"If your performance is restored, it will be fine."

"Make it light rain." The golden flame quickly burned to his fingertips, and then swallowed the young and handsome face. "Don't do it."

The voice has fallen.

Gray smoke disappears...

At the same time, the chamber of the Tianyin Pavilion was illuminated by the glare of the golden light, as if it was white, and the teacher could not open his eyes for a moment. He jerked his sleeves to cover his face, and after a long period of time, the strong light was slowly extinguished.

The teacher had never encountered such a situation before, slamming his sleeves and looking pale into the hail.

Look at the pair of black to purple eyes.

Stepping on the fairy, he slowly sat up from the squat, his face was white and his lips had not recovered his blood. He was carved from cold jade, and it was condensed by the secluded spring. Even the black embroidered gold silk robes were covered with cold mist, and the brilliance sprinkled on him was like freezing.

Stepping Xianjun raised his hand, and the slender pale fingertips were placed on the edge of the coffin. Then he turned his eyes and his eyes fell on the teacher.

"..."

Rao knows that he is his master, but under the gaze of such coldness, the teacher is still involuntarily going backwards.

"You..." The throat was swaying, and the teacher was forced to calm down. "It’s finally awake."

Stepping on the fairy does not answer, his face is extremely cloudy, even more unpredictable than before.

He gasped, and his back was soaked in cold sweat. His eyes still shook the last smile of Mo Zongshi. He closed his eyes and tried to perceive whether there was any unnecessary three souls and six hexagrams in his body, but this is obviously not by feeling. Can get the answer.

The teacher stood beside him and saw him look different. He stretched out his hand over his forehead, silently recited the curse in his mouth, and healed the restlessness of the heart of Xianjun.

"How?" The town spirit cursed a round, and the teacher stared at his face and asked.

Stepping Xianjun did not answer immediately. After a long time, he raised his hand and moved his fingers. The manicured fingernails were like ice, not a little bit bloody.

He stood up from the coffin.

"I seem to have had a long dream..." Stepping on the fairy, the voice said hoarsely and said the first sentence.

Shi Yan’s eyes are very vigilant: “It’s all fake.”

The emperor's black robe is like a cloud, and the golden silk is like water. He takes a sigh and looks a little sullen: "I think so too."

He stared at the teacher, and the teacher also stared at him. After a long while, the teacher whispered and tried: "Do you remember who you are?"

"..."

A few silences.

The cold and handsome man seems to have chuckled a little, and the thin lips are open and closed: "How can you not remember. Step on the emperor, the ink burns in the rain."

He slammed down, dropped his eyelashes, and performed a lazy ceremony for the ultimate teacher: "May be the master."

There was a ecstasy in the eyes of the teacher, but he still couldn’t relax. He found a spar from the shackles. The thing flashed with brilliance and brilliance, and it was the strongest spar used to test the monk's spiritual power.

His throat was swaying, with some kind of eager anticipation, and he walked over and handed the spar to the hands of Stepan.

"Can you light it?"

"..." Stepping on the eyes of the fairy, the cold and faint glance at the stone, slow and rational, "this is difficult." The voice is falling, the **** are pinched, and the meridians on the hand.

Only in an instant, the most powerful spiritual stream in the world is poured into it, and the spar is in a big flash of light and does not say that there is still a fissure on the surface.

The teacher held his breath, his eyes fixed on the stone, and he never moved.

Suddenly heard the sound of "啪", this Qingbi stone was bursting and smashing between the fingers of Xianjun’s pale and narrow fingers, and then was smashed by the fierce spiritual power.

Gray! !

"What is this?" Stepping Xianjun casually licked the powder between his fingers and sneered, "Do not play."

The teacher slammed the ground, and he walked a few steps backwards, almost sitting on the stone bench next to the force.

This is the strongest force in the world... At this moment, is it finally returned to him?

The teacher couldn’t hold it, and the trembling became fierce. The glory of the stone room reflected his fabulous face. Is it ecstasy? Or is it relieved? The light is swaying, and the picture is not so clear, even embarrassing.

After a long time, I saw the teacher burying his face in his hands, muttering in a low-pitched manner: "Mother, have you seen it? I did it."

Suddenly he seemed to be a little crazy, suddenly rising to the empty wall, facing the stone room where he and the third person were not in the same place, and shouted in a screaming voice: "Have you seen it? It’s going soon. Have you seen it?"

No one should be with him. He laughed loudly in this empty secret room. He smiled and burst into tears and burst into tears - it was a drop of golden tears.

It is exactly the same as the former sphenoidal beauty seat Song Qiutong.

Chapter 289

The nightmare of the comprehension world has become more and more mad in these days. Jane Chess is like a plague in the world. The people behind the scenes are like madmen. They don't pick up the identity of the host. Whether it is the old man or the yellow mouth, they are all collected.

In this way, no one can guess what he wants to do.

Someone pleaded for help from Tianyin Pavilion, but the Tianyin Pavilion suddenly said that he could not get sick. Even if someone escaped and died in front of the pavilion, it would not open the door. Gradually, these people finally became very reluctant to understand - perhaps from the beginning, they were wrong.

But everything is too late. Mo Zongshi died, Chu Xi Ning’s whereabouts are unknown, and the dead and the dead are smashed. The major sects are self-satisfied. More and more precious pieces that have lost their knowledge are swam in the world, killing people and setting fire, and the battle is like a hay, burning The amazing speed filled the entire realm of comprehension.

Jiangdu, Yangzhou, Langzhong, Leizhou... carved beams and paintings, buildings, boats and nights, all of them are dull and lamented in the flames of burning and burning, the walls are smashing, and how many people are in the wind, all of them are solemnly going in this fire.

On the star-gazing platform of Tianyin Pavilion, the teacher looked at the distant mountains and the water was chaotic. He stood alone for a while, and there was a weak footstep behind him.

The woman’s silk was stepping on the fine snow, and her hands were covered with a wooden cigarette.

"Take the fairy king?"

"He set off this morning."

"...have you sent him to do that?" The wooden cigarette was slightly wrong. "How come so fast?"

"There is nothing to wait for, the preparations for doing it have been done, and now everything is ready to owe the wind. Just look at him."

After the teacher finished the sentence, it took a while to reopen, and there was a trembling in the calm voice.

"Sister." He whispered to the wood smoke. "So many years, two years, I finally did..."

The wooden cigarette was over the side, and he saw the moist water vapor in his peach blossom eyes. It seemed to be extremely excited and seemed to be extremely wronged.

The teacher closed his eyes and could not restrain himself from shaking: "Let's go."

He whispered: "The time and space will soon open. We will bring all the good pieces and send them there."

"All the pieces?"

"all."

"But there are so many people..." The face of the wooden cigarette was a little pale, but she saw that the teacher was both painful and excited, and she said firmly, "...good. I know."

When she turned and left, she was about to step down the edge of the star-gazing platform, and the teacher suddenly stopped her.

"and many more!"

She turned back and saw the faint yellow sky, the teacher squatted sideways, the wind hunted and blew his cloak, he looked at the wood smoke, seems to want to say something, but the eyes were red, but never said.

The wood smoke was so opposed to him for a while, and then the wood smoke left: "You can rest assured that even if cruel, I will not betray you."

The teacher closed his eyes, and people seemed to be so sensitive and vulnerable at a critical juncture.

His voice trembled slightly: "I have rebelled against myself in this world..."

"He didn't betray you." The wooden cigarette left the road. "He betrayed the entire sphenoid and betrayed us all. His hands were not stained by the blood of the monk - but he has sentenced us to it. hell."

"..."

"I understand your helplessness." The wooden cigarette said to the teacher, "A Nan, no matter what the people in this world say about you. In the sphenoid beauty, you are a well-deserved hero."

She has left.

The teacher looked at her back and gradually moved away, and then turned around, the hands of the knots were placed on the jade, the cold and cold touch, spread to the heart.

"Hero?" The teacher looked up and stared at the dark clouds in the air, sighing half a sigh. "The hero can't do it. No hero has carried so many people's debts."

There seemed to be a moment in his eyes, and then it became a cold ice.

"My Hua Bi Nan has tried my best to fight for the rest of my life. I don't believe that Heaven can't be changed. Nowadays, life and death are dead, and the chess game is in my hands. I want to see this. Who else in the world can stop me."

The knuckles are pinched into a jade color.

"The hero is even. I just want to find a way out."

Three words, scattered into the wind.

"for us."

On the snowy field of Kunlun Kunlun, a black figure was swept away.

The blast of wind blew his cheeks like a knife, but he couldn't feel the chill of the cheekbones with his black and purple eyes.

He fluttered like a vulture on a cliff. Jumping on the Biva Fly, the footsteps are light and the hands are quick. There are so many patrolling masters in the Kunlun Snow Palace that no one has noticed his arrival. The snow that he walked through did not even have traces of traces.

Soon the man plunged to the highest top of the Snow Palace, from which you can see the Tianchi in the snow, quiet, and misty.

The black lightning-like figure stopped.

The man stood at the top of Kunlun, standing straight like a bayonet, and his black eyes looked at the Tianchi Lake. The wind started, very anxious, blowing off his cloak, revealing a pale face without pale blood.

It is the emperor.

After the second tempering of the division, he possessed the spiritual core of the Mo Zongshi and restored the powerful power as before. And no longer disobey the "master" command.

He finally became the killing blade and the spiritual source that made the teacher clear and satisfied.

However, after waking up from the Tianyin Pavilion, there will always be some scattered pieces in the mind of Teng Xianjun. He always thought that he hated Chu Ningning, he loved the teacher, his love and anger were all These two people are related.

However, he vaguely felt that it was wrong.

Recently, he often heard a vague voice and saw some vague scenes.

He saw that Chu Ningning carefully wrapped his hand in Meng Po Tang and heard that he said to Chu Xi Ning: "Master, we have come over, are you good? You reasoned me... well..."

He saw the sea cliff for a round of moons, only the two people's hearts, he clenched the hand of Chu Xiaoning, and Chu nightning has been keeping his head down, and the sharp phoenix eyes are like wet red. He heard Chu Xiaoning said to himself: "I am not good. I have not been liked..."

He saw that he and Chu Xinning were lingering on the bed of the inn, and they had nothing to do with them.

He glimpsed the red lotus water, and the night of the night, he lifted the eyelashes and looked at himself -

Suddenly my heart.

Stepping on the fairy slammed his eyes.

What are these?

He saw that Chu Lingning looked at himself so gently, that is, the kind of eyes that tortured the imprisoned Ling / insulted the soft foam but could not change it.

Stepping Xianjun felt that his head was very painful. He raised his hand, and the white glare glared at the sharp thorns on his wristband. He licked his forehead and whispered a curse: "What mess?"

He stood on the roof and stayed for a while. The snow in Kunlun is very big, and it will be frosty in a short time. He vaguely felt a little surprised, because in his heart, he felt that it was also very good, like a good dream, and he would feel peaceful because of the gentle eyes of his dreams.

"...this seat is really crazy."

He blinked and took these ridiculous thoughts behind him and went on.

The master's order is to let him go to the most powerful place of Kunlun spirituality, and completely open the door to life and death. So he should go to the north. But he saw the Tianchi, or he could not help but circle.

That is where he will always lose the late night.

Stepping on the sinister restraint in the original place for a while, and finally could not help but go to the side of the ghost, but when he swept through the palace, he suddenly heard a familiar voice.

"Oh...Auntie..."

The voice was very familiar, and he stopped and walked in the dark, revealing a pair of black lacquered eyes and looking down.

Then he saw it clearly, and he couldn't help but laugh: "Who is my way, it turns out to be you."

Among the courtyards of the party, only Xue Meng was alone. Xue Meng was holding a pot of wine and squatting on the table.

"This time, your mother-in-law is not killed by this seat." Stepping Xianjun was interested in watching the fun of Xuemen for a while, and touched his chin. "But if you are sad, this seat is very happy." I haven't forgotten who was in the chest before.

"How is it that the taste of distress is good?"

There was no silence in the courtyard.

Stepping on the fairy and staring at the bottom for a while, suddenly starting, the shadows moved, he has come to Xue Meng.

The drunken phoenix didn't notice his arrival, and he still reached out to rub the jug, trying to pour the nectar in the mouth.

But suddenly a cold hand came out and pinched the red mud pot to stop his movements.

"You...who...?"

"you guess."

Xue Meng reluctantly opened a crying to the swollen eyes, and walked down the hand and went up. The handsome face of the Emperor Xiandi was filled with a mocking face.

Stepping Xianjun has never seen such a sinful Xuemeng, although he is convinced that the previous Xuemeng secretly collapsed many times after the people, but this is his first time to see him. He licked his lips and felt very excited. stimulate.

He leaned over and stared at the prey, staring at Xue Meng: "Interesting, the original apprentice who is the most proud of Chu, is also drunk with wine and drank into a mud."

He said, sitting diagonally on the edge of the stone table, then reached out and picked up Xue Meng's chin.

"I haven't seen you look like you have been young for a long time." Step Xianjun had some emotions. "In the red dust, I have been waiting too long. This seat has forgotten what kind of face you have when you were a teenager."

Fingertips rubbed up a little.

Passing over the cheeks, nose bridge, eyebrows, and then poked on the forehead.

"Xue Meng, do you know? There is one thing, this seat is actually very regrettable." He looked at Xue Meng's eyes, and gradually revealed a chilling smile. "Last life, this moment, good thoughts, let you Life, you in turn want to kill this seat. Sometimes this seat is thinking... Is it the first time you should kill you."

"People, living is not comfortable, but it is not necessarily painful to die." The voice of Stepanjun is low and gloomy. "Xue Meng, do you want to accompany you to your mother?"

He said as he leaned over.

The cold nose smacked over Xue Meng’s cheeks, and the two cold fingers touched Xue’s neck-side artery—he kept staring at Xue Meng’s eyes.

He looked at his own reflection in the eyes of tears, like a ghost coming to the world.

"In fact, this earthly person will die in the end." Stepping Xianjun white teeth is awesome. "You and I are so good brothers and half-life. Since you met here, it is better to send you a trip to help you get rid of it."

Finger force, is trying to kill.

"brother……"

Suddenly, a whisper, like a spring bud breaks the ground, the stone is shocked.

Step on a fairy.

Xue Meng looked at him, and the drunkenness seemed to finally distinguish the appearance of the person in front of him. He shed tears and heavy shirt, sobbing and crawling up, grabbing the cold arm of stepping on the fairy, as if to hold the driftwood in the sea. .

"brother……"

He called him.

Where did he distinguish the slight difference between the two inks, he only said that the person in front of him was ink-burning, only his brother, his family, his most carefree years have finally returned.

Stepping on the fairy is clear this time, and I am sure I have not heard it wrong. So he was a little scared, and he didn’t know what to look for.

The intracranial is a mess.

In the blur, stepping on the fairy eyes flashed through the shadows, he saw himself and Xue Meng sitting in the red lotus water, cooking tea and cooking, and clinking under the moon.

...this is what the ink master has done?

"Brother." Xue Meng was drunk, he was buried in the arms of the fairy, and he was still crying at the beginning, but in the end, the period of Ai Ai, he swallowed, and finally became stunned. "Don't go... don't leave me. ....."

After a while, I seem to think of something else. He suddenly started to shake the whole person, and his lips were all white: "Don't kill me, don't force them... Those people are killing me, don't hurt me." Come to me..." The teardrops rolled down and smashed the chest of Xianjun. "Don't... don't dig my brother's heart..."

In the whim of this upside down, the hand that stepped Xianjun had to kill was finally slowly put down. He stood still for a moment and wanted to push Xuemeng away. However, Xue Meng held him so tightly, his hands and feet were thick.

Gradually, the place closest to the heart was finally soaked with tears.

In the end, Teng Xianjun finally fled and plunged into the beam of the roof of the house, and lowered the body to the potential gallery, watching Xue Meng, who was crying in the snow.

Xue Meng in his memory has always been fierce, arrogant, aggressive and sharp. At the moment, staying in the snow, but a child who can no longer find his brother.

He looked at Xue Meng and cried for a long time in the same place. Later, Xue Meng got up and didn't know if the wine was awake, or he was crying tired. Then he was so neutral in the courtyard for a while, and finally holding the jar, the plum blossoms to the courtyard. Go away. The young man went aimlessly, looked awkwardly, and slowly went away - far away -

Stepping on the snow, the two lines twisted and twisted, but they no longer look back, and they have been spreading to the depths of the wind and snow until they can't see Xue Meng's back.

In the hurricane, suddenly a singer came. It was a short song that Xue Zhengyi once sang before his death. Now he is in the throat of Xue Meng and circling in the Kunlun Snow Palace.

"I worship the deceased half-ghost, but now I am intoxicated." As soon as the sound is still young, the tone has been vicissitudes of life, "the total

angle is hidden under the cassia twig, and the surface of the drinking surface has been spotted."

Heavy snow dyed the youthful hair.

The hoarse voice is mixed with the sound of snow and snow.

"The skylight dreams of breaking the crowds..." is getting farther and farther and closer. It may not be that Xue Meng is far away, but the young man is finally crying, and the words are sobbing. "Abandon my old body and tears."

Abandon my old body.

He is only twenty-two years old, but only in the dream of being drunk, can he see the old people laughing again and again. He was only a year of prosperity, but he only had a drink of Dukang, only to see Gaotang's love, old friends two or three.

Xue Meng looked up and seemed to want to hold back the tears in his eyes, but he didn't know if he had resisted it. The snow had already fascinated his eyes.

He is embarrassed, almost shouting, ringing the clouds, seems to be asking with Tianzhu, and the land is screaming.

"I hope to increase the life and the Zhougong, let the king hold the wine, go back!"

The cloud gas aggregated, and he fell into the jar.

With his hands open, Xue Meng fell straight into the snow. He didn't want to go any further. Where is the front? There are ice and snow everywhere, no familiar figure, no home.

Even the ink that is only dreamed of is fake, it is a mirror of the water, and fleeting.

Xue Meng lay in the snow, after a while, raised his hand and covered his eyes.

The pale lips of the **** lightly merged, and the tears slid down.

"Why are you leaving, just leave me alone."

Xue Meng stunned and lost his tone.

"Why... why should I stay alone?"

In fact, for the rest of his life, in the end, he only has himself.

Stepping on the fairy listened to the remnant of the whistling wind, watching the place where Xue Mengyuan went, he stood motionless on the ridge, and the wind blew his cloak to hunt. He raised his hand and touched his chest, but he didn't know what it was like.

I am a ghost to the deceased.

For Xue Meng, this is the case. Why is it not for stepping Xianjun?

The Wushan Temple of the previous life was empty, and in the end there was only one lonely man, and no one else. He didn't know where the incense burner was placed in his house, and he couldn't wear the old clothes when he was a teenager. Sometimes he rushed out to ask for a joke, but surrounded by a respectful and tight face. .

No one knows what he is saying and no one knows him.

People who know him are either under the spring or at the end of the world.

Stepping on the fairy is slowly coming to the edge of the Tianchi. It is not a good weather, the fog is in the distance, and the snow seeds on the pool are in a hurry. He stood there quietly, like a woodcarving clay sculpture with no heart and no lungs.

Let Frost Snow cover him.

"Chu Ning..." gently sighed, "If it was the year..."

If it was the year, how?

He did not say anything more, the eyelashes overlapped and closed his eyes.

There has never been nothing. If it was the same year, he was the emperor of the emperor, and he was the unparalleled respect of the realm of cultivation. He does not know what regrets, what is turning back.

What happened happened.

He does not regret, nor does he say no.

Even if the flesh and blood are vague and close to the people, this is his own choice of road, and then the thorns are dense, he will go down with his scalp.

However, in this vast sky, between the snowy sky, no one knows where anyone will know. Teng Xianjun took a long time and finally made an unexpected thing - he collapsed.

In the place where Chu nightning died in the same year, he worshipped and fell.

One worship.

Second worship.

Until three weeks.

Stepping on the face, under the hood, the lashes are frosted, and the look is solemn. No one knows what he is thinking. Then he got up, as if he had a long-cherished wish, and he didn’t swear over the cloak black robe and swept toward the most abundant place in Kunlun Mountain.

The emperor is out, the world is unstoppable. Shi Mingjing did not choose the wrong one. He has the strongest spiritual power of the human world, and he also has an unparalleled mastery.

Time and space will die and will open.

Chapter 290

Xue Meng was lying on the ground. When he was drunk, he was confused. He did not know that he had already met the biggest devil in the world. He still fell on his back in the snow, and the snow of the Kunlun Mountains was falling and falling, like the spring catkins, the autumn flowers, covering him.

I don't know how long it took, someone held a bright red paper umbrella and approached the snow. Xue Meng was blindfolded, and then he saw a cold face.

"plum……"

Xue Meng screamed, the words snow contained never said, he was too tired.

"Well, it's me." Mei Hanxue didn't talk much, and he lifted him from the ground.

Xue Mengyu was on the shoulders of Mei Hanxue, but he did not leave. Instead, he asked: "Is there wine?"

Mei Hanxue said: "No."

Xue Meng did not hear: "Well, then you accompany me for a drink?"

"...not drinking."

Xue Mengjing for a while, smiled slyly: "You see this dog thing, I don't drink before, you licking me to drink, this time I drink, you said to me again. Play me?"

"I don't want alcohol."

Xue Meng muttered a few words, and it sounded like he was swearing. Then he pushed open the plum with snow, and walked deep and shallow into the vast snow. Mei Hanxue took an umbrella and looked at him and even had some sly backs. He didn't catch up, just asked: "Where are you going?"

He didn't know where he was going. He only hated enough wine and couldn't drunk himself.

Mei Hanxue said: "Come back, there is no way ahead."

Xue Meng stood still, he stood there, and after a while, he suddenly burst into tears: "I want to drink some wine! You don't let me drink! Don't drink, don't drink, you still Lie me to say that you avoid alcohol! Are you a person?!"

"……I did not lie to you."

Xue Meng couldn’t listen to it. He said, "Is it human?"

"..."

"I don't feel happy in my heart, can't you see it?!"

Mei Hanxue said: "See it."

Xue Meng was awkward, and then he was even more wronged. Even the tip of his nose was red: "Well... well, I don’t see it with me. Are you afraid that I will not give you money? I am with you. Say, actually, I am not so poor..."

He said that he really went to the pockets and took out a bunch of broken pieces of copper to go back and forth several times. It was even more sad when he clicked on it: "Ah, why are you so?"

Mei Hanxue helped the forehead, obviously it hurts a bit: "Xue Meng, you are drunk. You should go to rest first."

Xue Meng has not yet answered, but behind him there is the footsteps of Shasha.

Another gentle and elegant voice sounded: "Big brother, what do you think about a drunk person?"

The voice fell, and a hand with a crepe jacket stretched out, carrying a sheepskin bag and a silver bell on the wrist. Mei Hanxue slanted the scorpion and turned back -

Behind him, he stood exactly the same as his birth, but his face was full of smiles and his eyes were very gentle.

"In fact, there are only two ways to get drunk." The man smiled, "I fainted him, or stunned him."

Mei Hanxue: "....."

The man said, Chongmei covered the snow with a wink: "Know that the big brother avoids alcohol. Go back, I will accompany him."

The light cyan thin smoke rises, the man dances the soft room, the deep feelings, but the confusion.

The master bedroom of the Snow Palace is filled with a strong and expensive dragon scent. It is covered with white fluffy carpets everywhere, and one foot is stepped on without ankles. The gauze confession is confused with the sun and the moon, and the wind blows. The wind falls and the curtain is covered.

Mei Hanxue barefooted and supported his head, lying on the white velvet carpet, and the white toe of the jade was smashed at random, and a pair of jasper eyes looked at Xuemeng, who was sitting cross-legged in front of him and drinking.

After the wine was over thirty, Mei Han Xue smiled and asked: "Hey, Zi Ming, are you not surprised?"

"What are you surprised?"

"We have two people."

Xue Meng: "...oh."

Mei Hanxue shook his head: "I forgot that you have a very poor amount of alcohol. After being drunk, your head is about the same as ordinary people. No surprise or surprise."

Xue Meng: "Hey."

"I don't know if you are aware of it. It was my big brother who was blocking the sword for you that day."

"I can't think of it."

Mei Hanxue said: "You have seen his weapons, hurricane. A sword cast by silver and black iron."

Xue Meng frowned and thought for a moment: "...but on the hall that day, the people who blocked me were ugly. The weapons are not silver, yes...yes..."

"It's blue." Mei Hanxue nodded in disappointment. "Because he was angry that day, he was very anxious, so he injected the stream. Usually he didn't pay much attention to it. My brother didn't really like it. Squatting."

"..."

"The sword is actually used by us. I am the wooden water core. He is the water and fire core. If you have the chance, you will see the three streams of green, red and blue, but..."

He did not say it, because Xue Meng did not seem to have much interest in this. Xue Meng began to drink his own wine after half listening, and his expression was faint.

Mei Han Xue narrowed his eyes.

He suddenly felt that Xue Meng was like this, and he did not seem to be flying in the air, but there was a hint of coldness. This kind of coldness makes Xue Meng not like himself, but like another person.

But who is it like?

Mei Hanxue couldn't think of it for a while, and he didn't bother thinking. He has been doing the same thing with the squirting smoke of this Swiss brain gold beast, lazy, wherever it floats, if it is boneless.

Xue Meng drank a sheepskin bag and asked Mei Hanxue: "Is there still this wine?"

"Yes, but you have already drunk too much and can't do it anymore."

Xue Mengdao: "I am not drunk in a thousand cups."

Mei Hanxue laughed: "Are you sick?" But he handed the wine to him. He warmly said before: "This is the last pot. If you give it to me, teach me my brother knows, I am not alive." ""

Xue Meng slowly drank and looked very cold.

He is not like Xue Meng.

Drinking and drinking, Xue Meng suddenly whispered: "You have a brother."

"Ah." Mei Xue Xue laughed. "Otherwise, it has been said for a long time, and you have only seen it."

Xue Meng’s eyes were a little erratic, and the eyelashes were long, like a butterfly, and he murmured, “I also have a brother.”

"Ok, I know."

Xue Meng leaned on the pillars, sitting cross-legged for a long time, some hemp, he straightened one leg and stared at Mei Hanxue for a while.

Suddenly, the cold look on his face disappeared, and instead he was wearing a brilliance, but under the glory, Xue Meng was still not like Xue Meng.

He smiled and asked: "Hey, how is your brother waiting for you?"

Mei Hanxue is a little surprised by his transformation. Is this person drunk? But still said: "...very good."

"Ha ha ha, you really cherish the words like gold, how good is a good law? Will he cast weapons for you, or will you cook a bowl of pasta when you are sick?"

Mei Hanxue smiled and said: "No, but he will block women for me."

Xue Meng: "..."

"I don't really like to watch the old lover crying." Mei Hanxue said, "The ones that can't cope with it are all for me. He does things much more than me. There is no feeling, no muddy water. But he is nothing." Interesting, so a lot of age, even a girl's hand has not been taken."

Xue Meng wrinkled his nose: "What is your brother?"

"Mei Hanxue."

"same as you?"

"The word is different." He smiled. "He is cold and cold, so deserved."

Xue Meng said: "You want to make this out of the moth..."

Mei Hanxue said: "It's easy to act, there are things, it's no surprise that two people do it, but if everyone thinks it is from one person, it will be very inscrutable. The palace owner intends us to do this, so from childhood Just take me and my brother."

He said, uncovering the oven cover, picking up the silver spoon and fiddling with the embers inside, and filling in some of the spices that the gods used to drive the cold, the voice is very soft.

"I have always been carrying a human skin mask with him. When he put it on, I will show people with real things. When I change it, he will act with real body, and it will be more than twenty years."

"You are not tired?"

"Not tired, it's very fun." Mei Hanxue smiled. "But my brother probably feels tired. He always said that I owe too much debt outside, so that he has to go around the women." Take it away."

Xue Meng did not realize the taste of being surrounded by women. In fact, he felt that he and Mei Hanxue’s Xiongtai situation was similar. I didn’t even touch the woman’s hand.

But there is nothing to show off in this kind of thing. He then drank dryly, silent, not snoring.

When Mei Hanxue was drunk, his mind was not normal, but he didn't want to be this time. Xue Meng suddenly asked him: "Why save me?"

The tone has changed again, this time it has become very gentle.

This kind of gentleness appeared on Xue Meng’s face. It was too violent. It was more glaring than the previous Can’s, earlier indifference.

Mei Hanxue finally couldn't stand it anymore. He sat up and raised his hand with a silver bell. He grabbed Xue Meng's chin and turned around and

looked at it. "It's strange, I am right, how is it going?" ”

Xue Meng did not struggle, and he stared at himself. A pair of black lacquered eyes quietly looked at Mei Hanxue. After a while, he asked: "Why help me to die? I am familiar with you?"

"Not too familiar." Mei Xuexue said, "I played with you when I was young, but the person who played with you, one day is me, one day is my brother. In fact, I have only been with you for ten days."

"Why are you willing to take me?"

Mei Hanxue sighed. He stretched out a long finger and poked the wrong Xue Meng's eyebrows: "You are a mother and aunt, saved my mother's life.... She is a broken leaf city, you know the broken leaves. After she gave birth to our brother, she sent us to the Kunlun Snow Palace. Later, the city was in a state of sorrow, and the death and injury were heavy. She managed to escape, but broke a leg."

The newly filled spices have a cedar fragrance.

Mei Hanxue smiled and said: "Along the way, there is no silver. When I came to the foot of the Kunlun Mountains, I was already swallowing up."

His eyebrows are still very soft, and the red drops of water between the foreheads are shining.

"At that time, Uncle Xue and Aunt Wang came to Kunlun for a first time to visit. They saw my dying mother, did not ask her to live, did not collect her money, he treated her with the best medicine, and learned that she was After looking for the child, she also carried her on the Kunlun Mountains."

Xue Meng was speechless and listened attentively.

After a while, he asked: "So, what about your mother?"

"The disease is too heavy." Mei Hanxue shook his head. "Returning to the sky, it is still gone.... But the blessing of the aunt's aunt, we saw her last side."

A little wind came in from the outside, the smoke in the house was scattered, and the wind was ringing.

Like the sound of water.

"In these years, my uncle and aunt have always said that they don't have to say anything, just to raise their hands. After they have come, they have even forgotten about it, but I still remember it with my older brother." Mei Hanxue raised his eyes and calmly Looked at him.

Time has passed for a long time. When he talked about this matter, the pain was lingering, only mild.

"On that day, it was Xue’s father carrying my mother, and Aunt Wang was holding an umbrella next to him. They were afraid that my mother would suffer from the cold again. The uncle’s aunt entered the temple and said the first thing, not the official business of death and death. I don't want to form an alliance with the Snow Palace or make a good deal. They ask, is there a pair of twins from the city?"

The pale gold eyelashes hang down and cover the clear water.

"To tell the truth, that's what I have seen in my life, the best head and the head lady."

Xue Meng choked: "I am a mother..."

Mei Hanxue "hmm", said: "You are a mother."

Xue Meng buried his face in his palm, his shoulders trembled a little, and he was crying again. The tears of this life seemed to be exhausted in the months of this fall apart.

He cried, and he finally changed back to Xue Meng's appearance.

At this time, Mei Hanxue remembered it -

Fang Cai, he said coldly, "I am not drunk in a thousand cups."

He calmly asked, "Do you have a brother?" It was a light rain.

He softly said, "Why save me." That is Shi Mingjing.

He tried hard and awkwardly remembered their appearance, recalling their bit by bit, smiling, sitting or standing, or angry or annoyed.

In the past, he used to have the coldness of Chu Xiaoning, the burning of the ink rain, the gentleness of the teacher, the former master, the cousin, and the best friend.

Suddenly, the rain hits Ping, and the mountains and rivers are broken.

The rain stopped, only he was still in the same place.

They have all disappeared.

Xue Meng alone, carrying a pot of turbid wine, drinking, a person became three.

He cried, smiled, cold, hot, gentle, he liked them, respectfully expressed his likes, expressed his affectionately, and expressed his love awkwardly.

He thought that he might not have expressed it well. His love for the Master is always very dull. The love of my cousin always seems sharp. The love of the teacher is always very light.

After the wine was finished, Xue Meng slowly picked himself up. He shrank himself so small and his eyes were red.

He said: "I am not good... I am not doing it..."

Come back.

I am no longer arrogant, no longer mad, no longer hesitate, no longer ignore.

Xue Meng whimpered, his forehead pressed against his knees, and the whole person shivered in detail. He cried. He said, "Come back... don't leave me alone."

If you can return, if everything can be done from scratch. He does not want the reputation of the arrogant son of heaven, and does not want to be the majesty of the Lord.

He just wants to tell them directly and enthusiastically -

I am really, really love you, can't live without you, and I am related to you all my life.

Willing to use the spiritual core, willing to spend thousands of dollars.

I wish you all the best. For the sake of the replacement of the old man, a greedy joy.

Mei Hanxue saw him mourn, sighed low, raised his hand on his deafness, was trying to say something, and suddenly heard a loud bang outside the palace, like a thunder running over a heavy cloud, a big earthquake.

This tremor lasted for a while, as if a giant beast was waking up in the depths of the snowfield, and it was necessary to breathe and squirt at any time.

Mei Hanxue’s heart is not good. He settled in Xuemeng and was about to go out. He saw his brother holding a sabre, opened the gauze, and strode in.

When the big brother's face was condensed, it was extremely gloomy: "Go to the hall immediately."

Mei Hanxue said: "What happened? Just what was it?"

His cold brother, who had always been cold, licked his lips and said: "There is a huge mysterious circle in the northeast. I am afraid that the Mozong master said that it was right, and the time and space are going to open."

Chapter 291

Stepping on the fairy is standing in the sky, the black robe is like a splash of ink.

He narrowed his eyes, and the hustle and bustle of the wide sleeves was blown up, and the power in the palm of the hand was like a dragon, swallowing the sun, and suddenly tearing open the visible cold fog and the invisible time and space -

"boom!"

Suddenly a loud bang, a lightning bolt is like a sharp blade, and it suddenly shatters the sky!

A few deaths, followed by the Tianchi water rushing into the water, the Kunlun snow raging, the yellow clouds rolling, the hurricane sky... Once, Chu nightning came to this red dust, only tore a slight trace, and then the division I have painstakingly repaired the traces and followed it to the world.

But the two times of time and space split, only a slight trauma, will soon be restored to the original state by the power of Hong Meng. Even later on the

mountain, Xu Shuanglin opened a big crack with the help of the five great soldiers, which only temporarily broke the barrier between the two red dust.

But this time, the crack that was torn by the ink burned was completely different from the previous one. When the sky is dark, the scarlet is filled with water. At the same time, there are two suns and two moons rising up, with the faint white light and the high hanging above.

From Jiangnan to Mobei, from Cape to Tianya. For a time almost everyone stopped what was on hand and looked up at this strange and horrible sky.

Impermanent town. The child with babble is crying, and her mother is holding it tightly in her arms. The mother kisses his face and whispers: "Don't cry, don't cry, baby is awkward, Aunt is here, Aunt is here. ""

Yangzhou City. The old woman with the chicken skin was twitching with a cane, squatting, hoarse and whispering: "This... how can there be two moons in the sky, and two suns... Heaven, God, what is this? what's going on……"

Feihua Island. Sun Sanniang erected her eyebrows and stood on the shore with her arms. She slammed everyone into the house to turn off the lights, and let the servants connect the homeless, old, sick and sick on the island to the house.

She stared at the vision in the sky, her eyes splashing with fire.

Not to mention the lonely moon, the Huanghuang Pavilion, the Wushou Temple, whether or not they are willing to accept, almost all the monks clearly understand one thing at this moment:

Time and space are really dead, really open.

The smoldering of the smoldering gas is full of blood, and the eyes are covered with blood and suffocating.

He was fascinated by the teacher before and after the net, and he was born and died. He died and lived. The memory is even more fragmented. There is only one soul in the body to support.

Therefore, his whole person is crazy, more unreasonable than before.

Destroy the sky.

Soon, half of the mountains and rivers were covered by this black stream cloud, and stepping on the king looked up, haha smiled - but what was he laughing at?

He is not clear, nor does he know.

The mind is messed up, and only the commands of the master are constantly swirling around in the chest.

He narrowed his eyes and looked at the crystal clear enchantment under the black cloud. A sneer twitched between the lips and teeth, then raised his hand and lowered his head: "No return."

Not returning to the present.

Stepping on the fingertips of the stepping stone on the knife body, rubbing it.

Then, he enchanted toward the resistance of the two red dusts, and fell! !

Must be dead -

Suddenly, the hinterland roared and Vientiane ran.

Time and space are finally completely opened by him, cut off, and broken.

At the time, the mountains and rivers are discolored.

His fierce and overbearing spiritual power and the unsuccessful martial arts make this rip expand so thoroughly, and it is impossible to seal it within a hundred years!

The mission is complete.

Stepping on the swell of the blast, the smashing eyes squinted for a moment, then looked back at the red dust, and suddenly turned and turned into the world that truly belongs to him -

When the wind whistling in his ear stopped, he raised his eyes.

There is a white in front of me. He returned to the world he called the emperor. Back to the Kunlun Snow Palace in the past.

"His Majesty."

"Welcome to the emperor to return."

He stood on the snowy field, and a large number of fans rushed toward him. He was stumbled like a tidal wave on the snow, and he squatted at him.

There was no snoring in the singer, and the eagle-eyed eyes stared at the rows of monks, one by one in a black cloak.

I can't see the end, these people have been spreading to the foot of the mountain.

Headed by a trembling old man, the hurricane blew his white hair, which was Liu Gong who served him for many years.

In the year when Ting Xianjun died, Liu Gong was also sent back to his hometown like other palace people. I thought that everything would end here, but it didn't take long for a medicinal sage named Hua Binan to be born, revealing the green face and fangs, and actually made the body of the sacred prince into a dead person to control.

However, this living dead has a certain mood and will, and is dissatisfied with the servant who Hua Biannan sent to serve him. Until Hua Binan re-returned the old palace of Wushan Temple, he was willing to give up.

Hua Binan later disappeared from the red dust because some old Liu did not know it. He only left the emperor, and he could not die for life.

For a long time, Rao is stupid and can also see that the Emperor has always been controlled/controlled, and Lao Liu is no exception. But he is a thorny old man, half of his neck is buried with loess, what can he do?

He has no relatives and no friends, and his friends have already died. He can only serve as the last sustenance of his service, and he is obsessed with it.

It is because of this sustenance that when Liu Gong saw him again, his eyes were both happy and sad, and it was more real than others.

Stepping on the fairy moved his lips: "Old Liu."

"Your Majesty." Liu Gongchang slammed down. "Your Majesty is finally back."

"...Do you know?" When Stepan said these words, he did not realize that he was like a child who was anxious to share good news with his elders. "This seat has seen him again."

Liu Gongyi: "... Chu Zongshi?"

"Well, I have seen it many times. The spiritual core of this seat has also been restored. When the matter is completed, this seat can be-"

Xu was the shadow of the old man’s turbid eyes. He touched the fairy and slammed his mouth, and some of them slammed around the circle.

Fortunately, no one dares to laugh at him.

He licked his lips and made himself feel cold and majestic. He looked at his sleeves and said, "Oh. Don't lie. Get up and go back to Wushan Temple with your seat."

All the way to the sword back to the shackles, the eyes are dead, the ten rooms and nine empty.

There is not much living in this red dust, he has long been used to it. Just staying in another world for a while, seeing the excitement of people coming and going, and returning to this **** on earth, there will still be some downfall.

That night, he opened an old pear white, and he was alone in the empty Wushan Temple.

Since he got the spiritual core of Mo Zongshi, his body has recovered a lot, and many things that can be done by living people can also be done. For example, drinking, such as eating. However, no matter how much it is repaired, the body is still a corpse, and the taste that he can taste at the tip of his tongue is actually not even 30% before his death.

However, he is still satisfied with this.

After three rounds of drinking, he was slightly drunk. He supported his forehead and lay on the soft couch, thinking about some past events. These past events are actually not very happy. It is always very embarrassing to use it for wine.

He didn't want to think about it before, but he was not afraid at the moment.

The two red dusts have already been opened, and the more unpleasant pasts will soon change. He squinted and narrowed his fingers around the red spikes on the jug. He murmured: "Chu Ning..."

Get up and simply go to the red lotus otter that has been dusty for a long time. As soon as I arrived at the door, I bumped into Liu’s righteousness. Seeing each other, both of them are a glimpse.

"Your Majesty."

Step by step, ask: "How are you here?"

As he said, his eyes fell on the scorpion rags and other things that Liu Gong was carrying.

"Sweeping?"

Liu Lao sighed: "Yeah, I don't know what day I want to come back. I am afraid that things will not be destroyed for a long time, so I will pick them up every day." Liu Laodun paused. "The head here is still the same as before. go in."

Stepping on the fairy suddenly did not know what to say.

He walked alone to the lotus pond, and the pool was filled with spirit, so Fang Fei was resident. In the depths of the flowers, I don’t know that the spring and autumn frogs are screaming in the drums. He listened to the head for a while, and slowly thought that there was an afternoon, and it was also at the bridge. The summer smoke was so stunned that he suddenly started. I was so interested, I took Chu’s late night, and I kissed the man’s forehead on the bridge.

At that time, the relationship between them, apart from **** and love, did not seem to have much warmth. This sudden kiss did not mean a little bit of jealousy, so let Chu Xi Ning feel a little wrong.

The tree screamed three or two times, and the frog in the pool did not show weakness.

He looked at the pair of tiny phoenixes and became more and more interesting. He said, "If you have nothing to do, why not play a game?"

Before he refused, he put his finger on his lips: "Hey. Listen to this seat."

"..."

"Let's make a bet. Wait a minute, if the frog in the yard is called, even if you lose, you have to go to the pot with a sour plum soup. If the hum of the tree first sounds, even if it is This seat loses, this seat... takes you down the mountain to distract yourself."

Going down the mountain is indeed a big temptation. Chu night Ning originally did not want to take care of him, but when he got along, Xi Xianjun had already clearly grasped his soft place, and the conditions imposed made him unable to refuse.

The handsome man smiled and said: "Then, is it starting?"

"one two Three……"

The low-pitched and sizzling voices slowly flowed, and both of them listened to the frogs or cicadas, but the human monarchs probably had poor luck. He began to count, the more screaming, the frogs lazily The sound of the sound has a big meaning.

"Eight, nine..." The more you go back, the more you drag and drop. The extent of the rogue to the end was too obvious, and it made him turn around and look at him coldly.

Stepping on the fairy is also very cheeky, was looked at by people, actually stopped at the "nine", not counting down, but asked Chu Yuning: "You said that this frog is dead."

"..."

"Otherwise, why not call it."

"..."

"Let's wait, see if it's still alive, or it's not fair." He said, picking up a stone from the ground and throwing it away at the green-skinned frog that was obviously alive and dead.

"ten!"

"Hey!"

The frog was shocked and thumped into the pond. The frog and the frog sounded together. Stepping on the fairy, he laughed and licked the mud on his finger. He said to the late night: "You lost. The first call is frog."

Chu night Ning's sleeves are going to go, but the cuffs are pulled. The cheaper stepping stepping is in a good mood, and the lotus pond is floating in the dark. He ignores the other person’s anger and smiles: "The sour plum soup is iced, especially the kind of ice."

"Do you want a face?" Chu Xiaoning said almost biting the back molar.

"That stuff can't solve the summer heat, what's the use." Stepping said, poked his forehead. "Go, remember to put less sugar."

Probably the mood of the day was really good. After drinking a pot of sweet iced syrup in the hot sun, even the frogs couldn't tell the sound.

In the evening, he suddenly said to Chu Ningning: "It will be three years soon."

"what?"

Seeing his reaction, the young man’s face was slightly unhappy on the upper side of the cage: “It’s called the emperor. It’s almost three years since it’s called the emperor.”

Stepping on the side of the fairy, while trying to find a wave of stars in the eyes of Chu night, unfortunately the result is very frustrating. He slightly

wrinkled his nose, some gloomy and unwilling, and for a moment, he suddenly said: "You have been with this seat for three years."

"..."

"Look at the good taste of this pot of iced plum soup, this seat takes you down the mountain. But you can't go far, just in the town of impermanence."

The horses and horses are well prepared, and the bamboo curtains, pillows, tea and folding fans are all available.

Standing in front of the main entrance of the death and death of the three times, Stepping Xianjun touched the embroidered gold silk emerald ring of white horse, and turned his face to the late night of Chu: "Is it familiar? This is your former travel like sitting The carriage was not in the way, and did not teach people to throw it away."

Chu nightning did not show any joy, but he has already stepped on the yellow rosewood ankle as before, and opened the bamboo curtain into the cabin.

The servant was dumbfounded and turned to look at the emperor in the sunset.

This man's character is gloomy. It is common to kill innocent people regardless of the reason. I really don't know what kind of courage the Chu Master has, and I don't know how many rituals, and dare to take a seat before the emperor.

What the servants did not expect was that Stepping Xianjun did not seem to mind this. He even narrowed his eyes and smiled with interest: "Hey, this person is also an elder of Yuheng."

I was about to follow the train, and suddenly there was a woman’s soft and delicate voice.

The woman softly called: "A burning."

Chapter 292

Stepping on the head of the fairy, see Song Qiutong dress gorgeous, Chu Chu moving, is coming with a line.

The hand that he stretched out to the curtain stopped and calmly pressed the bamboo curtain tightly, then asked: "What?"

"It’s nothing to do, just go around and eat away." Song Qiutong gathered a ceremonial gaze and looked at the carriage with a soft look. "Ah is going to go out?"

“Go to the night market in Wuchang Town.”

She smiled awkwardly, but she did not lose her relatives: "The road is so close, it is still a carriage. Isn't it alone?"

At that time, his patience with her was not bad, so he reported a smile: "Not a person."

Song Qiutong's eyes waved, his eyes fell on the yellow rosewood on the pedals, the woman's mind was delicate, only one turn had the answer. Her look was first and foremost, and then she said with joy: "Ah, isn’t it a sister?"

"..."

It’s imaginable that the carriage in the carriage is late to hear the face after the title, and stepping on the fairy is holding a smile: “Well. It’s him.”

The beauty of the woman’s face is more and more beautiful, and it’s almost eclipsing the clouds on the horizon: “It’s so good. I stayed in the palace for three years, and I only saw Chu’s sister on the wedding day. Still wearing a hijab. Today is a good day, actually can meet."

She smiled and said: "A fire can lead our sisters to meet each other?"

Stepping Xianjun shook his head: "He is a strange child, and he is uncomfortable when he sees a stranger. It is still dumb. Don't see it."

Although Song Qiutong has consistently listened to the ink, but at this time it is difficult to resist. What's more, she can be said to have been complaining about this Chu Yu for a long time. She was humiliated when she was left behind by her husband for no reason. Later, I heard many gossip words from the palace people, saying that the emperor’s wedding night was left in the Chuxi room until the second day.

"I didn't stop all night, and the movement really took life."

"The people who listened to the night said that they counted the number of their fingers, and they said that they did seven or eight times, and they were too strong."

There is also a small palace girl smiled and said: "Isn't it the Chu Yan Niang Niang? One night seven or eight times, I am afraid that even the little emperor will have it soon."

However, the most embarrassing thing for Song Qiutong is such a whisper, such as "The Queen Empress is so beautiful, I can't think of the wedding night and I will fall out of favor." "This is not a courtesy system, and it is too bad for the girl."

She felt that her face was like a sneak peek at Chu Gui, who had never seen her face. The pain of burning was only increased in three years.

Later, even her confidant niece was resentful, biting her teeth and complaining: "I don't know which mountain's fox has been refined, and I am confused and turned."

In turn, she persuaded her: "The girl is not too sad. You see that you are staying at her place almost night and night, but I don't think she is pregnant. I want to come to my body and my bones are not good. There will be no

children in this life. Your Majesty is also playing." Playing with her, sooner or later will be tired."

Song Qiutong smiled awkwardly. Some words, how did she have a face?

She and his few loves, he is extremely cautious, never want to let her pregnant. The only time she vented to her gentle township, not long ago, after he was drunk, he had a big fight with Chu, and came to her in the middle of the night.

She was already asleep at that time, and when the curtain was smashed open, the pair of scarlet eyes lost their senses. She didn't even have time to react, and he was turned over and tore off the inner skirt, rudely. In the ruthless torture of Lu Ru, her hair was caught, she heard him in his ear: "Who are you secretly writing to me? You care about him?"

When the clouds were thick, she was stunned and soft, but he heard him whispering behind him: "You can't see anyone...you can't go anywhere...you can only be the one in this seat...even Not reconciled..."

Song Qiutong slowed down from this shameful memory. She arranged her look and bent her eyes and smiled. "Although I don't mind the number of rituals, but I am also a sister, I always want to see her and give her some blessings." ""

The hand that stepped on the bamboo curtain did not fall down: "He has everything. Nothing is missing."

Since the words have already been said to this point, Song Qiutong has no way to do it. He only has to say a few words with the emperor in a gentle and soft jade. He will watch him go to the carriage and go far with the fox.

In the depths of the bamboo curtains, above the soft seats, stepping on the fairy sorrows and endures the painful ribs, and continues to be a serious mantra: "This seat is an emperor, too much for your favorite pets, I am afraid it is not appropriate."

"..."

Chu Evening’s face was gloomy, and his face looked at the window and he did not say anything.

The ripe golden sunlight shines through the fine curtains, and the layers of light and shadow fall on his thin, transparent face. Stepping on the fairy, staring at it for a while, leaning on the past, lying on his lap.

Chu nightning stretched his back and did not look at him. Instead, he asked, "Are you not hot?"

"The voice of love is so cold, it can cool down."

"..." Chu nightning finally looked down and glanced at him, his eyes were colder than the sound.

He is really angry. No man is willing to be another man's jealousy. Song Qiutong's sister-in-law has made him feel like he is swallowing. He even has red eyes because of shame.

At the beginning of the step, Shi Xianjun sealed him as a beggar, so that he would taste the taste of such a woman. Song Qiutong is a wife, and he is a singer of Beidou Xianzun.

"Angry?"

"..."

"This seat has not let her see you, what are you wronging again?"

Stepping Xianjun originally wanted to tease this man, but the twilight flashed, and the sunset glowed through the bamboo curtain, illuminating the face of Chu Yuning. Stepping Xianjun found that the eyes were so cold and alienated, so they moved their mouths and finally did not say anything.

He suddenly felt very boring.

Neither of them spoke.

I came to the town of Wuchang and bought a lot of things in seven or eight. Sugar paintings, flower cakes, candied haws, lanterns, all that can be bought, and a carriage. But Chu Xiaoning just looked at the excitement outside the bamboo curtain, and did not pay attention to the dazzling array of bamboo curtains.

I don’t see how happy I am, but I’m so annoyed.

"Forget it, don't go back tonight." He suddenly said, "I live in the town."

He ordered the groom to find a home inn, and went in with the evening sun wearing a hood and wearing a hood.

Xiao Er is yawning and sees the spirit of the guests. When he yawns in half, he smiles and asks: "Is the guest official staying in the store?"

"I want to go to the house."

Although Chu’s face was hidden under the hood, he could not see clearly, but his posture was obviously a man, and Xiao Er could not help but look up.

Chu night Ningdao: "...two."

Hearing this, the anger of stepping on the fairy has been unable to bear the swearing: "What is your relationship with me, and it is necessary to open two rooms to hide your eyes and ears?"

If the eyes of Xiaoji are still suspicion, it will become awkward at the moment.

Stepping Xianjun is quite satisfied with this kind of eyes of Xiao Er, and even some vicious comfort. When he opened the room, he squatted on the arm of Chu Xinning all the way. When he had just entered the house and had not closed the door tightly, he kissed it densely and eagerly and entangled.

Outside the window of the stalks of the grape, the lights of the house are bright, but these lights have nothing to do with them. He pressed the night of the night on the big bed, and he heard the sound of the night, and he heard a sigh.

"Ink burning, what do you mean by this."

"..."

"What do we mean by this."

This sentence is too sharp, so that after a long time to think back, my heart still has some pain.

Step on the fairy, open your eyes.

He is still standing in the red lotus, and those past events have passed.

But somehow, there seems to be a flash of light in his eyes, and there is a splash of rain in his ear. He seems to be a ghost of the dark night, peeping through the grapevine window of the inn.

He saw the same room, the same two people, the difference is the heavy rain outside the window, and the bed is similar to the atmosphere of love.

He saw that he and Chu Xinning were lingering on the bed, and the house was very dark, but he was sure that he had cleared the face of Chu’s late-night, fascinated by his desires, squinting at himself, and entangled himself in one place. Shame and warmth.

In this illusion, I stared at the man under my body without affection, and pleaded and resolutely: "Tonight, I just want to make you comfortable."

He bowed his head and kissed the fragility of the night with the sorrowful sorrow. He wished to hear the man’s breath, and Chu’s fingers fell into his black hair: “Ah...”

Stepping on the fairy to help his forehead, I only feel that the pain in the skull is cracking.

These two memories are intertwined and bitten each other in an attempt to gain the upper hand. Which paragraph is true? Which paragraph is a nightmare? He didn't know, he didn't dare to think about it.

Reluctantly calmed his heart, he took the road and left the red lotus.

He came to Wujianping, standing in front of the white jade carving bar and looking at the distant mountains and shadows, his chest slightly undulating. What is the memory that just called the fragrance?

Is it the life of another world's ink burning experience...

He couldn't help but recall the cold and soft eyes of Chu's late night, and gasped on his couch with his neck up.

Stepping on the fairy slammed the guardrail.

——Is it true that Chu Ning is willing to go to bed with the Mo Zong teacher who met the ghost? !

I don't know why, obviously they are two people, and the anger of stepping on the fairy is still burning and burning, and the blood of the eyes is red.

If this is really another memory of his own, then he suddenly feels extremely resentful and unwilling.

why? Why?

After he was resurrected by Hua Binan, he walked back to the world with his dead body, leaving him with the devastated Wushan Temple and a pile of disgusting mess.

When he rushed to the Honglian Water Margin, what did he see? It is the dryness after the spiritual power is exhausted, the sea otter that has fallen to the ground, and the empty house.

And the Lotus Pond, which is no longer the case.

He was resurrected from Hefei by Hua Binan, but the body of Chu Nighting has become a gray powder, nothing left, can no longer be found.

He remembered that he was slowly walking to the edge of the lotus pond, looking down at the expressionless face for a while, then leaning over and plucking his fingers into it, licking a handful of water. The cold pool is deep and cold.

He involuntarily snorted, the water leaked from his fingers, and he sat on the ground.

So, when he returned to the world, what is left?

He is more disgusted with living in this world every day, but he is subject to people, he is involuntarily, he has to obey Hua Binan's orders.

Later, Hua Binan groped for a crack in the time and space, but refused to tell him who left it. The guy himself went to another red dust happily, leaving him to work hard here. However, the only gratification is that in order to let him do something in his heart, Hua Binan will try to give him some news.

So he learned that he still had a part of the soul reborn in that era. He learned the news of the teacher, Xue Meng’s news, and the news of those who had already died.

He also learned about the news of Chu Yuning.

The letter that Hua Binan sent to him was always very short, and the words were like gold. He also hates Hua Binan's handwriting, and his sharpness is like a cheek.

But those letters became the greatest hope of his living dead, as if he had breathed a breath to those who were in the deep sea. Every letter he received, and when there was no new letter, he came back and forth to repeat the words that made him sick and die hundreds of times.

He felt that he was probably crazy.

At night, the servant is entering dinner, and he loves the excitement. So he has been ordered to gather in front of the temple as he has always been born again. He lazily squats in the soft seat to watch them eat, and asks them a few words from time to time.

Stepping Xianjun did not like to study in the past, but in those years, no one was by his side, and there was nowhere to go for a long night. He had to read the bamboo slips. Reading and reading, I also pondered the joy of chewing.

For example, if he wants to make a deep fryer, he will say, "Come, taste a thunder for the seat." He wants people to chew the spinach. He will say, "You try the bowl." Red-billed green budgerigar in the mouth."

It is very difficult to make an illiterate study. If the illiterate person still feels relished, I am afraid I can only say one thing: his life has no other fun.

Somewhere, someone came to report: "Your Majesty, the predecessor has returned."

"He is alone?"

"With the wooden cabinet owner of Tianyin Pavilion, they said that they must arrange the sacrifices first, and then come back to meet them."

Stepping on the phoenix grape in the silver plate, the look is faint: "That let them come slowly, this seat is happy."

The person came again and said: "In addition, the predecessors of the saints said that there is a saying to kneel down."

"what?"

"In recent days, you have to be careful, the world is in chaos, and ‘he’ will definitely come.”

"..." Stepping on the eyes of Xianxian, after a while, smiled. "Know, there are counts in this seat."

Of course he knows he will come.

Two red dusts are intertwined, millions of victims are displaced, Mo Zongshi is killed, and the death of life is ruined - Chu Yuening is also like himself, nothing is left, he is afraid to find himself with death.

Stepping Xianjun is not afraid, and even has some hidden expectations.

At night, there is a little candlelight in the palace. There are only 9,999,000 lampstands in the Wushan Temple, which reflects the darkness.

Stepping Xianjun will call Liu Gong and say, "You go to teach people and extinguish half of the candlelights."

The light was too bright, and he was afraid that Chu would rather sneak into the difficulties, so he was on his own warning.

Liu Gong did what he told him. He stood waiting in the same place. When Liu Gong came over and played him, he said, "Yah, half of the fire is gone."

He looked at the dimly lit Huaguang, still dissatisfied, and thought about it: "Come out completely."

Liu Gong: "..."

The candlesticks of the Wushan Temple were extinguished one by one, but the heart of the stepping fairy was lightened little by little. He vaguely felt that Chu Ning was coming soon. The man is estimated to be in white, with a look of resentment, full of morality and boring, probably still want to avenge the ink master.

He thought it was very exciting, his tongue tipped over the white teeth and lips. He only left the last bronze entangled floor lamp in the depths of Luo Wei. This is the fire he left for the desperate moth of Chu Yuning, telling him that he is here, waiting for him to rush to death.

Late at night, the window began to patter the rain.

Stepping Xianjun put on the most solemn gold silk black robes, personally arranged the bed and soft quilt pillow, turned around in the house, still felt something less, and finally ordered a jar of Chen The pears of the year are white and warm.

The man warmed up with good wine, dressed in costume, guarded the account, and stood by the window watching the rain growing outside. From beginning to end, he did not even summon the shadows.

But he still deceives himself, while guarding the hotbed of wine, while thinking fiercely: Hey, wait for the late arrival of Chu, and let him know what a sword is ruthless!

Chapter 293

But until the middle of the night, Chu nightning still did not come.

Stepping on the first step was a sullen, then turned gloomy, and then became a worry.

The black robes roamed the golden brick floor, and he walked back and forth, couldn't help but think, what happened to Chu Xiening?

Time and space are torn apart. Whether you want to ask the truth or try to stop it, you should come to Wushan Temple to find him. According to the temperament of Beidou Xianzun, even if he lacks arms and legs, he will come to find him trouble.

Why not come?

sick? - Impossible, the guy will be sick when he is sick.

do not know? - I may not know before, but the two worlds have changed their color and how they may not know.

Then...

Standing stunned, the shadows appear stunned under the faint candlelight, extremely terrifying.

Is it hard to die?

This thought was not deep enough, and the nails were gone into the palm of my hand. Teng Xianjun bit his teeth, and his muscles are shaking in fine detail.

Eight years of Wushan Temple as a companion, two years of bones. He spent most of his life with Chu Yuening. So that he later returned to the world, seeing that the night of Ning was not left with the ashes, he went crazy and intensified.

He can accept the death of the teacher, but he tries his best to resurrect it.

But he could not accept the death of Chu Xiaoning.

The night was darker, and the only candle he had left was burned out, and the lamp was turned into a shadow of the pool. His moth had not come yet.

The fear in the heart is getting deeper and deeper, as if the ink stains on the rice paper are constantly blooming. He wandered back and forth in a hurry and walked back and forth.

Finally he was placed on the soft couch.

But at this moment, he heard a slight inaudible sound on the roof.

Stepping on the fairy slammed up, light and heat seemed to return to his body in an instant, his eyes bright and amazing, with hatred.

If you give him a mirror at this time, he should find his own look and Chen Gillian who plays the long-door grievances are almost the same - they are all kinds of people, waiting for the right to wait for the monarch, do not come, angry and grievous.

He gritted his teeth and even waited for the other party to start, and then he opened the temple door and plunged the roof into the storm.

"Chu night Ning!"

The madman is unreasonable.

"He died, you are so ruined? He is dead. Do you not even care about the people you care about?"

The man has not seen the knife and smashed it up. In the rain curtain, the three or four tricks were dismantled. It was the hard and cold sound of the metal weapon collision.

"Isn't it to say that all beings are the first to be the end?! Depression has only come to the present with a decisive victory. What night, Yuheng, Beidou Xianzun, is just a bit of a good!"

The other person spoke, and the voice was very vague in the rain: "What messed up..."

Stepping on the fairy squint.

He immediately heard that this voice was not Chu Ning's, which made his anger flash a glimmer of clearness. When the other side smashed the sharp blade toward himself, his eyes were cold and cold, and he did not return to the blue light. The hand fell off the knife.

Only heard the sound of "铮", the other party's weapon did not light up the martial arts Guanghua, and it was cut off two times under the violent offensive, and the lang fell on the corrugated.

"...Who's the family's miscellaneous stuff?" After the wrong person, the stepping fairy was getting more and more violent. "There are no decent swords, and dare to assassinate the seat."

Brushing the ground and pointing the hand to the top of the person’s head, the words are chilly: “Look up.”

"..."

The man slowly looked up.

The thunder was shattered in an instant, reflecting his pale face.

Stepping on the bridge of the nose, the look is extremely dangerous: "Is it you?"

Xue Meng got up and his hand was shaking slightly. Stepping on the gaze of his eyes, he saw the two broken dragons on the wet roof and the heart slowly understood.

He narrowed his eyes and looked at the drenched youth from the eyelashes.

"It seems that you shouldn't say that 'it' is you." Stepping on the singer Junsen said, "And it should be said... you are the good brother of this seat."

The Thunder rolled over and the tympanic membrane seemed to be crushed.

Xue Meng closed his eyes.

"The first time I have made a move with this seat." Stepping on the fairy road, "It's really immature and innocent years. I don't know how much you are."

"...you still me..." Xue Meng opened his mouth and his voice whimpered, but he still said, "You still have my mother's life."

"This has been said in your previous life with this seat."

Blinking and anger, and anger and pain: "You still have my brother's life!"

This time, I didn’t say anything, I didn’t say anything. After a while, I sneered: “When the guru is good, one or two, I miss him.”

"..."

"But did he tell you that he is my reincarnation? He remembers all the sins and hatred of past lives." The eyes were cold and the teeth were sharp. "He is a liar!"

Xue Meng and Teng Xianjun are squatting on the ridge, like two black beasts.

The more you say, the more unspeakable you are, the more distorted your look is: "He is a confusing person who deceives the world and swindles his brother and sister, and deceives his friends and relatives. He deceives the good reputation of a master of ink - he should die. How is he different from this seat?"

Xue Meng gritted his teeth and said: "You are not the same."

"Ha! Funny!"

The rain rushed down the tile to form a river tide. The rushing from their feet: "What is different? What is different? How much do you think he is clean? I can't wash his dirty in the rain for a hundred years!"

Xue Meng's long eyelashes were soaked in rain: "He and you are two people!!"

"Go to your mother two people." Stepping Xianjun understatement is extremely vicious. "You will pretend."

Mrs. Wang’s new mourning, she heard such a sentence is very harsh, Xue Meng angered and ignited the fire in the palm of his hand, the curse fell to the emperor.

After 10 years, Xue Meng is not the opponent of stepping on Xian Jun, let alone the blind man in front of him.

Stepping on the face of Xianjun, she avoided it, and the fire did not wipe his hair. Instead, he raised his hand and grabbed Xue’s unrecoverable arm. A pair of black and purple eyes slowly Squat.

"The two of the horns immediately rolled out of the seat. If you don't move, beware of the claws of this little nestling."

The two men of Mei Hanxue turned up the horns, one person holding the piano and one holding the sword.

Stepping Xianjun did not accidentally swept them both, sneer: "Your life is really interesting. No matter which world, it is unconditionally standing with Xue Meng."

When the older brother did not speak, and his brother Mei Hanxue smiled: "Otherwise? Do you think that the emperor is like you, who will be enemies, cold and bloody?"

This sentence touched the pain of stepping Xianjun. The face of Chu’s face, Xue Zheng’s face and Wang Chuqing’s face flashed in front of him.

Grace will hate... cold blood and thin feelings...

He was silent for a moment, and squeezed a sneer in the heavy rain: "The two are really not afraid of death."

The arm is blue and violent, and it is against the hair of Xue Meng. Stepping on the fairy is followed: "Xue Meng is a younger brother of Beidou Xianzun." You two have nothing to do with this seat, you are not afraid of this seat. You are all stuffing."

Referring to the late night of Chu, Xue Meng became more and more angry: "Do you still have a face to respect the master? You are a beast! Beast!"

"How can you not mention this seat?"

Stepping on the fairy, he raised Xue Meng with one hand and forced Xue Xue's face to be drenched.

He remembered the sporadic memories of those who belonged to the Mo Zongshi, remembered the moonlight of Feihua Island, the night rain of the impermanent town, and even the water mist of the wonderful sound pool... Suddenly like a wild grass.

He chilled and cold: "You talk about it, there is nothing in this seat that can't mention him."

"..."

"He is who is in this seat, isn't your brother who is innocently told you?"

Xue Meng was a glimpse, and then his eyes widened: "You, what are you talking about..."

"You actually have some feelings all the time?" Stepping on the eyes of his eyes, there is a kind of pleasure to push the prey to the dead end. "From the relationship between you and the two of them, from the words of others."

Xue Meng was stiff and then trembled violently.

His trembling made Teng Xianjun very excited.

Yes, exactly. Stained in the late night, smudged Chu, late, and the sorcerer who saw the ghost is not cautious, lest he and the relationship with Chu Xiaoning be made public?

He did not let the hypocrite wish.

"What, you still don't know?"

"No... no, no, don't say."

"That is to know?"

Xue Meng is almost shuddering, the scalp is numb: "Don't say!"

Stepping on the fairy screamed, his eyes were both fierce and crazy: "It seems that your heart is bright, you are clear."

"Ink burning -!"

"Chu Ningning is the person on the bed."

Lost in the air, as if the squally showers have turned off the sound.

Teng Xianjun stared at the empty eyes and shivered Xue Meng, only felt the pain of the top, so he became more and more eager to eat the heart of this young man, he sneered: "This life, last life, your master I was beaten by my seat in the bed. The Fengya Inn in Wuchang Town, the wonderful sound pool of the dead and the life, the wing of the Taotao Mountain Villa, countless times, you can’t think of it."

Xue Meng's whole person is iced, his eyes are black and gray.

"Right." Suddenly recalled the details of another part of the Mo Zongshi. He flashed the cold and sinister luster, and the thin lips opened and closed. "The brother you guarded, you are in front of you." Master respects."

"..."

"Before you went to Mount Lushan, you went to the room in Chu's late night to find him. At that time, you reached out and touched the forehead of Chu's late night and asked if he had a fever."

Xue Meng's face is getting whiter.

Teng Xianjun said with a narrow smile: "Can you imagine why Chu Xi Ning was red on his cheeks at the time, and there was a wave in his eyes?"

"do not talk!!"

It’s not useful to drink anger, it will only make the stepping fairy more cruel: “Because it’s separated from you, it’s under the shackles. Your good brother is containing your master’s respect. He."

Xue Meng's face was white and red and green. He changed back and forth several rounds of colors and suddenly turned his head. He couldn't stand the disgusting, groaning and licking, and he had a goose bump.

The devil in the world was very satisfied with his reaction. He laughed happily and his eyes flashed with enthusiasm: "How do you feel that your brother is different from this one? He is doing these things, but he didn't tell you." How much do you think he is --"

The "bang" banged and interrupted his words.

Stepping on the fairy, he turned his face, but saw the fire in the west of the tower, and countless demons turned into golden glows, which turned out in the blast.

"……what happened?"

When I just asked this, I heard the sound of the piano in the distance, such as the phoenix, the sound of the fairy, and the monsters in this sound have been shaped, it seems to be moved by the piano, toward the ground The place is culled, and the wood monster is the most brave and fearless.

Stepping on the eyes of Stepanjun, he whispered, "Nine songs...?"

I don't want Xue Meng, even if I don't have time to go to see Xue Meng, I stepped on the rain and emptied, and the **** lifted up and did not return, and flew straight toward the Tongtian Tower.

In front of the Tongtian Tower is already a sea of fire, countless repairs are considerable, the chess pieces are fighting against the group of demon, and the two cores of the battle are two men who are also dressed in white and white.

One is holding hands and manipulating the precious Hua Binan.

The other is the killing of the eyes, the late night of Fu Qin.

Seeing the night of the fire in the sea, the jade is flying, and the first step in the heart of the fairy is a loose one - because Chu Yuning has finally arrived. Then he was angry - because although Chu was born in the evening, he did not come to him to confront him, but went directly to Hua Binan.

He waited for him for so long!

"Why are you doing there?" Hua Binan's spiritual power is inferior. At this moment, he is against the late night, and he relies on those precious chess. He squints and sees the fairy, biting his teeth. "Not coming to help me?" ”

Stepping Xianjun’s intracranial pain, but also immediately answered.

He jumped out of the air, blocking in front of Huabi Nan, his hand flashing in the light, and he had gripped the knife in his palm.

"You go first, here is blocked by this seat."

Hua Bi Nan has long been beaten by Chu Ning, and there is no way to escape. At this time, I saw that I was shot by Xian Xianjun. I finally got a sigh of relief.

"Be careful with yourself," he commanded. "Lock up this person and never let him break our big things."

Speaking of the shadow, I sneaked into the night and disappeared.

Stepping on the fairy is back to the head: "Chu Ningning, this seat knows that you can't stand by. But I didn't expect that you would know to find him first and take him."

"..."

Chu Xiaoning’s face is pale, his eyes are invisible, and his emotions are unclear.

"Why don't you come to this seat first. Um?"

Chu Xiaoning did not answer. In fact, he and Tengxianjun are more like a dead body at the moment. The soul of the Beidou Xianzun body is like a dead soul. Only one layer of instinct keeps him, let him do the last thing for this world.

Stepping on the fairy, and jumping up with Chu and Ning. The man’s movements were extremely fast, squinting at him in the fire and rain: “Because I feel that I can’t beat my seat?”

"..."

The knife smashed in the hand and collided with the sound of the piano: "Because I don't know how to face Xue Meng?"

"..."

It is getting more and more painful, so it is getting more and more vicious. His knife is extremely fast, and his momentum is fierce and astounding. Because he is the spiritual core of the Mozong master, he is more and more unpredictable than before, and he has already approached the night before the night.

"Or because..."

Hate in the gums.

The golden brilliance and the brilliance of the blue color meet at this moment, the slashing of the knife, the nine songs whistling, and the lateness of Chu’s fingertips swaying, leaving an indestructible guardian enchantment.

In an instant, the spirit flowed and his knife reached over his enchantment.

The film is separated by the layer of jellyfish petals.

"Or because of..." Suddenly, the light flame in the hands of Xianjun was weak. When it was lit again, it was not the blue color of the wood attribute,

but the red color of the fire attribute.

That is the color of the spiritual stream used by Mo Zongshi.

Chu night is a glimpse.

The fire and the golden light are still glued, and the splendour of the splash is still so heavy. After the enchantment, a handsome face of Teng Xianjun suddenly rose softly.

"Or because of the master..." Under the thick eyelashes, his gaze is deep and sad. "You can't bear to see me die for the second time?"

The slamming sound was wrongly played, and the halo of the enchantment of the late night was weak. If you don’t return, you will be violently degraded at this moment. In an instant, the golden light is split and scattered, and the sea bream is blooming.

The powerful spiritual power slammed him all over the ground, and when he saw it, he would fall into the muddy leeches, and one hand reached over and grabbed his waist. Chu nightning knows his trap and can't help but sigh: "Mini rain -!"

In the raindrops, Teng Xianjun laughed and laughed because of the tricks, and the corners of his mouth finally regained his willingness and cruelty.

He is gentle and no longer open, it is already a green face: "Good. You are finally willing to take care of people."

"..."

Stepping on the cheeks, stepping on the cheeks, almost the tip of the nose against the tip of the nose, the lips touching the lips. He said with a sigh: "If you don't say anything, I am afraid that you will be dumb."

Chapter 294

This is not a good place to talk. Stepping on the fairy squatting Chu nightning, all the way to the wind and rain, immediately returned to the Wushan Temple. Xue Meng on the corner of the horns is no longer there. I want to come, too, the smart character of Mei Hanxue, knowing what is a temporary retreat.

Lifting their feet and slamming the door, they are wrapped in wet wind and rain, into the warm and dry hall.

The lamp that had been left in order to wait for the late night was already extinguished.

Stepping on the fairy does not care, the moth can not be a fire, he can also be a difficult spider to catch a hunter, eight scorpion forest, bring the prey to his own nest.

He violently pushed Chu Ningning to the bed, from the top down, the man who said nothing, his face was blue and his eyes were cold.

He felt that he had a lot of words to say, but he could move his mouth and mouth, but the last thing he spit out was not salty or faint.

"What's the matter, is it necessary to be a person like him, are you willing to look up and look at this seat?"

He picked up the face of Chu’s late night and forced the dark scorpions to look at himself. Under the tentacles, the face was wet and cold.

"Chu Ningning, you'd better figure out one thing." He was almost gnashing his teeth. "There are no masters in the world. Even if you don't give up, he won't come back."

Chu nightning seems to be acupuncture, the numbness of the numbness has a vague tremor. Such a reaction undoubtedly made Teng Xianjun more and more hateful. He suddenly fired his heart and deceived the other person's cold lips.

From kissing to wide-clothing, I am familiar with it. The man in front of me is a hard bone, but he has been squatting for so many years, naturally knowing how to sneak out and take it into the abdomen.

The rebellious moves were exactly the same as in the previous life. Stepping Xianjun almost easily resolved his offensive, and then took the prepared medicine that had already been prepared on the bed and could not help but send it to his lips.

"Well, you don't want to see you like a reluctant look. Come and eat."

Seeing the late night of Ning’s eyebrows, his eyes were cold, his hands were almost cruel and violent, and the lips of Chu’s late night were bleed, and he was forced to import the medicinal herbs, and then immediately leaned over. Contains the two thin lips.

His rough tongue stuck in, against the medicine of the bones and intestines, wet and hard into the throat of the night.

"Well……"

The thick rust and suffocation turned away at the edge of the lips. The soft and moist tongue brought the pill to the throat, and Chu Ning could not get rid of it, and finally swallowed it all into the abdomen.

When the smoldering fired him, he suddenly bowed and coughed up, and he vomited disgustingly.

"Thinking so shallow?"

"..."

"When you bite him, why didn't you see that you want to spit it out?"

Chu night, the color of the land is changed, and the eyes are wide open, like a ghost in the day, staring at the pale, with a sly face.

"Why, do you think that you and his things, no one knows." Stepping said, the expression is proud and annoyed. "In fact, what you do. This seat is clearer than anyone else."

He said, took off his robes that were wet by the rain and went to bed. The soft animal skin blanket immediately fell, and his wide, well-proportioned shoulders were slightly arched and his arms were held, looking down at the man lying underneath himself.

The forehead of the wet sag hangs down, and the rain drops on the cheeks of Chu’s late night, reflecting in the eyes of the stepper.

Stepping on the eyes of Shen Xianjun, leaning over, sticking out the tip of his tongue and licking the crystal water drops.

He felt that Chu Ning’s body was taut and tightened, so he chuckled: “How are you still so sensitive?”

"..." If you say that in the past, Chou will be angry and let people go away, then at this moment, he is more than sorrowful, just biting his lower lip, not snoring and not insulting.

It’s just a fingertip, and the bones are all right, still can’t help but tremble slightly. He hates this kind of involuntary.

Seeing that he was uncomfortable, stepping on Xianjun began to calm down, watching the person under his body gradually rising red face because of sputum and medicinal properties, slowly whispering: "Speaking, he has not entered your back?"

Hand dragging down, whispering with ear:

"Tell me, are you still as tight as before?"

Obviously, with a handsome face, he said something like this. His voice became more and more confusing, his fingertips were more and more comfortable, and the medicinal nature was more and more eager to be evoked under his caress. Stepping on the fairy looked at the face of the imaginary thoughts, the throat was rolling, and the voice was blazing.

"If you don't answer, I will go in and try it myself... Let me see if you think about me..."

The medicine is a good medicine, and it takes effect very quickly. Chu nightning is already a spleen at the moment. He can't make a little effort on his body. He can only let him step into the body and put his legs on his shoulders.

He blinked his eyes and his eyelashes fluttered.

Unlike the previous ink burning, Stepping Xianjun is much lazy to do foreplay, and there is little warmth. Chu nightning can clearly hear him take off his robes, and then the heat has already resisted him, ready to go, waiting for aggression.

At this time, someone knocked at the door: "Your Majesty, the predecessor asks you -"

"Get out!"

The sound of the sizzling sound of the sizzling sound of the porcelain smashed, and he took the tea from the side and smashed the past before the ignorant attendant entered the door.

The temple door was closed immediately, and no one dared to come in and disturb.

Stepping on the rough thumb of the fairy, he rubbed the lips of Chu’s late night: "Look, there is only you and me here. You can only have you and me."

Outside the wind and rain, thunder and lightning.

I don't know how long it took, the movement in the house gradually subsided.

Replaying the curtains underneath reveals the messy and slippery quilts, and the brightness of the photos outside the window is different. This rainstorm has not stopped, but it has grown bigger and bigger.

Chu nightning opened his eyes in the dark night, and the man around him was already asleep. Perhaps it is because of so many years of companionship has become a habit, or perhaps because it is safe to feed him to eat soft gluten. In short, this man sleeps very well, without any precautions. Half of the body's well-proportioned body is still pressing on him, heavy and breathless.

Chu nightning turned his head and looked at the man's face.

When the time and space of life and death was just cracked, he also touched Teng Xianjun, remembering the cold touch and the dead chest.

But the person who is close to him at this time has a heartbeat.

The nucleus that was dug out was re-formed into a heart-like object in the body of the stepping prince.

- Don't think too much, the ink burns are dead, no matter which world is dead, it is already dead.

In the slow and powerful heartbeat, Chu Yuning told himself.

The ink burned is dead. This is just a soulless body.

You know what you should do.

The heart is as hard as iron, and the glow is gathered in the palm of your hand, but when it shines, it is dark and finally extinguished.

Chu nightning silently stared at the man who was close at hand.

The light is very dim. When you step on the eyelashes with your eyes closed, it is even more difficult to identify whether it is past or present.

Chu night Ning suddenly felt that at this time, it was like the rainy night when they first fell asleep in Wuchang Town. That night, in fact, he also woke up, he also used to rely on the past, gently kissed the face that burned and burned.

Do not. ... no no no.

The ink burns is dead... even if there is a heartbeat, it is also a corpse, even if it can talk, it also loses the soul.

died.

But why would he still remember the things after the reincarnation, why the emotions in his eyes are so full, why...

Chu night Ning Liran, can't think of it anymore.

Gritted teeth, the light in his hands, Huai Sha summoned, condensed into a cold golden sword. Turning over for only a moment, he closed his eyes, regardless of exhaustion, and smashed his chest toward the chest of Xianjun! !

"嗤", there is no sword handle!

Chu night, squinting at the eyes, there is no shadow around. The sharp blade of Huaisha was put on the bed, and the **** of the iron-cutting mud did not end up with the emperor who walked away.

The rain was too hurried, and a window in the east was in disrepair. It slammed open in the stormy night, and the rain poured in, and the wind blew.

The pale lightning of the cracked sky smashed into the house, and the bright light of the snow reflected a sultry face on the couch.

"This seat has also been naively thought that you probably won't start again."

"..." Chu nightning slowly turned back.

Stepping on the bedside, the red/naked chest has a shallow scratch. It is a trace of scratching when he is dodging. He doesn’t care about it. He only looks at the cold night: "I don't think you still I want to kill me."

He was deceived in the past, and the speed was amazing. He caught the night of Ning's wrist in an instant. He only heard a crack, and he straightened the arm of Chu Xinning.

"Is it very unexpected, I seem to be more powerful than ever before?" Stepping Xian stared at the late night, but it was still pale, but still unspoken face, faint, "You have never seen these moves." ""

He paused and seemed to be self-deprecating: "In fact, there is nothing unexpected. If you let me stay here alone. No one is familiar with you, you can't take it lightly. The most interesting thing every day is only the practice. In this way, after seven or eight years, you will be much better."

Huaisha’s brilliance was lost, annihilated into a shredded shadow, and re-integrated into the bones of Chu’s lateness.

Stepping Xianjun smiled at him: "Master, once, my tricks were given to me. But now it is not."

"..."

"How long has he been born again, I have been suffering in this world for almost a long time, and now I have also obtained his nucleus." He said, with a thick, thick thumb, licking the nightmare of the night, "teacher It’s impossible for Zun’s ability to kill me.”

After a while, he seemed to think of something, so he said: "Master may not know, I have done something in this dilapidated red dust these years?"

He has no relatives and no longer calls himself a seat.

"I will take you to see it."

He is not far from where the night is going, so he is in the back mountain of the dead and the dead, and the weakest place in the enchantment film.

Before the fight, his clothes were soaked, and Chu’s clothes were torn apart by him. However, Teng Xianjun was not worried about this. He pointed at the **** and ordered it with Lingdie. After a while, Liu Gong held a stack of clean clothes and entered the temple.

Chu Xiu Ning saw behind the curtains through the gap to see the old servants who had not seen for many years. I don’t know what it is.

"Your Majesty, clothes are delivered."

"These old clothes, only you know where to put them, it is very fast." Stepping Xianjun faintly, "Let's stop. You step back."

Knowing that at this moment, Chu Ning was in the account, and the old servant’s hand was slightly trembled. Although he wanted to look at the old master again, but because he was not ceremonial, he still lowered his head and squatted on the ground. Step out of the temple.

The clothes are fit, they can't fit, because that's the old things of Chu's past life.

The ink burned with his slender legs sitting next to him, and he looked at Chu Xiening after wearing it. His eyes were a little fuzzy. No one knew what he was thinking, just like no one knew why Chu Zong died. So many years, hate his stepping emperor or refuse to burn those clothes.

It is obviously something that no one can use anymore.

The rain is still very big, the dark clouds in the night sky are rolling, and the vision is overgrown, but Stepping Xianjun lazily propped up a rain-proof enchantment and shrouded himself with Chu Yuning. All the way through the pavilions and pavilions, the eyes are full of dark storms, the scenery and the face of the servants are so vague.

"Your Majesty, Master."

"See Your Majesty, Master."

Walking through the Sansheng Hall, you can already see the ominous red light rising from the back of the mountain on the bridge. Stepping on the front, stepping on the front, this time looking back and laughing like a smile, Chu night Ning: "The dying of the dead is sent to the intersection of yin and yang, the enchantment is the weakest, you used to make up, but have you ever felt Other than the ghost?"

Chu night rather than answer, but the finger has been punched into a fist under the sleeve of the robe.

How much he already knows what he will see--Shi Mingjing tears time and space, and controls the chess game, the two worlds, and the last thing to do is not too simple.

"..."

"Since you have arrived in this red dust, you must have passed through many villages and towns." Stepping down on the step of stepping down, walking side by side with him, the tone is calm and plain, "Is it true that those villages are good, the town Is it quiet and terrible?"

Together, the two men passed through the narrow intestines leading to the back mountain and opened the fallen lush vines.

Another corner in front is the back mountain cliff.

Stepping on the king suddenly stopped, standing on the corner, the back of the cliff seemed to be burning with raging fire, reflecting the redness of the mountain. He crossed his face halfway, and the red light spread to his eyes. He licked his mouth and opened a sweet smile at the night.

"This year's achievements have been exhibited here. Master, please."

Chapter 295

Across the front of them is a bridge.

The bridge was built from the edge of the cliff and continued to extend towards the end of the sky. At a very far distance, there is a suspended Lingbi stone gate. The naked eye can't estimate how big it is. It stands in the clouds, and the thunderstorms and torrential rains can't extinguish the scarlet flames that radiate around it.

"Is the Master respected? You told us before, long time ago, the demons were chaos, and after Chen Shanggong helped the Fuxi to smash the konjac, the Mozus were expelled from the world, and they hoped to converge."

Stepping on the fairy hand, looking at the magnificent stone door in the distance, said: "The devil is defeated and defeated. After returning to the demon domain, he was ashamed of the defeat. The following orders sealed all the doors of the world. Since then, it has not been with the world."

He paused and continued: "But there is no absolute thing, just in case, the demon remains the last port... it is this."

A thunder and lightning flashed.

"The door to the road."

But Chu’s gaze is not at the door of the martyrdom. Since he came here, he has been staring at the Tongtian Giant Bridge, which is close to the magical domain and the mountains of the dead.

When he saw the bridge, he was surprised first, then his face was pale, and in the end his whole person seemed to be very broken, almost madly broken.

He jerked his head: "Mini rain, are you crazy?!! This bridge..."

"This bridge is so spectacular." Ming Ming will take a panoramic view of Chu's reaction. Stepping on the fairy is still a slight smile, raising his eyelids and knowingly ask, "What's wrong with you? Don't like it?"

……like?

In front of this five-foot-wide long bridge, there is no half-wood and half-nail. From beginning to end, it is made up of people's body!

Those corpses are stacked one on top of the other, hanging over the sky, and rolling over into a bridge of dead people who can't see their heads. There

are men and women in the body, old and young, densely stalked like ants, and lead directly to the door of the magical world of the magnificent situation. How many? It is incalculable at all.

"Since it is the door of the martyrdom, there must be a road to martyrdom."

Stepping on the fairy is indifferent, it seems that these dead bodies and the stones coming from the roadside, there is no difference between the wooden piles in the forest. Then he whistled, and the long bridge suddenly lit up with a dazzling blue light. It seemed that something was coming towards them from the far end.

"In fact, there are some secrets about the devil world. The master is not clear." After completing these things, Teng Xianjun smiled and smiled at Chu Yuning. "If you don't give up, the disciple will say something to the teacher."

Chu nightning: "..."

"The Master only knows that when Fuxi and the Devils fought in the same year, Gou Chen went to the palace to defect, creating the first "sword" between Futian and Futian. But I don't know that the demon was resentful and deliberately retaliated against Chen Shanggong. Although he has no way to take the Lord of the Armed Forces, he can punish him to the people of Gou Chen. He has expelled his mothers from the Devil."

Stepping on the sleeve of the fairy, looking at the distant blue light, the voice is low.

"The Mozu has been overbearing since ancient times. It is because of this powerful blood, which makes them consume huge amounts of energy. Only by continuously feeding the grain and fish that grow in the devil world can they support their spiritual cores to flow normally."

"After the mother of the Shanggong Palace was in the world, because the long-term lack of proper food, the spiritual core gradually began to shrink and change. In the end, most of them became the waste of the hands-free chicken. The only thing they have in their bodies. The characteristics of the Mozu are just the flesh that is suitable for practice and breeding."

Speaking of this, stepping on the fairy, and looking back to see Chu Ning: "Master should know, what is the origin of the family?"

"..." Even if I don't want to answer, but it matters, Chu Xiening is silent for a moment, biting his teeth, "Sphenoidal beauty seat?"

"Not bad." Stepping on the fairy to smile and smile, "It is the skeletal beauty seat."

"The sphenoidal beauty is also a very powerful demon. The devil has evolved into a meditation in the long years. The body that is suitable for double repair and the strong spiritual core can make their children stretch, and the generation is stronger. A generation. But the door of the Devil is

closed, they are no longer able to supply spiritual power, so the powerful spiritual core no longer exists, they only have a spiritual body."

"Of course." It seems to be remembered who, stepping on the black scorpion of Xianjun seems to have a moment of gloom, "there are also the outstanding appearance of the Mozu."

These need not be said by him, Chu nightning is also clear.

There are only two kinds of views on the beauty seat in the comprehension world: the meat that can be eaten, and the double repair stove that is used to sleep.

Before the Xuanyuan auction, Song Qiutong was taken as a lottery, isn't it because of this? Even Jiang Yan, who is still a reasonable person, will not look at the beauty seats as living people, let alone other monks who are not good at character.

"A good face and a seductive body, if it is on the strong, it is a icing on the cake." Stepping said, it seems that there is no such thing as a night.

After a while, I continued: "But if these two things appear on the weak, it is the feathers in the snow, the white fox in the night. It is bound to be violated and slaughtered."

The blue light in the distance is still slowly approaching, close to...

Stepping Xianjun said: "The sphenoid bones still retain the power of the demon, and can coexist with mortals. But slowly, the strength is getting weaker and weaker, and finally almost completely annihilated. The result is as you and I saw, at the beginning of that Hongmeng In the ages, the weak flesh and the strong food, the pure sphenoidal beauty mat quickly disappeared. The rest of those who want to protect themselves can only conceal their identity."

"...how to hide."

"Hey, this is the first time you have asked this thing since you met." Stepping Xianjun turned his eyes and said faintly. "It is very simple. You should remember when Song Qiutong was crying. Tears are golden. This is the devil." The characteristics of the family, if you want to conceal your identity, it will be fine without tears."

Chu night Ning did not say anything.

It’s easy to say without tears, but it’s not an easy task.

The sphenoidal beauty seats are amazingly born, and they are all looks out in the crowd. If they cause doubts, the monks have the means to force them to cry.

"Those beauty seats that have not been discovered can survive. Some of them live in seclusion, and some choose to marry mortals. Those who are married to mortals, sometimes give birth to children, sometimes with the devil, sometimes with people. If it is with the devil, It is very difficult for a child to control himself. He is aggrieved by tears and is seen as golden. Then adults and children will suffer from disaster. If you follow, there is nothing to be happy because the blood still exists. In their bodies, it is impossible to say which generation will give birth to a sphenoidal beauty seat."

Listening to him, Chu nightning suddenly remembered a person, so he frowned slightly and said three words.

"Song Xing Shi..."

"Oh, the star of the sacred sacred songs moved hundreds of years ago." Stepping Xianjun nodded. "Yes, in the process of proliferating, there will occasionally be very lucky children, they are exactly the same as ordinary people, crying When you stay, you don't have golden tears. The body doesn't have obvious characteristics. Even because the blood is mixed properly, you can quickly produce the spiritual core. The spiritual power does not lose the pure demon. But this may be minimal. After the millennium has passed, the sphenoidal beauty seat that has reached the guru's ability can be counted with one hand."

He said, he also extended his five narrow fingers, and some sarcasm seemed to be interesting to shake in front of his eyes.

After a while, then said: "So, this is a precarious situation, many skeletal beauty seats are thinking about going back to the devil world. As long as they go back, they will never have to worry about life, never cry in life. No longer have to worry about being sold as a stove or dismantling soup. In the year of war, when people are crazy looking for a beauty seat to make a living, they don’t have to scratch their faces, worrying about beautiful skins will kill them. The disaster."

He whispered for so long, and the blue light in the distance was finally blurred to see a shadow. It seemed that five horses were riding a rut and galloping from the road of the road.

Stepping on the fairy road: "However, it is not so easy to return to the demon world. The demon statue and the hook-up palace have **** hatred. In his eyes, the hook-up palace is a traitor and rebelled against the gods. So The veins of this strain are connected to the nine ethnic groups, and they cannot be turned over for generations. Of course, he is not willing to let the fallen beauty seats return to their hometowns."

"..."

The heavy rain is still rushing underground, and the world is wet and humid.

Stepping on the horse looked at the carriage from far and near, and it took a long time to continue: "Until the first generation of the demon annihilation, the second generation of the devil will succeed, the new emperor will be slightly loose."

Chu night Ning eyes slightly moving: "He allowed the beauty to return to the devil?"

"Allow." Stepping Xianjun smiled. "But, as the teacher saw, he set a natural barrier that cannot be used without a ban. If those beauty seats want to go home, they must do it. ""

Chu night Ning’s heart is tight, and the vagueness has already understood the truth of the matter.

Stepping on the smattering of the corpse bridge in front of him, he said: "Look at the road of martyrdom in front of you. It is the only bridge that can connect the entrance to the world of the devil. This bridge must be lived. If you voluntarily sacrifice, you can slowly go down."

He smiled and laughed: "The willingness to sacrifice his life to pave the way for others, find one is lucky, find five is lucky, find one hundred that is called hell. Live well, who will volunteer for the devil After you go home and die?"

Chu nightning raised his eyes: "So, you will treasure the game."

Stepping Xianjun did not think that he would pick up the words. After a moment, he showed his sensation: "Not bad."

He turned to look at this magnificent road of martyrdom, and his eyes gradually began to rise: "These people, this is the place where they used their precious games to confuse their minds and make them willing to sacrifice."

"...how many people have you killed?"

Stepping on the fairy, turning the eyes, the black and purple 瞳 幽 gaze at him, half a sigh, spit out two words: "All."

"...!"

"Almost all."

The bridge in front of me seems to have no end, no boundlessness, everything seems to be quiet in the rain, and it seems that the ghosts are screaming and crying in hoarseness and pleading for mercy.

Chu nightning is not chilling.

"Do you know how long the bridge is?" Waiting for the late night of the answer, he said calmly, "Tian Xianjun said calmly, "this seat almost killed all the people in the red dust, and I am afraid that even if I live, I will not

even have 10,000. It’s here. But the bridge is filled with more than half of it – the rest, even if the last 10,000 people are killed, can’t be filled.”

"..." Chu Xi Ning is almost a cold tooth, "So, to open the door to life and death?"

"You can always think of the worst answer at once." Stepping Xian faintly said, "Yes, you must open the door to life and death, and then get enough precious pieces from another world to complete this road." ”

The rain falls on the estuary, and they are not in a hurry. They look at each other, their brown eyes are staring at the purple and black, and finally the thunder is broken with the sorrow of the late night.

"You are crazy!"

Stepping in the purple electric lightning is just a sneer: "This seat knows that you will be this reaction." He said, turning his eyes away, the car and horse are approaching, and gradually can recognize the details.

"Time and space, Jane Chess." He paused. "It is better to have a rebirth. When someone does all this, the door of the Devil will open again. They can all return to their homeland."

"..." Chu Xiaoning was shaking, and anger and sorrow almost made him unable to say anything.

"You must ask, why do you have to break these bans, and the sorcerer will allow them to go home?" Stepping Xian faintly looked at the getting closer and closer, rare and understanding. "It's actually very simple." The three major bans were created by Chen Shanggong, which represented the ability of the Mozu to pass through the sky, but in the end it was regarded as the source of disaster. Please refrain from banned the smashing of the reel.

He paused a little and then continued: "The beauty of the family is guilty of the crime of detaining, naturally it is also a sign that they are not in line with the Gou Chen, and they must stand on the opposite side of the palace and violate the Fuxi Tianwei. forgive."

Suddenly a horseshoe squat, the five devils Tianma broke out from the flame of the road, greeted the hurricane and rain in the world, and stood proudly in front of the bridge.

Stepping on the black robes of the fairy, flying forward, touched a scorpion's Tianma, and looked at the late night of the Chu: "Broken ban, violated the hook on the palace, vowed to be an enemy of Fuxi. Hua Binan’s all things are for the beauty of the family. Does the Master understand it at the moment?”

Chapter 296

understand?

What else does not understand, Shi Mingjing has concealed his true identity from the beginning. For so many years, he has been refusing to talk to his own biological parents. Even if he mentions it occasionally, he is also sorrowful in a few words, and he can’t bear to continue questioning.

There are always loopholes in lies, and many words will be lost. This kind of superficial teacher will not understand.

At this point, I went back and thought, the teacher’s sorrow from big to big, no matter what kind of grievances, what kind of trauma, I really did not drop a tear...

"Come on, this seat takes you to the end of the road to the road."

The carriage is a Mozu, the whole body is cast by sheet metal, and the image of the magic domain is embedded in the silver water. Two portraits are carved in the junction of the rut. On the left is a man who is a mustache, glaring and screaming, holding the moment, and not knowing the person who made the image. What kind of enmity, this person described as being

extremely ugly, is boring. On the right is a rich woman, with low eyebrows and eyes, holding the moment, this is slightly better, ugly is ugly, but still in a tolerable category.

The most uncomfortable thing is that in front of the magic horse of the five-carriage, there are five things floating in the spirit, which are the limbs and a **** head - these are fake, woodcut, but Chu night Ning has seen the appearance of the fake hook Chen at the bottom of Jincheng Pool, so it is easy to recognize that this is actually the appearance of Gou Chengong.

"All the horses in the Devils have always been like this." Stepping Xian glanced at the fierce head, "It has been like this for thousands of years."

Sitting in the cabin, the little bell on the ring of the magic horse, stepping on the fairy to sit in a comfortable posture, said: "Which of the two little elephants on the rut, you should also guess." ”

"...is Fuxi and Nuwa."

"Not bad." He smiled. "The devil is hating the gods, and he can't wait for him to pull the car for him."

"... Why is Shennong spared?"

"This is not listening to Hua Binan. But in the rumor, Shennong is gentle and generous. On weekdays, I don't like to control the killing and killing. The relationship with Fuxi's son-in-law is not very close. I want to come to the battle of the gods. The old slick should not have participated much."

Chu, Ning, no longer talked, turned his head and looked at the red road of the road.

The magic horse had a very fast footstep and took about a sip of tea. It had already carried them to the end of this **** long bridge.

Under the carriage, the foot is a bridge that is made up of white bones. In front of it is the boundless sea of clouds, and the door of the demon world looks hundreds of laps larger than that of the dead, no matter the whole picture or the details. very clear. It is so huge, as if it is connected to the universe, and there is no land, splashing the magic field in the rainy night. The mortal stands in front of it, just like the giant wood, the corn is in the sea.

Chu nightning looked at this giant door, and the reliefs were exquisitely carved. The five realms were carved, among which the devil was in the upper position, the ghost, the demon, the second, and the **** was at the bottom. These embossed grandeurs are embarrassing, but there is a vague ambiguity that is unclear.

“Do you feel very strange?” Stepping Xianjun walked over to him and looked at the giant door with him. “When the seat first saw it, I felt that something was wrong.”

"..."

"Looking at the small half hour, I saw the problem."

However, he obviously did not intend to spend time again to let Chu Lingning stare at half an hour, so he said: "All the reliefs and stone doors on this door are not a material, but later cast on. It is a fairy bone."

Chu night, looking back.

The expression of Teng Xianjun appears to be more and more faint in the light of the magic fire: "When the wilderness is in the battle, the demon will capture all the gods of the captives, and make them embossed and embedded in all the gates of the devil."

The gale blew his clothes and floated.

"From now on, all the creatures who go to the devil world will see how many gods have been demonized by the devil. It also shows that the demon behind the door will never live with the gods forever."

I also watched this stunning vision for a while, stepping on Xianjun: "Almost, now that you know what we are going to do, do you still have so

much resentment?"

"...the people who killed the two worlds, just to spread this road to go home." Chu nightning raised his eyes, although he knew that stepping Xianjun was not controlled by a man, he still couldn’t help but cold. "No. Resentment, do you still want me to say, do you?"

Stepping on the fairy is trying to pick up the words, and suddenly heard a commotion behind the scenes.

They went back, but when they saw the wooden smoke, thousands of people from the Haohao soup came from the mountain after the death of the dead. She did not expect that the two would be here, first, and then the eyes fell straight on the night. Ning body.

"How did you bring him here?" She stared at Chu Yuning, but she said to step on Xianjun. "Not afraid of disaster."

Stepping on the cold and cold road: "He has a look, this seat knows what he will do next. It will not bother you."

"This place is the place where the sphenoids return home, do you know -"

He didn't want to listen to her more than anything, and he interrupted: "So who among you can be tied with him?"

The wood smoke is a glimpse.

"He is in the side of the seat, and he can't escape more than the one in the cage that has been banned from the curse. This good heart takes him to share his worries with you. How do you still have so much nonsense?"

"you--!"

"How?" Stepping Xianjun picked up thin eyelids and his eyes were very cold. "If you are not convinced, you will send him back immediately. From then on, don't care. You can find yourself to look at him. Don't accidentally let him approach." Hua Binan, it is easy to take the life of Hua Binan."

The wood smoke was blocked from being blocked for a while. It took a long time to stagger the topic. The eyebrows said with anger: "...this is all right. I got some pieces and filled them all." In addition, A Nan has been detained from the world and is banned from death. When you have packed up the things in front of you, you will quickly go back and make some new moves."

After she finished, she walked away from her sleeves. Stepping on Xianjun looked at Chu’s night, revealing white teeth, and smashing a pool of pears and vortex deep.

"You are lucky, and you have a batch of materials. How do you see how the bridge is built?"

It was too horrible to make a living sacrifice to form a pontoon. After going back that day, Chu nightning had a nightmare.

In the dream, Stephen is standing at the end of the road of the road, stepping on the broken bones, heart, liver, spleen and stomach. Every piece of broken meat in each organ grows a bright red mouth, and mourns with sorrow.

"I don't want to die..."

"I still have my life... I am still coming..."

He saw Xue Meng's half face in these corpses, and saw Xue Zhengxuan's eyes, Mrs. Wang's body, and guilty of a fine hand.

He rushed to them and shouted: "Xue Meng! Respect the Lord!" -

The voice is broken.

He saw the sky full of blood, the ink burned slowly back, or the old disciples served, his eyes were gentle and sad, he said: "Master, save me..."

"I don't want to die, I don't want to do this... save me..."

He woke up, he gasped, his cheek vest was cold sweat, he wanted to get up, but his wrist was bound by the curse of Xianjun, he could not move.

The room was very quiet, only he was alone, the drip was slowly groaning, like the tears of the dead gathered together into a stream.

"Come to..."

During this time, he has been smashed and thin. At this time he was sitting on the bed, the man was too thin, and the thick quilt was covered on him with almost no ups and downs.

The memories of past lives, the miss of this life, the corpse of the accumulation, the hopeless future.

The pile parts were pressed against his shoulders and the iron bones were also crushed into ashes.

Chu night Ning's eyes were empty, he groaned, slowly returning from the nightmare, but the reality is better than the nightmare, his expression is particularly broken.

"Come to..."

Liu Gong was coming in, and he was much older than the memory of Chu.

After all, the world is too far away from the year of his previous death.

"Master, is it a nightmare?"

The old servant was able to see his heart at a glance, and Chu was rather tired and nodded.

"I am going to give you a hot pot of **** tea..."

"No." Chu nightning raised a slightly wet eyelid and looked at him in the darkness. "Is it burning? Is it still on the road?"

"..."

"How many people did he kill?"

Liu Lao was silent for a long time and sighed: "Master, don't ask."

The drip was long and long, and the outside wind and rain were bleak.

"Old slaves don't know how to practice spells. But it is also clear that on the day when the doors of life and death are completely opened, everything can't be turned back. These masters actually understand."

Chu night Ning lips fretting, after a while, he blinked his eyes, fingers holding the flaming spell chain on his wrist - after he stabbed, he stepped on him. When there is nothing to do in leisure, Stepping Xianjun will personally stare at him, and when he goes outside to pave the way for the return of the Mozu, Chu will be locked in the Wushan Temple.

"Zhong Shi... Forget it, for two lifetimes, you have already done enough." Liu Gong’s voice is old, like a swaying autumn leaf. "Last day, look at it like everyone else."

"It's all over, there is no more way."

"Let's go, don't torture yourself again..."

Liu Gong later took a bowl of **** tea and looked at the late night. The old man used to be cautious, understand what he should say, and what should not be said. This is why he can stay with him for so long.

But on this rainy night, he looked at the late night, and he was very stunned. He looked at Chu’s cheeks, even whiter than porcelain. He looked at the hurricane night outside, suddenly there were some Complicated feelings.

Liu Gong didn't know how to comfort him. He could only say calmly: "Let's drink more, so this bowl is always finished....Ginger tea is cold, and it is said that the nightmare is because of body cold, drink and sleep again. , no nightmare."

After a while, whispering, whispered: "My son used to have nightmares and gave him some drinks. He slept safely..."

But this mutter was too light, and Chu Ning did not hear it.

The old servant served him to finish the tea, and he slowly went out with a slap in the face. He took a squint before he took the house. The old man's heart is soft, but his heart is soft but he can't do anything, so his back is more and more embarrassing.

He disappeared at the end of the corridor.

In fact, Liu Lao said yes. To stop the teacher, it is the best time to open the door to life and death. If you miss it, the situation will be almost impossible to recover.

Chu Yuning sat in the Wushan Hall where no one was. He knew that he eventually lost to the teacher. The past found the truth too late. His sacrifice and planning only delayed the disaster for about ten years.

Finally, everything is back to the original point.

He tried his best, but after all, he did nothing.

More than one book has been recorded in the book, time and space are broken, and the punishment will come. In fact, even if the day is not fine, these two worlds are also confused and unsuccessful. This is the last years, many people are clear in their hearts, but there is a defect in the knowledge of the gods, so he is not uneasy, he is very comfortable.

He came back this day and brought a pot of pear white.

As he filled the glass in front of the two people, he said to the late night of Chu: "The road to the road has been paved almost."

"..."

"When you do this, you will be free." He took a long time and didn't taste the pear blossoms, then smiled. "Oh, it's that taste."

After the words, Fu looked up and looked at Chu Ning: "Wait for them to return to the devil world, do you want to stay with this seat to live in this red dust, or to cross the door of life and death, let the seat return to the world before you?"

Chu night Ning looked at him and asked: "Where is the teacher."

"division……"

He snorted, and then the black eyebrows slowly wrinkled, and the look looked a little dazed and painful. He put down the wine cellar and raised his hand to press his forehead.

Chu Xiu Ning watched his every move, and Xin Dahuan really confused his thinking. For the stepping fairy, the "teacher" is now unreasonable, so he has no way to deepen it. Think about it.

In the end, Stepping Xianjun only felt a headache, and he slammed into the cup. In the candlelight, he stared at the man in front of him with his red eyes.

"I do not know."

He groaned, pulling Chu Ningning to come over, he still sat in the same place, after a while, his forehead against the waist of Chu nightning, sniffing the flowers of the sea bream.

"Don't ask me again."

In those days after that, the sect of the singer was almost exactly the same as the previous life, and even worsened.

This corpse, which should not have feelings, seems to be very afraid that Chu will rather disappear or die again, so he exhausted his highest powerful spell to embarrass him. In the daytime, stepping on the fairy to refine the chess pieces, laying the road of martyrdom, coming back at night, will endlessly entangle with him. It seems that only the most intense **** and love can heal the restlessness of his heart, as if only deep into the warmth of the late night, can confirm that this is not a dream.

"Late Ning..."

When the night was quiet, the man who was sleeping next to him muttered.

"You reason about me..."

It is impossible to know clearly, but at this time, he still feels that the person who is entangled with himself has a soul. The heartbeat under the chest is heavy and powerful, and the eyebrows are exactly the same as the dead youth.

When hoarsely calling "Late Ning", there will be something similar to love in the voice of stepping fairy.

Chapter 297

On the sixth day, the temple door slammed open.

The torrential rain outside continued, and some people took a wet paper umbrella and slid it into the temple.

"Master."

The person came over and smashed the white coat with a scarf, and the peach blossom eyes flew with emotion, but the eyes had a blue halo. This is the first time that Shiyi has visited the Wushan Temple since the Battle of Tongtian Tower.

"I wanted to visit the Master before, but I couldn’t get out of it. I finally got a little free until today. It’s late, the Master is no stranger.”

Chu nightning only looked at him and turned his eyes away.

The teacher did not care about this. He sat down in front of Chu night, perhaps because the paving shop was very smooth. He was very upset and

had bright luster in his eyes.

"Are you still angry?"

"..."

"The door to the devil is about to open, and there is nothing left to ask me again."

Chu night Ning still did not answer, looking at the rain outside the window. His fragility and sorrow were only revealed in front of the deep loved ones. Shi Mingjing exhausted his heat, so he became a hard rock, and no amount of attachment could melt it.

The teacher sighed: "I want to talk to you about my heart. Let me take care of me."

Chu nightning finally gave him a word: "Roll."

Unlike the gloom before the war, the closer to success, the more calm the mentality of the teacher. He didn't get angry because of the coldness of Chu Xiaoning, but he smiled and said: "It really took care of me."

The rain hits the already wet window, and the time and space are in a mess of two red dusts. Any vision is normal. Chu Evening even thinks that this rain will never stop. It must be down and finally Submerged both time and space.

Shiyi didn't care about this. He got up and took two teas. He handed it to Chu's hand and said, "Since you ignore me, then I will tell you something. I don't like to explain, but Between the Master and the Master, I don't want to have too many misunderstandings."

The tea is still hot, he blows away the green leaves, and he takes a sip of it slowly.

"How to say it, I grew up, made a lot of bad things, didn't say a few truths, but I really don't want to kill innocent people."

Chu Xiaoning’s hand was unconsciously tightened, and the pale hands were covered with blue ridges.

"The teacher saw the road of the martyrdom. I originally wanted to fill in the people who are not as good as the animals in the world. Anyway, the kind of death is not enough. But then I found that it was so long, it was long to take two The corpse of the red dust can fill it up." Shi said, "I don't feel bad in my heart."

"..."

"I don't like the smell of blood on my hands, so I have hardly killed anyone. I didn't lie to you."

"You didn't lie to me." Chu Xiaoning suddenly spoke. "I believe that you have hardly killed anyone."

It seems strange that the teacher raised his eyebrows slightly.

Chu nightning turned his head and his eyes were cold like ice: "You are kind, your heart is soft, you don't want to kill innocent people, you don't like blood on your hands. So these things you never do, you made a Stepping on Xianjun, the madman who slaughtered the Confucianist door from now on is him. The tyrant who is **** and difficult to wash is him - he has done all the things that you have to do but are unwilling to do for you. You are brilliant."

"The teacher said that these words are unfair." The teacher sighed. "I didn't think about killing the Confucianism. It was his own private enmity."

"There is no eight bitterness to hate him for committing such a sinful crime."

"Without eight bitter hates, will he not commit such a sinful crime?"

Chu Xiaoning looked at the eyes of the teacher: "He won't."

The teacher just smiled and waved his hand, meaning that he didn't want to do more entanglement. He said: "Forget it. There is nothing to fight for. In short, I once said to Xu Sulin, I hope that this world can live in the human, the mediocrity Good and evil, these are the truth, I don't lie." He paused and continued. "But for the skull family, giving good to others is to ruin one's life. We must use our way back home. Blood is paved, I have no choice."

Chu nightning closed his eyes.

The teacher said, and he sighed with his empty tea. He said, "Master may not understand why I sacrificed to the devil in order to sacrifice the lives of almost everyone in two time and space. Actually, this is not difficult to understand..."

He looked at the steam that was transpiration.

The room was quiet, only to hear the teacher’s voice and the original voice.

"Does the teacher have seen the buffaloes that are being fenced?"

"Red eyes, rampage, can't wait to put people in front of you, beasts, all with two corners pierced. This is the instinct to survive."

Chu nightning knows what he means, and the skeletal beauty is like a herd that is forced into desperation. Surrounded by a greedy face, they are going to peel their skin.

"For the beauty seats, there are only two ways in the end. Either completely destroy the family or return to the devil world. This is a choice between life and death." Shi Yan said here, his eyes are a bit blank, "If the comprehension world does not have a beauty seat Regardless of the goods, arbitrarily humiliating, if we can survive on earth, no one will do such a terrible thing."

He was silent for a while, his thoughts were surging, his eyes gradually became chaotic, from chaos to cold, and finally to madness.

Like the life he has experienced so far.

"The herd has no intention to kill. But the butcher's knife has fallen, and the surrounding companions have lost their lives one by one... Master, how can we forgive this world."

The voice of the teacher is a little trembling: "The real world will not make a history book for the skeletal beauty, because these people only regard us as livestock or double repairs. But we have always remembered in our family - just in person In the eleventh year of the end of the Devil's War, almost all the pure blood beauty seats were killed. After thousands of years, even though we were careful not to reveal our identity, we still could not escape the greed of the monks."

"Four thousand years ago, two hundred and five hundred years ago, nine hundred years ago, seven hundred years ago, four games were paid. The blood of the beautiful people in the mortal was searched for, eating meat and drinking blood, house arrest/rape... ...they hate to kill my family."

The teacher's fingers pinch the tea pot, and the wrists outline the hidden blue veins.

"In fact, it’s really a dead end. It’s a hundred. But how can those monks give up such a practice?"

Chu nightning: "..."

"The teacher respects a group of books, you should know that in order to avoid the annihilation of the beauty seat, what did you do on the head of the lonely moon night?" The teacher squatted, and a pair of peach eyes were now scarlet.

This incident, Chu Ningning, does know that any book that introduces a lonely moon night will mention this matter and treat it as a hero.

At the end of the night, the medicinal sect searched 20 young skeletal beauty women, and the savage and exquisite monks exchanged day and night, making them pregnant. After the pregnancy, the head will use the elixir to induce labor, and the baby will be born in four months. The woman

who had just given birth was once again defiled, continued to be forced to become pregnant, forced to vaccinate... so repeated, so that the beauty of the family can continue.

But this continuation is like a pig and a sheep to be slaughtered.

No, not like. It is they who have indeed become pigs to be slaughtered.

The child born, the boy is immediately divided into medicinal herbs, or directly sold to the big class such as the Confucianism. Girls are captive, and even after the birth, even if they are handed over, they become a new breeding hotbed.

"mating."

Chu Evening still remembers the shock and nausea that he saw when he first appeared on the "Single Moon Night Fairy Medicine".

The teacher smiled and smiled. The smile looked a bit blue and miserable for the first time: "They took the practice of practicing the beauty in the beauty seat. They won the praise of the comprehension."

"Living people... are all living people. Just because they have mixed up the blood of the ancient Mozu, they can bring benefits to the practice, and they will judge the living people as livestock." In order to cover up his pain, the

teacher raised his hand and Drink a cup of tea, but the fingertips are shaking slightly.

"The medicine that promotes the embryo is very detrimental to the mother. None of the beautiful women who have been raised has lived for 30 years. But the shortness of life is a good thing for them. It can be done early, except for 'crossing/matching'. 'Reproduction' nightmare."

When he said that the words "reproduction" and "reproduction" had a stinging slap in the face. The teacher swears, and for a moment he seems to be tempted to swear, but in the end he moved his mouth, and only two of them were filled with taunts.

"very good."

Chu night Ning opened his eyes and his eyes finally fell on the teacher.

This man, who has always been faint or unpredictable, is like the most ordinary vengeful man, with a clear hatred on his face.

The teacher was quiet for a while, and seemed to think of something, and couldn’t stand it anymore. He put the samovar down, his face buried in his palm, and finally he took a deep breath, and when he looked up, his eyes were red.

In the memory of Chu Xiaoning, the emotions of the teacher have never been so real and specific.

"Master can remember how the lonely moon night stopped breeding the beauty of the family?"

"..." Chu nightning does not know what his mood is at the moment, he is hoarse, "has a murder case."

After all, the sphenoidal beauty mat is not a scorpion animal, and the locust will still be countered, let alone live.

In the generation of Master Jiang Yan, there was a girl in the beauty room who was not willing to give in and work hard. She was different from those who used to be, and she was neither dying nor numb.

She seduce a high-level disciple of Tianyinge, who was obsessed with the moonlight at night. The disciple was also a **** person, and she couldn’t help but enter the bed of this beautiful lady that night. The next day, she begged her to redeem her own moonlight night, and vowed to help him practice his life.

The disciple of Tianyinge was so obsessed and promised her. As a result, the girl fled from his side in a few days, and I did not know where to find the robbery seeds. The starry night returned to Lin Lingyu, and a fire broke the night of the lonely moon.

That night, the beautiful women who had been under house arrest fled with her help, and more than a hundred disciples were killed and burned by the fire...

The rest of the sects looked at the excitement and did not feel the backache. When they said that they were relieved, they secretly laughed at the lonely moon and night and could not even see a woman. As a result, the medicinal sects fell sharply, and the head was furious, and the end of the support for the beauty seats ended.

"Since you want to laugh, don't come to the medicine in the future. Anyway, if you have escaped so many people, if you have the ability, you can hunt yourself."

Therefore, when Jiang Yan was the head of the office, there was only one Song Qiutong left in the beauty seat in the lonely moon night. It was left to serve the Lord. However, Jiang Yan is not close to a woman. He is particularly annoyed by women. He even regards the beauty as a disaster. Although there are many elders in the martial art, he still decided to sell the woman.

Seeing that Chu can rather remember these past events, the teacher finally smiled and said: "Insert."

"……You said."

"It was at Xuanyuan Pavilion that day, yes, that was when Song Girl was sold. I also went."

Chu night Ning slightly.

Shi said: "I went, I was in the first place of Xuanzi. There was a price of 35 million."

Listening to the teacher said that Chu Jingning did blur some impressions. At that time, the ink burned with him. He saw Song Qiutong pitiful. He wanted to save her life, but there was a box with a gauze upstairs. The guest inside was 35 million. He thought about ink at that time. Burning money over the bid of this person...

"It's you?"

"Well, it is me." The teacher's expression gradually calmed down again. He smiled. "I have vowed a long time ago to guard every sphenoidal beauty seat I can help. Song Qiutong is my ethnic group." I got the news, I want to redeem her.... Of course, I want to take it back in my life and try to hook up the suffocation of the body. The result is that you know that half of the soul you left in his body protects him. It’s so powerful that it has even caused your own resonance... forget it. These are all gone, what can be said.”

"Anyway, Master knows, and finally she is the one who bought her leaves."

"Since she is your ethnic group, the Confucianism Gate has been shocked that time, why are you..."

"Why do I stand by and watch her die?" The teacher smiled. "No way, I need to hide my blood. In fact, the order to Huangshan was under me. She was just a blind man. For another situation. I may still save her life. But in front of Xu Shuanglin... Shizun also knows that my spiritual strength is weak. Xu Shuanglin is the source of my strength at that time. He treats me as a good friend, but I am a teacher of death and death. The net identity is with him."

"..."

"If he knows that I am a skeletal beauty seat, will I still be willing to collude with me?" The teacher calmly said, "I said that in the eyes of most monks, we are pigs, dogs, cattle and sheep, and Xu Sulin will not. Exception. Seeing his attitude towards the Song girl will be known."

Chu night is very heavy, and I don’t know what to say for a long time.

The teacher fell in love with him and continued to say: "Let's come back and talk about it, and then talk about the skeletal beauty seat that escaped the lonely moon."

"..." Chu Xiaoning hangs his eyes and is silent. After a while, he looks at the face of the teacher. In fact, he has made some clues from the narrative of

the front and the demeanor of the teacher. He almost sighed. "That is your mother. That girl."

The teacher first glimpsed, then slowly relaxed on the back, and the five senses were softened.

He finally smiled a bit: "You can always guess. Yes, she is my mother."

Chapter 298

The rain hits the tile, and in the silence, the teacher drank the tea, as if he had made up his mind, saying, "I will show you something."

He took out a rusted bronze mirror from the Qiankun bag, and the mirror edge engraved with the Feifeng Youlong, carved with the sun and the moon.

"This mirror is called yesterday's book, it is my father's relic. My father's surname is wood... Master respects must be guessed somewhat. I am a half-sister and brother."

When he finished, he bit his finger and dripped blood on the mirror. The mirror began to fog. When the fog was gone, some illusions appeared on the mirror surface. Those phantoms gradually form and form a clear scene and face -

It is the viewing platform of Tianyin Pavilion. The picture is in the hot summer day. The lotus pond below the viewing platform is filled with red dragonfly.

There is a lady in the Chinese costume standing on the side of the squatting side, touching the little finger of Zhu Xi, and feeding the fish in the dish.

The pool is so bright. Although the woman was born with exquisite elegance, she was extremely cold. When she turned her head and talked with the waiter, she could see that she had a pair of Ruifeng eyes, her eyes were slightly up, and some fierce and arrogant.

Chu night Ning slightly frowned, looked at her, looked up and looked at the teacher.

"She is not my mother." The teacher looked like he saw the doubts of Chu Xiaoning and smiled. "She is Lin's mother, Lin."

Soon after, a young woman wearing a silk embroidered skirt and wearing a Tianyin Pavilion walked into the picture from the edge of the bronze mirror. She touched the appearance of only 17 or 18 years old, and her face was tender and gentle. The teacher smirked the mirror and said: "This is my mother.... She is the descendant of the sacred sacred Song Xing, who used her as a livestock to raise her name. She did not give her a name. She escaped and wanted to give herself I got a name, but Song is the big surname of the skeletal beauty. She didn't dare to take it. So she used the chemical word of Huabi, and took a homonym. She called herself Huayi.

"It is the meaning of returning home. My mother knows that after the 蝶骨族 can return to the devil world, I always hope to bring all the people back home."

The bronze mirror mottled could not cover the face of Huagui. She was talking to Lin in a gentle and gentle manner. Chu Xiaoning noticed that Lin’s picture had been cold and cold, and other maids were sincere and

fearful. Only Huagui’s laughter was awkward. The true meaning of the twelve points for the hostess.

Chu night Ning raised his eyes: "How did she enter Tianyin Pavilion?"

"It was the high-ranking disciple of Tianyinge who helped her. In fact, those recorded in the book are not the truth. My mother did not leave from him after she escaped from the moonlight night. They were very affectionate, my mother. I begged him to find a way to put his own family. The disciple listened to her, so she managed to steal the fire from Tianyin Pavilion and helped her."

Chu night Ning's eyebrows rolled a shallow mark, and the heart was actually like this.

The records in the books of history are not always correct. Some truths will be slowly eroded by the flood of years. When the people of that era are old, Fanghua is no longer, no one knows the true meaning of the past.

The teacher paused and said, "After two years, the comprehension community gradually forgot the murder of the moonlight night. It happened that at that time, Mrs. Lin of the Tianyin Pavilion gave birth to a woman, and Lin’s temper was strange and she was not good at taking care of the children. So I need to find a few hands-and-feeling girls to help. The disciple took the opportunity to introduce my mother into the pavilion. Since then my mother has become the maid of Lin."

Hearing here, Chu Ningfu looked at the bronze mirror again. I don’t know when the mirror had changed the scene. Lin’s book was on the side of Xuan’s window. Huagui was kept by her side, holding a child in her heart to do her duty. The ground is squatting.

This scene is very gentle at first glance, the hostess is sad, the prostitute is loyal, and the child is tender.

But under the thought, I feel that the dark tide is surging.

"...She later replaced Mrs. Lin's position."

"... um." Shi said, "In the Tianyin Pavilion for a long time, my mother saw the detached position of this martial art in the realm of cultivation. At that time, she was still a little naive, and came up with a self-righteousness to return to the devil. A better idea."

"what."

"Become the wife of Tianyin Pavilion." Shi said, "After the gods, a word is worth a thousand dollars. She thinks that as long as the owner can open his mouth, no one will be murdered in the future." At least no one will blatantly go. The sphenoidal beauty is ruined."

The light and shadow changes, the dark rust of the copper rust on the mirror surface, or the original observation deck, but it has reached the winter of unknown year.

The lotus flowers in the audience are all dry and dying. No, there is no red rush in the pool. Those bright creatures and the cold beauty of the past were gone. Instead, it is the snow, the fragrant, and the back of a woman with a thick white fox.

After a while, a man approached, and she heard the sound back. The fascinating face of the wind was in the soft fox fur. She smiled at him and smiled, and the new snow was eclipsed.

At this time, Huagui, I do not know what means to let the Tianyinge master of the time take the original match, Lin died shortly after the break. The bizarre disciple who had died with her was the one who had helped her.

She finally got what she wanted, and became the wife of the owner of the Tianyin Pavilion after the gods.

The sky is lead-gray, with heavy snow and snow. When Hua returned to the husband, he first blessed him, then smiled and reached out and touched the hair of the little girl around him.

"...is the wood smoke?"

The teacher smiled and said: "Yes."

"..."

"Isn't the Master respected why the wooden sister is the daughter of Lin, but she is bent on my mother, but she has abandoned her mother?"

Chu night Ning did not set whether to continue to look at the situation in the mirror.

The wooden cigarettes were as many as four or five years old at that time. They were reluctantly picked up by Huagui, and even laughed at Huagui’s show neck. It seemed that the stepmother was very funny.

Shi said: "Lin's nature is full of sorrow, silence, and no envy. After the birth of Ms. Sister, her condition became more serious, even to the point of hurting or self-harming. Once my mother was not in the house. When she looked at it, she took the scissors and tied her sister’s back and poked four or five holes. My mother came back. She saved the wooden sister who had already cried into tears.

"One will kill her own mother, and a young woman who loves herself and takes care of herself. Ms. Wood chose the latter."

As soon as the picture turns, the window is covered with a thin layer of frost, which is attached to Wanshou Hongfu. It should be that the Spring Festival of a certain year has just passed, and Huagui is sitting in front of the red sandalwood table.

She was sitting next to a man, a woman and two children. The girl’s solitary HD was cold, and the boy’s eyebrows were gentle. It was the Huabi Nan and the wood smoke when he was a child.

"Okay." Huagui smiled and picked up the rice paper to blow it, and said, "Well, your mother-in-law's copy of the drug sect, is written well?"

When the wooden cigarettes were spoken from the time, they were still milky, and they pointed at the scorpion. "The mother-in-law is of course good-looking."

The teacher is younger and younger, and even the milk is not milky. Just sit in the same place and lick the fingers and scream at them.

"I am fascinated by the spells of the day, and I am negligent about my brothers and sisters on weekdays. The enlightenment of my sister and my sister is taught by her words." Looking at the situation in the mirror, the teacher recalled, "She taught us Learn essays and teach us some basic little spells."

"She will spell?"

"Only a little." The teacher stunned, "frightening the ordinary people's fake style, even the worst monks are afraid to beat."

"..."

"But she is willing to accompany us, with us day and night." A sigh, the eyes of the teacher are straight and straight, "No matter how she works in the mind, how to treat outsiders. But she treats me and the wood sister, but is digging for heart The lungs are good."

The scene on the mirror turned faster, and it seemed as if the time was like a water, slipping through the fingers. In many of these rushing flashes, the wood smoke and the teacher gradually grew up.

In the process, almost every step of their sisters and brothers is guarded by Huagui.

On a thunderstorm night, she fell asleep with a cigarette.

In the afternoon of Zhongxia Qingfang, she gave her a drink to eat red bean soup.

All of this, bit by bit.

"Later, I went to the age of the enlightenment, my father personally taught me the magic of the Tianyin Pavilion, but I was dull and ignorant, I really can't learn. He was very disappointed, I also felt that I was a waste mediocrity at that time - after all, the wooden sister was When I was eight years old, I had already built the foundation smoothly. And I had enough time to work, but I didn’t feel anything."

The little teacher on the screen sat in the pond and stared at a small sword with a small sword.

Huagui dragged the long skirt, his brow was locked, and he walked through the driftwood bridge. She looked around and found a lonely child, and her anxious look finally relaxed.

She walked over to him, leaned over and said something to him, then hugged the teacher in her arms and walked back to the end of the garden.

"Because I have been in a lonely night for a long time, she has seen many people with weak spiritual ability, and can get a place in the realm of cultivation through the practice of medicine." Shi said, "She did not abuse the beauty because of the lonely moon night." She overthrew everything with a stick. She convinced her father and let me begin to practice medicine."

When the teacher told me about the content of the intrigues of men and women, Chu Jingning generally knew that Huagui had the means, but he was not very knowledgeable. He couldn’t say it.

And when he heard this, he suddenly felt the sharpness of this woman -

Lonely moon night is like a **** nightmare for her, engulfing her first half of her life. For the average person, even if you don't hate it, you should be discouraged by the drug sect. But she is very clear about what the medicine is, what she needs, and how to do it.

She has an extremely cool eye, and even if the enemy is like the sea, she is not interested in it.

"Her plan has always been methodical. Taking a step, I may have thought of the next hundred steps. So in addition to taking care of me and Ms. Sister, she still has the strength to collect the whereabouts of the people, and then pass the sea and provide them with shade."

But apparently, the post-Butterfly beauty seat has not changed. And Chu Xiaoning remembers that Mrs. Hua passed away very early. There must be some hidden in this.

In connection with the rumors of the sphenoid and the descendants of the Protoss, there is a vague speculation in the lateness of Chu. He asked: "...Is the identity of Mrs. Hua...there was it exposed?"

The teacher did not answer immediately. His eyes were flashing with too bright luster. At first glance, it was extremely sharp, like a hatred of bones.

But under the finest, it is like the sorrow of the tide.

"The original should not be revealed." He said, "The father has no brains, and he can't feel the difference of his mother.... But what he said is also a descendant of the gods. Even if the blood of the protoss is very small in his body, there will still be some talent. Perception."

He coveted the glasses, and the picture has been transferred to the house of the Tianyin Pavilion. A man with two freckles is lingering.

"When I was nine years old, this man was seriously ill, and the illness was bizarre. I asked the best doctor to see the cause."

The teacher said, sneer: "In fact, after knowing the inside story, the reason is very clear. He is after God, my mother is after the devil. After the battle of the demon, the demon has a curse - from now on For generations to come, there must be no combination of gods and gods, and offenders should die."

"My father's strange disease was born because of this ancient curse, but because he did not know. And the gods, perhaps because of pity, perhaps because you want to make the devil embarrassed. In short, one night, there is a **** Tomon's father, originally told him the truth of the matter. And said... If you want to live, you need to break with the witch."

Chu Xiaoning looked at the teacher’s face and waited for him to continue.

He knows that things are not as simple as a break.

Shi said: "After the dream, my father was furious. Tianyin Pavilion always wants the wind to be rainy or rainy. His position in the realm of cult is supernatural. Everyone respects him as a god. But this woman... this pig dog The smashing of a row of rotten meat, double repairing the stove, actually count him, use him, lie to him."

"..."

"She even almost died of his death. What a poisonous thing. So..."

A deep breath, even if it is so good, the voice of the teacher is still hoarse.

He squeezed the tea pot, the tea there was already cold, and he didn't finish it. Under one thought, the force was too fierce, and the porcelain cup was "squeaky" and burst into life.

Tea juice splashes...

The mirror was also splashed by the tea, and the picture was blurred by the amber tea juice. Vaguely, the man on the sickbed was summoned to return to Huagui.

He walked out of bed with bare feet and chatted with her for nothing. He smiled and walked toward the door, facing back to Huagui, and slammed the door closed and locked.

- The man turned his head and turned to his wife. In the distorted mirror and water stains, a face with a leopard face emerges.

The teacher shook a little, and suddenly reversed the mirror and turned away from the mirror.

The blue veins on his back are like the roots of the trees in the wrong dragon. Every blood vessel is full of fear and hate.

After a while, he buried his face in his palm. The sound is extremely exhausting.

"he……"

When the mouth said a word, it stopped.

"This beast..." seems to have a flood of hatred to vent. It seems that there are thousands of words to be reviled, but Wanma Qianjun kills his throat,

and you fight for it. I don’t know which sentence is first-in-first, so it is dumb.

The teacher has eased and slowed down. He should have seen this bronze mirror many times, but after so long, after so many years, still hate.

He slowly stopped shaking. In the end, these hates became a seemingly plain sentence.

"On that day, my father of the gods, eaten my mother alive."

Chapter 299

"!!"

Looking at the late night of Chu’s face, the teacher’s face seemed to be sad and madly laughing. He repeated: “Yes, my father has eaten my mother alive. Live... I was then In the vicinity, I heard the call and I ran over. I don't know what happened. I rushed to the door. I asked the girl to tell me what happened to you. No one came back to me. She was always at the door. The place is screaming."

The thin lips are light, and the teacher said: "The door is open."

Dead.

Probably like the dead silence after the door was opened.

The mouth is the father of blood. The arm is torn the piece of meat to the blurred mother.

It is like a child whose soul is broken.

Nine years old.

The father is already crazy, and the flesh and blood of the sphenoid can help the cultivation of the elder. He is going to die because she is going to die. This is what she should pay back to him!

Together with this kind of cockroach! Will make him suffer from retribution! Hey!

He couldn’t say that the slimy hand was cold in his body. The child like a woodcarving clay stretched out, his eyes were frenzied and distorted.

At that time, the teacher did not respond at all. He looked at everything in front of him with no sorrow and fear. He seemed to be drained in an instant, and an empty shell was poked in the same place.

The man's hand was getting closer and closer, and a drop of warm blood fell on his cheek, like a tear.

He looked up and stared blankly at the strange ghost.

"father……?"

"Run!" Behind him, Huagui’s screams broke through the clouds and broke through the clouds. "Anan, run!"

One arm was torn open by the blade, the bones of the legs and feet were interrupted, and the woman squirmed like a locust on the ground, ugly, but she tried to climb to her husband and wanted to hold the man's legs and feet.

"Run!!!! Run!! Don't look back! Don't come back!!!! Ah--!!!!!!!"

In response to her, the man jerked back and stepped on her face and slammed down.

Huagui turned his head to the side, and there was a drop of golden tears in his eyes.

She tried her best: "Run..."

Slamming.

Throat pipe break...

She said, run.

So from that day, the teacher had been running all the time, every night, every night, every night, he and the original mad ran out of the Tianyin Pavilion, running like a wilderness in the same place, he fled, he was No, he is going to collapse.

He has collapsed.

No matter where he fled, no matter how many years he passed, he could hear the sharp and terrible cry of his mother: "Run! Run!!"

He ran from the deep lane to the vast wilderness, through the golden wheat waves, from the depths of the darkness to the arrow of dawn to tear the universe, the world is gentle and blushing.

Like blood.

The blood flowing from her body, the blood that slowly dripped from the corner of his mouth.

"Ah... ah!!!!"

He unconsciously and indiscriminately snorted, the shoes had already fallen, the feet were worn, rotten, gravel plunged in, blood bubbles.

The golden tears finally ran along his cheeks. He sighed like a sleepy beast and ran across the dead grass, licking the bushes, and his legs and feet were all cut.

He didn't dare to stop. He didn't dare to go to see which road was comfortable. He only tried to run to the nearest one. He didn't dare to stop and die. Stop and die.

He did not stop.

For more than ten years, I have never dared to stop.

Will die, the sphenoid will not die when they go home.

"I was later picked up by Xue Zun... I was terrified. At that time, Tianyinge was looking for my whereabouts. I didn't dare to tell the truth, I didn't dare to cry. He asked me where I came from, my parents. Where is it, I will lie to him..." The teacher whispered, "Later, he took me back to life and death... After a few more years, a sphenoid man who had been saved by a mother finally managed to find me. She has been a disciple in Tianyin Pavilion. In order not to be suspicious, she personally ruined her face when she first entered the cabinet... She escaped my father's eyes and handed it over to all my mother's relics. ""

"My mother's collection of magical records over the years, the sacred beauty of the skeletal beauty, the buds of the eight bitter long hate flowers, and the method she opened the door to open the devil world, a thick basket."

Chu nightning slowly closed his eyes: "...so, you left the road she had wanted to go. I did what she had done before."

"Yes, I continue to repair the path of the medicinal sect. In order not to blame the suspicion of the Lord, those who used to go out in the mountains in those years were all Huai Nan."

"Hua Bi Nan's reputation is getting higher and higher, even so high that Jiang Yan is paying attention to me, he reached out to me - I did the same thing as my mother. Even if this martial art once used the beauty as a livestock, Even if it had been cautiously my mother for so long, I promised him to have everything in the realm of comprehension and get everything I needed to return home. Since then, I have had two identities, disciples of death and death, pharmacists of the lonely moon night. "The teacher stunned," and later, the Tianyin Pavilion died, and Ms. Wood followed his position. She was always looking for the murderer who killed her mother in the same year... I didn’t dare to believe anyone anymore. But after several trials, I finally decided to go to Tianyin Pavilion to see her and tell her the story."

Speaking of this, the teacher smiled a little, although the eyes were still cold: "As the teacher sees... I am not gambling, she is the person standing on my side."

"..."

"Although she is not a beauty seat, she regards my mother as a mother, and regards the beauty of the family as her own mother. She has been helping me all these years."

Help Hua Binan. Help the teacher.

Help her half-brother.

After the teacher finished speaking, he took off the pieces of the broken pieces and put the mirror back into the Qiankun bag.

The rain outside is like the soul of the skeletal beauty tens of thousands of years, slamming the window, sorrowful, unwilling. There is probably Huagui at the head there, and there is a mother who is a teacher. She is shouting screamingly, running... running... don’t stop, don’t look back...

"There is no way out." The teacher finally buried his face with a tired face, and his voice was dumb. "Master, we have no way out. It is the choice of the Terran or our destruction. Only I can choose the latter." ”

Like the last day, like a bayonet, the lightning cracked.

The sound of the rain and the sound of the rain, the thousands of horses and hooves, the leaves were immersed in oil, and the glare of Huaguang in the Middle East fell.

Suddenly the door opened open, and the strong wind wrapped in the rain.

The white light Lei Guang reflected the two people who looked back in the temple. The wooden cigarette stood in front of the threshold. She did not have an umbrella, and she was drenched and drenched, and her eyes looked extremely chaotic.

"A Nan, the last 30 treasures are still in the game. We have already entered the door of the Devil."

She hadn't finished yet, and the teacher shook up and stood up. The tip of his finger shivered uncontrollably: "Take the fairy? Thirty Jane chess is just a moment for him, let him do it. Then ....." He said here, slamming his mouth.

When the wood smoke entered the house, it was only in the face that she could see that her face was covered with fear: "Tai Xianjun did not know what happened, suddenly fainted. And his heartbeat also..."

"and also?"

"It is also extremely unstable, and the spiritual nucleus is collapsing, as if it will never wake up again-"

The teacher screamed awkwardly: "Impossible! It is his own spiritual core. I have deployed it thousands of times. How can it suddenly collapse? How?"

Stayed.

Suddenly he was blessed to the soul, as if a certain level was opened, and a thunder slammed into the thunder. In the tumultuous sound of the world, he slowly turned his head back and saw the ghostly pale face as he turned to the couch. Binding to the late night.

"Is it..." The lips trembled and joined, "Don't you...do you do it?"

The violent storm outside the room lining the silence in the house, quiet like a tomb, like a deep abyss. The light and shadow of the candlestick is like the sorrow of the soul, dancing in the resentment and sorrow.

In this dead silence, Chu night Ning closed his eyes and then opened.

"...Yes." He said, "It's me."

With a bang, the Thunder seemed to be to fry the cloud into a powder, and shake it. The heavy rain was like a waterfall.

The teacher shook his heart and took a step.

"You...you can still..."

"Since you told me about your business. Chu Yuening's voice is very low," then I will tell you about me. ”

Teacher: "..."

"Previous life, my spiritual core was abolished, only the power of nine songs, and I do not know my own life. So I will not be able to compete with the immortal." The golden light on the wrist suddenly sounded, and the chain was broken. The charms are all burning!

Chu nightning got up on the couch and lifted a pair of phoenix eyes.

"In this life, he has been under house arrest for me, enough for me to bury my curse deep in his heart." When I said these words, Chu Xiaoning had no expression on her face.

Sadness, pain, compassion, remorse, nothing, death calm.

"The spell will erode deeper and deeper, and eventually it will make him flustered and the heart will stop. Your weapon of this sacred weapon will still be destroyed in my hands."

"..."

"...Sorry, Hua Binan. I can't let you go home."

The teacher did not seem to expect this change. He was whiter than jade and colder than Xuan Bing. He stared at Chu Xinning incredulously, his lips trembled slightly.

"It's over." Chu Yuning said, the light in the palm of his hand.

"...you are crazy!!!" The teacher looked at the golden light, and suddenly he was crazy. His eyes were splashing with the wild nature of the beast. "You want to kill him?! You actually want to kill him... you have the heart - you can bear it." !!"

No one can see what emotions he sees in his dark eyes. Chu nightning said: "I have a heart."

"..."

The golden light is getting more and more prosperous, and Chu’s face is getting more and more ugly. Although he is only a broken branch of Yan Dimu, many of his gods’ curse, he has some vague impressions. Including "Tian Wan asked people", also derived from the vague outline of the skull.

He thought that this was an accident, and later he understood that it was not.

As Shenmu itself, he has been left with many imprints of the spell by Shennong. As long as he tries his best to remember, he can think of many ancient secrets, such as time and space, such as the cracking corpse he used for the first time.

The smashing corpse is related to the battle of the gods and gods in the wild. According to legend, after the war, the Terran on the mainland suffered heavy casualties. The survivors struggled in the corpse, and soon became afflicted with diseases and diseases. At that time, Fuxi was bent on killing the konjac, and the son-in-law was seriously injured. The beginning of God's sleep, only the Shennong can be saved.

Therefore, Shennong inserted a tower of Shentianyan Dimu into the sea of the East Pole, and the Shenmu passed through the Jiuyi, and went down to the extreme, with thousands of branches and hundreds of millions of flowers.

"Shenmu, people are stunned."

The voice fell, the roots of Yandi Shenmu spread from the bottom of the East China Sea, and it was all over the entire realm! Those rough or slender, or rough or soft roots must rise from the ground and the sand will fall.

"The corpse, the harvest!"

The rhizome wraps a rotten corpse on the ground, breaking into ash... The carrion between the heavens and the earth is gone, the corpse ash becomes fertile soil, and the flowers are on the fertile soil. Yan Dimu completed its first thing in the world, and its billions of roots reclaimed the extremes of the East China Sea.

——

This is the oldest record of the Emperor Yanmu in the annals.

Chu’s eyelids were brightened by the burning brilliance of his hands.

This is the magical weapon of Shennong. He will, because he is part of Yandi Wood. Now that he is urging the law, that person... will soon be gone, nothing will be left.

But it is a corpse.

Chu night, Ning pains to the extreme thought, what is ... reluctant.

"You... Chu night, you..."

The teacher stared at him, his eyes screaming and madness flashed. Both of them are here, and he can no longer be calm.

"You stop me!"

Hearing this voice, Chu nightning lifted his cockroach and looked at him quietly, just like the rainy days many years ago, he saw the child standing in the school of death and death.

At that time, he did not think that the identity of the teacher would be the sphenoidal beauty seat of the escaped birth.

His initial impression of the teacher was all from the words of others. He heard that a new child came from the dead, and that the child’s homework has been very hard, but the natural spirit is too weak, and the spells are not good. And because the qualifications are too bad, no elders are willing to accept him as a disciple, even after he has measured his spiritual roots, he has euphemistically rejected him.

That year, the rain dripped down the black wawa, and the childlike child looked up helplessly, holding a thick book in his arms.

Chu night Ning Weiwei: "...is you?"

He recognized the unsocial child, and he took the paper umbrella and walked toward him.

"Ah, Yuheng elders." The little guy was shocked and hurriedly bowed his head, and the stack of books on his chin made him crumbling. "Ask the elders."

"...so late, still in school?"

"No, no way, there are so many things to see, I haven't had time to read it."

Chu night, coveted, his eyes fell on the "Golden Moon Night Medicine Collection".

The child therefore looked awkward, and Xue Yusheng said: "My qualifications are dull and I can only take a look at the contents of the medicine... I don't think that the moonlight night is better..."

Chu night Ning is slightly puzzled, and his eyebrows are awkward: "Look at the book, what is nervous."

The child puts his head down even lower: "It is the disciple who makes a mistake."

The slender body is desperately low, and it doesn't want to be noticeable. The late night reminds me of the dialogue that the elders have had before -

"The teacher is well-behaved, it's too talentless, but it's a pity."

"He is actually not suitable for comprehension. Hey, the Lord does not know what to think about. Why bother to receive a Huigen to practice? If you have mercy on him, let him go to Mengpotang to make a meal and cook."

"But he seems to have some interest in the medicinal sect, greedy wolf, don't you consider accepting it?"

The greedy wolf elders lazily: "The temper is too soft, don't like it, don't accept it."

An umbrella ran over, and the raindrops of pearls fell on the paper.

The jade knuckles hold the handle and the bones are smoothed. Chu night Ning said to the child faintly: "Let's go, it's too late. I will send you."

A small white wildflower was twitching, and the teacher stunned. First, he bowed and then hid in the shade of the oil paper umbrella.

In the slanting wind and drizzle, they went away.

The sergeant's eyes were red, and the whole person was taut as if the bowstring would break. He yelled: "Chu night Ning! Why do you want to stop me?! It’s here to the point where you stop me and use it!"

"The killings have already been killed, but only the last 30 lives! As long as 30 lives, so many sphenoids can live for thousands of years! Finally, you can go back to the demon domain, why are you? Why do you rely on it? what?"

The wind thunder was alarming, he was like a dragon with a broken claw. There is still a gentle shadow of the past on that face.

"You destroy the stepping fairy, and the dead monks can't live. You destroy him. This world is no cure, you... you..."

Chu night Ningdao: "The days of punishment have not come to the end, the end of time and space to die, this earth can not be saved, but the other can still be preserved."

"I just want thirty more lives!"

"...one should not be less." Chu nightning closed his eyes, and the palm of the light was light to the extreme, "Heaven, masses -!"

It was like a sacred sect of the gods, and with his stern drink, the muffled sound of the earth came from afar.

The palms are awkward!

In the distant mountains, the stunned stepping fairy has been tightly tied by Liu Teng.

The teacher's lips are white and the pupils are small: "...why are you...you can't stop here..."

"..."

"Don't give us the last way to live. To kill your own apprentice... I just... I only need thirty lives..."

One red dust was everywhere, and the other river was swaying. After the opening of the magic domain, I don’t know what kind of changes will happen. Since the ancient Mozus were more war-torn, they have been rebellious, and they have been driven out of the world.

Chu late Ning is very clear, this is not thirty people...

Even if it’s just 30 lives, who should die? Who should pave the way for the return of the sphenoid, who will sacrifice.

The golden light in the palm is even more blazing, and it is reflected in the eyes of the teacher. The teacher seems to be ridiculed by this light. He wants to go forward with anger, but an enchantment barrier is raised in front of the night.

He can't go.

Without the stepping of the fairy king, the teacher is like a butcher who has lost the sharp edge, leaving only a pair of flesh palms... He and the wooden cigarettes can never be the opponents of Chu Xiaoning.

In desperation, the eyes of the teacher’s eyes seemed to be bleeding. What should he do? What should he do? ! he--

Suddenly, he remembered one thing. This makes it like a butcher facing the beast, slamming into the rucksack and taking out the last weapon. He pointed the sharp weapon at the person who decided to destroy his life calculations.

"Good, good. Master, you are jealous. You... let's start."

"..."

"You start."

Chu nightning did not know why his attitude changed abruptly, but he saw that he suddenly lifted his head and looked up, hahaha laughed out loudly, and then suddenly bowed his head and stared at the face of Chu Yuning, and the words bite and shattered: "You are a master, master. Even if you break him down, you won't be able to get the best of both of us, and everyone will lose it!"

The wood smoke is stunned by his madness, and there is no hidden pain. He whispered: "Anan..."

At this time, the teacher couldn’t listen to any of her words. He was holding the madness of the last fight before the death of the beast, and it was almost fierce and grinning:

"You killed him - kill him."

"..."

The venom and blood smashed out, and the teacher smashed a pair of dead black eyes through the fingers and stared at the night. One word.

"With his body, the last glimpse of your soul!"

Chapter 300

The Thunder's electric light shines in from the open temple door, and the face of the teacher's face is cut and dark.

In the glare of light and shadow, only those eyes are dark and heavy.

It seems that Zhu Rongtian can no longer light them.

Chu night Ning looked slightly changed, but he did not open his mouth to ask. At this time, the teacher’s words are hard to measure, but even then, the flames in his hands are still involuntarily dark.

This darkness was captured by the teacher.

He is like grabbing the floating grass in the whirlpool, and he is rather late to Chu: "Master, you don't really think that the ink is dead completely?"

"You really thought..." The teacher sighed slightly. "Take the fairy is just an empty skeleton?"

After a pause, I continued: "... Master, you should think about it. How can there be a body in this world that can think concretely like this, so stubbornly acting... Who did it? What did it do? I can't reach this point."

"..."

"Do you know." The teacher stared at the eyes of Chu Xiaoning and slowly spit out the secrets buried. "In the body of the fairy king, there is still a sense of soul."

"!!"

Before this sentence, Chu Yuening’s eyes have always been empty, like a dead body. After this sentence, the teacher clearly saw that the two phoenixes had a wave, and he was relieved, but still did not dare to be slow.

"Shi Zun also knows that my spiritual core is weak, and I can't display anything too powerful. So I can't control the chess game. However, the medicine has a way of medicine."

When the teacher said this sentence, it seemed as if he had passed the corpse of the sin after he committed suicide. Lying quietly in the tomb of Tongtian Tower...

At that time, he did not know what went wrong, and there was a blank in his mind. His sharp blade, how can he die?

The conscience of ink burning should have been swallowed up by the eight bitter long hate flowers! What else can afflict his heart and let him die?

"The past ten sects of the past sects attacked the dead, and after seeing the dead bodies, those people were supposed to divide his five horses." Shi said, "But I was persuaded in the crowd as a teacher of the medicinal sect. Keep that body."

Every time he said a word, he was staring at the change of Chu’s feelings.

"I can't lose his strength. So I managed to make him a dead man who walks naked. Although his ability will not be able to survive, but at least it can be used for the time being... But you know, probably because it was before death. He still misses someone, so there is a deep obsession in his heart. How can I empty his soul?"

The teacher slowly approached: "No matter what method I use to force the soul, then the soul can't be squandered. That's oh..." His words are clear, "he supports him with a vague mind, and goes to the soul of the Tongtian Tower."

"--obsessed with your soul."

The footsteps stopped and the division stood in the middle of the main hall.

At this time, he was able to see the other side's face, the tight lips, and the meridian meridians on the back of his hand.

He saw the pain and hesitation of Chu Yuning, and his tone completely loosened down. Slowly, he became calm again and again: "The soul is not reborn, and it is still in the body of the fairy." So after he was resurrected, he was extremely stubborn to you. As for the Master of Mozi... You should also feel that he was not so cared for when he was born again. His affection for you was born again later."

The teacher said while talking about the dusty truth, while staring at the look of Chu Yuening.

"Tian Xianjun has the most stubborn love for his past life."

He noticed that Chu's fingertips trembled slightly, so he licked his lips and snaked forward and stepped forward, his voice confusing.

"Master, you see, now I am nothing more than the last thirty people. With thirty people, you can change your life. Do you want to?"

The outside wind blew and screamed.

He waited for the answer from Chu Yuening, he thought, this is a good deal.

This man seems to be cold and dusty in front of him, but in fact he has been ruined in the two words of love.

He is convinced that he will promise.

After waiting for a while, Chu Xiaoning lowered his eyes and no one could see what his expression was: "...you said that there is a soul in his body."

"Ok."

"Give the last thirty people and let him lay the way home for you. Are you going to let him go?"

"This is the case."

"..." Chu Xiaoning did not answer immediately, but muttered, "So after I saw him, many of the words he said were from his heart."

People with weaknesses are very convincing, even if they are Beidou Xianzun.

The teacher is almost winning, he is more relaxed, he said: "Yes, it is his true heart. Although he is not the original complete ink, but at least the soul is there, at least he still has his own awareness."

"Master, listen to me once." He gently persuaded, "Don't do it. You, me, and him, all three of us will be much better."

Chu nightning still did not look up, he sighed: "...Shi Mingjing."

"Ok?"

"Do you remember that when you entered the division, what was the last wish written by the teacher?"

I was so stunned by this kind of ignorance, but the teacher was a bit stunned, but he thought about it and replied: "Looking at the pity, you have to return home."

After he finished speaking, he felt some ominous feelings and added: "However, I really wanted to treat the master as a family member. I am not talking about the return of the beauty seat to the country..."

Chu Xi Ning did not turn it down and asked: "So, do you know what his wish was when he burned his teacher?"

"...what is it."

Chu night Ning finally raised his eyes, he looked at the teacher, his eyes gradually became very cool, and the coolness was even deeper than the beginning.

"He said that he wants to have a **** like Wu Tian. In this way, you can save more lives."

This man is a mediocre person, as the family often said the lover's old wish. Then, when the teacher had not reacted, he saw the golden light in the hall, and the stubborn power was like a huge wave breaking through the air, and it was impossible for others to get close to the body!

The teacher slammed back to God and shouted:

"Chu night Ning!!!!!"

Twisted sharp screams, cracking through the roof tiles.

"Chu Ning! You are crazy?!! You are crazy!!!"

The teacher was desperate and furious. He tried to push the white man in the center in the glare that could not be blinded. The wood smoke was helping him, helping him, and advising him.

But what is the use?

"Crack, corpse. Receive, hey!"

"Don't - stop!!!! You stop me!!" Hearing the sound of the late night in the golden wind, the teacher became more and more crazy, and he witnessed a break. He screamed and screamed and snorted. pole.

However, when the golden light started and went out, the brilliant thorns of the eye-catching eyes were in the pupils, shaking the mottled light spots. everything is over.

The wind stopped.

Dead.

The late-looking corpse of the corpse was standing on the night, describing the sorrowful teacher.

The spiritual power gradually faded out.

After a while, they all heard the direction of the mountains in the distance, and there was a tumultuous sound of the earth's movements - that should be the sound of the corpse of the Emperor's Emperor being split into powder.

The teacher stared at Chu Yuning, and many fierce emotions were left in the face after the battle. Only his empty hatred and anger were split, and there was a trace of fear in the crack.

He does not know what he is afraid of. Can the fear of killing the ink-burning Chu nightning? Fear of the future? Fear... what fears.

It seems to be the end of the day.

The teacher finally muttered: "...dead?...he...dead?"

"Chu Ning, you killed him... He used to stop in front of you in Honglian Shui, ask me to do something to him, don't be against you... but you killed him with sorrow... You are so worried..."

The horror finally became a mad laughter. Although he didn't mean anything to laugh at, he just laughed and looked up. The wooden cigarette was crying around and he could not help but persuade him: "A Nan... enough... …enough……"

The teacher just smiled, smiled and smiled, tears fell two lines, golden, and fell to the ground.

"He is dead. Stepping on the king is dead... very good, it is over. Chu night, you can lose, you are unrequited, you can afford it."

Chu Xiaoning stood in the original place without any expression.

He is like a corpse, he is a corpse.

"Master, I missed you."

The voice of the teacher shivered.

"You are much more embarrassed than I thought."

Chu nightning did not move, as if lost the last heat.

He once thought that the ink had passed away, but he knew from the previous moment that there was still a soul in the world with a body and a fragmented ink rain.

But he also crushed the pieces into gray.

Yes, he is unrequited, he is irrefutable.

The boy, the young man, the man, the lover who would laugh or be full or broken. The only person in the world who does not fear him, respects him, and embraces his lover, the lover who uses his flesh and blood to block him from the disaster.

The one who replaced him and was swallowed up by the eight bitter long hatred flower, replaced him and became the lord of the darkness of the cruel king.

In the year when he was sixteen years old, he paid everything he had and protected his fool.

I can't come back anymore.

"When it rains, I want to save more oops."

"Master, pear white, please drink."

"I am very ugly to give you a teacher's ceremony... very ugly, ugly and ugly."

Late Ning. I miss you.

He once learned to write with a smile, and he has a lot of people in the world.

"To repay, don't take vengeance."

But in the blood of the corpse, he has been floating for two lifetimes.

Don't take vengeance... don't avenge...

"I don't have any ambitions. I learned the spells. When I have a problem, I can save more people."

That is the wish that Chu Zhongning said seriously when he was young and awake.

At that time, he had a great hope that if more people lived, it would be fine.

Before he was a stepper, he used to work hard and passionately to love every good life, and even to give his soul to gratefulness and to protect everyone who has treated himself.

"Although I am stupid, I will do my best and do my best. Master will not blame me for being stupid, haha."

In the memory, the teenager scratched his head and smiled. It was so soft with Chu’s late night. At that time, his splendid dimple seemed to be full of pears and whites, and he was drunk in his life.

Chu nightning closed his eyes.

The hand finally trembled.

In the blur and dizziness, there seems to be a breeze, kissing his wet eyelashes. He seems to hear the sound of stepping on the fairy, the rare low and gentle, the voice stroking the auricle, sighing at his side:

Fame, wish, blood, flesh, heart, soul, corpse, ash.

Sorry, I only have so many, I have sacrificed.

I tried my best.

Good night, you have to be good...

He blinked his eyes and looked up. The phoenix was already a smashing one. In this illusion, he seemed to have seen the sorrowful spirit of stepping on the prince, and his eyes were gentle and handsome. The smile was both happy and mourning.

"Ink...burning..."

The soul that was supposed to be as pure as the plum blossoms exuded Ying Yinghui. He leaned over and embraced him, kissed him, leaked from his outstretched palm, and finally burst into his arms.

"Oh no!!"

There was a Tianyin Pavilion rushing in, and the fire-browed eyebrows shouted, "Not good!!"

The wooden cigarette was the only thing that was calm in this house. She turned back with tears and screamed: "I know that there is something going wrong with Stephen, don't-"

"What?" The disciple stunned and then slammed his foot. "It’s not stepping on the fairy! It’s at the foot of the mountain! All the sects of the upper and lower circles are attacked together!!"

Chapter 301

In the torrential rain, a newly-recognized army of justice has stood in front of the mountain, and the monks of various sects have it.

Time and space are beginning to open, and everything is still unknown. The Longtan Tiger Cave in front of the crisis is in jeopardy. Therefore, the internal forces of this newly built allied army are unstable, and each has its own calculation. Almost no one is willing to take the lead. They are all worried about the cherished chess pieces crouching in the dead and dying, fearing that they will revisit the tiger wolf that they have encountered in Shangyu Mountain.

They looked into the distance, and they were in the heart. In the Wushan Hall where the rain was shining, would there be a demon who was sitting in front of the devil, waiting for the squad to shoot the rat, so that everyone would bite into slag?

Someone held up the torch lit by the spell, looked up at the mountain, and muttered: "I don't think... Tianyin Pavilion will actually do this... I still feel like dreaming at this moment."

"Don't sigh again." Bitingzhuang's Yan Ming took a look at the man's shoulder. "With this effort, it's better to think about how to attack the mountain and end the nightmare."

Another person’s face is gloomy: “I’m afraid it’s not that simple. The wood smoke is the body of the blood of the gods. Hua Binan is the first generation of medicine, and the one who is the emperor’s emperor... that is the ink burning, the magic power is high, it is sinister, We are still cautious and must not be taken lightly."

The monk's words have won the approval of many people.

——If Xuemeng of the past life is standing here, then he will definitely feel that life is going around and he will always return to the starting point.

All the things in front of me are so similar to the night when the top ten sects were besieging the dead and the death of the priest.

It is a pity that the people in the crowd are not the past Xuemen, but the young people who have just lost their parents.

Although his eyebrows are handsome, his face is very embarrassing. In order to wear Xiaoxiao, he did not wear the silver-blue bright armor of death. He only wore a plain blue dress, and the pony tail was smashed with a white hair band.

Xue Meng said: "Don't gossip about it, and the situation will be more difficult to recover. What is sinister and cautious? If you are afraid of things, you will stay here. You don't have to go up."

Everything is repeating the mistakes of the past life. Like the same year, Xue Meng said that a circle of people will explode.

He once again became the target of public criticism -

"Xue Gongzi, what you said is really too much. What is fear?" The female repairing Liu Yemei of Jiangdongtang was extremely tall. "You are not afraid of things. In the past few days, the head ran to the Wushan Temple." Xianjun. What is the result?"

"..."

"The result is not that you are defeated, but also dragged down the brother of Mei and you to clean up the mess!"

"you--"

A slender hand of a white scorpion can block Xuemeng's way, and the silver bell on his wrist.

Xue Meng angered: "You don't have to worry about your business!"

Mei Hanxue and Yan Yueqing: "How can you be a little thing about the son of the benefactor?" He said, turned his head and smiled at the woman who had turned red on the occasion.

"Moreover, such a good-looking girl doesn't listen to what is said. Of course, I have to point it out so that the girl can make a mistake." He was polite and said, "Help Xue Meng is a friend, not to clean up the mess. Heaven and earth are On, my heart is so clear, I also ask the girl to be squatted."

Who knows the charm of Mei’s brother on the rivers and lakes, when the woman repairs, she can’t speak, and her face rises like a pig liver.

Seeing her appearance, the Taoist priest suddenly felt that her head was a little green, so she stood up and taunted: "I am interested, Xue Gongzi is brave and invincible, we will only be afraid of the tail, then you still have to go up the mountain first. You are the most familiar, and I heard that the one who is on the top is still the past life of your cousin, and you will not have your life, so how stable."

When it comes to stepping on the emperor, many people have a look of embarrassment on their faces.

When the ink master told them the truth, at that time they were playing ghosts and ridiculous words. But now, things have surfaced, everything is as smoldered as originally said, and many people are somewhat uneasy.

It is a pity that not everyone is this attitude. An elderly monk should not have a light cough and said: "In fact, I think that the identity of the emperor has yet to be verified."

Xue Meng gave him a cold look: "What is the verification?"

The old man said: "I mean, the stepping fairy is exactly the same as the ink, but it doesn't necessarily mean what he said before the ink burns. It is his past life. After all, ah, ah, cherish the pieces. Ah, anything is possible."

"Yeah, I still feel that it is the ink of the person who kills people on a lonely night. What is the past life is not a reason, it is an excuse!"

Even if this field is reached, there are still some people in the crowd who believe that Mozong was lying, they did not marry him.

After all, some of them used to be generous in the Tianyin Pavilion and bullied him. Someone once threw a stone leaf on him during the three days of the public trial and laughed at him. To admit that Mo Zongshi is telling the truth, it is tantamount to acknowledging that he has been blinded and defiled. This is too shameful for some people.

It is sometimes more courageous to admit mistakes than to make mistakes, and cowards are obviously lacking this courage. In order to insist that they have no mistakes, they will not be able to let the ink burn. Even if he suffers more grievances, insults, and carries more crimes, his life will not be peaceful. This sin, they still want him to go on.

For these "gentlemen", the innocence of others is more worthless than the face of oneself.

Mei Hanxue heard this and smiled with a smile: "Sun Daochang, you are really proud and unbreakable."

The old man looked at it for a long time and found out that Mei Hanxue was laughing at him. He couldn’t help but be angry. He rushed to want to work with him, but he was stopped by an old monk.

Master Xuanjing advised: "Well, the two donors don't quarrel. Let's listen to the old man first. It doesn't matter what kind of identity is in the end. What is important is how we should respond after going up the mountain, how to dispatch troops."

He turned his head and asked Xue Meng with a sigh of relief: "Xue Gongzi, you are the one who has played with the stepping fairy. According to your opinion, how is this person's force?"

Xue Meng gritted his teeth for a long while, and pinched his fist: "The power of all the heads in the seat may not be able to win."

"Oh!" The grandson of the Sun raised his white eyebrows. "A good prince of heaven, it will really lengthen his temperament and destroy his prestige!"

The master of the mysterious mirror was somewhat surprised: "So, the strength of this person should be better than that of the Chu Master. It is no wonder that the Chu Master will be taken away by him..."

"Well? Those who are ruined by the late night and the burning of the ink, who still don't know. I don't think it's going to go down at all. It's not a past life. It's the whole thing that is burned behind the scenes. Chu Yuening and he are also a group! Do not believe that we walked up the mountain!"

Xue Meng’s face was white, and he had already angered and rushed to smash the mouth of the old man before, but not long ago he just learned the truth between the master and the ink, and he himself was disgusted to the extreme. It was actually a stalemate, and it looked like a word, and I couldn’t say a word.

At the time of the embarrassment, a tall, pale blue figure was underestimated in front of him.

Jiang Yan coldly said: "Sun Daochang is so bold and arrogant. If it is not what you said after going up the mountain, then your demon tongue will confuse the people, I don't have to stay."

The old facial muscles pumped out, and the lips seemed to want to say something, but for a long time, Jiang Yan still did not grow out and shut up.

Jiang Yan looked at Xue Meng and looked at it. He didn't say more, but looked down and thought about it. Other people said: "If you don't want to be late, we will arrange the target of each battle after going up the mountain, and then act immediately." His sight Turning to other heads and elders is a confirmation. "What are the people who are known to be dead and dead, except for the precious pieces?"

Someone around the world replied: "There will definitely be a wooden cigarette."

Jiang Yan asked: "Is there someone who has played against her?"

A woman raised her hand: "I had a few tricks with her during the civil strife."

Jiang Yan asked: "How is the body?"

The woman thought and thought: "It is enough to send three elders to hold her."

"Well, which three elders are willing to lock the wood smoke after the start of the war?"

Those who have died of life have long regarded the wood smoke as a nail in the eye. At this time, three elders came out immediately. These three people

are the same door, the kung fu is very good, and the healing and healing aids are all good at them. Jiang Yan answered them without thinking.

Jiang Yan asked again: "What else?"

"There are also a group of close waiters in Tianyin Pavilion. This number of people is not good. But at least six or seven hundred, the strength is hard to estimate."

Jiang Yan confessed: "The closest thing to the Tianyin Pavilion is the Wushou Temple..." He looked up at the master of the Mirror: "Masters can let your disciples stare at those Tianyin Pavilions in wartime?" ”

"This..." Master Xuan Jing secretly praised the pros and cons.

The drawbacks are obvious. The number and strength of the disciples in Tianyinge are unknown, and the weak is the best. However, if they are strong, I am afraid that the Wusi Temple will be seriously injured. But Lee is also very attractive, because at least they don't need to face the most terrible stepping emperor.

He nodded. "The old man is worried about the world."

"The rest is Huabi Nan..." Jiang Yan sighed and closed his eyes. "This needless to say. Although you can't say that he knows his tricks, but at least

the same." At the time of the war, please ask me. The elders are staring at this person, and they don’t have to be soft-hearted."

These have been arranged one after another, and the only thing left is the Zhenqi chess piece and the stepping fairy.

Jiang Yan’s eyes swept through the crowd, but in addition to some monks’ petitions, more of them seemed to suffer from cervical spondylosis at the moment, one by one, the lower ones, and some simply reaching out and touching the neck, as if the neck was hurting. of.

"The palace owner?"

Mingyue Building nodded: "Take the snow palace should be effective."

Jiang Yan also asked the owner of the Qingge Court. The leader of the court also said: "There is no responsibility."

But apart from this, other sects are not afraid of things, they are really not suitable for fighting, and those who are home are more or less hesitant. There are even people who swear: "Since the stepping fairy can tear through the space and time, the power of such a head is definitely not enough."

"Yeah, this is not a dare to blame..."

Some people sighed: "If the Confucianism is still there, the seventy-two monks in the city, so many city owners, oh... a pity."

"Hey?" Suddenly a Jiangdongtang monk raised his voice. "Is that leaf forgetting? Isn't she very capable of playing? The strength is probably comparable to the ten Nangongliu, which is definitely the power of the head. What about her?"

It’s okay not to mention this, and Jiang’s face is dark. He said in a cloud: "We set up a group of asylum-seekers on the lonely moon night before we set off. At that time, we said that we should keep a monk guarding, in case the chess piece was overwhelmed by the army - no one automatically asked. Finally, she stayed."

The monk "ah" screamed, and the face was dew.

Jiang Yanyin said: "All the kings are true heroes. How do you need a little girl everywhere?"

"..."

Wait a moment, there are still a few people in the crowd who are willing to take the lead. The young and beautiful new head of Jiang Dongtang even said: "I think it is still necessary to think about it. After all, this is not a joke. Wait a moment?"

As soon as he heard the word "wait", Xue Meng suddenly became angry with his lips. He tried to suppress himself and asked: "Will time? Wait a little longer and wait for a while?"

"But I can't rush to the mountain to die."

"The success or failure is here, Xue Shao is cautious."

Master Xuanjing also advised: "Xue Gongzi, carefully drive the ship for thousands of years. If today turns over the ground, the life and death door is in the world, no one knows what kind of variables will be in front. The whole truth of the real world is now gathered here. Really all the scorpions are in the water, who can be responsible?"

"Yeah, what if we killed the head of the sages, what should we do..."

Xue Meng has been forbearing, but he can't help it anymore. He looked up and looked at his blood. "You haven't died yet, you are already thinking about what to do. What about life and death?!"

"..."

When it comes to the shackles of life and death, everyone can't help but think that the heads of the couple are killed because they are being shackled. Many people have their eyes flashed, and some people feel guilty and bow down.

"The dying of life has long been ignorant of what to do." Xue Meng's voice was dumb. "I don't have a cousin, I don't have a brother, I don't have a mother, I don't have a jealousy, now I even have a master..."

Xue Meng's eyelashes are slightly twitching, and the throat is squirming. It seems that he is trying his best to swallow his pain. But the pain was too deep, and he couldn't bear it. He closed his eyes and opened it: "The princes are afraid of death, because they still have sustenance. I don't, so I am not afraid of death."

Mei Hanxue whispered aside and stopped: "Xue Meng!"

But how can he listen?

No one in this world can stop him.

Xue Mengdao: "You don't go, I go."

"Less Lord!" The disciples of the dead and the death have come forward to persuade, but Xue Meng has decided to kill, and the heart has been shown.

He turned and left everyone behind, and the wrath and grievances that had been forbearing all the time became tears in the air and fell in the place where no one saw it.

Jiang Yan stood in the rain and looked at his back: "You..."

Hearing his voice, Xue Meng walked faster, his Dragon City was broken, and he didn't even have a decent sword. But he still did not return to the hustle and bustle of life.

"Xue Meng!"

After several hesitations, a hoarse cry finally broke from the throat of Jiang Yan.

Jiang Yan walked up, his hand had not touched Xue Meng's shoulder, and he saw the young man turn sharply. A pair of birds with rounded eyes flashed with flames, and he angered: "Prim! Go! Don't touch me! After talking about the forceful opening of Jiang Yan’s restraint, he no longer gave anyone the opportunity to speak and turned away.

On the order of the moss, the bamboo in the mountains.

Xue Meng wheezed in the torrential rain, and the world was a dreamy and humid world.

This place, Mrs. Wang had a Dutch horse and watched a peony bloom. In that place, Xue Zhengyi was once awe-inspiring, and returned from a battle. Xue Meng walked through the Baishimen, saw the teacher squatting down, ran over the heroic column, and saw the ink burning in the moon. He saw the bustling disciples returning from class in the storm, and the laughter on the bridge was like yesterday.

He fled as fast as he could, stepping forward like a tiger. Then his afterglow saw an old peach tree. He saw the young man under the tree three times and nine times, and raised his head with a smile. He said to the late evening in the white dress:

"The disciple Xue Meng, worshipped the Master."

Close your eyes.

There are too many past events carried by the dead and the dead, and the pieces are burned inside him. There have been many splendid fires here, and now there are many ashes.

Xue Meng went all the way, the wind and the rain, and the people were jealous.

"Don't follow me... don't let me see this again..."

He muttered, shuttled in the shadows of the ghosts, and fled from the youthful moments of arrogance. When he was standing in the foothills, he was soaked and soaked with rain. Like a phoenix whose wings have been withered, it trembles.

cold.

The bones are frozen into ice.

He stared at the deep eyelashes and looked at the palace in the distance. The candlelight was dark. This is the life and death of the past life. When I came to the thorns last time, I have never been careful...

Suddenly, he saw three graves standing in front of the Tongtian Tower.

This is something he has never seen in his own door. He couldn't help but walk to the details. The three graves, one with a "oil explosion queen", one was flattened and the stone tablet fell to one side.

The last one is very old and very old.

There was a phantom in front of the grave, but it stood still.

The man’s robes were bloody, wide-sleeved and grounded, standing in front of the shackles and raising their hands on the tombstones.

Xue Meng was shocked, his brain seemed to be puncture by the feather arrow, and the blood of his body rushed to the head at this moment. He screamed: "Ink burns!" To pull the dragon city, but the waist is empty.

Then he remembered that Dragon City was broken. Broken in the last confrontation with the emperor.

The man with his back facing him seemed to hear no sound, just slowly leaning over the tombstone, as if an extremely exhausted journey finally reached the end, Xue Meng saw him put his forehead against the cold stone Face, gently licking.

Xue Meng’s palm ignited a fire, and the orange light splashed.

Regardless of his enthusiasm, he slammed into the back of Xianjun’s back and attacked it.

"boom!"

A loud noise, the fire did not hurt anyone, only the piece of moss that had been growing for a long time.

Xue Meng was shocked, looking around, but what step on the emperor, what black figure, no one - nowhere.

The rain around him was like a torrent, and Wan Mu was stunned by the East, as if there was only one person in the sky. However, the tree shadows are screaming, and it seems that thousands of horses and horses are lurking in the dark forest, in the grass, and the volume of the armor is awaiting.

"Take the fairy king!! Step on the fairy!!"

He shouted, and the sound was instantly crushed into a broken powder by thunder.

Wrong?

How could it be wrong, obviously it is so clear back, obviously standing here just now, obviously that person still reached out and touched the stone tablet, stone monument...

I lived in a hurry.

Xue Meng leaned over and raised his hand to slowly pick up the broken body that had been broken by his own, and picked it up halfway.

That monument is written:

Tomb of the late teacher Chu Yuning

Whose tomb? What tomb? ! ! !

Xue Meng slammed up and slammed back. Lightning white illumined his horrible face. Xue Meng shook his head and said: "No... No... what's going on... How is it possible?"

He swallowed and tried to calm himself down. He wheezed in the same place for a while before he barely sighed, squinting his eyes and looking at the tombstone.

The body of the monument has been very mottled, at least for more than ten years, not new. There are traces of chiseling on the tablet. It seems that something was originally engraved. Later, some people erased the original words and re-engraved the seven words.

First division.

The tomb of the late night of Chu.

Is this the grave of the last generation?

Xue Meng's lips are blue, trembling, and the tumbling in his chest is sadness, anger, fear, or something else... He buried his face in his palm, wiped the wet rain, and his heart was confusing.

So, in the future that he did not know, what kind of love and hate?

He is not known, just as he does not know what has been engraved on this stone, and for what reason, who has changed the inscription.

I don't know.

Xue Meng stayed in the ground for a while, but when he opened his eyes, he saw that the dark golden shadow appeared again. This time, I was closer, and the dragons and tigers of the Lushan River embroidered on the gold robes on the robes were so clearly visible.

That person is like a figure between the soul and the living, neither completely alive nor completely a soul. The man looked at the Tongtian Tower, and Xue Mengyu heard him whispering softly: "Master, you...justify me."

The sound is ethereal, like a dream.

"I want to go home, I want to go home." He said, but there was a hint of sorrow in his tone. "I am going home..."

"Master respect..."

With a bang, the Thunder seemed to be hammering the earth, and the hinterland of the mountains and rivers was trembled faintly, and the five internal organs were numb.

"But I don't have a home..."

Black gold figure suddenly looked back, in this stormy storm, Xue Meng clearly saw his face, the burning face.

The ink burned as if he didn't see him, just muttered himself: "There is no home... I have to go back... I want to go back!"

He was anxious and desperate: "Let me go back, let me go back! I want to see him... I want to see him!!"

In the thunder and lightning, the black shadow appeared, and Xue Meng was not prevented from being attacked by this cold and violent black wind. The shadow passed through him, with a bitter chill, and it was much cooler than the rain. He was so fascinated that he couldn't open his eyes and fell to the ground.

"I can't die... I want to see him!"

Xue Mengqing clearly heard the low-burning ink, and the black shadow flew like a whirlwind to the back mountain of the dead. When he returned to God, he had already disappeared, and the back of the mountain was splashing with a red sky!

.....

what happened? What is the shadow just now?

ghost?

He looked pale and stabbed in the place - until someone took him in the back.

At this time, Xue Meng's whole person has been stretched to the extreme, and he suddenly jumped up when he touched it, like crazy and extremely helpless: "Who?! Who!!"

Mei Han Xue held him and said, "Don't be afraid, it is me."

In the woods behind him, he walked out of a very ugly stepping snow palace, but there was a pair of Xue Meng familiar with the light blue. It’s Mei’s big brother who is wearing a cold, cold ice.

Big brother Mei Hanxue stepped out from the forest, holding two swords in his hand, one is his own martial arts, and the other is...

"Snow phoenix."

Mei Hanxue went to the trepidation of Xue Meng and handed Jiang Yan’s sword to him.

"Ginger Gate asked me to hand it over to you. He said that you used it, you don't have to refuse for some reason."

When the younger brother is still somewhat curious: "Can you ask a question, what is your relationship with Jiang Yan?"

"Go away." The words were interrupted unscrupulously by the eldest brother. "When you go to Wushan Temple together, look at the situation of Chu Zongshi."

Mei Hanxue dropped this sentence, stunned Xue Meng, knocked on the other's shoulder with a hurricane stalk, and plunged into the depths of heavy rain without saying a word.

And his twin brothers sighed and raised his hand and patted Xue Meng’s head, and followed his brother to the Wushan Hall, which was swaying in the wind and rain.

Chapter 302

Wushan Temple is also the former Danxin Temple. After the stepping of the throne, the pattern was adjusted and divided into the front hall, the atrium, and the apse.

The two brothers of the Mei family did not go straight in. They stood at the door, and when Xue Meng followed, the older brother told him: "This palace is not quite right, there is a fascination inside."

"What is ecstasy?"

Mei Hanxue explained: "It is a kind of fragrant mist that resembles the Qimen armor. There is a Merlin in the Snow Palace, which is not scattered all the year round."

Xue Mengqing asked with a face: "What role can it play?"

"It will make the criminals unable to find a way." Mei Xuexue said, "This kind of suffocation has no effect on one's own people, but for the intruder, the scene will be distorted, and people will not find a real entrance. You Knowing the ghosts that the people said, it’s probably something like this."

Xue Meng: "..."

Mei Hanxue is cold and cold: "They are delaying the time. I am afraid that someone is fighting in the apse."

Mei Hanxue asked: "What should I do? Going around?"

Mei Hanxue gave him a look: "You have been in the Snow Palace for more than 20 years, you ask me?"

"...cough." When the younger brother was embarrassed, he turned his head to Xue Mengdao. "There is no way, I can only go in and explore the source of the suffocating gas and disperse it." Looked at Xue Meng's face, and comforted, "But you don't Worried, I am the best at this. I often use the Merlin in the back of the snow palace to hide from the women who are looking for trouble. Give me a fragrant time, it should be broken."

With this mention, his older brother's face is dark, and the sound is simply falling from the ice.

"You really have a face."

Xue Meng had no feeling of listening to their gossip at the moment. He went up two steps, and "Oh," opened the door to the front hall of the Wushan Temple.

Just like a spooky mouth opened, the lacquered Zhumen slowly opened, and the inside of the lamp was extinguished, and the air was silent. Xue Meng stepped in and could really feel a light floral fragrance in the air.

He turned back and the Mei brothers were gone. Before I thought about it, the scenes that the three people saw would be different, and no one would see anyone.

At this time, suddenly a familiar voice was uploaded from the throne of the hall.

"Xue Meng..."

The windy winds burst, and the ink-colored gauze was floating. Xue Meng was shocked and shouted: "Ink burning?!"

The voice sighed: "Is it you? Are you here?"

Xue Meng’s throat twitched, tightened his back, and the sword went deep into the dark hall of the light--

The tip of the sword picked up the curtain and he saw it.

Sitting high, a handsome, pale-faced man is closing his eyes. The man leaned on the Rong Jinhua chair and wore nine beads. The eyebrows are dark and cold, and the nose is high, but the curvature is very delicate. A pair of pale lips squinted, not seeing too much.

It is stepping Xianjun.

The face of Teng Xianjun is very poor, and the corpse is slightly white, like the appearance of poison after poisoning. There were some fruit bowls in front of him. The grapes in the plate were purple, the apples were thin, and the colorful mountains and rivers were all in the silver plate, but the people on the throne were not even eyelids. He does not look.

Illusion? real?

The points are not so real. Xue Meng’s brain groaned, when he returned to God, he heard himself saying: “Ink, you...”

Wherein I am squinted from a squatting squint, I still look at the gaze, business whispers, "What..."?

Perhaps the man in front of him is too weak, and perhaps in the storm, Xue Meng has vented his endless anger. At this time, the illusion on the high seat is actually exhausted than anger.

He also doesn't know if the ink will answer or know what it means to do it. He just numbed numbly, asking those who had a crush on his chest that would almost crush him:

"Why are you doing this... Are you born again? You...you and the teacher...you really..."

Of course, stepping Xianjun did not answer. He just snorted softly and then slowly opened the curtain.

In the light of the light, he looked at Xue Meng and said: "Come on, since Kunlun stepped into the snow palace, you and Master, have not met each other for two years."

Xue Meng stunned: "What?"

Stepping on the fairy smiled and said to himself: "Xue Meng, do you miss him?"

Xue Meng slammed and asked: "What Kunlun stepped into the snow palace, what did not see for two years, what messed up?!"

The illusion of ecstasy in front of me is actually the last dialogue between Xuemeng and the same year, and the last speech of Shi Xianjun staying in the world.

The puzzles are born at random, and it is a coincidence that the situation before the death of the two lives was born.

Xue Meng at this time does not know. He was resentful, anxious and scared. He glared at the man in his seat and asked, "What are you talking about?"

Stepping on the eyes of Xianjun, he did not seem to look at him.

It seems that through this real Xue Meng, I look at another shadow that does not exist.

He and the shadow said to himself: "Return to you? Stupid. You don't think about it, I am so hated and hated, how can I allow him to live in this world."

Xue Meng stopped.

Yes... This is an illusion, even if you don’t say anything, you will continue to say it. He is talking to someone he can't see.

What is he talking about?

In the ear, the sentence that Xue Xianjun said, Xue Meng did not understand, so he did not remember too much. But the man's eyes on the throne are so crazy and cold, paranoid and contradictory, which makes Xue Meng all over the body - this is not his brother. He can't recognize it.

Stepping Xianjun is still arrogant: "You want to remind me that he used to beat me to the body, let me swear in front of everyone. I still want to remind me that he used to be for you, for the unrelated people, to block me. In front of me, how many times has prevented me from doing good things, bad to my great cause?"

This violent/jun is like a dragon with a broken claw, and he is exhausted in the mud and retains his last fierceness.

He can't stop talking, like crazy, like a devil. He looks very vicious, but he is exhausted.

He said: "A good teacher and a teacher. His body is stopped at the Honglian otter in Nanfeng. Lying in the lotus, it is well preserved, just like falling asleep."

He added: "His body is maintained by my spiritual power, and it will not be rotted. If you think about him, don't worry about it with me here. If I don't

die, go quickly."

Xue Meng stepped on the long stage, Xue Huang clenched in his hand, sweating: "What the **** are you talking about..."

In the last life, who died?

Whose corpse stopped at the Red Lotus?

Whose corpse must rely on the spiritual power of the Emperor, can not be rotted... Who?

In fact, from the words of Stepping Xianjun, from the tomb that was seen before the Tongtian Tower, Xue Meng had already had an answer. However, his mind seemed to be filled with ice slag, and his upper and lower lips were stunned by the shudder.

Who is dead... Who is dead! !

He suddenly twisted his face and rushed to the temple. He reached for the smoldering robes, but the five fingers crossed straight through the illusion.

Stepping on the face of Teng Xianjun, hoarsely said: "Go. Go see him. If it is late, I am dead, and the spirit is broken, he will be gray."

The voice fell, the man was stunned and the poison had already occurred.

Xue Meng is wide-eyed and trembling -

How did all this become like this? What kind of absurdity has this red dust been happening?

"You killed him?"

Xue Meng’s voice is awkward, and he wants to destroy it. “Are you killing him?”

"..."

"You know everything since you were born again. Do you know everything?"

Naturally no one will answer him, but Xue Meng still asks.

There are many answers in this world. Knowing it will not make people happy. It will only make people suffer. But they know this but they still have to ask questions.

Cruel truth and gentle lies, which one is love and which one is hate?

"If you know... why should you lie to us? Brother... How can you bear it... How can you bear it..."

In front of him is the face of the other side, and no one will look good when the poison is attacked. The blood came out from the corner of Ting Xianjun. He stood up and staggered and stood up and walked outside the temple.

"Where are you going?"

Xue Meng Chao’s group of shadows reached out.

"you want--"

Suddenly, the five fingers fell into a group of warmth.

Xue Meng was excited, the floral fragrance between the nose disappeared, and the smashing was the black gold, the back of the sun.

"Ink burning?!"

No ink burned.

The puzzle has disappeared. Xue Meng’s eyes and expressions are very broken and broken. Dreams and illusions, past and present, which ones are true and which ones are fake? Time and space are cracking, so that the once red dust and their world are in a mess. What is really happening, which ink is the real ink, which one is the real self?

His thin face, the broken look looked so pitiful, and his eyes were blind.

After a long time, my eyes are gradually gathering.

In the brown barley, the figure of Mei Hanxue is reflected.

"Wake up." Mei Hanxue let go of his hand and bounced in front of his forehead. Xue Meng had a pain.

"ended."

"..."

Xue Meng had been stiff for a while before finally returning to God. He almost murmured exhaustively: "I'm sorry..."

Mei Hanxue licked his lips: "There is nothing to be sorry. This kind of disorder is very mysterious. The more serious your mind is, the more scary it becomes."

Xue Meng raised his eyes and looked at him with some wet black eyes.

He actually didn't like to talk to Mei Hanxue, but the person in front of him was like the only real and stable existence in the illusion. He could not help but hoarsely said: "What about you? What did you see?"

Mei Hanxue did not answer immediately. After a moment, he smiled and smiled: "Thousands of girls who have been plagued by the past ten years. Hey, a gentle township, it’s really awkward."

"..."

At this moment, they suddenly heard a blasting sound from the apse.

Mei Hanxue’s eyes are iced, and the sword is said: “Go.”

Xue Meng and Mei Hanxue kept up and crossed the stormy atrium. They came to the apse and saw a white gold Manly figure on the roof of the gallery. The figure saw the three people who broke in, the footsteps condensed, and the eyes fell. A thunderous thunder illuminates her face.

Mei Hanxue’s frowning coldly said: “Wood smoke is away?”

There was a sigh in the front: "Mu sister will ignore them, run away!"

The smoke of the wood smoked, although unwilling, but quickly swept away. When Xue Meng arrived, the apse was already a ruined Sui and Tang dynasty. There were broken wood and shattered tiles everywhere. The fire was smashing the broken beams. The silk curtains were burning, and the inexhaustible red tongues rushed to the sky. The black smoke is rolling.

In this market, two smashing white shadows smashed confrontation, the hurricane splashed, and the fire broke out! Both of them shadowed like lightning, and they quickly collided in the air.

Only heard the metal front, the golden light and blue light flashed one after another, and the bricks and shingles slammed, and a rough giant wood in the gravel sand mud waking up like a dragon, and the volume was high. On the other side, a blue wave of spiritual power condensed from the broken bricks, and the waves surged.

The shadows of the people, one left and one right, stand on the top of the giant wood and the wave.

Xue Meng suddenly lost color: "Master!"

No matter what the truth is, it’s Xuemeng’s instinct to be in the midst of danger.

Mei Hanxue narrowed his eyes and greeted the splattered mist of water, muttering: "Shi Mingjing..."

The two men who had stormed the storm were the former masters and apprentices, Chu Ning and Shi Mingjing.

But what is embarrassing is that Shi Ming's net body is covered by a layer of powerful spiritual flow that is obviously belonging to the emperor. The skin exposed to the air is covered with black mantras, and the meridians are even more violent.

Xue Meng rushed up: "What is going on?!! Teacher, teacher -"

With a bang, Xue Meng was popped out of the battle, and he barely climbed up, only to see a golden sea otter barrier in front of him.

Chu nightning looks very poor, Senran said: "Don't come."

Mei Han Xue took a few steps forward and stood beside Xue Meng. He stared at the strange and powerful flow of power, and frowned. "... strange. It used his own water system tricks, but all of them were distributed. The power of another person."

Just a little bit of stagnation, Chu Xiaoning and Shi Mingjing also smashed their hands, and their spiritual powers were completely released at the moment, and the powerful gas field forced the other three to be breathless. .

Beidou Xianzun’s foot and the vines flew, and the hands of Jin Jianhuai, the Jianguang flashed, illuminating his eyes more than the sword front, he was as light as Yan, slammed the sword and fell to the division!

"Chu Ning!!"

The anger of the teacher is almost distorted.

"I have never killed you in the two worlds - do you treat me like this?!"

With a loud bang, he raised his hand and sealed it. A deep blue barrier suddenly opened in front of the teacher, and he was attacked by Chu

Yuning.

However, if you look closely, you can find that the barrier was not born out of thin air, but was born out of a non-sheltered knife - it is not returning! The sorcerer's body is all the violent stream of stepping on the immortal king, so that he does not return to the owner, and listens to his call and works for him.

Chu Yuning’s eyes were dark, and he said, “No, you have killed me both.”

The golden sword is pumping back, and the beautiful streamer is shining. The barrier formed by the teacher has been faintly cracked. But see the late night of Ning volley, the long legs smashed toward the cracks, borrowed the force to swept, and then throw the sand in his hand to him! Only heard the thunder of the storm, the sky just rolled over the rumble of dark clouds, in this stormy light and thunder in Kyushu, Huai Sha slammed / wore the enchantment of the sergeant!

The teacher did not return to the block, but he was not a slight rain.

He couldn't carry the power of Huai Sha, and Mo Mo got out of his hand and slammed it into the ground. Then, Shenwu Jinjian straight sorcerer squats!

"Oh..." The teacher barely avoided, but avoided the heart, but avoided other places, only heard the sound of the brush, the blood splashed, and the sand

penetrated the shoulders of the teacher, **** back. It’s in the middle of the night.

The sergeant fell back to the ground and fell down in the broken bricks, but he tried to hold the wound and climb up.

His eyes flashed with extreme anger and embarrassment: "Why are you blocking me! What is the use of you to stop me?! Those who stop me from dying can live? Can you help me with your days? Can the world go back to the past!!"

Chu nightning plundered from the heights, pointed to the ground, and then stood in the ruins of the debris.

He was soaked all over, hurt and bloody, and his expression was indifferent. It was not like Chu Ningning at any time.

What he said was true.

Eight bitter long hate flowers swallowed up his lover, so he has died in the hands of Shi Ming. For two lifetimes.

"You are doing something late! Do you know what you can do to stop this?!" The teacher is almost crazy. He screams at the night of the night, and the heavy rain falls on the side of the two, but You can't kill the hate fire.

"You should have returned to the past after opening the door to life and death in the previous life. You killed the smoldering and tore his knives and pieces into a piece of burnt ash." You should kill him! ”

"..." Chu nightning eyes are cold.

"What redemption has come from the beginning! Joke! Just because you want to save him, you don't want to kill him, I can get the spiritual core that he has regained strength! I can recast the emperor, and I have the situation of today!" Said, actually laughed haha.

Eyes such as snake teeth, such as scorpion claws, such as bee needles, venom juice.

The teacher gnawed his teeth and said: "Because you... you can't do it. You are not trying to stop me? If you kill the killer earlier, then everything is over, what else is there?!"

"You are tired of these two worlds!"

"Don't think that you are what night night Yuheng Beidou Xianzun, what have you done? You didn't do anything! I just used the time and space cracks you left to master the mystery of the first ban, only to reopen life and death. The door, ruined the world, there is also a credit for you... hahaha, hahahahahaha-"

The laughter is as sticky as a spider web.

He turned upside down, his mouth bleeds, his body's magic lines are fading a little bit, but he doesn't care, trying to insult the people in front of him with the most vicious words, cursing the people in front of him.

I used to have a heartbeat and love it.

They all vanished in this torrential rain.

He probably looked down on Chu, or looked at himself. In the past, he was full of self-confidence, thinking that Chu Nighting could become his own play in the palm of his hand. As long as the chain is tight, it doesn't matter if you play it. It is not necessary for his life. But at the moment -

"If you have come from the beginning..." The peach eyes flashed with anger and coldness, and the teacher glared at the **** shoulders. "...I must kill you."

The last point is that the magic pattern has disappeared.

The strong spiritual flow in the teacher’s body was lost.

Lying on the ground, it became the sphenoidal beauty seat.

The teacher sighed slightly, looking at the night, across the rain curtain.

He has already used the last killing trick - borrowing God. This trick he used to be in the face of the re-emergence of the burning, in the evening of Lin Lingyu Inn, he used it.

It is a move, but it is better to say that it is a kind of elixir. The medicine is tempered with the blood of the Emperor, and allows him to gain the power of ink burning in a time around the incense.

Although the power is not the real strength of the ink, it will always be a bit worse, but in many cases, it is enough.

This time, he failed to beat Chu Yuening in a short time, which means that he has been poor.

He is very clear.

Xue Meng was numb at the side of the scalp, and he was at a loss. He said: "Master?? Teacher?"

Although the sound was weak, the place where the teacher fell was not far from Xuemeng. He heard it and turned his head. Four eyes are opposite, and Xue Meng’s brain is more and more blank.

The teacher looked at him for a while, and his eyes suddenly flashed, and then the face of Zhang Junxiu’s fabulous face slowly began to reveal a trace of sorrowful smile.

"Little Lord……"

Xue Meng suddenly shocked.

In the meantime, the eyes of the teacher are still the eyes of the past, and the face is still the face of the past. He is so embarrassed and so weak, and he does not say anything, but only reaches out to Xue Meng.

Xue Meng is standing on the edge of the enchantment, as long as he can't help himself take a step - no, half a step is enough, then...

However, at this moment, the entanglement of the side is suddenly a strong Huaguang! Everyone is a glimpse, and the eyes are all on the top. I saw that this murderous blade suddenly bursts out of the light without any warning. The light is scary for a while, and it is fascinating for a while, staggering back and forth more than ten times, erupting A strong current!

Mei Hanxue said: "Be careful!" Xue Meng, who will almost step out of the enchantment, came back.

Then they saw that they did not fall apart and rose into the storm, and then they were like a meteor, and they rushed to the back of the mountain to smash! !

In this case, the monks who started the attack on the mountain and were playing against the Manchu chess pieces also saw it. Everyone was surprised: "What is that?"

"what happened?"

The teacher narrowed his eyes and fell on the ground and looked at the red light that suddenly filled the back of the mountain. The red light penetrated his cousin, and then he picked up his fingertips and closed his eyes. After a while, the teacher suddenly understood and slammed his eyes, and there was ecstasy on the face.

"Take the fairy!!"

Chu night Ning suddenly turned back, his face pale.

The teacher laughed and laughed, and the light of the tiger wolf: "He didn't die... Hahaha... He didn't die!" I don't know where the strength comes from,

he climbed from the ground, when everyone still reacted. He ordered several acupuncture points to stop bleeding, and then the **** robes were on display. He had already swept over the corrugations in a moment, and leaped in a few steps, plunging into the garden.

"Master respect..."

Chu night can not stop, he turned his head and looked at Xue Meng, said to Mei Xuexue: "Please look after him." He took off and plunged the ground, followed by the teacher.

The teacher was light and light, and he did not lose to Master in the light. When the two were in tandem, the teacher couldn’t get away from the night, and Chu Ning could not hold him for a while. The two men swept to the back of the mountain, but everything in front of them was enough to make people stand and horrify.

Chapter 303

There is a deep bottomless gap in front of the road of martyrdom. It is the trace left by Chu Xiaoning's previous use of the schizophrenia. At this time, the rain poured into the ravine, as if the waterfall was flowing.

Above the chasm, a man in a black gold robe is facing them, holding a knife in one hand and volleying.

When I heard the movement, the man’s fingertips moved slightly and slowly turned back.

It is ink burning!

In the hurricane hunting, the heart is like an axe, and Chu night is incredulously staring at the person in front of him. ……what on earth is it? !

Rumble -

The pale electric light flashed, and then the thunder rose.

The pale light illuminates the **** face of the Emperor. That face is too horrible, and the teacher can't help but take a step back.

But Chu night, but involuntarily went two steps forward.

Blood marks.

The face is full of blood marks, in addition to the face, any inch of skin exposed outside is also criss-crossed, flesh and blood turned up. He is like a corpse that has been dismembered but has failed to disintegrate because the blade is not sharp enough. The body is covered with cracks, but there is still a handsome look between the eyebrows.

"..."

Chu night, his lips are white and white, he stood in the downpour and rain, watching the dead people who have been smashed by thousands of knives.

The dead man also stared at him, a pair of black and white eyes with blood and tears.

The fairy tales of Fu Xianjun are vague, memories and memories are strangled, souls and souls are fighting, perhaps because it is too painful, and

he can't help but hold half of his face with the hand without a knife.

Black and red blood and rain fell from the fingers.

His thick eyelashes trembled, the anger of stepping on the immortal, and the confusion of the master of the ink: "... Why should this be done to me?"

Chu nightning: "..."

"Why do you want to kill me?" The man slammed into the ground, and his eyes reflected the reflection of Chu Yuning. Slowly, his expression became helpless and supple, he murmured: "Master, I have not done anything else?"

"Do not……"

"Do I still make you unhappy?"

Listening to his voice, Chu Xianning’s brain was broken and everything was chaotic. He thought, is it raining in the rain? No... No, it’s burnt.

Whether it is stepping on the emperor or the ink master, it is all smoldering.

The ink burned and blooded, and swayed toward him. The **** face was the white face of the corpse. There was no focal length in the open eyes, only a sorrow.

"I am here again to let you down. You have to do this to me."

The rain was almost in the bones of Chu Yuning, and it was cold and trembling. In this way, he looked at the ink and walked toward himself step by step. The ink burned in tears, and all the blood in his eyes was blood.

"Don't take me with a whip... I will hurt... even stupid, slower... you hit me... I will hurt... Master..."

The trembling from subtle to violent, to standing unsteady, Chu nightning almost collapsed.

He squatted down, and in the heavy rain he huddled up, his stomach was like a smash that was torn by a sharp claw. He was more like a dead man than the ink burning in front of him.

"I'm sorry..." Chu Yuning was sorrowful and sad, "...sorry..."

Your scars are as long as my pain.

Your hateful blood is finally on me.

He squatted in front of the smoldering, squatting, shrinking, almost using all the courage remaining in the rest of his life to raise his head, but because he looked at the body that was delayed by him, he finally couldn’t make a sound: "I can’t help you... ..."

He didn't know what went wrong, probably because the living dead man who still has a soul is not a real corpse, so the slashing spell is not fully effective.

The ink burns without death, but he tends to be crazy. Those memories of his life that are painful or crazy, or confused or sorrowful, have surged.

He is a light rain, is a master of ink, is a stepping fairy, is a small burning child.

Countless pieces of debris, made up the broken man in front of him.

"Ink burning..."

Hearing his voice, the ink-burning cocoon turned slightly. He stopped and the rain was red at his feet, and blood was everywhere.

After a while, the man who splits the mind suddenly becomes violent, as if he was encroached by another consciousness. He began to walk back and forth, and the hazy look became more and more terrifying in this distorted face.

"Chu Ning! You hate this seat, and you have to live your life at all costs, right?"

"This seat also hates you very much! Hate can't ruin your corpse, you can't let you smash the world! You can't blame me, you kill me--!"

The robe sleeves are hunting and glaring.

He smashed his anger and rushed to the crown. It seemed that the next moment he would rush to the ground and smash the throat of Chu’s night to crush him into pieces.

But the bow is not full, and the sword is not folded.

Only heard a loud bang, a blue light into the chest of Xianxian, stepping on the eyes of Xianjun, stunned and calm. After a few bucks, he slowly stood up straight, and stood alone on the road of the road.

Chu night Ning turned back, see the teacher swaying to hold the rock, but also maintain the posture of the swearing spell, a pair of peach eyes, fierce,

flashing agitation.

"It’s almost the same as the old one." The teacher bite his molars and lifts his fingers. He stares at the **** and drunken Emperor. "You know what matters most. Since you are not dead, you can take it for you." I got the last thirty pieces of chess!"

"Be quick," he said, breathing, "can't drag again."

Under the flame of the spell, the face of the immortal, the chaos of good and evil, gradually became as quiet as the dead, such as frost and snow.

The madness in his eyes, the resentment, all the emotions disappeared.

Stepping on the priest, the priest of the priest was slightly dagger, and the flames of the knives in his hands lit up. He replied almost numbly: "Yes. Master."

When he finished, he lifted his hand and lowered the protective curse to protect the guard. Then the black robe swept like an eagle and wanted to fly toward the front hall. Can rise to the air, a figure is in front of him.

Chu nightning stopped him.

The whole body is soaked, and a heart has already been smashed and smashed, and hate can't be turned into mud dust, and it is broken in the storm.

But he still has to stop.

"If there are more people who are more comfortable, then that's fine..."

That was what he said when he was awake, so even if he was hurt again, he would be exhausted and he would have to last until the last moment.

Chu night Ningsha dumb road: "Huaisha, called."

Stepping on the king looked at the familiar golden light in his palm, and his eyebrows were instigated.

Huaisha.

rainstorm.

It is earthly. Blood is boundless.

Years ago, they had a similar day. On that day, they offered all the blood of each other, exhausted their life's force, and played the world's discoloration.

I did not think that the war of mentoring and apprenticeship in the past life would come to the world again after years of flooding.

When people live forever, they may be doomed. Just like Nangong is destined to hide from the ruin of the prime age, Ye Yexi is destined to become a red-faced gentleman, and the dying of life is destined to escape. Stepping Xianjun and Chu Yuning are destined to face each other.

Whether it is hate or love.

Can't escape.

"No return. Call."

The sizzling sound of the blazing blaze, the blue glory reflects the eyes of the stepping fairy. He is now exerted the strongest control by the teacher, and there is nothing in his eyes. He is like a mirror from hell, reflecting the cold and lonely figure in the rain.

The sword is breaking the clouds, and the cross knife is against the rain!

In the blast, two black and white figures are intertwined, and the spirits collide!

They quickly dismantled from the wind and rain, and when the time went to the sand, the wind raged, and the splashes of the two people's bodies were like snow and sea, and they seemed to be dusty. No one has slacked off, and they are fighting each other, all the way from the back hill to the front of the tower.

This embarrassing battle has curbed the clouds, and people at the foot of the mountain have been alarmed and looked up.

"Is it Chu Ning?"

"He, how did he fight with the ink? Are they not a group?"

Raindrops such as Wanma mad, the peak of the dead life, Chu nightning hands in the hands of the golden light, straight thorns on the chest of Xianjun! However, the light has not yet been pushed, and the sound of the bursting sound is heard. Hehe Yanyang rushes out of the palm of the scent with the lava splashing, like a volcanic torrent that will swallow the golden light!

"boom!"

In an instant, the broken bricks and tiles were splashed, and the surrounding trees were uprooted.

At this time, Jiang Yan was arguing against the chessmen in front of the mountain. He reacted extremely quickly and shouted: "Be careful!" The words slammed open an enchantment to protect the people around them. The towering giant woods are all on his enchantment.

Jiang Yan is extremely difficult to support. When he spurts blood, he falls on one knee and his lips are scarlet.

"Open the enchantment! I can't stop it for the second time!"

Many monks only remembered in a panic at this time, and they rushed out of the enchantment umbrella. They looked up in the direction of Tongtian Tower. At this moment, they couldn’t help but be a little bit stunned. What kind of strength is this?

In front of the Buddhism Pagoda, the two men and the masters became more and more fierce. Chu nighting gnawed his teeth and responded to every move made by Stepping Xianjun. In addition to him in this world, I am afraid that no second person can take up so many attacks from the emperor.

Only Chu night can be.

——The man in front of him, the tip of the knife, the dodging, and the like, are similar to those of the past, and they are all taught by Chu.

It was just after this death, several times, even in front of this tower, he adjusted the action posture of the ink-burning hand and repeatedly licked his heart. From the ignorant ignorant teenager, all the way to the moment the military blade collided.

This is the second peak match between Beidou Xianzun and Chu Ning, and his disciple stepping on the emperor's ink.

In that year, Chu night Ning took the sword and there was hope in his heart. He thought he could save a misguided disciple and he did his best.

But this time, Chu nightning knows that everything can't be turned back, no matter whether he wins or loses, the person he most wants to redeem can't come back.

Stepping on the fairy, he said: "I am obstructing me."

In front of the eyes, it seems to flash the situation when the young boy burns the sword. The childish child is sweating on his forehead, stepping on the bamboo under the rising morning, and taking out three sword flowers and falling lightly on the ground.

He turned his head and smiled at Chu’s late night. Pear vortex deeply: “The teacher respects the master, do you think I am good at learning?”

The flames in the palm of the hand swayed into the chest ribs.

Chu nightning flashed away, and the **** palm of stepping on the fairy was rubbed against his clothes.

But at the beginning, when the ink burned in the red lotus water to accompany him, it was clearly this trick. At that time, the young man’s palm was still narrow and narrow, and there was no scar.

When the young man looked at him with a gentle face, he smiled and took his hand and said, "Don't fight, and then fight it, it's gone."

The knife is screaming and the sword is long.

Chu night Ning suddenly remembered in the village of Yuliang, Mo-burning had been thirsty to pull him together to see the lakeside social scene, the copper gongs rang, the drum strings were cut.

The ear sings with a sling and sings: "The overlord is full of anger -"

On the stage, the oil painting on the stage painted a face, and the under-the-counter ink burned and concentratedly looked at it. Chu night Ning looked up, and the ink burned immediately pulled out from the ancient mourning and raised his eyes from his childhood wish.

He smiled and asked him: "Is it good?"

The eyes are black and lacquered, very moist.

Chu Xiaoning once thought that those plays, the play is long, oh, a word can not be broken into three words to sing, he does not understand what is really good. But at the moment, he really wants to go back to the social theater in Yuliang Village.

The pine oil blows the fire, and Wusheng drums toward the river, and the rivers and lakes are splendid. That scene, if you sing for a lifetime, how good.

"Hey!"

Suddenly a lost, Huai Sha was not shot down!

The same was true of the year, when the Excalibur fell behind, he immediately swept back and called the day to ask for a stop. But this time,

the strength of stepping Xianjun is closer to one level, so Chu Xiaoning has not had time to retreat, and the black-skinned knife has pointed to his chest.

Stepping on the fairy squint.

His eyes were gray and he couldn't tell who he was pointing at. I only know that the opponent’s enthusiasm is exhausted, just like the people who ran on the night in Liangshan, listening to the tube all night, and singing on all sides.

Only the negatives in the road are recalcitrant.

"Things that get in the way."

Thin lips open and close, a knife! !

On the occasion of this life and death, a sinuous gold folding fan flew in the oblique thorns, facing the stepping face of the immortal king! This fan is very fierce, and the strength is amazing. Stepping Xianjun immediately retire and return, but the knife is blocked, but it is still forced to step back by this Xuanjin fan.

Then, the three red and blue interlaced light arrays were pressed down from the sky, and the situation was like a thunder, which would have embarrassed them!

"Who?!" Stepping on the fairy can not move for a time, not to be bitten by the decayed teeth, screaming and screaming, "Get out!"

The black cloud turns over the ink, and the three fuzzy shadows stand on the top of the tower of Tongtian Tower. They jumped down from the rainstorm waterfall and steadily landed in front of the long step. At this time, I can finally see their faces, and they are three people -

A fox fell and his eyebrows were frivolous.

A blonde bundled up, his eyes cold.

The person standing at the forefront, about the shape of thirty or forty years old, was gray and blue, his eyes were sharp and radiant, his expression was calm, and a knife slanted through his left forehead. This person had no frivolous edge. Some are just calm, and there is a kind of load that is very similar to Xue Zhengyi.

The man raised his hand and caught the Xuan Jin folding fan that came back from the counter-rotation, lifting up a pair of eyes that no longer looked young.

It is the previous Mei family brother...and...

A thunder was broken.

Chu nightning looked at the man -

Another red dust Xuemeng! ! !

Chapter 304

In the past, Xue Mengli was in the blast of the wind, and his voice was hoarse and savage. He opened his mouth and closed it again. The throat was rolled several times. When he spoke, he was obliged to follow it: "The disciple Xue Meng, see the master."

Simple and simple eight words, no one can complain for more than ten years.

Xue Meng finished this sentence, but I felt that my life was full of mouthpieces. It was a bitter and I couldn’t say a second sentence.

Behind him, Mei Xuexue said: "Zi Ming, condensate God."

The two Meijia brothers in the past life have nothing to change, but they have added a certain amount of stability to their respective eyebrows, and their spiritual power is far better than the original.

"Know your mood is turbulent, but the Spirit can't always be turbulent. I just came to this world when I saw the youth. If this time I lose again, your face will be lost in front of you." Go back to God."

"..."

Xue Meng is no longer the young man who was ignorant and ignorant. He knew that Mei Hanxue was right, so even though he had all the disappointment, he took a deep breath and removed his gaze from Chu Xinning and re-cast it on the side of the step.

"What are you?" Stepping Xianjun blinked extremely dangerously in the squad, "Come on death?"

Mei Hanxue said: "What happened, he didn't seem to know us."

Chu Yuning said that he was passing by and said: "He has completely lost consciousness. No one can recognize it now."

Xue Meng: "..."

If you say that you are just a glimpse of the person who is late in the night, he has already stirred his heart. Then at this moment, he once again heard this familiar voice. This voice, which can only be heard in the dream, Xuemen’s tears can no longer bear, and slowly filled his eyes.

How many years have passed?

He didn't dare to look back at those years, he was afraid of a little memory, and the tears would fall without interest.

In fact, the time for him, too fast and very slow, he still remembers the first year of Chu Yuning's capture, life and death are still unknown. At that time, he went alone and mourned for help, but perhaps because he was too angry and proud in the past, and he did not care for him.

Later, I finally hoped that the rebel army would gather. He eagerly hoped to rescue the old man in the magic cave earlier, but everyone also suspected that he was scornful and self-satisfied. At that time, Mei Hanxue was deployed as a force and was not in the striker. He was alone and could only go up the mountain himself.

What is waiting for him on the mountain? It is the shackles of life and death, the sacred emperor who walks on the wood, and the body of Chu Ningning, which is gradually annihilated with the death of the singer.

It has been almost ten years.

He waited for ten years and became a corpse. The corpse was broken into ashes in front of him.

The pillar that supported him disappeared. He could only cry like a helpless child, screaming in the ash that was raging.

He was late, and even the armor's sleeves were not touched.

Even, I can’t hear Chu’s late call to him: “Xue Meng.”

Later, things became more horrible.

When the singer died and resurrected, Shi Mingjing revealed the green face and fangs. They opened the door and killed the human beings. For Xue Meng, the death of the old friend of the past has changed. When I was a teenager, I was buried in a jar of Du Kang under the laurel tree. When I dig it out, who else can drink with him?

Therefore, Xue Meng did not know how much strength he had used. He was able to remove the first sight of the ten-year-old from the late night.

"This time I finally didn't come late." Xue Mengdao, "Master, I will help you."

At this time, another earthly Xuemeng arrived with the other two Mei brothers. Although it is clear that there will be some incredible people after the tears of life and death, they suddenly saw themselves more than ten years later. Still let the three young people be more or less surprised.

Young Xue Mengdao: "You...you...?!"

Xuemeng of the previous life just glanced at him, and there was a glamorous and sadness in his eyes. Then he smiled low and said: "I almost forgot. It turned out that I was like this more than ten years ago."

"..."

"It's so stupid."

The young Xue Meng had no head and no brain to be covered with a fool's poke. He still didn't react. The fireball ball of the Emperor's Emperor had already shot down his vest.

Xue Meng was sideways. He didn't want to use the snow phoenix, but at this time he reflexively took out the sacred martial arts and barely attacked the offensive, and then he stepped back. It’s hard to stand firm, and I’m gonna rush to step on the fairy, but I’m stopped by a blue-sworded sword.

Mei Hanxue of his predecessor stood in front of him and squinted: "Since we are here, we don't have to do it."

Mei Hanxue also smiled and said to himself ten years ago: "This earthly scorpion is naturally made up by this earthly person. If you don't care for you, Mei Xianjun is a good man, just in the prime of life, if it is Surrounded

by bitterness and enmity, I will be as boring as I am for the rest of my life. How bad it is."

Young plum with snow: "..."

At this time, the trio of the three-seat lock stepping on Xianjun suddenly trembled fiercely. Mei Hanxue stopped teasing himself. He immediately turned his head and said seriously: "No! His strength is much stronger than before!"

Chu night Ningdao: "He has reintegrated a heart in his body."

"!"

Xue Meng's efforts to cast spells, the hand veins prominent, he bite his teeth: "We can support the time is probably shorter than expected - Master, you have to fold back as soon as possible, kill Huabi Nan!"

Chu Jingning has not answered yet, and the young Xue Meng asked: "Will Hua Binan? Why is it killing Hua Nan, not killing this... this..."

He didn't know for a moment that he said that the emperor was burning for ink, or something else.

Xue Meng glanced at himself: "This is the scorpion smashed and can't be killed. But as long as the manipulator behind him dies, he will soon follow the ash." - He paused, barely With one hand, the young Xue Meng’s feet immediately lit up a red and fire formation.

"It's dangerous here. You are still young, you shouldn't suffer from it. Go, go back to the mountain army."

"No! I don't want it! Why do you--hey!"

Despite the struggling youth, Xuemeng, like the Mei brothers, was quickly wrapped up by the spiritual butterfly tide that was vacated by the light. The butterfly wave carried three young people and flew toward the front hall, disappearing instantly. not see.

Just after sending away the three little guys, I heard a crisp "K!", Mei Hanxue changed his face: "The formation is broken, Zi Ming!"

Xue Meng slammed the whole body to the direction of the emperor, and he trembled, as if he tried to hold back a beast that was emptied, and the rope on the neck of the beast was about to break.

"Master, go -!"

No need to say Xue Meng, Chu night Ning jumped up, his sword eyebrows tightened, looking at Xue Meng: "I will return soon. Do not get hurt."

"This sentence is what I said to the Master." Xue Meng gritted his teeth. "Reassured, the disciples are not what they are, they can hold them."

He can hold it.

He has been in this world for so many years, and support has become a habit, and habits have supported him to move on. So many times have not seen the day, and now I have seen the teacher, he has no reason to hold it.

Chu night sighed and sighed: "I have been alone for so many years, I am sorry..."

The singer is still in the ear, and the people have gone.

Xue Meng’s tears finally collapsed.

The man who is not confused for a long time is not good at crying. Even if the rainstorm is rushing, he will cover him, and he will not cover the slight tremors on his shoulders.

Stepping Xianjun is almost violent in the squad, and the ray of light is like a crack in the Tianchi Lake, showing a fragmented danger! Seeing that he was going to break through the encirclement, but then a red light killed him, tied him tightly, and stepped on the immortal to be more angry, raised a pair of **** red eyes, staring in the direction of the red light. go with--

Xue Meng’s eyes on the stepping on Xianjun: “You are dead, I will not let him disappear in front of me for another time.”

He said, exhausting 10% of the spiritual power, the neck blue veins pulsate, the eyes are hard as iron.

"Teacher, you used to win me. In today, the Master is on the side, I don't want to let him down, so... you can't win me!"

Mei Hanxue reacted very quickly. It was a shock. The long eyebrows shook and shouted: "Zi Ming! What to do!?"

Just listening to the sound of a bang, Xue Meng lit up behind the flames of red. He sighed and slammed his palms. The fire ran down the law and went straight to the emperor. In an instant, it seemed like a million arrows to wear the heart, and the shackles were four wrong.

"Well--!"

Stepping on the fairy, his eyes are split, his head is sullen, and the spiritual powers around him are weak and mostly weak. His dark eyes slowly turned around, staring at Xue Meng silently, and his black blood dripped intermittently.

On the left side of his chest, close to the heart, there is a mole.

It used to be a place where Xuemeng’s Dragon City was worn.

Now these Xue Meng condensed the curse of the ban and hundreds of roots into his body, the sharpest one is from the position of the year to wear the chest again.

Empty blood hole...

Mei Hanxue was shocked and anxious: "You are stopping, you are already in the power of the Psychic, and if you continue this way, your spiritual core will..."

"Hey!" Xue Meng snapped him.

He stared at the fairy, the old brother staring at the younger brother, the old assassin staring at the tyrant.

This pair of former brothers are staring at each other, and how many years of life and death are written off. Xue Meng’s face is poor, but his eyes are lit up with a blazing brilliance of the phoenix.

"I Xuemeng learned all my life, it is a battle today."

Mei Hanxue: "..."

This sentence sounds falling, and the phoenix breaks through the clouds in an instant, only to see the flames burst into the sky! !

In the fire, it seems as if I had seen a very early, very early, a silver-blue light armor, a ponytail blonde buckled the young man, he was noisy, grinning and grinning:

"I want to be the first in the Lingshan Conference!"

"Hey! God Wu this kind of thing, I will have it sooner or later! What can be rare!"

"After fifty years, no! As long as thirty years, I will let the shackles of life and death be carried forward in my hands, Megatron Kyushu!"

The eyebrows are tender and tender, such as new shoots, and the sound is crisp as the first peach. The young man has no scruples, and he is not afraid of the fate of the sky.

The fire almost reflected half of the sky of death and death, how many yesterday were burned to coke, burned as wreckage...

Everything is settled, only the current Xue Ziming.

His eyes were sturdy and firm, saying: "I don't want to be successful, but ask people to be like that."

Chapter 305

At the same time, the battle of life and death has been a four-sided battle. The rebel army rushing to the foothills, the pioneer who played against the chess pieces, the guards responsible for opening the enchantment, the medical soldiers who rushed in the chaos... thousands of spells intertwined, lit up on this mountain like a behemoth A little bit of war.

But even so, the flood caused by Xue Meng’s blow is still eye-catching, and the fire is like a broken bamboo. Chu night Ning looked back in the night wind, and my heart was amazed. He knows that Xue Meng has begun to burn the power of the spiritual core. If he can't make a quick decision, Xue Meng is only afraid to follow the footsteps of Nangong.

"Rising Dragon - Calling!"

He clipped the dragon symbol with his fingers and dripped blood. But listening to the dragon and the sea, the title of the paper dragon is broken and the sound is like a bell.

"Chu Ningning, what is this seat?"

Chu night Ning Jianmei lowered, Ling Li said: "To the end of the road to the road, be fast."

The pair of longan eyes of the candle paper dragon swept away from the Kyushu, which was full of smoke. No more questions were asked. "On the way." One person, one dragon and one dragon, wears the wind and rain, such as riding the wind and breaking the waves, straight toward the road that was laid by the dead. The road flies. Chu Xiaoning looked down from the heights of Jiuyi, and the road connecting the two circles of the gods and the devils snarled with scarlet brilliance, like the blood in the arteries rushing out to the unknown.

Because the back mountain is very close to the door of the demon world, influenced by the Mozu atmosphere, this place is full of blushing purple fire clouds, and has not been attacked by heavy rain.

The candle dragon swooped down and instantly turned into a golden light back to the spell in the fall. Chu Evening stood firmly on the road of the road, slowed his breath and raised his eyes.

"You came?"

An empty voice came, and the teacher was standing at the end of the road, behind him was the magic door of the fire. As Xue Meng and Mei Jia brother temporarily controlled the stepping of Xianjun, the protection enchantment around him has disappeared. Hearing the movement, the teacher squatted halfway through the face, his eyes were reversed, and he looked at the night.

"You are really capable."

The wind blew his hair, and the singer turned his eyes and fell on the door of the demon world.

"Time and space are wide open, you don't want to make up in time, but you want to stop my family from returning..."

Chu nightning does not count: "The three major bans were created by Chen Shanggong, and the Mozu temperament will expand its mana by dozens of degrees. I am not willing to let the sphenoids return home, but the magic domain once When the hole opens, the magical breath flows in, and the door of life and death will be torn open."

"..." The teacher was silent for a moment, sneer, "I can't deceive you."

Chu nightning does not intend to spend more time with him, the golden light in the palm of the hand, seeing the sky will ask the teacher to squat, suddenly flashed a figure in the oblique thorn. Actually, the wooden cigarette came from the sword, and the life blocked this blow!

"I won't let you move him." The wooden cigarette lifted his eyes from the sword and shouted. "He has suffered so much."

Teacher: "...wood sister..."

I don't know how to make the wooden cigarettes. Behind her, I actually followed the vast number of Haohao soups to pave the way for the precious pieces. Chu Xiaoning saw a critical situation and wanted to stop the chess army. The wood smoke was agile and the lightning stopped in front of him.

Chu night Ningdao: "Let's open!"

The wood smoke is sneer: "Why do you let it go? The real world never cares about the beauty of the mater," then the beauty is returning home, why should we take care of life?" She said, the sword tipped up and greeted her.

At the same time, she was splattered with extremely horrible white gold and yang. This is a desperate attempt. The wood smoke is the strongest force, and it has also broken its own nucleus!

She is the body of the blood, even if this blood is thin, after the blast, there is still a tendency to move mountains and reclamation, and the short-term civil war force can even be higher than the emperor.

"What kind of master is great, what is the right way..." The wooden cigarette was cold and stunned. "For thousands of years, drink human blood and eat human flesh. You can do anything to get the fly!"

She was so fierce, and Chu Ning had to fight with all her strength. Although this woman does not have a drop of beauty in her eyes, she can even be regarded as the distant shackles of the gods, but she will give her life to help the devil return home.

For a time, the night of the Ning white robe flew, the wood smoke from the gold sleeves to show, the two in the air is like a paperweight, but recruited to kill the crack.

The two sides slammed into each other and slammed into the sparks.

The wooden cigarette leaves the road: "The person who is in the way!"

Chu nightning bites his teeth: "This world...not everyone says what you say."

Even though it has passed through the night, the body is frosty, but I can still remember Mrs. Rong’s meal. I remember that before the fanaticism, I thought about harming people. I remember that the disciples of death and death did not ask for a penny. I remember that Chu Yu’s heart illuminates the way back...

He can still remember the smile of the villagers in Yuliang Village, remember the Zhengliang of the owner of Feihua Island, remember that Nangong 驷 cast the smelting dragon pool town, and remember that Li Wuxin had a sword.

He still remembers that Nangong Changying smiled and faded away, turning into a golden light, and his face was mild: "The world is so good, there is enough flowers, why bother with blood."

Almost all of these figures are now sick or dead, or displaced or dissipated...

There are even leaves to forget.

In that year, Xuanyuange, she did not hesitate to save a skeletal orphan woman, and gave a sphenoidal beauty seat and freedom.

"How about that?" Muyan said, "Do I have to forgive this sin because of so few people?!"

Speaking to deep hatred, the sword is getting stronger.

"My mother is so good, but because she is a sphenoid demon, she was swallowed by my beast father... Isn’t her life a life?"

"..."

"Since childhood, only she has hurt me and treated me as a daughter. From her to the elders of the sects, and the monks of you, who treated me as a living person?" Angrily said, "I have the blood of the gods in my body. Everyone regards me as a fair scale, let me destroy people's desires, let me practice my mindfulness... Why?"

The power of the nucleus has been extended to the extreme. The wooden cigarettes are covered by the white gold glory of the gods. Her nucleus is different from the ordinary monks. She even turns her eyes and hair into pale gold. Your majesty, it seems that there are thousands of weights.

"It is a god-like person who deserves to be indifferent. It is a beauty seat that should be swallowed. It has been like this for thousands of years..." The blade of the sword swept past the sword, and the sharp screams of the martial arts collided almost to tear the eardrum.

But nothing is sharper than the eyes of the wooden cigarettes. The wooden cigarettes are one word away: "Chu Zongshi. You have not turned over the case of the skeletal beauty family?"

"..."

"That is a book that people eat.... In the past, the monks took the beauty of the medicinal materials and soared. Today, the beauty seats only take you home to pave the way!"

A loud bang, the wood smoke from the exhaustion of life, the sword slammed toward the late night.

Chu night, Ning squatting and yelling: "Nine songs, call!"

Huaisha is converging, Guqin is now, and the singer of the piano is glaring at the golden light, piercing the Han, and taking care of the whole life! In the face of Chu’s late night, he opened a Pangshuo curtain with a sea otter flying. He hung in the air and hung in wide-sleeve hunting. In front of him was a face full of hatred.

She is not hating him. She hates the unfairness of the world, hates her mother for tragic death, hates that she cannot be free, and hates her.

"Let them go back."

A blow is not broken, her spiritual power has been pushed to the extreme, but there is still no enchantment that can destroy the night of the night, but the corners of the mouth are broken.

Her voice was hoarse, and the hand holding the sword was shaking.

The nucleus will be broken...

The wooden cigarettes looked up and looked at the night, and said softly: "Please..."

Chu Yuening saw her reflection in her shackles of light gold.

Whose shadow is that?

The face is chaotic, empty, distorted, and awesome.

Cruel. Kind and honest.

"Let them go home... Chu Xianjun..."

The reflection in the golden light disappeared.

Because the brain was too chaotic, Chu Jingning took a while to find out that it was because the wood smoke had exhausted all the power, and the spiritual core had been broken. She regained its original appearance, only a pair of dark eyes. . Looking at him.

The armor is gone, and there is no life.

She can no longer be the cold and arrogant god, and the eyes are like a woman who is unusual.

For your own brother, for the family of the Mozu who is in conflict with his own race, begging.

"Let them go..."

She said, the sword in her hand disappeared, because it could not withstand such a fierce battle, and the whiskers that were extinguished in the Spirit were broken into powder.

"I beg you."

The wood smoke fell from the sky, and the white gold robes were like a lotus behind.

Her waist is still embroidered with the scales of the Tianyin Pavilion, which represents the justice and bright coat of arms shining in the dark night.

The sound of the sky is so loud that it is not private.

The son of the sound of the sound, can not be sentimental.

Tianyin, you can't be blasphemy.

The sound of the heavens is pitiful, to respect all beings.

This singer sang, she read from a young age, her eyes closed and her eyes closed like a shackle.

Since she was born, the first sentence she learned was neither awkward nor a mother, but the first four words of the lyrics.

Thousands of times a day, squatting and praying in front of the icon of the gods.

Don't be private... Don't be affectionate... Don't blame God... to respect all beings.

On her first impression of the birth day, the unwarly father gave her a box of delicate clay figurines, painted with lacquer, falling in the sand, and the brocade opened, her eyes bent and smiled at her. .

"Wow - it looks so good!"

Father looked down at her faintly: "I like it?"

"Like!" The wood smoke looked up from the joy, and there seemed to be thousands of fireworks in the heart. "Thank you, Auntie!"

The man she called her aunt just raised her hand, touched her head, and took the box from the girl's hand—

Then, in front of her face, smashed on the ground.

“Hey!” The porcelain mud landing is such a sound.

The clay figurine couldn’t talk, or the eyebrows bent, and looked at her with a smile, but the smiles were cracked, the face was broken, and the wooden cigarettes stayed for a while, only to cry out in horror, and wanted to rush to grab their own mud. doll.

A white shoe embroidered with a totem of the scales was laid down.

It’s squeaky and creepy.

Like the dolls, the heavenly cover is broken...

The father removed his foot and the girl was in front of a broken ash.

Before they were clear, they were still lined up in a neat team, laughing at her embarrassingly... Why? Why is this so? Isn't it a birthday gift for her? Where did she not do the right thing, and where she got angry, so the little creatures who were tired of these clay sculptures died innocently.

"The son of the Tianyin, can't be sentimental." The man is extremely indifferent in front of the crying girl. "Like it will be ruined. If you like it, you will lose your guilt. You are the **** of the gods, dominating the justice of the world... give the real gift to you." It is to teach you that you should never say "like" to anything."

Don't be private... don't be affectionate...

Don't be private, can't be sentimental, can't be private, can't be sentimental - the evil spell is tearing in her brain! The incense burner is smoked and the treasure is solemn and sturdy.

How many nights she was holding her head almost mad, she screamed silently in the quilt.

Can't find a way out.

Can't find the answer...

What is it? What is the mother?

She once wanted to hug Mrs. Lin, but Mrs. Lin was a madman. She tied her with scissors and her hands were full of holes, and even poked her scissors to her throat...

Not private.

Not private!

In the dark night when she is unwilling to live, she squats in front of the statue of God, mourning in her mouth, but cursing and resentment in her heart can not crush this statue as a residue powder!

In this way, from a girl to a girl, from a girl to a girl.

Behind him, thousands of people were sung, and she sang the lyrics that she had already cooked into the bones: "The sound of heaven is so loud, not private..."

Sometimes, if you are crazy, your shoulders are shaking, you have to grow up, and the sword will kill everyone in the Tianyin Pavilion.

But at this time, the ear suddenly seemed to sound a gentle and soft voice, very sweet, very young. The voice sang to her gently: "The reeds are high, the reeds are long, and the mountains are separated by the water. The reeds are hometown, and the reeds are Wang Yang."

She opened her eyes, and the skylight sprinkled after the image of God, and the mottled light hit the ground.

At that time, she was already the owner of the Tianyin Pavilion. She looked at the mottled shadows of this place, as if in this song, she saw the forgetful Sichuan Artemisia, and the tidbits fluttered.

A woman stood in the middle of the reed and smiled at her with a slight smile.

"The reed is the hometown... the reed is Wang Yang..."

"Ama..." she murmured.

She called Mrs. Lin a mother-in-law and was respectful. Only for one person, she is called a grandmother.

That is her stepmother, and she is also a big girl who brought her up. Perhaps others will not understand why she does not hate this woman to occupy the nest. But those people will never understand -

In her black and white grid life, only a few years after Mrs. Huagui was there, she had laughed, had tenderness, had a warm embrace, and had sweet affection.

No one will believe it.

Hua Quyi's reed, which she slept, is the only singer she has ever heard in addition to the sound of the heavens.

Only this song, the town of her life, also became her life.

"Mu sister!!!"

In the ear, I heard that my brother, Hua Binan, was screaming. She has never heard of his rude voice.

But she couldn't manage that much, and she used the last aura to weaken her momentum when she landed. But this is not for survival.

She bit her teeth, along the road of the road, step by step, crawling to the edge of the locust.

then--

When no one has yet to react, she suddenly slammed into the edge of the Magic Bridge with her remaining strength!

"Wooden smoke, voluntarily swearing, I hope that I will be able to repay my wishes and return home."

When the teacher saw this, he was mad, he rushed over, but it was already late, and the wooden cigarette looked back at him.

This woman has been cold and faint, and her expression is not much. Even the skin is covered with frost and snow.

But at this moment, she smiled at this half-brother and even the ethnically repulsed brother.

Her eyebrows bent and she fell on her back.

"sister--!!!!!!"

The wood smoke smiled, and his eyes looked at Tianzhu. This woman, who was not moving and moving, said that she was worshipping thousands of times and said: "Going to your mother is not private."

The bridge suddenly glowed red again, and the scarlet flame of the road of the road quickly wrapped her body. Before being swallowed by the fire, she tried to look at the direction of the door of the demon domain.

She seemed to hear the voice coming from the giant door. It was gentle. It was the mother who shook her little fan on the summer couch and sang lazily.

“The reeds are high, the reeds are long, and the mountains are separated by the water.”

Reed is the hometown here.

The reed is Wang Yang...

"Wooden Lord!!"

"Wood girl!!"

Suddenly, the "chess" on the road of martyrdom were out of control, rushing one after another, squatting in front of the woman who used the body of the blood of the gods and paved the way of the demon, but the woman had been sacrificed. The 30th step of the road's countdown, the body was bound, immersed in the magic flame.

Chu night Ning fell back to the ground, his fingertips were extremely ice, and the eyes were shaking.

He thought that these people were the pieces brought by the wood smoke, but at the moment they found out that it was not.

Most of these people are wearing the disciples of Tianyin Pavilion, and their faces are extremely beautiful. The tears they shed are golden...

It is a sphenoidal beauty seat!

Under the unified responsibility of the wood smoke, Tianyin Pavilion gathered so many surviving sphenoid bones in the name of the disciples and the disciples. These people all cried and cried.

She just took them out of the monk group and prepared to lay the road of martyrdom. They can go home at any time...

"The murderer!" Suddenly someone turned his head and angered at the night of Chu, and his face was distorted by hatred. "You are the murderer!"

“Why should we be enemies with us everywhere? Why should we push the wooden cabinet owners to this road?!”

One side is a stunning pose, and one eye is a deep enemy.

Many beautiful people rushed toward him, losing their senses and ignoring them, like a moth.

Chu night is standing, and his eyes are dim. It is too easy to stop these low-spirited beauty. He doesn’t even have to lift his hands. It’s just that the barriers of the fingertips are enough to make those people unable to wear. Over.

murderer……

sinner.

Master.

salvation.

Chu nightning can not help but squat on the two. What is he doing? What else can he do?

The ink burned to death, the time and space cracked, and the punishment was coming. The wood smoke was separated from the gods and the magical way. Xue Meng suppressed the stepping fairy with the spiritual core.

Suddenly he felt that he was in front of a wall with a sharp knife, and the handle was cold, and he was going to pass through it.

Just as the world is not all evil, the sphenoid is not guilty.

But he wants to stop the way that all of them go home.

Even the last twenty-nine steps, twenty-nine bodies.

He can't leave them alone, let the magic door open. Because as long as the magic door is opened, the natural punishment will soon come, and the two worlds will be destroyed. The people of Kyushu will not even have the opportunity to breathe. What kind of care he should have in order to sit and watch this happen.

he can not……

He can no longer hesitate, the size of the heart is soft.

The ink burns bear the crimes of the two worlds. Xue Meng is still delaying his life with his life, not to mention the **** roads of those who have been dying.

"murderer!"

"You killed us! You killed us!"

"Relentlessly cold-blooded! You will have retribution!"

The soul is like a fire, but the heart is as hard as iron.

Chu night, squinting at the eyes - he must go to be the murderer.

He has no choice.

"Shi Ming net."

"..." The teacher looked at him from a crowd of people. The face of the fallen country is still covered with tears, and the eyes seem crazy and empty.

The wind is blowing, his clothes are floating in the wind, and he seems to have admitted that he will come to kill him. The night of Chu’s palms did indeed illuminate the golden light, and Huaisha reappeared—a slamming sound, and he snarled with swords in front of him, trying to block his beautiful people.

With a sweep of his feet, he looked like a snowy bayonet, and the blade went straight toward the division! !

That is to say, at this moment, the road of the martyrdom under their feet suddenly began to tremble fiercely, followed by heavy red beams rising from the ground, and several of them shook the way of Chu's late arrival.

Someone shouted: "Look! Look at the front!"

"It's the magic door! What happened?"

"The bridge is growing, the bridge is going to catch the magic door!!"

In the end, it almost became a scream: "The door is going to open!!!"

The teacher was shocked and looked back, but saw a white golden radiance scattered from the place where the wood smoke left, and extended by the last step, with an extremely amazing momentum toward the door of the devil!

Chu Xiaoning’s face suddenly changed, and the teacher’s face rushed into ecstasy after the initial horror.

The road to the road must be passed - the bridge of the devil's world is finally going to pass! !

A tired and old voice came from behind the magic door and echoed between the heavens and the earth. The voice seemed to be praised and lazy: "The road to the road has a sacrifice of the Protoss, and the later life, the loss of the life of the Protoss, In my way, my heart can be expressed."

This voice is too loud, and the circle of death and death can be clearly heard from a hundred miles away. The whole mountain in the war is looking up to the back of the mountain.

Jiang Yan’s face turned white, of course, not only him, but everyone knows that the door of the magic domain is afraid to open...

Sure enough, the old voice said the following:

"The day of punishment is coming, the devil squats and sees the sorrow and so on, and the sorrowful and powerful, and the lenient and sturdy, free of the last twenty-ninth-order bridge. Immediately, open the magic door, Yun Zhuer and other homecoming!"

"what?!"

Shanshan Mountain Road is a mess.

The Mazhuang owner of the Taolu Mountain Villa even sat on the ground all at once, and burst into tears: "God!! What to do!!"

Some people face the same color, two battles: "The day penalty is coming soon? What day punishment... What day penalty!?"

Xuemenmei’s brothers, who were fighting fiercely with Stepping Xianjun, were also surprised. Xue Meng’s thoughts were shaken, and he was beaten by Xianjun’s machine to break the trap and vacated. Xue Meng was suddenly repulsed by power and only felt ashamed. , spit out a big mouthful of blood!

Stepping on the fairy heard the movement, facing the scarlet eyes, stunned Xue Meng for a moment, his expression was very chaotic, it seems that the

memory in the brain began to confuse and the soul of the body began to torture each other: "... Xue Meng .....?"

Mei Hanxue immediately picked up the slash of the sword and kept his brother and Xue Meng behind him. He said: "Be careful."

But I can step on Xianjun, but I don’t mean to continue to attack. Instead, I will smother my eyebrows and my heart will become a river.

"No... what is going on here... what happened!"

He was extremely angry and screamed, lost control, and quickly rushed toward the back hills. Mei Hanxue took a sigh of relief and turned back to the other two and asked Xue Mengdao: "How are you?"

"Don't worry about me, go to the Master! Let's talk to him about the preparations we made before!"

Mei Hanxue clasped his wrist and shook his head: "Your spirit core is already on the verge of breaking, you must heal first."

Xue Meng angered: "Go!!"

"If you don't go first, you don't move." Mei Hanxue knew that the situation was urgent, and he couldn't wait for it. He pointed to Xue Meng and said to his brother, "Brother, you help him to adjust interest. I went to see Chu Zongshi."

Before the road of the road, with the completion of the last step, the road between the devil and the human world finally came together. The beauty seats showed a dreamlike look on their faces. Almost everyone was trembling. No one even dared to lift their feet and take a step forward. Even the teachers did not move.

After a while, I don’t know how long it is, maybe it’s just a short turn, maybe it’s too long to be breathless.

The door of the demon domain in front of the door suddenly trembled, and the time was flowing, the winds of all directions, the heavens and the earth seemed to be breathing and screaming loudly.

The luxuriant enchanting door is separated to the left and right, and a blush of brilliance shines out of the gap!

Chu nightning only felt that a horrible evil spirit and warfare that had never been perceived rushed from the gap. It was the interest of the Mozu who could help the three forbidden powers...

The magic domain is open! ! !

Chapter 306

The world is changing in color, and the interest of the Mozu is like a sharp arrow breaking through the clouds, and it is going straight to the distant time.

The rainstorm that lasted for more than ten days suddenly stopped.

Just before the pouring down, there was no drop in the blink of an eye.

Someone trembled with a sigh of relief and asked with enthusiasm: "This is... What is wrong with this?"

No one answered him. Every pair of eyes stared at the direction of life and death, but the black door that almost occupied the majority of the sky was not strange.

People waited uneasily.

Heartbeat beats...

No abnormalities, no abnormalities.

No abnormalities.

"The rain stopped... Didn't it happen?"

"It should be a false alarm, nothing happened..."

Someone sighed and the tight cheeks relaxed. However, at this time, the earth under their feet suddenly began to shake.

"what happened?!"

Looking up again, but seeing the black hole of life and death, the beginning of the expansion, swallowing the cumulonimbus clouds in the sky, followed by a sharp whistle to cut through the sky, everyone stunned! ——But seeing a fiery red phoenix bird breaking through the black hole, scratching the scorpion, the phoenix bird wings, one can cover the sky. It is as famous as the Tianchi, the claws are like mountains, only one feather is more than 100 meters long, one wing, the Chinese wind smoke rolling, numerous grasses are uprooted, and the nearest Kunlun Mountain is snow, ice Broken.

“啁啾——!!”

In a flash, this **** bird has been inhabited on Kunshan, and the sound of the sound is the kind of whistle that will appear when the door is opened and closed.

"this is……"

Some monks screamed: "It’s the beginning of the phoenix!!"

"It is the ancestor phoenix!!"

This is a sacred beast that has not been painted, but it was later attributed to the Gou Chen Shang Palace. The beginning of the phoenix has the ability to move mountains and reclamation. When it inspires the giant wings to fly for nine days, its speed is faster than the dawn. .

Chu night Ning whispered: "The original ... the guardian of the life and death door has been it?"

The time and space of the three major bans created by Chen Chen was actually the opening of the emptiness cage of the imprisoned phoenix. When people stepped into the crack, the phoenix began to ask questions, carrying the entrants to ride the wind, crossing the time. Going back to the past or heading for the future, but its body is too large and too fast, so people who open the door to life and death often can't see its shadow at all.

Only when they can hear the sound of it, they have already been brought to the thought. The era of going.

The phoenix stands on the Kunlun Mountain, and the golden red fire eye overlooks the earth. Suddenly, it emits a low-sounding human language. For example, Hong Zhong’s alarm sounds on the earth: “The red dust is orderly, and the singer is rebellious, when he is punished.”

After that, after vacating, I saw that the nine-legged gold-winged tail feathers were opened one by one and dragged to the ground. The wings are one-in-one, the mountains are shaken, and the hills fall apart! If the scene is not the end of the day, it is truly magnificent.

Chu night Ning Li said: "Retraction!"

More than one person who shouted at the same time, almost every sect of the sect was the same reaction at this time -

Retreat.

Survival is instinct, no need to remind more, those monks who are in front of the beginning of the phoenix ants, mustards, and flee in the opposite direction of the beginning of the phoenix.

Mei Hanxue rushed to the side of Chu Yuning at this time, opened his messy forehead, and said: "Guru, please let them retreat to the border of time and space."

Before he asked, he said: "This world has long since disappeared. In the past eight years, we have been thinking about ways with Xue Meng, so that when the day comes, we can minimize the disaster. So on the day when the two red dusts were opened, we were next to the door of life and death, and we used the basaltic heavy armor to lay down the enchantment."

Xuanwu Heavy Armor is the Xuanwu Will at the same time as the beginning of the phoenix. With it as the foundation, the guardian enchantment of the exhibition can be enhanced by 10 million times.

It’s just that this kind of hyperthyroidism is rumored in the sea of the East Pole.

This red-dusted Meijia brother and Xue Meng, what kind of hardships have gone through, can bring it back...

Mei Hanxue said: "Please ask the master to let everyone pull over and let them all return to their own world."

"..."

"It is the disaster caused by this red dust, and it is reasonable to end here."

His voice fell, and the distant phoenix had fluttered in the distance. The golden red tail smashed, rolled up thousands of snow in Kunlun, and then changed into a red light between heaven and earth. It was so fast that no one could see it, but in the blink of an eye, the Yellow River Inverted, the Yangtze River rushed back, the vast sea of water was stirred up, as if Wang Yang was picked up from the bottom of the sea and rushed toward the mainland!

The waters of the Bohai Sea came up in the sky, and Kyushu turned to the flood.

Chu night Ning is retreating, but finds that the speed of flooding the land is faster than the speed of the people’s swords. In the blink of an eye, they are approaching where they are, only to catch up with most of the people who are retracing in a blink of an eye. .

He took the initiative and made a decision on Mei Xuexue: "You and Xue Meng first led them away. I stayed here and dragged some time."

He said, once again summoned the dragon symbol, and succumbed to the sky.

Chu night Ning Li said: "Heaven! Masses!"

Liu Teng rose to the ground, he bit his fingertips, dripping blood on it, and said: "Build a wall!"

The vines are covered with vines, and the willow branches are coiled around the willow branches, overlapping and reciprocating, layering and cascading, and instantly become a high wall that looks innocent.

"Nine songs are called!"

The palm of the hand is steep and the nine songs are lying on the knees. Chu nightning plucked the strings, flowing in the water, the golden brilliance wrapped the wall built by Liu Teng, making it more and more indestructible. And when he finished this, the rolling torrent has already plunged -

"Hey-!"

A splash of water hit the wall, and suddenly turned up the waves.

Chu night Ning side half face to Mei Xuexue: "Go!"

In this case, Mei Hanxue was not expected. Although he was burning like a fire, he could not do it. He had to give a gift to Chu Jinning, and he disappeared into the depths of the dense forest.

For a time, the monk army was retreating. Chu nightning is trying hard to resist.

The Pentium floods are roaring, trying to tear the sky and ask for the long embankment that the nine songs cast.

On the road of the road, the sphenoidal beauty seat slowly opened the door of the devil world. The magical blush and the deep purple Yunxia are peaceful and intertwined with the human world.

The door was completely opened.

The teacher who stood at the forefront was the first to be wrapped in a pure Mozu atmosphere. The breath made him shudder, and Shutai, he couldn't help but greedily breathe the magic, and the shrinking spiritual core in the chest was swollen and revived because he finally came into contact with the magic.

A force belonging to the Mozu finally rushed all over him.

Was it true that spiritual power is such a taste?

He finally felt... he finally felt it!

The ecstasy made his eyes bright, and even the beast-like light appeared on the beautiful face. Like him, there are all the skeletal people behind him.

Those beautiful people who used to lack the power of the Mozu, the spirit of the nuclear power, and the power of the hands, have finally gained the powerful power that belongs to them.

An old man who was squatting and had a clean spot appeared slowly at the door of the demon domain. The red eyes swept over the crowd, and then the chicken skin wrinkled and grinned: "Hey, the old body has been waiting for four thousand years, on the top. The successor to the gatekeepers was annihilated, and there was no glimpse of the beauty seats who could do this."

He took a cane and said with satisfaction: "Okay, okay, I am so good with the gods, it is very good. Good, good."

He finished, looking at the people who were falling apart, laughing with black and yellow teeth.

The old demon leaned over and gave way to the skeletal beauty seats. He shuddered and said: "Old body, welcome the kings to return home."

They are flooding behind them, but that is a matter of humanity, and what is it?

The teacher looked back and looked at the Chu-Ningning, who was struggling to resist the natural disasters. The district was meager manpower, and he wanted to go back to heaven.

Is this brave or stupid?

However, it is probably the stupidity of Chu Xiaoning, which once made his heart difficult. When he arrived, the teacher couldn't help but think of the situation when the elders of Yuheng supported him with his umbrella. At that time, they saw a squatting beggar at the bridge.

Chu Xi Ning casually glanced at him and waved his sleeves. The plaque was wrapped in a golden light and was put back into the grass.

"What is this for the elders?"

Chu night Ning no expression: "It blocks the way."

This reason is naturally lame, and the teacher smiled: "The elder is really kind. But when it rains, the ground is stuffy, you put it back into the soil, and in a short time it will still be drilled out, climb outside, and then block it. The way for the elders."

Chu’s footsteps were slightly stunned, and the smooth eyebrows seemed to have a shallow wrinkle.

"...this is never known." He glanced at the teacher and glanced. "You know quite a lot."

The teacher smiled a little slyly: "Is it a dragon, and I often use it for medicine. I have learned a little about their habits. I only know what these things are not."

The two of them continued to move forward. As a result, the teacher found that although he knew it, he would still go to "clean up" the small things that blocked the road. In the end, he was a little bit dumbfounded and he also helped.

Chu Xiaoning saw him holding a thick book in his arms, but he still barely bent over and said: "Why."

"They are blocking the path of the elders." The teacher looked back at him in the clear rain and dew. "The disciples let them learn a little."

Chu night Ning shook his head and walked over, and once again covered the blue-boiled paper umbrella at the top of the division: "Don't run around, it's wet."

The way back is not long or short, the two walked side by side, and there was always something wrong with not talking about anything.

The teacher asked Wen Wen: "Elder, are you always so good?"

"..."

Brown eyeballs turn down, Fengmu Weiyi.

There is no expression on the face of Chu Xiaoning: "Where is it."

The teacher, Xue Bing and Xue, was smart. At this time, it was also seen that the elders of Yu Heng were not so unpopular in the rumors. He smiled: "The elders know that some things are useless, but they still do it..."

Chu night Ning did not answer, walked silently forward.

Just when the teacher thought that he would not take care of himself again, Chu Jingning said: "When the road meets people, knowing that some money does not necessarily make it out of the predicament, will not give alms?"

"..."

"The road encounters the slaughter of the beast, knowing that it will be put back to the forest after the rescue, and it is still possible to re-enter the net soon after, will it not matter?"

The teacher fell off the soft ciliary feathers and said gently: "The disciples understand the meaning of the elders, thank the elders for teaching."

"..." He was so soft, Chu nightning was a little embarrassed, and he coughed aloud. "But this thing. It's really just a way out."

The teacher stunned and looked up at him with his face on his face, which was very cold, but the edges of his ears were a little red.

Suddenly I feel so cute.

So the teacher licked his lips, and his voice was like a wave: "The elders are so good. I must have some pity for the rest of the creatures."

"..."

After a pause, I suddenly asked: "Right, today, when I read something in the book, my disciples are puzzled, but there is no teacher to ask. Can the elders explain to the disciples?"

Finally, I don’t have to go to the polar world to talk about the problem of numbness. Chu night Ning was relieved and nodded, "You said."

"The moon and night medicines are all-encompassing, and many methods of cultivation make the disciples stunned. The most puzzling one is a holy medicine that quickly advances into the nucleus. After taking it, it can be-"

Chu night Ning's face did not know why it was dark, he interrupted him: "Do you want this medicine?"

"What do the elders know?"

"This drug was highly respected in the realm of cultivation in the early years, and the big and small sects will go to the medicinal sect for sale." Chu nightning squinted slightly. "How can I not know."

The teacher looked at the words and said: "The disciple is not interested in the drug, but seeing the materials needed in the drug guide has the flesh and blood of the skeletal beauty, and the heart is somewhat puzzled. I don't know if this beauty seat... beast?"

Chu nightning did not hesitate for a moment. He was stunned and replied with a solemn answer to the disciple who asked him.

"It's a man."

He didn't even say "counting people," but he said "it is a person" without thinking.

"..."

The teacher had not yet received the message, and Chu Yuening glanced at the lonely moon-medicine medicinal scroll he held in his arms, and lifted his hand into his palm.

"Elder?"

"The content of the drug alone in the moon is difficult to distinguish. It is not advisable to go to the school when you first start school. You can go to the library to borrow the writings of the elders of the wolf, or more appropriate."

The teacher bowed his head and said: "The bookstores of the bookstores, the disciples can only borrow those from the outer zone, and the inside of them must have the permission of the pro-masters..."

Chu night, Ning stunned, and thought that this child has been introductory for some time, but because of the low qualifications, even the most tolerant swearers are not willing to accept him.

In the slanting wind and drizzle, he solved Lin Daipei at his waist: "Hold."

"...!"

"The people in the library have asked, you can show me my tokens." Chu said, "I have a choice when reading books. Don't go wrong because you read the wrong book."

The teacher wanted to take over the jade with both hands, but there were too many volumes in his arms. One hand is really big, but I don’t know what to do. I’m a little red-faced, and Chu’s night is half-knee, and it’s only a little higher than the childish child. He dropped his long eyelashes and tied Yu Pei to his waist.

When doing all this, Chu’s look is very faint, and it seems to be the same as picking up the “blocking the road”.

It is impossible for another elder to lend his bookstore token to any unfamiliar disciple. This is the rule.

But Chu Xiaoning is obviously not a person who lives in the rules.

"Okay." To the teacher, Yu Yupei, he stood up again, and dropped the hand that was born because of the repair of the armor all the year round. "Go."

"..." The childish child took a deep breath.

He didn't know why he was taking a deep breath, but if he didn't suck, some emotion filled in his chest would probably make him cry.

In fact, it is very wronged.

Whether as a beauty seat or as a disciple with lack of spiritual power, he has never been treated fairly. In the past, he also felt that it didn't matter. Anyway, he was used to it. These people are nothing but ugly butchers in his eyes.

Can someone really stop and tell him that "the sphenoidal beauty is a person", and really someone has stopped, so he gave the token that the pro-disciplinary disciples could not necessarily get to him, just because he did not go wrong. That tempered heart, I do not know why it suddenly hurts.

I finally felt very wronged, and I have been too hard to work for a long time.

The teacher knows that in fact, he seems to be gentle and courteous, but that is only a mask that he created for himself after he saw the crisis.

After hiding in this mask, he used gentleness to defend himself and retreat with gentleness. He seemed to be amiable to everyone, but no one could get into his heart. His heart has been filled with the hatred of the sphenoidal beauty, and there will be no more warmth.

But when I went back that day and wrote a teacher's post, he outlined it, but it always brought some valuable truth.

After the letter was written, the bamboo pen with broken hair was put off, and the teacher looked at the lanterns that flowed into the pool.

He felt that his life, besides revenge and returning home, seemed to have a little more unexpected surprise. This kind of surprise may be dangerous for him. But at the time, he felt that there was a bit of tenderness that might not hurt, and could not change the biggest report in his heart.

At this moment, the teacher looked back at the "tenderness" that he once had, and he did not know what it was.

anger? sad?

It seems that it is more than that simple.

Different roads can't be done.

The teacher paused for a moment, or half a taunted sentence: "Master, you see. No matter who, in front of the destiny can not help but fight for a fight. You, me, man, devil, are same."

This sentence is very light, Chu night is standing at a high altitude, it is impossible to hear, but the teacher said, he felt a relief in his heart.

Then he led a thousand skeletal beauty seats and turned to the magnificent door of the magic domain.

Return home.

The old demon head of the janitor naturally walked in the forefront of the people, and this is the leader of this group of people. Therefore, he was very polite to the teacher, and he took a ritual after he entered the domain door.

"The son is a little slower."

"how?"

"The devil is classified into high and low grades according to the family's bloodlines. The son of the devil is returned to the township. He needs to test the source first and return to the ancestors."

The teacher said with no expression: "The skeletal beauty seats are not the mothers of Chen Shanggong? What are the good things to measure."

The old guards of the gatekeeper: "The mother of the family has been taken out of the demon, and after the son and the back of the family have returned to the demon world, they must arrange the households according to the mixed family of the other families in the lineage."

The teacher frowned, but it was too troublesome, but looking back at the night, the power of Chu was rather thin, and I don’t know how long it will last. And there were thousands of people waiting for him to enter the demon domain, and he nodded. "That's faster."

The old demon raised his hand and waved, and there was a scepter of the beast's first fang in his palm. He chanted the curse in his mouth, but saw a hundred red bands in the mouth of the beast, just like the brocade would be heavily wrapped.

"White, Cheng, Xie, Zhou..."

Each light strip has a shadow on it.

The teacher asked: "What is this?"

The old magic road: "The clan genealogy, which family and the son's bloodline are the most consistent, which family's light belt will ring to the son's wrist."

The teacher didn't say anything, and looked down at the colorful ribbons.

"Qin, Fei, Ouyang, Shangguan, Zhongli, Luo, Ye, Duan, Chu..."

The old devil mouth is not only lingering, but after a long time, there is still no satin belt, and his eyebrows are wrinkled up, and he looks up at the face of the teacher.

The teacher also looked at him calmly.

On the gaze, the old konjac smiled, and continued to speed up the curse and sing, squatting, and suddenly a red ribbon wrapped around the teacher's arm, the teacher raised his hand thoughtfully, thin Look at it: "Is this the root? Which surname?"

He looked around, but before he could clear the writing on it, the ribbon quickly became dark and black, and instantly became a powder and dust.

Teacher: "..."

The goalkeeper did not speak for a moment, stuck in the same place, and seemed to look at him incredulously.

The teacher slowly raised his gaze a few inches, but his heart actually had an answer, but he was still stunned and asked: "What?"

The old devil face leopard, wrinkled on the bridge of the nose, and shouted: "God!?!"

"..." The teacher slammed for a moment, snorted and slammed the grayish black stain on his wrist. "My father is indeed a descendant of the gods, but what about it, I have not done a half-inch Protoss in my life. It’s my duty to return to the hometown of the Mozu. I don’t have a bit of dirty blood on my body. You have to give me a hat of certain gods. That’s too—”

If you don’t speak, you will see that the old man in the gatekeeper is wrapped up in a black wind, forcing the teacher to step back.

The wind is gone, and the old devil has disappeared.

Appearing at the entrance to the Devil's Circle is a staggering, sly monster with a giant axe. The monster slammed the battle axe into the ground and

blocked the skeletal beauty from going all out. He screamed in the sky and his voice was rough.

"Since the ancient gods and gods can not collude, Er and other ethnic groups are mixed with blood, dirty to the extreme!! The road to the road can not be effective, and the fast-moving animals wait for the animals to roll out of the demon domain - the magic gate is closed!"

With the sound of it, the left and right magic gates were shocked, and they really closed toward the center, and the originally built bridge of the ramp also began to collapse from the horrible sound of the avalanche from the direction of the dead and the dead! !

Chapter 307

"what happened?"

The beauty behind is not clear about the previous variables, but also stretched his neck and looked anxiously.

Although the breakwaters of the late Qing Dynasty were solid, they were just a mound before the Kyushu Wangyang. Seeing the nine songs enchantment began to break, there was a stream of water coming out from the vine leaves, those beautiful people can not help but messed up their hands and feet, shouting forward: "What happened? Why not let us in?"

Some people looked back and saw a sudden change in their face: "The road to the road collapsed!"

"what?!"

As a result, the beauty of the family was in a state of internal and external difficulties, the front door was closed, and the rear magic bridge collapsed. And under their feet is an endless abyss, where can they escape?

In an instant, a porridge porridge chaos, the teacher screamed: "All come to the front, don't panic!"

"Hua Zongshi..."

The sound reinforcement passed his voice to the end: "I said. I will take you home."

This is what he has been searching for for two generations, and his mother’s long-cherished wish. At this point, he will never give up again.

"But the master, where do we have the ability to resist the magic?"

The teacher squinted his eyes, and the light brown glutinous rice reflected the doomsday scene.

"I didn't have it before. But now?"

He said this, those panic-stricken beauty seats suddenly remembered, because the magic field opened up and rushed out of the breath, they have more or less restored some of the magical power of the Mozu.

The teacher said: "After you retreat to me, gather together to slow down the annihilation of the road to the road."

"What about the master?"

The teacher looked up and waved the axe shield to the front and said, "I will defeat him."

The voice fell, and the konjac had roared and rushed.

- "Master is careful!"

The teacher did not care, he never got such a turbulent spiritual flow, and this magical interest in his body made him go forward.

In fact, the skeletal family itself should be such a strong tribe, just because one person betrayed, it will be unfair in this fate for thousands of years...

There is hate in the shackles, igniting the flames, and throwing away the words.

The cockroach flashed, and the flame ball hit the magic door, a black mark.

"The traitor is willing to make a second!"

The teacher said with anger: "What kind of blood is flowing in my body? Is it my fault?! Because the blood of the mother is exiled, it is difficult to get rid of the nucleus. Because of the blood of the gods, the door is rejected. Besides, I can't return home - what have I done? What did the sphenoids do? How is it a traitor?"

That is only solemn and stubbornly repeated: "The traitor is daring to make times..."

Like the Buddha in the mouth of the monks.

It is like a golden body made of yellow clay.

It’s obviously something that hasn’t been traced, but it’s so logical.

In the sky, Chu nightning is trying to resist the torrent of floods. In the distance, the people in the realm of repairing have retreated to the intersection of two red dusts, where the Xuanwu enchantment was built.

In front of him, the teacher is fighting with the konjac.

Everyone has their own missions and has their own choices. They may have met with each other because of their interests, but at this moment they are unable to compete with each other for your life.

The fate of the penalty has finally come to a halt, people's faces are so similar -

I am humble. But don't want to let go.

"Guru! The road to the road is coming to an end!"

"We can't hold it..."

Some young beauty can't help but despair, and cover their faces.

They are crying, crying into the gale, crowded into the auricle of the teacher...

As if that year, his skinny body struck the icy stone door of Tianyin Pavilion.

When the door opened, he saw the father of the blood on his lips and the mother of the flesh and blood. He heard the mother screaming, and the **** body slammed on the ground. She shouted at him with tears:

"Run! - Run!"

Run, leave here.

Run, go to a place where you can finally accommodate us.

With all the bullies who are being bullied. That is the lifelong wish of the mother to sell the soul, sell the flesh, and finally sacrifice the life.

Run it.

"So, where do I have to be sorry for the Mozu?"

This is his last question, and he has no intention of waiting for an answer.

However, seeing the teacher leaping and leaping, avoiding the heavy axe attack of the konjac, followed by the lightness of the body like a paper basket, and suddenly sinking on the knees, squatting on the shoulders of the konjac, clamping the brain that turned around.

The road under the foot was shaking more and more, and the bridges piled up by the chess pieces were quickly smashing, and the corpses fell into the endless abyss, and even the echoes of the landing could not be heard.

The teacher looked up and looked at him. His people had already been huddled together. These people forced out the magical power that they had gained in the body, trying to slow down the annihilation of this homecoming road.

They are pure blood beauty seats, the birds that bring their homage to themselves - and what about themselves?

There is a sound of bat flapping wings in the abyss.

On the palm of the teacher's hand, a sensation of coldness, a thorn and a thorny spurt, quenched the sharpness of the demon. He lifted it high and pointed it at the skull of the konjac -

Suddenly stabbed! !

.....

What is the bat?

Is it a bird flying in the sky? Or the beast that crouched in the dark night?

Maybe neither side will recognize him. His blood is dirty, and he can only be a traitor wherever he goes.

A few deaths. The konjac crashed into the ground! In an instant, it turned into a black and gray, and it was annihilated. But at this time, the closure of the magic door also reached the point where it was in jeopardy. The teacher jumped up and slammed into a high place, and temporarily supported the closed embossed stone door with flesh and blood.

He turned his head and turned to the bottom, and the beautiful people who were still waiting for the tears, did not breathe: "What are you doing?? Run!!"

Run...

"Run!" The screams of Huagui before his death came through the clouds, and for twenty years, he still broke his heart. "A Nan, run!"

He closed his eyes and could clearly see that her arm was torn open, the bones of her legs and feet were interrupted, and she struggled in the pool of blood, fighting for the beastly beast. She slammed her husband’s legs and feet. In order to give birth to a child.

"Run!!!! Run!! Don't look back! Don't come back!!! Ah-!!!!!"

The man stepped on his foot and her face was broken.

At the last minute, she tried her best: "Run..."

Slamming.

Throat pipe break...

The sergeant clenched his teeth, poured the magical body into his body, and the bones rang, but he still tried to stay between the door and the door, so that the magic domain would not be closed.

He looked down, sweat oozing out of his forehead, his lips were smashed, and blood flowed out. He was trembled all over his body, and his bones and muscles were crushed. Although the closure of the magic door slowed down, but the strength did not relax at all, it was so intimate and indifferent to exert high pressure on the flesh and blood.

One inch, two inches... one foot... two feet...

The blue veins burst and the cheeks are red.

But still looking at the crowds of people who are flustered, hoarse and hoarse: "Run..."

Faster, faster.

I said that we want to let us go home. Even if the **** people are full of blood, the people will be deceived and ruined by the ancestors. I have done everything, and for this road, I have done everything.

But I am not a traitor.

The bones seem to be misplaced, they must be crushed, but they still hold the huge door of the great and unparalleled - really ridiculous, ants squatting, eucalyptus.

At this time, suddenly heard a loud bang!

The teacher barely lifted his sweaty face and looked out from the wet eyelashes. He saw that Chu Ning was hit by the waves of the sky. The wall and the wall of the nine songs were broken. The master fell from the sky, and the **** that was struggling to support the land collapsed.

He saw with his own eyes that Chu Xiaoning was hit into the water by a huge wave.

"Master respect..."

The wall collapsed and the floods were no longer blocked. The road to the two worlds was swept by the smashing of the bamboo, and the buildings in the mountains were filled and filled with gully and empty valleys. It’s just a moment, everything is sinking in the wind.

The world is no longer yesterday.

The Bohai Sea has become a mulberry field.

In this case, the weight of the magic door actually increased and the number was high. The teacher only felt that the wrong bones were reinforced, the spiritual power was overdrawn, and a blood was smashed out.

He looked down at the bottom, and the last dozen people didn't have time to go.

I don't know where it came from, he screamed, his eyes cracked, his neck and meridians burst, and his hands and feet tried to block the door that was about to close.

"Hua Zongshi!!"

The beauty seats who passed the bounds did not go far, and they all gathered to look at him below, but the teacher could not figure out their faces at this time. His eyes were groggy and everything was embarrassing.

The last eight...five...three...

The face that was distorted by pain, retaliatoryly opened the smile of the eagerness and enmity, the blood in the mouth, the red teeth.

What is the fate of the world, the devil and the devil, what is stopping me from returning, and the former work is exhausted -

Not yet... the enemy is not...

A heart is as hard as iron.

This stubbornness is hard to move.

the last one……

"run……"

The teacher smiled indulgently. He said that you can't squat the tree. As long as the heart is hard, the ant can also break the levee.

In the end, did he still do it?

"砰"!

The door of the magic domain is closed, and the eyes are red and black, the red is the blood, the black is the sky. The last sound that the bat in this gap heard in the world is a "squeaky" sound.

The creeps are stunned.

Is the fragmentation of the Tianling cover?

When I was young, the echo of the mother’s neck was broken...

"Hua Zongshi! Master!" The crying of the sphenoidal family was blocked in another world with the demon gate.

The door of the magic domain is bloody, and there are cracks in the cracks of Hua Binan... But then a shocking wave hits, and the road of billions of bones is washed away without any trace.

When the tide passed, the magic door disappeared.

Only the dead and the dead are caught in the waves of the sea, the towers of the sky are falling, the red lotus water is annihilated, and the bricks of the Danxin Temple are swallowed up.

Chu night Ning coughed a few mouthfuls of water, several times to call Huai Sha Yu Jian out, but they could not succeed because of the spiritual power.

It was also a wave of waves, a powerful water pressure hitting Chu’s chest, wrapped in a piece of broken driftwood, and he was slammed into the depths of the sea, painfully rubbing his eyebrows, breathing too... Can't catch any straw to save lives...

The white dress was inviting, and the blue silk was scattered. He continued to sink and sink in the water. The halo in front of him disappeared slowly, and he could not breathe, and he gradually felt the feeling of the soul.

Xue Meng, they should have retreated to the Xuanwu enchantment.

After that, will they make a mistake?

There is also ink burning...

Ink burning.....

He blinked slowly, in the cold water, the sky was far away, and a few tiny bubbles floated from the lips. He squinted face up, probably suffocating and dying, and he had an illusion.

He saw an ink-colored figure squid-like to him, close enough to see the familiar eyebrows, black to purple sputum, and even the scars on his face.

It was the trace left after his unsuccessful rupture.

Chu night is so close to the eyes, it is really too much to worry about. So in the end, even the illusion before death is tormenting him.

He is hoarse: "I'm sorry..."

The lips and teeth open and close, but only the tiny bubbles.

Suddenly, one hand slammed him hard. He did not react, and he fell into a solid and broad arms. The chest was so cold that there was no one-and-a-half-point warmth, but even the sea seemed to be steamed by the strong wildness of the man.

"Chu night Ning."

He vaguely heard someone calling him.

"Late Ning!"

In the scattered consciousness, some people licked their lips, and the cool lips opened and joined with a glimpse of spiritual power.

"No return, call!"

At the same time, a secluded brilliance came from the sea, and the man grabbed it. The strange knife carried them at the speed of the light and flew toward the surface of the water. Only in a moment, "哗啦", they broke through the water, Chu night Ning was soaked, he was naturally chilly, dip in the cold water, shivering, lips are blue, no blood, big mouth Breathing in a big mouth.

After breathing for a while, I reacted to what happened just now.

He looked up slyly, and he did not lean on a pair of deep, moist eyes, no longer confused and confused, but clear and clear.

The ink burned slightly, and the lips were slightly elastic and slightly moist. His black clothes were soaked, and his muscles were tight on his chest. He looked down at Chu Yuning and did not speak.

Who is this?

Is it a living or a living person?

Is it a stepper, or a master of ink?

Chu night Ning throat blocked, but also could not make a sound, the throat was agitated for a long while, just wanted to open, but at this time just a drop of brackish sea water slipped down the forehead and broke into the eyelids.

He closed his eyes at once and his eyes were red.

That is, the moment he closed his eyes, the man held him in the water, and the cool lips were attached to his forehead.

"It is late for this seat."

"..."

"Hua Bi Nan Shi's shackles were unlocked, and no one can control this seat again." He kissed his forehead and his eyelashes, because he saved the people too fast and still had some breathing.

Stepping on the fairy looking at the eyes of Chu Evening slowly opened again, raising his hand and rubbing the hair of Chu’s late night, and then looking up to the flood of the world.

His voice is low and sorrowful, half awkward:

"Go. Send you back to your world."

Chapter 308

Before the time of life and death, the Xuanwu enchantment has been opened. This is the last line of defense. Once the tide breaks through here, there is another world behind it.

"The red dust is orderly, and if the order is broken, the punishment will come, and all will be returned to Hongmeng."

—— According to the warnings of ancient books, once the door of life and death is torn to an unreversible level, the flood will flood the two worlds, and everything will be at the beginning.

All of this was too sudden for the monks who were present. They were caught unprepared. Many people didn’t know what else to do except crying.

It is no wonder that before the sudden end of the day, how many more people can take it?

But for the Mei brothers who have already experienced the era of the immortal, and Xue Meng, who is no longer young, they have already prepared.

Mei Hanxue said: "The main attack and healing are back, returning to the other side of the life and death door. The majors are coming out, and I will go to the basaltic enchantment."

Someone asked: "What are you going to do?"

"Fixed defense."

Everyone looked at the basaltic enchantment that was going through the sky, and then looked at the torrent of the rushing to the distance, and could not help but worry.

There was a female repairer who asked: "Is this... can you stop it?"

Mei Hanxue looked back and saw this woman look beautiful, so she smiled with her eyes open. This guy is really a game in the world to see through life and death, but life is hanging on the line, but still have a leisurely teasing: "Hey, can't stop saying bad, but not sure will die, girl afraid not afraid?"

"..."

Mei Hanxue came cold with a cold face: "When is it, how can I still talk."

"Just because of this time, I have to talk about it, or I have done a ghost, go to the local government to find a ghost girl?"

This is the first time that the Mei family brothers appeared in front of everyone - but when they saw him, their elder brother was cold and frosty, and his younger brother Wen Ru was brilliant. The woman couldn’t help but be amazed, but she couldn’t return to God for a long time: "You... You are?"

Mei Hanxue smiled and blinked at her: "How, is it still I look good?"

The woman's mouth is closed, and she will only stay: "You..."

I was about to look at the two people again. The man with the refrigerated ice cave had already turned his back, and the clothes fluttered to the edge of time and space, and the sound was added to the public:

"After the attack, the defensive move forward. Please fast."

Someone asked: "Even if we use the Xuanwu enchantment to temporarily block the flood, but it is also a plan to slow down, can't always block it like this?"

"Yeah, if this torrent has not been retired?"

Mei Hanxue shook his head and said: "Half people are blocking the flood, and half are closing the door to death."

"..." It is clear that there are thousands of people gathered here, but in an instant they are silent.

Close the door to life?

Now almost all of the cockroaches have been torn and smashed, and looking at the cracks in time and space is like the end of the sea. The two time and space have completely merged and merged. How is it closed?

As if to see the doubts of everyone, Mei Hanxue said: "Wan Tao returns to the curse."

The young Xue Lu, who stood in the crowd, stunned. He only felt that the curse couldn’t be said, and he was thinking about it. He suddenly heard the elders next to him: "This is not the one that Yu Heng once created... the curse? ”

He mentioned that the people of Bitanzhuang also reacted.

Once in the town of Choi Butterfly, Li Wuxin took a group of disciples to go to death and begging to say. After some misunderstandings, Chu night Ning coldly told the people that the founder of "Wan Tao's return to the curse" was his own.

Mei Hanxue said: "Wantao returns to the waves, you can reverse the spells that have been displayed."

Someone was shocked: "Is that big?"

"Of course, it’s impossible to use one person." Mei Hanxue said, "So you want to be united."

Everyone, look at me, I look at you, after all face to face, but many people hesitated to retreat to the back of life and death.

"I can't do it, I can't resist the flood."

"Me too, I am the least good at defensive enchantment."

No one is a fool, they all know to stop the danger of basaltic enchantment, and it is easy to close the door. For a time, although there were death and death, some people from the Snow Palace, and some young people from other martial arts volunteered to come out, many monks also shrank their necks and squeezed them into the cracks.

Mei Hanxue stared at the tortoise-necked tortoises, and the original bad looks became more and more gloomy: "I want to hide in the rear and be steady, who is blocking the front?"

This is often the case, for example, when the two armies confront each other and fight for death. Knowing that the striker fell, he could not live alone, but still eager to be assigned to the back.

Just stalemate, I heard Jiang said: "I am coming."

The monks of the lonely moon night saw the head and went. After the hope, a large group of people came to the side of the Xuanwu enchantment. The medicinal sect was the weakest of the top ten sects. When they went out, it was like raising their hands to those who were afraid of death.

"...I also know a little about it, I can make a contribution."

After reading this sentence, Bitingzhuang’s Yan Ming also walked to the forefront, standing silently with a sword.

There are a lot more people in the land, although it is far from enough, but seeing the first wave of the tide is approaching, they have no time to wait.

"Come faster! Ziming, you go to the rear Shi Wantao to return to the curse. Others and me go to the Xuanwu enchantment before preparing to resist." Mei Hanxue said this sentence, jumped up and came to Pang Shuo's enchanting enchantment Before, put the palm of your hand up.

"Array open!"

This is not only his own, but soon, a pair of palms are attached to the last barrier between the red dust, the blue stream, the blue stream, the red stream... countless rays meet here A barrier that traverses the heavens and the earth.

Slowly, the totem of a snake body tortoise slowly illuminates in the night, and it ends at the ground, and the first head is nine feet, which is the Xuanwu guardian curse printed by the power of the people.

That is to say, at this time, the turbulent waves of the first phoenix rushed from the front, and the momentum was far better than the horses galloping, and the Yellow River entered the sea.

Everyone stretched to the extreme, staring at the fading yellow waterline.

"Ready, come -"

Almost the voice just fell, a thousand-foot-high wave has swallowed the tide to them! Suddenly splashes!

"Support!"

This torrent of anger is like a beast. Even if there is a basaltic enchantment as a defense, there is still a stream of water that crushes the weak spiritual power, and the arrow is sprayed in like a force. There are quite a few weaker monks who can't support this powerful force. Only the first wave head, dozens of people will collapse and swear.

Jiang Yan turned back and said: "More people!"

However, seeing this situation, the more dare to go forward.

At this time, Xue Meng had already finished the rune of Wan Tao's returning curse. He slammed into the air, and tens of thousands of Thunder's light flashed after the spell, and scattered all the way to life and death.

Like the striker blocking the flood, the rear monks also began to pay attention to Wan Tao's return to the wave, trying to close the crack that traversed the two time and space. But this crack is too big, and I can't see whether the edge is shrinking at the moment. Many people are actually extremely stunned.

The progress in the rear is slow, but the front is already stretched.

Another big wave was shot, more monks fell to the ground and could not support. The cracks in the Xuanwu enchantment are getting bigger and bigger, and the water column is rushing into it. Jiang Yan’s clothes are soaked quickly.

"It’s not going to go on like this." Mei Hanxue said, "The support will not be closed, and the Xuanwu enchantment should be broken."

"..."

At this moment, they suddenly heard the rumbling hooves behind them. Turn around, but see a group of scattered people and civilians from afar. The monk Yu Jian, the civilian horse, the two people headed, a black robe, the eyebrows are very beautiful, it is the leaves of the past.

There is also a milf, the sword is twisted, and the red belt is covered with red eyes. It is full of dazzling gold ornaments, but it is Sun Sanniang, the island owner of Feihua Island.

The two people are rolling in the dust, and they don’t know how many people are brought. Maybe they are bringing the women and children who have taken refuge.

The leaves have forgotten from the sword and leaped lightly. Emei said: "I have seen the movements in the long distance, and I heard about it on the road."

Her eyes crossed the crowd and fell to the precarious Xuanwu enchantment. Then I swept the monks who were clear-minded and strong, but did not want to go forward.

There are brave warriors in this world, there will be strong cowards, and the human body and mind are not necessarily matched.

Ye forgets that he hates iron and does not become steel. He gnaws his teeth: "...there is nothing to do, a heart is not as good as the people!" She dropped this sentence and sneaked it to Jiang Yan, and covered her hand. .

In addition to her, together with the scattered repairs, even civilians, regardless of their meager ability, they are eager to go forward - see this situation, Rao is some people's face is thicker, but also Stayed awkward.

"I... I will go too."

"Forget it, is it not dead? I will go too!"

"And I still have me!"

More and more people gathered in front of the Xuanwu enchantment, and the turtle-snakes that had been faintly lightened again became bright and shining.

The third wave... the fourth wave...

People fight with the sky, people and life fight.

Suddenly a girl shouted: "Look!! Is there the edge of life and death?!"

The sound is like a sigh, everyone is a spirit, they are pointing in the direction that she is pointing at. Sure enough, on the edge of the distant Scorpio, I can see that the black line is constantly retracting, although the speed is very slow, but it is indeed gathering. .

When I was excited, I was so excited that I was crying: "Fast! It’s faster! It’s true! It’s really close!”

Seeing this vivid vitality, almost every pair of eyes has ignited the light of survival. Their palms are in harmony, and they continue to gather power to the center of Wan Tao's returning curse. In exchange for the time and space, the door is slowly restored.

However, the power of heaven and earth is finally surviving, even though there are already thousands of people who are enemies at this time, they will infuse their spiritual strength into the guardian enchantment, and they will not be able to compete with the power of God.

People like micro ants are too small...

As another wave of snow fell, the slamming sound shook, and a lightning-like crack appeared in the center of the Xuanwu enchantment. The cracks had fallen from the zenith to the ground, and there were silky water droplets coming in behind.

All the faces are white, they all know that if this mark breaks, it will be -

"boom!!!"

Not finished, the ground cracked!

A gap was broken, and the rivers and rivers came to the fore. The angry waves of water drowned people’s screams, and many people were rushed to fall down.

"what!!"

"Help!"

The flooded water was like a torrential rain. Xue Meng stood in front of the life and death facade and looked back at the scene before the basaltic enchantment. He clenched his teeth and said to everyone: "Fur faster!"

As he spoke, he suddenly saw a man rushing toward himself, holding a silver-stained sword in his hand. Not someone else, it is the self when you were young.

He clasped the shoulders of the young Xue Meng, and his long eyebrows angered: "Go back! You will not defend the battle."

Young Xue Meng bit his teeth: "I want to return the sword to that person."

"Who?"

Young Xue Meng raised his hand and pointed at the lack of God Wusuke, who was already bloodless but still doing his best.

"...Ginger night sinking? How do you have his sword?"

Young Xue Meng said: "You don't know?"

Xue Meng shook his head: "I don't know him. He died very early in our time."

When he said this, his eyes were awkward. He has been displaced for so long, and he is still alive for everyone, and the age of the war has not been remembered.

However, Xue Meng thought for a while, or looked at Jiang Yan's back and said: "When I stepped on Xianjun, he asked him to offer a secret of the moonlight night. The first thing recorded here is the medicine of the medicine. It is powerful, but it is a evil door. For example, take the sphenoid bone beauty refining medicine, such as yin and yang double repair longevity."

"..." noticed that the young Xue Meng heard the double longevity technique and his face became very ugly. He couldn't help but ask, "What happened to you?"

Youth Road: "Nothing....and then?"

"Jiang Yan did not want to. He said that the drug sacred volume is a demon martyrdom, since the day he took over the head, has already paid a torch."

"..."

"Tai Xianjun was furious and forced him to rewrite one. He naturally did not agree, and he was eventually killed." Xue Meng closed his eyes. "Jiang Ye Shen is a hero. I am very happy to see him in another world." Alive."

When I saw the youth, I didn’t speak. Xue Meng said: "You haven’t answered me yet. How can you have his sword?"

The young Xue Meng’s lips were stunned. I didn’t know what to say for a while. After a long while, I just said that “I...” was followed by a loud noise, which made the bones numb and cold.

They turned back slyly, but saw that the lightning crack had been stretched to the extreme, and both the leaves and the plums were falling, and Jiang Yan was still stiff, but he had coughed up a blood.

Young Xue Meng lost his voice: "Ginger..."

What is ginger?

Still calling him Jiang Yan?

Or is Jiang's head?

One broke between the lips and teeth, he ran over and handed the snow phoenix to Jiang Yan.

"...Go back!" Jiang Yan looked up at him, and his white face became more and more ugly. He frowned and pushed his gods together with Xue Meng. "Go back to the crack and don't mess!"

After that, it was a **** sputum.

"Ginger night sink!!"

Hearing his own words, Jiang Yan coughed a few times, gasping back, his eyes fierce and complicated: "Mom... who allowed you to call me like this?"

"..."

"My name, my word, is not what you should call." Lips and blushing, Jiang Yan's meridian bursts, in the torrential rain that filled the flood, do their best to maintain the enchantment.

But I still don't forget to see him as I saw it.

"Good, no rules!"

The screaming sounds of the horrible broken sounds followed. Xue Meng didn't even have time to talk, and he didn't have time to react. He was slammed to the rear by the snow phoenix. Then he saw that the lightning-like gap was suddenly cracking. This time it was no longer a small crack, but a whole piece of collapse. rupture.

Rivers are instantly poured!

People standing behind the door to life and death from the scalp to the soles of the feet.

It’s over.

The end of the day...the end of the day...all are in the wild...

Some people don't even make a contribution to Wan Tao's return to the curse. They kneel down and cry like the most primitive servants before the punishment. They pray for the gods.

Some people yelled at the sky and yelled at the land.

ended.

However at this time! In the midst of turbulent rushing, suddenly a blue brilliance falls!

"what happened?"

"what!"

A little wind and grass can make people in desperate shudder, let alone such a shocking movement. They looked up, but when they saw a man in a high gold armor, the sword of the black gold armor came close, and he could see that his body was covered with sores, and it seemed to have been cut by thousands of sharp knives. But even so, people can still see the shadow of his former handsome in his appearance.

"...is it...ink...burning?"

"It's the devil!"

"Mom, what is the devil, it is clearly the master of Mo!!" The horses of the Taoyuan Mountain Villa immediately became excited, because even a fool can see that the ink is burning to save them, not to add fuel to the fire. .

And with him, there is a long time no trace of the Beidou Xianzun Chu nightning.

"Chu Zongshi!!!"

The founder of Wan Tao's return to the waves, the master of the first enchantment in the world.

Like their own heads, the monks in Taotao Mountain Villa are most afraid of death, and they are extremely excited. They are the first to be ecstatic, and they danced and said: "Save! Save!"

The ink burns with the soft wind, the robes are hunting, and the body is wrapped in a hard leather. He flew straight to the Xuanwu enchantment and jumped down and settled in the waves.

"Hell, people!"

As he screamed, countless willows rose to the ground, and the leaves that were shot down in the water waves were forgotten, Sun Sanniang, and the gloomy face. He wrapped all these seriously injured people in the vine leaves and sent them to the rear. Then I turned back and said:

"The replacement is rolling up! The defendant is not injured?!" He glanced at Jiang Yan, and he became more and more angry and violent. "How come the healing masters are doing this kind of thing?! Are you dead?! ”

At the rear, those savage and savage monks were smashed by the gray face, and the dog was bloody.

Stepping Xianjun slammed hard, but saw a glaring brilliance splashing out from his palm, and then spread the enchantment in front of him. He gnashed his teeth and said: "Who is **** again, waiting to finish the drizzle, this one is a bit Crush your head!"

"..." Everyone looks at each other.

"get out!!"

I don't know how terrible deterrence this person is, or perhaps a desperate death. Many people who are greedy and fearful of death want to open before the end of the day. Even the most ruthless Jiangdongtang remnant has crossed the border of life and death. And then few people shirked. A group of monks came to step behind Xian Xianjun, and a pair of hands were pressed against the Xuanwu enchantment.

The original faltering enchantment restored the aura of light, because the concerted efforts of the people, because of the injection of the first force of the human world, became indestructible for a while, exuding an extremely powerful momentum.

"哗-"

Seeing a wave of high tides, such as the whirlwind tsunami rushing, some people are naturally timid after all, seeing such a situation can not help but swallow, two stations stand.

Stepping on the sinister sinister road:

"Don't leave one. Dare to give it a try."

"..."

"Whoever flees away. This seat lets you not see the sun after tonight."

Chapter 309

He has no joke at all, nor is it a threat at all. He is stating a fact, a condition he has thrown out.

For a moment, no one really dared to evacuate, but had to bite the scalp, and then feared to close his eyes and concentrate on the spirit.

Kilometers - 100 meters...

Nearly...

boom!

The waves were hit, the eardrums trembled, and the heavens and the earth smashed, as if the billions of people had thrown the hammer, the sun and the moon were shattered in this huge wave. Stepping on the immortal arm, the blue muscles are straight and the silver teeth are broken.

Behind him, Chu Yuening came to the intersection of time and space, and took a picture of Xue Meng, who had been struggling to maintain Wan

Tao's return.

Xue Meng turned back and had a very calm face.

Although there were some wrinkles in the corners of his eyes, when he looked at the late night, he looked as if he was a teenager.

"Master."

Chu night Ning looked at him: "I am coming."

I saw a light from the sky, the nine songs are now in the world, the night of the night, the wind is standing, the strings are smashing, and the edge of the empty and dead door is gathered at the amazing speed visible to the naked eye.

"Returned." He said to the crowd while he was listening to the piano. "All come behind me."

Escape this kind of thing, you don't have to say the second time, but this time most people, even those who have been greedy and fearful of death, have not rushed to fight. Some people have helped the seriously injured companions. Some people have picked up some wounded people who have never seen them before, and slowly walked back.

The edge of the crack in the time and space is near the Kunlun Mountains. They walked to the Kunlun Mountain Road and many people no longer retired.

They stood there and watched the figure of Chu night standing in front of Yu Xueyuan, flying wide sleeves, and the sound of the piano continued...

Who said that the cultivation of immortals is to have the body of immortality for thousands of years, and to destroy the power of heaven and earth?

Some people, even if they live for 10,000 years, are just a stone. Some people even left the world with a rush of flowers.

At this moment, in front of the time and space, there is not a fairy, with his flesh and blood, the ten fingers of the Sanskrit, to cross this red dust, to prove its own immortality.

There was snow falling in the sky and falling on the shoulders.

Someone noticed something and was taken aback: "Hey? This is not snow..."

It is the sensation of Yandi Shenmu in the East Sea. The ancient sea otter at the beginning of Hongmeng blossomed. Unlike other flowers, it exudes extremely rich fragrance. The snow-like crystal petals have been swaying from the end of the world.

The petals are raised, the clouds are sweeping away, and the light colors of the fragrant Philippine are like a stream of stars, flocking to the edge of the door to life and death, helping the healing of the earth...

Among the petals of this flying dance, many monks remembered a legend: the last time the heavens and the earth would fall, it was Shennong who planted the Emperor Shenmu and saved the fallen man. Time flies, to this day, Fuxi has abandoned the world, the son-in-law has been sleeping, and Yan Emperor has not seen the Holy Land, but Shenmu is always there.

He is a coveted tree, still in the town of Kyushu.

Seeing that the time and space cracks are getting smaller and smaller, stepping on the fairy looks back and looks at the human beings around him: "Retreating. If the death is not closed, they will all pick up and roll back."

Not everyone has immediately fled and evacuated. Some people said they could support it. Some people said they wanted to fight until the last moment.

Who is not the blood of a hero in his bones?

Even if it is buried in the depths of the years and life, there will always be a day of boiling and splashing.

Stepping on the fairy is a smile: "Let you come or not, let you go, don't go to the seat to find the gas, is it? Fast roll!"

Those talents have begun to withdraw.

Suddenly heard a tremble: "Im... you..."

Stepping on the fairy, he turned his head slowly. Seeing the dying rain, an old man squats in the distance and looks at himself.

"...Liu Gong?"

Perhaps it was a dazzling look. He actually felt that the old man was looking at his own eyes and wrapped up with grief and pity that could not be explained. Just like a father, watching his own child.

It’s ridiculous.

With the tens of courage of the old slave, this old guy should not dare to take the cruel and fierce singer as the child. However, at this time, Teng Xianjun suddenly vaguely remembered that the old guy had lost his son in the war in the year of serving in his emperor's palace.

If the kid is still alive, he should be about the same size as him.

Stepping Xian closed his eyes and said: "This is the way to do this, and naturally the last one leaves. You don't have to worry."

"Emperor..."

"Let's go." Stepping Xianjun turned his eyes away from the old man, "Going to another world."

"..."

"Maybe in that world, your son is still not dead." He grinned a little, revealing pointed teeth and deep dimples. "Get off the old Liu. Let him accompany him."

The time and space of life and death are constantly shrinking. The people before the basaltic enchantment are also retracing in turn. Every time a defensive is removed, the force that the sacred priest will exert on the basaltic enchantment will be greater. When there are only a hundred people

left. In front of the vast sea, there was another wave of turbulence, rolling from the distance to the horizon.

Stepping on the fairy, he narrowed his eyes and sighed after the estimate: "Everyone is closing his hands and passing through the door."

At this time, the time and space cracks have shrunk to the height and width of a normal gate. Seeing a new round of waves coming, the remaining monks finally withdrew their hands, one by one through the crack, back to another world, and returned to the Kunlun Snowfield. .

However, the speed of the huge waves is too fast. Most people have not had time to cross the border. The wave has already slammed on the Xuanwu enchantment.

At this time, the enchantment relied only on the support of stepping Xianjun. Rao was his talent and superb. At this time, it was already the force of the Millennium, and he could not help but scream, and his face showed painful color.

The big waves are like the Yuzhang winds, the whales break the waves, and the depths of Wang Yang seem to have dragon girls dancing and shaking the ground.

Someone hesitated at the junction of the life and death gate: "Mo Zongshi..."

Stepping on the name of the fairy, but suddenly angry, he screamed: "Ink your head! Rolling does not roll? Rolling!"

The other party did not know where it touched his pain, and immediately dared not to scream again, bowed his head and passed the threshold of life and death. The remaining monks also followed the one-on-one, and the life and death gates became smaller and smaller. However, the Xuanwu enchantment was already on the verge of breaking down at this time. Stepping back to Xianjun, I saw that there were still more than ten monks who had not yet had time to enter. He couldn't help but scream, and the scarred hands continued to cover the enchantment membrane.

But he still can't hold it.

Although he is the first force in the human world, but in the end it is just a one-man, how to confront the heavens and the earth.

The grate is ringing.

"The enchantment is going to be broken!"

Stepping on the monarch before the flood of the sky, the head did not return to the ground and those who had not evacuated angered.

"Get some quick!"

Black blood stains between the lips and teeth, two rows of long eyelashes falling down, stepping on the fairy to look at his left foot - is slowly being eroded, turned into a little ash...

He sneered, no fear.

He is a living dead who is rebuilt by the teacher. As long as the teacher is dead, his body can't be supported for too long, and it will soon be turned into ashes.

He can argue with fate before ashing this time, he feels enough.

just……

Looking back, Chu’s figure was blurred after the death of time and space, and the cracks were still shrinking. The last four or five people were still crowding. In addition, Xuemeng and Meijia brothers of this era did not cross the border.

The people who died in life couldn’t help but go forward and said, "Less Lord!"

Xue Meng coughed and pointed at himself when he was young: "Your young master is that one, not me."

Young Xue Meng: "..."

"A mountain can't accommodate two tigers. How can a world have two Xuemeng? You don't have a mess." Xue Meng smiled, his eyes were faint and wrinkled. "I didn't belong to you this world, and I can't stay strong. I can do this now." The two worlds have made the last force, and their wish is gone. Not to mention that I have been tired for too long and I have long wanted to rest."

He turned his back and walked in the direction of Xuanwu enchantment. At this time, the enchantment had cracked seven seven eight eight, and there were cracks in the cracks everywhere.

He walked to the side of stepping Xianjun, looked at the man in a complicated look, opened his mouth and seemed to want to say something.

But in the end, I still can't say it.

"Little Lord!"

"Xue Shaozhu!"

The person behind him is calling him, but what about it? Even in this era, his father or mother is not there.

What's more, his life was originally unrelated to another red dust. If he stayed forcibly, he did not know how to behave himself.

Xue Meng sighed, raising his hand and licking his neck, his neck suddenly jumped, and suddenly grinned.

This is how old it is, and sometimes it is always dizzy and heart-wrenching. However, when he is older, he also has the advantage of being old. For example, when he is dizzy, the world is not black. Many times he can see the figure of Xue Zhengyi, Mrs. Wang’s smile.

Many times he can see the three little guys in his youth, surrounded by a white fairy, "Sister, Master."

These are the things that belong to him, and no one can take it away.

"I am visiting the deceased half-ghost..." He took a sigh of pain and sorrow, as if he was welcoming his old friend. When everyone did not respond, he passed through the Xuanwu crack and invested in the tide of the waves.

He belongs to this red dust, even if it is fragmented, and the world is gone, he feels that he should return here.

He didn't feel much pain, but it was like sleeping in a drunk.

I hope to increase the life and Zhou Gong.

Let the king hold the wine and go back.

It’s very fast. He Xue Ziming has been bitter for more than ten years, and he has to be fulfilled and relieved.

Everyone died, and after a while, the disciples of the dead and the dead were all degraded and silent. The people in the palace of the Snow Palace suddenly reacted to what happened. Many people suddenly changed their faces and looked at the Meijia brothers.

"Master! Come over, don't be there..."

"Come back soon... come back..."

"Hey, don't come back, don't come back." Mei Hanxue smiled and waved at them behind the enchantment. "A plum with snow can harm half of the

beauty of the real world. If there are two me in this world." Isn't it a mess? In order to pity the girls in the half of the country, I am going to the brothers. The rivers and lakes will meet again."

Mei Hanxue stood next to his younger brother, looking at the Kunlun white snow that had not been seen for a long time, and the holy mountain of Yanshimen. He had a correct ceremony for the Ming Yuelou, who had already passed away in his own time: "Disciple Mei Hanxue, today’s worshipper door."

The two seem to be easy to say, but everyone knows that their minds are already shaken.

Ming Yuelou closed his eyes and sighed into the wind.

Mei family brothers supported the Xuanwu enchantment, watching the last Guardian monk squeezed into the crack of the life and death door, the younger brother smiled, his brother nodded, the shoulders of the two men have been completed, this life does not live up to grace, no Live up to your best friends and live up to the world. In the face of the torrent of floods, they were relieved, and they plunged into the sea. A wave, their figure disappeared like the petals of plum in the water.

At this point, all the people have retired to the time and space, or to the endless sea of the sea.

At this time, the sound of the piano was annihilated.

Chu Xiaoning raised his eyes, and the nine songs turned into a golden light and returned to his bones. On the Kunlun snowfield, he hunted in white and turned his back to everyone.

No one knew what he was going to do.

"There is still a last crack." Chu night Ning Dao, he slightly turned his face, windy, boasting his soft clothes and dark hair.

"After I left, the kings closed them up to protect the world."

"..."

A few silences, some people reacted and shouted: "Guru!!"

"Chu Zongshi!"

Xue Meng is almost cold and erect, squatting from the snow in Kunlun: "Master!! Master!!!!!" But the snowy road is too slippery, he rushed and rushed to the ground. A pair of black and moist like a beast's eyelids panicked and looked at the night.

"Master respect..."

Hearing his voice, Chu nightning turned back.

His dark eyes looked at him, and finally Chu night said: "...sorry."

Sorry for what?

Xue Meng's pupil contracted with fear, and the Tianling cover seemed to be drilled. Someone was pouring snow and ice into his skull.

Sorry for what? ! Sorry for his relationship with ink burning? Sorry for the deception? Still for...

The throat is twitching and the spit is swallowing.

Still for...

"Don't! You don't want to go!" Xue Meng finally collapsed. He was kneeling on the snowfield and burst into tears. "You don't want to go! Why are you doing this... Why do you want to leave me alone... Why is there only? I am alone!!!"

Tears continued to follow his **** face and smashed out the white marks.

The tearing of the tearing heart seemed to be dug out of the throat and blood, as if the liver and gallbladder were broken and the flesh and blood were blurred.

"Don't leave me... come back! Come back!"

He beasted in general, bowed and squatted in the snow, and the snow was silent around him. He seemed to be a person who was crushed into pieces by the snow.

I can't stand anymore.

"Please, come back..."

What else do I have?

father. mother. brother. friend.

Lianlong City is broken.

come back.

Don't take my last spine.

Master...I beg you...

However, Xue Meng did not know that Chu Xiaoning was already dead.

A person, being placed on the altar, is too heavy to be able to breathe.

He looked at his lover in his arms.

He personally dismembered the lover.

He must face the sword of the old man.

Only one of these things is enough to hollow out the heart, not to mention that he has experienced it all. He can no longer return.

- I tried to make you alive.

So now, can you let me be selfish and let me die with him?

Chu nightning finally stepped into the space and time, from the Kunlun snowfield that is about to usher in the dawn, and returned to the raging and broken world.

There, there is no color in the heavens and the earth, and the mountains, rivers and lakes have become Wang Yang.

I don’t know where the sun and the moon are faint, and there is only one last person in Kyushu.

Chu night, the white clothes dragged the ground, came to the person behind, and embraced him from behind. Then, lift up the thin five fingers and cover the palm of the hand that is smashed.

Stepping on the great shock of Xianxian, he turned back and said: "What do you do??!"

Chu night Ning smiled, under the long eyelashes is a pair of soft black eyes.

"I said that."

"..."

"Hell is too cold, I am coming to marry you."

The warm body embraced the cold body. The remnants of Teng Xianjun have been broken, and almost all of the left leg has been dispersed, becoming a residual ash.

The look on his face was extremely complicated, he licked his lips, and finally he didn't look away.

"...the most annoying thing in this seat is you, why bother to accompany you."

However, the heart is like a popping out, and the inside is soft and gentle. He knew that there was only one body, but at this time he suddenly felt very hot.

After a few silences, Stephen suddenly turned back and turned around: "Yes. There is actually something. This seat should tell you."

"What is it?"

He looked up, gasped for a sullen heart, and then looked up and looked at Chu Ningning: "Before telling you, can you tell me the truth first?"

"..."

"Do you really hate me like this? You can't bear it, is it just the ink master who died in your arms."

After he said these words, he was so humiliated and wet.

If it is not heaven and earth, life and death are not seen, he is afraid that he will not use such a despicable tone to seek the answer to this question in his life. He asked, only feeling humiliated, his fingers could not help but punch into a fist - but he suddenly found out that he even began to sand the fingertips of his left hand, slowly, a little gray became...

After waiting for a long time, I did not wait for the answer of Chu Yuening, his hot heart gradually cooled down.

It was like the beating organ in the chest was crushed and became stucco.

"Forget it." Stepping Xianjun turned his head. "This seat knows the answer. It doesn't matter, anyway, this seat is also..."

When the words were not finished, they were held by a pair of warm hands on their cheeks.

Chu night Ning looked at him and his face was broken and ugly, handsome face, but his eyes were more sincere and warmer than ever.

"You are stupid and not stupid."

"..."

"It's all you." Chu nightning hugged him. The Xuanwu enchantment flashed and darkened, and it was extinguished.

There is only darkness in the world, and the last wave of river surges with the pride of victory. The sound of running on the road seems to be ridiculing how meager human beings are, and dare to fight with their lives.

"I have said this to him."

Chu nightnings embraced the disappearing lover, and before the flood of the flood, at the end of the day, the look was calm but the eyes were solemn.

"Mr. Mozong is also good, and it’s all about you."

The desertification has spread to the arm and gradually invaded the chest.

Black eyes stared at each other.

Chu night Ning said: "I will always be your person."

"Never regret."

Stepping on the fairy is a stiff, stunned eyes, and there are vague tears under the long eyelashes.

He finally took off his cold face and slowly relaxed his eyebrows. He used the remaining hand to hold back the back of Chu's late Ning, and let his lover stick to his chest. He bowed his head and kissed Chu's hair, his cheeks rubbing his forehead.

"You are right," he sighed. "I am too stupid..."

Stepping on the fairy whispered: "Late, sorry."

Many years of love and hate entanglement, most of the grievances and sorrows, all in this sigh of dust settled.

After a moment, Chu nightning heard him sticking to his ear, his voice was low and slow, and it was the peace that was rarely seen in his life: "Okay, there are not many left... I should tell You are the secret."

"What secret?"

Stepping down on the eyes, "I am related to the Mo Zongshi."

"!"

"Actually, I have been able to feel it since I merged with his heart." He paused. "The soul of Mo Zongshi is in my body."

"..." Chu night Ning a glimpse, and then raised his eyes, unbelievably looked at the face of the smile of Xianjun.

"The fragments of those souls... have always been in my body. It’s just that my heart is like a stone, I feel that I am even a remnant, I know my soul, and I have decided to do it myself. So I don’t want to be integrated with the three souls and five souls. ”

"But to this one, if only I can confess with you, it would be too unfair."

"..."

"Late Ning..."

Stepping on the fairy eyes, the light smile on his face gradually faded.

"Don't be sad, he has been there."

"!!"

In the horror of Chu nightning, the singer must turn around and step on the singer to reopen his eyes. It is clearly the same eye, but there is no black and purple feeling, but pure and gentle.

"...burning?!!"

With a bang commonly, the huge waves slammed down, and the basaltic enchantment was finally completely broken. In the wandering wave of the whale wave, the ink burned nothing to say first, but hugged him tightly and sank into the sky with him. Wherein the yang and torrent are everywhere.

The water splash and the crystal foam are turned around, and the ink burns open in the blue sea.

The water is deep, like the affection in the dark eyes.

In the wave, the ink ignited the lips and silently said something with the night.

——

Master, don't worry, it's me.

I am always here.

Will be in the future.

So... go back. Don't stay here.

Believe me, I will be fine, I will try my best to meet you and accompany you.

I am waiting for you in another world.

The lips and teeth open and close, he finally called to meet the ghosts, and the ghosts bound the night body of Chu, and sent him to the gap between the life and death of the last square inch.

"Ink burning... Ink burning!! What do you mean by this? You confuse! What do you mean!!"

The ink burned and smiled in the water, his broken body has been deserted to the face, the crazy, sweet, pure, evil face, the face that is also evil and evil, all turned into mottled at this time. Dust, bit by bit.

Gradually away.

Let's go back. Late Ning.

You have to believe me.

I will be fine, I will always be by your side.

forever.

Chapter 310

bright.

When the ink burned open his eyes, he found himself lying in a purple sky. He slowly licked his throat, slowly turned his neck, and then he got up - he found that it was not the sky, but a palace made of amethyst, because the palace was too big, a brick was comparable to a carriage. So he will mistakenly think that this is the cloud.

A tall man stood in the distance and looked out at the window.

The man was draped in a robes that could not be seen in the texture, barefoot, with a luminous glass cup in his hand, and his amber liquid turned absently. Outside the window, there is a tree of red flowers, and there is a bit of silver falling in the heart.

There is no such costume in the world, there is no such flower.

The ink burns can be sure that there is no such palace in the world.

"Where am I?" he asked.

The man's fingertips move a little, and the micro side is over half of the face, but because of the anti-light, the ink burns his eyes.

"You are very calm, hero."

"..."

The man drank the wine from the cup, and the cup rested on the window sill and then walked over to him.

Soon, the ink burned out. This man has a face that is slightly similar to Chen Shanggong. The first blood-red spider scorpion under the corner of his eye, his lips are very thin, and his temper is not too good.

"I am the second generation of the demon Lord." The man said slowly, his eyes fixed on the reaction of the ink, "you are now in the magic palace."

The ink burned for a moment and said: "If you don't say it, I will be you as the Emperor."

The man chuckled: "You are so convinced that you are dead?"

"No." The ink burned into his eyes. "I don't think. But I don't think I am still a living person."

The smile of the demon statue became more obvious: "You are doing a good job."

He reached out and touched the ink-burning chest with the fingertips of the black dragon-scale gloves, and the ink did not feel the slightest pain.

"You really are not a living person." Demon said, "You are just a soul that has gathered together."

There is no buzzing in the ink.

The devil said lazily: "My ancestors set the law, the sacred bones of the mortal world will not be able to return to the demon domain unless they are hostile to the gods, or you can't return to the demon domain.... From the chess game to the time and space, you replace They did it, my hero."

The ink burned and said: "That's not what I want to do. It's Hua Bi Nan -"

"He is a hybrid that is not a **** or a demon." There is a contempt in the eyes of the demon. "He once vowed never to harm his kind in his life. But

he did not."

"...Do you mean that he harmed Song Qiutong?"

"No." Demon statue, a pair of ruby-like eyes reflected the illusion of ink burning, he raised his hand and gently touched the face of the ink burning soul, "You know who I am talking about."

"..."

"The moment you opened the door of the magic domain, you have already perceived it." The demon statue looks like a sharp knife. "Otherwise, you will not agree with your little fairy in the end. You actually understand in your heart." ""

There was no snoring in the ink, and the two eyelashes fell.

The demon statue slowly rises straight up, and the tall figure casts a dark shadow on the ground. He said: "Ink rain, you should know that there is a very special beauty seat in this world. They will not flow golden tears, there will be no magical atmosphere, if they do not recognize the ancestors, even with the beauty The evil spirits of the phoenix mountains are undetectable. So some people will not find their true identity when they die..."

The ink burns dry and dry: "What about that?"

Demon smiled and smiled: "What about that?... You should be clear that this kind of person can inherit the overbearing spiritual power of the ancient Mozu, just like the Song Xing of the Huabi Reign of many years ago."

He said, his fingertips suddenly lit up a purple-black Huaguang. He turned this Huaguang toward the ink, and the halo immediately fell into the soul of the ink-burning. At the same time, the ink burned only felt a raging The vigorous power swayed in the three souls and six scorpions, and then was completely absorbed by himself.

Demon looked at everything in front of him and smiled. "You see, you can absorb the strength of my family."

"..."

"I am talking about you." Demon said, "You are another special beauty seat after Song Xing. It is only you have never found it. Hua Binan has never noticed it."

The ink burns up the scorpion.

The demon lord took the hand and looked back at the floating flowers outside the window: "Poor him swears, saying that he will never hurt the people, saying that he must guard every sphenoidal beauty seat that can be guarded. It has harmed you forever."

The ink burned up from the ground. He didn't really have the mood to listen to those who didn't, and whether they were harmed or used, they all passed.

There is only one thing he is worried about now: "Is I still going back?"

"Where is it going?" Mozun looked back at him, "Human?"

"world."

"What's good in the world, a group of cockroaches ants. You have the ability and discouragement, not to mention that you are my ethnic group." Demon respects faintly, "Because you are a demon. I can call your soul, call you back to the devil Palace - stay here, you will have a long life, you told me with your strength, you can work for my family."

The ink burned and laughed: "Sorry, I have only let others work for me, not for anyone."

The demon-red red eyes stared at him, did not speak, just with a little review and censure.

"...well." Ink said, "There is only one person. I am willing to work for him."

Demon sneer: "Do you work for a piece of wood?"

"He is not a piece of wood."

The demon statue turned a blank eye: "I told him that Xiaoxianjun is polite. He is not even a god, that is, a rotten seedling of Shennong Laoer." Seeing the burning of the ink is getting angry, the devil is honored. The mouth, sideways, the thin waist leaned against the window sill. "Are you not a good brain?"

"You have to figure out one thing." Demon said, "If you really want to go back, you still can't get the supply of the Mozu. You can only live for decades, up to a hundred years."

I was very tight before the ink burned. When I heard it, I smiled instead: "So long?"

"..."

"It’s really a long life in the world."

The Mozu seems to be somewhat confused, and it seems to be somewhat annoyed: "The Terran is nothing but the life of the ants. What can you do

for decades? What can you do in the last hundred years? You tear the time and death, master the chess game, Fuxi Lao I am afraid that you will be half-dead in your heavens. You have such talents, but you are willing to be a king in the tail." The more he said the more unhappy, he finally said: "Idiot."

The ink burned low, the long eyelashes trembled, and the Mozu thought he was angry at first, but after a while, he took a closer look and found that he was holding back.

Demon Respect: "....."

The ink burned and looked up, and smiled: "How do you know?"

"..."

"In the world, many people say that I am stupid."

Demon statue with his hand on his eyebrows, he seems to have some headaches, he is almost stunned: "How come there is such a shameful demon..."

"I never felt that I was a demon." Ink ignited, "I only vaguely perceive the moment when the magic door opens."

Demon statue stares at him.

Ink burned for a while, didn't smile, he looked at the demon statue: "No matter what, thank you for protecting my soul."

"I am sorry."

The ink swayed and shook his head. He did not intend to continue to talk to the demon.

He just used the eyes that had touched countless people to look at the man in front of him with sincerity and seriousness, and then said, "But I am sorry. I want to go back to the world."

"..."

No one talks anymore.

"Reason." Finally, the devil is blunt, "Give me a reason."

"Because I promised one person."

The ink burns.

"I promised. I will come back to him."

Kunlun Snow Palace.

At this moment, the snow in Tianshan has stopped, and the cracks in time and space have finally closed. The torrents and life and death of the past life are like a ridiculous dream.

The beginning of the sky is gradually shining, and the world is magnificent and peaceful.

"Chu Zongshi!"

"Gentle Master! Master!"

Someone in the ear is calling him, and the consciousness slowly returns.

Chu night Ning opened his eyes, his eyes were empty, and the dust of his life seemed to fall in these eyes. For a moment, he thought that he was in

the midst of death and death, and was awakened by the noise of the apprentices in the afternoon of a certain winter. It seems that in the darkness of the Wushan Temple, Liu Gongli sighed on the couch and called him back to the world.

After a long time, his eyes gradually became clear. The brown pelicans turned, and he looked at the monks around him. The sky was falling in the snow, the night was already lingering, and the red clouds were beginning to appear in the depths of the clouds.

He whispered slightly, hoarsely: "Ink burning..."

It seems that the dead youth is responding to his attachment, or that he is obsessed with too much illusion - he suddenly sees a few golden red streamers floating from the cracks in the door of life and death, slipping from the rouge Go over and fly to the distance...

what is that? !

Chu night Ning suddenly opened his eyes, but not because of the shouting of the people next to him, but because of the few golden red.

……What it is? !

His hopes of extinction were ignited by those wonderful lights, and he struggled to get up, not letting anyone help, and did not say anything. Chu Xiaoning stumbled with the golden light, and behind him was the voice of anxiety.

"Chu Zongshi..."

At this moment, the sand is completely washed away. People know that the light rain is not a sinner, but the cost is too great. This kind of innocence behind him does not know how much meaning.

But like the smoldering, he never really thinks about the world. He is self-clearing. He is turbid. He is mad, he is self-infatuated. The same is true of the late night of the Chu Dynasty. What they both ask for is nothing but a regret in the heart.

"Master!!"

Xue Meng was going to chase him, but after a few steps, he heard a commotion in the crowd.

On the night of the lonely moon, a disciple shouted in panic: "Hey! The head, what happened to you?!"

Xue Meng stunned and slammed back to open the crowd, but seeing Jiang Yan could not support it, he was already in the snow, and the blood was pouring from the big beach.

"What happened?!" The elders of the lonely moon night roared. "Isn't it just fine?! How could this be?!"

Some disciples stunned at Jiang’s waist and had a bruise.

"Yes... was it hit by the sharp weapon in the torrent? The door is afraid of the chaos, so I have never said..."

There is a faint **** smell in the air. Before the dawn, Jiang Yan fell into the earth that had been settled, and closed his eyes to the already peaceful world.

"Quick healing!"

"What are you doing! Save him!"

Xue Meng’s heart was shocked and he was in a mess. He was rickety, and he still held the snow phoenix that he gave him. He turned his head and wanted to chase the back of the night, but only moved half an inch, and then fluttered in the same place, and finally burst into tears.

He does not know this mountain river, where is there no longer love and hate? Whenever the head is raised, there is no old man to accompany him. Those teenagers who are proud and proud, and who are savvy and savvy, are already riding a red dust and never look back.

On the winding road of Qiongshan Mountain, Chu nightning looked at the golden red light and flew to the sky, and went to distant mountains...

"Trust me, I will try my best to see you."

"I am waiting for you in another world."

Suddenly shuddering, but Chu nightning did not dare to think more, before he saw the truth with his own eyes, he did not dare to expect.

At this time, the Rising Sun has pierced the darkness of the Great Abyss and rose from the cold of last night. Wanhui Jinhui is sprinkled on the mountain road that is smashing and smashing. The beginning of the yang rises, and the shallow ray reflects the sea of people, and Can Jin celebrates the rest of his life.

Chu night Ning looked at the rising sun, the fingertips, the golden light flashed.

"Rising Dragon - Calling!"

A shout. His title card dragon broke through the wind in the snow, and the body was coiled and sounded like a bell.

The little dragon looked up and saw that the red dust was still good, and the heart was happy. He couldn’t help but start laughing with the owner: "Is it calm?"

"Ok."

"Have you finished?"

"Ok."

The paper dragon is even more happy. It has soared in the air for a good lap, and it has not yet fallen. Then, like every time I saw him, he joked: "Yes, Chu Ning, how are you always alone? ""

Chu nightning quietly stood in the hurricane, snow seeds fell on his long eyelashes. He couldn't help but think back to what he had said when he was burning away. He only felt that his heart was like a drum. After a quiet moment, he looked up and said to the paper dragon lying on the reverse disc: "Take me to a place."

"where?"

Chu nightning turned over the dragon's back, and the dragon was on the rise. He greeted the snow and overlooked the earth. The rising sun is getting more and more bright. In the dawn of the dawn, he said to the dragon: "Go to Nanping Mountain. I am going to see him."

Canglong wanted to swear at the moment, but the horns had to be tilted up, and nothing was said at all.

In fact, it is also very clear where the owner wants to return, and who is looking for someone. It made a slap in the sea, and before it broke into the Nine Miles, Chu Ning returned to look at this magnificent river.

Long sky, long clouds. He went from Kunlun Road, the wind and snow, to the golden light, and finally to the distant rivers and lakes that started in the rain.

The ink burned promised him, saying that he would come back.

So he believed him, he went to their last place to meet him.

"You said... those golden lights will be the soul of his return?"

The candle dragon tumbling in the clouds and shouted: "You ask me, I ask who is going."

"Do you say that those souls will return to his body?"

The candle dragon is strong and strong: "Probably..."

Nanpingshan soon arrived, no hesitation, no doubt, Chu nightning seems to determine where the golden glory of the golden glory will eventually return to where he is, riding a wind candle dragon, living in the bamboo forest deep in the south screen.

"The person you are looking for is here?"

Chu night Ning did not answer, he came down from the dragon, only felt that the chest was pressed against thousands of heavy stones, breathless.

"I used to have a burned body here." His fingers trembled unconsciously. "So if his soul can come back, then..."

He originally wanted to say that it would definitely be here, but the words went to the mouth, but did not say anything.

What if it is not here?

He also wants to give himself a look. He doesn't want to say anything to death.

The paper candle dragon has some grassy hearts, shaking his head and shaking his head: "What if he didn't come back?"

"..."

"If those golden lights are not here, they will be scattered?"

"..."

"if--"

Chu night Ning slammed back, his eyes were stunned but his eyes were red: "Then I burned you to bury him."

"Oh, I am so scared."

The candle dragon turns into a golden light, and the huge body is turned into a small snake, which lives on the shoulders of Chu night. It hit his head and hit the owner's cheek.

It knows that the nature of Chu Xinning, naturally, will not burn it seriously, and it sighs: "Look at your look, how do I feel that you want to bury him more."

He said that he used his tail to scratch the back of the night.

"doing what?"

"I'm afraid I won't scratch you again, you will faint." Xiaolong sighed and patted his tail. "Your face is so ugly."

"..."

"It's like the gambler who has a lifetime of savings and walks into the casino's last fight."

Chu, rather than rare, did not refute it, he closed his eyes.

The little candle dragon said that it was his life's savings, in fact, this is not right.

It was the disciple of his two worlds, the lover of his two worlds, the two worlds who used flesh and blood, and they did not hesitate to break into the quagmire, but also to fulfill his mighty white fool.

It is the rest of his life.

The mountain road is long and the snow is sloppy.

In the distance, there is a ruin that has been in disrepair. Chu night Ning stood in front of the huts, his fingertips trembled, and it was just a small hospital that was in disrepair. But it seemed to be more difficult than the door of the magic domain. He had a throat and blood flowing.

He was as stiff as a piece of wood, and his hands were lifted several times, but they all fell off the moment they touched the threshold.

Xiaolong: "Oh, if you don't push the door again, then I will come, I-"

The door opened.

It’s not that Chu’s night is pushed away, nor is it Xiaolong’s collision.

The door was originally hidden, but it was mostly breeze and pity, and could not bear to sorrow, so the wind blew a thin firewood.

Chu nightning stood outside the house.

In the huts, there is a clear view of the open space. At this time, Wanmu has not yet budded, but the branches are covered with thin snowflakes. The wind blows, and the snow flakes float like a jellyfish, and they are scattered into the golden morning light.

Then, it was covered on the shoulder of a man.

When he heard the movement, the man’s figure was slightly stunned and he slowly turned back.

The light and shadow are moving, and it seems like a rejuvenation of the earth in a flash, and the summer is blazing.

The sound of the wind that I couldn’t hear before, the sound of falling snow, the sound of the leaves that I couldn’t hear, all came back to the ear, and everything in the world rushed back into his chest.

He stood in the same place and wanted to go forward, but all the limbs were like pouring lead water, but it was impossible to move in one step. At this time, Chu Yuning’s ear seemed to ring for many years, and the hustle and bustle of the Tongtian Tower.

That is the best life in the life of ink.

The handsome young man of the eyebrows walked toward the elders of Yuheng who leaned under the tree, headed for the source of everything, and headed for the beginning of the fate of two people.

"Chu Ning..."

Xiaolong poked his waist on the side.

Chu Xiaoning was reluctant to return to God, but he still blocked his throat and could not say a word.

He slowly walked toward the man standing under the dead wood, heading for everything, going to the end of the pain of the two worlds, and moving towards the dust.

The wind blows the leaves of the forest, Xiao Xiaoshen, and Chu Ning seems to have stepped through the countless fires of the wolf, and finally stood in front of the man.

It’s like how many years ago, the juvenile ink and rain was standing in front of the late evening of the late Qing Dynasty.

Look up and grin.

"Xianjun Xianjun."

The voices of the past are still deaf, and they have passed two lives when they meet again.

"I have been watching you for a long time, you are not paying attention to me."

The empty valley is quiet, the glow is pure, and there seems to be only two of them left in the heavens and the earth, and nothing else. The ink is draped in a robe. His face is still pale and pale.

He looked at Chu Yuening from the morning glow and came to himself, and the dark eyebrows gradually revealed a gentle look.

"Master respect..."

The wind stopped, and the clouds lingered, and the morning sun was scattered, shining in the **** mottled people.

"I saw a demon. Then I have an interesting experience, I want to tell you..."

The turmoil of the last days passed.

After many years, the bloodshed is now -

Maybe there will be a new plum blossom.

Chapter 311

A month later.

Impermanent town.

"Let's take a look."

The smack of the hawker snorted in the sun, and he shook his hand in the drums and took the bamboo poles and walked across the street.

"Night tour god, night tour **** - 30 texts, the former Yu Heng elders personally created mechs, evil spirits, and virginity. Come and come, pass by, don't miss it."

The worn-out sandals stepped on the bluestone road, the shadow of the hawker was dragged long, and the children ran around in the left and right, holding the candied fruit in their hands, or holding a paper basket.

Suddenly there was a baby girl with a shofar holding the hawker's clothes: "Uncle, I want to buy a night god."

The hawker put down the burden and picked a brush with mahogany paint: "Hey, is this good?"

The baby girl nodded again and again: "Good-looking! It's just this!" For fear of being snatched by others, he was busy holding a body armor that was almost as tall as himself, and then struggled to slap the copper plate from his pocket with one hand.

The copper plate came to the point, but it was three.

The girl is a little anxious: "Oh, I am running too fast, is it falling out on the road?"

She said that she had flipped it over again, and the bottom of the patch was all in the air, or only twenty-seven dollars. The little girl can’t help but panic, and her eyes are red and red: “Big brother, it’s falling, so it’s all right, can you sell it to me?”

The hawker is also very embarrassed, holding a dirty hand: "Shantou, I have spent twenty-five yuan on the night of the purchase of the gods from the priests. If it is folded for you, then I am not only earning two articles." After a day, this is not enough for a meal."

"What should I do?" The baby girl began to wipe her tears. "Go home and yell at me again, hehe..."

I was crying hard, and suddenly someone came over and blocked the sunshine behind the girl.

"Little brother, you have to collect these broken silver."

A gentle and awkward voice, the girl heard the sound of her head, first saw a hand wearing a sleigh wristband, and then looked up again, facing the eyes of Shuangbi, such as jade, pale gold hair The morning sun is more and more supple.

Mei Hanxue smiled softly: "How can a girl be so beautiful, how can she cry for three money?"

"Ah..." The girl was stunned.

Mei Hanxue came down and tried to be flush with her. Then she re-delivered the pink night tour that had just been taken back by the hawker into her arms. The eyebrows bent: "It’s hard to buy beautiful tears, the tears of the girls are the most valuable. Don't cry because of this little thing next time, huh?"

There was another man next to him. He was mediocre and wore a shackle. The eyes were very nice. They were emerald-colored, but they were as cold as the jade. At first glance, there was no warmth.

The man frowned. "You are almost done. She looks like she is only five or six years old."

Mei Hanxue smiled and got up: "Big brother, you are really boring, the beauty is not old. From the 80-year-old woman, down to the five-year-old child, the fat and fat, each has its own good looks, you must learn to praise them. This will be... Hey, how did you run?"

His eldest brother Mei Hanxue did not want to care about him, he turned and left.

This time, the Mei family brothers ordered the death of the dead and the dead. The wife of the defiant Wang had protected the sects of the sects. Now the catastrophe has subsided, and the elders and disciples have not lost much, and the strength is still preserved.

In this way, in the re-shuffling of the comprehension of the realm, the death and death of the singer jumped to the top three, no longer to the sunset, so poor, letting people slaughter.

"Mei Gongzi, the Lord is waiting for two in Wujianping."

At this time, it was the morning of the dead life. Most of the disciples were practicing in the school. The Jianjianping was quiet and quiet. Only one

man in a Chinese costume, holding his hand in front of the white jade carving, looked at the red dust of the mountain peaks. .

Mei Hanxue and the big brother walked over, stepping on the newly-built green grass and making a fine rustling.

When I heard the movement, the man did not look back, but sighed: "Come on?"

"coming."

"Wait for a long time."

Mei Hanxue couldn't help but laugh out loud: "Zi Ming, how do you talk like this."

The man turned around. It was indeed Xuemeng’s right. It was still handsome to almost some extravagant eyebrows. There were some youthful young people in the face. He saw the Meijia brothers, and the tension between the eyebrows was slightly awkward. The eyes reveal a trace of the old and innocent.

"Hey, you don't know, these days are really exhausting me."

Xue Meng saw no one around, and the Mei brothers did not bring other followers. They immediately relaxed their bodies and sighed.

"Elder elders yelled at me seventeen times a day for rules and rituals. I used to learn this. I don't even talk about people now. I open my mouth and have three words and two words. The elders told me that This is succinct..."

Mei Hanxue couldn't help but cover his mouth with his hand: "Hey... cough."

Xue Meng glanced at him, and some impatiently said: "You have to laugh and laugh, don't pretend to cough."

Mei Han Xue, son of Wen, said: "No, no, how can I make fun of Xue Zunzhu."

"You must never call me that." Xue Meng wrinkled his nose. "I have had enough."

Or when the big brother is calm, Mei Hanxue said: "Resist, from now on, you have to endure a lifetime."

"..." Xue Meng simply turned his head and looked at the mountains and clouds. "You can be true. This is the most frustrating sentence I have heard since I succeeded."

Mei Hanxue: "..."

Xue Meng added another sentence: "No one."

"Ha ha ha." This time Mei Hanxue really laughed and laughed. He smiled for a moment and said to Xue Mengdao. "In fact, when the head is the head, there is no need to have so many rules? You see Jiang Yan on a lonely moon night - he is more comfortable."

This is not to mention okay, mentioning that Xue Meng’s originally relaxed back is tight.

In a place that no one else can see, under the wide sleeves of the luxurious gold silk embroidery thread, his fingers are involuntarily pinched, and the heart is not a taste.

In fact, he had just been to the lonely moon a few days ago.

During the war, Jiang was very hurt, and he lost a lot of panacea. The disciples were all good at pharmacology, so it was easy to return to life. But although the life is saved, the health is no longer in the past. What is even more disturbing is that Jiang Yan has been invaded by the magic gas, and the body has undergone some changes.

"What will happen?" At that time, Xue Meng stood outside the door of Jiang Yan and asked the elders of the drug.

The elders of the drug replied: "It's not good. The magic door has never been opened for thousands of years, so there is no record of how the monk is dyed with magic. At present, it seems that the Lord is temporarily nothing, but it is not clear. What will happen to him in the future..."

Xue Meng looked gloomy and took another look at the room.

The bi-color yarn account was heavy and heavy, and the three-way reciprocally covered the entrance. It was said that Jiang Yan’s appearance at the moment, even the layout of the lonely moon night bedroom, is not clear from the outside.

"Can you heal?"

The elders shook their heads: "I am afraid it is difficult."

"..."

The anxiety in my heart became more and more vivid. Xue Meng closed his eyes and said, "If you need it, you can come to me at any time."

Although the elders did not know why what happened between Xue Meng and Jiang Yan, but also vaguely aware of the subtle relationship between the two, they made a gift from the good: "So, I would like to thank Xue Xuemen first."

Xue Meng waved his hand and turned his gaze to the deep curtain.

He actually wants to go in and see Jiang Yan, but the place where the lord is sleeping is probably more mysterious than the squat, and others can easily step in. What's more, Jiang Yan is still not awake, and other people on the lonely moon night can't be the master to let him in. Xue Meng really didn't know what else to say, and he frowned. "The snow phoenix of Jiang's head, I have already returned it to the elders of Feng Jian. You will remember to talk to him."

"Yes." After a pause, see Xue Meng's words and stops, the elder asked. "Don't you ask Xue Zhangmen what else?"

"...forget it, it's okay. I am leaving."

The elder is very polite: "Thank you, Xue Zhangmen personally came here."

Although Xue Meng had a lot of jealousy with Jiang Yan before, it was when the Lord was the Lord. Nowadays, it is the head of the house, and the people of the lonely moon night will naturally not be unreasonably neglected.

Several elders and medical officers accompanied him to step down the temple of Biva, and there was a spiritual flow throughout the night, so the flowers bloomed regardless of the season. Xue Meng looked at his side and saw that Lin Lingyu was covered with light snow, but it was still a splendid flower in the cold, and he was not known as a taste.

He slowly walked down the arcade, and the planks creaked under his feet.

Suddenly, the first copper bell of the horned beast, Xue Meng raised his eyes and saw a young man with his own age at the corner with two rows of knives on his face. The young man was very handsome, his shoulders were wide, and a face in the morning glow exuded the softness of the indescribable.

Rao is Xue Meng’s eyes higher than the top, and he has not smashed him several times.

"Xue Zhangmen."

When the narrow road meets, the young people stop first, and they perform a ceremony, which is correct and not humble.

"..." Xue Meng stopped. "This is..."

"Oh, this is the close servant of the Lord. These years help the Lord to take care of the size of the moon and the night house, not often show up, but it is very important." The elder laughed and saw that he had some young people. fear.

Xue Meng is not salty and does not lightly "hmm".

The young man finished the ceremony and saw that the other person was still staring at himself, so he looked up and smiled.

At this distance, as soon as he looked up, Xue Meng could see him clearly and carefully. Although Xue Meng never paid too much attention to the appearance of others, he still noticed the outstanding appearance of the youth, especially the eyes, bright and gentle, inside. It seems as if there are countless stars.

It’s an unforgettable face.

Xue Meng narrowed his eyes and looked at the other side's appearance more and more harshly, even trying to find out what he was going to compare. But after reviewing it many times, it still has no results.

He has a stunning handsome. Young, restrained, gentle eyebrows, tall, very delicate skin, even like a faint glow

Such a good young man should be on the list of young people in the real world, instead of being crushed, and selling life and hard work in the depths of the lonely moon.

Xue Meng thought dryly.

The pearl is dusty, and the **** night sink is really not something.

The good young man was stared at by Xue Meng’s eyes, and some were uncomfortable. But still politely and gently asked: "Xue Zhangmen, is there something?"

Xue Meng returned to God: "...no, nothing."

But still staring at others without any disguise.

Near the level of the waiter, although subject to heavy, but no status.

If Xue Meng does not ask, the other party will not tell his name, and he is humiliated.

However, the elders of the drug service were flexible. When Xue Meng was curious about this young man, he smiled and introduced: "Xue Palm Gate

does not look at his young age. In fact, Lin Lingyu has no fineness. He cares very well. Sometimes let us These elders are very embarrassed."

The young man bit his lower lip and actually had a slight blush. Sorry, "The elders praised."

Xue Meng looked at him back and forth and became more curious about this person. I suddenly saw the follower behind him carrying a lacquered wooden pallet. After thinking about it, he asked, "Are you going to Jiangyan?"

"Yeah." I didn't think that Xue Meng would call the name of his own head. The young man was awkward, but he quickly nodded with a smile.

This is a good opportunity. If you express yourself and want to accompany the past, the other party should not refuse. This will also be able to enter the Jiang Yan bedroom and take a look at the idiot disease.

Xue Meng cleared his throat and just wanted to speak. He heard the young gentleman.

"I am going to give medicine to my father."

Xue Meng was a glimpse, and then his face was dull: "...what?"

The elders of the drug service said: "Sorry, I almost forgot to say it. He is still a adopted son of Jiang Zhangmen."

Xue Meng: "....."

After a few moments, I saw that under the flying gallery, several elders followed the Xuemeng, who was looking at the blue-green.

"Hey? Xue Zhangmen?"

"What happened to Xue Zhangmen?"

“Is there something uncomfortable?”

The new leader of the dead and the sorrowful Lord looked gloomy and sullen, and the bottom of the iron-clad sole was slammed into the wood. He gritted his teeth like a ash - he certainly didn't care if Jiang Yan had any kittens and puppies, what happened to him? He just tired of Jiang Yanming clearly having a capable son in the party, but he still has to sympathize with the hypocrisy of "the lonely family is old and unaccompanied" in front of outsiders.

shameless! ! It’s really disgusting!

Mei Hanxue saw that he had a strange face and asked, "What happened to you?"

"Nothing." Xue Mengdao, "Suddenly think of an irrelevant person."

He did not want to mention the things related to Jiang Yan, and after talking about the topic for a while, he went to the ancestral hall of the dead and dying with the Mei family brothers, and gave the glory of the heroes who passed away in the past.

Into the ancestral hall, Mei Hanxue found that a spiritual card on the side of the altar was very special, covered by a red towel, and could not see the following words.

"This is the location of the ink."

"..."

Xue Meng’s face was faint, and he couldn’t guess his mind: “Everyone else said that he was dead, but I don’t think. After the end of the war, I saw the teacher respected Kunlun Mountain... He obviously wants Where to go, just don't want to take someone else."

He said, rubbing his lips and hanging his eyelashes: "In short, I don't believe that he is so ruined."

"Xue Meng..."

Xue Meng turned his head away and looked at the sky outside the door: "The ink-burning dog has something to do with it since childhood, and does not act according to common sense."

"..."

"I know that this is the same."

Listening to him said that Mei Hanxue could not help but sigh, but did not intend to refute anything.

The Mei family brothers worshipped the Engong couple, Xue Meng stood by, closed his eyes and did not say anything.

After the ceremony was over, Mei Hanxue got up and patted him on the shoulder.

"Zi Ming, you will be a good head."

Xue Mengshu opened and looked at the black and white characters. The scent ignited, and the ash drifted away. In the pale blue haze, Xue Meng looked at his father's tablet and said calmly: "It won't be better than him."

"..."

"gone."

Xue Meng waved his hand and turned away.

In the solemn and solemn ancestral hall, there was no nickname on the small lacquered wood that was written according to the rules. The Mei family brothers glanced at each other and sighed and kept up with Xue Meng’s footsteps.

A fragrant ash fell.

The young people have already gone far, and the Wuliang altar is still burning the three pillars of their fragrance. Behind the faint light spot, the wooden sign slammed Xue Meng's handwriting:

Father is no substitute,

Dan has no heart.

At the bottom of the card is a four-character inscription that is ridiculous. However, the Mei family brothers know that Xue Meng also knows that if Xue Zhengyi is in the spirit of the sky, seeing these four words, he will laugh happily.

The long light swaying, according to the handsome cursive script, is the extension of Xue Zhengyi's brush and ink, and the strokes are all casual.

——

Xue Lang is very beautiful.

In the evening, a banquet was held to host the banquet of the Snow Palace.

Because of the friendship between the two factions, this is a private affair and does not look at it with outsiders. Even so, there are still rumors that have flowed out.

According to the legend, the newly-elected Xue Zun, who has three cups of two liqueurs, is so drunk that he cannot find the north. After Xue Momen was drunk, he loved to mutter. He had a lot of content that he muttered that

day. He was crying for his own mother, and later hated his brother. After a while, he recited the master, and later recognized the neighbors. Teacher.

That day, his mouth was upside down and their names were theirs.

But those old people, except Mei Hanxue, did not come.

Deep in the drunk, in the lamp, he put his arm on the case, and went to see Meng Potang from the arm.

For a time, he saw a hustle and bustle, and he was very happy.

In the crowd, Xue Zhengyi and Mrs. Wang toasted their glasses, and the left and right divisions and the ink burned in the dumplings. Later, they quieted down. Everyone turned their heads and saw the snowy house. The elders of Yuheng wore a bright red cloak. Shake off the snowflakes on the paper umbrella and walk towards them.

"Respect the Lord, you are drunk."

Someone is calling him in the ear, Xue Meng did not respond.

Later, some people sighed and put him in a cold coat. He didn't know who the man was, the elders who were elders, or other people.

Later, the man touched his head and said, "Less Lord, you are drunk."

He responded vaguely, but the tears flowed down, and he threw his head into his arms. At this time, the night was deep, the cup was a mess, and Yi Xing was stunned. Xue Meng did not talk any more, and no one was crying anymore - he was trying to grow up to be a father.

Maybe another year, he won't be so drunk. In a few years, even if you are drunk, you will not talk nonsense again. At the end of the day, probably no one can easily see the tears of Xue Ziming who died.

Slowly, he will become a tree that supports the middle of the world and even the entire realm of cultivation. Those who are willing to cry and raise their wines will one day become a past when Xue Zun and his younger generations chatted.

A generation of generations have passed like this. When Xue Meng is old, it belongs to the past of their generation, and will be mentioned in later generations, but no one knows.

Those years old, maybe after all, will go down to the point, and finally become a sentence on the Xuemeng fan, "Xue Lang is very beautiful."

After the Mei family returned to the Snow Palace, it took a few days for the comprehension to announce a news.

"Kunlun Snow Palace will become an ally with the dying of life and death after the New Year's Eve. The two factions are united and unconstrained, but they are not divided into the upper and lower circles, but they are seeking Haiyanheqing, Limin Anping. The head of the Mingyuelou, the head of the Xuezi Ming, the total Zhao The world, to prove the heart."

Zhaowen is out, the waves are rolling.

Some people praised the festival, some people are unclear, and some people are silent - they can see that this new contract may shake the whole world in the next ten, twenty, or even faster time. The so-called revision of the upper circle, probably slowly blurring the boundaries.

“Is this a good thing?” After a meal, someone asked curiously.

His companion licked the snow in the bowl and shook his head. He said, "Who can know about the future? From the former Nangong Changying, the nine sects of the sects form the upper cult, and the place where these martial arts are to be ruled becomes In the paradise, everyone is not paying tribute, but the result is not satisfactory. It seems that a decision is wise and correct, but it still has to be timed to prove..."

"Oh, yes."

"But at least for the time being, there will be no more things in the words of the Church. You should be no match for the Snow Palace and the dead and the dead."

"This is also not sure, according to Jiang Yan, who refuses to succumb to the temper..."

"Forget it, take care of so much. Take a step and take a step. Let's have a good time for ourselves.... Hey, this snake-boiled melon is good." The tea drinker pulled the scorpion and sipped it outside the bamboo curtain. "The boss, come back a pound!"

In the winter and spring, the scars of the Chinese people slowly healed. The villages and towns that were once destroyed by the war were rebuilt under the support of the major sects.

Someone once lost faith in the dark, but fortunately, the human heart is not static.

Maybe one day, there will be a cry in the silence, and there will be sparks in the abyss. Those who blindly applaud will stop, and those who cringe will speak. When the threat comes, the gentle person will be tough, and in the face of lies, the retorted person will stand up.

Everything is changing the cycle, and a new town is built on the ruins. However, it is not clear that right and wrong are still inseparable.

But there is nothing. It may never be possible for a person to truly understand anything, or even to fully understand himself.

One of the simplest examples -

You have a pair of eyes, but have you really seen your face directly?

"Good!! Come again!!"

In the old land of Linyi, under the old banyan tree, a storytelling book was finished.

"Chu Xianzun is really a good person..." The old woman heard tears. "I don't know where he is now."

"Mo Xian Zun is really wronged... oh..."

Another half-sized little girl licks the sugar gourd in his hand, his eyes are sloppy, and his face is full of tears. She twitched, and suddenly turned her

head to the companion around her: "Hey, I don't like the story of Nangong brother and Ye sister."

Her companion slammed: "Why?"

The girl wiped her tears: "All dead."

The boy muttered: "The leaves are not dead yet..."

The girl cried even worse: "You don't understand, you boys are stupid, she is definitely more uncomfortable than dead, hehe..."

The boy was so overwhelmed by her crying and fierce posture. She scratched her head for a long time and said: "Hey, don't cry, let's play, let's play family? I came to Nangong. You come to be a leaf, the story we compiled ourselves... Oh, don’t cry, don’t cry.”

The boy was happy for the little friend, picked up a palm leaf and covered the little girl half face.

"Then, take your hijab, let's come to the house~"

The little girl blinked and broke.

It turned out that the pain in the eyes of the child can be rewritten. Everything will gradually get easier. Their love and hate will be separated, and they will gradually become legends of the rivers and lakes. Under the old banyan tree, they will be told by one story after another.

With you and me for a lifetime of ups and downs, life and death, honor and disgrace, Bo spectators two or three tears, full of applause.

Xiaotoutou and Xiaomao’s children are in a decent manner, covering the leaves and worshipping each other, childhood, and each other’s eyes are only the other side, sweetly shouting:

"One heaven and earth -"

"Two worship high church -"

Under the old banyan tree, I walked through a long black dress with a beautiful face. There was an old sac that had faded in the waist, and there was no arrow in the sac.

After the beating, the world is very peaceful.

Embroidered with a cluster of colorful arrows, carrying a golden claw-tip milking dog, squatting on the outside world.

The black road leader stood under the tree, looking at the two little dolls and laughing at the house, suddenly remembered something, went over and handed the little girl a red handkerchief.

“Hey?” the girl stunned. “What is this? Who are you?”

The black dresser did not answer, only smiled: "Which is a family with a leaf, come, this is for you."

The handkerchief is a bit old, very soft and has a good texture.

Embroidered with a "驷" on the corner, how many years ago was the old things, some broken, this is when she was scared and crying in the illusion, Nangong came out to wipe her tears.

The little girl took a look around the patron and suddenly smiled like a flower.

She looked up and said, "Thank you, my sister."

"..."

The black road is long, with some stars and light shining in the eyes.

After so many years, not many people can recognize that she is a daughter at a glance, not to mention the sound-changing spell that can never be solved.

This little guy is really poisoned by eyes.

She shook her head with a smile, straightened up, and patted the plush head of the white gold in the arrow pocket: "Go, what are you looking at?"

Naobai Platinum: "Hey!"

The wind is blowing, and the eucalyptus leaves are rustling.

The storyteller is talking about the singer, and is talking about the battle of Lushan, Nangong 驷 blood pool town evil spirits, everyone mourning.

She didn't cry any more. She was straight back and walked alone to the distant mountains. The sweet voice of the little girl and the little boy sounded behind her.

"The husband and wife are worshipping -"

At this time, she just walked out of the shade of the banyan tree and glared at the sunshine. For some reason, she smiled and bent her eyes, filled with joy and sweetness.

When I was a child, it was a very good time in my life. She thought that it is so easy to make a vow.

After a while, there was a little footsteps of the little guy: "Big sister! Your handkerchief!"

She didn't look back, she waved her hand and looked like a hero.

Naobaijin looked at her with a pair of round eyes, and looked at her blankly. She seemed to be asking her: "That is what the aunt left behind. Don't you?"

She smiled and her eyes were very gentle: "No."

She said, she turned to look at the grassland of the sly, and all things were born in the spring, and then she did not accidentally see the figure of Nangong 立 standing on her side, still unruly eyebrows.

Some are arrogant and somewhat calm.

She said: "I know you are."

The phantom of Nangong Temple frowned, as if blaming him.

She said softly: "You don't want to be angry. They are in the hall and they lack a hijab."

"..."

"So I gave them your handkerchief."

Nangong Temple is still not very happy.

"A handkerchief for a good marriage, you can laugh."

The sun is golden, and Nangong is unwilling to squeeze out a smile, but it is more ugly than a ghost.

She also laughed and hung her eyelashes. When she raised her eyes again, the shadow of Nangong Temple was gone. But she knew he would return.

It is not a ghost or an illusion.

He is in her heart, so she will always see him.

- He has always been the most handsome look when he is most arrogant.

In the blink of an eye of the New Year's Eve of this year, according to the rules of the realm of cultivation, parents can be removed. Therefore, in the month before New Year's Eve, Xue Meng finally officially crowned the crown of death and death, and the Quartet came to congratulate him.

In that fire tree silver flower night, Xue Meng 璇玑 璇玑 所述 所述 所述 , 戴 戴 戴 戴 戴 戴 戴 戴 戴 戴 戴 戴 戴 戴 戴 戴 薛 Use fire refining beads to embroider.

He stood in the solemn and magnificent Dan Xin Temple, and his face was like Kunyu, handsome and mature.

In the eyebrows, if you carefully distinguish, how much can see the shadow of Jiang Yan. It’s just that he will never be surnamed Jiang, and he will

never be like Jiang Yan.

"Congratulations, the head of the fairy."

The elders led the disciples to take the lead.

The disciples of the dead and the dead, such as the blue sea, the waves, the glory, and then the worship, and other guests who come to congratulate each other also bowed.

The sound rumbling, like a thunder, rang through the hazy mountains.

"Congratulations - the head of the king."

The fireworks bloomed in the night sky, as if the golden years of the dead and the dead were beginning to begin, and the darkness of last night was good or warm, and they would never look back.

Xue Meng smiled, his eyes were deep, very quiet, but not so bright.

He toasted and drank with the crowd.

The extremely good manners will no longer make those ridiculous and ridiculously different pools as before.

Mei Hanxue sighed in the distance and closed his throat: "This kid... finally has to become Nangong Liu."

"Cautious."

Mei Hanxue looked at his brother and said: "I am not saying that others have problems. I mean his position today."

"That's not what you should talk about." Big brother coldly, "And, from the dinner to the present, there are already twenty-six girls who have come to me. Take off your skin mask, I am fed up." It is."

Mei Hanxue immediately wrinkled his face in a whim.

The banquet was scattered. Because there were too many guests, it was difficult to take care of the dead and dying. They had to arrange for the disciples to receive the corresponding heads, elders, and disciples.

Everyone drunk and went back, Jiangshan changed to the dynasty, each has its own mind.

Xue Meng returned to the room.

He was really not drunk today, and the hangover soup of the elders of the wolf was more than anything.

He sat down and rubbed his eyebrows with some exhaustion. He wanted to take off his heavy ornaments, but looked at the bronze mirror for a while, but he felt that he was covered with jade, and he didn't know where to pick it up.

I knocked on the door and came in.

"Respect the Lord."

Xue Mengdi: "Well?"

"This is the gift list given by each door, and the precepts have forgotten to send it to you." He handed him a thick sheet of gold and red book. "Remember to look carefully and pay attention to it."

Xue Meng only felt more and more tired: "Know it."

"And, Jiang Jiangmen said that he wants to see you alone."

"……not see."

He is not reluctant, he has always been the life and death of all the elders to finally observe the words. He sighed and said: "Then I will go back to him later."

"Is there anything else?"

Ruan said: "No."

Xue Meng actually wants him to say that there are other things. It is best to tell him directly that "there are two mysterious guests who have come to see you outside." But they did not.

He walked away and closed the lacquered Zhumen in the bedroom.

In the big room, Xue Ziming stood alone, he stood for a long time, and finally went to the table, picked up the lights and went to see the thick gifts.

The list of gift lists is arranged in the order of gift-giving, and the lonely moon night in the rich world is naturally in the first place. The list is full of extravagant treasures such as “Fan Yu Yu” and “Ling Whale Beads”. Some

things have never been seen before. I have seen that Jiang Yan’s shots are very good, and it’s really not bad.

But for these luxurious treasures, Xue Meng didn't have much mood at the moment. He flipped through the booklet and tried to find the name of Chu Yuning and Mo-burning in it. Many gifts will be sent even if they don't come. . This is an extremely important day in Xuemeng's life. If the ink is not dead, if Chu is still in this river, then they will always get the news of his ascent.

Stepping Snow Palace, Huohuang Pavilion, Wusi Temple...

One page turned over.

The pages of the private greetings were turned back and forth dozens of times.

But no.

In the end, Xue Meng leaned on the cushioned mahogany carved seat and raised his hand and rubbed his eyebrows tiredly.

No.

His master, his cousin, is really like a complete retreat. After the war of that day, it disappeared from the rivers and lakes.

Outside, there was a laughter, a salute, and the lord of death and death locked himself in the room, and the eyelashes slowly became moist.

He really can't accept the sinfulness of Chu and his burning, and can't get along with them any more, but in any case, he still misses them in his heart.

When the sacrificial ancestor was built, everyone said to him that the smoldering was dead, but he was stubborn. He said that he would see the dead and see the corpse. Without the exact news, the red cloth on the spiritual card is like how he Will not take off.

In fact, he also knows that many things have happened. He tried to try to understand them, but he still couldn’t relieve it. When he thought about the things that they were carrying on him, he was upset, and he was entangled in the five, even with a sigh of relief. Not coming up.

He also knows that for this reason, Chu Yunning and Mo-burn may never return to the top of life and death - no taboo between mentoring and apprenticeship can be accepted by true tolerance.

But, let me send him a letter...

I will report him a peace.

Xue Meng took a deep breath and raised his hand to cover his trembling eyes.

Suddenly, there was a sigh of sigh outside the window. Xue Meng slammed and jerked up and rushed over, pushing the house open.

The fireworks that appeared one after another reflected on his face. He looked around and saw no one. But a narrow brocade box hung from a peach tree outside the window.

Xue Meng shuddered and reached out, tightened and opened the box.

At this time, there was a fireworks in the "咻" place, and thousands of stars were broken in the night of Shulang.

In the gleaming Guanghuali, Xue Meng saw a newly-formed narrow and thin machete lying in the brocade box. The silver handle was long and the stalked crystal was radiant...

It is a re-quenched Dragon City! !

Xue Meng almost stunned the box in his arms, and then jumped straight through the window, plunging in the back garden and shouting: "Master!!"

The backyard of the empty door, responding to him is the sound of the wind.

He screamed insanely: "Master!! Ink!!"

"Come out!"

The night wind was refreshing, and it was wet and cool on the cheeks. He ran away in the luxuriant flowers, and the robes and arms were scratched by the branches.

"You come out!!"

The sound has a whimper at the end.

Where no one could find anyone, Xue Meng stopped and slowly bent down and snorted on the floor: "Come back..."

The sound of the leaf blowing in the ear stunned, Xue Meng glimpsed, looking in the direction of the song -

Then he saw it, but the two men had already traveled too far and stopped at the towering tower of the distant sky. Behind the majestic tower corner of the flying eagle beast, two old familiar figures are leaning against each other. Sitting sleeves fluttering, knees holding Shenwu nine songs, leaning against the night coat, Slim, fingertips clinging bamboo leaves in the sound.

"I visited the old man under the bright moon, and the people of Huanhuan met with each other. One dynasty phoenix 啼 啼 Chunxiao, Wanyuheshan Qingpingzhong. The total angle of the Tibetan brewing Jun Mo drink, after the return of the year and the brothers. Why should life always accompany, away from the Acacia ""

This leisurely whistle echoed in the moonlight, drifting into the vast sky.

A song congratulates the end, but seeing a flash of gold flashing, Chu nightning's title candle dragon is called out, the two jumped on the back of the dragon's back, so take the wind away...

Later, Xue Meng found two letters with similar handwriting in the box. One is Chu Yuning, and the other is ink rain.

The letter of the ink rain was written very long, telling the stories of the later, telling him many of the previous hidden feelings, and explaining that they did not want to appear rashly because they still don’t know what the world thinks of them. The shackles of life and death. As for the new Dragon

City scimitar, it is in the past few months that he and Chu Lingning have tried to obtain materials that have been refined and may be used.

The letter of Chu Yuening is much shorter, and the letter is a few lines of work:

Respecting the Lord, Yu Heng has a flaw in his heart, so he has no face to see Jun. The road ahead will be long and hopeful. The dragon castle handle is embedded with a night sea otter, which can be accompanied by the Lord's life. If his lord needs to take the power of jade and balance, he will do his best.

That night, Xue Meng looked at the word "respecting the Lord" for a long time.

Until the night was deep, and the chaos was scattered, and he was silent. He did not return to God. I think that from now on, I may never hear the name of the teacher, and I can only hear the voice of the Lord. He feels that he has never been so tired of the rules of the world.

But at least the night is still there, and the ink is still there. They may be thousands of miles away in the future. Maybe they will not be able to meet each other for several years. However, this piece of human moonlight, they can still enjoy a reward in the end of the world, this is somewhat comforting.

The foot of the dead and the foot of the mountain, the town of impermanence.

Two people wearing hooded cloaks came from the night, went to the bustling night market, and found a day and night stand with a colorful lantern.

One of the tall and slender men said: "The boss, you must clear the soup pot, crisp bamboo shoots, tofu, thousand sheets, fungus, thin cut beef, thin cut lamb, beef belly, crispy meat, crystal fillets, hibiscus Shrimp ball..."

The other person said faintly: "It's almost enough, I can't eat it."

"Then it's another pine nut squid, plus two cans of soy milk -"

"..." The man licked his thin lips. "Don't order again."

These two guys are not others. It’s just Chu Yuning and Mo Weiyu who just gave Xue Meng a gift.

"Then I will come back to the sweet-scented osmanthus." After the ink burned, he smiled. "Will you do it?"

The younger brother of the running hall is very eager: "It was not originally. This is the food in the Jianghuai area. But Mengpotang, who lives in the dead, often does, so we have learned a little at the foot of the mountain. Oh, yes, we have big here. Hero recipes, do you want to see two?"

Chu night Ning frowned: "...What recipe?"

"The big hero recipes. The two don't know?" Xiao Er said with pride. "There were big disasters in the past few days. The two immortals who settled the disaster were all dead and dying. Hey, impermanence. Everyone in the town’s wine cellar will make some special dishes, according to the taste of the two immortals!”

Speaking of two bamboo plaques from the waist, he enthusiastically handed Chu to Ning and ink burning.

"This is Chuxianjun's recipe." I was afraid that they couldn't understand it. Xiao Er also explained with a brow and dance. "It is said that Chu Xianjun loves to do something that is defocused, so we have Jiao Yao Wan, fried coke, Jiao tofu boiled green vegetables, oh yes, this squirrel mandarin fish will also deliberately fry some."

Chu nightning: "....."

The opposite ink burned in order to make a laugh, raising his hand and drinking a cup of tea.

But he raised his hand and flipped another piece of "Moxianjun recipe", and the tea in his mouth almost squirted out without slamming -

"Cough and cough!!"

Xiao Er is a little panicked: "Oh, what happened to the guest officer? Is it okay?"

"It's okay, cough..." The ink ignited and asked the bamboo sign. "What are you? Why is there something like the jellyfish on the recipe? I have never heard of it." ""

"It is said that Mo Xianjun likes sweets."

Ink burning: "....."

"He also likes Begonia." Xiao Erwan is like a river and lake Bai Xiaosheng, and the tongue can explain the lotus. "So our boss wife created this jellyfish sweetheart. The sugar on the head is more than the usual dessert. 30%, keep the sweetness to the tongue and numb!"

"... can you still eat?"

Xiao Er smiled: "How can you not eat, sell very well. Two guest officers are better to come to a Mo Xianjun recipe, and then a Chu Xianjun recipe? Two Xianjun like to eat, taste a taste You don't suffer, try to taste that you are not fooled."

Chu night Ningtou has some pain: "No. I don't like to eat coke, thank you."

Ink burned and said: "I don't really like sweet food."

"Oh, that's a pity." Xiao Er was quite unfortunately scratching his head. He seemed to really admire the new dishes in this store. He could hear the mutter when he walked away. "Well, it is a salvation hero." What do you like to eat? You are not curious to try it..."

Chu nightning: "..."

Ink burning: "Hey."

"What are you laughing at." Chu nighting looked at him. "Is it so funny?"

"Not at all." The eyes of the burning eyes are black and lacquered. "It's just fun, happy, a little thing can laugh."

He said, turned to look at the bustling crowds on the street, after the storm, the fire and fire burned the birth machine, the women were picking up the fat powder jewelry, buying some New Year's Eve red paper new year, the men gathered in the bright Drinking and chatting in front of the night stalls, the light of the lanterns, the relaxed face, the warmth, and the oil on the cheeks are not so annoying.

A group of children screamed and laughed and ran over, not knowing what game to play, one child wearing a mask, another group fleeing in front of the rabbit, and kept shouting: "Don't let him catch, hahaha Don't let him catch it."

The ink burned with his hand on his chin. This action has always been very handsome, and there is even a cuteness in the handsome.

He suddenly sighed with satisfaction: "It's good."

He said that he looked up again and looked at the dead and dying, and repeated it again: "It's good."

Chu night Ning said: "...not too good. You just heard, Xue Meng is calling us."

"..." The ink burned for a moment, but still smiled. "But if we really stay, he will be embarrassed."

Chu nightning said: "I know."

There are a few dishes on the dish, and the ink burns and eats and says: "Xue Meng still has some children's minds. In fact, it is best now. If we go back to life, troubles will come one after another. And he may Forbearing me for two days a day, after a month or two, let's try?"

Biting a peanut, the ink burned like some grievances.

"He must have told me to go."

Chu Xiaoning endured a smile and knocked his head against the chopsticks: "You are the child's heart."

"Really." The ink ignited, "When he rushed me, I couldn't help but leave, and the door was stunned, scared to death."

Chu Zhongning really couldn’t help it this time. He laughed out loudly: "Don’t mess around. Where will he drive you away? It’s clear that we don’t want to stay, so don’t let things depend on him.”

"Okay." The ink burned and scratched his head, grinning, and the pear vortex was deep. "Meng Gong brother said everything right."

Chu night Ningdao: "Diet. We will go home after dinner."

They are now hiding in the depths of Nanping Mountain. After the ink burned all the souls back to the body, the two lived there. It is not a deliberate refuge, but I feel that the world has gone through halfway, passing by here, it is just resting in that paradise.

Everything is just right.

With a piece of crispy meat, the black ink burned, and smiled: "It is actually that I am wrong."

"Ok?"

"I really don't want to go back."

"Are you afraid he blames you?"

"No." The ink smiled and touched his nose. "I am afraid that he will call me a teacher."

Chu nightning: "....."

The eyes of the smoldering are very gentle, the black ink is dark, and the luster is faintly purple, but those purples now look very kind. He sighs: "The hard life has grown a generation."

"eat!"

When the ink burned, he bowed his head and ate it. He felt like two fluffy dog ears appeared on his head, and he pulled it down softly and tamedly.

However, in fact, Chu Xiaoning is very clear that the ink is not unwilling to return to life. In fact, he is also good, he is also good, Xue Meng is also good, they are thinking about reunion, but time is killing everyone, sometimes the ignorant and frivolous years have passed, is not coming back, no one can reluctantly.

Everyone understands this truth, but it is only smoldering that he is uncomfortable, so he will take full responsibility and make him laugh.

"Speaking, I haven’t been asking you all the time." Chu said, "On the day of the war... How did you know that you will be able to come back?"

The ink burned the rice and thought for a while: "... If I said I am telling you, would you blame me?"

Chu night Ning, a pair of clear eyes looked at him: "You say it."

The ink burned on his back neck and smiled down: "In fact, after the door of the demon world was opened, I also felt that there was a kind of spiritual power flowing in the body... But I still stepped on the will of the immortal, my head was dizzy. It’s faint, and I don’t think too much.”

"Ok."

"It was when I finally dissipated, I suddenly remembered this embarrassing thing."

"..."

"I was gambling at that time, maybe I was the same as Song Xing, that is, there are some special beauty seats." In the air, "The history book says that the devil is not broken, the soul is complete, and it is easy to regenerate." So I thought... If I really, then as long as I insist on going back to my body, I should be able to live."

Chu night Ning micro-brows: "Before this, I have always felt that the soul of the Mozu can be a legend." Suddenly, he asked, "Why did Song Qiutong not survive in the past?"

The ink burned helplessly: "Even if the devil wants to resurrect, the desire to live is very, very strong."

"..."

"That kind of feeling...how to say it, just like giving me a life-saving rope before falling off the cliff. The rope is covered with oil, and it will fall into the abyss with a little carelessness. I must hold the rope tightly. Climb up, you can't relax for a moment, you can return to your body."

"Late Ning, I have been thinking about coming to you." The ink burned his throat and looked at him. "So I can come back."

The lantern on the top of the head swayed, and Chu Yuning looked at the dark and deep eyes of the other side, and felt that the chest was soft. He still is not used to this feeling of weakness, and he has turned his face away.

The ink burned: "There is still a very important reason."

"Ok?"

"The sphenoidal beauty seat is a half-devil. Before the magic door is opened, this method of rebirth does not apply to us." Ink ignited, "because it absorbs the magic, it gains strength - otherwise we are still the flesh." The heart of my body has been ruined. After I got the magic, I feel that the

power is much stronger than the power of the core, and I think I might be able to return to heaven."

Chu night Ning said: "So when you let me go, I am not sure if I can be born again..."

The ink burned and looked at the other person's slightly raised eyes. Only then did he find that he had said something wrong. He couldn't help but panic. He coughed and wanted to open the subject: "Hey, this fish is good."

Chu nightning will be fooled and stare at him: "If you don't come back at the end. I went to Nanping Mountain and saw a cold body."

"..." Hearing his tone was so dull, the ink burned a little, and he lowered his head and bit his lip for a while, then raised his face. "Yes."

"..."

"I can't bear to die. Whether I am alive or not."

Looking at the late night, the eyes are reddish. It seems to be painful and seems to want to be angry. The ink burns out the fingers and holds his hand on the table, holding it in the palm of his hand.

In the glitz of the light, he said dumbly: "I know that it may be a lie to you, but even if you are hated by you, you are blamed, I can't watch you die."

He said, closing his eyes and shaking his eyelashes.

"I have seen two generations."

The tight back of Chu’s tightness slowly slowed down, and the pinched knuckles gradually lost strength, but the tail was still red and somewhat moist.

The steam in the crucible floats and the broth in the stove is bubbling. In this hard-won fireworks, the ink burned the hand of Chu Xinning and handed him a finger.

He said: "I thought at the time, if I really lost the gamble. I can wait for you... For more than ten years, for decades, if you become a fairy, you can wait for hundreds of years and thousands of years."

"..."

"The world is very good. Late, I don't want you to marry me."

Suddenly a boiling bubble in the pot broke, and some hot water splashed out, just splashing the arm of Chu Xinning. This kind of hot water flower is of course not hurting, but he still retracted his hand in a reflective manner and then lowered his head.

After the end of the low, I felt that I should be more calm, so I raised my head with a hard scalp, and looked at the opposite of the unbelievable.

The ink burned and laughed at his actions: "What's wrong? I will lick me for a while, and I will lick the table for a while."

Chu night Ning is trying to say something. At this time, the night bell of the Tongtian Tower rang, and the mountain fell from the mountain to the bustling night market.

"Oops."

As soon as I counted the time, Chu Xiaoning’s face changed slightly.

The nodes that alternated in time are here...

He stared slyly at the man sitting opposite him, seeing that he just smiled and the man suddenly closed his eyes, and his heart was anxious -

Since the resurrection of the ink, every three days, when the child arrives, the consciousness of stepping on the king will reoccupy the body, and will not disappear until late on the second day.

This happens, probably because the sorcerer's soul that belongs to stepping Xianjun has been separated from the other two souls and seven scorpions for a long time, and it is difficult to integrate them into consciousness. Therefore, even if the soul is already closed, it will be carried out at the time of the child. Change personality.

Sure enough, after a while, when the ink burned and opened his eyes again, the brilliance of those eyes has changed.

Stepping on the emperor's emperor slowly lifted up the handsome face, obviously the same person, the same body, but his demeanor would be less to be a bit of righteousness, adding some dangerous and mysterious evil.

Stepping on the fairy, opening his mouth, lips and teeth, smiling and arrogant: "Hey... I haven’t seen it for three days, can I miss my seat in the evening?"

"....."

Look down at the tableware in front of me, and eat half of the shabu-shabu. In the end, the predecessor's discerning eyes fell on the ragged streetside wooden chairs and the obviously greasy dinner table.

- Those who are human fireworks for the ink master.

to him……

"Small two! Roll over to this seat!"

"Ink burns you down!"

Such a trouble, suddenly alarmed the surrounding diners, everyone turned back, suddenly someone said: "Ah! ... Is that the master of Chu?"

"Hey? Ink, Moxianjun seems to be there too? Isn't he dead?... Who will take a look at my eyes, I shouldn't be jealous..."

"You have nothing, I saw it."

A little girl screamed: "Ah! Really is Immortal!!"

The excessive movement caused the attention of passers-by, and more and more eyes cast their eyes on them. Some people even fully recognized them. Chu night-none was black-faced, and he was still screaming at the

table. How can I eat? Have you made a mistake!" The stepping emperor, in the meantime, no more people have come in, and a chicken flying dog jumped out to summon the sword, and fled.

When he was promoted to the sky, Chu Ning was finally relieved.

The moonlight is clear and the rest of the life is robbed.

Everything is fine - if it is not stepping on the fairy, he is screaming violently behind him, dissatisfied and said: "What good is Mo Xianjun?"

"..."

"A group of people! Why do they only remember Mo Xianjun?"

"..."

"It is this seat to repair the Xuanwu enchantment!"

"..."

"It’s also the seat to save them a dog!"

"..."

"It’s still the seat to stop the flood!"

Chu late night, looking at the man who couldn't help but gnash his teeth, suddenly felt that this guy was really careful, even his own vinegar.

"Look at what?!" Suddenly seeing Chu nightning with a smile, stepping on the fairy is a glimpse, then squinting and angry, but pretending to carelessly grind the roots, "even you. You are also this Block!"

A slap in the face, Chu night Ning smashed, and said: "You don't move!" Sure enough, the sword under the foot slightly swayed, but it was quickly stabilized by the magical one.

Stepping Xianjun wrapped him into his black gold cloak, and said uncomfortably: "What are you afraid of? If you have this seat, you can still fall to death?"

Speaking of urging the sword, Gao Tianyue, the sword shadow is like a black whirlwind, flying in the direction of Nanpingshan...

Late at night, like every pair of ordinary monks.

They are going home.

Later, people occasionally saw the appearance of Mo Zongshi and Chu Zongshi on the rivers and lakes, but they came and went without traces, like a glimpse.

Later, there was another rumor in the realm of comprehension. Legend has it that there is a blind-eyed medical practitioner who has traveled through the desert of Jiangnan. He always wears a fight and falls veil. No one has ever seen his true appearance. Only knowing that this blind person has a great medical skill, he has gone all the way to the poor mountains and waters, and he has cured the people and won't take them.

The most famous thing about this doctor is the story: There is a group of teenagers in Wuchang Town. When they were young, they were sold by monks, burned with flesh and made into bears. It is still difficult to cure. The medical practitioner came to this place and heard about it. He used the skin on his wrist as a medicine, and cut the meat to change the health of those teenagers. The townspeople are very grateful and ask the name.

The doctor said that he was just a sinner.

After many more years, the wars that have been in the past have become the old news of the yellowed books. The children who have been in the past

have been drawn. Most of the former youths have become family. Many of the former heroes have had white hair.

Another winter is coming to spring.

Xue Ziming, the head of the dead and dying, received a coveted child as a pro-disciple, as if he had already. This little guy is familiar with himself, and he is not afraid of it in front of the famous Xue Zun. Around the whole day, Xue Meng asked Dong to ask West. One day, the little guy ran over curiously and asked him: "Master, I heard that many of the past about the ancestors and the uncles, they... are they still dealing with the Master?"

At that time, a generation of sage Zunzi Ming stood by the Xuan window and looked at the peach blossoms of Zhengcan, which was opened outside the window. He said: "Occasionally."

The little guy is quite eager: "Why don't you ask them to come back?"

"..."

"Honglian Shuiyu and Shishu's disciples are empty, and they have never lived in other people." The younger disciple took Xue Ziming's wide-sleeved cuffs. "Master respects the master, tell them to come back. I listened to the storytelling." For a few paragraphs, I said that the ancestors and the uncle are the rare heroes of the world..."

Xue Meng turned the light brown eyes, in the spring sunshine, looking at the little guy like a smile: "You want to be a hero in the future?"

"Sure!" The young disciple drums up the gang, a full-fledged look. "How can there be an undiscipled apprentice under the teacher's seat? I have to do something big!"

"There is no need to make a great cause." Xue Mengdao, "If you can live a life, do not deceive the weak, the unyielding in the strong, not arrogant in the good times, not in the adversity... and, can be cautious Judging a person or a thing in a reserved place, and often with compassion. When I am in the age of sorrow, I can say that there is no innocent heart, that is, the hero of the top of the earth."

"..."

"what happened?"

After all, the little guy was young, Xue Meng turned his head and found that he was already yawning.

At first sight, Master stared at himself. He yawned in half and screamed back. There were two sleepy tears in his eyes, but he tried to straighten his back, as if he thought and nodded.

This is a strong look like a young phoenix chick.

Xue Meng held back and laughed, and asked seriously: "Remember?"

Busy: "Remember."

Xue Meng asked: "I understand?"

"Listen..." The tone faded. "I didn't understand..."

After a while, he was wronged: "Master, you are too circum..."

Xue Meng did not blame, thought for a while, raised his hand and patted his head: "Forget it. It is indeed too much."

"Hey."

"If you want to be a hero, remember one first."

The younger disciple was busy with his waist and listened intently. He probably thought that Xue Meng would tell him what a particularly

powerful move or trick, and his black and white eyes would be rounded.

The sun is flowing in Xue Meng's face, and the shadows flow, Xue Meng smiled.

——

"Do not speculate on others, it is the highest dignity that people can give themselves."

He finished, leaned over and picked up the ignorant little guy, took him out of the house and walked to the end of the garden. Looking at it from here, "Ah, ah," the mountain peaks shrugged, and the red lotus water was hidden in the clouds. Through the clouds in the land, you can see the bustling towns under the mountains and the rivers.

When the wind blows, the sleepiness of the young disciples is completely dispersed and they are not yawning.

After all, it’s still so childish, and one flower and one bird can win his favor.

Xue Meng and he stood by the carved bar and looked at him with him for a while and asked: "What did you see?"

The little guy is unknown: "Mountain... house... water... and fog..."

Xue Meng smiled and listened. His temper is now more and more calm, and it seems that it is a long way to go anger.

He and his disciples stood by the carved bar and looked at the same red dust. The children saw the house. What he saw was the rise and fall of the impermanent town under the mountain. From the once ruined town to the nowadays, it was better than the old days. The exquisite appearance of the upper territories.

The child sees the water. What he sees is the rolling of the river. Sometimes he feels that there is a monk standing by the river, holding a light in his hand, and he said to him: "Xue Shizhu , go to the local government..."

The child sees the fog, and what he sees is the dead souls of the gathering and separation in life, which are scattered all the time in the dead.

Father and mother are also among them. Later, he can always see their figure, in Wujianping, in the back garden, in Mengpo Hall, at the Naihe Bridge, even if he closes his eyes, he can see. In fact, in addition to the three souls and seven scorpions, there is probably a kind of soul, which is only born in the heart of those who love the loved ones - when you miss them, they will come to you.

Xue Meng holds his own little apprentice, and his eyes are far away to the Frost Heaven Hall in the mountains. Many of his family and friends have

stopped here.

Speaking of it, last year's commander-in-law grew older and died in a heavy snow in early spring. The elders of the elders also left in the first two years. People said that he was doing too much good things. Jurassic was named earlier, and he could be dismembered into immortals. The elders of these elders, Xue Meng, looked one by one in their eyes, from the beginning of the hysteria to the later peace - or helplessness.

When he can calmly manage the elders' funeral, Xue Meng will also miss his former self, but it is just a nostalgia. He will not indulge in the past and cannot withdraw.

He is the master of the school and the disciple under the jade balance. He always looks forward.

"Master?" A small pink hand was shaking in front of him, calling Xue Meng’s consciousness back. "What is Master thinking?"

Xue Meng smiled and said: "I want to think about some past events."

When it comes to the past, the little guy is a little excited and tries to continue the topic he has just finished: "Shizu and Shishu..."

"In fact, they will come back every New Year's Eve." Xue Mengdao, "You can see them this year."

The little guy grinned, and some were not satisfied: "But why is it only New Year's Eve? Why don't they stay? I heard that the uncle is particularly powerful, he goes down with a knife-"

Xue Meng raised his hand and poked his head: "Your head is gone."

The little apprentice spit out his tongue, but he was not afraid.

Xue Meng seems to be very serious: "Really. Your uncle is a little... how do you say... split."

"Hey? Split?"

Xue Meng nodded: "You will see him on New Year's Eve this year. However, you can only stay until the time of the child, you must leave when you have time."

“Why?” The child listened with tension and excitement, and curiously rounded up the scorpion.

Xue Mengdao: "...unless you want to call him down."

"Ah..." Hearing even more confused, this newly-introduced little disciple straightened his eyes, and he was going to ask again. Xue Meng was like thinking of something unbearable, and he just put him down. I’m going to lick my own eyebrows, and I’m going to have a headache.

Since the beginning of the game, I have never seen the distress of the Master. The little guy can't help but be more interested in the legendary "splitting" teacher, chasing Xue Meng straight:

"The teacher respects the teacher, the teacher is uncle -"

"Don't ask."

"That ancestors he..."

"No, please."

"That ancestors and uncle..."

"Go back to copying books!"

"Hey, Master is so fierce..."

In the midst of the clear sky, the pure sunshine fell on the masters and the disciples through the branches. The wind blew, blowing through Xue Meng’s clothes, blowing through the younger cheeks and blowing through the majestic life and death. Blowing through the grass of the heroes before the grave.

The wind blew through, and it ran through the Wanli River in one fell swoop. It smashed through the blind people who lived in the pot, and sang the brothers who enjoyed the plums on the snowy fields. They sang the girls drinking at the edge of the Dragon Mountain, and passed through the monks of Nanping. Wherever passed, Jiangshan is still the same, Haishuheqing.

When you meet each other and meet each other, the fate of countless people is intertwined. Although you can't stop at a night banquet that will make you happy, your dreams will never wake up, but there will always be broken pieces of loved ones, friends, and lovers. Shadow, whether life or death, whether or not those people have left, and these fragments will always follow the same pattern.

The breeze covers the surface, and the sea otter tree in front of the tower is brilliant, and it is no different from yesterday. The long night has passed, and there are places in the world, and everything is peaceful now.

Xue Meng looked up and looked like a raft, and the pagoda was solemn.

He seems to remember something, smiled, took the hand of the little apprentice, and went to the heart of the world's largest school.

At this moment, he seems to hear the songs of the masters and apprentices on the Tongtian Tower when they were in the throne many years ago. The sound of the songs passed through the long river of the years, and the snow was blown behind the Xuezhangmen.

I visited the old man under the moon, and the lights and faces were red. One of the phoenix babies is Chunxiao, and the Wanhe River is clear. The total angle of the Tibetan brewing is not drinking, and after years of returning to the brothers.

.....

Why do people always accompany each other, and send them to the east with Acacia.

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