

## Golden 82

### Chapter Eighty-Two Living Buddha

Once upstairs, Zhuang Rui discovered that the second floor was also open to tourists, though there were very few people there, but quite a few lamas were busy working inside.

From the open-air corridor on the second floor, one can see the crowds circumambulating the prayer wheel below. Listening to the Buddhist chants, Zhuang Rui felt an unusual sense of peace, and the restlessness caused by his inability to absorb spiritual energy was also greatly reduced.

Just as Zhuang Rui was immersed in the Buddhist chanting, a group of tourists came downstairs. They seemed to be a tour group, wearing matching hats and waving colorful flags. Their chattering startled Zhuang Rui, and at that moment, he also heard a "gurgling" sound coming from his stomach.

Looking at the time, it was already past one in the afternoon. Zhuang Rui was also hungry. It seemed that today's matter would just end there. He picked up the little white lion and prepared to go downstairs and leave the Jokhang Temple. He figured that Qin Xuanbing and Liu Chuan must be getting anxious by now.

Just as Zhuang Rui walked back to the stairwell, the little white lion in his arms suddenly jumped to the ground and ran towards the end of the corridor, as if some delicious food was attracting it. The little guy ignored Zhuang Rui's shouts from behind.

Left with no other choice, Zhuang Rui could only follow behind and catch up. He couldn't bear to part with the little guy now. Most of the laughter in the car every day was caused by this little thing. This wasn't the first time Zhuang Rui had raised a pet, but his feelings for the little white lion were extremely special. Putting aside everything else, Zhuang Rui had saved its life. The little guy's usual dependence on Zhuang Rui also made Zhuang Rui love him even more.

Although it's less than a month old, this little guy is quite fast at running. Plus, there are many corridors on the second floor. If the little guy hadn't stopped to look at Zhuang Rui from time to time, Zhuang Rui probably would have lost him by now.

"Waaah...waaah, waaah..."

The little creature ran to a door, stopped, and scratched at it with its tiny paws. However, the heavy wooden door was clearly beyond its ability to open. The clever little thing, after struggling for a while, ran back to Zhuang Rui's feet, grabbed his trouser leg, and pulled him towards the door.

"You little rascal, if you run around like this again, I'll abandon you."

Zhuang Rui bent down, picked up the little white lion, and tapped it on the forehead. The little guy stuck out its tongue and licked Zhuang Rui's hand in a flattering manner. Then it turned its head and whimpered at the heavy red wooden door.

Zhuang Rui felt a little strange. Usually, just one look from him would bring the little guy to his side, but today he was ignoring him. It seemed that there must be something strange behind this door.

Although Zhuang Rui grew up under the red flag, he did not believe in ghosts or gods and had no faith. However, since his eye injury and the appearance of spiritual energy, Zhuang Rui has developed a greater sense of awe for the world. Just because something is not understood does not mean it does not exist. There are many inexplicable phenomena in this world, such as the spiritual energy in Zhuang Rui's eyes, which science cannot explain. Buddhism is one of them.

Buddhism, along with Christianity and Islam, is known as one of the three major world religions. Since its introduction to China during the Han Dynasty, it has experienced significant development in subsequent dynasties. Many emperors even established Buddhism as the state religion. Chinese Buddhism has seen the emergence of many schools, mainly eight, which are commonly referred to as the eight major schools of Xingyi, Xiangyi, Tiantai, Xiantai, Chan, Jing, Vinaya, and Tantra.

After liberation, Buddhist academies were established in China, which ensured the continuation of its teachings. However, in recent years, some famous temples in the mainland, such as Shaolin Temple, have focused more on worldly practice and integration with society. As a result, many people have developed some misunderstandings about Buddhism, and when talking about monks, they no longer have the same respect as in the past.

However, Tibetan Buddhism differs from the Buddhism transmitted in Central China. It was introduced to Tibet directly from India in the mid-8th century.

Tibetan Buddhism formally took shape in the latter half of the 10th century. Over the next 300 years, various distinctive sects emerged, with most followers adhering to the Tantric school, one of the eight major schools of Buddhism.

Tibetan Buddhism, which emphasizes ascetic practices, has diverse lineages, complex rituals, and numerous statues, which is a significant characteristic that distinguishes it from Han Chinese Buddhism. Historically, most sects of Tibetan Buddhism have been combined with certain political forces (including local power groups or family forces), forming a theocratic system in which religion follows politics and politics supports religion, with each depending on the other.

Although this system was abolished during the democratic reforms in Tibet in 1959, the Tibetan people are almost universally religious, which makes the land of Tibet full of mystery. Before Zhuang Rui came to Tibet, he had heard a lot about things like the reincarnation of Living Buddhas, which some people thought were impossible, but here, everyone believed in them.

Because he couldn't absorb the spiritual energy from the murals downstairs, Zhuang Rui was a little apprehensive about this place, fearing that he might have violated some taboo by wandering around recklessly. He wanted to ask someone where he was, but when he looked around, he was all alone and couldn't even see a lama.

Looking at the little creature still tugging at his trouser leg, Zhuang Rui thought there was no harm in going in to take a look. Besides, dogs are intelligent, and this little guy wouldn't hurt him, would he? As he pondered this, Zhuang Rui walked to the door and reached out to push the heavy-looking mahogany door.

The seemingly bulky wooden door was surprisingly flexible; it opened with a gentle push, revealing a wooden room of about thirty square meters in front of Zhuang Rui. The little guy on the ground had already darted inside as soon as the door opened.

The moment the wooden door opened, the spiritual energy in Zhuang Rui's eyes suddenly became lively, like a greedy child encountering delicious food, stirring and flowing rapidly in Zhuang Rui's eyes, as if it might overflow at any moment.

Zhuang Rui felt a little uneasy. He didn't know where this wooden house was, nor did he know whether the sudden change in the spiritual energy in his eyes was good or bad. But since he had already come here and the little guy refused to come out, he had to go in no matter what.

Taking a deep breath, Zhuang Rui stepped into the room.

Something unexpected happened. As soon as Zhuang Rui entered the room, he clearly sensed that there was a large amount of spiritual energy in every space of the wooden house, as omnipresent as air. The spiritual energy in his eyes circulated faster, and every time it circled around his eye sockets, Zhuang Rui could feel a trace of extremely weak spiritual energy from the room merging into it.

Although the spiritual energy that entered Zhuang Rui's eyes was insignificant to this space, for Zhuang Rui, the feeling was no less than drinking a fine elixir. His pores opened up, and he almost groaned in pleasure. Moreover, this pleasure was endless. As the spiritual energy flowed in his eyes, wisps of spiritual energy invisible to the naked eye also continuously entered Zhuang Rui's eyes.

Zhuang Rui had heard people say that drug users experience a kind of euphoric high. Zhuang Rui had never used drugs, but he was absolutely certain that even drug users could not feel the euphoria he was experiencing now. This euphoria was not only physical but also mental. At this moment, there was no thought in Zhuang Rui's mind. Everything in the mundane world seemed to have nothing to do with him. He was simply immersed in this indescribable pleasure.

If an outsider were to enter this room at this moment, they would find a young man standing there blankly, his eyes lifeless, seemingly devoid of intelligence, merely an empty shell of a body. The little white lion that had entered the room first has also vanished.

After leading Zhuang Rui into the room, the little guy slipped out through a half-open door at the other end of the room. Behind that door was a long corridor. As if some voice was calling to the little white lion, it ran straight to the end of the corridor and scratched at a door in front of it with its paws.

It seemed that the person inside heard the noise and opened the door. Standing in the doorway was a young lama. Upon seeing the white lion cub, he exclaimed in surprise to someone behind him.

The little white lion ignored the little lama at the door and ran straight into the room. The room was small, only about 20 square meters. There was a bed and a desk inside. Around the bed, there were bookshelves that filled the entire room. Most of them were thread-bound books, old and slightly yellowed.

The room had a faint scent of sandalwood and was dimly lit. On the bed, an elderly lama lay half-reclined. It was difficult to tell his age from his appearance, as his skin was wrinkled and covered with age spots. However, his eyes were very bright and even had a childlike innocence. If you only looked at his eyes, many people would probably think he was a child.

The old lama's hair was slightly disheveled, his figure was thin, his face was aged, and his complexion was not very good. However, when he saw the little white lion running into the room, a glint flashed in his eyes, and he sat up from the bed with all his might.

When the young lama who opened the door saw the old man sit up, he quickly went forward to help him up, saying, "Zhubigu, you're not feeling well, you should lie down."

If any believers saw this scene, they would surely kneel down and worship the old man. It's hard to believe that this old lama is actually one of the only two reincarnated Living Buddhas remaining in Jokhang Temple. You should know that there are more than a thousand Living Buddhas in Tibet, but only about twenty of them have been reincarnated and continued to exist. These twenty-odd Living Buddhas are all people who are revered by the masses and are people of great wisdom.

"It's alright, the children from the snowy mountain have come, I want to personally entertain them."

The Living Buddha waved his hand, and with the help of the young lama, put on his shoes and sat down in front of the desk.