

Awaken Chapter 18

Back at home.

The first thing Xu Qingnian did was to take out the booklet.

He opened the booklet and read its contents.

A fugitive, who was not even afraid of death, had to send this out.

As the saying goes, knowing oneself and one's enemy is the only way to win a hundred battles, so Xu Qingnian definitely had to study it.

It was only a quarter of an hour later.

Xu Qingnian couldn't help but frown.

This book was very odd, it was some famous quotes and sentences, with no information at all.

"Do villains read this kind of book too?"

Under the oil lamp.

Xu Qingnian frowned.

The content of the book had no message, it was just pure quotations and quotes, something that was found everywhere.

"I was entrusted with bringing it out even though I was fighting for my life, surely it can't be that simple."

"But there are encryption means in it, perhaps this is a codebook."

Xu Qingnian guessed that it was a cipher book, requiring coded numbers and then corresponding to the number of pages and words to get its mysteries.

Thinking of this Xu Qingnian was a little angry.

Since he had given it to himself, it meant that he valued himself as a man of his word, but he was still hiding something?

Xu Qingnian has nothing to say against villains.

However, it is a bit too much to guard against even a decent man.

After reading it once more and memorizing every word and sentence in his mind, Xu Qingnian put the booklet on the oil lamp.

That's right, Xu Qingnian burned the book.

He was not that stupid.

The people of the Southern Yufu would definitely not let him go, but he could not spare his hands at the moment. Xu Qingnian was not sure if this was a cipher book, but if he carried it with him, in case the officials of the Southern Yufu found out.

How could you explain yourself?

He burned it directly, and when he left Ping'an County, he could copy it again with little problem.

After entering the Confucian Way, Xu Qingnian's memory had also been enhanced, and he could not forget anything, so he was not afraid of making mistakes.

In the end, he was not afraid of making mistakes.

What can you do if you really make a mistake?

You do not know the original, as long as you bite the bullet, then this is the real thing.

The booklet was lit and Xu Qingnian threw it into the basin, then began to think about the day's events.

The words spoken by the fugitive from the South Yufu still rang in his ears.

If one did not cultivate the foreign arts, the demon seed would devour one's qi and blood, and would also disturb the mind from time to time.

This foreign art was too terrifying.

These two troubles made it somewhat difficult for Xu Qingnian to sleep and eat ah.

Devouring Qi and blood and hindering cultivation, wouldn't this make one's already average cultivation speed become even more drawn across?

It would also erode his mind from time to time and enter a brief period of madness, this would be even more troublesome, once something strange happened in Ping'an County, it would definitely be counted on his head.

If caught on the spot, it would be difficult not to die.

This is even more terrifying than a time bomb.

So the only way out at the moment was to continue to practise the supernatural arts.

But if one continued to practise the supernatural arts, could the Palace of Literature continue to suppress it? This is another question.

If it could be suppressed, everything would be fine.

If you can't, you will die on the spot.

Squeezing his finger bones, Xu Qingnian carefully weighed his options.

“However, the qi and blood in my body surged just now, but the Hao Ran Zheng Qi was able to suppress the demonic thoughts.”

“It seems that Confucianism is still useful, it's just that the demonic thoughts within me aren't really strong, so I don't know if I can suppress them when I get to the back.”

“It's risky, you can't completely put your trust in Hao Ran Zheng Qi.”

Xu Qingnian pondered.

This was where the choice was difficult, Xu Qingnian was actually thinking of making a bang and being reckless for once.

But the consequence of being recklessly wrong was death, leaving Xu Qingnian extremely torn.

After all, one's life was at stake.

But at that moment, a voice suddenly sounded in his head, causing Xu Qingnian to get up.

“Brother Qingnian, are you there?”

As the voice rang out, Xu Qingnian instantly knew whose voice it was.

The voice of a beautiful man.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian closed his eyes and in an instant, his consciousness was outside the Palace of Literature.

The Heaven and Earth Palace of Literature.

No matter how many times one viewed it, it always gave a different kind of shock.

Stepping inside the Palace of Literature.

The handsome man then quickly walked up to him with an excited look on his face and said.

“Brother Qingnian, I probably know who I am.”

He opened his mouth, causing Xu Qingnian to get excited as well.

“Who is it?”

Xu Qingnian said with some impatience.

“The great hero of the human race.”

The latter said with unbridled excitement.

“Great Hero?”

Xu Qingnian was a little curious.

“I thought about what you said yesterday over and over for a long time, and suddenly I had a flash of light and remembered a part of what happened once.”

“The sun and moon sank, the red moon was in the sky, the demon came out to plague the earth, I remembered that I was sealing this great demon, but my memory was too shattered and I didn’t know the details.”

“But through what I said yesterday, I can probably surmise that I should have died with the demon, but someone placed my divine soul within the Palace of Literature, waiting to be revived.”

The handsome man strung together his shattered memories and informed Xu Qingnian.

Only this information did not serve any purpose.

“Dare I ask senior, do you know your name?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

If the other party knew what his name was, he could still go and find the relevant information, otherwise with this description, he would not be able to find any information at all.

“I don’t know.”

The handsome man shook his head.

Come on, it was another wasted effort.

Xu Qingnian was having a hard time, why did other people who crossed over either awaken the system or have an easy to understand golden finger.

The way you write this kind of rhythm, are you really not afraid to pounce?

Xu Qingnian spat in his heart.

“Brother Qingnian, that’s all the information I can give, I guess I’ll have to think about the rest slowly, if I can, I need to trouble Brother Qingnian to help me investigate a bit, I’m grateful.”

The handsome man cupped his fist towards Xu Qingnian to thank him.

Only Xu Qingnian smiled a little bitterly and said.

“Senior, it’s not that I’m unwilling, but I’m afraid that I’m in trouble, and I’m afraid that I won’t have long to live, so I can’t do anything about it.”

Xu Qingnian said with some bitterness.

He was also very disturbed right now.

Once you come into contact with it, it is an endless abyss that makes you feel uncomfortable.

To be honest, Xu Qingnian really had the urge to get up.

It was better to die than to die a chronic death, but at least he had fought and had no regrets!

“What’s the trouble, brother Xu?”

The handsome man asked curiously.

Xu Qingnian sighed, and after thinking about it, he told the other party all about the whole matter.

Half an hour later.

As Xu Qingnian finished telling all the things, the handsome man nodded his head.

“I see, no wonder there is information about the Three-Footed Golden Crow on the Demon Illustrated Book.”

“But brother Xu, you don’t have to worry, this Palace of Literature can suppress demonic thoughts, so you can just cultivate, don’t worry.”

The handsome man spoke up and uttered a piece of information that surprised Xu Qingnian.

“Can the Palace of Literature completely suppress the demonic thoughts?”

What was Xu Qingnian most worried about right now? It was the side effects of cultivating a foreign art.

If the Palace of Literature could be completely suppressed, wouldn’t it be possible to cultivate endlessly?

“Not also.”

“Demonic thoughts are difficult to eradicate, and the only thing I know is that this Palace of Literature comes from a great source and can suppress demonic thoughts.”

“And hasn’t Brother Xu already entered the rank, so by suppressing yourself with the Palace of Literature, it will allow you to cultivate a different art and thus not be overtaken.”

“Of course if the devilish thoughts advance to the ninth grade, the Confucian Dao must also advance to the ninth grade, otherwise it would be impossible to suppress.”

The handsome man explained, while also informing what was in the pool.

“The same grade can cultivate a different art?”

Xu Qingnian probably understood what the other party meant.

Something like a foreign art would have side effects as long as it was practiced, which meant nothing more than that it was more dangerous the first time and a little better later on, but there was still danger.

And now with the power of the Palace of Literature, one could practice the foreign arts, and as long as the Confucian Dao grade kept up with one’s Martial Dao grade, then there would be no problem.

This was a happy news.

Xu Qingnian had been torn about whether he should practise or not, and was on tenterhooks.

Now it seemed that it was no longer necessary.

“Then it also means that I can still cultivate other supernatural arts?”

Suddenly, Xu Qingnian’s thinking inspired him.

“Yes.”

The latter replied directly.

“What happens when you cultivate two supernatural arts at the same time?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

“Not sure, there shouldn’t be any trouble, and even if there is, there’s no need to worry about anything, it’s not like it can be solved anyway.”

The latter’s reply was simple, but made sense.

“I understand, thank you senior for your advice.”

Xu Qingnian arched his hand and said.

“No matter, a mere trivial matter.”

“And I seem to remember that there is another way to suppress the demonic thoughts.”

He waved his hand, thinking that it was only a trivial matter.

At the same time, he associated it with another thing that he just couldn’t think of at the moment.

Xu Qingnian was patient and stood aside to wait quietly.

At this moment, the handsome man was like a treasure in Xu Qingnian’s eyes.

“I have some memories that are very mixed up, I need time to think about them.”

He spoke, thinking seriously.

Xu Qingnian nodded, not daring to disturb him, and waited in silence.

After a good while.

He revealed a joyful look.

“I’ve remembered.”

“In the Confucian Dao lineage, every time you raise a grade, you can use your talent energy to inscribe an essay or poem in your body.”

“And whether it’s a poem or an essay, it has a miraculous effect, do you want to try it out?”

The handsome man spoke up, uttering the method of Confucianism.

“Inscribe a poem or an article in your body?”

Xu Qingnian didn’t expect there to be such an operation.

“En, it’s in my memory.”

“You can try it, it doesn’t matter if you try it.”

“Do you have a poem? No I’ll think of one for you?”

The handsome man spoke out, still worried that Xu Qingnian didn’t have any poems, and planning to improvise a poem himself.

“Then, thanks a lot senior.”

Xu Qingnian was definitely happy to get a poem for nothing.

Don’t want it for nothing.

This person was extremely powerful, not a great sage but also associated with a great sage, and the poem he composed would be at least a half-sage poem, right?

What a steal!

Xu Qingnian was overjoyed.

“Good, wait for me to brew it, Brother Xu, you don’t need to bite out senior either, just call me handsome man.”

The handsome man nodded, while telling Xu Qingnian not to call him senior, call him beautiful man.

Xu Qingnian: “.....”

“Generations cannot be exceeded, junior does not dare.”

Calling him a beautiful man?

This was something Xu Qingnian couldn't shout out, so he might as well call him senior.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian stood aside and waited for Jia Shi.

A quarter of an hour later.

The handsome man suddenly smiled and looked ready to say.

“There it is.”

After saying this, he slowly opened his mouth the next moment and said.

“Brother Xu's life is on the line.”

“Good thing there is still me.”

“Desperate times take life.”

“One wave and it takes off.”

“How about it, Brother Xu?”

The handsome man finished reciting the poem with deep emotion.

After reciting it, he even looked at Xu Qingnian with a smug face and asked if it was okay.

Xu Qingnian: “.....”

How about it?

Is this a poem?

It's a counted treasure.

At least it rhymes, but this one doesn't even have a rhyme scheme.

A literary sage?

That's it?

Xu Qingnian was full of depression, but he didn't dare to say a word.

He could only say with a stiff upper lip.

“Good poem.”

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First of all, everyone stop guessing, not whoever's trumpet, although the silence does not speak, can lead people to misunderstand.

But this kind of thing still has to come forward to clarify, there is no need to rub other people's heat, in case the writing is not good, causing other author friends to take the blame, is not this harming people?

July is a newcomer.

En, pure new.