

Clan Cultivation 77

Chapter 77

Woke up the next day, and the spring was bright.

Above the main hall, the first elder was holding some items for the prime minister. There were trophies from yesterday's killing of the demon cultivator, as well as some gifts prepared by the Lu family.

Two hundred kilograms of imperial corn.

Two hundred catties of red copper.

Two hundred catties of black iron.

Two hundred catties of spirit iron.

Ten catties of gold essence.

There are several other things, the value of which is three thousand spirit stones.

Lu Xuanji also felt a little distressed when he saw it.

The first elder was also distressed, but he still warned: "These are gifts for Old Ancestor Jin. Old Ancestor Jin may not care, but we have to give them. Many times, when gifts are given to those great people, they may not remember you; If you don't give gifts, those big people will definitely remember you."

"Patriarch Jin saved my Lu family, my Lu family should be grateful, and these small gifts will be sent!"

Lu Xuanji nodded and said, "Ancestor, I understand."

"Mystery, last time..."

The first elder wanted to say something, but when the words came to his mouth, he became silent, "Forget it, I won't say more!"

Just like that, Lu Xuanji left Changyuan Mountain.

The journey is 5,000 miles, Yujian flew, maintaining a height of 100 meters, heading towards Ziyang Mountain.

After a seven-hour flight, we reached Ziyang Mountain.

When they arrived at Ziyang Mountain, they headed to the Green Willow Manor at the foot of the mountain, where they were responsible for receiving guests.

But here, here, I met a group of monks who gathered here, brought gifts to the door, and set up a banquet in the manor, as if they were celebrating something. There are monks entering one after another, and the manor is quite festive.

Lu Xuanji was slightly stunned.

He stepped forward with a passerby and asked, "Daoist friend, what happened?"

"The Danyang faction passed down the decree to confer Qingshui County and Beihe County to Old Ancestor Jin. After that, the monks from the two counties will be handed over to worship, and they will no longer be handed over to the Danyang faction, but Ziyang Mountain will be directly levied, and there are two counties. The land, population, minerals, etc., are all the industries of the ancestors of Jin!"

the passerby said.

Lu Xuanji was slightly surprised.

The Danyang faction controlled only the twelve counties of the Chu State, and it was generous enough to directly cede the territory of the two counties.

"Our Lu family is also a cultivator family in Qingshui County!" Lu Xuanji said, "Why don't we know, why didn't we inform us."

"Because the Danyang faction has just decided, and has not yet issued an decree. Some people learned the news in advance, brought gifts in advance, and came to celebrate!" The passers-by said, and walked away with gifts.

Lu Xuanji felt a little pity.

In the Danyang faction, the Lu family lacked real power figures, and some news came relatively late.

At this moment, the jade pendant in the storage bag vibrated.

He took out the jade pendant, and some words appeared on it. It said: Danyang sent Qingshui and Beihe counties to give it to Old Ancestor Jin.

He couldn't help but feel astonished, the sky was about to change.

In the eyes of everyone, all they see is the part of the iceberg that is on the water; there is also the part of the iceberg that hits the water, but the part of the iceberg has not yet been seen.

On the surface, it seems that it is only a matter of the two counties, but behind it is the game of the ancestors of Jindan.

The city gate caught fire, but Chiyu was not affected.

Big people fight, little people suffer.

Thinking of this, I can only pray secretly.

There are five foundation-building female cultivators at the door. All of them are graceful and valiant, and they are receiving guests. The guests brought gifts, and a maid led them into the manor.

Lu Xuanji also gave a gift and said his name.

"Lu Family, Lu Xuanji!"

When the nun heard the name, she seemed to think of something: "You can bring a gold medal!"

"Gold medal, is that this?"

Lu Xuanji seemed to have thought of something. He took out a gold medal directly from the storage bag, and made it with gilt and engraved the word Jin Xi.

The female nun looked at the gold medal and said, "Can I check it?"

"Can!"

Lu Xuanji said, and handed over the gold medal.

The nun put her finger on the gold medal, and the gold medal suddenly glowed brightly, and the golden rays of the sun shone, immediately attracting everyone's attention.

After three moments of maintenance, the light on the gold medal dissipated.

The female cultivator returned the gold medal and said respectfully, "It turns out it's your son, let's go inside!"

"Young master doesn't dare to be!"

Lu Xuanji said modestly.

In front of a female nun who was on the eighth floor of the foundation building, he had no part in being a son.

The female nuns smiled, her soft body swayed slightly, and said with a smile: "Young master, you seem to have underestimated the gold medal. The total number of gold medals bestowed by the ancestors was only five pieces, and the son has exactly one piece. Gold, you can enjoy many of the following benefits."

"First, in the shop affiliated to the ancestor, you can enjoy a 30% discount when you buy some medicinal herbs, or spiritual tools, spiritual objects, etc. The premise is that I come in person with a gold medal, and finally others come with a gold medal. But it's impossible."

"Secondly, holding a gold medal can get the protection of the ancestors. As long as there is no disaster, the ancestors can shelter one or two."

"Thirdly, if you hold a gold medal, you can ask the ancestor for a condition. This condition can't be too difficult, and it can't go against the principle of the ancestor's life. The price is that the ancestor will take back the gold medal!"

Sisi!

Many monks could not help but take a deep breath, contributing to global warming.

Some are envious, some are jealous.

Many cultivators could not wait to step forward to grab the gold medal. But it's just a thought, no one dares to do it. The female cultivator mentioned three benefits, and there is a fourth invisible benefit that she didn't mention, that is, gaining the affection and connections of Old Ancestor Jin.

The love of a Jindan ancestor, as long as he does not die, can be as stable as Mount Tai.

"I see, but I didn't know it!" Lu Xuanji said.

"There are some things that the ancestor won't say. We need some advice from the sword attendants!" The female cultivator said, "My name is Liu Hongyi, and I am one of the sword attendants of the ancestor. Unfortunately, the ancestor wanted to accept the daoist as a friend. Disciple, fellow Daoist refused, otherwise we would be considered a family."

"Young master, go this way."

Led by Liu Hongyi, Lu Xuanji went to a private room.

The decoration here is elegant, and the floor is made of white jade. The texture of yellow is looming. The tables and chairs are made of red spiritual wood, which is atmospheric and elegant, with a spiritual array carved on it, which inspires the flow of spiritual energy in the world. Sitting on the chair, Lu Xuanji felt that his mind became peaceful, and all kinds of irritability dissipated.

This is the VIP area, which specially receives some high-level personnel.

There is a spirit wine here, the spirit wine exudes a charm, and the fragrance is rich and long; the spirit fruit has a strong aura on it, and there is a hint of fragrance.

Surprisingly, there was only Lu Xuanji here.

Liu Hongyi poured down the spirit wine herself and warmly entertained it.

This enthusiasm made Lu Xuanji a little surprised and stunned.

But she also smiled bitterly in her heart.

With Liu Hongyi's enthusiasm, the Lu family was on the side of Old Ancestor Jin.

Seeing Lu Xuanji being warmly entertained, the cultivators outside had different thoughts, some were envious and jealous, while others were boiling with killing intent.

On a table, four monks sat.

On the table, there are spirit peaches, spirit wine, spirit tea, etc., but everyone is not interested in tasting it, instead they are curious about the scene.

"What do you think of Lu Xuanji?"

The Wu family cultivator asked.

"About seventeen years ago, two monks in the Lu family entered the foundation-building stage. They once feasted on the world, and among them was Lu Xuanji. Now only thirteen years have passed, and they have entered the second floor of the foundation-building stage. Their qualifications are not bad!" The monk next to him, named Ning Yuan, started talking about the past.

After the foundation is established, the training speed will slow down.

Thirteen years to upgrade one level, the speed is fast.

If you encounter some poor ones, you may be improved by one level in twenty years, and one level in thirty years.

If you encounter a bottleneck, you may stop moving forward for the rest of your life.