

# Beyond Deep Space

## Chapter: 95

"efficient!"

He felt that he was empty, his body posture was indistinguishable from the records of the Golden Body Technique, it could be called flawless, and his movements were incomparably standard.

He was completely immersed in the performance of martial arts, forgetting about other things, and all his thoughts and thoughts were related to the golden body technique, so as to improve his physique.

Until one day, he felt tired before he stopped, and then he used the root method of the pre-Qin alchemist.

The mysterious factor came from nothingness and fell to the interior scene, nourishing Wang Xuan's spirit, sweeping away his fatigue, and he felt strong energy again.

He breathed a sigh of relief, there were no accidents or changes. Although he came here by illegal immigration, the interior scene is still the same, and he can practice physical skills and improve his strength.

He was already very close to the fourth level of the Golden Body Technique, and when he practiced again, it was a matter of course, and his body's golden light flowed, bursting out a dazzling beam of light for an instant, extremely bright, and then returned to normal.

At the same time, his spirit flickered violently like a ball of beating golden flames, before slowly returning to calm.

The fourth level of the golden body technique... It's done!

Wang Xuan is sure that the inner scene here has not lost its mystery. Standing here is equivalent to entering the highest realm of meditation, and he feels more peaceful and tranquil in his heart.

He walked forward slowly, wanting to take a look at the scenery in the distance.

That is...a building, accompanied by the old scene of decay, the lake dried up, and the pavilions collapsed. Is it still caused by the residual spiritual energy of the female alchemist?

There are only a few buildings standing stubbornly, and the surrounding walls are ruined and decayed.

In one of the rooms, the window was open, and there was a long table, full of bamboo slips from the pre-Qin period, among which there was a roll of golden bamboo slips!

Wang Xuan's eyes were straightened, even in a state of detachment and coldness, he still felt his heart beat faster and his breathing became heavy.

There are so many pre-Qin bamboo slips, how many scriptures are recorded, and what level of root technique and body technique are involved? There is even a roll of gold, how can it not make him tempted?

However, he didn't dare to move his body anymore, he was afraid that the slightest wind would blow away all the scenery in front of him, and nothing would be left.

After watching for a long time, he sighed softly, even if he could walk over, so what? All the bamboo slips have not been unfolded. If he wants to take the initiative to look through them, there will probably only be mottled streamers and decayed dust left.

This feeling made him a little uncomfortable, he could only look at it, he couldn't approach it, let alone touch it, knowing that there were priceless scriptures on the long case but he couldn't get them.

"Forget it, I already have the alchemist's root technique from the pre-Qin period, and the physical technique left by Zhang Daoling, the founder of Taoism. These are mysterious enough and unfathomable, and I need to spend a long time studying them. Give me all the bamboo slips on the long case, and I don't have time to practice."

Wang Xuan comforted himself, took a step back, and suddenly felt that the sea and the sky were bright, and his spirit seemed to be sublimated.

He was surprised, did he realize the Tao?

Soon, he understood with horror that it was not the same thing at all, because the surrounding scene changed, it was no longer a building, but a truly magnificent world, so he felt magnificent.

What's happening? He hadn't left the building complex yet, so why did the scene change on his own initiative? Is it because of the remaining spiritual energy of the female alchemist? He immediately thought of this possibility.

He was silent, standing here, operating the root method of the pre-Qin alchemist.

In an instant, everything returned to its original state, with ruined walls and ruins, old scenes of decay, and priceless bamboo slips displayed on the long table in the dead room.

Suddenly, he felt that the atmosphere was weird and something was wrong, so he turned around abruptly, and the moment he turned his head, his pupils shrank sharply, and he backed away involuntarily.

Because, in front of his eyes, there is a pair of blood-red shoes, standing in the air, at the same level as his eyebrows, obviously this is a pair of shoes belonging to a woman.

The sudden appearance of such an abnormal scene in the dim ruins made the calm Wang Xuan's heart skip a beat, feeling weird.

There was bright red blood falling from the shoe, it was very scary, almost dripping on Wang Xuan's body, he took a few steps back, and then saw a glaring thunderbolt falling from the sky, like the Milky Way falling nine days straight, piercing through the bloody red shoes.

## **Chapter: 96**

In an instant, a pair of snow-white jade feet appeared in the red shoes, and then straight and white long legs, and in an instant, a long snow-white skirt fell down to cover her body.

Haunted? !

Wang Xuan felt that something was wrong. Although he hadn't seen the woman's face clearly, he felt that it must have something to do with the female alchemist.

In this desolate, lifeless place, under the somewhat eerie atmosphere, he said out of nowhere: "You're gone!"

After he finished speaking, he wanted to pinch his own mouth, his mind was in a state of absolute silence, he would not lie, he spoke his heart out, but the result made him regret it.

What did you say yourself? Wang Xuan was annoyed, in such a barren place, in such a terrifying atmosphere, he must not talk nonsense.

There was no sound at all, a pale white moon suddenly appeared high in the sky, and wormwood was overgrown in the dim ruins, and the scene became more and more wrong.

The woman's hair was disheveled, covering her face, suspended in the sky under the night sky, less than a few feet away from Wang Xuan, and the pair of bright red shoes were right in front of her eyes.

Wang Xuan's heart beat wildly. Is this the remnant of the female alchemist's spiritual energy? Also, why is the moon coming out? It has nothing to do with brilliance, it looks like a bloodless and very pale face.

He stopped talking. This kind of critical silence is golden, and it is possible to respond to all changes with the same.

He operated the root method of the alchemists of the pre-Qin period, and attracted mysterious factors from nothingness, and scattered them, falling among the strange and terrifying ruins.

The woman in mid-air didn't move at all, just hanging there, her white clothes were so eye-catching in the night, although she was slender and looked beautiful, but her face was covered by her long hair, she looked a bit like a faceless female ghost, it was so quiet, it was a little creepy.

Wang Xuan waited for a while, but the woman under the pale moonlight remained silent and motionless, just confronting him like this.

He felt that there was no way to wait like this, so he said seriously and sincerely: "I didn't intend to offend, but I just accidentally entered this inner scene. It's disrespectful, it's just that times have changed, people talk like This nowadays, if you think there's a need for etiquette, I can make it up."

However, in the ruins overgrown with wormwood, there was still silence, and the woman did not respond.

Wang Xuan thought, should he be more active? With a few more breezes under your feet, maybe these residual spiritual energy of the past will dissipate.

He wanted to bypass the woman and leave the ruins.

Under his leadership, the rubble on the ground and some half-collapsed walls dismissed, but the woman was still suspended in the air.

And without a sound, she suddenly appeared in front of him the moment he went around, and the pair of bright red shoes were at the level of his eyebrows.

Wang Xuan realized that something was wrong, and a chill came from his back. Something really happened in the interior scene, and something was wrong with this woman.

How did she appear just now? A thunderbolt fell from the sky, extremely dazzling, and then she appeared.

If it's evil spirits and ghosts, they should be afraid of thunder. What's the situation with her?

A denser mass of psychic energy left over? Wang Xuan avoided her and walked out of the ruins, but in the process, the woman followed, always hanging in front of his eyebrows.

Wang Xuan's head is getting big, is this being targeted and locked by someone? What does she want to do? Thinking about it carefully, he is fearless again, people have been dead for three thousand years, what about the remaining spiritual energy?

He didn't believe in evil, walked out of the ruins, and practiced the golden body technique by himself, pretending that he didn't see her, the power in his body was circulating, and speckled golden light flashed in his eyes.

His mental strength is very strong, he is calm and calm, if there are ghosts, then the yang energy in his body should be strong and frightening, after all, he is young and full of blood, and he is not afraid of ghosts.

Wang Xuan was very calm and practiced the golden body technique. This kind of physical technique naturally has a wide range of movements, and once touched a woman in red shoes and white clothes.

With a swipe, she dissipated and disappeared.

Wang Xuan is very calm, without any joy, he follows his own rhythm, he is not surprised, and the blame is self-defeating!

His strength is growing steadily, and standing in the clear time is extremely important to the pre-Qin alchemists, and it is one of the sources of their strength.

### **Chapter: 97**

Not to mention Wang Xuan at this stage, as time passed, his body surface vibrated, and a faint golden color appeared when he performed powerful body skills.

Until he was extremely tired again and stopped, it was time for him to operate the root method to attract the mysterious factor.

Suddenly, he noticed an abnormality, a cold wind blowing past his neck, until then he realized that, at some point, the woman hanging in front of him changed places.

He was too involved in practicing the golden body technique, ignoring everything outside. Now when he turned around, he was shocked to find that the woman with a fluttering snow-white dress and dazzling red shoes was right behind him.

"There's wind..." This made his heart throb, and the situation got worse. Can the female alchemist's remaining spiritual energy interfere with the interior scene?

He turned around, but the woman was following him like a shadow, hanging behind his back the whole time, and the pair of red shoes were about to touch his shoulders.

The real Rumang was on his back, which made him a little unbearable.

He began to analyze what was going on. Theoretically speaking, death was like a lamp being extinguished, leaving nothing behind.

The female sorcerer died three thousand years ago, and if she was still alive, she would not have waited until now.

"Residual mental energy..." He was sure that the problem was here. Was it scattered in the interior scene, or...was brought in by him not long ago? !

When thinking of the latter possibility, Wang Xuan became a little hairy. He shattered the Feather Fossil, and the mysterious factors and the remaining spiritual energy of the female alchemist rushed in, so it caused an abnormality?

Theoretically speaking, it is impossible for a dead person to be resurrected. However, the inner scene is different from the real world, and it is still incomprehensible. The ancients have not clearly described it, and it is mysterious. If there are some abnormalities here, it is not impossible.

"Regardless of whether you were here originally or I brought you in, can you tell me what your thoughts and demands are? It's not an option to follow me all the time."

Wang Xuan turned his back to her and didn't turn around again. He really wanted to figure out what the remaining mental energy was trying to do.

He didn't have any charming ideas. If he really wanted to have such an idea, and if the female alchemist's mental residual energy really had a serious problem, he would probably be let down immediately. He died tragically!

It's a pity that the woman hangs quietly behind him all the time, the scene is indeed a little creepy, with disheveled hair, white clothes and red shoes, no face, like a hanged ghost under the pale moonlight.

After opening his mouth several times but getting no response, Wang Xuan completely lost his mind and no longer communicated with her. If he really wanted something to do, then just come, and he didn't care about it.

INT. The mysterious substance falls. When Wang Xuan regained his energy, he began to practice the golden body technique again, letting the woman float behind him.

In this way, several years have passed, and Wang Xuan feels that he has been here for seven or eight years, and he has pushed the fourth level of the golden body technique to the later stage!

He practiced from the late stage of the third layer to the late stage of the fourth layer, and his strength has really improved a lot. Occasionally, Jinxia will flash in the depths of his eyes.

"Ordinary daggers may not be able to pierce my flesh and blood." Wang Xuan's cold heart warmed up. Once he entered the inner scene, his strength would be greatly improved. For him, this place is mysterious, unknown, and contains hope. With strong power, the mysterious factor is falling, and the old art that is getting more and more declining may change the status quo because of this.

The old arts in the pre-Qin period were exceptionally brilliant. The confrontation of powerful alchemists may involve the power of the feathered level, and there are also various myths and legends in the era when Taoism was first established.

As time goes by, in this era, there are not many people who are still following the old art path. In modern times, it is extremely difficult to even have a master, let alone a transcendent.

Soon, the interior ground shook and became a little unstable. Wang Xuan knew that the time had come, and he was about to leave this emptiness.

The two feathered stones allowed him to stay here for seven or eight years, which can be said to have played an extremely astonishing value.

Wang Xuan said solemnly: "I'm leaving. If my strength allows, I will find a way to protect your body after I go out, and try not to let them mess around!"

He was about to leave soon, and he hoped that this woman would not be a monster and let him go out smoothly.

Of course, he didn't just say it casually, but he really felt that if he was successful in his old skills and could intervene in the underground experiments in the Greater Khyngan Mountains in the future, he would definitely help. He really felt that the female alchemist was miserable.

boom!

Between the sky and the earth, a bright thunder flashed across, and the white moon in the sky fell, appearing directly behind the woman, and turned into a blood moon, reflecting her more and more monstrously.

### **Chapter: 98**

Thunder intersected, and the woman before the blood moon raised her head, the long hair on her face fluttered, revealing her true face, she was indeed a female alchemist, her complexion was snow-white and crystal clear, her beautiful face was almost unreal, like an exiled fairy in the dust, I couldn't pick out a single thing flaw.

She was dressed in white and red shoes, hanging in front of the blood moon, with a unique temperament between a fairy and a demon, which left a deep impression on Wang Xuan.

A woman who had been dead for three thousand years looked at Wang Xuan in the interior scene. In the end, he didn't know whether it was his illusion, or the light and shadow were distorted and blurred before the interior scene disappeared. He seemed to see the woman smiling.



Close to immortals, close to demons, with peerless grace and incomparably unique temperament, while making Wang Xuan feel extremely beautiful, it also made Lingling shudder, always feeling strange.

The next moment, he completely left the interior scene, opened his eyes suddenly, and in an instant, there seemed to be two faint golden lights across the room.

Wang Xuan got up, and the golden glow in the depths of his eyes disappeared. He felt his own strength in reality, and his physical skills had indeed been upgraded to the late stage of the fourth level of the golden body.

He took a dagger and slashed it across his arm, but it was quickly bounced off, leaving only a faint bloodstain, and the strong vitality surged, and the oozing blood disappeared quickly.

The golden body technique on the fourth floor not only comprehensively improves the toughness of flesh and blood, but also makes his mental power more vigorous and powerful. In addition, it also makes his physical resilience more amazing, full of vitality, and his physical fitness has been comprehensively improved.

As for his attack power, don't even think about it, it's far better than before!

Wang Xuan smiled, there is no reason not to be unhappy with such an achievement, there is an unspeakable sense of gain and satisfaction, and the body and mind are clear and happy.

More importantly, because of the two Feather Stones, he explored a feasible path, so that the old techniques that were slow to take effect might be able to shine again on him.

"Some thousand-year-old temples have stood still, and there have always been legends of great virtues and eminent monks turning into rainbows. Is it equivalent to becoming a fairy?"

"Some famous Taoist mountains, as well as their ancestral gardens, have never lacked legends of immortals who have transformed into immortals. If there is no accident, there should be strange things left behind."

Wang Xuan believes that as long as there has been a big explosion of feathering, there will probably be such strange things as feathering stones left behind.

So, this night he went to sleep with a contented smile, and he was still smiling when he woke up at dawn, but soon he had to dress and wash up quickly, because he had to go to work today, and he only took one day off to explore Daxinganling , If you don't leave, you will be late.

Cars honking their horns in the morning, crowded buses, office workers in a hurry, students jogging with school bags on their backs, these images are intertwined, and a new day of intense and busy life officially begins.

Before there was enough time, Wang Xuan found a small restaurant on the side of the road, served pancakes, a cup of sweet soy milk, and a bowl of salty tofu nao. He felt that the sweet and salty dispute between the north and the south could be over.

"Are you early?" He found that he was the first to arrive at the work unit, and the youthful Liu Xue who loved to dress up arrived ten minutes later, and the others appeared one after another half an hour later.

There was nothing to do in the morning, Wang Xuan sent and received several emails, briefly processed two drawings, and then began to study Daozang in a low-key manner.

Of course, he is also paying attention to that old colleague who likes to call people to fish when he has nothing to do-Chen Yongjie.

Sure enough, there was a problem, and Wang Xuan's heart skipped a beat.

All morning, my old colleague made several phone calls one after another, about fishing, it was stormy last night, but it was sunny this morning.

In his opinion, the old colleague is full of slang!

Regardless of fishing, he personally experienced it in Daxing'an Mountains. The storm last night must have been talking about the removal of the Gray Blood Organization. As for the sunny weather starting today, it should be saying that all forces are going to keep a low profile.

Then... Wang Xuan saw that everyone thought there was a problem!

For example, the guy in the black-rimmed glasses was talking to someone on the phone and said that he had spent a whole night in a big fight, and now he is still sleepy.

The two elder sisters who love to play mahjong are also talking in a low voice, saying that Feng Shui takes turns to sit, luck does not compete for a while, and the next time they sit in the village, they will have a decisive battle .

There was also a colleague who was a little sentimental and loved to write poetry when he had nothing to do. He came up with a song early in the morning: "I used the sky as a curtain and hung a string of fireworks. With a bang, they exploded so gorgeously that it amazed the world."

Wang Xuan was startled, who are these people? !

Could it be that they all went to participate in the operation last night, driving a battleship to kill a group of hostile spacecrafts?

### **Chapter: 99**

Finally, Wang Xuan felt that something was wrong when he saw Liu Xue, the little girl next to her who was applying lipstick in front of the small mirror. She said that the color of this lipstick is not correct, she likes the sad and bright red, the blood color has a sad and sad charm, so that there is a kind of beauty that is peaceful and born.

Listen, everyone in the room was talking nonsense, Wang Xuan suddenly got a little dizzy, and he sat there calmly, forcing himself to meditate and study Daozang.

It was finally time for lunch. Colleagues were chatting and laughing, and they took Wang Xuan, a newcomer, to a newly opened restaurant outside the design institute to try something new.

Wang Xuan's food was tasteless, he was absent-minded, and wanted to ask them, but he was afraid that it would be too abrupt and direct.

After dinner, the old colleague was still more stable, and took the initiative to find Wang Xuan in private, but he almost turned his head and left because the old colleague asked him if he would go fishing.

Having had a dangerous experience in the Great Khingan Mountains, where he was almost locked in by the gray blood organization's space battleship, Wang Xuan never wanted to go into similar muddy waters again.

"Young man, you are still young, you still have blood, and you still have youth that can fill your eyes with tears. Cherish it."

Wang Xuan asked him with a wooden face, did he want him to be bait again?

"What are you thinking? I just invited you to go fishing in the machine factory behind the design institute that has been abandoned for several years. There is a small lake there. Now the reeds are overgrown, and the wild fish are fattening."

Wang Xuan looked at him suspiciously. Did the old colleague vaguely admit that he was the senior executive of the expedition organization?

"It's me." As if knowing what he was thinking, the old colleague admitted directly, and said, "Let's go, we just had lunch, we walked and chatted, and went fishing for a while." In the trunk of the red sun car, there are all kinds of fishing gear.

On the way, Wang Xuan couldn't help asking, what are the identities of those colleagues in the office?

The old colleague Chen Yongjie was in a daze at first, and then couldn't help it. He laughed out loud and said, "Where do you think you are? You really think that our pension office is Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon, and they are all abnormal human beings? They are just a bunch of people. Normal men and women who love to play games, play mahjong, recite sad poems, dress up and watch horror movies, the only ones who are abnormal are you and me."

Wang Xuan was speechless, he didn't come back to his senses for a long time, and finally said: "You are not normal, I am normal!"

Chen Yongjie glanced at him in surprise, and said, "Is it normal? I heard that you slapped a beautiful woman's face and killed five people in a row within a few days."

"This is rumor and slander. I have never killed anyone!" Wang Xuan hurriedly corrected him. He obeyed the law and only injured five people in self-defense.

"It's almost the same." The old colleague nodded.

Wang Xuan disagreed and wanted him to explain, so he wanted to ask him what his identity was and why he was working in such an inconspicuous place.

His old colleague took him to the edge of the lake in the abandoned machinery factory, spread out his fishing rod, and said, "I am Master Aoki, I run on both sides of the new star and the old soil, no matter where I am, I must have a leisurely job to cover it up." , don't you like it here too?"

When Wang Xuan heard it, he immediately understood that Aoki had already prepared and guarded against it. When he had just graduated, he had brought him to his master's side.

Even if Wang Xuan didn't choose to join the expedition organization at the beginning, with such an old colleague in front of him, he would probably be fooled into it sooner or later.

"You guys planned this!" Wang Xuan sighed, but what else could he say, the old colleagues have revealed their identities, showing their sincerity.

"Don't worry about it. Last time we made careful calculations and arrangements, the gray blood organization's spacecraft can't threaten you at all. If you dare to show your head, you will be knocked down. Forget it, let's not talk about it. I heard that you practice Golden Body Technique, I will give you a gift."

An old colleague handed over a book, which seemed to be a few years old, with a sense of staleness left by the years.

After receiving it, Wang Xuan opened it, carefully looked at it again and again, showing a look of surprise, all kinds of plants, minerals, and strange creatures were recorded in the book.

"Is this reliable?" He flipped through a few pages, and suddenly felt as if he had opened up a new world.

For example, the moonlight silver mentioned in the book is an extremely rare and special mineral. If you crack that kind of ore, a silvery liquid will flow out. You need to take it immediately, otherwise it will evaporate quickly and dissipate like bright moonlight.

If ordinary people can drink some, it can revitalize the flesh and blood, and it is most effective for those who practice the golden body technique and iron cloth shirt. It can be regarded as a great tonic and can accelerate the improvement of physical fitness.

There is also a certain kind of golden mushroom, ground into powder and cooked in soup, which can increase bone density, especially nourish the bone marrow, and make new blood more active, thus gradually improving the body's physical fitness.

The more Wang Xuan looked at it, the more he felt that it was outrageous. He had never heard of these things, and he felt that he could not find the real thing even if he checked the encyclopedia map.

### **Chapter: 100**

For example, there is a certain kind of mountain snail mentioned later, which is born in the mountain rocks and is a rare mountain treasure. If it is caught, dried and ground, it can be taken for a penny a day for half a month, and it can prolong life for five years.

The more Wang Xuan looked at it, the more he didn't believe it. He looked through the Compendium of Materia Medica in his spare time, but he had never seen these weird things at all.

Old colleague Chen Yongjie said: "Don't believe me, these things are recorded in Taoist ancestral courts and Buddhist ancient temples. This book is just a summary, and some strange things mentioned in the pre-Qin bamboo slips are added."

Wang Xuan was stunned, and said: "But, after so many years, who has seen it? It has been extinct for many years."

"The old soil can't be seen now, but it doesn't mean there is no deep space." The old colleague smiled.

Wang Xuan keenly noticed that what he mentioned was deep space, not nova, and he felt the subtlety.

The old colleague vigorously lifted the fishing rod, and shook his head regretfully. The fish ran away and failed to catch. He continued: "In the past ten years, some people have obtained some of these strange things. Although the amount is not much, it has also caused quite a disturbance. , um, some people even discovered the ground fairy grass, but it's a pity that they couldn't pick it."

Wang Xuan flipped through the book quickly, and found the page of Earth Immortal Grass. The description of it is really fascinating. Taking one plant can prolong life by two hundred years.

"So, there are people on Xinxing who are going crazy. Two hundred years of life is equivalent to two new births for ordinary people. However, the old guy in the chaebol, the head of the life research institute, etc. are all going crazy. action."

Wang Xuan's mood was indeed ups and downs, but he soon became vigilant again. This old man loves "fishing" the most, so he might not have a good idea now, right?

"It sounds like it's quite lively over there. Your old man gave me such a book, and then told me these things, to whet my appetite. What do you want to do? Tell me!"

"Young people nowadays have a lot of thoughts. It's not like our era, where they were all innocent and good boys. You, you think too much." The old colleague shook his head, then pulled the fishing rod suddenly, and finally caught a... soft-shelled turtle .

"Go, what's the mess, I'm fishing!" The old man took off the soft-shelled turtle and threw it away. In his words, it looked like it had just been released not long ago. It was half dead and not a tonic.

"The number of places to go to Xinxing is very tight, young people, you have to work hard." Just before returning, an old colleague said this.

However, ever since he finished hearing these things from him, Wang Xuan was a little wary of him, and murmured a little, even if he wanted to go to Xinxing, it would be better to bypass his old colleagues.

When he returned home at night, he practiced old techniques, pondered about feather stones, and also thought of the exotic flowers and plants and various minerals mentioned in the book.

"Study Taoism during the day and practice old techniques at night. This kind of life is not bad. I will consider going to Xinxing after a while. I will see if I can find feather fossils in the near future."

There is a thousand-year-old temple outside this city, and Wang Xuan is going to visit it soon.

Tomorrow Saturday, he plans to go home early in the morning to see his parents, the distance is not very far, he goes back almost once every two weeks.

"There is a mountain over my house. There seems to be some legends, and it seems to be related to some fairy girl." Wang Xuan's heart moved. Although he can't go to the thousand-year-old temple for the time being, he can go to the mountain when he returns home.

The plan couldn't keep up with the changes. On this night, Wang Xuan had a nightmare. He dreamed of a woman with white clothes and red shoes, long hair hanging loose, and two lines of blood on her beautiful face. She kept approaching him, almost touching his face. , woke him up.

He has been sleeping soundly since the practice, and has never had a nightmare again, but today is a bit weird.

Wang Xuan adjusted his breathing, let himself meditate, and soon fell asleep again. However, he woke up an hour later, feeling the wind blowing on his face, and dreamed again of the female sorcerer with two lines of blood and tears hanging on her face.

He realized that something was wrong, that he was in big trouble, and he had never believed it, but the reality was that he dreamed about the woman when he fell asleep.

"Looks like I won't be able to go home tomorrow." He didn't even know what was going on, he didn't want to go back hastily, he seemed to be contaminated with something bad.

This night, Wang Xuan fell asleep again and again, and woke up again and again, until dawn, he immediately contacted his old colleague Chen Yongjie, he felt that Aoki could not help.

"There is such a thing?" The old colleague was very serious, but he didn't believe it, because as a senior explorer, he had personally experienced some abnormal events, and he still couldn't explain them clearly.

"Don't worry, I'll get someone to send you a talisman paper later. It was drawn by an old Taoist priest who has lived for more than a hundred years. It is very useful."

The old colleague did what he said, and someone delivered it in the afternoon.

However, in the middle of the night, that disturbing and weird phenomenon reappeared, and the so-called Daoist talisman paper burned directly, almost igniting Wang Xuan's bedding and his hair, making him stare helplessly.

