

Clan Cultivation 65

Chapter 65

The banquet is going on, and the celebration is going on. Many children and adults are curious about this third uncle (third grandfather), this is the Immortal Master.

After waking up the next day, Lu Xuanji placed a black stone in the courtyard: "Let's check the spiritual roots."

"Second Uncle, can this detect Linggen?"

a nephew asked.

"Exactly! As long as you have spiritual roots, you can become an immortal master, even if you have five spiritual roots, I don't dislike it!" Lu Xuanji said, "Have you tested it?"

"I tested it, but unfortunately not!"

A certain nephew flashed a look of loss and said, "I tested it in the county seat."

"I do not!"

Another nephew said.

"No, every year there are monks who come to the county to test for spiritual roots, why didn't you participate!" Lu Xuanji looked at this nephew, a little puzzled. This nephew is in his twenties.

"Immortal Master, just stay for a while and then leave. When I arrived, the Immortal Master just left!"

said the nephew.

"It's a pity! Then come and test it too!"

Lu Xuanji said.

Every year there are monks walking in the mortal world, testing spiritual roots for mortals, but there are also many mortals who have missed their spiritual roots.

The nephew was overjoyed and stepped forward to test it, but it turned out that he had no spiritual roots.

One after another, nephews went forward to test, but they didn't have spiritual roots.

Another nephew, he stepped forward to check his spiritual roots, but he still didn't have any spiritual roots.

They came one by one with great interest, and finally left disappointed.

"This is the normal rhythm!"

Lu Xuanji smiled.

Among mortals, it is very difficult to give birth to spiritual roots.

In the past, there were 2 million humans in the Lu family's territory, but only 1,500 monks could give birth to spiritual roots.

Many small cultivating families only have a dozen or so cultivators.

As for the last time I picked up the leak, I happened to meet a heavenly root like Ye Feixue, which is simply very lucky.

After the inspection, he said goodbye and left.

"Brother, I'm leaving!"

Lu Xuanji said.

"farewell!"

Lu Xuanxin said.

Saying hello, Lu Xuanji left Beihe Town with a little sadness in his heart.

The eldest brother is over seventy years old. According to the age of mortals, he is already an old man, and he has not many years to live.

You may lie down today, and you may not be able to get up again tomorrow.

This parting may be forever.

The autumn wind is bleak, and the north is blowing slightly cold, the leaves are falling, and the dense vegetation has become bleak and deserted.

Standing at the entrance of the village, watching the third brother walk away, Lu Xuanxin looked blank.

Just waiting like this.

"Master, let's go back!"

At this moment, the concubine next to her said.

"I know!"

Lu Xuanxin said.

She seemed to be getting old, her legs were a little numb, and she walked to the side.

The concubine watched and stepped forward to support her.

Lu Xuanxin was standing on the stone at the entrance of the village, still staring at it dumbfounded.

The concubine sat quietly beside her, waiting for the master.

"Go back!"

Lu Xuanxin said, "It's a little cold outside!"

"Master, I'm not cold!" said the concubine.

"Then let's go back too!"

Lu Xuanxin said.

"Yes, sir!" said the concubine, stepping up to help him and walking home.

When I got home, I lay on the kang and just clicked.

The concubine came forward obediently and rubbed his legs for him.

Legs are a little numb.

After just standing for a moment, my body couldn't take it anymore.

Lu Xuanxin flashed a hint of sadness. He was a congenital warrior. Back then, relying on his strong physique and amazing martial skills, he once wore a battle armor to fight monsters; and again, relying on the sturdiness of the battle armor and the sharpness of the big knife, he cut abruptly. Killed a sorcerer.

But he was still a mortal. After he was seventy years old, his blood and energy declined, and he could not bear it just to stand outside for a while.

"I'm getting old! I'm getting old!"

Lu Xuan said unwillingly.

Innate warriors are still mortals, and it is still difficult to live long.

At only seventy years old, his qi and blood have decayed, and he is dying.

But the third brother is also in his fifties, but he looks like a 28-year-old boy, full of youth, like the rising sun, exuding hot blood, youth and high spirits.

In a trance, it was quite a young age, and his parents were looking forward to asking him to check his spiritual roots.

As a result, he has no spiritual roots.

Without spiritual roots, one can only become a mortal.

Soon after, his mother sent him off Ziyang Mountain.

At that time, the mother cried very sad and was very reluctant, but she still sent him down.

"Master, what are you thinking about?"

the concubine asked.

"I miss you!"

Lu Xuanxin said, grabbing the plump directly, no longer enduring anything.

The concubine flashed a blush, and her resistance became weak.

Soon on the bed, a pile of clothes was left behind.

The two figures are entangled together, fighting and fighting to the fullest.

Just a moment later, Lu Xuanxin was lying on the bed next to his concubine.

He wanted to prove that he was not old by sleeping with a woman.

But during the battle, it proved that he was old and powerless.

A few days later, in the study.

Click it!

Click it!

With a loud noise, a box opened.

This box is made of rare metal, with eight dragons on it guarding a sun, surrounded by clouds flying around, with delicate patterns undulating up and down, undergoing drastic changes.

There are delicate organs inside, and there is no special method to open it.

Click it!

With the sound, the box opened.

In the box, there is a relic, which seems to be forged from white bone, with three golden textures on it, like a fine art.

Taking out this relic, the palm is frosted, as if touching the jade hand of a beauty.

She took out the relic and put it on the table.

In the box, there is also a book, the book is called "Bone Demon Classic".

The White Bone Demon Sutra, a practice that originated from the Dao of Demons, is often scattered everywhere by means of magic cultivators. It is easy to obtain the magic cultivating method if there is a "predestined person".

This is the difference between a demon cultivator and a righteous cultivator.

The cultivators of the right way use various methods to monopolize the high-level exercises and prohibit their leakage; however, the magician is not the case. They deliberately spread the magic exercises all over the world, and it is easy to obtain high-level exercises by some coincidences.

The White Bone Demon Sutra, the supreme exercise from the White Bone Demon Sect, can be cultivated up to the third level of Nascent Soul.

In the White Bone Magic Book, there is also a book describing the refining method of the seven great instruments of the magic way.

There is also a description of the white bone relic on it.

[White Bone Relic, the head of the supreme magic weapon of the White Bone Demon Sect. It was made by the fusion of magic and the supreme method of Buddhism. The magic weapon was originally colorless at first, but the fourth-grade spiritual treasure evolved into a silver texture, and the fifth-grade spiritual treasure can be Evolved golden texture. When nine dao patterns are evolved, it represents the completeness of the instrument.]

Some trembling hands, Lu Xuanxin took the white bone relic and observed it carefully, the three golden textures on it were particularly special.