

Beyond Deep Space

Chapter: 111

Boom! Boom! Boom!

He noticed that the beating of the heart was so powerful, the blood was urged like a long river, and there was a faint golden glow. He blocked the violent attack of the man in black, and finally his arms and finger bones were not broken.

In the end, the man in black couldn't hold it anymore. After the internal organs resonated, he coughed up blood, and with a bang, he was beaten by Wang Xuan and flew out for more than ten meters. His chest collapsed, and a terrible fist hole appeared. It is transparent.

In addition, his five internal organs resonated with too powerful secret power just now, and now they are about to collapse, and with cracks appearing, he has completely lost his combat power, and it seems that he is about to die.

"Unexpectedly, you have also practiced similar scriptures." His mouth and nose continued to bleed, and finally sighed: "You are still so young, maybe there is some hope, if you can find a way for the old technique in the future..."

He couldn't speak, his mouth was full of blood foam, he had difficulty breathing, and he was rapidly weakening.

Wang Xuan was also very uncomfortable. Even if he quickly stopped the physical technique recorded in the golden book, he still felt severe pain in his five internal organs.

But there are still snipers nearby, and there is a huge danger.

Sure enough, in an instant, he felt that he was in a desperate situation, and there was a sharp pain between his brows, as if he was being held back by a sharp weapon and was about to be pierced.

Is this locked up and about to be shot? !

Wang Xuan felt that he was not far from death, and had never been so close to death. Enduring the severe pain, he tried hard to turn over and avoided a fatal calamity with difficulty. A bullet flew past and penetrated the place just now.

In an instant, he found that many parts of his body were in severe pain again, which was locked in all directions.

However, his state is extremely bad, and it is difficult to react immediately.

Are you going to die? He was not reconciled, the root method of the pre-Qin alchemist was automatically running in his body, he didn't want to give up, he still wanted to try to turn himself over.

boom!

Suddenly, he noticed an abnormality. Time seemed to slow down. His body was covered by the shadow of death.

Even so, can it escape this catastrophe? He still wasn't sure.

Chapter: 112

On the verge of desperation, just a thin line away from the withering of life, Wang Xuan already smelled the smell of death. In this situation, the super sensory state was aroused. Although the sensitivity of the gods was so sharp that it shocked the world, he still felt that he would be shot, and he was not sure. Avoid this disaster.

However, since his perception has been greatly improved in the desperate situation, and he has seen the inner scene, he doesn't have to make other choices, and rushes in quickly.

He didn't rush in to improve his strength, he just wanted to attract the mysterious factor, so that his seriously injured and depleted body could quickly recover.

The land of emptiness is still the same as before, lifeless all the year round, without any sound. If you can't trigger the super sense, you can't reach this place even if you spend a long time. Based on the highest state of meditation, a few minutes outside, here is a few years.

Wang Xuan stood here without any hesitation, running the root method recorded on the pre-Qin bamboo slips. Although the flow of time here is very

slow, there is only a thin line between him and death in the outside world, and he can no longer stay here for several years as usual.

He sighed, although it was a pity, but he did not regret it, after all, the most important thing is to save his life when the super sense is triggered this time.

He stands in the clear time, attracts the mysterious substance, and falls silently to the inner scene, making his spirit vigorous and strong quickly.

On the outside, his body was also infused with strong mysterious factors, the vitality of his flesh and blood increased violently, and his tired body instantly gained strength.

Wang Xuanli frowned in the interior scene, before the time came, could he rush out? Never actively tried this.

After all, being able to enter here is a chance, and it is not easy. He never thought of stopping in advance.

In the end, under Wang Xuan's active attempt, he found that it was not difficult to get out, and his spirit withdrawn and returned to his physical body.

Stopped briefly in the interior scene, and the time outside seemed to have not flowed, and he once again felt that every vital point in his body was locked, like a bloody spear against his body.

The difference was that his body was no longer exhausted and exhausted, but full of new energy. He made a judgment in an instant and rolled towards a certain direction.

But he felt that it was still too late, some were too late, bullets from certain directions were unavoidable.

However, at the most critical moment, he made some choices, such as the head, heart and other parts that must be avoided.

In addition, he deliberately avoided the position where he felt the pain in his body. He thought it might be a super special bullet, one shot was enough to destroy a person's chest and abdomen.

The soil and rocks in place collapsed, mud and water splashed in all directions, and even shrubs exploded.

At the same time, Wang Xuan's rolled body was hit twice in a row, and was shocked by a huge force, causing his body to tremble continuously.

The clothes on his chest were shattered, followed by the disintegration of three layers of body armor. One of the bullets was blocked in the process, while the other bullet touched his body and penetrated into his flesh and blood.

But it was stopped after all, and a streak of blood flowed out from Wang Xuan's body surface. He exerted a little force, and the warhead collapsed and fell to the ground, and a stream of blood followed it far away.

Sure enough, it was a special bullet with great power. He had been wearing a three-layer body armor recently, and with the fourth layer of the golden body technique, he was finally able to prevent it at this time.

Not far away, some bullets were more powerful, and there were also beams of energy guns, which smashed the area where Wang Xuan was lying earlier.

With a whoosh, Wang Xuan rushed out, blocking himself with rocks and a huge black jellyfish. Then, his eyes showed a cold light. There were a total of six experienced snipers. The timing was too precise. Shoot when hard to dodge.

The man in black fell to the ground, not dead yet. He witnessed this scene with his own eyes, feeling unbelievable. The young man was obviously in a bad state, and his body was almost exhausted, but in the end he was alive and well, escaped the sniper attack, and carried two bullets. The bullets are really shocking.

puff!

He sprayed out a lot of blood from his mouth and nose, and his breathing became unobstructed for a while, but his body was in severe pain, and the fist hole in his chest made him lie on the ground, constantly breathing heavily.

Wang Xuan ignored him. At this moment, he entered the inner scene again without any hesitation, because he found that the super sensory state had not dissipated, but it was coming soon.

Even in the ancient times when the old techniques were brilliant, this was a rare opportunity. If someone triggered it, the ancestor-level figures would personally help them and lead them into the inner scene.

Not long ago, Wang Xuan quit because he had no choice, but now he seized the time to re-enter, quickly meditated, and began to practice the golden body technique, over and over again, constantly strengthening himself.

He did not practice the five-page golden book left by Zhang Daoling, those engraved pictures were too profound, and the first picture alone was enough for him to study for a period of time.

Chapter: 113

At his current level, he probably can only use the first picture on the five pages of the golden book. Not long ago, during the life and death battle, he was only urged for a moment, and he was exhausted, and even his internal organs were in severe pain.

He felt that if it continued for a while, the five internal organs might be torn apart. This kind of physical technique is too overbearing, and it is not something that he can fully touch and operate at this stage.

Of course, he admitted that the picture was exquisite and powerful, and it actually released a novel secret power, which suddenly increased his strength by a large amount, blocking and severely injuring the man in black.

It must be known that the man in black was in a supernatural state at that time, and he was also urging a secret secret technique, which was so powerful that it could be called terrifying.

If he hadn't practiced the opening move left by Zhang Daoling, Wang Xuan would die today, even the fourth level of the golden body technique couldn't block the fists and feet of the man in black.

The man in black has only read the first page of the scripture, and he has limited knowledge. One can imagine how mysterious the scripture is.

Wang Xuan continued to practice the golden body technique in the interior scene to improve himself.

There was plenty of time here, and he reckoned that the six snipers would not be able to injure him for a while even if they smashed the huge blackjack to pieces. There were still several huge rocks blocking this position.

It's hard to shoot him unless they get close, or move to higher ground.

At the same time, Wang Xuan understands that if he voluntarily withdraws from the interior scene again this time, the super-sensing state will probably be invalidated, and it will be difficult to enter today.

This time the efficiency seemed to be extremely high. Wang Xuan stood in the emptiness of time, almost ecstasy, and kept practicing the golden body technique until he was tired. He would stop and practice the root method to guide the mysterious substance to fall into the void.

Whenever he stops, he carefully senses the outside, and now he is completely racing against time and speed.

Not far away, the heart of the man in black trembled. He saw Wang Xuan's state, and saw the halo around his body, and he was moving slowly. He immediately knew what it was.

"Enter the scene, and now he is in the highest state of meditation?"

After all, the man in black is a great master in the field of old arts, and he is a person who is obsessed with his heart and wants to find a way out, so he has a wide range of knowledge.

He suddenly understood why Wang Xuan reached such a high level in this age group, and everything became clear.

However, he also has some puzzles. In this era, where to find pre-Qin alchemists, and there are no patriarchs, who can lead Wang Xuan in, so that he can stay in the empty time?

Earlier, he didn't figure it out. It was for this reason that such conditions did not exist in this world, and it was difficult for anyone to set foot in the inner scene.

After a while, he sighed, did Wang Xuan get in by himself? !

"Such a person can't die, maybe, he can really... pave a way for the old art in this era!" His eyes burst into strange brilliance.

He vomited blood, and shouted with difficulty: "Stop...don't shoot him!"

However, he was too weak, his voice could not be transmitted at all, his face was flushed, and there was nothing he could do.

At this time, in the inner scene, Wang Xuan has gained something, he has set foot on the fifth floor of the Golden Body Art, not because he has practiced here for many years.

The main reason is that he has already practiced to the late stage of the fourth level of the Golden Body Art, and he is already very close to the higher level.

Now it's just a matter of course. He has climbed to the fifth-level domain. Although he is only a beginner, it is enough. After all, he has broken through. His physique has been improved in all aspects, and his mental power has also become more vigorous!

He was not greedy, so he retreated directly. Although he had regrets, the environment was not right, and he might be touched and shot at any time, so that was all he could do.

He felt that under normal conditions, the fifth layer of the Golden Body Technique should be able to save his life, but if he was shot in the head without knowing it, he would definitely die.

When Wang Xuan withdrew, he felt better than ever. He shed a layer of skin, and part of the blood was discharged from the wound left by the bullet. The wound has almost healed, and it seems that even the last trace will disappear in two days.

In addition, his hands that were shattered by the man in black earlier had already stopped bleeding, the wounds were closed, and the nails and lacerations that were lifted by the shock of the terrifying force also disappeared.

Wang Xuan reckoned that in another one or two nights, there would be no trace left on his body.

Chapter: 114

The main reason is that when he entered the inner scene just now, the golden body technique made another breakthrough, allowing his body to complete a transformation.

At the same time, this is related to the exuberant vitality in his body.

Wang Xuan couldn't help but startled when he heard the hoarse voice of the man in black. The other party wants the snipers to stop shooting him?

In an instant, he understood the intention of the man in black. He was indeed a person who had a deep attachment to the old art and once had a passion to pass the old art. The other party seemed to see hope in him, so Want to keep him at the last minute?

"The person who wants to kill me is..." Wang Xuan said.

"Come on, they have... energy cannons!" The man in black shook his head, growled anxiously at him, and spat out another mouthful of blood.

Almost at the same time, Wang Xuan felt that the shadow of death was approaching again, and the area he was in was shrouded.

However, he is now in the most powerful state, mentally sensing that the danger is approaching, he rushed out immediately and sank into the depths of the dense forest.

In the distance, those people really assembled a small energy cannon and launched it at this moment.

They were complaining that if it hadn't been for the rain, they had misjudged that Wang Xuan wouldn't be coming, and they wouldn't have dismantled the energy cannon earlier, wasting time.

Boom!

On the spot, the black man was blasted to death, and the terrifying energy lifted rocks, and one of them hit the man in black directly on the chest.

He was hit with a muffled groan, and rolled far away. He was severely injured, but now it is even more serious, and it seems that he will not survive.

Soon, his eyes dimmed, and he died.

Without this blow, with today's scientific and technological medical conditions, it may be possible to save him by sending him to the hospital, but he may have to be replaced with an artificial heart and lung.

Wang Xuan walked quickly through the forest, approaching the location of the energy cannon, his body constantly changing routes, and his agility and speed reached the extreme.

Having practiced the fifth level of the Golden Body Technique, he rushed past without fear of thorns and other obstructions, with a terrifyingly strong physique, and soon he was not far from there.

"He...he's coming!" Someone's voice was trembling. Although there were advanced instruments, Wang Xuan's figure could be captured, and he knew that he was approaching quickly, but he couldn't lock on to it after many times of aiming. He was constantly changing positions.

The hunting operation finally became an anti-hunting operation!

Half an hour later, Wang Xuan left Daheishan with a very complicated mood, because those people had all died, and it was the first time in his life that he hardened his heart to kill the same kind.

In late autumn, the torrential rain smashed down a large area of the yellow leaves in the mountains, exposing the originally slightly black mountain body of Dahei Mountain, which was shrouded in rain and fog, and became darker and more gloomy.

Wang Xuan didn't look back, and rushed into the rain.

Those six snipers were experienced and ruthless. They were afraid that Wang Xuan would deal with them after finishing the man in black, so they directly used energy cannons, even disregarding the man in black's life or death.

Several of them are professional killers, their hands can be stained with blood for money, and even their employers can decisively abandon and kill them in order to ensure their own survival.

After killing them, Wang Xuan didn't regret it. It was just the first time he killed them. He felt strongly uncomfortable and ran all the way in the rain to relieve the unspeakable emotions, and the mud and water splashed everywhere.

He tried his best to sprint in the rain at the maximum speed, without stopping for dozens of miles, and entered the small town covered in sweat mixed with rain.

He slowed down, adjusted his breathing, went to buy new clothes to replace the broken coat, etc., and then he took an umbrella and took a walk by the small lake in the city.

He was thinking about where to go. Since the practice, his peaceful life was gone forever. Looking at the misty and misty lake, he thought of all kinds of possibilities.

Since you can't choose again, if you want to keep a peaceful and peaceful life, then you have to become stronger and reach the legendary height on the road of old art!

"Qingmu, Lao Qing, you... actually blocked me?!" Wang Xuan contacted Qingmu, but couldn't get through, and found that he might have been blocked two days ago.

Chapter: 115

He was speechless for a while, and then, Xiao Wang's deepest curse appeared: "Qingmu, you will be next, and you will not be able to escape no matter what!"

Xinxing, in a certain manor, Old Chen is wearing a gossip robe inside, a purple gold cassock outside, holding a bowl in one hand, and a dust whisk in the other, with bright red cinnabar script painted on his face. He is listless and has dark circles under his eyes. If you can't wait for the expert, you will return to the old land in two days.

When Heihu contacted Aoki on the phone and told Xiao Wang to look for him, Aoki's finger holding the cigarette trembled, and he didn't want to talk to him.

But then Kite and Lao Mu also contacted him one after another, telling him that it was a matter of life and death for Xiao Wang to find him.

Aoki sighed, and had to contact Wang Xuan, even if he wanted to hide for a few days, he always had a bad premonition.

Sure enough, as soon as he contacted Wang Xuan, he heard a resentful voice on the other side of the phone: "Old Qing, you are finished, I have a hunch that it will be your turn soon!"

Aoki couldn't take it any longer, and said: "Shut up, are you annoying me again when you're alone?"

"No, don't think too much, something happened to me!" Wang Xuan simply and quickly explained the vicious ambushes in Daheishan.

"Old Qing, isn't our expedition organization cooperating with the country and is semi-official? However, in just half a month, I was assassinated three times in a row. The expedition organization is too shameless. Some people are lawless and regard the old land as a Where is it, is it the back garden of his house? Does this kind of force control it as a chaebol or other fields, don't they uproot it and save it for the New Year?!"

Although separated by the phone, Aoki already felt Wang Xuan's anger.

Aoki said: "Okay, don't talk about it, I'll send someone to deal with this matter right away, you can act as if nothing happened for the time being, and don't affect the normal life of your relatives and friends around you."

And this is actually what Wang Xuan wanted. After all, there were seven corpses left in Daheishan. If they were found, or if he took the initiative to call the police, the small town would be full of wind and rain, and the peaceful life of family and friends would definitely be broken.

The expedition organization is semi-official in nature, and it is most appropriate for Aoki to find someone to take care of it.

Wang Xuan went home directly after finishing the call, washed his body and buried his head in sleep. He was still feeling very uncomfortable. Before going to sleep, he performed some visualizations, sorted out his emotions, adjusted his mentality, and made it calm and peaceful. .

In fact, his psychological endurance is very strong, and he dared to visualize the female alchemist with two lines of blood on her face as a fairy, singing and dancing in her dream, and naturally he can quickly deal with the current problem.

In the evening, Wang Xuan woke up, his body was full of vitality, and he was full of energy. After sweeping away the previous haze, he exposed the incident.

Starting today, he will deal with the future with a completely different mentality.

Outside, the sky was full of red clouds, and the fire clouds were huge, which indicated that tomorrow would be a good weather. Wang Xuan's mood gradually improved, and he had dinner with his parents, and his appetite was whetted.

In the evening, Wang Xuan watched TV and chatted with his parents. He didn't return to his room until after nine o'clock. He tapped the desk with his fingers and thought about today's experience. It was really dangerous.

The man in black was so strong that his achievements in the field of old arts were quite extraordinary, causing Wang Xuan to be exhausted in the end, lying on the ground unable to move, and almost being shot to death.

"The interior scene... came suddenly and went too fast, so I couldn't take the initiative to grasp it." He sighed, today in that desperate situation, his super sense was triggered, and this kind of accident saved him from disaster.

But it is impossible for him to rely on this special state. Who can guarantee that he will have such luck next time?

He has reason to believe that once there is such a psychological dependence, he will undoubtedly die next time. If he himself thinks that the super sense may be triggered at a critical moment, is it still a life-and-death situation? The physical and mental subconscious will definitely think otherwise!

Once this is the case, it will be a dead end. He has nine lives and it is not enough to kill him!

So Wang Xuan sighed. After experiencing this kind of thing, it is getting more and more difficult to trigger the super sense. The pre-Qin alchemists should have some kind of conventional method.

It's a pity that whether it's various bamboo slips or the ancient books of the sect, they all fell on Xinxing's side, and he couldn't find any books to look up.

"Should I start with meditation? In theory, reaching the highest state of meditation, known as the bodhisattva state, can be based in the empty time." Wang Xuan pondered.

His current method, the so-called super-sensory state, should belong to the category of the unity of man and nature in Taoism, and Buddhism naturally has a similar path.

"It's a bit difficult to enter the highest state of meditation." Wang Xuan frowned. It is difficult for the so-called holy monks to enter that state in a lifetime. People who have experienced this kind of experience have disappeared in the old days.

On Sunday morning, the sky was as clear as blue, and the morning glow filled the small town. Wang Xuan brought gifts to meet the two boys. One liked all kinds of new warship models, and the other liked all kinds of beauties.

Chapter: 116

Daheishan is absolutely not allowed to go. After Wang Xuan saw two friends, he told them that there is a blind bear in that mountain. To be on the safe side, don't go there if you have nothing to do.

"I like the model of this deep-space battleship. I asked someone to buy it for me several times and it was out of stock. Today I finally got what I wanted!" Zhao Mo was very happy, and then began to despise Lin Xuan next to him, saying: "Isn't it long? Big boy!"

Lin Xuan fiddled with the figure of the beautiful girl, and said contemptuously: "A man is a young man until he dies. He will always have a young heart and always like beautiful things. You don't like beautiful women when you are only in your early twenties. It means that your mentality is old. You Look at Wang Xuan and I, we are always young, we know how to appreciate, and we always have a pair of eyes looking for beautiful scenery."

Zhao Mo said: "I will get married in a year and a half, so go play with your figures. As for Wang Xuan, hehe, the aesthetic level has long been out of figures, and I like real people, okay?"

The two brought a cardboard box, and there was a small yellow dog in it, which was very strong. They said it was the most authentic mountain dog puppy, and asked Wang Xuan to take it back to the city to raise it.

Wang Xuan shook his head: "Forget it, I don't have time to take care of it now, so I won't keep it anymore."

When he was eleven or twelve years old, he raised a little flower dog, but he died within half a year. He couldn't eat for two days, which was very sad. Since then, he never dared to raise it again.

Yuncheng is not big. After lunch, the three of them walked around the city and chatted for a long time. Wang Xuan knew that this peaceful life was about to go away, and he cherished everything in front of him.

He felt that the time for himself to go to Nova would not be too far away.

...

In the afternoon, Wang Xuan bid farewell to his parents and set foot on his way back to Ancheng, where he worked.

For the next few days, everything was peaceful. Wang Xuan studied Taoism during the day and practiced root techniques and body techniques at night, feeling extremely fulfilled.

In the spirit of caring for his old colleagues, he made a phone call with Aoki during the period, asking him to say hello to old Chen, and by the way, ask when old comrade Chen will come back.

Aoki almost threw away the phone, because just today, someone he knew came back from Xinxing to bring him a message, and Lao Chen asked him to help him go to the thousand-year-old ancient temple outside the city. Look... Old Chen will be back soon!

Aoki was a little flustered, because it was obvious that Lao Chen hadn't been able to guard against Xinxing, and he was still being tossed miserably. Everything was just as Wang Xuan said, and he would eventually "return to his hometown".

He naturally thought of what Wang Xuan said, and it would be his turn next, he didn't know what to do, don't really be cursed by Xiao Wang's mouth that seemed to have been opened.

He pretended to be calm, and told Wang Xuan a piece of news, saying: "The man in black is not simple. He used to be the guest of some old men in the

chaebol. His name is Sun Chengkun. He is a scholar and professor. He was once extremely powerful. He is powerful, but he was severely injured when he was forty years old, and his body suffered from serious problems, so his strength dropped a lot, otherwise he would be much stronger than he is now."

Wang Xuan was taken aback. The man in black was actually stronger than he had imagined. He was indeed a person who had gone a long way on the road of old arts and had made extraordinary achievements.

"Now that you know his identity, let's continue to investigate. They took three shots, not only targeting me, but also seriously provoking the expedition organization." Wang Xuan suggested that this matter cannot be finished, there must be someone result.

According to the pessimistic suggestion of the man in black, some people and forces are far beyond his reach and confrontation, so just bear with it.

But being assassinated again and again, but still enduring it, as if nothing happened, this is not Wang Xuan's character, he wants to investigate secretly.

The next day, Lao Chen came back and lived in the thousand-year-old temple outside the city.

Aoki panicked, and happened to be away from Ancheng, so he asked Heihu to go and make arrangements for Lao Chen.

On the same day, Lao Chen talked to Qing Mu on the phone and told him, don't leak the news, don't tell Wang Xuan that he is back, he doesn't want to see that kid now.

In fact, Wang Xuan doesn't want to see him now, who would jump into the pit for the second time and take the initiative to meet an "ominous old man"?

At this stage, his priority is to improve his own strength, so he got up early on the weekend and rushed out of the city to the thousand-year-old temple. He wanted to see if there was a rare treasure—the Feather Stone.

In the early morning, the Pufa Temple is bathed in the brilliant morning glow, and it is magnificent and magnificent from a distance, which is awe-inspiring.

Against the background of the slowly rising sun, the whole temple is like flowing golden light, covered with soft brilliance, sacred and solemn, which makes people admire.

Wang Xuan also became more serious, no matter whether he has faith or not, he doesn't want to be too casual in this kind of place, especially since he came here today to seek a rare thing called Feather Stone.

It is still very early now, but there are already some people who come to offer incense. The place is full of incense all the year round, and it is an important place for Buddhism.

when!

The big bell in Pufa Temple rang, thick and long, the sound spread for tens of miles, even in Ancheng, it could be vaguely heard.

In this early morning, accompanied by the rising sun, the sound of the bell is distant and very artistic, as if it can purify all the troubles in the world, make people feel peaceful and get out of the world of mortals.

Standing in the distance, Wang Xuan looked at the monastery in the morning glow, and he couldn't help nodding solemnly. Buddhism has never declined through all dynasties, and it really has its reasons.

The sound of bells, the curling incense, and the tiles shining in the morning glow, just this solemn, sacred, and solemn atmosphere can make people calm down.

"The thousand-year-old temple is worthy of its reputation!" He was very serious. He came here today to pursue the legacy of the former sages, and he was very devout in his heart, hoping to see the strange things left by the great virtue.

It was still early, Wang Xuan was not in a hurry to go in, but walked around the whole temple, it really does not occupy a small area, and it is full of grandeur.

Outside the temple, there are many ancient trees, ranging from thousand-year-old pines to hundreds-year-old ginkgo trees. In the morning, there are still a few wisps of white mist, which are even more unusual when they are illuminated by the sun.

"There is a mysterious factor!" Wang Xuan walked outside the temple, and when he passed these thousand-year-old trees, he immediately felt a different atmosphere.

Suddenly there was a wave in his heart, and he was quite looking forward to it. There are many legends about this ancient temple with rich historical background, all of which are related to eminent monks.

For thousands of years, it is said that there have been two Bodhisattvas in the physical body alone, and both have been preserved, which is not easy.

The so-called body bodhisattva means that the eminent monk practiced rigorously, with a pure heart and full potential, so that he left an incorruptible body, or died facing a wall, or sat in a vat, so that future generations can see his indestructible body.

Wang Xuan had entered the interior scene, and had some thoughts about the remains of such eminent monks. He wanted to witness them with his own eyes, or feel them up close, to verify them one by one.

In addition, there are even more eminent monks who left relics in Pufa Temple. Whether it is real relics or stones that can be explained scientifically, they are all worthy of his approach and exploration.

In Wang Xuan's view, if there is a real relic, it must be similar to the feathered stone, which condenses the mysterious substance brought out by the great virtue from the inner scene.

Wang Xuan walked around for a week, feeling that the trip must be worthwhile, and there was an inexplicable feeling among the ancient trees outside, what would happen inside? He was looking forward to it.

As the sun rose, the number of people entering the temple gradually increased, but it was not crowded. Wang Xuan entered slowly and took a look at the large copper furnace in the courtyard. The copper furnace was filled.

He grinned. The two eminent monks invited by Old Chen last time probably took incense ash from this copper furnace, mixed it with water, and then sprinkled it on him.

He walked over and offered a stick of incense to express his heart.

Generally speaking, the architectural patterns of the temples are similar, starting from the Shanmen Hall, then the Tianwang Hall, then the Daxiong Hall, and then the Bodhisattva Hall, followed by the Dharma Hall and the Sutra Library.

"It's not simple, is this low-key and introverted?" Wang Xuan frowned, because it was difficult to sense the breath of the mysterious factor since he came in.

He looked up, and saw that the Daxiong Hall was very tall, with carved beams and painted buildings inside, resplendent and resplendent, and it was really magnificent, enshrining the shining golden Buddha III.

It's just quite strange that in such an important place of Buddhism, he still couldn't sense the mysterious factor, which made him frown and was very puzzled.

Wang Xuan can only lament that the methods of Buddhism are superb, and some secrets are mostly beyond his comprehension as an outsider, so he can only find them step by step. He is not in a hurry, and goes all the way to explore in Pufa Temple.

However, he walked through all the Buddhist temples and searched everywhere, but he didn't even sense any mysterious factors. What's the situation?

Wang Xuan was a little skeptical. Could it be that there is really something wrong with this place? It can isolate the overflow of mysterious substances. If that is the case, the method of Buddhism is a bit amazing.

After all, this is no longer ancient times, but a new era of brilliant technological civilization. Temples that can inherit this kind of secret law are not necessarily inferior to Buddhist ancestral courts.

"I really don't believe in evil, I don't believe that I can't find any clues!"

Wang Xuan persevered, and he went around the whole temple where he was allowed to go, but he didn't find anything, and couldn't find any clues.

He was a little stunned. Could it be that there was something wrong with his perception, and he was suppressed by some kind of mysterious power in the thousand-year-old temple?

Chapter: 118

However, this was not the case. He realized carefully that he was so energetic that he could hear the birdsong in the dense forest outside the monastery from a very long distance.

For this reason, he made a special trip out and returned to the woodland with thousand-year-old trees, where he indeed captured a thin mysterious substance.

"A thousand-year-old temple, an important place of Buddhism, is awe-inspiring!" Wang Xuan sighed, and he walked into the temple again.

This time, he used his vigorous and agile skills to go to some closed areas, and even went deep into the site of the pagoda, where the Buddhist bones and relics were stored by the eminent monks of the past dynasties. They are usually buried in the underground palace under the pagoda.

He still didn't find anything in this area, and he didn't feel anything.

Wang Xuan's head is a little big. In this era, is Pufa Temple still unfathomable?

Later, he even did not hesitate to tear down two floor tiles to see if there was something different underground, but the result was still disappointing.

"It's weird, there's a problem!" Wang Xuan thought, a little absent-minded, wandering aimlessly in the temple.

On this day, he has been searching carefully until the stars appeared in the sky, because he really couldn't find anything in the monastery.

Not reconciled, Wang Xuan continued wandering outside the temple, wanting to observe in the dark. He wanted to find a high ground overlooking the thousand-year-old temple, hoping to find some clues.

When he was walking outside, he noticed an abnormality. When he came to a high ground, he found that there was a thin mysterious factor overflowing from a pool in the distance, which he perceived.

His mind was shocked, and he could capture the mysterious substance at a distance, which is enough to show that there is something unusual there, and there may be a major discovery.

When he got close, he was sure that there was something special here. The water pool was next to the stone wall, and the mysterious factor came out from the stone wall, which was far more mysterious than the thousand-year-old temple.

Wang Xuan searched this area carefully, but regretted that no feather fossils were found, and those mysterious factors were evenly distributed on the rock wall, which was not rich enough.

Soon he understood what was going on. In ancient times, eminent monks sat here all year round, facing the wall, and the mysterious substances left behind leaked into the stone wall.

It's a pity that the amount is not very sufficient, and there is no such thing as a feathered stone.

Wang Xuan jumped up, rushed up the stone wall, came to the top, and found a place suitable for meditation and sat down cross-legged. He thought that the ancient eminent monks should have sat in this place in the past.

Then, he closed his eyes, silently operated the root method of the pre-Qin alchemist, trying to take a chance here.

His perception became extremely sharp, and he noticed that the mysterious factors evenly distributed in the stone wall were agitated and gathered towards him.

But unfortunately, here is the same as his initial judgment, the mysterious factor is not strong enough, and it has not formed a strange thing.

But he didn't stop, still sitting cross-legged, operating the root method, and attracting this rare substance, after all, it is of great benefit to nourishing the body and spirit.

In this world, it is difficult to find such a thing.

I don't know how long it took, but the mysterious substance in the stone wall became so thin that it was almost impossible to capture it. Wang Xuan let out a breath of turbid air slowly, and was about to get up.

However, he was horrified and felt that there was something strange around him. When he absorbed the mysterious substance, there seemed to be something beyond imagination.

In an instant, he got up directly, with a bad premonition rising in his heart.

"Couldn't it not be long before I sent away a fairy, and I was recruited again and attracted a big Buddha?!" Wang Xuan frowned, his perception is sharper now than last time, after all, his strength has improved, and his mental power has also become stronger. Exuberant.

If something happens again this time, he feels that it is necessary to rethink the truth about Yuhua ascending to immortality. Yuhua may have a different explanation, and there is another possibility.

"They... didn't necessarily fail back then, and there is still a chance to reappear?!" Wang Xuan had a very astonishing guess in his mind. The more he speculated, the more shocked he was. He felt that there were secrets that ordinary people could not imagine in this world. If it is true, it will be earth-shattering.

He was very uneasy, so he left here quickly and rushed towards Ancheng. He wanted to confirm whether there was really another old senior beside him, and there was a fairy Buddha by his side!

The dusk drum of Pufa Temple has already sounded, and most of the pilgrims have left. Outside the temple, the branches of the thousand-year-old pines protrude into the air like horned dragons, and the moonlight pours down, making the ancient temple more and more quiet.

Chapter: 119

The night sky was deep and the Milky Way was brilliant. Wang Xuan walked towards Ancheng with the stars on his head.

He secretly slandered, it's really evil! Once mysterious factors are involved, unnatural phenomena that are difficult to explain by science will occur.

He was nervous, he didn't know what unpredictable events would happen tonight, he really didn't want to be tossed about anymore.

So far, he has some feelings, everything in this world is balanced, when you feel that you will get something, then you must be giving something.

He took the initiative to absorb the mysterious factors, thinking that he was digging out the myths buried by the years, and would embark on a brilliant road in the field of old arts, so he was approaching danger, even this was a deep pit, and there was a sweet fragrance in front of him. The bait of the Tao, waiting for the latecomers to approach, may not have been delicately done by the ancients.

Up to now, Wang Xuan absolutely dare not underestimate those ancient people. Since they were once brilliant, there must be something extraordinary and terrifying. Now he has some serious doubts about the truth of becoming immortal.

"Hope you have a safe night!"

Wang Xuan went out early in the morning, but returned home wearing stars and moon. He ate something on the side of the road and returned home after nine o'clock in the evening.

After washing, he visualized a big golden sun, with its blazing flames burning all the clouds and mists in the sky, illuminating a bright universe, and the golden rain falling everywhere, holy and peaceful.

"The demon retreats!"

Wang Xuan took a deep breath and lay down on the bed. He fell into a deep sleep after a short time. This is the benefit of practicing old techniques, and he never suffers from insomnia.

Sure enough, his worries came true. Even before going to bed, he performed the root method, visualized a bright sun, and dispelled the mist and darkness, but something happened.

Not far away, an old monk was sitting on the edge of the bed, his body was blackened and seemed to be festering, his eyes were bleeding red, and he was looking at him.

Wang Xuan's hair stood on end on the spot, he lifted the quilt with a whoosh, woke up and sat up, the feeling was so real, he seemed to smell the slightly rotten smell just now.

Is the visitor unkind? He turned on the light and drank a glass of water, and then worked the root method silently. There will be absolutely no peace tonight.

And he always felt that there was something wrong with this old monk, he was not peaceful at all, there was no Buddha's light, and he never showed the holy Dharma.

On the contrary, the whole body of this old monk was blackened, as if he was about to decay. It was completely different from the scene of the female alchemist casually attracting thunderbolts like stars.

But there is one thing the two are the same, both eyes are bleeding, as if they have experienced some kind of very tragic event, and they are unwilling to die.

"This pit is a bit big. I fell into it inexplicably. The situation is not good!" Wang Xuan was rarely so serious, and his heart was extremely heavy.

He felt more and more that the truth of eternity might be many times more complicated than what he guessed in Pufa Temple, and the first glimpse made him feel very scary.

In the early days, he was extremely confident, because he was the only one in the world who could enter the inner scene, and he entered by himself, without the guidance of the ancestors. In this era, he can still gain a foothold in the emptiness of time.

But now he is a little terrified. His performance is indeed amazing and his achievements are extraordinary, but this is not necessarily a good thing. He seems to be slowly uncovering a heavy and mysterious layer that has been suppressed by the years. screen, doing so may be dangerous.

These days, he has been thinking about how to find strange objects similar to feather stones, so as to improve his strength.

At that time, he still thought that if there were some residual spiritual energy of the ancients, even if there were some abnormal phenomena, it would be no big deal.

But now he was a little terrified, he had thought too well earlier.

If he triggers mysterious events many times, there will be a few more inexplicable creatures around him, such as alchemists, fairy girls, old monks, etc., it will definitely be far from the imaginary scene of getting together at a table with a harmonious atmosphere and playing mahjong

"This time, I haven't entered the inner scene yet, but I followed an old monk with bleeding eyes. Could it be that as long as I discover mysterious factors in this world, attract and absorb them, something unpredictable will happen?"

Wang Xuan felt that this time it was a big loss. Last time, at least he used the remaining spiritual energy of the female alchemist to enter the inner scene, and his strength improved a lot.

This time the old monk didn't give anything, and followed him to the house. His body smelled of decay, and he sat on the bed and looked at him.

After some visualization, Wang Xuan fell asleep again.

Chapter: 120

Sure enough, the old monk came again, his skin was darkened, his eyes were bleeding, he sat motionless on the head of the bed and looked at him, he didn't say anything, but it was enough to make people horrified.

Wang Xuan didn't wake up, and the scene he had visualized appeared, and the other one, holding a black gold stick, directly hit the head of the old monk sitting cross-legged on the bed, not gentle at all, rather fierce.

He figured it out, since the remaining spiritual energy can't interfere with the present world, nor can it hurt his spirit, and the corner is not good, he doesn't need to get used to it, just make a move.

Otherwise, if he encounters some more in the future, he will confess like an uncle, and he will be exhausted to death.

With a bang, the old monk exploded, and before he collapsed, he seemed to be deeply surprised, and his death-gray eyes showed shock.

"Since you have something to ask for, speak well and don't put on such a posture!" Wang Xuan, who was holding a Wujin big stick, scolded, as for the self, he was still asleep and did not wake up.

After a while, the old monk reappeared, this time he did not sit by the bed, although his eyes were still bleeding and his body was black and rotten, but he was very conscious, stood far away, and put his hands together.

In an instant, the hazy light of the Buddha shone down, reflecting an extremely blurred scene, with an arhat sitting cross-legged, a bodhi tree swaying, and singing Zen.

In his sleep, Wang Xuan's subconsciousness became active violently, and he saw those blurred and almost scattered scenes. Instead of being awakened immediately, he was attracted instead. Was there really a Bodhisattva in the past?

In those scenes, stone pagodas are scattered, ancient temples collapse, bodhisattvas soar into the sky, golden arhats stand up, and bodhi trees rise from the ground. In the light rain of Buddha's light, those sacred scenes enter the deep space.

What's the meaning? Wang Xuan was puzzled, this is the picture shown to him by the old monk, is there any request for him?

Soon, the old monk seemed to be unable to hold on, and those originally blurred scenes were fragmented, no longer existed, and could no longer be manifested.

The old monk himself was also unsteady, and his nearly decayed figure began to become somewhat blurred.

At this time, Wang Xuan was surprised to notice the details that he had neglected before from his unstable state. When the old monk dimmed and was about to disappear, it seemed that there was a thick curtain covering his decayed body.

Then, Wang Xuan woke up with a start, because his subconscious mind was violently active, and he got up from his deep sleep.

"It's weird. The old monk seemed to come from the dark, and manifested himself from a long distance away. He tried his best to achieve this step, but the female alchemist was always standing in front of me. I didn't notice that there should be Maybe they are all in a very far place, so it seems that the female alchemist is extremely powerful, far surpassing the old monk."

After some meditation, Wang Xuan fell asleep again. That night, he made up his mind to "have a good chat" with the old monk, and communicate with each other slowly without panicking.

The old monk reappeared, still walking from the darkness, with a blurred figure. During his demonstration, he seemed to step out of the stone wall and break the iron chain that bound him.

Although Wang Xuan's subconscious didn't wake up, it was shaking violently again. Could it be that the old monk was trapped in the stone wall and released after he absorbed the mysterious factor at night?

Then, another Wang Xuan appeared, which was the pre-visualized scene earlier, still holding a big stick, and said: "Since there is a need for others, why don't you show sincerity? Ordinary people seek incense from the Buddha, what should the Buddha do when he seeks ordinary people? In the early years, there was The female alchemist came into my dream and told me to be in the immortal class."

Women's University Sanqian is in the class of immortals, although Wang Xuan dare not speak nonsense like this, but he was inspired to mention some old monks and ask for benefits.

At this time, Xiao Wang was really fearless and ready to ask Buddha for a bribe!

The old monk was in a daze, and then silently demonstrated a boxing technique, did it really benefit him? !

Wang Xuan's subconscious mind can naturally be seen, and quickly remembered, this is like... the Great Vajra Fist? Moreover, tossing and turning is just a few formulas.

The old monk is very dedicated, how to exert force, how to vibrate all parts of the body, including the five internal organs, are all demonstrated very clearly.

The Great Vajra Fist is indeed a secret skill. When he was in Daheishan, Sun Chengkun, a man in black, once used it. Even Wang Xuan couldn't stand the Golden Body Technique. His fingers were almost broken and his nails were torn off by the terrible force.

The old monk's performance was incomplete, he was trying to stretch his body, but he couldn't do what he wanted, he could only demonstrate to this point, when he swung the following punches, he himself began to disintegrate.

Wang Xuan woke up again, sat cross-legged on the bed and said directly, "If you can continue to show me that kind of boxing, you will appear in my dream. If you can't, don't disturb my sleep. I will wake up tomorrow carefully. Think about your question."

He recalled that kind of boxing, which seemed to be a little different from the Great Vajra Fist of the man in black. After thinking about it for a while, he felt that it was not simple, and seemed quite extraordinary.

In the end, Wang Xuan fell into a dream, but the old monk did not reappear.