

## Golden 83

### Chapter 83 Changes in Spiritual Energy

As dusk settled, the setting sun cast its golden rays upon the Jokhang Temple, bathing it in an alluring golden glow. The temple itself, the prayer wheels, and even the tourists themselves seemed to shimmer with a mesmerizing golden light, adding an aura of radiance and sanctity to the entire temple complex.

“You brought the person here, and more than five hours have passed since then. If we don’t ask you for the person back, who else are we supposed to ask?”

A loud voice rang out in a room in the Jokhang Temple administration office. The speaker was Liu Chuan, Zhou Ruibo, Meng An, Qin Xuanbing, and several other women. They were all in the room at the moment. From the Jokhang Temple side, besides the Gegu Lama who brought Zhuang Rui in, there were several young lamas and a government staff member who were explaining things to the group.

“I brought him into the Jokhang Temple because I was afraid he would be retaliated against. As for where he went afterward, I don’t know.”

Gegu Lama said in broken Mandarin that he knew the Tibetan was cheating customers when he was in Barkhor Street. This was not the first time such a thing had happened. However, he saw the stall owner take out a knife and was afraid that Zhuang Rui would be taken advantage of, so he brought him into Jokhang Temple. For this reason, Gegu did not ask Zhuang Rui anything and left.

However, Gegu did not expect that Zhuang Rui would mysteriously disappear inside the Jokhang Temple, and that his friends would come looking for him.

In fact, Liu Chuan and the others arrived at the Jokhang Temple less than an hour after Zhuang Rui entered. They immediately asked the gatekeeper lama and learned that Gegu Lama had brought someone into the Jokhang Temple. However, after finding Gegu Lama, they learned that Zhuang Rui had already left alone. At the time, they didn't pay much attention, assuming that Zhuang Rui had gone sightseeing with the other tourists. But after waiting for several hours, they realized something was wrong. Several groups of tourists had come and gone from the Jokhang Temple, and they still hadn't seen Zhuang Rui come out.

Now Liu Chuan and the others were anxious. They found Gegu Lama again and sent people to search the temple, but they couldn't find any trace of Zhuang Rui. If it weren't for the 48-hour waiting period before a case could be filed, Liu Chuan might have already gone to the police station to report it.

They had suspected that the stall owner was retaliating against Zhuang Rui by kidnapping him, but later they saw the stall owner at the Jokhang Temple. The man was kowtowing before the Buddha and repenting for his mistakes. It was clear that Zhuang Rui's disappearance had nothing to do with him.

"It's all my fault. I should have given him a phone. Why didn't I think of that?"

Qin Xuanbing said with some self-reproach that all three of them had cell phones with them at the time, but Zhuang Rui left in a hurry and none of them thought to give him one. The cell phone that Qin Xuanbing gave to Zhuang Rui a few days ago has not been registered and cannot be used.

"Don't worry, everyone. Zhuang Rui has probably already gone back to the hotel. Let's wait here a little longer. If the lamas at the temple still can't find Zhuang Rui, we'll go back to the hotel to check."

Bai Meng'an comforted Qin Xuanbing, saying that although he felt a little jealous seeing Qin Xuanbing's anxious look for Zhuang Rui, he had gotten along well with Zhuang Rui these past few days and had no intention of gloating.

"We arrived at the temple before 2 o'clock and have been keeping watch here. If Zhuang Rui goes out, he will definitely see us. He should still be inside the temple."

Zhou Rui, who had been silent until now, spoke up. They were currently at the entrance of the Jokhang Temple, next to the toll booth. People coming in and out all had to pass through here. In addition, since the group was focused, if Zhuang Rui went out from here, even if Zhuang Rui couldn't see them, they would see him.

"The Jokhang Temple has several exits, and you can also go out through the side gate."

Gegu Lama spoke, explaining that he had meant well, but hadn't expected such a thing to happen. As the Iron Staff Lama of Jokhang Temple, he was also very upset and had already sent many junior lamas to search various sites within the temple grounds.

The disappearance of someone in the temple would likely damage the reputation of the Jokhang Temple. Therefore, many lamas were searching for a tourist named Zhuang Rui. As it was getting late, most of the tourists had already left the Jokhang Temple. However, the lamas searched for a long time in various halls and scenic spots, but to no avail, and could not find any trace of Zhuang Rui.

The room where Zhuang Rui was located had only one window near the first-floor corridor; the rest was closed. The walls around the room were covered with Thangkas. Some of these Thangkas were woven with satin as the ground and several colors of silk as the weft, interlaced in jacquard patterns, and pasted onto the fabric. Others were made of various colored satins, cut into various figures and patterns, and pasted onto the fabric.

The most precious thangka is a fabric thangka with colorful patterns, in which pearls and gemstones are embroidered with gold thread. The combination of pearls and gemstones, and the brilliance of gold, makes it exceptionally dazzling. The patterns on these thangkas include Jataka tales and stories of the Buddha's life and previous lives, images of King Songtsen Gampo, and portraits of empresses such as Princess Wencheng, Princess Jincheng, and Princess Bhrikuti. Most of them are portraits of people, which are made with great care and life.

The setting sun outside the window shone into the room, bathing it in a golden light. The figures in the paintings on the walls seemed to come alive, adding a touch of mystery to the room.

Zhuang Rui, the person involved, didn't even have time to take a good look at the room after entering it before he was swept up in that ethereal pleasure. At that moment, Zhuang Rui had already forgotten where he was and why he had come.

He naturally had no idea that the outside world had turned the place upside down because of him. He had no idea of the time. Zhuang Rui, who had been standing in this room for four or five hours, did not feel tired at all. On the contrary, his mental state was better than ever before.

The spiritual energy in Zhuang Rui's eyes also underwent a dramatic change. What was originally orange-yellow spiritual energy had now turned into a faint purplish-gold color. Zhuang Rui even had the illusion that his eyes had been completely replaced by spiritual energy, because he felt that the spiritual energy, which was originally just attached to his eye sockets, had now completely merged into his eyeballs.

Closing his eyes and carefully experiencing the changes, Zhuang Rui discovered that within his pupils, a small space seemed to have been created by the purplish-gold spiritual energy. Strands of spiritual energy entered his eyeballs from the outside, circled around in that space, and then returned to the area around his eye sockets. During this process, Zhuang Rui felt that each strand of spiritual energy seemed to have grown stronger.

If someone were to examine Zhuang Rui's eyes with a magnifying glass magnified several times or more, they would discover that within his pupil, there is a tiny inner pupil, a large pupil containing a smaller one, interlocking with each other. Of course, even Zhuang Rui is unaware of this change, and he would never allow anyone to examine his eyes with a magnifying glass.

Feeling that he could no longer absorb spiritual energy from this room, Zhuang Rui slowly opened his eyes, only to find that the sun was already setting and dusk was approaching outside the window. He was so surprised that he opened his mouth wide. He clearly remembered that when he entered this room, it was only a little after one o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun was high in the sky and tourists were everywhere.

In Zhuang Rui's mind, he felt that he had only just stepped into this room, in the blink of an eye, but he did not expect that an afternoon had already passed. Zhuang Rui quickly looked at the watch on his wrist. Fortunately, the date had not changed, otherwise he would have doubted whether he was like the one described in the book, where a day in the mountains is equivalent to a thousand years in the world.

Suddenly, he remembered the little white lion. After so long, it would be troublesome if the little guy had run away or been captured. Zhuang Rui turned his head slightly, but when he was about to look for it, he heard his neck making a "crack" sound as his joints twisted. When he thought of lifting his legs, he felt soreness in his legs and almost fell to the ground.

Just now, Zhuang Rui was so immersed in the pleasure of upgrading his spiritual energy that he didn't feel any discomfort in his body. Now that his soul has returned to its place, he finds that there is not a single comfortable spot on his body.

You should know that even in the military, the practice of standing still is only for one or two hours, which is considered a relatively long time. For someone like Zhuang Rui to remain motionless for four or five hours, let alone stand, or even sit still, is something that probably only the highly accomplished lamas in the Jokhang Temple can do.

Despite his extreme mental excitement, Zhuang Rui was unable to eliminate his physical fatigue. At this moment, he was like a contradiction: his mind was crystal clear, but his body was extremely exhausted. He couldn't even walk normally, and the soreness and numbness in his muscles made him want to sit down on the ground.

"Hey, that's really stupid."

Zhuang Rui tapped his head. The spiritual energy he had just replenished was now coming in handy. Moreover, there seemed to be no need to worry about the consumption of spiritual energy here. Although the spiritual energy in his eyes had reached its peak and he could no longer absorb it from the room, Zhuang Rui could feel that the spiritual energy in the room was still very abundant. What he had absorbed was just a drop in the ocean.

Lowering his head, Zhuang Rui first looked at his two legs. The use of spiritual energy seemed to have changed significantly. He no longer needed to concentrate on it. Zhuang Rui felt that the spiritual energy in his eyes was as flexible as his fingers. He could release it out of his body as long as he wanted, and he didn't need to deliberately control the amount released.

Zhuang Rui could even make the wisps of spiritual energy adhere to the surface of his thigh muscles without penetrating them. This feeling of complete control made Zhuang Rui overjoyed.

As expected, once the wisps of spiritual energy entered all the joints of his body, the previous feeling of fatigue vanished, and the wound on his arm was completely healed under the influence of the spiritual energy.

What surprised Zhuang Rui even more was that using so much spiritual energy only consumed one-fifth of the total spiritual energy in his eyes. Moreover, his eyes used to feel a slight soreness when using spiritual energy, but now he could no longer feel it.