

But in the new year, he suddenly felt that he absolutely couldn't make such an impulsive move.

Because Charlie had already confessed to himself before that he was not allowed to reveal his identity to her grandmother. If he committed a crime knowingly, once he really annoyed Charlie, not to mention the four meridians being sealed, everyone might be killed by him.

The dejected Hong Changqing, after much deliberation, still felt that he had to find a way to get Charlie's forgiveness, and only in this way could he regain his original cultivation.

So, recalling that Charlie said just now that he wanted to take himself to the Champs Elysees Hot Spring, he immediately stood up and stopped a taxi by the side of the road.

It was the first time for the taxi driver to see such an old man dressed as a Taoist priest, and Hong Changqing was indeed a bit of a fairy. Seeing him getting in the car, he asked very respectfully, "Master Taoist, where are you going?" "

Hong Changqing said, "I'm going to the Champs-Elysees Hot Spring."

"Go to the hot spring?" The taxi driver was a little puzzled, wondering why an old man went to the hot spring hotel.

Before Hong Changqing could speak, he thought of something, and said casually, "By the way, the Chancellor, the Champs Elysees Hot Spring Hotel has been closed, and it is said that it will be upgraded and opened. The opening time has not yet been determined. I'm all in vain. If you want to soak in hot springs, I will introduce you to individual ones. place.

Hong Changqing shook his head and said, "I'm not going to soak in the hot spring, I'm looking for someone to do something. " "

"Oh, no wonder!" The taxi driver said with a smile, "I said that a Taoist priest like you, at first glance, is a master who is dedicated to asking questions, and it is impossible for him to have time to soak in some hot springs. "

As he said, he asked again, "Master Taoist, I don't know which Taoist temple you usually practice in? My mother is a devout Taoist, and usually goes to the Tianhou Temple to burn incense. Hong Changqing

nodded, and said, "I'm not in Jinling, I'm from the United States, and my Taoist temple is also in the United States." "

"America?" The taxi driver said in surprise, "Master Taoist, isn't this Taoism from our Huaxia?" Why is there still Taoism in America?

Hong Changqing rolled his eyes at him and asked, "Is there no church in Huaxia?" "

"Yes..." The driver chuckled and said, "I understand now that you said that, then you should have come to the United States to preach from China a few years ago, right?" "

Hong Changqing looked embarrassed, and said with a sneer, "I have been busy practicing cultivation all my life, and I have never preached or preached.

The driver gave him a thumbs up and praised him, "When I saw you, I felt destined to be with you. You look like a serious Taoist priest, not those liars who fool people!" "

Hong Changqing ignored him, but looked out of the window in a daze, recalling the hardships and hardships he had painstakingly cultivated in the United States for so many years, and thinking of

how old he was, he traveled all the way to China to find opportunities, but who would have thought that this After two days of happy things, I have now regressed and become a four-star martial artist...

The more I think about it, the more aggrieved Hong Changqing feels, and tears flow out.

When the driver saw him, he quickly asked him, " Long, why are you still crying, who bullied you? "