

Awaken Chapter 201 -

The Great Wei Palace of Literature.

With the disappearance of the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, the entire Palace was in chaos.

After all, the Ho Yin Wen Zhong was a sacred object, a sacred weapon, something of extraordinary significance, something that suppressed the heritage of the Palace.

It could be said that in the hearts of the world's scholars, the Ho Yin Wen Zhong was equivalent to half a Wen Sheng.

The reason why the Great Wei Palace of Literature had such confidence and strength was partly due to the Hao Ran Wen Zhong.

But suddenly, when they saw that the Ho Yin Wen Zhong had disappeared, they were naturally shocked and then in a state of chaos.

In the middle of the Palace of Literature.

The three great Confucian scholars of heaven and earth soon sensed the difference.

"It's the birth of a Confucian astounding article."

"The Astounding Essay is related to the Hao Rang, otherwise it would be impossible for the Wen Zhong to disappear."

"It's Xu Qingnian! It's him again."

The three Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth sensed what had happened almost immediately, only that they did not know exactly what had happened.

"It seems that our plan, again, has failed."

Fang Ru's voice rang out, although he did not know exactly what had happened, but the Hao Ran Wen Zhong had disappeared, so it was obvious that he had gone to suppress the demons of the Chen Kingdom, if that was really the case.

This would mean that this move was another useless one.

"This Xu Qingnian, why is his luck always so good, every time he turns out to be lucky?"

Jiang Ru frowned, he somehow felt that Xu Qingnian's luck was just too good, it didn't make sense and was very odd.

“It’s nothing more, this move didn’t live up to our expectations, but what needs to be done has been done.”

“This time, the demons in Chen are rising in all directions, and the lack of help from the Great Wei Palace of Literature has let the world know the role of my readers.”

“As for Xu Qingnian suppressing the scourge, so what? The people of the world have already begun to berate him Xu Qingnian, even if Xu Qingnian has now stepped in, what can be done?”

“All we need to do is tell the world’s scholars that Xu Qingnian could not bear the scorn of the world and would only take action? Furthermore if Xu Qingnian suppresses this scourge, it can be fully attributed to the Hao Ran Wen Zhong.”

“He, Xu Qingnian, only showed his face, and the credit for that still goes to my Zhu Sheng lineage.”

“The only bad thing about this is that it did not lead to the people of the world berating Xu Qingnian, so this is something we still have to be wary of, Xu Qingnian cannot become a saint through reading, but there is a definite possibility that he will use the power of the people.”

“Although with the power of the people, he may not necessarily become a saint, but no matter what, we need to be on guard and not give him the slightest hope, otherwise, if he becomes a saint, it will be a truly fatal blow to us.”

Cao Ru spoke up, he did not think so, because this move had already been made and done.

It just wasn’t that perfect.

When this was said, Fang Ru and Jiang Ru nodded their heads, they approved of this statement.

Only, Fang Ru’s voice could not help but continue to ring out.

“It’s just that, this time we have done so, we have also attracted some other voices, and there are some of the world’s readers who are not of the Zhu Sheng lineage after all.”

“This is indeed a bit troublesome, what should we do if Xu Qingnian uses this opportunity to find trouble with us?”

Fang Ru spoke out.

The chaos of the demons in Chen, and the failure of the Great Wei Palace of Literature to step in, had already provoked internal resentment, if not for the fact that there was something big going on and they were all struggling with each other.

After all, they had indeed acted unkindly in this matter, in order to highlight the status of Confucianism, to suppress Xu Qingnian, and to break away from Great Wei, they would rather disregard the safety of the people.

It was really against the way of a gentleman and against Confucianism.

But what Fang Ru said seemed a bit ridiculous to Cao Ru's ears.

"The internal voices may be louder, but they cannot defeat the half-saints."

"We have not given up on the people of the world, instead our hearts are with the people. Xu Qingnian, a man with a different skill, will become a true great devil sooner or later."

"The people of the world are foolish, the Great Wei court is foolish, but we are not blind, all the sacrifices we are making right now are to put an end to a great disaster, a great calamity in the sky."

"A small intolerance is a great disorder, even if there are curses, five hundred years later, when we look at our merits and demerits, as long as our original hearts remain the same, who in the world can accuse us?"

Cao Ru's words caused the other two great scholars of heaven and earth to nod slightly.

Indeed, now that they were targeting Xu Qingnian, they were completely on one side, that is, Xu Qingnian had cultivated a foreign art, and they could be certain that Xu Qingnian had 100% cultivated a foreign art.

Since this was the case, it was only logical for them to suppress Xu Qingnian, but of course there were definitely personal feelings mixed in.

But so what? If it was mixed, it was mixed. Could it be that personal emotions could not be mixed in when targeting demons?

"At the moment, I don't have any thoughts, I just need us to be able to break away from the Great Wei court smoothly."

"I also hope that nothing will go wrong with these two holy weapons, too."

Fang Ru looked to the south, that was where the Hao Ran Wen Zhong was located, but now the Hao Ran Wen Zhong had disappeared, flying towards the Kingdom of Chen.

He was worried that the sacred artefact would be blinded too.

“There is no need to worry, this is the sacred artefact of my Zhu Sheng lineage, and it is ultimately a relic of the Wen Palace.”

Cao Ru spoke, his tone certain.

And at the same time.

The Second City of the Kingdom of Chen.

Xu Qingnian’s voice was magnificent, his voice carried throughout the entire Chen Kingdom and was still spreading.

The Song of Righteousness, a prose piece written by the great writer of the generation, Wen Tianxiang, before he died, was not just an expression of his ideals, but mainly an exposition of what is a gentleman’s ‘hao rong qi’, setting out the virtues of a gentleman for the world.

It is also to tell the world what is meant by the meaning of Hao Rang Zheng Qi.

The reason why Hao Ran Zheng Qi can avoid the Qi of evil spirits is simply because it is the energy between heaven and earth, and this energy, represents the supreme Yang.

This energy is the mountains, rivers and mountains below, the sun, moon and stars above, but on earth it is the Vast Righteousness.

The Song of Righteousness appears, and at this moment, there is only a single ray of light between heaven and earth in the Kingdom of Chen.

A purple cloud above the vault of heaven pierced all darkness, and a golden sun burst forth with unparalleled light, dispelling all evil spirits and demons.

What millions of demons, what evil spirits, were all reduced to clouds of smoke at this moment.

Some of the weaker demons were not even smoke.

“Please spare the sage’s life, we are wrong, we know we are wrong.”

“I don’t want to die, I don’t want to die.”

“Which beast said that, didn’t they say there wouldn’t be a great Confucian of Heaven and Earth? How come a saint has come.”

“Great, there is no Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, but a half-saint has come straight away... Ah, tricking us into gathering here and trying to kill them all... Is this the tactics of the Great Wei Dynasty?”

“My clan listen to the order, never trust the human race again from now on, they are full of lies, ah.”

All sorts of cries rang out, some demons begged for mercy, some cursed, but they were all useless.

All the demons, almost in a single glance, were half dead and injured, leaving some big demons and big devils, even though they were fleeing, white smoke was rising from their bodies.

They were screaming in pain, unable to fight at all.

Not only the demons outside the Second City, but all the demons in the entire Chen Kingdom, and then for ten thousand miles, were injured by Xu Qingnian’s Hao Ran Zheng Qi.

With the blessing of the Song of Righteousness again, his Vast Righteousness Qi condensed the light of the sun and sprinkled the earth, exterminating all evil spirits and demons.

And all the grievances, the blood qi, were all purified, especially these grievances, the demons also had grievances after they were killed, while all these grievances went into Xu Qingnian’s body.

Yes, all of it went into Xu Qingnian’s body.

Within the Second City, all the people as well as the major powers all looked at Xu Qingnian in astonishment.

They did not understand why all the grievances had entered Xu Qingnian’s body.

“Shouren.”

The Marquis of Guangyang was the first to speak up, fearing that this was a backlash against Xu Qingnian.

But Wu Ming’s voice was the first to ring out.

“Don’t disturb him.”

“He is incorporating the grievance Qi into his body and purifying it with his own Hao Ren Qi, otherwise with so much grievance Qi, it would be difficult to completely purify it in the first place.”

“It will still be a mess when the time comes.”

Wu Ming spoke out as he stood with his hands folded, though his eyes were still filled with endless shock.

He really did not expect that Xu Qingnian, with the realm of the Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, would but purify all the demons.

According to his thinking, Xu Qingnian, as a Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, should be able to deter a million demons, but if he wanted to exterminate them, he would be able to do so by a hundred thousand at most.

And he would then be able to truly show his strength to Xu Qingnian.

But what he didn't expect was that Xu Qingnian had exterminated all the demons, which made him both shocked and a little helpless ah.

At the same time, Wu Ming finally understood why Xu Qingnian was unwilling to worship himself as his master.

This was no longer the strength of an idle Heaven and Earth Confucian, if it was anyone else with this kind of power, they probably wouldn't agree to be his teacher, right?

Xu Qingnian had the capital to be arrogant.

At this moment, apart from the shock, Wu Ming was more joyful, truly joyful, and he became more and more interested in Xu Qingnian.

He wanted Xu Qingnian to become his disciple even more.

If Xu Qingnian became his own disciple and became a first-grade martial artist under his guidance, and then a Confucian saint, this would simply be the glory of his life.

It was no weaker than the glory of becoming a First Grade himself.

There was just one thing that Wu Ming had thought wrong.

This terrifying grievance Qi was not actively absorbed by Xu Qingnian, but was caused by the Taiyin Jiao Dragon inside his body.

The Tai Yin Jiao Long itself was an evil creature that absorbed the grievances of heaven and earth, and now with so much grievance Qi, it was a feast for the Tai Yin Jiao Long.

The grievance qi that rolled like a river was incorporated into Xu Qingnian's body, so much grievance qi that it had already exceeded the grievance qi from the slaughter of the Chen Kingdom. These demons had absorbed so much grievance qi that they would naturally explode after death.

So generally after killing a demon, one still needs to purify the grievance qi, this is also the reason why demons are hard to kill, the Great Wei Dynasty has this reason in attracting the Immortal Sect into the country.

It is useless to rely on martial artists alone to suppress and kill them, if they cannot purify these grievances and are devoured by other demons, it is just a different demon haunting.

There were five million demons in the entire vicinity of the Chen Kingdom, and fifty to sixty percent of them died in one shot. The amount of grievances brought about by such a terrifying number could be imagined as terrifying.

Grievance Qi from all directions surged towards Xu Qingnian's body.

Such a large amount of grievance qi was all devoured by the Tai Yin Jiao Long, so to speak, and Xu Qingnian was shocked to find that such a terrifying amount of grievance qi, after being devoured by the Tai Yin Jiao Long.

Surprisingly, it was converted into a huge amount of Yuan Qi, which helped him cultivate.

At this moment, the power of the Song of Righteousness had also gradually stopped, not as strong as before.

In the end, it was because Xu Qingnian was only a great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, and although he had heavily defeated all the demons in one go with the help of the Zheng Qi Song, it was still somewhat difficult to exterminate them all in one breath.

But these demons were no fools, and as soon as the Song of Righteousness appeared, they began to scatter and flee in a frenzy.

They simply did not dare to oppose Xu Qingnian. In this way, although some great demons and great devils were wounded, they would not die here.

Looking at the real great demons and great devils fleeing in flames, Xu Qingnian was inexplicably a little hard to bear.

These demons had become sustenance in his eyes, as Xu Qingnian could clearly feel that if he killed all of them, the resentment he devoured would definitely enable him to break through to the fourth rank.

Without the need to resort to the Realm Breaking Pill, this would simply save a huge amount of expenditure, and save himself from having to search for fourth grade herbs.

But just as Xu Qingnian was feeling a little sorry for himself.

Suddenly.

Above the dome of the sky.

A literary bell suddenly descended from the sky and landed in front of Xu Qingnian. This bell was carved with air currents, and it was the Haoran literary bell.

And at that moment, all the Hao Ran Qi all surged into the Wen Zhong.

“The Haoran Wen Zhong?”

Xu Qingnian was a little surprised, he didn't expect the Haoran Wen Zhong to appear, and the Haoran Wen Zhong was still absorbing his own Haoran qi.

Buzz buzz buzz!

At this moment, as the Haoran Wen Zhong finished absorbing all this Haoran Qi like a wind swept cloud, it suddenly emitted a buzzing sound, which seemed to be somewhat pleasurable.

Immediately afterwards, the Haoran Wen Zhong floated in front of Xu Qingnian, surrounded by purple Haoran qi.

“This?”

Xu Qingnian was a little surprised, but although she did not know exactly what was going on, Xu Qingnian still took control of the Hao Ran Wen Zhong at the first opportunity.

Activating this holy weapon.

Clang.

The Wen Zhong exploded.

Sound waves swept across ten thousand miles.

In just an instant, those demons who were fleeing, their bodies instantly stiffened, they were unable to move and were restrained by a truly invincible force.

This power, innately oppressive, had brought some weak demons back from the dead, escaping hard through various means, but now as the bell rang out, it exploded on the spot.

Clang, clang, clang.

In one breath, three more bells rang out.

Sound waves exploded, forming ripples with sound waves visible to the naked eye, spreading out layer by layer.

Bang, bang, bang!

Everywhere the sound waves went, all demons were pulverised on the spot. Some powerful demons were able to resist the first sound wave, but not the second, let alone the third.

The sacred weapon came out.

This was the weapon of the sage of literature. If they were normal people, they could really resist, after all, this sound wave was only for evil spirits.

But they were evil spirits, and in an instant a burst rang out, and all the demons, shattered to pieces on the spot, not a single thought of their gods left, their forms and souls destroyed.

Once again, a huge amount of grievance Qi poured into Xu Qingnian's body from all directions.

Finally, the Taiyin Dragon within his body also underwent a metamorphosis at this moment.

Roar.

A terrible dragon roar resounded from Xu Qingnian's body, but almost instantly, the Hao Ran Wen Zhong covered Xu Qingnian, and the bell rang out in bursts, not from Xu Qingnian's power, but from the Hao Ran Wen Zhong itself.

Wu Ming sensed something, and as a First Grade Martial Artist, he naturally sensed a hint of something wrong, but before he could completely detect anything, the Hao Ran Wen Zhong cut off all prying eyes.

Although he was a First Grade Martial Artist, he could not resist the Holy Weapon. If he wanted to pry into it forcibly, it was not impossible, but there was no need to do so, and he himself wanted to take Xu Qingnian as his disciple.

At this moment.

Inside the Hao Ran Wen Zhong.

As the clerical bell shook, the Taiyin Jiao dragon within his body also completely exploded.

It was accompanied by the Great Sun Golden Crow and the Great Luo Mixed Ancient Demon.

These three demons, which were already foolish, were about to explode some days earlier, but it was Xu Qingnian who had been suppressing them with public opinion and did not dare to release them, fearing that the Great Wei Wen Palace would notice.

But now that the Hao Ran Wen Zhong was intent on helping himself, Xu Qingnian did not nag and took this opportunity to suppress the three supernatural demons.

With the release, the Great Sun Golden Crow evolved into a thousand feet in the small world within his body, spreading his wings to cover the sky and covering the earth, his body filled with flames, and his eyes were incomparably resentful and full of killing intent.

The Taiyin Dragon, after devouring so much resentment, transformed into a true dragon, growing dragon horns, scales and claws, still a thousand feet long and turning the seas upside down.

The Great Luo Ancient Demon, transformed into infinite darkness, full of weirdness, like a black hole, as if it wanted to swallow matter together.

As the three evil gods erupted, Xu Qingnian evolved his true self, a literary weapon emerged, a purple Hao Rang Qi, surrounding his body, holding the Junzi Sword in his hand, drawing on the power of the Hao Rang Literary Bell and the Heaven and Earth Literary Palace.

Xu Qingnian fought directly, and this was not a suspenseful battle in itself. It is reasonable to say that these magic demon seeds grew to the Sixth Grade realm, but under the augmentation of such terrifying grievances.

They metamorphosed to the fifth rank in one breath.

With Xu Qingnian's fourth-grade Confucianism and fifth-grade martial arts, and even more so with the Hao Ran Wen Zhong and the Heaven and Earth Wen Palace, how could there be any other suspense?

In the small world within his body, Xu Qingnian's Junzi Sword chopped off the head of the Great Sun Golden Crow, the Persuasive Speech Ruler severed the dragon body of the Taiyin True Dragon alive, and the Eight Desolate Bells, together with the Haoran Wen Zhong, shook apart the black hole formed by the Da Luo Ancient Devil.

After suppressing the three great demon species.

Xu Qingnian even dealt them a fatal blow with the Heaven and Earth Cultural Palace.

In this way, he wanted to completely resolve the scourge of the supernatural arts.

In the end, the three demon seeds completely collapsed, but they did not disappear, but once again submerged into the Heaven and Earth Palace of Literature.

And a great deal of information also flooded into his mind, accompanied by an even more extraordinary power that pervaded his entire body.

The inherited divine ability of the Great Sun Golden Crow.

The true dragon's body of the Tai Yin True Dragon.

The Black Hole Dantian of the Great Luo Ancient Devil.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian's body coalesced into a golden flame brand, the Golden Flame of the Great Sun, the ultimate flame of the Golden Crow that can burn all things.

His flesh also underwent a great metamorphosis, gathering the power of a true dragon, his heart beating violently, his bones, flesh, blood and tendons, all completing a great metamorphosis, possessing the heart of a true dragon, the power of a true dragon, and the tendons of a true dragon.

The strength of the flesh and body skyrocketed by more than ten times, and without breaking through to the King realm, it was more than ten times stronger than before.

One must know that before the metamorphosis, Xu Qingnian was already a Perfect Divine Aptitude Martial Artist, ten times stronger than other fifth-ranked martial artists in his own right, and now he was ten times stronger than before, and had not broken through to the fourth-ranked King realm.

The dantian had also undergone an unparalleled change, transforming into a black hole, endless, which could devour all energy and release infinite energy.

This was the benefit of suppressing the devil seed.

But before Xu Qingnian could be happy, another message appeared, causing Xu Qingnian to frown.

[Taikoo Golden Crow Demonic Thought: heavily injured, needs a year to recover from injuries, after a year, will metamorphose to the fourth grade]

With the appearance of this message in the Palace of Heaven and Earth Literature, Xu Qingnian hadn't really been happy for a while, and his mood suddenly became heavy.

The Fey Magic Demon Seed had not been cleared, it still remained in his body, and this time he was only given a year's time.

It was a little better than the previous six months, but it didn't mean much.

A breakthrough to the fourth rank in a year?

That was too much of a rush.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian was really a little confused as to what this supernatural art really was.

Why could he not eradicate it with the help of so much power, the Heaven and Earth Wen Palace plus the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, as well as the rank of the Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, and the power of the Fifth Grade?

Regarding the matter of the foreign arts, Xu Qingnian did not understand.

It was because before and after, it had only been nine months since he had practiced the supernatural arts himself, and it was nothing more than the number of things that had happened in those nine months.

"After the matter of the Palace of Literature is taken care of, I must study the supernatural arts properly, otherwise, if this continues, I will run into real trouble sooner or later."

"Now I'm ahead of the foreign arts, but sooner or later I'll be ahead of the foreign arts, and once I'm ahead of the foreign arts, I'm only afraid that it will be a real disaster."

Xu Qingnian inexplicably had a sense of crisis, and a very strong one at that, not an external crisis, but a crisis of his own.

For the time being, one did not need to worry about anything, after all, no matter what, one's Confucian Dao was already of the fourth grade.

As for the Martial Dao, the energy brought to him by the metamorphosis of the Tai Yin Dragon into the Tai Yin True Dragon was also already enough for him to advance to the fourth rank.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian no longer had any hesitation and directly chose to break through and advance here.

It just so happened that the Hao Ran Wen Zhong was there.

In an instant, all the Yuan Qi tumbled within his body, the True Dragon's Vein ran, and the Da Luo Dantian spewed out a sea of Yuan Qi.

These were all Yuan Qi converted by the Tai Yin True Dragon's devouring of grievances, almost endlessly, like an ocean of water.

Under such abundant Yuan Qi again, Xu Qingnian also began to advance to the King realm.

The fifth grade is the divine power, which condenses the true qi of the martial arts.

The fourth grade is the King Realm, where Martial Dao True Qi is transformed into King Dao True Qi.

It is a qualitative metamorphosis.

With the addition of an almost limitless amount of Yuan Qi, Xu Qingnian's metamorphosis seemed very simple.

It was overwhelmingly direct, using endless amounts of Yuan Qi to metamorphose the Martial Dao True Qi in his body into King Dao True Qi.

The main help was the Martial Dao Pulse, and Xu Qingnian's Martial Dao Pulse was the Pulse of the True Dragon, so it was as natural as water coming into being.

It was only half an hour.

The King's Dao True Qi was formed within Xu Qingnian's body, and then fully metamorphosed into King's Dao True Qi.

Boom, boom, boom!

A terrifying martial power exploded, and the Haoran Wen Zhong vibrated nine times in a row. If it were not for the protection of the Haoran Wen Zhong, I was afraid that Xu Qingnian's stepping into the king realm would have led to an extremely extraordinary sight.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian had completely and utterly completed his great metamorphosis.

He had stepped into the king dao.

His King's Dao true qi coalesced into a golden crow shadow, which soon transformed into a true dragon, and then into a black hole.

Every inch of his muscles were sublimated, like divine stones, solid and superb, and his aura, even more terrifying.

It was superior to those marquises, the Marquis of Guangyang and the Marquis of Lingyang.

This was the aura of an absolute king, and most of all, because of the Yuan Qi in his body, Xu Qingnian used the simplest method to break through the realm, perfecting all the details of the problem.

It was the same as swallowing a Foundation Establishment Pill and still having a flawless body.

Therefore, Xu Qingnian was an absolute king, and under the same realm, it would not be a problem to defeat ten people with one.

But soon, Xu Qingnian internalised all his aura, first covering it up with his internal public opinion, and then covering it up again with Hao Ran Zheng Qi, plus the suppression of the Heaven and Earth Palace of Literature.

From the outside, Xu Qingnian appeared to be as usual, except that his aura was a little stronger than before.

But no one would have guessed that he had already broken through to the King realm.

The reason for this was simple, to keep a bottom card, a bottom card that no one knew about apart from Wu Ming.

In case someone really wanted to trouble him, if he showed the King Realm, he could kill the other party by surprise, and even worse, he could escape, so that he wouldn't be counted dead by his enemy, right?

Stepping into the King Realm.

The only pity Xu Qingnian felt was that he lacked real real combat.

So everything was a bit empty, after all, what was the use of a strong realm? Without real actual battles, there was still a lack of something.

This was something that had to be properly kept in mind, and after all things were settled, one must properly study the martial dao, and the matter of the foreign arts.

The next moment.

Xu Qingnian touched the Haoran Wen Zhong, and the latter seemed to know what he was thinking, and instantly soared up, hanging above Xu Qingnian's head, dropping wisps of purple Haoran Qi.

It baked Xu Qingnian as if he were a saint himself.

On the city walls.

Everyone had been completely confused. The attack by a million demons on Chen's Second City had caught them off guard.

They had thought it would be a vicious battle, but they had never expected Xu Qingnian to suddenly appear.

But what they didn't expect was that Xu Qingnian would kill all the demons with his own strength.

This was really out of the crowd's expectation.

These Immortal Sect disciples, in particular, could no longer utter a single word at this moment.

They also completely understood why the people of the world respected the people of Confucianism so much.

Against demons, the Confucian Way was simply too good to eat, innately so, and it didn't seem that everyone could kill many demons even if they fought to the death.

Xu Qingnian recited a poem and killed all the demons in the territory of Chen in one breath, this means It's too unbelievable.

This is the suppression between systems, they can only envy ah.

Sensing the gazes of the crowd, Xu Qingnian was not half pleased, but dropped his gaze on the city.

With the Hao Rang Qi shining universally, all the blood had dissipated, even the smell of blood was gone, and peace was once again restored between heaven and earth.

Although the corpses were still piled up like mountains, there was no longer the horrific sight, such as the fierce aura.

The matter was resolved, but there was still one thing that remained unresolved.

“There is righteousness in heaven and earth, and miscellaneous forms are assigned to flow.”

“The Confucian gentleman, raising the righteousness of the hoi polloi, acts for the common people, enters the imperial court and plots for the world, enters the school and educates the children of the book.”

“Today, when the state of Chen is in trouble and the demons are attacking, the Great Wei Palace of Literature is indifferent, preferring to stand by and watch, leaving the people in flames, rather than helping.”

“These scholars are all inferior scholars, and the qi they cultivate is all inferior qi.”

“Great Wei Palace of Literature, why are you so high and mighty?”

Xu Qingnian’s voice rang out, and with the help of the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, he transmitted his voice to the entire Central Continent.

Although the State of Chen was a vassal state of Great Wei, all the people were foreigners, and to be honest, they had brought this on themselves, for after all, the people of Chen had supported a deadly war with Great Wei.

It was no one else’s fault that a chain reaction had been set in motion.

But the problem is, one thing leads to another, and now that Chen has returned to the fold and the Great Wei Dynasty has meted out punishment, it is only natural that the Great Wei Dynasty should help.

Especially in this kind of matter, it was natural to help out, and the suppression of the demons did require the help of the Confucian students of Great Wei.

But what I didn’t expect was that these dogs, in order to target themselves and to highlight the importance of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, would stand by and do nothing?

I knew they were disgusting, but I never thought that the Zhu Sheng lineage would be so disgusting?

One was in a hostile relationship with them, and Xu Qingnian could put up with it when they struck at him, as it was a matter of everyone’s interests.

But one cannot lose the backbone of a scholar because of the suppression of oneself, right?

What use is there for such a scholar? Isn't this just downright villainous?

Xu Qingnian was also a bit puzzled, how could such a person become a Confucian scholar? How could such a person become a Confucian scholar? And how could he gather the righteousness? This was something that Xu Qingnian really could not understand.

Normally, this person had already lost the essence of a scholar, how could he cultivate his Hao Rang Zheng Qi?

How could this be a scholar? Did he deserve to be called a great scholar?

Xu Qingnian's questioning voice rang out, pointing directly at the Zhu Sheng lineage.

The Middle Continent.

When Xu Qingnian's voice rang out, the vast majority of the people were in a state of confusion, they didn't know what was going on, but the scholars basically knew what was going on.

Word of what had happened in the Chen Kingdom had spread long ago, it was just that the people of the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty were not too concerned, the distance was too far to have any idea in itself, plus it was something that had happened in the Great Wei Dynasty.

The normal people prayed for peace at most, while the abnormal ones hated to die more.

But this group of scholars were different, they had long been instructed by the Palace of Literature and had been talking about it all these days, throwing all the blame, all of it, on Xu Qingnian.

Let the people of the world curse Xu Qingnian, this was the aim of the Palace of Literature.

But now, Xu Qingnian has directly turned his back on the Zhu Sheng lineage, oh no, Xu Qingnian is not angry at the Zhu Sheng lineage, but at all the scholars.

The country of Chen is in such a situation, and even if the scholars from all over the world do not help, they still speak coldly. Are they still readers? Have they all read into the bellies of dogs?

Xu Qingnian's fury caused the crowd on the city to stare, but no one said anything, after all, they had a lot of anger in their stomachs too.

Only Wu Ming was somewhat silent, he somehow understood Xu Qingnian's feelings, after all, he had been suppressing the Demon Territory as well.

When the northern barbarians' horsemen entered Great Wei, he later learned of this, and although he was furious, there was nothing he could do, after all, he was suppressing the Devil's Domain at the time.

He could not take time out, and even after he did, the war was already over and Great Wei was preparing for its northern expedition, so he could not take direct action, otherwise he would draw the First Grade martial artists of the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty into the world.

If these two First Grade came out, that would be the real trouble.

Therefore, Wu Ming did not say anything, or even do anything, which led to the people complaining about them.

He had felt all this, it was just that at his level, he could put up with a lot of things, but Xu Qingnian was different, he was still young and it was perfectly normal to have some emotions when something like this happened to him.

But the main thing was that Wu Ming had thought of a way how to take Xu Qingnian as his disciple.

Originally, he wanted to show his hand, but Xu Qingnian had put all the demons to death, so he could not show his hand, but he could do other things to make Xu Qingnian admire himself.

Only, it would need to wait a bit.

"Xu Qingnian."

"You mustn't spew blood in your mouth."

"We have not been informed by the imperial court of what happened in the State of Chen."

"Furthermore, you, Xu Qingnian, are the one who caused the disaster of the Chen Kingdom. If you hadn't killed and slaughtered the city, how would you have caused this kind of trouble?"

"Now do you know why Peng Ru stopped you from killing and slaughtering the city?"

"It is because of the hidden dangers that will come after the slaughter of the city."

“We have sacrificed the Hao Ran Wen Zhong to suppress the demons and help the people of Chen, which is a great merit. Xu Qingnian, you have really gone too far.”

Cao Ru’s voice rang out.

He did not fear Xu Qingnian in the slightest, and even directly shifted all the blame to Xu Qingnian, and even reversed right and wrong to take credit for Xu Qingnian’s work.

The rebellion of the demons in the State of Chen was completely suppressed by Xu Qingnian, and it was precisely because of the Song of Righteousness that the Haoran Wen Zhong awakened itself and came to the State of Chen, and now it has become sacrificed by the Great Wei Wen Palace?

It’s awesome, it’s awesome, it’s really awesome.

It was as if there was a volcano in Xu Qingnian’s heart, he was completely disgusted this time, completely and utterly disgusted.

The previous fights, Xu Qingnian can understand, angry is angry, but we are hostile relations, people against themselves, looking for their own trouble, reasonable.

But with the demon rebellion in the Chen Kingdom, what these people had done had really broken the bottom line.

Just at this moment, a voice suddenly rang out.

“Heh Readers are powerful, with one mouth, even the dead can be said to be alive.”

“Sacrificing the Hao Ran Wen Zhong for the world’s people? Immense merit and virtue?”

“That’s a great feat?”

“What a skill, what a skill.”

The voice rang out.

It was Wu Ming’s voice.

His voice reached out to the entire Mid Continent.

In just a flash, four or five auras instantly revived in the middle of the Middle Continent, revealing astonishment.

And within the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Cao Ru and the others were a little surprised, they did not feel any pressure, but the voice that suddenly appeared was clearly not an idle person.

The three of them looked at each other and were all a little curious about each other, wondering where they were coming from.

But they did not know that the voice had reached the entire Central State, only that it had reached Great Wei, and that it should have been by the power of the Hao Ran Wen Zhong.

After all, Wu Ming had not divulged a hint of the majesty of the First Grade.

Thinking of this, Cao Ru's voice rang out.

"Your Excellency has overstated the case, the immeasurable merit may be a bit exaggerated."

"But we are indeed for the people of the world, it is just as well that Xu Qingnian does not appreciate it, but now he is slapping backwards, it is really a bit too much."

Cao Ru is not stupid, he doesn't know what the other party is about, so he won't directly insult him, but his tone is calm, but the meaning of the words is still accusing Xu Qingnian.

Trying to confuse the world.

"How dare you slyly argue."

This moment.

Wu Ming's voice exploded.

"You and other scholars, reading sage books every day, opening your mouth and closing it for the saints, closing your mouth and opening it for the common people."

"Wouldn't you and others not know about the difficulties of the state of Chen?"

"It is not enough that you did not do anything about it when my disciple, Xu Qingnian, came to the country of Chen to write an amazing article and suppress the demons."

"But I never thought that in your mouths, it would become your work? My disciple has become a sinner instead?"

"You people, how dare you call yourselves scholars? What kind of books do you read? The books of animals and cattle?"

“The Great Wei Palace of Literature? It’s more like the Wen Gong of animals.”

“The Zhu Sheng lineage? A lineage of pigs and dogs, all insulting pigs and dogs.”

Wu Ming’s voice was cold, and this scolding was unrestrained.

However, these words cursed everyone in the Middle Continent’s scalp, and even Xu Qingnian smacked his lips a little.

This is too fucking cruel, right? Even if he had insulted the Zhu Sheng lineage, he wouldn’t dare to do so, would he?

This was even a scolding of Zhu Sheng.

How could the world’s scholars still be calm? Even those who did not want to be enemies of their own would be furious after hearing this.

Sure enough.

When these words fell, the Great Wei Palace of Literature exploded en masse.

“Arrogant!”

“Er arrogant.”

“Insolent, insolent, insolent.”

“Damn, you dare to insult Zhu Sheng.”

“You’re seeking death!”

“Who are you to utter such arrogant words? Aren’t you afraid of death?”

“What kind of dog are you? How dare you insult the saint?”

“Bastard, how dare you insult the Saint?”

As the voices rang out, the great scholars exploded, and many of the great scholars of heaven and earth in the Central Continent followed suit.

If they were scolded, they could still accept it, it was a big deal to scold each other, but to scold Zhu Sheng to this extent, this was completely unacceptable, it was taboo.

It was like you could call the emperor faint-hearted, but you absolutely could not call him a pig or a dog.

If you call the emperor dim-witted, the civil and military officials may still agree with you, and if you meet an enlightened emperor, you will be spared.

But if you call the emperor a pig and a dog, not to mention whether the emperor will let you go, the civil and military officials will not even let you go.

Wu Ming's scolding.

It was a very strong scolding.

Cao Ru, Fang Ru, and Jiang Ru were so angry that they rose to their feet and cursed loudly, they were really angry.

On the city walls.

The Tai Shang Immortal Sect was dumbfounded.

The Tai Cang Rune Sect's lineage was dumbfounded.

The Marquis of Guangyang, the Marquis of Lingyang, the entire Chen Kingdom and countless generals were also completely dumbfounded.

They had thought that Xu Qingnian was already an extremely fierce man, but what they didn't expect was that Xu Qingnian's master was even more fierce?

At this moment, everyone understood why Xu Qingnian was so arrogant. With such a master, Xu Qingnian was not really arrogant.

At the very least, Xu Qingnian would have been more restrained in his curses, knowing that saints are not to be confused, but what about this master? He even scolded the saints.

How could this not make them understand?

Facing the roar of anger.

On the city wall.

Wu Ming stood with his arms folded, facing such a roar, he looked very calm and looked towards Xu Qingnian and said.

"Little friend, take a good look at what is the First Grade."

He spoke indifferently, and this single sentence caused Marquis Guangyang and Marquis Lingyang to change their expressions.

The rest of the few people, too, revealed a look of horror.

The next moment.

A voice resounded through the Central State.

Giving the strongest response.

“I am a First Grade Martial Artist of Great Wei.”

“Is that enough to qualify?”

The voice rang out.

In an instant.

The entire Middle Continent.

There was dead silence.

The boisterous and noisy Great Wei Palace of Literature.

It was also completely dead silent.

Everything was terribly quiet.

This was the heavenly might from the First Grade.

Awaken Chapter 202 -

Quiet.

Quiet.

Deadly quiet.

The entire Mid Continent was quiet, who would have thought that Xu Qingnian had brought a First Grade Martial Artist, this was incredible.

A First Grade Martial Artist.

What kind of concept is that? If there were no other First Grade restrictions, a First Grade Martial Artist could suppress everything and destroy a dynasty all by himself.

Otherwise, why would they name the First Grade after the ‘Earthly Martial Emperor’?

The strongest battle force in the world, this is what it means to be an Earthly Martial Emperor.

A First Grade Martial Artist.

It was really qualified to insult a saint. The two were not a system, so what could one do if they did? They are both First Grade.

Of course if there really was a saint, Wu Ming wouldn't be like this, after all, they were both of the first rank.

Right now it was just a matter of angrily disliking the disciples of Zhu Sheng.

Even if a saint provoked Wu Ming, Wu Ming would dare to scold him, let alone a Zhu Sheng disciple.

At this moment.

The one who was most dumbfounded was the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

In normal days, the Great Wei Palace of Literature was not afraid of the sky and the earth, and no matter what Xu Qingnian did, they could find a reason to spew it.

Even if the empress opened her mouth, they would still dare to rebuke in anger, but now they were facing the First Grade Martial Artist of Great Wei, this was a real iron plate.

No, this is not an iron plate, this is a golden plate.

The crowd was silent, Cao Ru, Fang Ru and Jiang Ru's faces turned extremely ugly, all their anger was completely gone after hearing that the other party was a First Grade Martial Artist.

How could they still dare to be angry?

How could they dare to call their bluff with the First Grade? They were confident and arrogant because they had the First Grade Literary Sage and the support of the world's readers.

But who was the other party? What could they do if they were really killed?

There is a saying that under a saint, all can be killed.

This saying is to describe a First Grade Martial Artist, a true First Grade, as long as you are not a First Grade Literary Saint, then there would be no trouble in killing you.

A second-ranking sub-sage, whose status can be equal to that of a first-ranking martial artist, but if you really tear your face off, what can you do if you are killed?

A human martial emperor, who can carry such a suppression of qi, a saint is not the same.

Just is there a saint in Great Wei?

No, the whole world, are there any saints of the day?

At this moment, the Great Wei Palace of Literature fell silent, deadly quiet, and the three Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth, even more bitter-eyed, looked in the direction of the Kingdom of Chen, Wu Ming's voice still ringing in their ears.

They were depressed, and the entire Zhu Sheng lineage of the Great Wei Palace of Literature was depressed.

How could Xu Qingnian have become the disciple of a First Grade Martial Artist again for no good reason?

Wait a minute.

Suddenly, the crowd had a complete realization.

Goodness, so Xu Qingnian was the disciple of a First Grade Martial Artist.

No wonder Xu Qingnian dared to be so arrogant.

He dared to dislike the Great Confucian, to make a scene at the Ministry of Punishment, and to kill the County King.

At first, the crowd was indeed a little depressed, who would have thought that Xu Qingnian's master, would be a First Grade Martial Artist.

But all of a sudden, people suddenly reacted again.

No wonder Xu Qingnian was so arrogant, it turned out to be like this ah, having the backing of a First Grade Martial Artist.

This is really It's reasonable.

Master is a First Grade Martial Artist, who wouldn't be crazy about that? What kind of bullshit great Confucian? What bullshit Palace of Literature? What bullshit imperial court?

Under the First Grade, all are ants.

Unless you bring Zhu Sheng back to life, otherwise, who in this world would dare to call on this master, apart from the other First Classes?

Good man, so that's how it is.

At this moment, people completely understood what Xu Qingnian's arrogant capital was.

At first everyone thought it was the empress' support, and later everyone thought it was because Xu Qingnian had gained public opinion, but now it seemed that it was all a fucking sham.

Dare I say that people are the disciples of First Class.

That's fine, understood, understood.

Great Wei Dynasty.

But everyone who knew Xu Qingnian, apart from the empress, almost completely understood why Xu Qingnian was so arrogant.

This is not arrogant really can not say ah, division from the first grade, to be replaced by their own, not to mention the county king, the mood that day, the Prince I kill.

And in the Huaining King's residence.

The Prince of Huaining was also a bit dumbfounded that the First Class of the Great Wei was Xu Qingnian's master?

He had always guessed that there was a big shot behind Xu Qingnian, but no matter how he did the math, he couldn't figure out that the First Class was actually Xu Qingnian's master?

Now, the whole plan was going to be disrupted.

A First Grade, perhaps, was an extremely vague concept to most people, only knowing that it was very strong.

But to his extent, Prince Huai Ning actually knew what a First Grade represented.

An existence that breaks the rules.

What laws, what rules, in front of the first rank were all ridiculous, and even some of the rules were made by them.

Why did the vassal kings not dare to rebel directly?

Wasn't it because they were afraid of the First Class stepping in?

That's why they had to go and find a suitable reason, they wanted the Great Wei to decline, so that they could accuse the emperor of the current dynasty of being useless.

First Class can accept that, but you want to become the emperor directly and seize the throne by sending troops to rebel?

Sorry, even if you had a million troops and killed them in Kyoto, it would be useless. As long as the First Rank stepped in, even if you had a huge advantage, it would only be a matter of a word from someone else.

This is why Prince Huaining was dumbfounded.

A First Class, it means too much.

At this very moment, too.

In the middle of the Chen Kingdom.

There was a silence.

The voices of the Great Wei Palace came to an abrupt halt, and the entire Kingdom of Chen was quiet.

The Marquis of Guangyang, the Marquis of Lingyang, Sun Xin and the others were also utterly dumbfounded.

They had noticed Wu Ming from the very beginning, they just didn't know who he was, and now that they heard the other party announce themselves, the group was dumbfounded on the spot.

A First Grade Martial Artist.

Xu Qingnian had actually brought a First Grade Martial Artist to suppress the demons?

Wasn't this a bit too outrageous?

Xu Qingnian, Master Ye, can you not be so fierce? Before, you disliked the Wen Palace with your articles, but now, you have directly invited a First Grade, what other cards do you have left?

The people were shocked.

Not to mention them, Xu Qingnian was also a bit shocked.

Of course, he was not shocked by the identity of the other party, but by the fact that the influence of the First Class was so terrifying.

The Great Wei Palace of Literature, which had been shouting all sorts of things, was collectively silent at this moment.

This feeling was really cool.

To be able to silence the Great Wei Palace of Literature, what a great majesty that was.

Even the Great Wei Empress could not shut up the Great Wei Palace of Literature, but First Grade could do it.

First Class.

A god forever.

Feeling Xu Qingnian's gaze, Wu Ming was finally comfortable in his heart.

Originally he had wanted to show his hand in front of Xu Qingnian, but he had not expected Xu Qingnian to solve the chaos of millions of demons by himself.

This made it a little difficult for him, but it was good that the Great Wei Palace of Literature had jumped out at this time.

This is simply a good feeling, just when no one is looking for trouble, the Great Wei Palace of Literature took the initiative to jump, so Wu Ming did not have so much pretension, directly kill the chicken to make an example of the monkey, by the way, to show Xu Qingnian what is called a first-class.

Thinking of this, Wu Ming's voice rang out again.

“Dumb?”

“Why don't you continue to talk?”

Wu Ming's voice rang out once again, only this time he was not overly intense, but very calm.

When this was said, the entire Grand Wei Palace of Literature was somewhat at a loss for words.

No one wanted to answer this question, and no one dared to answer it either, right?

Answer what?

This is a descending blow, no matter how you answer it, it is wrong.

The first rank had come out, so it was impossible to keep shouting, right?

The Great Wei Palace of Literature was silent.

It was just that this silence was so oppressive that some Confucian students could not help but speak up and give an answer.

“Senior, we have no intention to offend, but saints are not to be insulted, and furthermore this matter is indeed due to Xu Qingnian, and the Great Wei Wen Palace has offered the Hao Ran Wen Zhong as a way to help.”

“This Xu Qingnian still insulted us like this, this is not justifiable.”

A Confucian student spoke out, his voice resounding, because of the Song of Righteousness, the Great Wei Literary Palace’s Hao Ran Literary Qi pervaded, so the voice here could be conveyed to the State of Chen, and also to the ears of the world’s scholars.

Just this word was spoken.

Amongst the State of Chen.

Wu Ming did not speak, but turned his gaze towards Great Wei.

Boom!

In Great Wei’s Palace of Literature.

An unparalleled force crossed space and appeared directly within the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

On the spot, the Confucian scholar who had spoken, directly exploded, turning into a rain of blood and splattering in the middle of the Palace of Literature.

Boom, boom, boom!

The Palace of Literature was stained with blood, a holy statue trembled, and above Kyoto, dark clouds rolled in an instant, and lightning flashed.

Wu Ming was so terrifying that he didn’t even say a word, but with a single thought, he killed the Confucian scholar on the spot, without the slightest hesitation, and without anyone being able to stop him.

Even Wu Ming directly allowed the Palace of Literature to be stained with blood, which was a great taboo.

“Senior, you

“Wen Palace stained with blood, Wen Palace stained with blood, nothing like this has happened in five hundred years ah, shame, shame.”

“A great shame in the sky.”

A voice rang out, they could not help but speak out, their hearts filled with unparalleled anger.

The Palace of Literature was a sacred place for the world’s scholars, and such a place could never be stained with blood.

To them, this was a great anger in the sky.

Boom, boom, boom!

In the next moment, a mist of blood filled the palace and the flesh of the people who had been so furious instantly exploded, including a great scholar.

The death was extremely straightforward, and extremely ridiculous.

There was no sensation, just like a mole, being wiped out without leaving a trace.

At this moment.

The shaking in the Great Wei Palace of Literature became even more violent.

However, the great scholars within the Palace of Literature were completely silent, their faces pale as they saw these dozens of blood mists, and they really did not dare to say anything else.

This was too invincible.

In a single thought, one great Confucian, twelve proper Confucians, and over thirty Ming Yi readers, all dead.

The Palace of Literature killed Confucians.

This kind of situation, it had never happened before.

Quiet.

Quiet.

Once again, the Palace of Literature was quiet.

And this scene was reflected in the midst of Great Wei's Kyoto, and in the midst of the Kingdom of Chen.

The people of Kyoto were silent, and so were all the powerful men and women.

The entire state of Chen was also stunned.

Was this the hegemony of the First Rank?

Without even saying anything, killing a Confucian was like crushing an ant, this was really too domineering.

"Is there any more nonsense?"

This moment.

Wu Ming's voice rang out.

His gaze was calm.

There was no emotion at all, killing some crickets was not something to be proud of in his opinion.

He did not want to waste words, as this group of people did not deserve to waste their words.

Wen Gong was repressed.

Underneath the repression was more of a stifling, a real stifling.

They'd never been humiliated like this before.

Never.

They clenched their fists to death, clenched them to death, and the anger in their hearts was like a volcano, but it could not gush out.

Because they really did not have the guts to fight with a First Rank.

And such a domineering First Grade.

Fear and powerlessness inexplicably came over them.

This was what was called true suppression.

Endless stifling was in the hearts of all the readers in the Great Wei Palace of Literature, not just the Great Wei Palace of Literature, but all the readers in the world inexplicably felt stifled.

The scholars themselves already despised martial artists, but now they were being pressed by a man who dared not stand up straight, how could they not be angry?

In fact, there were some great scholars in the Palace who could have said a few words, but they chose to remain silent, not because they were afraid of the First Grade, but because this matter was caused by the Zhu Sheng lineage.

They were unwilling to come out and wipe their asses for the Zhu Sheng lineage.

“Humph.”

At this moment, Wu Ming’s voice rang out once again.

He snorted coldly, like heavenly thunder, which exploded over the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

“You and other scholars, all day long, you talk about reading the books of the sages for the sake of the people of the world.”

“But in reality, they are brutal and unreasonable, insidious and cunning. For all these years, I have been in seclusion, unwilling to dye the affairs of the red earth, but it does not mean that I am deaf and blind.”

“Since the death of Zhu Sheng, your lineage has gradually begun to deteriorate, your minds are no longer full of studying for the sake of the common people, but for fame and profit.”

“You have completely lost the essence of a scholar.

“If Zhu Sheng were still alive, he would regret becoming a saint and leaving your lineage behind.”

“In the words of the old man, ninety percent of the world’s scholars deserve to die, to plague the country and the people, to plague the earth.”

“If you are unkind, unrighteous, unfaithful and ungrateful, how can you still deserve to be a scholar?”

“And I heard that you want to break away from the Great Wei?”

“Very well! Very good!”

“If you dare to break away from Wei, I will put my words here today.”

“All those who dare to break away from Great Wei will be beheaded!”

Wu Ming opened his mouth, there was no way he didn't know about the Great Wei Wen Palace breaking away, it was just that he didn't have the time to care, nor did he have the time to do so.

But now, in order to show his strength and make Xu Qingnian truly understand the power of the First Grade.

He needed to do so.

When these words were spoken, they shocked the entire Central Continent.

Killing all of the Great Wei Wen Palace's Zhu Sheng lineage?

Whoever said this would die, but if it was said by a First Grade martial artist, no one would dare to question it.

The faces of the entire Great Wei Wen Palace turned ugly.

No one had expected to offend a First Grade Martial Artist at this juncture, and they fully believed that the other party would dare to do so.

Below a Wen Sheng, all First Grade could be killed.

Even if a sub-sage came, I was afraid that the other party would still dare to kill if they were ruthless.

As for the repercussions, what did it matter to him? Even if the demons were to disrupt the world, they wouldn't be able to do so with a First Grade martial artist.

If he pissed off, even a saint would kill him. If you don't, then I will kill you.

At this moment, the three great scholars of heaven and earth, Cao Ru, Fang Ru and Jiang Ru, were all silent.

They really did not know what to say.

Offending a First Grade, this was not a concept at all.

But, in the end, Cao Ru spoke up.

Trying not to speak was impossible.

“Seniors.”

“We, we did not mean to do so, please restrain your anger, senior.”

“This matter, it is our fault.”

Cao Ru lowered his head, he admitted his mistake, he couldn't do it without admitting his mistake, if he really didn't admit his mistake, maybe Wu Ming would kill him the next moment.

“How was it wrong?”

Wu Ming continued to ask, he did not give the other party a step in the slightest, he asked coldly.

Now, the three Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth were once again silent, their hearts were infinitely stifled, they had all admitted their mistakes, but Wu Ming still wouldn't let them go and asked them to tell him how they were wrong.

The three Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth looked at each other, their eyes filled with stifled frustration and uncomfortable feelings.

But in the end, Cao Ru took a deep breath and bowed in the direction of the Kingdom of Chen.

“We should not have overlooked the essential issue of this matter, it was we who were negligent and did not go to the aid of the State of Chen.”

Cao Ru admitted his mistake, but by answering in this manner, it somehow seemed as if it was because of the reason for the suppression of the first rank.

It appeared to be somewhat unconvincing.

It was impossible for Wu Ming not to notice such a small trick.

Therefore, Wu Ming's voice cooled down.

“What else?”

He continued to ask.

Cao Ru and the others were once again silent, they really did not know how to answer.

They had already come to this point, what else do they want? Don't you want to bully people too much?

These words were in their hearts, they did not dare to say them openly, they could only hide them in their hearts.

They stopped talking and looked incomparably silent.

"Not saying anything, are you?"

"I'll give you ten breaths of time, if you don't say anything, don't blame the old man for going on a killing spree."

"Anyway, if the Great Wei Palace of Literature is to secede, it will do a hundred harms to my Great Wei, so I will now purge you and all these moralistic readers."

Wu Ming's voice was calm.

To kill? It was too easy.

But if one just killed, it would not solve the hatred, or even kill these great scholars of heaven and earth, what would it do? In the future, these scholars would probably sing praises of these dead great scholars like gods.

They would say that they were noble and virtuous, and that their fame would last a thousand years.

Wu Ming knew too well the tactics of these scholars, so he had to use another tactic to humiliate these scholars, to suffocate them, to fill their hearts with hatred.

If killing was useful, would there be no emperor in the past and present who would not dare to kill a Confucian?

In the end, it is because these scholars are so good at talking.

Since they like to talk, right? Then Wu Ming would let these scholars have their say today.

After these words were spoken, no one questioned them.

The faces of the entire Grand Wei Palace of Literature were ugly, while a look of fear and horror appeared in their eyes.

They didn't want to die, and most of all, they didn't want to die in such a stifled manner. If they had a good reputation after death, they could accept it, but if they were directly erased by the first rank, no one would remember them.

Naturally, there are no fearless people out there.

Perhaps there were, but they had already died out just now.

“Senior, what exactly do you want to say, just say it straight.”

Cao Ru took a deep breath as he gave a reply, there was no other way but to do so, it was impossible to really let the other party launch into a ruthless attack, right?

“What does the old man want to say, don’t you beasts know?”

“Still pretending here? Do you really think that I don’t dare to kill you?”

Wu Ming spoke coldly.

In an instant, the mighty pressure of the First Grade instantly pervaded the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

The terrifying pressure was like a mountain attacking their bodies, making them uncomfortable, and the three of them, Cao Ru, even spat blood from their mouths, feeling like their hearts were about to explode.

Boom, boom, boom!

At this moment, around Kyoto, a great mountain shattered, causing an earthquake, but the effect was not great, only the sound was terrifying.

This was the celestial might of the First Grade, just a majesty that could suppress the Great Wei Palace of Literature and induce such a terrifying sight.

A First Grade, a Martial Emperor on earth, the most invincible person in the world.

“Senior.”

“It was we who were wrong.”

“It was we who were wrong.”

“It was we who disregarded the safety of the people of Chen and failed to send great scholars to assist at the first opportunity... This matter, it is our fault, I hope senior will be at peace.”

Cao Ru spoke, he spat out several more mouthfuls of blood in quick succession, he really couldn’t carry the first grade of heavenly might.

“More disguises?”

“Do you have no regard for the safety of the people of Chen?”

“If you disguise yourself like this again, kill!”

Wu Ming continued to speak, Cao Ru and the others really did not see the coffin and would not shed a tear, at this moment, they still wanted to avoid the seriousness?

The invincibility of the First Grade’s Heavenly Might became even more intense, pressing all the readers of the Great Wei Palace of Literature to vomit blood.

But Cao Ru really didn’t know what to say, because if he said any more, he would be revealing his plans.

If this were to happen, it would be a real problem, affecting the world’s scholars and tarnishing the face of the Zhu Sheng lineage.

Cao Ru was silent.

He would not continue, for to say more would be worse than letting him die.

He would even rather die than continue.

Finally.

At that very moment, a voice rang out.

“Why is it necessary for you, sir, to be so aggressive?”

“The Great Wei Palace of Literature has already admitted its mistake, so why must it go to this extent?”

At this moment, in the middle of the Palace of Literature, a terrifying Hao Rang Qi filled the air, blocking the heavenly might from the First Grade, and the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler blossomed with immeasurable light, resisting this heavenly might.

For a moment, the entire Palace of Literature was completely relieved, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Cao Ru and the others, too, were utterly relieved.

For, a truly great person had made his appearance.

It was a half-saint.

A half-saint of the Palace of Literature.

The Confucian supreme being who had been hiding in the Palace of Literature, the living half-saint of the world.

His appearance had turned the situation around, at least for the moment.

The pressure on Cao Ru and the others was resolved.

Only, the Wen Gong Half-Sage did not come forward, he only spoke, in a gentle manner, and did not have any hint of tit-for-tat, and did not seem to dare to provoke this First Grade.

“Aggressive?”

“This is also called aggressive?”

“You and the others are really bullying honest people.”

Wu Ming laughed coldly, then continued to speak.

“When the demons in Chen were in turmoil, the Great Wei Palace of Literature, which is the holy place of the world’s scholars, did not send the great scholars to help at the first opportunity, but instead stood by and watched, what was their intention?”

“Isn’t it because they want the whole country of Chen to suffer?”

“Why do you want Chen to suffer? In the final analysis, it is because my disciple killed and massacred the city, so no matter what the consequences are, the world will only abuse my disciple Xu Qingnian.”

“This is the Confucian style that the readers speak of?”

“And my disciple came to Chen in person, thinking of the people, using poetry to suppress the devil and angrily rebuking the Palace of Literature, and you, the readers, instead of recognising the mistake, are shifting all the blame to my disciple?”

“In the end, aren’t you just bullying my disciple for not having a background?”

“Now then, here comes the old man, I would like to ask, who is it, who is aggressive?”

Wu Ming didn’t even give face, and directly spoke out all that nasty stuff about the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

His voice was heard throughout the entire Central Continent, and lest there be another person who was unknown.

It was still the same, killing was no problem for him, but this matter, it could not be solved by just killing.

He needed to help Xu Qingnian clear his name, in his own way.

At this moment.

Up and down the Central Continent, it was also completely boiling, people were indeed compelled, after all, in the mouths of the world's readers, Xu Qingnian had been warned by the Zhu Sheng lineage when he killed and slaughtered the city.

A great scholar, a great scholar of heaven and earth even knelt down to beg Xu Qingnian not to slaughter the city, only to be imprisoned and later pacify the kingdoms, only to force Zhang Ning to death and behead the Pengru.

Now that he has caused the demons to disrupt the country and kill countless innocent people, Xu Qingnian suddenly disappears from the face of the earth, ignoring the situation and wanting to leave the mess to other scholars.

They want to leave this mess to other scholars. They portray the Great Wei Palace of Literature as a good old man who has to wipe Xu Qingnian's ass after being wronged.

The Chinese government's role was to portray Xu Qingnian as a selfish, self-serving, uncompromising hypocrite.

When ordinary people heard this, they naturally felt that there was something wrong with Xu Qingnian, but now as the voices of Yi Pin rang out, the people gradually felt that something was wrong as well.

This was because the readers kept angrily denouncing Xu Qingnian, but failed to mention one point.

That was that the Great Wei Palace of Literature had not sent a great scholar to assist.

Now that they were directly exposed, the people were not stupid and gradually came around.

"Sir, there is no need to be angry."

"Everything was just caused by a moment of anger, and this matter, indeed, was a mistake made by Cao Ru and the others."

"But no matter what, the tragedy of Chen is over, and I will severely punish Cao Ru and the others."

"I hope that you will not be angry, and that this matter will end here."

The Wen Gong Half-Sage spoke up, he did not get angry, but advised Wu Ming not to get angry, to admit his mistake in a big way, and then to punish Cao Ru and the others severely in a big way.

Everything was said beautifully, but many people knew what Wen Gong was up to.

Severe punishment? What would a severe punishment mean to Cao Ru and the others? It is just to make them leave the Palace, to minimise the impact of this matter, and to wait for three or five years.

Who will remember this incident?

To put it more bluntly, after Wu Ming's death, who will control public opinion in the world?

It will be the same group of scholars.

If he tolerates his anger for a while, he will be scorned by the world's scholars a thousand years later.

What does it matter now?

What is the concern of the people? What do they care about is their own livelihoods, so how can they really remember one incident for the rest of their lives?

Besides, even if the incident is bad, what can be done about it?

Who doesn't want their children to study? To study sage books? To become a government official?

This is the real heart of Confucianism, and as long as someone wants to study, then any public opinion, for them, is only temporary.

No matter what they do, no matter what they do, until they die, this group of people will go down and another group will come.

The Great Wei Palace of Literature was not short of three great Confucians of Heaven and Earth, as long as they did not die.

"Good."

"In that case, then I will give Confucianism a face, and also give Zhu Sheng a face."

"Great Wei Palace of Literature, abolish thirty percent of the Confucian position, Cao, Jiang and Fang, choose one of the three brutes to come out and cut himself before old me, the remaining two abolish themselves as Confucians, and this matter will end here."

Wu Ming nodded as he gave the Great Wei Palace a step down.

He gave the Great Wei Palace a step to take, abolishing 30% of the Confucian status, and then Cao, Jiang and Fang would choose one of the three, picking one out and cutting himself, while the remaining two would abolish themselves.

This was Wu Ming's request.

When this was said, the crowd was shocked.

Wu Ming's condition was too ruthless: three great scholars of heaven and earth, one of them to choose to cut himself, and the other two to abolish their Confucian status?

This was ten times more ruthless than Xu Qingnian, no, it was a hundred times more ruthless.

At this moment, the Half-Sage of the Palace of Literature was also silent.

Wu Ming was too vicious.

"Sir, please forgive me for being unable to grant this request, but to compensate"

The Wen Gong Half-Sage continued to speak.

But in the next moment, the terrifying heavenly might struck again, directly crossing over the holy weapon, and in an instant a figure turned into a blood mist and was directly obliterated by him.

A terrifying Vast Qi also filled the air at this moment, it was the Wen Gong Half-Sage who struck, and he tried to stop it.

Unfortunately, he was too slow.

"Half-Sage, save me ! ! ! !"

Jiang Ru's voice rang out, and he revealed a look of unparalleled panic as death struck him, sending chills down his spine, but before he could finish the sentence, severe pain struck him.

His whole body crumbled and the pain was so intense that his eyes bared.

In an instant, Jiang Ru's body burst into a bloody mist and he died on the spot.

Too dead to die.

"You!"

“You!”

“You!”

At this moment, the Wen Gong Half-Sage’s voice trembled, not to mention him, and at this moment, the powerful people of the entire Great Wei Kyoto, and even the entire Central Continent, the readers of the entire Central Continent, all completely froze.

Within Kyoto, Prince Huai Ning, the six ministries, the state princes and lords, even the empress revealed a look of shock.

Amongst the Chen Kingdom, the Marquis of Guangyang, the Marquis of Lingyang, the Tai Shang Immortal Sect, the Tai Cang Rune Sect, including Xu Qingnian, were also dumbfounded.

Wu Ming was too domineering!

They had just refused to negotiate, but what they didn’t expect was for Wu Ming to strike straight away, not even giving him a chance to kill Jiang Ru and wipe out 30% of the Confucian students in the Palace of Literature.

He didn’t even give you a chance to negotiate.

This is true dominance.

This is true invincibility.

The scholars of the world were all frightened by this kind of hegemony, and they could not say a word.

Knowing that the First Grade is fierce.

But what he didn’t expect was that First Grade would be so ferocious.

Even the Half-Saints had stepped forward, but Wu Ming did not give the slightest bit of face, he really did not give any face at all.

Is this the First Grade?

It was too domineering, wasn’t it?

“Shut up for the old man.”

“A mere half-saint, how dare you shout in front of old me?”

“I thought that you would send a sub-saint to negotiate with me? A half-saint, has he given you face?”

“Scream again, scream again and we’ll kill you too.”

“Do you believe it or not?”

There was disdain in Wu Ming’s eyes.

A mere half-saint dared to shout in front of him? He was really tired of living.

Are you giving me face?

Wu Ming spoke out coldly, who was he? A First Grade Martial Artist of the Great Wei, an Earthly Martial Emperor, although Confucianism was the strongest of all systems.

But the question was, a mere third rank? Even if you were given some face and given priority to move up a grade, you would still only be a second grade?

One rank is one heaven.

What is the difference between a second rank and a first rank? A hundred thousand to eighty thousand miles.

To be honest, if he wasn’t helping Xu Qingnian to relieve his anger, according to his temper, he would have already come back and forth to slaughter him ten times.

Still wasting time here?

Phew! Phew! Phew!

Inside the Palace of Literature, the sound of the Half-Sage’s breathing rang out, he was really angry, he was trying to calm his anger.

But how could he hold back this anger?

He couldn’t bear it.

But what he knew was that he had to endure it even if he couldn’t. If he really pushed the other side, the Great Wei Palace of Literature really couldn’t stop this First Grade.

Unless he unleashed the power of the world’s scholars.

But that time had not yet come.

I'm not going to be able to hold back, I'm not going to be able to hold back, I'm not going to be able to hold back.

The Half-Sage of the Palace of Literature felt this stifling through and through.

Not only him, but all the scholars in the Palace of Literature were also filled with stifled frustration, but what was more? It was numbness, a feeling of numbness in the scalp.

What great scholars, what great scholars of heaven and earth, what half-saints, in the eyes of others, they were like a group of ants that could be crushed to death and killed whenever they wanted.

They had no power to resist at all.

At this moment, they finally understood what the First Grade meant.

Ignoring all rules, ignoring all existence.

It was surprising that killing a great scholar of heaven and earth at the Palace of Literature had not yet attracted heavenly punishment, because the qi of a first-grade martial artist was even more terrifying, not to mention killing one, even if they killed a hundred, it would not be able to have any effect on them.

At this moment, the readers of the world suddenly realised something.

Literature is not as good as martial arts.

At certain moments, martial artists have the ability to lift the table, while Confucianism cannot do so.

This is the greatest flaw of Confucianism.

Confucianism didn't have the qualifications to turn the table.

Inside the Palace of Literature, Cao Ru and Fang Ru's eyes were a little dazed as they looked at the blood all over the ground, these were all Jiang Ru's blood.

A good man had suddenly been killed, and he had died so quickly.

Fear struck them, making both of them truly frightened and scared.

First class.

It was too terrifying.

Finally, the Half-Sage of the Palace of Literature calmed down his anger.

He was so angry that tears were falling from his eyes, only no one saw them.

Although he tried hard to calm his tone, the trembling in this tone could not be concealed.

“Sir.”

“The man has been killed.”

“Can the matter can we stop here?”

The Wen Gong Half-Sage’s voice trembled.

“Joke.”

“The man was killed by the old man’s hands, and the old man said that he would be allowed to cut himself, and now that the old man is allowed to do it, how can this matter end here.”

Wu Ming spoke, his voice full of contempt.

But when these words were uttered, the readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage were truly going to be angry with themselves alive.

Jiang Ru had died a violent death, his bones broken to pieces, and 30% of the readers in the Palace had died, all of them from the Zhu Sheng lineage, which had already done what Wu Ming had asked for.

But now Wu Ming didn’t even want to end it, saying that he had done it himself and it didn’t count?

How could they not be angry?

But the Zhu Sheng lineage was angry, but the scholars of the Palace of Literature were afraid.

More killing?

They were really numb, their scalps were numb ah.

“What else do you want?”

“People are killed?”

“You are still aggressive? I am a scholar, it’s just a death.”

“You have stained blood in the Palace of Literature today and humiliated the Zhu Sheng.”

“Today, with my own Confucian position, I ask the Holy Will to behead you ah ! ! ! ! ”

Under this extreme suffocation and suppression, a great Confucian could not help but speak up, he roared at Wu Ming, and even more so, he wanted to use his own Confucian position to invite the Holy Will.

To kill the Great Wei first class.

But at that moment, in the middle of the Palace of Literature, a beam of light rushed into the sky, and at that moment a look of surprise appeared in the eyes of all the scholars, who really thought that the Holy Will had revived.

But in the next moment, this light, blasted directly at this great scholar.

Boom!

In the next moment, he turned into a blood mist and died on the spot.

At this moment, everyone froze.

The scholars within the Palace of Literature were completely frozen, they were a little confused, why would the Holy Power of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, attack one of their own?

What was going on?

Not only were they confused by this scene, but the people of Kyoto were also confused.

Even if the saints didn't help their own people, there was nothing to say, but killing their own people? That was a bit outrageous, wasn't it?

“Don't talk nonsense!”

“This is the first rank!”

“Martial Emperors on earth, you must not go below and provoke a First Grade fight, this is a holy punishment.”

“All shut up!”

The Wen Gong Half-Sage spoke up, and he promptly cautioned the crowd not to speak nonsense, something big would happen.

At this point, the crowd was even more confused.

And among the Chen Kingdom.

A glint of disdain was evident in Wu Ming's eyes.

Inviting the Holy Will?

Not to mention that he, a great Confucian, could not invite the Holy Will, but if he did, what could he do?

Between the First Class, it represents the ultimate of each system, possessing the Qi of Heaven and Earth, whether it is the First Class of Confucianism, the First Class of Martial Dao, or the First Class of Immortal Dao.

All are an extreme.

There is never a deliberate attempt to divide the highs and lows between them, because all of them are just doing it for the sake of heaven and earth.

Under such circumstances, someone wants to ask a saint to behead an earthly martial emperor? Wouldn't that be seeking death?

Even if a saint is alive, he can at most be equal to an earthly Martial Emperor, and with the power of the world's readers and the power of heaven and earth, he can stop an earthly Martial Emperor from being as ruthless as possible.

But for a sage to kill a Martial Emperor?

It's ridiculous.

These people, still don't know the horror of the First Grade, what pig brains.

Wu Ming stood on top of the city wall, his eyes full of contempt.

Xu Qingnian, on the other hand, was completely shocked this time.

He knew that the First Grade was very strong.

Martial power was powerful.

But he had never thought that force could be this strong?

But it wasn't Xu Qingnian's fault, for example, this time when the pacification of the countries had sent a fourth-grade martial artist, the king of the martial arts, but it didn't feel that strong.

Taking the enemy's head in the midst of thousands of troops, this was doable.

But relying on one person to take down a city could not be done.

How could this not make Xu Qingnian look down on the martial dao?

But now, Wu Ming's appearance made Xu Qingnian understand.

What the First Grade meant now.

The ultimate of every system was an unparalleled existence.

An existence that turned the heavens and the earth upside down.

It was an existence that set the rules of this world.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian's heart was also completely on fire.

If he became a First Grade, how cool would that be?

To put it bluntly, if one became a half-saint, at most one could only suppress this group of scholars, but this group of scholars also had the means to find themselves in trouble.

You and I would simply be disgusting.

Unless one becomes a true saint, then people will still be able to find trouble with one's self.

But what if one became a First Grade Martial Artist?

And one had the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture in one's possession.

If one became a First Grade Martial Artist.

Whoever dared to shout, would be killed?

Wouldn't that be cool?

Xu Qingnian's martial heart boiled up completely and utterly at this moment.

He wanted to become a First Grade!

With the help of the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture.

It might be easier than becoming a saint.

And at that moment, the voice of the Wen Gong Half-Sage also rang out.

“What else exactly do you need from us, sir!”

“Please speak straightforwardly.”

The Wen Palace Half-Sage was really suffocating, but as things were already like this, he could only continue to hold his tongue.

“The Great Wei Palace of Literature, the Zhu Saint lineage, all kneel outside the capital of Great Wei for three days and three nights.”

“Each person will each write a 10,000-word confession.”

“And that includes you.”

“Those who do not obey will be killed!”

“Those who obey, spare your dog’s life.”

Wu Ming spoke out.

He made another demand.

A demand that was no more unpleasant than killing them.

In an instant, the Wen Gong became even more uncomfortable.

It was because this request was difficult for them to agree to.

It was slapping them in the face and breaking their spines.

But.

This was also First Grade Hegemony.

First-grade heavenly might.

Awaken Chapter 203 -

Wu Ming’s voice rang out.

It was domineering and direct.

There was no concession in his tone.

The Zhu Sheng Clan, kneeling outside the capital of Great Wei for three days and nights, wrote a ten-thousand-word confession.

It was a great humiliation, a humiliation that, to them, was no better than killing them.

A dead silence fell over the entire Palace of Literature.

But after a moment of silence, the voice of the Half-Saint of the Palace of Literature rang out.

“Sir, the saint must not be humiliated, and I can agree to all the conditions, but the saint must not be humiliated.”

“Otherwise, the repercussions that would ensue would be more than you and I could bear.”

“Old man can write a confession, but making old man kneel down, old man can't do it.”

The Wen Gong Half-Sage spoke, he could agree to Wu Ming's request, but only kneeling would not do, he was a Half-Sage and had already stepped into the Saint realm.

If he was insulted, things would not be so easy to talk about.

At that time, it was not a question of whether he should make a scene or not, but which step the world's readers would likely take that could not be reversed.

If it came to any step, it would be a bad thing for Great Wei, for Wu Ming, for him, for the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and for the world's living beings.

Of course the rest of the people knelt, this was fine.

But to make a half-saint kneel, it could not be done.

The sound reached the Kingdom of Chen.

What Wu Ming had done had indeed shocked the world, and made the world understand once and for all how strong the First Grade really was.

The First Grade was beyond everything.

Even the half-saints were powerless to struggle in front of the First Grade, and unless the readers of the world gathered together, they would not be able to cause any hint of influence or harm to the First Grade.

“Allow or not to kneel.”

“But lend my disciples the twelve books in Zhu Sheng’s own handwriting for a look.”

However, Wu Ming’s voice rang out, and he allowed the half-saint not to kneel, for to this extent, making the other side kneel did have an impact.

But not kneeling required a price to be paid, and the Great Wei Palace of Literature had twelve volumes of the Zhu Saint’s own writings, and Wu Ming requested that these twelve volumes be lent to Xu Qingnian to read.

To be able to read the sage’s writings, one must at least be a great Confucian and be extremely loyal to the Zhu Sheng lineage, loyal to the point of not wanting to die, in order to be qualified to read them, and one can only view one book.

Wu Ming had a huge appetite and directly requested twelve copies.

All of them were lent to Xu Qingnian to read.

The moment this was said, the entire Wen Palace was immediately embarrassed, even they had not read these twelve books of holy words, and lending them to Xu Qingnian?

This was really something that could not be done.

This condition was even more difficult than making the Half Saints of the Palace kneel down, or at least the world’s readers were unwilling to agree to it.

Even the Half-Saints of the Palace of Literature would not dare to agree to it.

“The twelve books of holy words are of great significance, we can let Xu Qingnian view them, but we are not allowed to borrow them, and we can only take out one book.”

The Half-Sage spoke up, the greatest authority he had was to let Xu Qingnian look at one book.

The Twelve Sacred Words were of such great significance, it was one of the foundations of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and taking one book to Xu Qingnian to read was fine.

But to take twelve books, this was obviously impossible.

“You guys really don’t see the coffin without tears, do you?”

“But I know your cards and I know what you will do.”

“There is one thing that I will tell you today, old man.”

“Great Wei, there can be more than just two First Grade martial artists, put all those nasty thoughts of yours away for old me.”

“Old man dares to kill Ru today, do you really think that old man is just a moment of courage?”

Wu Ming’s voice rang out.

His words were so stone-cold that they spread throughout the entire Central Continent, causing endless uproar.

The fact that there were two First Classes in Great Wei was a matter known to the whole world.

A dynasty can give birth to a First Grade. This is a result of Qi luck, and it is reasonable for a dynasty’s Qi luck to forge a First Grade.

The reason why two First Classes were born in Great Wei was because the dynasty was too strong, but the limit should be two First Classes.

But now Wu Ming said that there were three First Classes.

This would have to be shocking.

One First Grade could make a dynasty invincible, unless a First Grade fought a First Grade and killed each other with the same death.

Otherwise, anything bigger can happen to ensure that the country does not perish.

Two First Classes can do many, many things, at least things like civil unrest, which can basically be perfectly eliminated.

Think of what three First Classes could do. Who would dare to provoke them? At most, there would be some intrigue, and it must not be too obvious, and if they dare to be obvious, they will flip out.

The main thing is that the Great Wei has absolute control now.

The reason for this is not because there are so few of them, but because a real fight would have a huge impact, and one death would be a pair of deaths, and it is almost impossible to have just one death.

So when it really comes down to it, the competition is who has more one-pieces.

The Great Wei has two and the Central Continent has two dynasties, so a deadly battle would have little meaning and would instead allow forces outside the Central Continent to sit back and enjoy the benefits.

But now if there were three, it would be a completely different story.

With two dead in battle, there would still be one First Rank left, and that one First Rank would allow the Great Wei to push through the Sudden Evil and Primordial Yuan dynasties.

It was that terrifying.

So, when Wu Ming said that Great Wei had a third First Grade, it meant so much.

However, it was unclear whether it was true or not; after all, it wasn't as if there was a rule that a First Grade could not lie.

But these words were indeed pressure, inexplicable pressure, on the Wen Palace.

Was there a third First Rank in Great Wei?

If that were the case, the role of the Great Wei Palace of Literature would be hardened by a large margin.

The Great Wei Literary Palace represents the world's scholars, and what does the world's scholars represent? The Haozheng qi between heaven and earth is the supreme yang force that can suppress the yin force.

Therefore, the people of the world must respect the scholars and must not kill the Confucians. When a scholar dies, the Yang power will be partly reduced, and then the Yin power will become stronger and will breed more demons.

As for the Immortal Way, the Buddhist Way and the Martial Way, they cannot stop the breeding of demons, but they can kill them, and if you breed as many demons as possible, I will kill as many as possible.

But the problem is, it's already possible to treat the symptoms, and the readers can't cure the root, they can only ensure that the world is peaceful.

And the reason why there are not many demons now is not because a sage came out five hundred years ago and suppressed the yin power completely.

Although the yin power is now gradually recovering again and demons are breeding, there are still many strong people under the sky, and while the four First Classes in the Central Continent are explicitly First Classes, there are definitely First Classes in the other four continents as well.

These First Classes can also do a lot of things, it's not that without you, the Great Wei Palace of Literature, everyone won't be able to.

In this way, under special circumstances, killing Confucian scholars is not a big deal.

The death of a half-saint would not cause any big trouble, it would just be a vision.

The meaning of Wu Ming's words is clear: there are three First Classes in Wei, the death of one half-saint is not a big deal, if you dare to rely on the old man again, don't blame me for not giving you a chance.

Killing, can never truly relieve hatred, to make the other party feel humiliated, this is the real relief.

This, he had learned a long time ago.

As for whether the Great Wei Palace of Literature believed it or not, that was their business.

Only, in the end, a voice came from within the Palace of Literature.

"Good, since it was Sir who asked, the Great Wei Palace of Literature agrees."

"However, the Holy Book is too important and can be read but not borrowed, this is the final bottom line."

"Xu Qingnian can come to the Great Wei Palace of Literature and read the book for three months."

"Sir should understand the importance of this object."

The half-saint gave his reply.

Although reluctant, although suffocating, he could not afford to gamble, plus there was no need to gamble at this time, there was little meaning.

Of course lending it to Xu Qingnian was definitely not an option, the item still had to be kept in the Palace of Literature, and it was limited to three months.

Amongst the Kingdom of Chen.

Wu Ming pondered a little, he had nothing good to say about the Great Wei Palace of Literature, so even if he killed it, what he was doing now was just to get some benefits for Xu Qingnian.

He looked at Xu Qingnian and transmitted his voice.

“What do you think? The Twelve Sacred Books, of great significance indeed, were written by the saints themselves, and will be of great benefit to you in the Confucian Way.”

“Borrowing it might not be too good, viewing it would be good, three months’ time, can you read it all?”

Wu Ming spoke out, as he asked Xu Qingnian.

“Yes! A month will do.”

Xu Qingnian couldn’t possibly spend three months to read twelve books, one month at most.

“Good.”

Hearing Xu Qingnian’s agreement, Wu Ming didn’t say anything and looked directly in the direction of Great Wei and said.

“In that case, old me will give Zhu Sheng a face.”

“But you remember this day for old me, look what you have become now?”

“If one day you will have to pay a terrible price, like animals, you are still readers? You have gone to the belly of a dog.”

These words of Wu Ming were not intentionally disgusting, but were spoken from the bottom of his heart.

This group of scholars had indeed changed their nature, and as a whole, they did not look like scholars. They were simply a group of insidious villains.

As Wu Ming’s voice rang out, the Great Wei Palace did not give a reply, but everyone knew that the matter was at an end.

However, the Great Wei Palace was not destined to rest on its laurels, but at the moment, people did not know how the Great Wei Palace would resolve the matter.

And in the Kingdom of Chen.

Wu Ming had also withdrawn all his divine powers, and at that moment, Marquis Guangyang and the others all bowed towards Wu Ming.

“We, the others, pay our respects to senior.”

All of them bowed towards Wu Ming, this was a First Grade Martial Artist, one must not disrespect.

What Marquis, what Immortal Dao powerhouse, the First Grade could not be divided that much.

Seeing the crowd paying homage, Wu Ming did not have any expression, but looked towards Xu Qingnian and said.

“Little friend Xu, come with me.”

He spoke, and then the space around him collapsed.

“Senior, is this going back?”

Xu Qingnian asked curiously.

However, Wu Ming did not speak, but took Xu Qingnian with him and disappeared into place.

For a moment, on top of the city walls, the crowd was somewhat impressed.

This First Grade was transcendent, disappearing just as soon as he said.

But soon, the crowd couldn't help but feel even more saddened that Xu Qingnian's master was actually a First Grade martial artist, how fierce it was.

And at the same time.

The extreme north of Great Wei.

The mountains and rivers were steep, and the land was thousands of miles of bare ground, with little grass or water, like a dead zone, with few living things.

The wind is strong and it seems unusually cold.

A long line of defence appears, here in the extreme north of Great Wei, adjacent to the northern barbarians.

There are four ancient cities along the line, where soldiers of Great Wei are stationed, and some hard labourers are building the line, most of whom are captives of the foreign kingdom this time.

They had come to build the defence line.

And as space distorted, Xu Qingnian and Wu Ming's figures appeared here in all their glory.

"The Northern Border Pass?"

Standing on the void, Xu Qingnian knew at a glance what this place was, and he was somewhat curious, looking at Wu Ming with a puzzled expression, wondering what Wu Ming was doing by bringing him to this place.

And the next moment.

Wu Ming did not have any explanation, but stood with his hands folded and gave a soft cold hum.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

At this moment, above the dome of the sky at the border of the Northern Barbarians, there were instantly ten thousand miles of dark clouds, thunder flashed, and a terrifying pressure swept across the entire Northern Barbarians.

In an instant, Xu Qingnian smacked his lips a little.

He did not know what Wu Ming wanted to do, but looking at this situation, could it be that Wu Ming wanted to declare war on the Northern Barbarians?

That's a bit scary, isn't it?

At this moment.

In the northern barbarian territory, everyone raised their heads and looked up at the sky, the terrifying pressure coming over them, making them tremble.

But soon, a voice rang out.

"Seniors, calm down your anger."

"I don't know where I've provoked senior."

"I also hope senior will calm down, there must be a misunderstanding in this."

The voice rang out, it was a second rank martial artist from the Northern Barbarians who appeared at the border, not even daring to appear on the dome of the sky, but standing on top of the border guard, kneeling towards Wu Ming and saying.

The entire Northern Barbarian royal court was frightened, and the royal lineage was also trembling, after all, who wouldn't panic if a First Grade martial artist suddenly came to the rescue?

The Northern Barbarians did not have any First Grade martial artists, so it was not impossible that if they were angry with them, they would simply wash away the Northern Barbarians in blood.

Of course, if the other side dared to do so, the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty would not stand by idly, they would definitely have to help the Northern Barbarians.

“Humph.”

“A group of barbarians, are you tired of living? How dare you interfere in the affairs of Great Wei?”

“Want to seek death?”

Wu Ming roared, his voice, like heavenly thunder, directly reprimanding the Northern Barbarian clan.

And the matter he was referring to was naturally the matter of the rebellion in the foreign country a few days ago.

To say that there was no shadow of the Northern Barbarians, Wu Ming naturally did not believe it, but of course this was more mainly followed by the shadow of the Sudden Evil and the First Yuan Dynasty.

It was just that they all had a pint of each other, so there was no need to scold without a definite life and death battle, nor was there any evidence.

But there was nothing wrong with finding trouble with the Northern Barbarian One, as long as they didn't make the first move or cross the border first, then the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty wouldn't dare to make a move.

Once this was said, the latter immediately spoke up.

“Senior misunderstood, how would we dare to interfere in the state affairs of Great Wei, there must be a misunderstanding in this.”

He gave his reply, not daring to even half resist in front of the First Grade Heavenly Might.

To resist was to die.

Snap.

The next moment, Wu Ming stretched out his hand and slapped away, the entire Northern Barbarians were like an earthquake, tens of thousands of elite iron horsemen of the border defence were directly turned into bloody mud, and this Second Grade martial artist also spat out more than blood on the spot.

The entire man flew backwards hundreds of meters away, his sternum broken by an unknown number of bones.

“Senior, the First Grade must not strike.”

Another voice rang out, but it did not dare to get angry or arrogant, just reminding the other party that the First Grade could not strike.

“Hmph.”

“The First Grade must not strike, yes.”

“But you deserve to die if you meddle in the affairs of the Great Wei.”

“This time, I will teach you a little lesson, if next time you dare to meddle with Great Wei, I will raze the northern barbarians even if I have to fight for my life.”

“Old me would like to see if the master behind you will set off a battle of the first rank because of you and the others.”

Wu Ming spoke out, speaking indifferently.

At these words, the Northern Barbarian Clan did not dare to respond and shout at all, because although Wu Ming had struck, everything was within reason, after all, the Barbarian Clan did meddle in the affairs of Great Wei.

It was quite normal to pay these prices, and it was unlikely that the First Grade powerhouses of the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty would step in over such matters, and once they did, it was highly likely that a First Grade war would be triggered.

This is the rule of the heavens, the First Grade may not conquer, but there is also a rule that once they do, they will declare war at any cost.

This means simply that even if people come to threaten Wu Ming with the Great Empress of Wei, Wu Ming absolutely cannot stop, war means death war, no hesitation at all.

He would not play with you at all.

However, after Wu Ming had said this, his gaze suddenly fell on the Northern Barbarian King's Court.

Deep within the royal court.

A young man, dressed in a golden python robe, about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, was staring at himself.

Around the man hovered a golden python dragon silhouette, which had already sprouted its horns and had four claws budding under its belly, seemingly ready to transform into a dragon at any moment.

Wu Ming's gaze instantly revealed a cold aura at this moment.

He could tell that this young man was extraordinary, having already stepped into the Third Grade, and at the age of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, he had already reached the Great Perfection of the Third Grade, seemingly ready to step into the Second Grade at any moment.

Moreover, his aura was so strong that he might one day be able to step into the first rank.

The northern barbarians were the biggest threat to the heart of Great Wei, and had been eyeing Great Wei, wanting to annex it and establish a barbarian dynasty.

But the Northern Barbarians did not have a First Grade, so this idea could never be achieved, so the Northern Barbarians tried everything to breed a First Grade.

Now that he saw such a genius, Wu Ming naturally had a murderous intent to kill the genius in advance so that it would not become a scourge in the future.

Boom!

A terrifying killing machine that pierced through everything and forced its way straight into the barbarian royal court, this power was a heavenly might, and the latter could not stop it at all.

But at this very moment, with a sound of bells ringing out, it dissolved Wu Ming's killing machine.

"Seniors."

"We will never get our hands on Great Wei again, and we also hope that senior will not lead to war."

“The battle of invasion has also cost my barbarian tribe blood, and what happened in Great Wei today was also instigated by someone in secret, and this group of people has already been killed by us.”

“I also hope that seniors, do not start a war.”

The voice rang out, a truly strong man from the Northern Barbarians, not a First Grade, but qualified to speak to a First Grade.

“Humph.”

“Don’t wait for the old man’s next personal visit, or else, blood will be washed over you and the others.”

Wu Ming didn’t say anything more as he took Xu Qingnian and left once again.

This trip over was not to show off anything in front of Xu Qingnian, but to deal with some matters, otherwise did he really think that First Grade came out and didn’t work?

The reason why he didn’t come out to participate in things on weekdays was because of the bad influence, plus he also had other things to deal with himself, some of the mortal world’s deceitfulness, you have no time to participate.

But once they got involved, they would have to ask for a statement and a result.

Soon, after Wu Ming disappeared.

In the Northern Barbarian King’s Court, the golden python robed youth spat out a mouthful of blood directly, his face incomparably white.

Although someone had dissolved the killing thoughts of the First Grade, no matter how much they were dissolved, they could not be dissolved cleanly, unless another First Grade appeared.

He was injured, just not to the root, and he would recover after a few months of recuperation, but his gaze was filled with coldness as well as killing intent.

The next moment.

In the capital of Great Wei, the Marquis of Ping Chaos’s residence, within a courtyard.

Xu Qingnian had returned.

Wu Ming stood by the side, his face filled with a kind smile as he looked at Xu Qingnian.

“Little friend Xu, I cherish your talent, you are a martial arts genius, your future achievements are unlimited, but the more so, the more you need a famous teacher to guide you.”

“I know that you are a scholar, a great scholar of heaven and earth, but I ask you, can studying Confucianism save the lives of the world?”

“It is not that I despise you, use time to speak, with your qualifications, in less than ten years, perhaps you can become a third-grade half-saint.”

“In your lifetime, you can also become a sub-saint, if you have not offended the Great Wei Palace of Literature, or if you are willing to reconcile with the Great Wei Palace of Literature.”

“All your life, you will be free of worries, and the world will be respected, and your status will be no weaker than that of the old man, and people will worship you wherever you go.”

“But the problem is that you have already offended the Great Wei Literary Palace, and I am extremely accurate in reading people, you will never reconcile with the Great Wei Literary Palace, so your enemy is the Great Wei Literary Palace, the Zhu Sheng lineage, and the majority of the world’s scholars.”

“In that case, even if you become a half-saint, what’s the point? You can cultivate a stream of readers who support you, but you cannot make the world’s readers become your disciples.”

“The Zhu Sheng lineage, with the help of the saints, is a hundred thousand miles away from them, and even if you become a sub-saint, you can only check and balance them, but you still cannot change their prejudice against you.”

“Even when you die, most likely, you will be scorned by this group of scholars for ten thousand years, so the only path you can choose before you is to cultivate martial arts, combined with Confucianism, to crush the Zhu Sheng lineage, completely.”

“Or maybe the disciples will scatter the world and surpass the Zhu Sheng lineage, otherwise, you will still lose sooner or later.”

Wu Ming spoke out, he wanted Xu Qingnian to worship him as his master, but these words were not to scare Xu Qingnian either, but to seriously analyze, to stand in his shoes, to analyze for Xu Qingnian.

Hearing what Wu Ming said, Xu Qingnian actually understood in his heart.

Today, Wu Ming had taught himself a lesson, a lesson of great significance.

You can't talk to these scholars with your mouth.

Only their fists would shut them up.

In fact, Xu Qingnian had understood this truth before, except for one reason that prevented Xu Qingnian from doing so.

It was a matter of realm, if he wanted to make these bunch of scholars shut up honestly, he himself had to become a First Grade, otherwise, he could not do it to silence the other party en masse.

But now Wu Ming had inspired a new way of thinking for himself, he did not need to be of the first rank, as long as he arrived at the second rank, or the third rank, he could silence most of the voices.

Of course the Confucian Dao realm must also be of the third rank.

A half-saint in Confucianism and a saint in the martial arts.

In that case, one's can, indeed, silence most of the voices.

If one were to step into the Second Grade of Confucianism, the Realm of Sub-Saints, and then add the Second Grade of Martial Dao, the Supreme of Martial Dao.

What Wu Ming could do, Xu Qingnian could do, and what Wu Ming could not do, Xu Qingnian could also do.

But right now, Xu Qingnian was actually most worried about one thing.

The foreign arts.

If it wasn't for this reason, Xu Qingnian would have agreed long ago.

If not for this reason, Xu Qingnian would have agreed to it long ago. If Yi Pin accepted himself as his disciple, wouldn't it be wrong in his head not to agree?

And seeing that Xu Qingnian still had some hesitation, Wu Ming somewhat couldn't help but speak up.

"Little friend Xu, in fact, it can still be like this, old man is going to go to recuperate in some days."

"I can temporarily take you as my disciple, I will teach you martial arts first, if you think it is okay, then when I come out of my training, I will take you as my disciple."

“If you don’t think it’s possible, then I’ll let it go, but there is one premise, if someone else wants to take you as a disciple as well, you must not agree to it, either agree to me or not be allowed to worship others.”

“How?”

Wu Ming was really a bit hard to bear, he was a First Grade, by definition, right, who could he not do if he wanted to take on as a disciple? If he said that he would accept the empress as his disciple, he was afraid that the empress would be moved.

But to his surprise, Xu Qingnian was so hesitant, which led Wu Ming to resort to this subterfuge, to cheat a name first and then prevent Xu Qingnian from becoming someone else’s master.

When he heard this, Xu Qingnian suddenly had some thoughts, not so much about the name.

Rather, she had overlooked one thing, this First Class had things to do, and could not stay by her side all day.

For a short period of time, with the Sea of Public Opinion within oneself, the other party should not be able to feel it.

If that was the case, then what was one still worried about?

What is one’s biggest worry? It was none other than that the supernatural arts had been discovered, but one had already been in contact with Wu Ming for some time, and although it was not long, for a First Grade, if one wanted to see through a person, one could do so in an instant.

In other words, as long as one did not actively practise the supernatural arts, then naturally Wu Ming would not find out, otherwise he would have found out long ago.

So one could completely worship the master and only affect these one or two months.

After these two months, Wu Ming would only have to go back and cleanse his body of the demonic Qi, and by then he would be completely able to deal with his own affairs.

When Wu Ming was done dealing with the demonic Qi, he would almost have to go to the Demon Domain again to suppress the immortal corpse.

This way, it was really possible.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian didn’t continue to hesitate.

“Senior’s words are too much.”

“In fact, senior does not agree, not because he thinks senior is not capable, but rather because he is afraid that senior’s qualifications are slightly inferior and he is afraid of humiliating your face.”

Xu Qingnian spoke out, since he could avoid the problem of the foreign arts, then Xu Qingnian had nothing more to say.

Worship the first rank.

Wouldn’t the whole world still be able to walk around? If anyone dared to look for trouble, Yi Pin would immediately appear, and a single thought would kill them.

For example, right now, one may seem to be a Fourth Grade Heaven and Earth Confucian and a Fourth Grade Martial Arts King, but the problem is that one does not know many things.

Now that he had a first-ranking scholar to guide him, why not do so?

To Wu Ming, Xu Qingnian’s words simply made Wu Ming ecstatic.

So Xu Qingnian was worried about this.

“No harm, no harm.”

“Old man never misreads people, this way, Shouren, kneel down and kowtow three times towards old man, even if it’s to pay respect to the master, heaven and earth can see that, and don’t make so many fancy things.”

Wu Ming said excitedly.

Normally come to be, worshipping a master required great salutations and many rules, but right, he was afraid that another First Grade would wake up and compete with himself after discovering Xu Qingnian.

So just hurry up and let Xu Qingnian pay homage to her master, as long as Xu Qingnian agreed to pay homage to her master, it could not be changed.

Xu Qingnian did not know why the other party did so, but did as he was told, it was a normal thing to pay homage to one’s master.

Kneeling towards Wu Ming, Xu Qingnian spoke.

“Master is above, please accept my apprentice’s obeisance.”

Xu Qingnian was not pretentious.

“Good, good, good.”

“Good disciple, good disciple.”

“From now on, you are my master’s closed-door senior disciple. Oh, I forgot to tell you, my master also has a name-bearing disciple, if we go in order of priority, you have to call him senior brother, but he is a name-bearing disciple, he should call you senior brother.”

Wu Ming excitedly helped Xu Qingnian up and said so, mentioning something.

“Senior brother?”

Xu Qingnian was a little curious.

“En, you can just call him senior brother, remembering his name won’t count for anything sequentially.”

“His name is Huo Qi, during the time of Emperor Wu, he was crowned Marquis of Champions, he is currently at the border, he might come back later, my master will inform him.”

Wu Ming said casually, seeming to be very casual about this name-taking disciple.

“Marquis of Champions?”

Xu Qingnian instantly knew who it was, the Marquis of Champions of Great Wei, a being who had been made a marquis during the reign of Emperor Wu, someone who had been made a marquis after the Northern Expedition.

He had joined the army at the age of fourteen, had participated in the battle of the Northern Expedition at the age of seventeen, and had been made a marquis at the age of twenty, and had been enthroned as a champion, so imagine how strong he was, and had had disputes with Hua Xinyun.

It wasn’t particularly surprising that such a figure would worship Wu Ming as his teacher.

It was just a little unexpected.

“En, but don’t mind him, he’s untalented, don’t follow his example, my master has given him a death warrant, if he doesn’t break the second rank by the age of thirty, he will disassociate himself from the relationship.”

“My master does not accept scum.”

Wu Ming spoke out, full of concern for Champion Marquis, while looking at Xu Qingnian but smiling, "However, don't worry, disciple, you are not the same as him, you can break the second rank before you are forty, even if you are fifty I can still accept it."

"After all, you still have to major in Confucianism, so I can understand."

Wu Ming said with a smile on his face.

Only Xu Qingnian was really a little curious.

"Second rank by the age of thirty? Master, then wouldn't there be a high possibility of stepping into the First Grade within a hundred years? You said earlier that there were three First Grade in Great Wei, is one of them him?"

Xu Qingnian enquired.

By the way, he asked about the three First Grades Wu Ming had said before.

However, Wu Ming shook his head and looked at Xu Qingnian with a serious face and said.

"Disciple, my master will give you your first lesson today, the system ranking."

"You listen well."

Wu Ming sat down cross-legged, and Xu Qingnian immediately crossed his legs as well, his eyes filled with seriousness.

He indeed had to study and learn.

"Disciple, remember well."

"Among the Dust Realm, there are seven major systems, other than that even though there are other systems, none of them are of the first grade, but some truly crooked and evil ways that are not recognised by Heaven and Earth."

"These seven systems are Confucianism, martial arts, immortality, Buddhism, demons, devils and evil."

"Confucianism is ranked first because it represents the Yang power of heaven and earth."

"Martial Dao ranks second, it is the ultimate force, called by martial arts, battle power is the strongest of the seven systems, there is no one, even the Immortal Dao first grade, can not beat the old man, of course the advantage of the Immortal Dao lies in living long, basically can boil to death two generations of first grade."

“The Immortal Dao ranks third, its strength is only second to the Martial Dao, it lives long, so it can rank third, but among the rumors the Immortal Dao has the possibility of surpassing the First Grade, at least after the First Grade, the Immortal Dao still has a path to explore, but the Martial Dao is almost an extinct path.”

“Buddha Dao is ranked fourth, Buddha Sect is more comprehensive, has battle power not as good as Martial Dao, also lives long but not as good as Immortal Dao, has the ability of Confucian Dao but cannot enhance Yang Power, but the most frightening thing about Buddha Sect is that it can be enlightened or enlightened overnight, but it all has to do with the power of the thoughts of all beings, even somewhat similar to dynastic qi, there is a feeling of taking the best of each, but not as good as each of the system.”

“The demon race ranks fifth, everything in heaven and earth, the essence of grass and trees except people, in fact, can be called demons, and demons cultivate through two methods, absorbing the essence of the sun and moon, absorbing the essence of human blood food, the former is fine, can coexist, but the latter is the demon, need to kill, only demons are born with a calamity, their emotions are difficult to control themselves, once the calamity comes, it is easy to go wrong, and wreak havoc on the people. ”

“For example, during the reign of the Great Wei Emperor, there was a great demon who did not like the bright moon, so he wanted to blast it to pieces so that the people of the world could not see it. ”

Wu Ming opened his mouth and commented on the advantages of each system, allowing Xu Qingnian to better perceive the world.

But after hearing about the Devil's Path, Xu Qingnian smacked her lips a little.

Not liking the bright moon and wanting to blast it to pieces? This wasn't demonic, was it? This was insanity, right?

“Master, did he blast the bright moon then?”

Xu Qingnian asked a question that she should not have asked.

“No, who in the world could blast the bright moon to pieces? Unless all the First Classes in the world gathered together, there might still be some possibility, he has approached the various First Classes, but the problem is, the First Classes are not in their right minds, so naturally they will not agree.”

Wu Ming shook his head and replied thus.

Xu Qingnian nodded, while Wu Ming continued to add.

“However, he knew that he was already unable to blast the bright moon by himself, so whenever it came to night, he killed all those who could see the bright moon.”

Wu Ming said so, and these words made Xu Qingnian actually a little unacceptable.

What a good guy, if he couldn't shatter the moon, he killed those who could see it? This logic was too much, right?

"What about afterwards?"

Xu Qingnian is inexplicably curious about the Devil's Path, this group of people is simply The snake-oil is a snake-oil.

"And then later? The Heavenly One must have stepped in to stop it, only no one dared to fight him, they could only imprison him, and finally it was said that this great demon came up with a solution."

"He killed himself and would never see the bright moon again."

Wu Ming said with a straight face.

But when this was said, Xu Qingnian almost didn't laugh out loud.

This was a fucking logic ghost.

He didn't like the moon and wanted to blast it, but it turned out that everyone didn't agree, so he killed people, but he found that he couldn't kill them all and the other First Classes were targeting himself.

Then kill yourself so you can't see the moon.

What a guy.

What a good guy.

Xu Qingnian straight away exclaimed good guy ah.

This was not a deep snakebite, Xu Qingnian really did not believe it.

"In a nutshell."

"Shouren, you must remember that when you encounter people of the demonic path, you must respect and stay away from them, they are extremely eccentric in their actions and their obsessions are too deep in their hearts."

"In their eyes, all the prescribed laws of the world are empty talk, they only do what they think is right, and each one has extremely eccentric ideas, and there are all kinds of people in the Devil's Way, Confucianism, Buddhism, and the Immortal Way, all with big problems in their minds."

“If you encounter one, you must always stay away from them, and if you do encounter one, don’t act rashly, don’t rebuke them, but just go along with them and agree with their views.”

“What they hate most is people who oppose; if you agree, he will not harm you, but they must never find out that you are just going along with their wishes.”

“To put it bluntly, these people are crazy, but of course if there are people from the devil’s path who completely and utterly approve of you, it’s a good thing for you to use them, back then the great ancestor used a group of people from the devil’s path.”

“Only don’t touch them if you can.”

Wu Ming said so, his attitude was serious and grave.

Xu Qingnian nodded, he probably knew what kind of group of people the people in the Devil’s Path were.

People whose minds had gone awry.

Each was a great power, with a superb position and superb rank, but their minds were distorted, thinking about something all day long, and then their obsessions were extremely deep and they were not recognised by anyone.

In the end, he turns into a demon and becomes a madman in the eyes of ordinary people, doing things without any rules, without any rules, what he thinks is right is right, and what he thinks is wrong is wrong.

In other words, this kind of person will kill your whole family when he says so, and he will not even spare a dog.

Indeed, when you encounter this kind of person, you must be a little careful and you must stay away from them.

“Then does the Devil’s Path have a First Grade?”

Xu Qingnian continued to ask.

“There are definitely three, as far as I know, there are three in plain sight, one is a demon, one is a Buddhist disciple, and one is from the Immortal Dao.”

“The strongest one is the one who came out of the Immortal Dao, it is said that this person has dual cultivation in Immortal and Martial Arts, and his Martial Dao has also stepped into the second grade of perfection, of course he is also the one with the most abnormal brain, I heard that he is so abnormal that even the people in the Demonic Dao can’t stand him.”

“It is said that this person also likes to take on a mortal form and disguise himself as an ordinary person, some kind of scholar, some kind of beggar, some kind of fortune teller, extremely eccentric.”

“If my master encounters one, he will have to be careful, not because he can't be beaten, but there is no need to fight such people, they are not burdened with anything.”

“You have to be careful.”

Wu Ming spoke out, saying so.

Xu Qingnian nodded, sort of understanding.

“Apprentice understands, if you encounter one in the future, be extremely careful and respectful.”

“But I think that if my apprentice stays in Great Wei's Kyoto, he will definitely not be able to encounter them.”

Xu Qingnian said so.

If one stayed in Great Wei Kyoto, one would definitely not be able to meet such a person.

Wu Ming nodded, that was true.

Then he began to continue his explanation.

“As for the Evil Dao, it is ranked seventh, not because the Evil Dao is weak, on the contrary the Evil Dao's strength, if you take a comprehensive approach, beats the remaining six major systems.”

“The evil dao is a true demon, like the demonic dao in general nature, everything can become an evil dao, they make use of some secret and bizarre techniques, create killings or not, bloodshed cities or not, through the resentment of all beings, hatred, blood and flesh, to enhance their own strength.”

“Cultivation, the speed is extremely fast, may be overnight than others hard cultivation twenty years, so the evil cultivation is by all the forces disgusted by the existence, also just the devil dao participate.”

“When you encounter an evil cultivator, there is no so much nonsense, there is only one word, and that is kill.”

“Shouren, do you understand?”

Wu Ming made the seven systems clear, and Xu Qingnian also considered to have thoroughly understood, one concept of these seven systems.

Confucianism, martial arts, immortality, Buddhism, demons, devils and evil.

Inside the Marquis Mansion.

Xu Qingnian also took this information and wrote it down firmly.

Awaken Chapter 204 -

Kyoto, Great Wei.

In the middle of the Marquis of Ping Chaos's residence.

Wu Ming's voice continued to ring out.

After he had finished talking about the seven systems, the next step was the martial dao system.

"Disciple, of the ten grades of martial dao, the first six grades, my master will not talk to you more."

"Let's start with the kings."

"The fourth grade of the martial dao is the king realm, and the true qi in the body will also turn into king dao true qi, and the true qi takes form, the limit of the martial dao of mortals."

"A fourth grade king, with the power of a single punch, can blast a restaurant to pieces, a powerful king can blast a thirty foot tall building to pieces, but only to that extent."

"The real turning point is the third rank!"

"Shouren, listen carefully to what my master says next."

Wu Ming expounded on the Fourth Grade King Realm in general, just a simple description.

But the next thing was what he was really going to say.

"You speak, Master."

Xu Qingnian listened with rapt attention, all this knowledge was what he wanted to know.

“In our eyes, there are seven systems, each divided into ten grades, but the first seven grades are all foundation building and cultivation.”

“The first seven grades can all only be considered the limit of mortal bodies, and only when one steps into the third grade is one truly considered to be at the door.”

“From the fourth grade of the martial path onwards, it is truly one grade and one heaven, each grade, there is a difference of a hundred thousand miles and it is difficult to complete the leap.”

“The third grade of Martial Dao is called Martial Dao Entering Sainthood, where every move and every movement can lead to partial changes in the heavenly phenomena, possessing incredible power, and taking the head of the enemy general in the midst of thousands of armies.”

“Martial Dao Second Grade, named Martial Dao Supreme, a finger breaks a river, a sword breaks a city, ten thousand miles away, kills people in invisible, and will only be limited by other than the First Grade as well as the power of heaven and earth.”

“And this power of heaven and earth represents many, such as the people’s public opinion, such as the power of the readers, such as the power of belief, etc., all are considered the power of heaven and earth.”

“In other words, when you reach the second rank, you are basically the strongest battle power.”

“And the first rank, is above everything, can ignore the power of heaven and earth, for example, Shouren, you have public opinion within you, this is the power of heaven and earth, if the second rank were to kill you, there would be repercussions, there would be scruples.”

“Even if you were to become a saint, the Second Grade would not dare to kill you even if they wanted to, because they wouldn’t see the possibility of killing you, and after killing you they might have to pay a terrible price and be disgusted by Heaven and Earth.”

“But the First Grade can be ignored, as long as you don’t become a First Grade Literature Saint, then all the First Grade can be killed, and even if you become a Literature Saint, if you push a First Grade martial artist, you can still be killed if you should, only that the Literature Saint also has the means to stop it.”

Wu Ming said the difference between the last three grades.

The third grade was extremely powerful in battle, and could invoke heavenly images, possessing incredible power and transcendence on top.

The second grade was almost invincible, with unparalleled battle power, but the only limitation was the power of heaven and earth, with many restrictions.

The First Grade is a heaven-destroying existence, and as long as it is not a First Grade Literature Saint, all others can be killed.

Xu Qingnian sort of understood, but still had some doubts and could not help but speak.

“Master, according to what you mean, this Second Grade seems to have too many restrictions.”

Xu Qingnian enquired.

There was nothing wrong with the first and third grades, but this second grade seemed to be somewhat restrictive.

“En, the second rank is indeed extremely restricted because they have to impact the first rank, and to become the first rank, not only do they have to be strong themselves, but more importantly, get their qi boosted, such as if they go and kill someone with the power of heaven and earth.”

“It would compromise their own Qi luck, so that it would be difficult to break through.”

Wu Ming replied.

“Understood.” Xu Qingnian nodded, then continued to ask, “Then wouldn’t an apprentice killing a Confucian be?”

Xu Qingnian asked in this manner.

“No, you are different.” Wu Ming instantly knew what Xu Qingnian wanted to say, and he immediately shook his head and said.

“You haven’t reached the second rank yet, so it doesn’t matter if you kill or not.”

“In other words, if you really want to kill a group of people, it’s best to kill them all before you reach the second rank, otherwise wait until you reach the second rank.”

“It’s not really good to mess around, that’s the reason why countries are raising their armies and basically not seeing the second rank figures.”

Wu Ming gave a reply that put Xu Qingnian slightly at ease.

The meaning was simple, either fuck all the enemies to death before the second rank, or wait for the first rank, otherwise, killing indiscriminately at this realm of the second

rank would most likely affect one's own qi, and it would be difficult to break through to the first rank at that time.

Xu Qingnian understood completely.

Indeed, thinking back carefully.

When the Great Wei pacified the chaos, the first grade did not come out this nothing to say, but the second grade did not come out either, at that time, he was a bit curious himself.

The only thing I know is that among the nine state princes, only four are third-grade martial artists, and among the marquises there are four, and the Marquis of Champions counts as one, but these four third-grade marquises are all out on guard.

They were not in the capital of Wei.

The rest were of the fourth rank, so when the great battle came, there was no such thing as one man overpowering everything.

If there had been a second rank, or three or four third ranks, the battle would not have required so much intrigue and trickery.

“Shouren, before the third rank, you can do whatever you want in Great Wei's Kyoto, but after the third rank, you have to think clearly about everything.”

“Moreover, you have stayed here for too long, your heart has been somewhat smoothed out. I know what you have done, and to the outside world, you look very fierce and brave.”

“But in my teacher's opinion, it's just a bunch of people pulling the wool over their eyes. When all is said and done, it's still a point of not wasting too much breath with this bunch of readers.”

“You need to sharpen yourself up, really sharpen up.”

Wu Ming spoke out, he did know what Xu Qingnian had done before, what with all the fuss over the Ministry of Punishment, angrily beheading the county king and the like, killing the great scholars of heaven and earth, seemingly very fierce and brave, but in reality?

But in reality, it was just a bunch of people pulling the wool over each other's eyes and making snide remarks, which is not suitable for the martial arts.

Martial arts is not about human emotions, martial arts is about fighting and killing.

“Please also ask for Master’s guidance.”

Xu Qingnian nodded, he approved of what Wu Ming had said, he had indeed wasted a lot of words with this group of readers, to be honest he was also angry, and so was the other side.

It was better to be like Wu Ming, and it was most enjoyable to strike out and suppress.

“Raise your realm and sharpen your skills in the desperate realm.”

“You are only at the Avatar realm now, your base is extremely good, but with an empty base, you are too poor in actual combat.”

“These days, my master will pass on your Martial Dao divine ability, after you master it, my master will take you to a place to sharpen in a desperate situation, so that you can become a king, a true king.”

Wu Ming said seriously, if you want to truly metamorphose, you must actually fight in real battles, not hide in Kyoto Gou, this is not suitable for martial cultivation, especially at the back, every realm, you need to bathe in blood.

Where is it possible to reach the first rank of martial artist? Even if you are gifted and have strong roots, if you don’t experience real combat, you won’t be able to complete the metamorphosis.

But once these words were said, Xu Qingnian was somewhat silent.

Seeing Xu Qingnian’s silence, Wu Ming immediately spoke up.

“What’s wrong?”

Wu Ming asked.

“Master Uh I’ve broken through to the fourth rank.”

Xu Qingnian didn’t know whether to say it or not, right, Wu Ming couldn’t see through himself because of the Sea of Public Opinion within his body, but as long as he touched himself, Wu Ming could also know his realm.

So Xu Qingnian didn’t hide it so far.

“What?”

“Fourth rank?”

“You’re bluffing me?”

Wu Ming froze, he was only sure that Xu Qingnian was a fifth rank today, so how could he be a fourth rank all of a sudden?

The next moment, Wu Ming grabbed Xu Qingnian's palm, and in a flash the power of the First Grade entered Xu Qingnian's body, and soon Wu Ming's face revealed an unparalleled look of shock.

"Dang it's really the fourth grade."

"How did you improve so quickly?"

"That's impossible."

"According to reason, if a physique like yours were to elevate to the fourth rank, it would inevitably lead to some terrifying visions."

"How come there are no signs at all?"

Wu Ming really did not know what to say and asked many questions in a row.

But soon, it dawned on Wu Ming.

"It's the Haoran Wen Zhong."

"You broke through within the Hao Ran Wen Zhong."

Wu Ming guessed the only possibility.

"En."

Xu Qingnian nodded and replied thus.

Once this was said, the latter could not help but take a deep breath and fall into silence.

One year old king.

Twenty years old, fourth grade Martial Dao.

On top of that, he was a fourth-ranked Confucian, a double fourth-ranked Confucian and Martial artist, and he had done it all within a year.

Was this a fucking human being?

A freak couldn't even do that, right?

Wu Ming was silent, completely and utterly silent.

Looking at the silent Wu Ming, Xu Qingnian couldn't help but speak up.

"Master, rising so fast, will it have an effect?"

"Isn't it not good?"

Xu Qingnian asked, worried that there would be an effect if she ascended so fast.

But hearing this, Wu Ming cried and laughed a little.

"Shouren ah, I really don't know what to say, if it was someone else, there would definitely be problems with lifting so fast, but you don't have any problems."

"You are a flawless body, others who raise their realm need to stabilise their realm and properly strengthen their roots, while after you raise, you don't need to go and strengthen your roots because your roots are already flawless."

"So, theoretically, even if you were to become one rank overnight, it wouldn't have any effect on you."

With this explanation, Wu Ming made Xu Qingnian understand.

But in the next moment, Wu Ming continued to speak.

"However, you should not be happy, my master is not worried about your realm rising too fast, what worries me now is that you have an empty realm, but no corresponding ability."

"Martial dao, martial represents martial skills, dao represents realm, the two are united to be called martial dao, you now have the empty strength of a supreme king, but when you really fight, I am only afraid that you will not be able to do it at all."

"Shouren, you get up, I will suppress the realm to the lowest of the fourth rank and fight with you."

Saying this, Wu Ming got up and directly leapt tens of meters away, looking at Xu Qingnian and said so.

"Good."

Xu Qingnian did not hesitate, he did want to try out how strong he really was, and now that the First Grade was accompanying him, although he knew that he would definitely not be able to beat him, it still made Xu Qingnian very excited.

The two were twenty metres apart.

Wu Ming stood with his hands behind his back and nodded slightly, meaning to let Xu Qingnian make the first move.

Boom.

Without any thought, Xu Qingnian turned into a gust of wind as he cast the Golden Crow Dragon Fighting Technique towards Wu Ming to kill him.

Xu Qingnian was extremely fast, arriving in front of Wu Ming in almost an instant, the Dragon Battling Technique killing out, the Golden Crow Void evolving behind him, the aura of the King's Dao overflowing in all directions.

"Very fast, but your King's Dao True Qi is not well controlled."

Wu Ming twisted his body, before reaching out his hand and slapping Xu Qingnian on the back with a palm, also with King's Dao True Qi, but Xu Qingnian was a little pained and dodged instantly, before lunging to kill again.

"Your move is very strong, it's a dragon fighting technique with a sensitive body, it's just that it's overbearing and sinister, it doesn't suit you."

Wu Ming looked incomparably relaxed, as a First Grade, he was extremely experienced in combat, letting Xu Qingnian use both hands, Xu Qingnian could not beat him, this was just a companion practice.

The main thing was to see how strong Xu Qingnian was.

"Do your best, don't leave any room for error."

"Treat me as a real enemy."

In an instant, Wu Ming opened his mouth and told Xu Qingnian to do his utmost.

In an instant, Xu Qingnian didn't talk any more nonsense, running all the true qi in his body, killing out with the Dragon Fighting Technique, the Golden Crow and True Dragon silhouettes surfaced, evolving and intertwining behind him, and the King's Dao true qi kept spreading.

The entire Marquis Palace roared to life.

Yet no matter how Xu Qingnian lunged, Wu Ming could easily dodge and often, at the critical moment, seize his own open door, or the breach, and deliver a blow.

Deadly, but naturally Wu Ming would stay his hand and only let Xu Qingnian feel the pain.

An incense stick later.

Wu Ming slapped his palm on Xu Qingnian's heart, sending him flying tens of metres away on the spot, his body rumbling and his Qi and blood in his body tumbling violently.

Cough.

Coughing with all his might, Xu Qingnian stabilised his Qi and blood, and only after a moment did he exhale a long breath, before his gaze looked helplessly towards Wu Ming.

"It's too bad, it's too bad."

"Shouren, I originally thought that although your martial arts skills were weak, they wouldn't be that weak."

"This Dragon Battling Technique of yours, although it is very strong, you have not even utilised a tenth of it."

"Moreover, your King's Dao True Qi is also very scattered, not coalescing when it should, and coalescing when it shouldn't, so that it is full of flaws."

"If it weren't for your powerful physical body and strong roots, a random king would be able to trample you on the ground."

Xu Qingnian's fighting ability was so unbearable that Wu Ming didn't even know what to say.

"Master, you are a First Grade Martial Artist after all, it's normal for me to be unable to defeat you."

Xu Qingnian, on the other hand, was a little depressed, he knew that his martial skills were very rookie, but he didn't have to say so.

"Shouren, you don't really think that my master has taken real action, do you?"

Wu Ming enquired.

Xu Qingnian: "....."

"Master, what then?"

Xu Qingnian asked directly.

"The methods are also very simple, one is quick and one is gradual, you choose one, both of these methods are fine, I personally recommend quick."

Wu Ming said seriously.

“Quick success?”

“How quick is it? How long does it take for a gradual progression?”

Xu Qingnian was curious.

If you could achieve quick success, you would definitely achieve quick success, but you still had to ask about the time.

“For quick success, within half a year, it will give you not bad martial dao experience, for gradual progress, ten years, I think.”

Wu Ming gave his answer.

“Ten years?”

“That’s still a quick success, right? Master, how do you get quick success? Is it enlightenment?”

Xu Qingnian didn’t even want to think about the step-by-step process, ten years? It was questionable whether she could live to be ten years old.

“No, it’s not Da Da Dao, there is no such thing as Da Da Da Dao in martial arts.”

“Even if there is, I will not help you to achieve quick success like this, that will always be someone else’s thing, Shouren, keep in mind that the true martial path, every step needs to be taken by yourself.”

“As for how to achieve quick success, I will not talk about it for now, you are not fit to use this method right now.”

“I am now teaching you two martial arts divine abilities, remember them well, even if you only remember the skin, the Dragon Fighting Technique that you have learnt is not suitable for you.”

“During this time you will stay within Kyoto and study them well, my master has to leave first to cleanse his body of the demonic Qi, it is impossible to delay.”

Wu Ming spoke.

“Leaving so soon? Master?”

Xu Qingnian was filled with curiosity, he knew that Wu Ming had returned from the Devil's Domain and was tainted with demonic Qi, he just didn't expect that Wu Ming would be leaving so soon.

He had thought that he would teach himself for a few months.

"En, the devilish Qi accumulated in my master's body needs to be cleared slowly and cannot be delayed, otherwise it will cause some unnecessary trouble."

"Right now you won't be able to improve quickly either, instead, you might as well lay a good foundation first, and then come back to truly instruct you after my master has suppressed the demonic Qi for the time being."

Wu Ming spoke out, he needed to go and suppress the demonic Qi now, which was why he was in such a hurry to get Xu Qingnian to have to worship him as his master.

After all, if he delayed a little longer, he would have no time to delay.

"Understood, thanks a lot Master."

Xu Qingnian didn't think much about it and nodded his head.

Seeing Xu Qingnian in this manner, Wu Ming was satisfied and then allowed him to take his seat.

"The first Martial Dao divine Power is called Extreme Martial Demon Subduing Power."

"Rather than a divine ability, this is a martial art, as long as you convert the King's Dao True Qi in your body, into Extreme Martial Demon Subduing Energy, you will be able to perfectly control the King's Dao True Qi in your body."

"This Demon Subduing Force can evolve into all weapons as well as coalesce in fists and feet, making it very flexible with a hundred variations."

As Wu Ming spoke, a blue true qi coalesced in his hand, which was terrifying, while in Wu Ming's hand, it sometimes transformed into a war spear, sometimes into a long sword, sometimes into a large sword, or a golden needle, an ancient shield, and all sorts of other things.

In the end, it was even integrated with the fist and palm, making it even more terrifying.

This is a good thing.

Xu Qingnian's eyes lit up. To be honest, this thing was really good, it could perfectly control the King's Way True Qi in his body, and it could also change flexibly, good, good indeed.

Also just as Xu Qingnian revealed his joy, Wu Ming struck this Demon Subduing Force into his body.

“Shouren, my master has punched the Extreme Martial Demon Subduing Energy into your body, try to take the King’s Dao True Qi in your body, run through the circumference of the heavens, and then integrate it into the Extreme Martial Demon Subduing Energy.”

Wu Ming said.

“Good.”

Xu Qingnian didn’t talk nonsense and directly began to cultivate.

In an instant, the King’s Dao True Qi ran through the circumference of the heavens, the Dragon Veins ran, and in an instant a strand of Extreme Martial Demon Subduing Energy appeared.

However, the difference was that Wu Ming’s was a blue Extreme Martial Demon Subduing Energy, while his own was golden.

And Wu Ming’s Extreme Martial Demon Subduing Energy also disappeared directly after he himself had condensed it; it was Wu Ming’s Demon Subduing Energy, so it naturally could not have remained in Xu Qingnian’s body.

“Not bad.”

“To be able to condense Extreme Martial Demon Subduing Energy within ten breaths, very good, your base is too good, your Qi veins are terrifying.”

“Shouren, the cultivation of Extreme Martial Demon Subduing Energy is simple, you only need to transform all the King’s Dao True Qi in your body into Extreme Martial Demon Subduing Energy, and it will automatically improve.”

“This one is to refine your King’s Dao True Qi, making it more pure and powerful, you can understand it as another metamorphosis.”

“As for how to use the Extreme Martial Demon Subduing Force, everyone has their own understanding, so I will not interfere with you.”

Wu Ming was very satisfied, and he also envied Xu Qingnian a little, after all, when he had boiled the Extreme Martial Demon Subduing Force, it had taken him a full hour to boil a trace of it.

Xu Qingnian had only spent ten breaths of time and had already boiled it out.

How could one not be envious?

“Thank you, Master, for bestowing the magic.”

Xu Qingnian said with a bow towards Wu Ming.

“Don’t be so polite, you are my disciple, so naturally my master will do his best to teach you.”

“This second divine ability is called the Extreme Martial Three Forms, which are the Martial Emperor’s Great Hand Seal, the Martial Emperor’s Demon Subduing Palm, and the Martial Emperor’s Eight Desolate Fists.”

“In order to exert the power, you must reach the third rank, but I can teach you now, so prepare yourself.”

Wu Ming said this and directly grabbed Xu Qingnian.

In the next moment, space distorted.

Immediately afterwards, in the middle of a deserted mountain, this was near the sea, the sea breeze was blowing, there was not much life on the land, a strange rock towered on the beach, and at a glance, there was no one in the middle of nowhere.

Xu Qingnian was a little curious, wondering what Wu Ming was calling himself to do.

Just without waiting for him to ask, Wu Ming spoke out.

“Disciple, look carefully.”

“This is the Martial Emperor’s Great Hand Seal.”

Wu Ming said this, and at that moment, with a calm face, he extended his hand.

Boom.

Above the dome of the sky, a huge handprint appeared, extremely fast, like lightning, covering a hundred miles.

With a loud thunderclap, a hundred miles of mountains were destroyed on the spot, the earth trembled and the sky broke apart.

Goo.

Xu Qingnian swallowed his saliva, destroying a hundred miles with a single slap, this was too terrifying.

“When you reach the third rank, the limit of power will be like this, if there are really readers looking for death, with a single slap, you can wipe them all out.”

Wu Ming spoke out, very blandly.

And Xu Qingnian froze.

This image had already appeared in his mind.

Millions of readers, lashing out at themselves, insulting themselves, while they raised their hands and ambushed millions of corpses.

Hiss!

It was exciting to think about.

Of course this could only be thought of, slaughtering millions of readers, until the last moment, even if he had such strength, Xu Qingnian would not do so.

“Disciple, let’s go, my master will let you see the Martial Zun Demon Suppressing Palm again.”

At that moment, Wu Ming once again grabbed Xu Qingnian and directly moved away for a full half an hour.

He arrived at a valley.

Above the valley, dark clouds rolled in, black and oppressive, making people inexplicably afraid, while the valley stretched for ten thousand miles, devilish qi soared, and there was even a huge abyss around the valley, with even more devilish qi rushing inside.

“Disciple, watch out.”

Wu Ming spoke out, and the next moment the dome of the sky exploded, a giant hand fell, and in an instant, like a super volcano erupting, the core of the valley burst open, followed by a mad collapse of the ground.

As if baptized by dozens of nuclear bombs, boulders shot up into the dome of the sky, the earth sank and molten lava splashed everywhere, the image was so terrifying that it was imprinted dead in Xu Qingnian’s mind.

“This is the limit of the second grade.”

“Martial Zun Demon Subduing Palm.”

Wu Ming spoke, in order to perfectly demonstrate he incidentally subdued the demons in this valley.

“Senior!”

“You are of the first rank, why are you raiding my Abyssal Demon Valley?”

“In doing so, aren’t you afraid of provoking a battle of the First Grade?”

At the same time, however, a voice rang out in the middle of the abyss, hoarse and extremely uncomfortable, and Xu Qingnian could not help but frown slightly.

And Wu Ming caught the look and instantly looked at Xu Qingnian and said.

“It’s alright, I will cover up for you again, the true power of the First Grade.”

“The Martial Emperor’s Eight Desolate Fists.”

Wu Ming’s tone was slightly comforting, yet in the next moment, his entire aura climbed to the extreme, like that of an immortal deity.

Dazzling and dazzling.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The next moment, Wu Ming’s robe drummed without wind as he blasted out a fist, his gaze cold.

In an instant, a great terror appeared.

The vault of the sky exploded, what had been dark clouds rolling in were now directly transformed into a white aura, as if the sky had been shattered by this fist.

The blazing light reflected in the valleys, and the destructive power was unparalleled, shattering a great mountain and turning a valley into pieces.

The valley, which stretched for ten thousand miles, shook wildly, as if a million ton meteorite had smashed into the ground, molten lava erupting a thousand metres high, killing an unknown number of demons.

The abyss, which was originally a hundred feet long, had expanded in size. The terrifying sound was so deafening that if it wasn’t for the protection of the First Class, Xu Qingnian felt that if he hadn’t been so close, not only would he have been pulverised, but his ears would also have gone deaf.

In the midst of the abyss, the demon who had just made a questioning sound, even let out a miserable and incomparable scream, and then was directly burst, and the terrifying demonic Qi was shaken apart.

With this punch, it was unknown how many demons had been killed, and anyone from 100,000 miles away could feel this suffocating terror.

Xu Qingnian drew a deep breath.

This was the First Grade Heavenly Might?

With a single punch, ten thousand miles of mountains and rivers collapsed, under the First Grade, it was simply impossible to resist, a suffocating despair.

Likewise, Wu Ming's domineering aura was deeply imprinted in Xu Qingnian's heart.

When you say kill, you kill, where is the nonsense, fight if you don't submit.

Or shut up.

This was the true invincibility.

And after doing all this, Wu Ming did not have any expression, but his voice was cold and indifferent.

"Don't think that old man doesn't know anything, if you dare to invade Great Wei again, old man will wash the abyss in blood."

Wu Ming's voice was icy cold, and these words were full of ruthlessness.

He was either suddenly full of nothing to do, or really just killing demons indiscriminately just to demonstrate the moves to Xu Qingnian.

Most of the demons in the Chen Kingdom came from here, so this was a lesson and a wake-up call for them.

Let them have a good look at how powerful the First Grade is, lest they think they are good again if the First Grade does not come out.

Xu Qingnian took a deep breath.

He worshipped the martial arts more and more.

At the same time, he was even more eager to become a first-grade martial artist as soon as possible.

If he became a First Grade Martial Artist, even if he could not become a Confucian Sage, so what?

Who would dare to mess with him under the sky?

Whoever comes will die.

“Disciple, go.”

The next moment, Wu Ming took Xu Qingnian and left this place.

It was another little half an hour.

Xu Qingnian once again returned to the Marquis Mansion.

Without any nonsense, Wu Ming directly taught Xu Qingnian the Three Extreme Martial Forms, teaching him the forms first and then the techniques.

Xu Qingnian was also extremely serious, learning the styles over and over again, but as for the arts, there was no rush first, so he could take his time.

It went on until the evening.

Finally Xu Qingnian had mastered the three extreme martial arts forms, but of course it was naturally the ‘forms’ that she had mastered.

“Shouren.”

“You are extremely qualified, in less than a day, you have mastered the Style, during this time you should study diligently, including the Extreme Martial Demon Subduing Strength, you should also use it properly.”

“I have to leave first, the matter of the Wen Palace breaking away, with my master around, they don’t dare to jump around during this period of time, don’t worry.”

Wu Ming spoke out, he was extremely confident that with him suppressing the Great Wei, the Wen Palace would not dare to break away.

When he said this, Xu Qingnian also nodded, and a stone fell from his heart.

If the Palace of Literature did not break away, then he could do a lot of things himself, let the country develop and really prosper, so that even if the Palace of Literature broke away, although there would still be influence.

But it would not be as bad as it is now, where one would look somewhat helpless in the face of all sorts of problems.

“Thank you, Master, for your teachings, my apprentice will bear them in mind.”

Xu Qingnian made a serious pilgrimage.

“Don’t be polite.”

“My master knows that your heart is for the people of Great Wei, this is a very good point, and it is because of this that my master is willing to accept you as a disciple.”

“You have the possibility of becoming a sage of literature and a martial emperor on earth.”

“Except that very often, one cannot do everything alone, and by doing what needs to be done, one must also plan and think well for oneself.”

“If Great Wei can only be held up by your talents alone, then sooner or later, it will also perish.”

Wu Ming was very satisfied with Xu Qingnian’s loyalty and love for his country, which was an excellent quality of morality, but there were still some things Wu Ming had to say.

Xu Qingnian had done too many things for the Great Wei, and there was no problem that he cared about the life of the Great Wei, but there was a limit to what one person could do in a lifetime, and for the Great Wei, even if this crisis was solved, there would be another crisis.

If we rely on just one person, even if Wei does not fall, it will fall sooner or later.

To make Great Wei truly prosperous, it needs a group of people, not just him, Xu Qingnian.

When these words were spoken, Xu Qingnian was slightly silent.

After thinking about it, Xu Qingnian nodded and said.

“Master, my apprentice understands, and my apprentice will think about it seriously, but no matter what, my apprentice will still finish a few things, and when the time comes, my apprentice will make a choice.”

Xu Qingnian gave his reply.

What Wu Ming had said was exactly right.

But what was also clear to Xu Qingnian was that some things had to be left to himself.

If he did not govern Great Wei well to come, he would not be able to quietly cultivate himself, and after all, he could not give up his own Confucianism.

“En.”

“Disciple, do you have any more questions? If not, my master will have to leave.”

Wu Ming spoke out and asked this.

“Master, there are no more questions.”

“If I have to say it, Master, my apprentice really has a question, but it is about the Great Wei Wen Palace.”

Xu Qingnian spoke out, not knowing if his master knew.

It was about the Great Wei Wen Palace after all.

“You speak.”

Wu Ming asked.

“Master, I don’t know if it was an apprentice’s misconception.”

“It is true that my apprentice has an enmity with the Great Wei Literary Palace, but it is a personal enmity, no matter how much more, the Great Wei Literary Palace is a holy place for the world’s scholars, and half of the great scholars in the world come from the Great Wei Literary Palace.”

“In theory, even if they want to suppress my disciple and take revenge on him, they can’t just leave the world’s people alone, right?”

“This time in the State of Chen, no matter how I think about it, I don’t think they should have not stepped in, furthermore, if the Zhu Sheng lineage doesn’t step in, is it hard to say that there are no great scholars in the Great Wei Literary Palace who are not of the Zhu Sheng lineage?”

“My disciple can’t understand why these great Confucians, why didn’t they make a move? It’s not as if the Zhu Sheng lineage won’t let them fight, right?”

Xu Qingnian voiced the doubts in his mind.

Once this was said, Wu Ming’s expression looked unusually serious.

“Shouren.”

“Do you know what is another reason why my master is willing to take you as a disciple?”

Wu Ming did not answer directly, but asked Xu Qingnian about this.

“Why?”

Xu Qingnian frowned slightly, but soon he uttered an answer.

“Is it because my apprentice is not a reader of the Great Wei Palace of Literature?”

Xu Qingnian replied tentatively.

Just to his surprise, Wu Ming nodded and said.

“Right.”

The word “right” made the whole matter inexplicably complicated and confusing.

“Shouren, remember what my master said, never get too close to any of the great scholars of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, not that none of them are good people, but at least there are not many good people.”

“Even, from their point of view, they are not bad people, it’s just that their interests drive them to do so.”

Wu Ming looked incomparably serious, telling Xu Qingnian not to get too close to any of the great scholars of the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

“What interests?”

Xu Qingnian was still curious, what interests could make the Great Wei Literary Palace rather pay so much? It had even gone against its own principles.

Financial power? That was impossible, if the Great Wei Wen Gong really wanted the financial power, all of the people up and down Great Wei, except for the Emperor, could basically be the Wen Gong’s people.

“Making saints.”

Wu Ming spoke indifferently and spat out two words.

These two words, however, caused Xu Qingnian to stare in disbelief.

“Saint-making?”

Xu Qingnian was a little shocked, could saints still be created?

“En.”

“This involves the true secret.”

“Between heaven and earth, there are the forces of yin and yang, the Haozheng Qi belongs to the yang force, the grievances of all beings belong to the yin force, and the yang force is also divided into many kinds, the Haozheng Qi is one, the people’s public opinion is one, the dynasty’s national luck is one, and supreme merit is also one.”

“Yang power and yin power are something indescribable, something truly incredible.”

“Understandably, between heaven and earth, martial artists, immortal schools, Confucianism, and Buddhism are all yang forces in essence, while demons, evil cultivators, darkness, the unknown, and the bizarre, all of these are yin forces in essence.”

“The limit of a martial artist is the first grade, if you have enough yang power, then you don’t need to cultivate and can become a first grade martial artist overnight.”

“For demon and evil cultivators, if they have enough yin power, they can also step into the first rank overnight.”

“Except that Yang power is transformed into public opinion, Hao Rong Qi, faith, and merit, while Yin power is an emotion, the emotion of all beings, which is why demons can break through as long as they devour resentful souls.”

Wu Ming explained the real secret in detail.

Xu Qingnian listened with great interest.

“And the readers cultivate Hao Rang Zheng Qi, innately possessing Yang power to suppress the evil demons of heaven and earth, but the power of faith gained, as well as merit and also public opinion, will be absorbed by the state.”

“So this is the purpose of the Great Wei Palace of Literature breaking away, they want to establish a state of the readers, so that the world’s beings will believe in them and have the public opinion of their own selves, as well as countless merits.”

“In that case, the yang power they received could potentially create a saint.”

“So, they are not really targeting you at all, you are just an obstacle for them.”

“When they really wanted to target you, before you had become a great Confucian, they could have left you dead and buried, how could they have allowed you to form a climate?”

“But now it’s different, you are still not their main objective, but you have become their biggest obstacle, and the good thing is that you have also become a climate.”

“Especially, with my master around, it is even more impossible for them to touch you.”

Wu Ming replied, and with these words, Xu Qingnian understood thoroughly what was going on with the Great Wei Wen Palace.

It turned out that they weren’t targeting themselves at all, they were just an obstacle, one that they didn’t expect to form a climate.

“This is not right, if this is the case, why didn’t they leave Great Wei long ago? When Zhu Sheng was around, he could have detached himself completely on his own, ah.”

Xu Qingnian immediately realised that something was wrong.

According to this, why wait until now? When Zhu Sheng was alive, why didn’t he do so?

But once this was said, Wu Ming’s following reply caused Xu Qingnian to completely freeze.

“This statement was put forward by Zhu Sheng.”

“Not long after it was put forward, Zhu Sheng passed away, and in the same year, the world was in turmoil with demons, and 90% of the great scholars in the Great Wei Palace of Literature perished before this turmoil was stopped.”

“In this, there are too many things involved, too many things, you should not think about it, even the old man would not dare to guess, five hundred years have passed.”

“No matter what the truth is, just live in the present moment.”

Wu Ming uttered a heavenly mystery.

This caused Xu Qingnian to completely freeze.

The saint-making plan had been proposed by Zhu Sheng.

As a result, Zhu Sheng passed away not long after proposing it, and then in the same year, the demons were in turmoil and the Confucian family was dead and injured.

This was not even to mention conspiracy theories, even a brainless person would know that there was something wrong here.

Just looking at Wu Ming's expression, as well as Wu Ming's tone of voice, Xu Qingnian realised that it was not his turn to look into this matter, nor was he qualified to do so.

"My apprentice understands."

Xu Qingnian nodded, he himself was not qualified enough to study this matter right now.

"Master, does that mean that the Great Wei Palace of Literature broke away in order to create a saint?"

Xu Qingnian asked.

"En, but there is one thing not to be forgotten, the real purpose of the Palace of Literature to create saints is actually still to raise the status of the scholars and give them a real voice."

"Since the death of Zhu Sheng, the Great Wei Palace of Literature has indeed changed too, conspiracy theory or not, speculation or not, these readers have changed their quality."

"Their obsessions are so deep that if they were not great Confucians, they would only have become demonic, but it is not as if there have been no Confucians who have become demonic since ancient times."

"All in all, don't mess with this bunch, their obsession is deep and their plans, too, are very frightening."

"When it really comes to that, it's not something that the Great Wei Dynasty can influence, and even more so, it's not something that our master and disciple can influence."

"So for Great Wei, there is a lack of a saint and a lack of a new First Grade."

"Shouren, if your heart is truly for the world, then you must make a good choice sooner rather than later."

"If you want to rely on one person to save the day, then you must do what no one else has done before or since, and if both the civil and military are of one rank, then the world is yours to say."

"Put your eyes, gradually, back from the Great Wei, to look at the entire dust world and the five continents."

Wu Ming said seriously.

And Xu Qingnian was somewhat silent.

After a short while, Xu Qingnian took a deep breath.

With a firm gaze, he said.

“Disciple understands.”

Hearing these words, Wu Ming nodded, then resumed his gentle smile and said.

“Alright, disciple, next you cultivate well.”

“My master will first go to deal with the matter of demonic qi, and will come to you in half a month at the earliest, or a month at the slowest.”

“By then, if you have any questions, my master will answer them all.”

“By the way, if someone wants to take you as a disciple, don’t say yes.”

“Also, take this jade pendant and put a drop of your blood into it, if you are in danger, crush the pendant and my master will step in to protect you at the first opportunity.”

Wu Ming said at the end and handed a jade pendant to Xu Qingnian.

“Many thanks, Master.”

“Greetings, Master.”

Accepting the jade pendant, Xu Qingnian sent Wu Ming off respectfully, while the latter did not say anything and directly disappeared into the spot.

And at the same time.

Yang Hu’s voice rang out in the distance.

“Marquis.”

“Chen Zhengru, Lord Chen is here.”

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“Marquis, Lord Chen Zhengru Chen is here.”

Along with Yang Hu’s voice rang out.

Xu Qingnian came back to his senses.

“Lord Chen Zhengru?”

Xu Qingnian became somewhat curious, but still walked towards the outside to greet Chen Zhengru.

The lobby of the marquis' residence.

Chen Zhengru sat quietly in the hall, not knowing what to think about.

When Xu Qingnian appeared, Chen Zhengru got up at once.

“Shouren, ah.”

“How are you preparing for this year's imperial examinations?”

“The candidates have basically arrived, the examination will start tomorrow, you have to give me the test questions as soon as possible ah.”

Chen Zhengru opened his mouth and said this first thing first.

Only when he said this, Xu Qingnian was a little confused.

“Test questions?”

What kind of test questions?

Xu Qingnian hadn't thought about the imperial examinations for a while, he knew there was such a thing, but he didn't care about it for the time being.

Chen Zhengru suddenly asked himself about it all of a sudden, which made Xu Qingnian a little confused.

Hiss.

In a flash, Chen Zhengru couldn't help but draw in a mouthful of cold air and looked at Xu Qingnian and said.

“Shouren, don't joke with me, you didn't think of the test questions, did you?”

Chen Zhengru looked at Xu Qingnian, his eyes filled with disbelief.

When this was said, Xu Qingnian immediately shook his head and rejected it on the spot.

“Minister Chen, how could I dare to forget about the imperial examinations.”

“It’s already prepared.”

Xu Qingnian gave a reply, not caring if it was prepared or not in the first place, he couldn’t say it wasn’t anyway, or he would have to take the blame.

“Fine, then you write it to me, and I will personally send it to the tribute courtyard.”

Chen Zhengru opened his mouth, his eyes full of disbelief, and he had to ask Xu Qingnian to write it out before he could say anything.

“How can I write out the test questions directly? I will go to the tribute court tomorrow.”

“Minister Chen, is there anything else?”

Xu Qingnian made a direct reply, not because he couldn’t make it up at the moment, but because he didn’t want to mess around, after all, this was the imperial examination, the first imperial examination of the new Wei dynasty.

After all, it was the first time the new dynasty of the Great Wei had taken part in the exams, so they had to deal with it properly.

The first time I heard Xu Qingnian say this, Chen Zhengru was really a bit suspicious, but thought that Xu Qingnian, no matter what, could not joke about the imperial examinations, so Chen Zhengru could not help but open his mouth and say.

“The Gathering Pavilion and the Heavenly Engineering Pavilion have already been built, and all six ministries have placed officials in them to select talents, and all counties are also building branch libraries.”

“I have already asked the Ministry of Finance to allocate funds, and the expenses needed for talent selection are not a small expense.”

“The Ministry of Works is now also vigorously developing the matter of li Liangtian, by the way, someone has made one such thing, it is from Baojia County in Nanping Province, Shouren, take a look.”

Chen Zhengru said the second thing, about the Juxian Pavilion and the Tian Gong Ge.

At the same time, Chen Zhengru turned around and picked up a piece of rice paper on the table, on which something was drawn, and handed it to Xu Qingnian.

With just a glance, Xu Qingnian could not help but be surprised.

“A ploughing tool?”

Xu Qingnian could tell what it was at a glance, the drawing was a wooden tool in the shape of an ox, and at a glance, he knew that it was something that was used to plough the ground.

“En, this is a ploughing tool, this thing is currently in the Ministry of Works, it has some role, but not a very big role, the Ministry of Works skillful craftsmen made modifications, it is more convenient and simple, and it is particularly effective, it runs with gears, as long as a person exerts a little force, this ploughing tool can easily plough the ground.”

“It is most excellent for clearing the land.”

Chen Zhengru said so, while Xu Qingnian watched attentively.

After a long time, Xu Qingnian asked someone to fetch a brush and then made some modifications to the ploughing tool, which was mainly a matter of mechanics.

Subtle modifications can make the tool more convenient and the person using it more effortless, which is the function of the tool.

Xu Qingnian made seven changes, but Chen Zhengru, who was not very knowledgeable about artisanal machinery, could understand a little.

If he really couldn't understand it, a phrase Xu Qingnian Vanguard would be the end of it.

“Lord Chen, give this to the Ministry of Industry, study it properly, this thing is very useful, if it is done well, it can be better than ploughing cattle, for the development of Great Wei, excellent.”

Xu Qingnian said seriously.

The ploughing artifacts, not to mention achieving the exact same ability as the ploughing oxen, even half of it is not good enough, after all, the ploughing oxen also need to rest, but the artifacts do not.

Moreover, ploughing oxen are expensive, and even if Great Wei had the money now, it would not be possible to have one for every household, not just because of the silver, but because there are only so many.

How many barren fields were there in Great Wei? How many peasants are there? One for each family was definitely not possible.

“En.”

Chen Zhengru took the drawing, and then nodded, he also understood the importance of this object, and deliberately came over to let Xu Qingnian look at it, just to hear Xu Qingnian's meaning.

“Lord Chen, the person who invented this object should be rewarded with an official position and given a thousand taels, and the Juxian Hall and the Heavenly Engineering Pavilion should issue a public announcement to make it known to the world.”

Xu Qingnian added another sentence, but instead of a commanding tone, he proposed.

“This has already been taken up by the Ministry of Officials.”

Chen Zhengru also nodded, while Chen Zhengru spoke of a third matter.

“Shouren, is your master still around?”

Chen Zhengru inquired.

“No longer, something has left, but he is still within Kyoto.”

Xu Qingnian gave his answer, but was also a little curious, wondering why Chen Zhengru was asking this for good reason.

“Understood, Shouren, when the examinations are over, you should quickly go to the Great Wei Palace of Literature and carefully read the sage's manual.”

“It is of great value, especially to you now, and has the opportunity to become a saint.”

“The Great Wei Wen Palace may break away at any time, and once it does, I think they will take these things with them.”

Chen Zhengru spoke out, reminding Xu Qingnian to go to the Great Wei Palace of Literature to take a look at the Holy Book when the examination was over, after all, Xu Qingnian's next step would be to become a saint.

Hearing this, Xu Qingnian nodded, but there was no one in the lobby, Xu Qingnian invited Chen Zhengru to take his seat, and immediately afterwards said with a serious expression.

“Minister Chen, who will leave and who will stay when the Great Wei Palace of Literature breaks away?”

With Yi Pin present, Xu Qingnian also believed that the Great Wei Wen Gong could not possibly dare to leave so soon, originally he thought it would take almost three months, but now Xu Qingnian felt that they would not be able to leave within this year.

If they really dared to go, with Wu Ming's methods, they would really dare to kill as well.

But Xu Qingnian still had to ask a question, knowing oneself and one's enemy would win a hundred battles.

Hearing Xu Qingnian's words, Chen Zhengru was slightly silent. Seeing that Chen Zhengru was silent, Xu Qingnian immediately spoke out.

"If it's not good to say, it's fine."

Xu Qingnian spoke up, after all, Chen Zhengru was a member of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, so it was normal for him not to say anything about certain things.

Only Chen Zhengru shook his head and said.

"Shouren, you are thinking too much."

"There is nothing to say or not say in this matter, although I am a great Confucian of the Palace of Literature, the Great Wei Palace of Literature has marginalised me ever since I made my speech."

Chen Zhengru gave his reply, he was not bad at saying it, but was thinking about it.

When this was said, Xu Qingnian believed that a gentleman who establishes his own words represents his own establishment of heart, and Chen Zhengru established his words as the Great Wei's national peace, but it was also because of this establishment that Chen Zhengru was able to become the Prime Minister.

But it was also because of this establishment that Chen Zhengru was able to become the Prime Minister of Great Wei, the Prime Minister of Great Wei.

Otherwise, among the civil and military officials, why could Chen Zhengru become the Prime Minister of Great Wei? If we talk about means, is there no one among the hundred officials who has better means than Chen Zhengru? If we talk about status, are there no great scholars in the Great Wei Palace of Literature?

After all, Chen Zhengru is the best candidate because he is neither on the side of the emperor, nor on the side of the hundred officials, nor on the side of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, but on the side of the Great Wei Dynasty.

He is on the side of the Great Wei Dynasty. Xu Qingnian's heart is for the people of Great Wei and the people of the world, while Chen Zhengru's heart is for the country.

Xu Qingnian was the only one who did not have to defend him, because in theory they shared the same philosophy and were considered like-minded.

“However, although the Great Wei Wen Palace expelled Lao Fu, there is still a lot of information that cannot be hidden from Lao Fu within the Great Wei Wen Palace.”

“The Great Wei Literary Palace is determined to break away this time, when the time comes, those who can truly stay, putting aside ulterior motives, there will be no more than five Great Confucians left, and as for the Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, I’m afraid there will only be one Xunru.”

Chen Zhengru gave a reply, which was his guess.

“No more than five Great Confucians, as for the Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, only Xunru remains.”

This news made Xu Qingnian somewhat silent, within the Great Wei Palace of Literature, there were not many Great Confucians, usually 30 to 40 Great Confucians, after all, most of them, were scattered all over the world, preaching and receiving teachings.

After all, most of the great scholars are scattered all over the world, whether they are preaching and teaching or learning about life, they cannot stay at the Great Wei Palace all the time.

But Chen Zhengru’s intention was clear: if the Great Wei Palace of Literature were to leave, then these great scholars would be even less likely to return.

Perhaps they would occasionally return to visit their relatives, but only to visit them, and they were destined to drift apart from the Great Wei Dynasty.

“With Yi Pin around, would they still break away?”

Xu Qingnian continued to ask.

But when this was said, Chen Zhengru couldn’t help but let out a long sigh and said.

“It is because with First Class out there, the Great Wei Wen Gong is only afraid of breaking away even faster.”

“Shouren, the matter of the Great Wei Literary Palace breaking away has become a foregone conclusion, it is useless even if anyone comes, your master has the ability to kill, but can killing alone solve the problem?”

“Furthermore, Shouren, you must persuade your master, it is not that you cannot kill, but the more you kill, the more trouble there will be for your master as well.”

“If you kill a Confucian of the first rank, you will not suffer punishment from heaven and earth, but the yang power in the human world will decrease and the yin power will

increase, and in Buddhist terms, the yin power will breed demons to plague the earth, and all this calamitous karma will be counted on your master's head."

"But what is truly frightening is not this, but the heart of the readers, it is not impossible to suppress it by force, it is just that simply suppressing it by force will definitely go to an irreversible situation in the end."

"The Zhu Sheng lineage, there is a reason why it has become the top of the world's readers, it is definitely not as simple as it seems."

"That day, Senior Yi Pin humiliated the Half-Sage, and even made the Palace of Literature stained with blood, Shouren, do you really think that the Palace of Literature has no means to resist?"

"Senior Yi Pin was testing the waters, and I even think that this senior did not expect the Palace of Literature to not resist either."

"But the more non-resistance means that the greater the determination of the Great Wei Palace of Literature to break away, and the more terrifying what the Great Wei Palace of Literature is plotting."

"Perhaps, it will really lead to a great calamity."

Chen Zhengru replied, telling Xu Qingnian the truth, that the day Wu Ming made the Palace of Literature stained with blood, although it was overbearing, and although it made people feel happy, it also appeared that the Palace of Literature was incompetent.

But in reality, it was not that the Palace of Literature was incompetent, it was just that the Palace of Literature did not want to really use its great killing weapon because of this matter.

"Under the First Grade Heavenly Might, what other great killing tools does the Palace of Literature have?"

Xu Qingnian was somewhat puzzled, with the strength of the First Grade, destroying the heavens and destroying the earth, what other great killing tools did the Palace of Literature have?

"The power of the world's readers."

"It is superior to everything."

"This is great power, with the holy will, and with the holy weapon of the Palace of Literature, the First Grade can be fearless when it comes, Shouren, think about it yourself, throughout the ages, First Grade martial artists come out poorly and constantly, there are always some at least for one era."

“But has there ever been one saint in an era? Five hundred years ago, it was the Vermilion Saint. Do you know how long the saints before the Vermilion Saint were separated by? A whole eight thousand years, eight thousand and fifty years ago the fourth saint of the human race was born.”

“Eight thousand years later, five hundred years ago, the fifth saint of the human race was born, do you think the Confucian Way would not be strong?”

“It’s just that the Confucian Way is strong, not presented in individuals, but in the world’s readers.”

“A few Great Confucian scholars of Heaven and Earth, a dozen or so, killed by the First Phenomenon senior, would not have any impact, but if he killed all the scholars of the Palace of Literature, do you think there would be no impact?”

“It’s just that he can withstand these effects, but after killing all the readers in the Great Wei Palace of Literature, would there be no other readers in the Zhu Sheng lineage?”

Chen Zhengru’s words spoke the truth.

Xu Qingnian actually knew in his heart that the Great Wei Literary Palace could not be so incompetent, and it was absolutely impossible for a literary saint to be that weak, as it took hundreds or thousands of years for a saint to emerge.

How could a saint of literature, who was above all systems, be that simple? Of course, Wu Ming was not wrong, because according to combat ability, a saint was indeed inferior to him.

It was just a matter of, being able to kill and not being able to kill, as well as being able to kill and not being able to kill.

“They hold back, preferring to have the Palace of Literature stained with blood, rather than stepping in to stop it, in order to try to get the Great Wei Palace of Literature out of The group of people are really strong-willed.”

Xu Qingnian could not help but feel some emotion, saying so.

“No.”

“Not strong-willed, but the interests are too great. Shouren, your master should have talked to you about the real purpose of the Great Wei Literature Palace breaking away, right?”

Chen Zhengru asked.

“En, said so.”

Xu Qingnian nodded.

“To become a saint is the dream of the world’s scholars, and the purpose of the Great Wei Literary Palace is not simply to create saints, but to create supreme saints.”

“If it succeeds, Confucianism will undergo a sea change, as to what the change is, I am not sure, but what I have vaguely heard is that from now on, Confucianism will be the true number one system, and no system can compare to Confucianism.”

“To use their meaning, in the future, the Confucian Way will see the phenomenon of a ten-ranked scholar beheading a nine-ranked martial artist.”

Chen Zhengru said this.

When this was said, Xu Qingnian could not help but make a sound.

“Lips and words? Poetry to kill the enemy?”

Xu Qingnian almost blurted out.

Just as soon as this was said, Chen Zhengru frowned slightly, thought for a while and then gave a reply.

“Not sure, it’s possible, but it’s also unlikely, it should be through the power of heaven and earth.”

“It doesn’t matter what means, the truly important purpose, if the Great Wei Palace of Literature succeeds, it will create a Literature Saint, three Sub-Saints, ten Half-Saints, as for how many Great Confucians and Great Confucians there are in Heaven and Earth, one can only imagine.”

“In that case, Shouren, do you think that the world’s scholars will vow to follow the Great Wei Palace of Literature even more?”

Chen Zhengru was not sure what the future changes in Confucianism would be, but these were not important, what really mattered was the determination of the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

“One Literary Saint, three Sub-Saints and ten Half-Saints? That’s impossible!”

Xu Qingnian rejected it outright, not that he looked down on the Great Wei Literature Palace, but if he could create so many saints in one breath, wouldn’t Confucianism be invincible in the next five hundred years?

“Indeed, it is impossible.”

“But it is precisely because of this impossibility that they are somewhat cautious, somewhat scrupulous. If it were highly probable, Shouren, do you think the Great Wei Palace of Literature would still be holding back like this?”

“Would they still wait until today to break away from Great Wei?”

Chen Zhengru also thought it was impossible, and even the Great Wei Wen Gong itself thought it was impossible, and it was because of this improbability that the Great Wei Wen Gong was cautious.

Otherwise, the Great Wei Palace of Literature would have broken away long ago, and would have led the world’s scholars into trouble.

“Shouren, you have to remember that right now the secession of the Great Wei Literary Palace is a foregone conclusion, and tomorrow morning at the court, I am only afraid that His Majesty will also bring up this matter.”

“Originally, I had budgeted that the Great Wei Literary Palace should wait at least three months before they would secede, as this is not the best time, but because of the First Grade Martial Artist’s appearance, it is likely that within a month, they will be seceding.”

“Even tomorrow, they might break away from Great Wei.”

“You have to be prepared and ready for anything.”

Chen Zhengru said extremely seriously, he was not joking, but extremely serious.

Xu Qingnian understood what Chen Zhengru meant, the appearance of the First Grade Martial Artists had indeed suppressed the Great Wei Palace of Literature, but the problem was that the more they suppressed the Great Wei Palace of Literature, the more they allowed the Great Wei Palace of Literature to take advantage of it.

Originally, the empress used the power of the world’s public opinion to suppress the Great Wei Palace of Literature, so that the other side did not dare to leave so soon.

But the appearance of the First Class, although it has stained the Palace of Literature with blood, is also an opportunity for them, and now one can think with one’s toes how they will spin this matter.

We were bullied by Xu Qingnian in the Great Wei, and now we are being bullied by his master. Do we still have to be oppressed by martial artists for the sake of heaven and earth?

Brothers, do you think we should stay or not? It’s not that we don’t want you, it’s that the Wei court is too bullying.

I'm afraid that after today, the whole world will have spread the word about this speech.

"Understood."

Xu Qingnian nodded, only his mood looked a little complicated.

The stone that had originally fallen down had inexplicably reappeared.

Only, Xu Qingnian couldn't help but frown and say.

"But after all, Great Wei has Yi Pin in it."

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth, although what Chen Zhengru said was not the slightest bit problematic, but you absolutely cannot spare the First Pin ah, even if the readers of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, when they really dare to go to their deaths, but are the people above them willing to die?

"I understand, so I am also curious as to what methods the Great Wei Literary Palace will use to deter the First Grade."

"Moreover, Shouren, you must remember that the scholars since ancient times have not been afraid of death, they just need a reason not to be afraid of death."

"The Palace of Literature, will help them find a reason."

"Also, if you don't have an absolute bottom line before, Shouren, kill as few Confucians as possible in the future; killing can only shut them up for a while, but not for the rest of their lives."

"If you become a saint, many things will be easier to do."

Chen Zhengru understood what Xu Qingnian meant, and he was also curious as to what means the Great Wei Palace of Literature would use.

But no matter what the tactics were, disengagement was a foregone conclusion, and Chen Zhengru had deliberately reminded Xu Qingnian.

To break the impasse.

One had to become a saint. Becoming a saint did not necessarily allow one to save the day, but becoming a saint would allow one to jump off the chessboard and become the chess master, even if the situation was bad, one would not be reduced to a pawn.

"The student has been taught, thank you Chen Ru."

Xu Qingnian bowed towards Chen Zhengru.

And Chen Zhengru immediately bowed towards Xu Qingnian and said with some tears and laughter, "Shouren, don't be so modest, now you are already a great scholar of heaven and earth."

"To be honest, if you bow to me like this, I will have to break my life, calling you Shouren is already the limit, if you become a saint, I will have to call you Xu Sheng."

Chen Zhengru was a bit flustered.

The great scholars of heaven and earth called themselves students and bowed to a great scholar? Wasn't that a travesty of the world.

However, Xu Qingnian shook his head and said, "There must be a teacher for all three of us, as Chen Ru said, it is enough for students to know the truth, status is just a floating cloud."

As Xu Qingnian said this, an invisible force gradually dissipated, which was originally intended to be placed on Chen Zhengru, but as soon as Xu Qingnian said this, it was gone.

"There must be a teacher for all three."

Chen Zhengru pondered a little, and after a while, he bowed deeply towards Xu Qingnian and said, "Thank you Xu Ru for your advice, I understand."

"Shouren, you still need to hold on to the matter of the imperial examinations, the rest of the matters, put it aside for now, when the sky falls, someone will naturally hold it up."

"There is also no need to put all the pressure on you alone, although we are a bit old, we can still do something."

Chen Zhengru spoke out, he knew that Xu Qingnian was under a lot of pressure, so he spoke out to persuade him not to take everything on himself.

"Understood."

Xu Qingnian replied.

Soon, Chen Zhengru took the drawings and headed outside.

Inside the main hall.

Xu Qingnian also sat quietly by himself.

After a few moments, Xu Qingnian took out a piece of white paper, and then wanted to put words on it.

Suddenly, a voice rang out.

“Senior Brother.”

It was Chen Xinghe’s voice.

“Greetings, senior brother.”

Xu Qingnian lifted his brush and turned around to look at Chen Xinghe.

Outside the door, Chen Xinghe walked in slowly, dressed in a plain suit.

“Senior brother, after the examinations are over, senior brother plans to go back and see his master, it has been half a year since we left, how do you plan to do so?”

Chen Xinghe asked out loud, having come to meet Xu Qingnian to go home together.

“Uh, when?”

Xu Qingnian opened her mouth and asked.

“Tomorrow’s examinations, senior brother considering that you still have to review your essays, will you go on the 20th of the first month?”

Chen Xinghe gave an answer, it was now the ninth day of the first month, which was eleven days later.

“The twentieth day of the first month? Good, if it’s not too busy, I’ll go.”

Xu Qingnian thought about it, subconsciously he did not want to go back because there were too many things going on in Great Wei, but when the words came to his mouth, Xu Qingnian changed them.

After all, it had been almost a year since he had left Ping’an County, so it would be good to go back and see his teacher and meet some acquaintances.

Just think of it as taking a break.

As for the matter of the Palace of Literature, although Chen Zhengru said this, but the Great Wei is still a product in the end, it is impossible to detach tomorrow, speed up a bit is normal, tomorrow, it is not normal.

“Good, then senior brother will write a letter back, but you consider the situation, if you do not go, it is fine, after all, business is important.”

Chen Xinghe was a little surprised, he hadn't planned that Xu Qingnian would go along, after all, Xu Qingnian had so many things to do.

Now he was a bit embarrassed, if he went back with Xu Qingnian, wouldn't he be unable to pretend to beep?

"Good, but senior brother, there is no need to write a letter, otherwise there will be a whole bunch of people in and out of the county."

"Just go back quietly."

Xu Qingnian spoke up, he was worried that once this letter was written, there would be people all over Ping'an County when he turned around.

"That's right."

"Right, there's another thing, Lu Ziyang said that the party has changed, saying that the clan has an important matter and will come back to you in a few days."

Chen Xinghe mentioned another matter.

"Good."

Xu Qingnian didn't care about the matter, it was better to postpone it now, there were also a lot of things going on now.

After receiving the reply, the next moment, Chen Xinghe looked at Xu Qingnian and said with some curiosity.

"By the way, senior brother, what are you doing by mentioning this?"

"To write the test questions for tomorrow's imperial examinations."

Xu Qingnian replied directly.

When this was said, Chen Xinghe immediately revealed a look of surprise.

He then coughed slightly and said, "So that's how it is, then fine, then you can write it, I will leave you alone."

After Chen Xinghe said this, he stood aside and did not say a word.

Xu Qingnian: "....."

"Senior brother, aren't you tired of standing here?"

Xu Qingnian said with a slightly far-fetched smile.

“Not tired, it’s fine, you write, senior brother won’t bother you.”

Chen Xinghe said seriously.

But after Xu Qingnian kept looking embarrassed, Chen Xinghe sighed and left the lobby somewhat disappointed, and in his heart he even lamented.

“Senior brother, senior brother, it’s alright for you to protect yourself from the villain, you even protect yourself from the gentleman, sigh.”

Chen Xinghe left.

But Xu Qingnian didn’t write it out either, he already had the test questions in his mind anyway.

More time, Xu Qingnian still couldn’t help but think, what means would the Great Wei Wen Gong use to break away from the Wen Gong? And is it still an accelerated breakaway?

Xu Qingnian couldn’t imagine that Wu Ming had even said such harsh words.

What other means did the Great Wei Palace of Literature have?

And at this moment.

The Great Wei Palace of Literature.

In the small world.

There were still hundreds of figures of the Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth appearing, while the central area was still empty.

All of them were virtual shadows, not appearing in their own right, formed with Hao Rang Qi.

“Xu Qingnian is really not a son of man!”

“How dare he force us to be so unbearable, that master of his, he even stepped on us so fiercely, making the Palace of Literature stained with blood, half-saint, if we don’t take action, this humiliation will become our heart’s demon ah.”

Cao Ru’s voice was the first to ring out.

He was the most humiliated, for his own father was kneeling outside the capital of Great Wei.

Those gossips and rumours were really unsettling inside him.

Everyone was quiet, the crowd naturally knew about this matter, and they did not make a sound, nor did they know what to say in reply.

“Cao Ru, don’t be so angry, the half-saints naturally have a solution, besides it is not a good thing for us to be so humiliated.”

Fang Ru’s voice rang out, his real daddy was also kneeling outside Kyoto, only he was not as angry as Cao Ru, instead he was very calm.

“A good thing?”

Cao Ru’s voice calmed down, though his tone carried some doubt.

“Today’s humiliation has been witnessed by the whole world, no matter who is right or wrong, there must be no bloodshed, and the recklessness of the martial artists has made the Palace of Literature stained with blood.”

“It is even better to humiliate us, the great scholars of heaven and earth, but even the half-saints of my Zhu Sheng lineage have been mercilessly humiliated.”

“Indeed, it is humiliating, but this humiliation can just become the strongest weapon for us.”

“Saints cannot be humiliated, and this martial artist has even humiliated the Vermilion Sage, and the world’s readers already hate him to death.”

“Originally, the empress stepped in to suppress us with the public opinion of the world, now that we have been humiliated in such a way, we can prepare to break away from the Palace of Literature as soon as possible.”

“And this time, it can be detached completely and utterly, with only a small number of people left behind.”

Fang Ru opened his mouth and spoke out this matter to the point.

Once this was said, the crowd of Heaven and Earth Great Confucians were a little surprised, and then after thinking about it carefully, they found that this was indeed the case.

It wasn’t that they hadn’t thought of it, they just hadn’t thought of it for a while.

“Is this what the half-saints meant?”

Cao Ru inquired.

“No, it’s just an old man’s guess.”

“But think about it, all of you, this martial artist has made the Palace of Literature stained with blood, do you really think that the Great Wei Palace of Literature has no means?”

“It’s just that there’s no need to go any farther because of this matter, and then again, there’s no expectation that this Wufu would really dare to kill.”

“But this time, although he killed painfully, but also sowed the root of trouble, the world’s readers will be resentful because of this, we humiliated, the world’s readers also humiliated.”

“We only need to make good use of this humiliation, and when the critical moment comes, the Palace of Literature breaks away and unleashes the power of the world’s readers, will he still dare to kill?”

“The big deal is that we will die generously, and he will be suppressed and killed by the power of the world’s readers.”

“It is fine to kill one person, or ten, but would he dare to kill all the scholars in the world? You know, the Great Wei is far from safe.”

“If he really kills all of us, it would be difficult for him not to die.”

Fang Ru’s voice was cold, but what he said was all true.

It was fine to kill one Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, and it was fine to kill ten Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth, but every time you killed one, the hatred of the world’s readers would become one point stronger.

When the power of the world’s scholars is added together, it is really not something that a single First Rank can resist.

Moreover, the Confucian students in the Great Wei Palace of Literature represent the most elite group, but the great Confucians stationed in the Palace of Literature have long been among the nations.

The worst that could happen would be to sacrifice a group of them, but he would also have to pay with his life, and the Great Wei Dynasty would have to pay an even more grievous price.

After all, if so many Confucian students were slaughtered, wouldn't the world's readers curse Great Wei to death? Would there still be a national fortune with the detachment of the Great Wei literary palace, plus the killing in?

I am only afraid that some calamity will happen that day.

And how bad is the loss to Great Wei with one less first rank?

The people knew it by heart.

Of course, these were just harsh words, after all, they didn't want to die either, but if it really came to this, dying or not dying, it was not something they could influence.

Fang Ru's words made the crowd silent.

And at that very moment.

In the centre.

Like a tornado, the Haozheng Qi coalesced and the figure of a half-saint appeared.

At this moment, hundreds of great Confucians spoke in unison.

"We see the Half-Sage."

They looked incomparably respectful and bowed profusely towards each other.

The Half-Sage appeared.

It was still a virtual shadow, unable to see its appearance, and there was an inexplicable sound of chanting scriptures within its body, appearing magnificent and sacred.

"I implore you, Hong Sheng, to show us the way, ah."

When this half-saint appeared, Cao Ru's voice was the first to ring out, and he said so, his voice appearing extraordinarily excited.

"What Fang Ru says is the clear path."

Hong Sheng spoke up and gave his reply.

When this was said, the crowd was silent, and Cao Ru was the first to speak.

"Hong Sheng, what Fang Ru said is indeed good, but according to the temperament of this martial artist, I think he would really dare to kill us, after all, these martial artists have no brains and do not care about the big picture."

“I am not afraid of life and death, but if I die in vain like this, I am not convinced.”

Cao Ru spoke up, Fang Ru was indeed right and had a good head on his shoulders, he believed it, but the problem was that by doing so, there was a good chance that it would go to an irreversible which step.

He didn't care if Yi Pin died or not, what he cared about was himself, ah, after all, he had the benefit of having the Wen Gong detached, and could become a saint in his lifetime.

If he could not become a saint, he did not care about anything. Confucians indeed do not fear death, but seeing the hope of becoming a saint and letting himself die before he could become a saint, he was not willing to do so.

“Don't be in a hurry.”

“The Great Wei One Piece, it will not strike.”

Hong Sheng spoke, he was calm, but the words were cut to the bone.

“Won't make a move?”

“Hong Sheng, why is that?”

“This?”

The crowd of Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth were a little surprised, because in the end, what they were most worried about was not Xu Qingnian, but Wu Ming.

After all, Wu Ming was a First Grade, and if such a person got hot-headed and killed all the readers of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, they would pay a terrible price, even though they could not change the fact that the Palace of Literature had seceded.

In contrast, although the lives of the First Class were important, they were not as important as theirs.

Especially, they were about to face a heavenly opportunity, so they didn't want to die even more.

But unexpectedly, Hong Sheng said that the Great Wei First Grade would not make a move?

What was this all about?

Hearing the crowd's doubts, Hong Sheng's voice remained calm.

“Someone will make a move against the Great Wei One Piece.”

“If there is no accident, from now on, there will no longer be a First Grade in Great Wei.”

Hong Sheng spoke calmly.

However, these words were like a meteorite falling to the ground, causing the crowd to be completely confused.

Someone wanted to target the First Grade of Great Wei?

No surprise, from now on, there would no longer be a First Grade in Great Wei?

This That's impossible, isn't it?

What other person in the world could kill a First Grade? The only ones who can kill each other are the First Classes, and there are only these First Classes in the world.

If there was no great necessity, no one would be able to target anyone.

“Hong Sheng, what is going on in this matter?”

At this moment, it wasn't just Cao Ru anymore, all the great Confucians of Heaven and Earth were curious.

“This matter is too involved.”

“It has nothing to do with you and the others.”

“Don't ask, and don't think about it.”

“We can just follow the plan. The person we really have to guard against right now is not Wu Ming, but Xu Qingnian.”

“The Great Wei is detached and fears nothing, let alone one First Grade, even if it is two First Grade, it will not affect us much.”

“But if Xu Qingnian really becomes a half-saint, it will be a real trouble for us.”

Hong Sheng did not go into detail about the matter of the First Grade, as this matter was no longer something they could know about.

Instead, he deliberately mentioned Xu Qingnian.

“Xu Qingnian cannot possibly become a saint, he doesn’t even have a clue right now, even if he is as demonic as he is, he cannot become a saint, becoming a saint is not that easy, Hong Sheng is overly concerned.”

“We have been in the realm of the great Confucians of Heaven and Earth for fifty or sixty years at every turn, but we have not yet understood a single bit of the holy dao, even though he Xu Qingnian is a great talent, we are not mediocre talents either.”

“It’s too difficult to become a saint, it’s harder than the heavens.”

The great scholars of heaven and earth said one thing and another, they all did not think that Xu Qingnian could become a saint.

It wasn’t that Xu Qingnian didn’t have the talent, but that the disengagement of the Great Wei Palace of Literature was just around the corner, and how could Xu Qingnian become a saint in a month or three months?

If he really becomes a saint.

That would be a record-breaker, a year to become a saint.

How could this be possible?

“This saint was not worried before, but now he is worried because Xu Qingnian can read the twelve books of holy words.”

“There is no guarantee that Xu Qingnian will feel something because of this and find a glimpse of opportunity.”

Hong Sheng spoke up, voicing his worries.

Indeed, when this was said, the great scholars of heaven and earth were somewhat silent.

Relying on Xu Qingnian to become a saint on his own, they did not believe in it and thought it was impossible.

But relying on Zhu Sheng’s holy words to become a saint, that was still a real possibility.

Although it was not very likely either, after all, they had seen it and had not become saints either, it was just something about saints that inexplicably seemed supreme in their minds.

“Don’t worry.”

“Hong Sheng, if we are sure that the First Grade will not make a move.”

“Then we can also mobilise the power of the world’s readers to suppress Xu Qingnian, but of course this is on the premise that Xu Qingnian can become a saint.”

“If he cannot become a saint, we do not need to use this underhanded card.”

Cao Ru proposed, saying so.

At these words, Hong Sheng nodded, and then spoke.

“In that case, then let us act in this manner.”

He said so.

“We obey.”

The sage spoke, and the crowd nodded, but just at that moment, Cao Ru could not help but speak.

“Then dare I ask the sage.”

“When will we detach ourselves from the Palace of Literature?”

Cao Ru opened his mouth to ask.

This had to be determined.

“On the tenth day of the dao, the Palace of Literature will be detached.”

Hong Sheng spoke.

A definite answer was given.

The tenth day of the dao.

It would be a month later.

When they received this answer, the crowd nodded their heads.

“Also, right now, have the world’s scholars write articles in response to this matter, but don’t rage against Wu Ming or Xu Qingnian, but rather blame the Great Wei Dynasty.”

“Before the Great Wei Literary Palace breaks away, do not provoke Xu Qingnian, nor his master.”

Hong Sheng continued to speak, instructing them to take care of these matters.

This time, however, he changed his strategy, not to go after Xu Qingnian, but to point the spearhead, instead, at the Great Wei Dynasty.

“We obey the order.”

The crowd spoke, giving their reply, and then their figures, gradually dissipated.

And at that moment.

It was already late at night.

Inside the Great Wei Imperial Palace.

The Hall of the Raising Heart was lit up.

The six ministers and the princes of state were gathered in the Hall of the Nurturing Heart.

They were also discussing some matters.

Awaken Chapter 206 -

The Imperial Capital of the Great Wei.

Inside the Hall of Nourishing Heart.

The empress sat on top of the dragon chair, looking slightly silent.

In the main hall, the six ministers and the nine princes of state are standing below.

They had gathered late at night today to discuss the secession of the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

The decision to break away from the Palace of Literature has already been made, and although there is a First Class presence, in a sense, the First Class is unable to suppress the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Naturally, the people have to deliberate, otherwise when the time comes, without any preparation, would they not be waiting to die?

“Your Majesty, now that the Ministry of Officials has temporarily placed all the officials of the Zhu Sheng lineage aside, there are currently seven hundred thousand additional officials on the waiting list.”

Chen Zhengru, the Minister of the Ministry of Officials, spoke up, within the Great Wei Dynasty, the number of officials was naturally quite large, and Confucianism had infiltrated many officials within.

Now that the Great Wei Palace of Literature is leaving, these Confucian scholars, whether or not they have any dissident intentions they don't care, but they are bound to prevent a hand, but instead of opting for the most drastic outright dismissal, they are temporarily taking back some of their powers.

They will be allowed to do something else, so as not to cause any trouble.

It was a kind of defence.

“En.”

“Arrange for them to do something practical, but with their powers withdrawn and their salaries doubled.”

The empress nodded, and then spoke her mind.

The power should be taken back and things should still be done, but the salary was given an increase, so if they were to leave, they would not get much silver, and if they did not leave, the silver would be considered as buying hearts and minds.

As soon as this was said, Chen Zhengru spoke up and said.

“In accordance with the order.”

And then the Minister of Penalty immediately followed and spoke.

“Your Majesty, the Ministry of Penalty has increased its manpower by 300,000, and 700,000 soldiers have been deployed to maintain law and order in counties, provinces and prefectures outside the court.

“The Ministry of Penalties has also opened bureaus for the elimination of evil everywhere, and has now received more than 127,000 prosecution files, verified 73,000 of them, and seized and sentenced more than 113,000 people, of whom 2,453 have been sentenced to death after being verified by the Da Lisi.”

“The people everywhere clapped their hands and praised His Majesty's wisdom.”

Zhang Jing, the Minister of Justice, spoke out, and as he said so, it was a happy thing to report.

“En, this matter will also have to be bothered with Zhang Aiqing, as well as the Da Lisi, continue to catch the heavy, continue to get rid of the evil for three years, and purge it for three years, to ensure the Great Wei Dynasty’s national peace and prosperity.”

When the empress heard this, her expression was much gentler, punishing evil and eliminating evil was a good thing for the people.

“I respectfully obey Your Majesty’s decree.”

Zhang Jing nodded, and then the Minister of War, Zhou Yan, spoke up.

“Your Majesty, now that the four battalions have been stationed in various prefectures and counties, on weekdays when there is nothing to do, they cooperate with the local county magistrates to eliminate bandits and evil, ensuring that no matter what happens, there will be no unrest in the country.”

“And it is possible to assemble a million troops in one day, and all of them in three days.”

Zhou Yan spoke out, informing the empress of the arrangements of the Ministry of War.

“Very well.”

“All the loving ministers have worked hard.”

The Empress nodded in satisfaction.

Right now, the only crisis in Great Wei was the detachment of the Palace of Literature, and the effects of the detachment could be seen, but what exactly the effects would be was unknown.

Therefore, in order to prevent any eventuality, she had to make Great Wei stable, by whatever means, even if she had to bear the pain and cut the flesh.

At the very least, it would not hurt the root.

Soon, the crowd was quiet again.

For half a column of incense long, the hall seemed unusually quiet.

After half a pillar of incense, a voice rang out.

It was the voice of Duke An Guo.

“Your Majesty, I have a plan that may help to settle the Great Wei Palace of Literature.”

Duke An Guoguo spoke out and said so.

As his voice rang out, everyone's eyes couldn't help but fall on Duke An.

"Please speak, Duke of State."

The empress opened her mouth and asked Duke An, while also being somewhat curious.

She wondered what schemes Duke An had in mind.

"Your Majesty, the Great Wei Palace of Literature has broken away, and it is only by using the power of the world's scholars, but they were born in Great Wei, if they do leave, will they be able to use the power of the Great Wei scholars to fight against them?"

"After all, these righteous scholars, great scholars, and great scholars of heaven and earth may have plans, but for most of the scholars, I am afraid that if they are asked to leave their homeland and break away from Great Wei, they are still unwilling."

"If Your Majesty were to give the Readers preferential policies, it might be possible to salvage a lot, not to say stop the Great Wei Wen Gong, but at least to make the Great Wei Wen Gong, for a short time, not dare to break away."

"To buy time for us."

The Duke of An Guo spoke out, stating his plan.

Only once this scheme was said, disappointment appeared in the eyes of the crowd, they had thought that the An Guo Guild would have some good plan, but they had not expected it to be this plan.

And feeling the gaze of the crowd, Duke An could not help but sigh.

"Your Majesty, I know that this plan sounds a bit ridiculous, but hearts are made of flesh, I don't believe it, these readers are all fatherless."

The Duke of An said this.

It was not that he was naive, but mainly because, if he couldn't beat them, and couldn't scold them, then he could only use this method, and furthermore, Duke An was not saying that he wanted the Great Wei readers to target the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Rather, he was persuading the Great Wei readers to stay in peace and quiet, which at the very least would not have too much of an impact on Great Wei, and would only affect the country's fortunes.

"Duke An, it is not that I am striking you down, nor is it that the scholars are truly without conscience."

"The breakaway of the Great Wei Palace of Literature is definitely not a fleeting thought, behind this matter, too many people are involved, even Zhu Sheng is involved."

"Trying to rely on this way to stop the Great Wei Literary Palace from breaking away is undoubtedly a fool's errand."

"For Zhu Sheng's lineage, giving up on secession is the same as the military officials giving up on the Northern Expedition for a reason, especially for the current Wen Gong, who are qualified to secede."

"In other words, Lord An Guo, if the Great Wei had a strong army, a rich nation and a peaceful people, and the barbarians in the north happened to suffer from drought or ice cold, what would you think?"

Chen Zhengru spoke up and asked Duke An.

When he said this, the Duke of An fell silent, for when he thought about it, he was indeed a bit naive.

If Great Wei was that strong, he would have had himself carried away and run to the battlefield even if he could not move.

He understood.

"According to this, at the moment we can only sit back and wait for death."

"Let's wait for the Great Wei Palace of Literature to disengage and for the fortunes of the country to disappear."

"This bunch of scholars, sons of bitches."

"Oh, all the Shang Shu, not you."

Duke An Guoguo said helplessly, only to grow even more disgusted with the readers in his words.

Chen Zhengru didn't care about An Guoguo's insults, after all, he wanted to curse too.

Now Chen Zhengru feels more and more that these people were involved in the barbarian invasion, but the incident is too long ago to investigate.

And even if the result of the investigation was found, what could be done? In the end, they would still be angry and sad themselves?

“All of you Aiqing also do not need to be distressed.”

“The separation of the Great Wei Palace of Literature has become a foregone conclusion.”

“I also have a countermeasure, if there is no accident, after next month, the Seven Great Daxian gates will also enter our Great Wei.”

“After tomorrow, the Minister of Works will start to build palaces for the Seven Great Daxian Sects, and then additionally set up the Great Wei Immortal Palace, the Seven Great Daxian Sects will move in on their own, and from then on, they will ally with Great Wei to suppress foreign enemies.”

The empress opened her mouth and spoke of this matter.

Just as soon as this was said, the faces of the people present changed.

Chen Zhengru, in particular, was the first to speak up.

“Your Majesty, there is something wrong with this matter.”

“If the Great Wei Palace of Literature is a jackal, then the Seven Great Daxian Sects are vicious tigers, and although there are no explicit rules in Great Wei, before the Great Ancestor died, he had also said that the Great Wei Dynasty must not get involved with the Immortal Sects.”

“These people are definitely not a good bunch either, chivalry violates the ban with martial arts.”

Chen Zhengru spoke up, his first refusal, hoping that the empress would withdraw her order.

“Your Majesty, what Minister Chen said is extremely true, disciples of the Immortal Sect ignore the world and act arbitrarily, especially since they practice the Immortal Way, they are arrogant and do not look at everything, if such people come to Great Wei, won't they do whatever they want in the future?”

Wang Xinzhi, the Minister of Rites, immediately followed up.

It wasn't that disciples of the Immortal Sect were bad, but that disciples of the Immortal Sect were not fit to enter the dynasty.

Think about it, you are an immortal cultivator, you have pride in yourself, the court asks you to do something, you do it, but the problem is the way you do it, you won't follow the rules and regulations.

You think this person is at fault, you just kill him, is it a case of injustice put aside first, you kill someone, do they hate you?

Yes! What will happen next? It would be immortality.

In other words, the disciples of the Immortal Sect act in a manner very similar to Xu Qingnian, reckless of the consequences, doing whatever they want to do, not listening to commands.

If they were in the secular world, there would be nothing to say about punishing evil and eliminating evil, but if they joined the court, there would be chaos everywhere.

The difference with Xu Qingnian is that Xu Qingnian at least has cards and means, and every time Xu Qingnian does something, it is always justified.

If they can do it, there is nothing to say, but if they can't?

If you want to kill, the Great Wei Dynasty will definitely be in chaos.

"Your Majesty, I also agree with what Minister Chen said. Hundreds of years ago, a small country introduced the Immortal Sect into the country, and although it defended itself against foreign enemies and strengthened its power, the royal family of its country was later all controlled by the Immortal Sect."

"To fall into the hands of the Immortal Sect's puppets, such a lesson is something we should never ignore."

The Duke of An followed suit and spoke up.

If the Immortal Sect forces entered Great Wei, even if they were honest up front, they would only become more greedy when they took control of power, after all, cultivating immortality also required silver.

The real fear of the three dynasties, why they did not dare to accept the Immortal Sects, was the complete penetration of the Immortal Sects.

For the dynasties, having the power of the military is the same as having absolute power.

If you bring in the Immortal Sect, then this power is not to be underestimated. The Immortal Dao system is a system that crushes all systems in the early stages.

At the tenth grade of Qi attraction, one can already unleash spiritual power. Under the same realm, ten martial artists cannot beat one immortal cultivator.

After the seventh grade of spirit building, one can even manipulate a magic weapon and behead them directly from a few hundred metres away.

The seventh grade martial artist is still a mortal body, so naturally he cannot defeat an immortal cultivator.

In this way, the arrival of the Seven Great Daxian Sects will inevitably have a huge impact on the Great Wei, dividing up power and adding new classes.

It would also have an impact on the people of Great Wei, but it would have an even greater impact on the empress, losing some of her power and being unable to complete her concentration, which is an extremely bad thing.

But as the people finished speaking.

The Empress's voice rang out.

"If we don't draw them over, who will handle the matter of the country's luck?"

The empress spoke.

With a single word, the crowd was completely silenced.

Yes, if they hadn't been desperate, they wouldn't have done so, the national fortune affected by the departure of the Great Wei Palace of Literature was too great, and the entry of the Immortal Gate would not completely make up for it, but at least a large part of it could be salvaged.

"Aiqing, I know that inviting the Immortal Gate in would have a great impact, but for the current Great Wei, it has reached a desperate situation, if the Immortal Gate is not invoked."

"I am only afraid that Great Wei will truly reach an irredeemable point."

The Empress spoke out, her tone very calm, after these words were spoken.

The crowd fell into a deep silence.

After all was said and done, it was still a matter of the Great Wei Palace of Literature breaking away.

If the Great Wei Palace of Literature did not break away.

It would have been a great blessing to Great Wei.

Now that Great Wei has both the hearts of the people and the silver, it is completely ready to develop, and in time, Great Wei will show its glory again.

If that time comes, everyone will be able to retire with peace of mind. After all, the faltering Great Wei dynasty has been lifted back to glory.

They could also leave a strong mark in the history books.

Although this was mainly because Xu Qingnian had made a good start, there was no doubt about their role.

One person could not support the entire Great Wei Dynasty.

But now, what the Great Wei Palace of Literature had done had indeed angered the six ministers and the nine princes of state.

But so what? Is it useful to be angry? It would be better to think of a way to deal with it honestly.

“Your Majesty, think twice.”

Chen Zhengru was not forcing anything anymore, but still shouted out for three thoughts.

The empress nodded, then inquired, “In another hour, the imperial examinations will be held, what will be the questions on this year’s examinations, Aiqing Xu?”

The empress inquired, bringing the topic to another place.

Once this was said, Chen Zhengru slowly spoke out.

“Uh Shouren said he had already prepared them, but did not show them to my ministers.”

Chen Zhengru gave a reply.

When this was said, the crowd became slightly curious. What does this mean?

“It seems that Aiqing Xu has his own ideas, in that case, I will not ask any more questions, all of you, it is getting late, go back to rest early.”

The empress spoke, she did not continue to ask more questions.

And the crowd didn't say much either, they all said their farewells.

Only when they had left, about a quarter of an hour later.

The empress' voice rang out.

"Sir, it is time to step forward."

As the Empress spoke, at that moment, under the main hall, Wu Ming's figure slowly appeared.

"Your Majesty is well."

Wu Ming spoke, he did not salute, being a first rank had the qualification not to do so.

"Sir, I have two matters, so I won't beat around the bush."

The empress spoke out, she was very direct and did not hide.

"Your Majesty, please speak."

Wu Ming didn't have any nonsense either.

"First, what is the meaning of the three First Classes of the Great Wei?"

The Empress spoke up, this was what she was most curious about in her mind at the moment.

Wu Ming had previously said that there were three First Grades in Great Wei, which had left her very stunned, she believed that Wu Ming would not speak nonsense, but how could there be a third First Grade in Great Wei?

If there was, she would have sensed it long ago.

When this was said, Wu Ming was extremely confident at that moment and said.

"Your Majesty, there are indeed three First Classes in Great Wei, but the other one, it will take a while."

Wu Ming said so, with confidence in his eyes.

In an instant, the empress revealed a joyful look, she guessed what Wu Ming meant, and immediately looked at Wu Ming and said, "Sir, do you mean to say that Great Wei martial artists, have emerged with first-grade qualifications?"

The Empress asked.

“En.”

Wu Ming nodded.

“What kind of person is it?”

The empress continued to ask.

Only Wu Ming did not answer, but looked at the empress and said.

“Your Majesty, please forgive me for not being able to say.”

Wu Ming did not answer the question, not because he was wary of the Empress, but because it involved a lot, after all, whether or not he could become a First Grade, he still needed Xu Qingnian to go through some trials and tribulations.

If he informed the empress that it was Xu Qingnian, he was only afraid that the empress would not be able to let himself take Xu Qingnian away.

“Can’t tell?”

The Empress frowned slightly, but instead of getting angry, she calmly said.

“What percentage of certainty do you have, sir, that you think he can achieve the First Grade?”

The Empress asked.

“Ninety-eight percent.”

Wu Ming said with unparalleled confidence.

Ninety-eight percent? Hearing what Wu Ming said, the empress could not hide the joy in her eyes.

Because for the current Great Wei, there was a shortage of a saint, but what was more important was a first-rate saint.

If a saint appeared, it could turn the current situation of Wei around.

And if a First Grade were to emerge, it would enable Wei to return to its prime sooner and even surpass its former state.

At its height, the Great Wei had only two and a half First Classes.

Because the first First Grade passed away when the third First Grade was promoted, there was no question of it being a matter of qi luck, but the other side did age terribly.

Naturally, the empress was delighted to hear that it was ninety-eight percent.

She did not ask for three First Classes, but having a new First Class to fill in when the Great Wei First Class passed away was what really made her happy.

At least Wei would be stable for another few hundred years.

With the First Grade in place, there was no way that Great Wei would be wiped out.

“Sir, this second matter is the matter of the Devil’s Domain, what is the situation in the Devil’s Domain today?”

The empress asked.

She should have asked before, but because there were extremely many things to do, she had not bothered to ask for the time being, but now that she had time, she naturally had to ask about the situation in the Devil’s Domain.

In fact, when it came to the Devil’s Domain, the Empress was also helpless, the Devil’s Domain had held back Great Wei.

Don’t look at the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty, each with only one First Grade martial artist, but the problem was that their First Grade, could move freely and do many things.

For example, civil unrest has also happened in the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the First Yuan Dynasty, but they can suppress it as long as they send a First Grade at critical moments.

This time, when this kind of thing happened in Great Wei, the Primordial Yuan Dynasty and the Sudden Evil Dynasty were behind the scenes with all kinds of assistance, but in fact there was another purpose.

This purpose is to detect whether the First Grade of Great Wei is still around.

Otherwise, what good would it do to help these foreign nations rise to power? Would these foreign nations be willing to pay tribute to the Primordial Yuan Dynasty and the Sudden Evil Dynasty if they really rose to power?

If they are willing, why don’t they settle down and share with Great Wei? Is it possible that Wei has condescended to them?

To be honest, if Wei is in decline, it would be better to stay in Wei.

The purpose of the rebellion is to test whether the First Rank of Wei is still in existence, but of course creating trouble for Wei is also their main objective.

The Great Wei One Piece, dragged down by the Devil's Domain, has hardened the two One Pieces.

And this matter, Great Wei can only hold back on their own, after all, if you do not go to the town, others are going to come over.

The immortal corpse hides too many secrets, and the demon domain is too important, if you let it go, the world does not know how many people will come to steal the immortal corpse, and then a big mistake will be made.

At that time, it would not be possible for the Great Wei to suppress it.

Moreover, the immortal corpse also hid a secret, the secret of the realm-breaking pills.

The reason why the Great Wei suppressed the Devil's Domain was, on the one hand, to prevent curmudgeons and, on the other hand, for the Immortal Pill of Realm-Breaking.

Every twenty years, a realm-breaking immortal pellet would be born in the Devil's Domain, and it was according to grade.

The first twenty years, it was a tenth grade.

The second twenty years, it was a ninth grade.

And so on.

And now, a first-grade realm-breaking immortal pellet was about to coalesce.

If it were not for this reason, Great Wei would not have done so.

Otherwise, was Great Wei really a living Bodhisattva?

"No surprises, in a year's time, the realm-breaking immortal pill will coalesce out."

Wu Ming gave his reply.

"Good, if the First Grade Realm Breaking Immortal Pill comes out, Great Wei will have added another First Grade, and in a few hundred years, Great Wei will still have two First Grades, and in three or four hundred years, Great Wei will still be in its prime."

The empress spoke, her words filled with celebration.

The First Grade, was the foundation of everything in the Great Wei Dynasty.

Only when this was said, Wu Ming shook his head and said.

“Your Majesty should not be too happy too soon.”

“When the barbarians came to Great Wei in their northern expedition to fight for the Realm-Breaking Immortal Pill, they snatched away the Second Grade Realm-Breaking Immortal Pill and buried the root of the trouble.”

“If the First Grade Immortal Pill coalesces out, I’m only afraid that it will still be a bloodbath.”

Wu Ming spoke out and reminded the empress.

When the barbarians had come from their northern expedition, their greatest harvest was the realm-breaking Immortal Pill, but the barbarians had not come from the Devil’s Domain to scramble for it, after all, if they had gone to the Devil’s Domain, they were only afraid that they would have been completely wiped out.

With the first-grade suppression, as many as came would be killed.

It was during the escorting of the Second Grade Realm-Breaking Immortal Pill that the barbarians snatched it away.

Later, during the Northern Expedition, the Immortal Pill was also snatched back.

Not many people in the whole world knew about this secret. Back then, when the Great Ancestor learned about this secret, he had killed all those who knew about it.

But there is no strong under heaven that does not leak.

The Immortal Corpse was not the only one who knew about it, many people knew that there was such a thing, so there were many rumours about it.

There are many rumours about immortal corpses, such as that they have immortal power.

Or what immortal corpse would wake up every so often and teach supreme secret techniques.

Others were even more direct, that it was an immortal medicine in human form, looking just like a human, but actually a medicine, and that after eating it, one could increase one’s power and break through the realm directly.

Such rumours were so numerous that many powers wanted to obtain the immortal corpse.

Only they didn't know where the immortal corpse was in Great Wei, so any rumour, seemed somewhat feeble, after all, they hadn't even seen the immortal corpse, what to talk about this and that.

The fact that the barbarians had obtained the Second Grade Realm Breaking Pill and didn't use it first proves that they were researching it.

In other words, they had discovered the secret, and naturally the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty would also know the secret.

It was just that the realm-breaking pills originated from somewhere, they didn't dare to be sure.

However, after so many years had passed, they would gradually guess something, they just didn't have enough evidence.

Perhaps they had also established that it was the immortal corpse that brought the realm-breaking pills.

But in any case, they didn't know where the immortal corpse was, nor were they clear about the exact mystery, which everyone kept hidden in their hearts.

But it didn't mean there was no crisis.

"I understand, but with the two gentlemen in Great Wei, there should be no problem."

The empress nodded, she understood the other party's meaning, it was just that Great Wei had two first-rate subdues, even if something could go wrong, it would not be a big problem.

"En."

"If we are talking about the first rank of the world, with Brother Zhao and I around, we naturally have no fear of anything."

"But Your Majesty, do you know what the old man is most worried about?"

Wu Ming spoke.

"What is it that you, sir, are worried about?"

The empress inquired.

"According to what was left in the Tai Ancestor's scrolls, back when the immortal corpse fell, it had been discovered by people, both demonic beasts and some human beings,

and these people knew about the existence of the immortal corpse, and the Tai Ancestor thought that they should have received some benefits.”

“Ever since the Great Ancestor established the Great Wei Dynasty, every time the immortal corpse condensed the First Grade Realm Breaking Immortal Pill, something strange would happen, and it was likely that someone was secretly spying on it.”

“But there has always been a fear of the First Grade, so they held back from making a move, and now that seven hundred years have passed, the old man has been a little worried for some reason.”

Wu Ming voiced his worries.

Just after a while, Wu Ming shook his head again and said, “Your Majesty, perhaps the old man is overly worried, no matter what we still have to wait for a year, let’s talk about it after a year.”

Wu Ming did not go on.

After all, it was just something that might happen, and it was not very likely.

So there was no need to keep dwelling on it.

“En, in short, if you, sir, need any help from Great Wei, please, sir, just ask.”

The empress nodded and agreed to do so.

Wu Ming didn’t say anything more and simply excused himself.

After Wu Ming had left.

The Empress’s complexion also became very calm.

And at the same time.

It was also Yin time.

In the first month of the year, it was usually late.

There was a cold wind blowing in the streets.

And at this moment.

In the capital of Great Wei.

A voice also rang out from the tribute courtyard.

“In the second year of Wuchang, the first subject of the new dynasty will be opened!”

As a loud voice rang out.

Outside the tribute courtyard, most of the thousands of students looked unusually nervous, although there was also a portion that looked very calm, but most of them were faking it.

There was another section, however, a good number of them, yet each one appeared very silent and somewhat curious.

Among the crowd, there were not many who were really at ease, and among the first group of students to walk into the courtyard.

Among the first group of scholars to enter the courtyard, there were only two who seemed extremely calm and unhurried.

One was Yu Yi.

The other was Chen Xinghe.

The candidates walked into the entrance of the tribute courtyard and made a bow towards the Great Wei Palace of Literature, a pilgrimage to the sage.

And then they went inside again.

The second entrance gate, towards the Great Wei Imperial Palace, was a worship.

This is a worship of the court.

Immediately afterwards, they continued to walk towards the interior of the Tribute Courtyard.

And at this time, inside the Tribute Courtyard, Xu Qingnian, Wang Xinzhi at the head, surrounded by officials from the six ministries, some twenty of them, were the invigilators of this examination.

Xu Qingnian was the chief examiner.

He was in charge of all things.

“Lord Xu, do you feel nervous?”

Wang Xinzhi said with a slight smile.

“Not really.”

Xu Qingnian stood with his hands in the air and smiled slightly.

“Hahahaha, now that I think about it, in the seven or eight months that Lord Xu has been in the capital, he has already become the Marquis of Great Wei.”

“In addition to the status of Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, everything took only nine months, truly unprecedented and unprecedented.”

“According to reason, today’s examinations, Lord Xu should be referencing almost together, this is life, wonderful.”

Wang Xinzhi said with a smile.

He had a good relationship with Xu Qingnian, so these words could naturally be said.

And when Xu Qingnian heard this, he could not help but feel a little emotional too.

Also at that moment, the candidates slowly appeared, and the first one to appear was his own senior brother, Chen Xinghe.

He held his head high and looked very confident and radiant.

When he saw himself, Chen Xinghe did not greet him either, but instead was unusually calm.

To avoid suspicion, Xu Qingnian did not look at Chen Xinghe much either.

In a moment, a figure appeared, and not long afterwards thousands of people gathered.

After sweeping a glance at the crowd, Xu Qingnian’s gaze, quickly landed in front of a scholar.

The scholar was about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, with a beard, looking a little dusty, and his clothes had a few patches, but he looked full of righteousness, and his gaze was exceptionally calm.

There is a saying that a face has a heart, and as a great Confucian of heaven and earth, Xu Qingnian naturally has the ability to read faces. At a glance, this man carries some of the aura of warfare in his brows, but with a lot of the aura of righteousness added to it.

He is a very good person.

But Xu Qingnian also just took a glance at it and withdrew her gaze, not paying much attention to anything.

Clang.

At that very moment, the literary bell of the Tribute Court rang.

At this moment, thousands of scholarly students all bowed towards Xu Qingnian and the others, this was the third level and the third pilgrimage to the chief examiner.

But, most of the students made the pilgrimage honestly, but hundreds of them had silent faces, looking at Xu Qingnian but not bowing.

In an instant, Wang Xinzhi couldn't help but frown, and the rest of the examiners couldn't help but frown as well.

“Why don't you all pay your respects?”

Wang Xinzhi spoke, this imperial examination, one worship the saint, two worship His Majesty, three worship the examiner, this is a common rule under the world.

These scholarly students had worshipped the sage and the emperor, but not Xu Qingnian.

There was obviously something wrong with this.

The rest of the scholarly students who worshipped, one by one, could not help but look curious, while they could not help but frown, after all, today was the examination day, and no one wanted anything to go wrong on the day of the examination.

Neither they nor anyone else wanted to be affected.

As for the group of scholarly students, when they heard Wang Xinzhi's voice, someone spoke up at once.

“Back to Lord Wang, we are not worshipping because of our heart studies.”

Someone spoke up, a white-faced scholar who looked somewhat wealthy and surrounded by talent.

He was the first to speak out and replied thus.

“School of the Heart?”

“Lord Xu? Are these your students?”

Wang Xinzhi was a little puzzled, because of the Heart Studies? Are they Xu Qingnian's disciples?

That couldn't be possible? If they were Xu Qingnian's students, they should logically bow three times and pay nine obeisances, right?

How come he didn't even pay his respects?

"No."

Xu Qingnian's face was calm, having experienced so many storms, what did it matter if some students did not pay homage?

He spoke indifferently, but his gaze fell on them.

"What is the meaning of you?"

Wang Xinzhi continued to ask, his brow furrowed even tighter.

"Back to Lord Wang."

"Lord Xu's scholarship, called the study of the heart, is called the unity of knowledge and action, meaning that one knows that what one is doing is fine, so one can go ahead and do it."

"Then we are students of Zhu Sheng's lineage, and Lord Xu disrespects Zhu Sheng in every way, nor does he respect the great scholars of Zhu Sheng's lineage, and even kills them more painfully."

"We do not like Lord Xu, but we respect the court and the will of His Majesty."

"That is why we have come to take part in the imperial examinations, but are not willing to worship Lord Xu."

"Of course, if Lord Xu feels that we are disrespectful, then we will turn around and leave, and we will definitely not embarrass the lords."

The white-faced scholar said seriously.

He was generous in his words, but there were pits in and out of them.

It was not a big deal if he did not worship Xu Qingnian, but at most he would be expelled for three years for defying the imperial examinations.

However, if Xu Qingnian kicked them out, they would have to spread the word everywhere that Xu Qingnian is the only one allowed to do this and they cannot.

However, if Xu Qingnian allows them to stay here, then they will be disgusted with Xu Qingnian.

They could advance to attack and retreat to defend.

Hearing this, not to mention Wang Xinzhi, the rest of the hundred officials' faces became a little ugly.

On the day of the imperial examinations, how dare the Zhu Sheng lineage come looking for trouble?

Are they really not afraid of death?

“Come, men!”

Wang Xinzhi opened his mouth as he was about to give the order for the group of scholars to be driven out.

Just at that moment, Xu Qingnian spoke out.

“Alright, enter the tribute courtyard and get ready.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, he didn't care about this kind of behaviour, a few readers were just a few, even if a great scholar said a few words, Xu Qingnian wouldn't have reacted.

If he were to fight with such people, even if he punished them, he would be humiliating himself.

A great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, bullying a few scholars? Especially when the other party was a student of the Zhu Sheng lineage.

It was obvious that they were bullying.

The tactics were very underhanded.

Xu Qingnian even felt that this was either the intention of the Palace of Literature or a group of scholars who wanted to find themselves in trouble so that they could stage a rage against the great scholars and then make a name for themselves.

This kind of mind, Xu Qingnian understood it all too well.

Indeed, when Xu Qingnian said this, there was a glint of disappointment in the white-faced scholar's eyes, but he quickly adjusted his mind and revealed his arrogance as he was the first to walk towards the interior of the tribute courtyard.

Once he had left, the rest of the group followed suit, each looking very excited, as if they felt it was a joy to have defeated Xu Qingnian.

They walked ahead and entered the tribute courtyard.

Some whispered voices followed.

“What did I think Xu Qingnian could do? In the end, it’s nothing more than that.”

“Humph, humiliate Zhu Sheng and we will humiliate him too. Brother Ren Ming is really talented, to think of a solution like this, let’s see if this Xu Qingnian still dares to be arrogant.”

“To silence a great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, Brother Ren Ming is really something.”

“What a great scholar of heaven and earth, how can a cultivator of foreign arts be worthy of a great scholar of heaven and earth? Let’s see when he’s finished.”

“Yes, yes, a practitioner of foreign arts.”

These scholars spoke up one after another, their voices were very small, but all these voices reached Xu Qingnian’s ears.

For such remarks.

Xu Qingnian remained without any ripples.

“Lord Xu, these people are not good people, I am afraid they will continue to cause trouble later.”

“Why don’t we just chase them away?”

Wang Xinzhi spoke up, asking Xu Qingnian if he should just kick them out, so as not to cause any trouble.

“No need.”

“If we drive them away, they will say that I, Xu Qingnian, am suppressing them again.”

“Let them go.”

Xu Qingnian said casually.

Immediately afterwards, he headed towards the main examination platform.

The dawn hour arrived.

Xu Qingnian nodded his head, and at that moment a voice rang out.

Someone took a notice and stated all the rules of the examination.

After saying that, he closed the scroll and looked at the crowd of candidates and said.

“The first imperial examination of the new Wuchang dynasty, begins.”

A bell.

Another bell sounded.

In the next moment, Wang Xinzhi took a piece of rice paper and slowly unfolded it, which was the test question prepared by Xu Qingnian.

“The first question of the imperial examination.”

“A strong country.”

Wang Xinzhi unfolded the rice paper and wasn't too surprised after seeing the test question.

He read it out loud.

And then the candidates frowned slightly, but soon the crowd didn't think much of it and began to sharpen their ink in preparation for the exam.

The main examination platform.

Xu Qingnian was very calm, he was closing his eyes and resting his mind.

At the same time, he was also thinking about some other things.

After a full two hours had passed.

Suddenly, Wang Xinzhi's voice rang out.

“Lord Xu, someone has handed in their papers.”

With Wang Xinzhi's voice ringing out, Xu Qingnian was a little surprised.

Looking at the sky, it had only been two hours and someone had already handed in their papers?

It should have been at least four or five hours, right?

“Who handed in their papers?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

“Yu Yi, the one sitting in the seventeenth place in the third row.”

Wang Xinzhi pointed to the candidate not far away and said so.

“Yu Yi?”

Xu Qingnian looked his eyes over to the scholar with a good face that he had seen at the beginning.

“Good.”

Xu Qingnian took the examination paper, and then began to look at it carefully.

The examination paper caught his eyes, the script was excellent, he had worked hard, but the content in it instantly attracted Xu Qingnian.

[Strong National Policy – Industry, Agriculture, Commerce and Industry]

There were 4,000 to 5,000 words spilling out.

Xu Qingnian finished reading it without missing a word.

“Good!”

“Very good!”

“Excellent!”

Xu Qingnian put the examination paper down and could not help but praise it, causing the few examiners around him to be filled with curiosity.

To be praised by Xu Qingnian, it was naturally attractive to be honest.

“Lord Xu, what’s wrong?”

Wang Xinzhi, who was curious, did not know why Xu Qingnian was praising him like that.

“Lord Wang, look for yourself.”

Xu Qingnian handed the examination paper to the other party, recalling the content of the essay in his mind the whole time.

Yu Yi’s essay was right to the point.

He believed that if the Great Wei Dynasty wanted to be strong, work should be the first, agriculture the second, commerce the third, and service the fourth.

Work refers to all types of industrial tools, improving agricultural production and strengthening the military.

Agriculture, to develop agriculture vigorously, in order to be rich, one must first eat well.

Commerce, once agriculture is developed, must focus on trade, domestic trade, foreign trade, each is crucial, only trade can make the dynasty more and more prosperous.

The reason why it is placed at the end is not because talent is not important, but it is a matter of urgency, talent can be selected slowly, but the first three must be done first.

The reason why Xu Qingnian praised it so much.

The reason why Xu Qingnian praised him so much was because everything that Yu Yi said was in line with his own ideas.

It was also true that it was something that Great Wei needed to do at the moment.

This is a talent.

He could be reused.

But at that moment, someone brought in another examination paper and handed it to Xu Qingnian.

“Lord Xu, this is a new examination paper, written by Zhou Renming.”

“It is the one who disrespected you just now, and he said he must give it to you to read, hoping that you would evaluate it.”

“My subordinate is worried that this person will make a scene if he refuses, so I have sent it here.”

Someone came along and handed the dossier to Xu Qingnian.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian did not say much, as an examiner, he naturally had to remain fair and would not let his emotions affect the student’s performance.

It was only when Xu Qingnian unfolded the examination paper.

In an instant, Xu Qingnian’s complexion changed slightly.

Awaken Chapter 207 -

Kyoto Tribute Academy.

Upon seeing Zhou Renming's article, Xu Qingnian's complexion, changed slightly.

[A Strong Nation Policy – Respect the Saints and Be Strong, Disdain the Saints and Decline]

This is the beginning of Zhou Renming's article.

The lines are sprawling and the content of the article, in general, says nothing more than that if the country wants to be strong, it must have faith, and that faith, is the saint.

Zhu Sheng!

By respecting Zhu Sheng, everyone would be virtuous, benevolent and moral, and in this way, everyone in Great Wei would move upwards.

If the examiner had been from Zhu Sheng's lineage, he might have seen this essay and given it a merit rating no matter what.

But the examiner was Xu Qingnian.

Still, Xu Qingnian was not going to target certain people, as the examiner, he had to be fair.

Xu Qingnian also respected Zhu Sheng.

But the problem was that this kind of article, which was devoid of any nourishment, was full of praise about how good Confucianism was, how good Zhu Sheng was, and how much of Zhu Sheng's lineage there was.

And the article is full of inexplicable sarcasm, both inside and outside, about how the country will decline if everyone does not respect the saints, and how it is morally corrupt for one person to disrespect the saints.

And it gives examples of how those who respect Zhu Sheng have contributed to the country after becoming officials.

And what did those who did not respect Zhu Sheng do to harm the country when they became officials?

The article is not very clever, but it doesn't point to one's own nose or anything like that.

Let's just say that it was purely a disgusting article.

At that moment, after reading the last word, Xu Qingnian lifted his brush and commented on it directly.

[Inferior]

It was just one word, representing Xu Qingnian's meaning.

And then, it was put aside and left unattended.

There were a total of three exams in the imperial examinations.

If there was a single bad grade, you basically wouldn't be able to win the examination.

Of course, if the next two exams are A-grade, you can be admitted.

After Xu Qingnian put pen to paper, Zhou Renming kept his eyes on it. He looked calm and seemed to have guessed what Xu Qingnian would do.

It was at this point that one of the examination papers was presented.

When Xu Qingnian had the time, she read the papers one by one, and after reading them, she would basically give them a fair evaluation.

Good is good, or not good.

Even after another hour or so, Xu Qingnian saw Chen Xinghe's essay.

Xu Qingnian was also somewhat interested in Chen Xinghe's article.

He watched it carefully.

[A Strong Country Policy – The People Are Rich and the Country Is Strong]

This was Chen Xinghe's policy, which began with the people, and the entire article was also centred on the people, arguing that if Great Wei wanted to truly move towards the path of a strong nation, it was necessary to feed the people and let them live in peace and prosperity.

Only after the people are well and healthy will they have the labour force and productivity to drive Great Wei to develop faster and move towards the path of a strong state.

Chen Xinghe's article, not very good, but not bad either, got to the point, but it was not suitable for the current Great Wei.

Overall, however, it is not bad, and Xu Qingnian gives it a rating.

B moderate.

The article is rated, A B C D inferior, and then subdivided into upper, middle and lower.

If you can get three B-mediums, you will have no problem getting a lift, but if you are unlucky and all your contemporaries are high achievers, then forget it.

Xu Qingnian was fair and did not add points because Chen Xinghe was his senior brother.

It is how it is, that is how it is.

So be it.

Another two hours later.

The bell for the end of the imperial examinations rang out.

The bell rang out.

All the examiners went down and collected the examination papers from all the candidates.

Most of them looked a little nervous, they had finished writing long ago and had been looking at them over and over again.

There were also some who had not yet finished writing but did not dare to say anything more, after all, the bell rang and the examination papers had to be collected, no delay was allowed.

If you resist, you are considered to have given up the examination.

“Tomorrow at dawn, the second class of the examination, all candidates go back to rest well.”

At this moment, Wang Xinzhi's voice rang out, informing the crowd to come for the second examination hall tomorrow.

Very much waiting for the crowd of candidates to leave.

The crowd also began to get busy approving these examination papers.

This was the imperial examinations of the Great Wei, and the examiners could either approve them on the spot, or choose to collect the examination papers and approve them centrally.

After all, if the essays were extremely good, various visions would appear, and if they were quite good, they would naturally be read by great scholars.

It was night.

Xu Qingnian sat in the courtyard, looking at the examination papers.

It was three minutes past the ugly hour.

Xu Qingnian had finished reading all the examination papers.

As they were examination papers, he naturally had to read them carefully and give some notes and exchange opinions with the other examiners.

From these thousands of examination papers, Xu Qingnian felt more and more that Yu Yi was not a simple person, and he also knew one thing.

The attitude of the world's scholars towards Zhu Sheng.

As the saying goes, a glimpse of a spot reveals the whole picture. In these 1,000 examination papers, except for a few people, basically everyone had more or less brought the saint in their essays.

The reverence for Zhu Sheng was already deep-rooted.

It was not a bad thing for the readers to venerate the saint, but Xu Qingnian was keenly aware of it.

These readers, rather than simply venerating the saint, treated the saint as faith, a deep-rooted faith, and in their eyes the saint transcended everything and was supreme.

It is clear from some of the content of the article that the world's scholars have fallen into a kind of 'fanaticism' and 'faith' towards Zhu Sheng.

Thinking about it carefully, Xu Qingnian gradually realised what the reason was.

It was indisputable and unquestionable that the sage was indeed superior, and the fact that the scholars revered the sage was a sign of respect for the teacher and the Tao.

As for the sage himself, he wanted his learning, his central idea, to spread and for everyone to understand his ideas, thus building a world full of holy spirit.

This is the idea of every generation of saints.

But this is only the idea of the saints.

But the saint's disciples did not think so, and because they had followed him, they somehow developed a kind of 'vanity' a kind of 'pride' from their hearts.

When the saint passes away, they too are transformed into the saint's spokesmen in the world.

And in order to secure power and to continue to be the spokesperson of the saints, they constantly brainwash the future generations, brainwashing the future generations of readers.

The idea of 'the supremacy of the saints' was inculcated from childhood, and you had to memorise every word of the saints, and every book of the saints.

In order to make the readers obedient, they needed the assistance of the court, and the imperial examinations became the greatest competition to secure their position.

It doesn't matter if the scholar is sincere in his studies or not, but do you want to be an official? Did you want to get ahead? Do you want to live a good life?

If so, you had to study and take the imperial examinations, the content of which was basically controlled by the Zhu Sheng lineage.

You should know what to study next, right?

This is the internal status stabilisation, the restriction of the students through the imperial examinations.

And external status is the most straightforward method, the division of classes and the suppression of deviants.

Internally, it was the imperial examinations that secured the position, externally it was the division of classes. It is very simple.

When the saint was not dead, his status might not have been so high, but after his death, his status was infinitely elevated and inculcated generation after generation.

The saints did those things, the saints said those things, and then glorified the saints. In fact, the saints also had tempers and desires, only they knew how to restrain them and understood reason.

But as the saints died, their disciples, began to mythologize the saints, that the saints had not made the slightest mistake, that the saints had once stood inside the snow and ice for the sake of learning how to do so.

Some were true, some were false, and some were not even known to be true or false by the Zhu Sheng lineage itself.

But as long as there is constant propaganda, constant mythology, generation after generation passes, who will remember if it is true or not?

Especially if the other side is a saint, do you dare to question it?

It's not impossible to question if you must, but the question is, what qualifications do you have to question? At the very least, you should be at the half-saint level, right?

But if you did have a half-saint status, you wouldn't question it, so it creates a kind of 'unresolved' closed loop.

And what is the greatest benefit of a mythical saint?

The status of the Zhu Sheng lineage is pulling higher and higher, and the literati are increasingly respecting the Zhu Sheng lineage, so what do the other readers think?

Who wouldn't want to be the man of the hour at the banquet?

Moreover, the Zhu Sheng lineage knew how to solidify people's hearts even better, as they gathered together to help each other and put on an act of benevolence and solidarity.

It is just like the reasoning of retail investors and bankers.

Retailers, if they coalesce into a group, can easily fuck over the bankers, but the problem is that hearts and minds are not united, especially when even if someone says that they are going to fuck the bankers and lead the charge, most people are still on the sidelines.

So they are easily crushed by the banker.

And once the bookmakers took shape, it was a snowballing development.

More and more readers, joined the Zhu Sheng lineage, and as soon as they joined the Zhu Sheng lineage, they could get a boost in status.

In the future, when you attend a banquet or go out, you can say "I am a disciple of Zhu Sheng", do you have any style?

If you perform well, you can even come to the Great Wei Palace of Literature for a lesson, and if you know a little bit about people and the world, you may be able to study under a great Confucian.

Who else would be able to handle that?

So the people of the Zhu Sheng lineage, as long as these things are done, the next thing is to wait for time to ferment.

Five hundred years is enough time.

It was even redundant.

Naturally, the Zhu Sheng lineage became the largest group of scholars in the world.

Whoever infringed on their interests would be met with a collective crusade by the world's scholars.

Anyone who has read a little bit of Capitalism will understand this truth.

This is the reason why Xu Qingnian is hated by the world's scholars.

It is not that the world's readers are brainless and are at the mercy of others, but that the world's readers are all about their own interests.

As for the saying that the readers have a hugely righteous spirit, it is reasonable to say that they should be clear about right and wrong.

Then in the opposite sentence, what is meant by right and wrong?

Who would feel that they have done wrong?

From the standpoint of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, did the Great Wei Palace of Literature do wrong?

Xu Qingnian angrily disliked the Great Confucian, although it is true that Yan Ru did something wrong and was too strict with the law, but the question is whether it is right or wrong for a junior to angrily dislike an elder?

From Xu Qingnian's point of view, it was wrong.

But from Yan Lei's point of view, there was nothing wrong with him in this matter.

Because there was no explicit rule that said he could not do so.

And Xu Qingnian was challenging the Great Wei Palace of Literature step by step, establishing the School of the Heart and creating a new school of thought.

Although the school of the heart has been average up to now, the problem is that everyone is pushing Zhu Sheng, and not only are you not pushing Zhu Sheng and not joining us, but you are also creating a new thing?

Don't you even look at what kind of goods you are?

From this moment onwards, Xu Qingnian was already somewhat poorly remembered in the hearts of the world's scholars.

As a result, Xu Qingnian even took control of the court, and when the Palace of Literature made a move, Xu Qingnian not only defused it perfectly, but also made the Palace of Literature suffer defeat every time.

Can the world's scholars be comfortable?

Coupled with the displeasure of their innate first impression, then they became increasingly upset with Xu Qingnian.

So when the Palace of Literature asked them to target Xu Qingnian, they immediately agreed.

What is this called? It was called eradicating dissidents.

Of course there were also great scholars who did not get involved, but by not getting involved, it did not mean that they approved of Xu Qingnian, but rather that they did not infringe on their own interests.

These great scholars no longer had any interests to speak of, and either wanted to spend the rest of their lives in peace and quiet, or had their own ideals and ambitions.

Such people, on the other hand, often have a great reputation in the Palace of Literature, but do not have any real power.

They are the ones that the Palace of Literature takes out to promote itself, but these great scholars have no say in how the Palace of Literature develops and how it develops, at most they can give some advice, but the ultimate power is still in the hands of those people.

Inside the study.

Xu Qingnian looked at the oil lamp and candle flame, and he gradually understood these truths.

It sounded a bit unbelievable, but in reality this was the world of adults, where interests determined everything and the buttocks determined the head.

And any power that has reached this level will develop in this way.

Looking at the Palace of Literature as an industry, many things became clear all of a sudden.

As the Palace of Literature gets better and better, and its status gets higher and higher, then the Zhu Sheng lineage that joins the Palace of Literature forces naturally gets higher and higher.

So-and-so country controls the military power, the king of the country is incredibly strong and does not respect Confucianism, right?

I can't beat you, but with a decree from the Palace of Literature, the scholars of the Zhu Sheng lineage in the world will not be able to scold you.

Ninety percent of the world's scholars are from the Zhu Sheng lineage, while the remaining ten percent are completely idealistic and unwilling to engage in any struggle.

Therefore, the Palace of Literature represents the world's scholars.

Having determined their camp and set their direction, then everything is much simpler.

Define the purpose, focus on the interests, and do what you need to do.

For a moment.

A sigh of relief rang out.

This time, Xu Qingnian had understood what Her Majesty meant.

She was not asking herself to take control of the examinations, but to understand what was going on in the Palace of Literature, and what was going on with the world's readers.

If she told herself these things, she would not believe them, but when she is in charge of the examination, she will understand many of the truths.

Looking outside at the night.

Xu Qingnian pushed open the door of his room and was left alone for a while.

Under the moonlight.

Xu Qingnian inexplicably felt a little ridiculous.

The Confucianists of the world!

In the end, they are all just a group of mortals.

They are only favoured by heaven.

The Zhu Sheng lineage could not have formed in such a large scale without the blessings of heaven, time, location and people.

The unique favour of Confucianism, becoming a reader and increasing the Yang power between heaven and earth.

It just so happened that a Zhu Sheng appeared and became a golden sign to draw in the world's readers. I am only afraid that Zhu Sheng himself could not have imagined that five hundred years after his death, he would become like this.

People and, the Zhu Sheng lineage are all first-class human masters, ah, seemingly simple means, but perfectly executed.

Of course this could not be separated from the inevitable laws of nature.

Just like a dynasty, once established, and with no more natural or man-made disasters or foreign enemies, it will expand rapidly, yet it will surely give rise to corrupt and clean officials.

This is essential.

But there is one thing that Xu Qingnian is extraordinarily clear about.

Between heaven and earth, all things naturally follow the laws of nature, where Yin flourishes and Yang declines.

There is no immortal dynasty, nor is there an eternal existence.

When a dynasty, for the most part, is made up of corrupt officials, then that dynasty is about to come to its end.

And when a power like the Palace of Literature is full of people whose minds revolve around profit, then that power, too, is about to come to its end.

What is lacking is just one person, or one thing.

Buildings do not suddenly fall, but when they do, it is extremely quick.

The Zhu Sheng lineage.

It was the end of the road.

Looking at the moonlight.

Xu Qingnian was silent for a long time.

Until dawn.

The second examination of the imperial examination had come.

Xu Qingnian walked out of the courtyard and slowly made his way to the main examination venue, just like yesterday.

Only he had taken back the original test questions and replaced them with a new one.

At the main examination venue, the candidates participating in the examinations had already settled down.

Wang Xinzhi and the others had come early, and Xu Qingnian had come at a pinch.

“We pay our respects to Lord Xu.”

At this moment, the candidates as well as the other examiners paid their respects towards Xu Qingnian, but Zhou Renming’s group continued to sit there, not even standing up.

They seemed to feel that they had defeated Xu Qingnian yesterday, so they were even more inexplicably arrogant today than they had been yesterday.

Xu Qingnian didn’t even give them a glance.

He just nodded and handed the test questions to Wang Xinzhi.

Immediately afterwards, he returned to his seat as the examiner.

Taking the test questions.

Wang Xinzhi didn’t even look at them, but looked to the crowd of candidates and said.

“The subject examination begins, all candidates prepare.”

After saying this, the crowd returned to their seats.

And Wang Xinzhi also went to the bell, and after having someone ring the bell, he slowly unfolded the white paper in his hand.

Only the next moment.

When Wang Xinzhi saw the test questions, his face changed.

Wang Xinzhi turned his gaze towards Xu Qingnian.

However, Xu Qingnian looked incomparably calm, and for a moment, Wang Xinzhi sighed and then slowly spoke.

“Great Wei Dynasty, the second year of Wuchang, the second test question of the imperial examination.”

“The Harm of the Palace of Literature.”

Wang Xinzhi almost stiffly spoke out the test question.

In an instant, as the test question was spoken, all the examiners' faces instantly changed drastically, and the students were also in an uproar in an instant.

In particular, Zhou Renming and the others' faces instantly became incomparably ugly.

Only yesterday they had said that the Zhu Sheng lineage was good and sarcastically accused Xu Qingnian of disrespecting the saints, but as a result, Xu Qingnian's test question today almost trampled Zhu Sheng underfoot.

In reality, Xu Qingnian's test question was aimed at the Palace of Literature, but in their eyes, Xu Qingnian was targeting the saints.

“Xu Qingnian, you scorn my saint in such a way, you are truly daring.”

The blood in Zhou Renming's body gushed directly to his head as he roared loudly and angrily, accusing Xu Qingnian of such an act.

The sound of his anger was tremendous.

The main examination platform.

Xu Qingnian's eyes did not have any anger in them, but only spoke slowly.

“The examination hall is noisy, expelled, deprived of merit, and not allowed to take the exam again for three years.”

Xu Qingnian's voice was calm.

People like Zhou Renming, whom Xu Qingnian didn't want to deal with at all, didn't even have the seventh rank, and were shouting here.

If he was not the chief examiner, he, Zhou Renming, would end up in a miserable situation.

But he was the chief examiner himself, and everything was done according to the rules.

“Xu Qingnian, you are treacherous to slander the sage in such a way.”

“If you expel me, I, Zhou Renming, will not even take the examination today.”

“People like you, who disrespect the saints and disrespect their elders, are guilty beyond pardon.”

Zhou Renming roared in anger, he did not care about being expelled, he had already stopped thinking about the imperial examination after writing that kind of essay yesterday.

Right now he just wanted to scold, to scold Xu Qingnian, to say all the words that were in his heart.

“Someone.”

“Take the candidate, Zhou Renming, into custody. He has defied the imperial examinations and disrespected the Confucianism, adding to his crime.

Xu Qingnian spoke indifferently.

Since the other party was determined to die, Xu Qingnian would not give him the chance.

“Xu Qingnian, how dare you?”

“I am a scholar of the Great Wei, I have merit and have not committed a serious crime, according to the laws of the Great Wei, you cannot kill me.”

When Zhou Renming heard these words, a look of panic was evident in his eyes, but he still said so with his neck held high.

But the guards inside the tribute courtyard, who had already come over, directly detained him without any hint of mercy at all.

And in the eyes of these guards, what was a mere candidate? Xu Qingnian even dared to kill the Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, this man really had a problem with his brain.

“Fine, your merit is gone, Lord Wang, please ask someone to go to the Ministry of Officials and have this man’s merit dismissed.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, his tone incomparably calm.

As soon as this was said, Zhou Renming wanted to yell something, but the guard who came over to seize him was not stupid.

He slapped Zhou Renming directly on the face, shutting him up instantly.

The next moment, Zhou Renming was detained.

The rest of the people looked at each other in disbelief, even the readers who had followed Zhou Renming along with them were inexplicably scared at this moment.

“If you feel that there are problems with the test questions, you may put down your pen and be considered to have abandoned the examination.”

“This is the right of you all.”

“Also, if you make any more noise, treat them all the same.”

Xu Qingnian’s voice was slightly cold.

He did not make a move yesterday because he did not want to bother with such things, there was no need to mess with a dog barking a few times.

But today, the dog has already bitten itself, Xu Qingnian does not believe in the theory that does it still bite back.

Xu Qingnian will not bite back, just kill it.

However, after Xu Qingnian said this, all the scholars looked at me and I looked at you, but most of them still participated in the imperial examinations honestly.

Although they were reading sage books, the problem was that they cared more about their career path.

But there was also a group of readers who got up and left, though not as deadly as Zhou Renming.

These were the people who had actually been brainwashed to succeed in reading.

Xu Qingnian did not care about these people and continued to wait quietly.

A few hours later.

It was Yu Yi who was the first to finish writing the examination paper, and Xu Qingnian looked at it carefully.

Within the essay, Yu Yi’s thoughts once again coincided with his own, arguing that the harm of the Palace of Literature was that readers were no longer readers, but people who chased status and power.

He argues that the harm of the Palace of Literature lies in the fact that readers are no longer readers, but people who pursue status and power.

If this article was shown to the Great Wei Palace of Literature, the great scholars of the Palace would probably explode.

Retracting his gaze, Xu Qingnian looked at Yu Yi.

The latter felt Xu Qingnian's gaze and immediately lifted his head, then arched his hand towards Xu Qingnian.

It was just respect.

"This son, great talent."

Xu Qingnian wrote down Excellent on the examination paper.

Excellent was a rating that exceeded A. Only the chief examiner could write excellent, the rest of the examiners could only classify A, B, C, D.

After a few hours had passed.

Someone came and it was Wang Xinzhi who was approached.

After a while, Wang Xinzhi walked in with a frown on his face and came to himself, somewhat wanting to say something but not doing so.

Xu Qingnian had roughly guessed what was going on.

"Lord Wang, did someone approach you and ask you to plead with me to bypass Zhou Renming?"

Xu Qingnian asked.

"En, but I refused."

Wang Xinzhi gave his answer and did not hide anything.

"If Lord Wang pleads for mercy, I can let him off the hook."

Xu Qingnian did not want to compromise Wang Xinzhi's face as he opened his mouth like this, after all, a Zhou Renming was just a pawn, being used as a pawn, silly.

"No."

Wang Xinzhi shook his head, and then spoke, "If you don't kill one Zhou Renming, there will be thousands and thousands of Zhou Renming in the future, this kind of person, death is not enough."

Wang Xinzhi said in a cold tone.

If it was just some trivial matter, he would indeed plead for mercy, in the examination hall of the imperial examinations, he also dared to do this, then there was nothing to discuss.

Hearing Wang Xinzhi's reply, Xu Qingnian didn't say anything else.

That was it, the imperial examination was over.

Xu Qingnian was like yesterday.

But late that night, when Xu Qingnian had finished approving all the examination papers, Wang Xinzhi came.

"Shouren."

When they met in private, Wang Xinzhi did not address Xu Qingnian as his lord.

"Lord Wang."

Xu Qingnian was polite.

"What do you plan to do after the examination tomorrow?"

Wang Xinzhi was straightforward and asked.

"Go back to study."

Xu Qingnian replied.

"Shouren, after the examination tomorrow, go to the Great Wei Palace of Literature, the Twelve Books of Zhu Sheng, you must read them carefully."

"It will definitely be helpful to you."

Wang Xinzhi stated the purpose of his visit to Xu Qingnian.

He knew what Xu Qingnian had been thinking about recently, so he deliberately came over to give a reminder.

Once this was said, Xu Qingnian nodded and sort of understood what Wang Xinzhi had come to find himself for.

“Good.”

Xu Qingnian nodded her head.

And Wang Xinzhi continued to speak.

“Can you see any talents in the imperial examinations this time?”

Wang Xinzhi asked Xu Qingnian.

“There are a few, but not many.”

“I wonder how it compares to the past?”

Xu Qingnian gave his answer, and at the same time was curious to ask.

After all, Wang Xinzhi had presided over the imperial examinations more times than himself.

“The first imperial examination of the new dynasty, not very good, compared to the past, it’s much worse.”

“To be more precise, it is getting worse and worse, this year this Yu Yi is extremely good, his essay is sharp, a bit of your shadow, only too much sharpness is not good either, without your ability, if so sharp, there is a lot of trouble.”

Wang Xinzhi gave a reply.

Then, he continued to speak.

“I have read Yu Yi’s essay, and I understand why you came up with this question.”

“Yes, since the death of Zhu Sheng, the Palace of Literature has gotten worse and worse, a few hundred years earlier was fine, but today, the Palace has put preaching and receiving aside, and all its thoughts are on how to secure the position of the Palace of Literature.”

“They didn’t do this when the saints were around, and when the saints are not around, they are afraid that their position will not be secure.”

“Readers do not have the appearance of being readers, and this is the current environment.”

“Shouren, I respect Zhu Sheng, not the Palace of Literature, I hope you will become a saint soon and return a clear sky to the readers.”

“If there is any place that I need to go, just ask.”

“In a few years’ time, I will also have to retire to my hometown.”

Wang Xinzhi lamented.

He was also aware of how the Great Wei Palace of Literature had changed over the years, so he couldn’t help but feel a lot of emotion.

“Lord Wang has spoken highly of you, you are still fit and healthy, it will not be a problem for you to serve for another twenty years.”

Xu Qingnian said so.

And Wang Xinzhi shook his head and said with a somewhat bitter smile.

“When you reach this position, no one would be willing to come down, but Great Wei needs new people now, a generation doing the work of a generation.”

“The Great Wei dynasty has gone through the war of the Northern Expedition, the country is shaken, the dynasty is in the midst of a storm, what we are doing is to make the country stable.”

“The rest is for you young people to do.”

“It may be a bad thing or a good thing when the Wen Palace secedes, and after these two years, when Great Wei is completely stable, we will also leave one after another.”

“The Great Wei Dynasty is in the hands of you young people.”

Wang Xinzhi did not accept Xu Qingnian’s consolation, but instead stated the facts very seriously.

Xu Qingnian did not say anything after listening.

After a while, Wang Xinzhi left.

Looking at the departing Wang Xinzhi.

For a moment, Xu Qingnian became even more silent.

Time passed slowly.

The third day.

Xu Qingnian still conducted the examination.

And the examination questions for the third day.

[The Way of Being an Official]

Xu Qingnian's test questions were not some scripture essay, but rather brought out the current situation of the ills of Great Wei and allowed the candidates to play.

The test was not about knowledge, but about ideas.

The third day.

It was still Yu Yi who had the best essay, but surprisingly, his own senior brother, also wrote a not bad essay.

Xu Qingnian also did not avoid suspicion and marked it straight away as superior.

It was all the way up to the Shenshu time.

The examination was over.

Ten days later, the results of the examination were announced.

However, on this day, Xu Qingnian did not approve the examination papers, leaving it to Wang Xinzhi and the others for approval.

After the candidates had left.

After a while, Xu Qingnian was alone, walking towards the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

He was going to look at the Twelve Sacred Books of the Zhu Sheng.

Because he himself had almost no clue about the Sacred Dao, it was ultimately difficult to work behind closed doors.

Taking a look at what others had done might give himself some insight.

Once again, he approached the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Xu Qingnian was not the least bit embarrassed, but on the contrary, he was extremely relaxed.

And as Xu Qingnian arrived at the Great Wei Palace of Literature, for a moment, the Great Wei Palace of Literature became even quieter.

Almost everyone looked at Xu Qingnian with incomparably complicated eyes, but no one dared to say anything, nor did anyone dare to show any expressions.

Soon, a figure appeared.

“I, Hua Xinyun, pay my respects to Xu Ru.”

Hua Xinyun’s appearance caused Xu Qingnian to be somewhat surprised.

This person was really a bit odd, from the very first appearance, Xu Qingnian thought that this person would find himself in trouble.

What he did not expect was that not only had Hua Xingyun not sought trouble with him, but he had been working honestly and had not offended himself, and Xu Qingnian had even heard that Hua Xingyun would defend his reputation outside.

This time, Hua Xinyun would also participate in the examination.

However, it was not expected that Hua Xinyun did not participate.

However, Xu Qingnian could tell at a glance that Hua Xingyun had already established his reputation as a sixth-ranked Confucian.

When he first saw him, it was only a clear intention.

“Brother Hua is polite, Xu does not like such rules.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, smiling slightly.

“Xu Ru has spoken highly of you, Xu Ru, are you here today for the Twelve Sacred Books?”

Hua Xinyun inquired.

“En.”

Xu Qingnian nodded, and the latter did not say much as he directly led Xu Qingnian to the Great Wei Hidden Scripture Pavilion.

Various gazes were cast along the way, and as Xu Qingnian entered the Hidden Scripture Pavilion.

Voices only gradually rang out.

“Xu Qingnian scorns the saints like this, can he read the Twelve Sacred Books?”

“Such disrespect for the saints, how can he still have the face to read the Twelve Sacred Books?”

“Only those who are sincere in heart can read the Twelve Holy Books, Xu Qingnian cannot read them.”

Some voices rang out, not much and not too loud, just some small chatter.

Inside the Great Wei Hidden Scripture Pavilion.

With Hua Xinyun leading the way, Xu Qingnian arrived at the top of the Hidden Scripture Pavilion.

On the top of the pavilion, there were twelve stone tablets, and on top of them lay the golden Holy Book.

“Xu Ru, these are the twelve books of the Vermilion Saint, I cannot stay here for long, my junior will wait below.”

Hua Xinyun was extremely polite.

And Xu Qingnian nodded, then came to the first stone tablet and directly picked up the sacred booklet.

In an instant, a vast aura filled the air, and a wisp of holy might pressed in.

However, as Xu Qingnian released his own Hao Rang Qi, the Holy Book quieted down.

This was the original manuscript Holy Book, which could not be viewed by anyone other than the Great Confucians. Some of the Great Wei Palace of Literature’s proper Confucian scholars or seventh-ranked Confucian scholars with clear intent could only view it through the excerpts of the Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth.

After getting the Holy Book.

Xu Qingnian flipped it open directly and read the holy words.

In an instant.

A magnificent sound resounded in his mind, these were the words of Zhu Sheng.

It expounded on the way of heaven and earth, the way of nature, the way of the human race, and the way of all things.

Almost instantly, Xu Qingnian fell into a state of epiphany.

He listened with rapt attention.

Even though Xu Qingnian had great talent in all the ages, he was still inadequate in the face of the saints.

The mysteries of heaven, earth and the universe, the laws of nature in all things.

When these truths appear, one is inexplicably elevated, as if everything seems less important.

This is the holy dao.

Xu Qingnian quietly perceived it.

And at that very moment, the Haozheng Qi around him gradually diffused.

An hour later.

Xu Qingnian put down the first book of the holy words and picked up the second book of the holy words.

His mind was not distracted, and he was reading the sacred words carefully.

Book by book, he read them.

Book by book, he read.

Gradually, the Vast Aura around him grew thicker and thicker.

No, it was the entire Hidden Scripture Pavilion that was suffused with an unparalleled Vast Aura.

Another hour.

After Xu Qingnian got the third Holy Book to read.

Suddenly, the entire Hidden Scripture Pavilion resounded with the sound of a chanting scripture.

The rushing purple Vast Righteousness Qi also exploded at this moment.

Boom!

The purple Qi rushed into the sky, and the commotion in the Hidden Scripture Pavilion instantly drew all the Confucian students in the entire Palace of Literature to cast their eyes to look.

“What’s happening?”

“Why is the Hidden Scripture Pavilion like this?”

“Isn’t Xu Qingnian in the Hidden Scripture Pavilion? Is this a vision he made?”

“Good grief, why does Xu Qingnian’s visit to the Hidden Scripture Pavilion attract such a spectacle?”

The Confucian students were shocked, but more than that, they were jealous.

“Xu Qingnian is having an epiphany, I guessed it right, the Twelve Holy Books, written by the saints themselves, have a miraculous effect on those with excellent talent, no matter what, no one can question Xu Qingnian’s talent, these Twelve Holy Books, I’m afraid they only mean a lot to him.”

A great Confucian spoke up and looked at the Hidden Scripture Pavilion and said so.

“It’s a pity that he is not from the Zhu Sheng lineage, otherwise, the Zhu Sheng lineage would have flourished for another five hundred years.”

A great scholar also spoke up, not shocked by this scene, but regretting that Xu Qingnian was not of the Zhu Sheng lineage.

The light of the Hidden Scripture Pavilion grew more and more fiery.

The hundred-foot purple aura drew many people in the capital of Great Wei to stop and look at it.

As time passed little by little.

The purple qi became more and more terrifying.

Three hundred feet.

Five hundred feet.

A thousand feet.

Straight into the clouds.

Boom boom boom!

At this moment, the Great Wei Palace of Literature trembled.

Inside the Hidden Scripture Pavilion, Xu Qingnian had also seen the ninth book.

The sound of chanting scriptures was heard throughout the Great Wei Palace of Literature at first, but now this chanting sound reached the entire Great Wei Kyoto.

Above the dome of the sky, a cloud of talent emerged.

The entire Great Wei Palace of Literature blazed with light.

In the end, the holy images all began to resonate.

The visions also became more and more magnificent.

The sound of chanting scriptures also grew louder and louder.

And when Xu Qingnian picked up the tenth book to read.

Boom!

A terrifyingly vast Qi coalesced in the middle of the Palace of Literature, creating a holy image.

But it was not the holy image of Zhu Sheng.

Rather, it was Xu Qingnian's holy image.

"Look guys, this imaginary image doesn't look like Xu Qingnian?"

"Hiss! It really does look like that."

"What's going on here? Is it possible that Xu Qingnian is going to become a saint?"

"So good that he's going to become a saint?"

"How is that possible?"

"He's looking at the Twelve Holy Books and understanding the Way of the Saints, this is about to become a half-saint."

"It's possible, extremely possible."

That one voice rang out.

The Confucian students were shocked, not only them, but also the whole of Kyoto.

The Great Wei Imperial Palace.

Everyone watched the vision.

The empress even walked straight out of the great hall and turned her gaze towards the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

The gazes of the six ministries of Great Wei, the State Dukes, the Marquis's House, the powerful and noble people, also looked at the Great Wei Palace of Literature with dead eyes at this moment.

The vision was becoming more and more terrifying.

The light was also becoming more and more fiery.

The mighty qi was like a vast ocean, flooding the whole of Great Wei's Kyoto.

The sound of chanting scriptures was even resounding for ten thousand miles.

This was indeed a sign of sainthood.

In the middle of the Ministry of Justice.

Chen Zhengru clenched his fist to death, hoping that Xu Qingnian would thus become a saint.

If Xu Qingnian became a saint.

It could turn the tide in an instant.

In the Ministry of Rites, Wang Xinzhi's eyes were also full of expectation.

The eyes of countless people in the entire Wei capital were filled with anticipation.

But there were also those who looked nervous.

Not wanting Xu Qingnian to become a saint.

Book Eleven.

Book twelve.

Finally.

Xu Qingnian picked up the twelfth book of holy words.

This time, it only took Xu Qingnian half an hour to finish reading this book.

When Zhu Sheng's twelve books, all of them were read by Xu Qingnian.

In an instant.

Xu Qingnian stood in the Hidden Scripture Pavilion.

Countless thoughts floated in his mind.

The figure of Zhu Sheng also appeared in his mind, recounting the way of the saints.

Boom boom boom!

Light rushed into the sky.

It plunged straight into the clouds.

It illuminated the whole of Great Wei's Kyoto completely and utterly.

A fierce wind swept through the capital of Great Wei.

Between heaven and earth.

The incomparable holy intent grew stronger and stronger.

And the holy image in the Palace of Literature.

It was also becoming more and more solid.

At this moment, the Palace of Literature was in chaos, and the faces of many great scholars were tense.

The faces of Cao Ru and Fang Ru were extremely ugly.

They had never imagined that Xu Qingnian could really use the Twelve Holy Books to comprehend the Holy Dao.

But at that very moment.

An incomparably grand voice rang out.

"Scorn the Saint!"

"Do not become a saint!"

Awaken Chapter 208 -

The Great Wei Palace of Literature.

An unparalleled vision reflected in the vault of heaven.

A saint's silhouette also appeared in the Palace of Literature. No one had expected that Xu Qingnian had attained enlightenment of the Holy Dao at this juncture?

Was he about to become a saint?

The Confucian students revealed shocked expressions.

The great Confucian scholars all had ugly faces, especially Cao Ru and Fang Ru, who most certainly did not want Xu Qingnian to become a saint.

They had previously speculated whether Xu Qingnian would become a saint directly after reading the Twelve Books of Zhu Sheng.

But what they didn't expect was that such a thing would really happen.

They did not believe that Xu Qingnian could become a saint.

But for Xu Qingnian to become a saint with the help of the Twelve Books of the Vermilion Sage, they believed that it was possible.

The twelve books, which were written by the saints themselves, expounded the ways of heaven and earth, the ways of all things, and were too profound and esoteric.

If one read it, it was not impossible to become a saint in one day.

But they did not want Xu Qingnian to become a saint.

However, just at this moment.

A magnificent and incomparable voice rang out.

"Scorn the saints."

"Do not become a saint."

This voice resounded with unparalleled grandeur, a deliberate attempt to interrupt Xu Qingnian's epiphany and prevent him from becoming a saint.

This was the voice of Hong Sheng.

At a critical moment, he stepped in, absolutely not allowing Xu Qingnian to rely on Zhu Sheng's Will for his enlightenment.

He was also afraid, very afraid, afraid that Xu Qingnian would become a saint.

If Xu Qingnian became a saint, it would be a heavenly blow to the Great Wei Palace of Literature, even more terrifying than a First Grade subduing the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

"Bullshit!"

Right at this moment, in the middle of the Great Wei Palace, Wu Ming's voice rang out.

He was originally cleansing his body of demonic Qi, but Xu Qingnian's vision of becoming a saint had startled him.

When he found out that Xu Qingnian was going to become a saint, Wu Ming had mixed feelings. He was happy that Xu Qingnian would become a saint, but he was worried that after Xu Qingnian became a saint, he would not be interested in the martial arts again.

However, when he heard Hong Sheng's words, Wu Ming was outraged.

With a word of bullshit, he directly disliked back.

However, Wu Ming's voice rang out, and did not make Hong Sheng afraid, on the contrary Hong Sheng's attitude, more resolute Dao.

"Xu Qingnian all the time despises my Great Wei Palace of Literature, slanders the saints, and now wants to become a saint with the help of Zhu Sheng's book, does this not seem a bit ridiculous?"

"Sir, as a First Grade, you can indeed ignore the rules, but can all reason be disregarded?"

Hong Sheng's voice rang out.

Normally, he had suffered a great loss at the hands of Wu Ming and should reasonably be more honest, but now Hong Sheng still dared to speak up, which proved one thing.

He did not want Xu Qingnian to become a saint.

Moreover, he was already panicking.

Once this was said, Wu Ming's expression remained unchanged as he looked at Hong Sheng and said indifferently.

“When did my disciple ever slander Zhu Sheng? As for despising the Great Wei Palace of Literature, tell me old man, when did the Great Wei Palace of Literature represent the Vermilion Saint?”

“You and the others, to put it nicely, are of the Zhu Sheng lineage, disciples of Zhu Sheng, but to put it more unpleasantly, has Zhu Sheng personally accepted you as disciples? You are doing unseemly deeds in the name of the saints, and this is the Zhu Sheng lineage?”

“Today, my disciple will become a saint, whoever dares to interfere, I will kill his whole family.”

Wu Ming’s voice was cold.

Today, the Great Wei needed a saint.

If it was a young saint, it would indeed be a fatal blow to the Palace of Literature. Wu Ming did not want to go against the Palace of Literature, but he just did not want any more chaos to happen in Great Wei.

And since Xu Qingnian was his own disciple, he was naturally more partial to his own disciple.

“Sir, if Xu Qingnian is willing to join my Zhu Sheng lineage and he becomes a saint today, I am willing.”

“But if Xu Qingnian is not willing to join my Vermilion Saint lineage, and he becomes a saint today, I will not agree.”

Hong Sheng opened his mouth, his will incomparably firm.

This was a despicable tactic, using this as a reason to attack Xu Qingnian, not wanting him to become a saint as a result, and although it stood up, in the eyes of many people, Hong Sheng seemed to have fallen somewhat short.

After all, for the people of the world, one more saint was ultimately a good thing, but for the Great Wei Wen Palace, for the Zhu Sheng lineage, any saint who was not theirs would be an alien.

“You don’t agree? And what can you do?”

Wu Ming said in a contemptuous tone.

But Hong Sheng’s voice continued to ring out.

“Sir, you are a First Grade Martial Dao with unparalleled battle prowess, and I know that Hong knows that, but the matters of the Confucian Dao, I understand more than you do, Hong.”

“I still hope that sir will not interfere in the affairs of my Confucian Dao.”

Hong Sheng continued to speak, he did not want to make an enemy of Wu Ming, but if Wu Ming forced himself to interfere, he had no fear.

“Then today, I would like to see how you can stop my disciple from becoming a saint under the eyes of the old me.”

Wu Ming’s voice was cold and terrifying.

He was completely moved to kill.

If Hong Sheng really dared to act in a reckless manner, he did not mind cleansing the Palace of Literature in blood.

“Sacrifice the Sacred Weapon of the Palace of Literature.”

“Gather the power of the readers to stop Xu Qingnian from becoming a saint.”

“This man scorned my Zhu Sheng, disrespecting the elders above and treating the young below, this man has no virtue or ability and is not worthy of being a saint.”

“Today, I, Hong Zhengtian, will gather the strength of the readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage to stop Xu Qingnian from becoming a saint.”

Hong Zhengtian did not have any more nonsense, he would rather pay the price of his life than allow Xu Qingnian to become a saint.

As his voice rang out.

In an instant, the First Grade Heavenly Might also appeared.

“The Vermilion Saint lineage, with its demons rampant, is blocking my disciple from attaining sainthood.”

“Today, I will cleanse the Palace of Literature in blood and return the world to a clear and clear sky.”

At this moment, Wu Ming didn’t have any more nonsense, he didn’t want to go this far, but for Xu Qingnian he was fearless, today he would wash the Palace of Literature in blood.

Kill out the First Grade Heavenly Might.

Boom boom boom!

The Eight Jade Sacred Rulers and the Hao Ran Wen Zhong exploded with immeasurable light at this moment, rushing up into the sky and blocking the First Grade Heavenly Might.

The will of the readers of the Vermilion Saint lineage also gathered from all directions at this moment, like endless energy, and poured into the sacred weapon.

Blocking the heavenly might.

And within the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

The Confucian students were all excited as they added their faith.

Only there were some great Confucians who inexplicably frowned.

They naturally did not want to see Xu Qingnian become a saint, but if Xu Qingnian could really become a saint, wouldn't it be for the good of the world?

They frowned and fell into contemplation, and inexplicably, they always felt that something was odd.

But at that moment, Hong Sheng's voice rang out again.

"Xu Qingnian!"

"If you join my Zhu Sheng lineage, today, Mister Hong can make you a saint."

"If you refuse, today, Hong Mou, inviting the will of the Vermilion Saint, vows to block it to the death."

Hong Zhengtian opened his mouth as he looked at the increasingly solidified holy image in the middle of the Palace of Literature and spoke out in this manner.

Xu Qingnian becoming a saint would have too great an impact on the Palace of Literature.

Even if Xu Qingnian became a saint again after the Great Wei Palace of Literature broke away, he would not do so.

Now that Xu Qingnian had become a saint, the Great Wei Palace of Literature would be in real trouble if it wanted to break away.

This was what he feared, and why he must stop Xu Qingnian.

A deafening voice rang out.

The Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Inside the Hidden Scripture Pavilion.

Xu Qingnian was not affected by any outside influence at all, but kept thinking about Zhu Sheng's Holy Will.

At this moment, a flat lake appeared in Xu Qingnian's mind, an epiphany.

Xu Qingnian fell into a complete and utter epiphany, forgetting everything and remembering nothing but his own identity.

In the middle of the flat lake, Zhu Sheng's figure stood there, standing with his arms folded, blossoming with a million rays of light and a smile on his face as he gazed at himself.

The magnificent sound of chanting resounded, while he himself stood on the shore, surrounded by no boats, and the twelve sacred books formed step after step, pointing straight to the holy path.

Xu Qingnian understood that as long as he walked in front of Zhu Sheng, he would become a saint himself.

This was the holy dao of perception.

Among the twelve books of the Vermilion Saint was his Holy Dao.

The Way of Heaven and Earth.

The Way of the Universe.

The Way of All Things.

The Way of Nature.

This is Zhu Sheng's intention and his central idea: to preserve the principles of heaven and destroy the desires of man.

Since the birth of heaven and earth, the universe has evolved and given birth to all things and nature, all of which are born together and are likewise born together.

Wisdom is the being that creates everything and makes everything beautiful, while desire is the being that destroys everything and makes everything unpleasant.

When man has desire, he gradually becomes unscrupulous, ignoring everything, seeking only to achieve his ends, destroying nature, harming others, and making heaven and earth dirty and ugly.

And the higher the status of the person, the more ugly the desire will bring.

A martial artist, if he desires, will run amok and oppress the weak.

An official, if he desires, will be a governor for three years and a hundred thousand snowflakes of silver.

The immortal, if he desires, will break the taboos and disobey the laws of heaven in order to live forever.

The emperor, if he desires, will fight endlessly, with countless dead and wounded and bones like mountains.

All things in heaven and earth are mutually exclusive, and it is only when one has desires that one becomes human.

This is the central idea of Zhu Sheng.

It is also his holy path.

Xu Qingnian listened with rapt attention, he had already glimpsed the holy path, and at this moment, he moved.

Walking up the stone steps.

One step, two steps, three steps, ten steps, twelve steps.

The Vermilion Saint Void, only one final step away from himself.

If he crossed this step, he would completely enlighten the Holy Dao and achieve Half-Sainthood.

However, at that very moment.

A voice came into this heaven and earth.

“Shouren! Wake up!”

“His holy dao is not your holy dao.”

“Don’t get caught in the path.”

Xu Qingnian looked around in some confusion, there were no figures or voices.

He couldn’t even remember whose voice it was, as if it was familiar, and as if it was unfamiliar.

“The Way of Heavenly Reason is regarded as the Holy Way.”

“The Way of Extinguishing Desire, regarded as the Way of Man.”

“Xu Shouren, step through this step and you will be able to prove the supreme holy dao.”

Zhu Sheng’s voice rang out.

He looked towards Xu Qingnian, his tone calm and his face gentle.

In an instant, Xu Qingnian did not hesitate as he lifted his foot and prepared to cross the final step.

Only, at that very moment.

The voice rang out once again.

“Don’t go over.”

It was still a familiar voice, but it seemed strange.

Who was it?

Xu Qingnian frowned as he retraced his steps and turned to look around, but unfortunately there was not a single sound.

“It’s a heart demon.”

“Don’t bother.”

Zhu Sheng’s voice rang out.

Giving an answer.

Informing Xu Qingnian that it was a heart demon, telling Xu Qingnian not to think about it.

A heart demon?

Xu Qingnian was somewhat silent.

He wasn't sure if it was a heart demon, only that the voice was indeed familiar.

Whose voice was it?

He could not think of it.

After a while, Xu Qingnian finally sighed and wanted to continue taking this step.

Suddenly, a terrifying voice rang out.

“Those who defy the saints must not become saints.”

The voice rang out like thunder, causing Xu Qingnian to wake up at once.

All of his memories surfaced, and at this moment, Xu Qingnian came to his senses.

He looked at Zhu Sheng in front of him, the latter's face was still gentle as he looked at himself, but all that had happened, Xu Qingnian remembered, the voice was Hong Sheng's voice.

But the voice of Fang just now was Chao Ge's voice.

Chao Ge asked himself not to become a saint?

No, Chao Ge told himself not to follow the holy path of Zhu Sheng, and to choose his own holy path.

“Brother Chao Ge.”

Xu Qingnian called out in his heart, wanting to ask Chao Ge, yet Chao Ge's voice did not ring out any more.

Chao Ge had said that if he did not become a saint, they could not wake up, or wait until they woke up themselves, but it would take a long time to wait for them to wake up.

And Fang's voice should have been Chao Ge sensing that he was about to become a saint, so he deliberately reminded himself not to follow the holy path of others.

An instant.

Xu Qingnian came to his senses.

The holy path of Zhu Sheng was indeed extraordinary, but it was not one's own holy path.

One's own holy path should be one's own to walk, each step by oneself.

And at each step, one has perceptions, not forcibly raised up. But if one becomes a saint now, then one is walking the Way of the Vermilion Saint, someone else's holy path, and there is nothing wrong with it now, but one cannot break through afterwards after all.

Unable to truly step into the first grade.

This is terrifying.

Even if one became a sub-saint, it would be of no use.

Looking at Zhu Sheng once again, the latter's face remained gentle as he waited for himself to walk over.

However, Xu Qingnian shook his head and bowed towards Zhu Sheng.

"Sage on high, the student has his own holy path, thank you for guiding him."

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth and said so.

Once this was said, Zhu Sheng did not have any change in expression, but looked at Xu Qingnian and said.

"Shouren, don't worry, this dao, you can enter the first grade."

He did not get angry or annoyed, but informed Xu Qingnian that his holy dao would allow him to become a first-grade literary saint.

However, once this was said, Xu Qingnian shook his head, he had already made up his mind, regardless of whether what Zhu Sheng said was true or not.

Still, he spoke, "The sage is above, and the student believes that everyone is different, and everyone's dao, too, is different; the sage's way, which is vast and profound, is not necessarily suitable for the student."

Xu Qingnian gave the reply that the other party was a Zhu Sheng, a true saint, and respect was a given.

This remark was made.

Zhu Sheng remained not annoyed or angry, but let out a long sigh.

After a while, Zhu Sheng spoke.

“Shouren, what you have chosen is not wrong, but whether it is right or not, I am not sure.”

“But I support your choice.”

“But you must remember, become a saint quickly, not a half-saint, but a First Grade Literary Saint.”

“When you become a Literature Saint, you will understand many things.”

“Also, after you become a half-saint, go to my former residence, I have something to leave you.”

Zhu Sheng opened his mouth, and his words seemed inexplicable, especially the last sentence, leaving something for himself?

Xu Qingnian was somewhat curious.

It was just a split second.

Xu Qingnian’s entire expression could not help but change greatly.

This was because he then realised a problem.

Why did Zhu Sheng know that he was called Xu Shouren?

Wasn’t this Holy Will? How come it felt as if it was the Zhu Saint himself?

“Sage, you is the original saint?”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth to inquire, and he looked shocked.

“It is both a non-identity.”

However the answer given by the latter made Xu Qingnian slightly relieved that it was not the true original saint, but it was not an intention or anything like that either.

“Dare I ask the sage, what does this mean?”

Xu Qingnian continued to ask.

“Are you curious as to how I can know your name?”

Zhu Sheng spoke out.

“En.”

Xu Qingnian nodded while Zhu Sheng slowly said.

“I saw you.”

“In the past, seeing the future you.”

Zhu Sheng’s voice rang out, causing Xu Qingnian to be filled with consternation.

“Saw me?”

Xu Qingnian was a little surprised, he had thought that this was Zhu Sheng’s original self, but now that he learned that it was not Zhu Sheng’s original self, it was even better, what he did not expect was that the other party saw himself in the past.

“En, I saw the future, you five hundred years later.”

“Everyone was crying, there was sadness everywhere, I didn’t know what was happening.”

“I saw only you, as well as hearing the weeping of all beings.”

“Shouren, there are many things I cannot tell you, nor can I tell you, only if you become a saint, then you will understand everything.”

“I would have let you follow my path so that you could become a saint sooner, except that I understand even better that when you have your own choice, everything seems to be destined and I cannot change the future.”

“But I believe that you can change the future.”

“You only need to believe in yourself.”

Zhu Sheng stated the reason for his manifestation, the Twelve Sacred Books, something he had left to Xu Qingnian, and when Xu Qingnian saw such a thing, he would manifest himself.

He would guide Xu Qingnian to become a saint, helping him to do so as quickly as possible.

But if Xu Qingnian chose his own path, he would not think anything of it and would only support Xu Qingnian.

It was just that Xu Qingnian could not understand a single word of what Zhu Sheng said, not a single word of it, like a fog.

“Don’t think too much, just do well in the present moment.”

Zhu Sheng reminded, telling Xu Qingnian not to think too much about these things for now, just know, not to think too much.

“Student understands.”

Xu Qingnian bowed towards Zhu Sheng and said so.

It was also at this moment that a voice like thunder resounded once again.

“Xu Qingnian!”

“If you join my Zhu Sheng lineage, today, Mister Hong can make you a saint.”

“If you refuse, today, Mister Hong, inviting the will of the Vermilion Sage, vows to block it to death.”

As this voice rang out.

Zhu Sheng frowned slightly and looked at the dome of the sky, then looked back at Xu Qingnian and said.

“Is this that fool?”

“Why are you blocking you from becoming a saint?”

Zhu Sheng opened his mouth and spoke as an ordinary person would, causing Xu Qingnian to be a bit speechless for a moment , but Zhu Sheng seemed even more puzzled, not understanding why the other party was asking himself to block Xu Qingnian from becoming a saint?

Ah This.

Xu Qingnian didn't know how to explain it all at once.

After thinking about it, Xu Qingnian still opened his mouth and said.

“Sage above, this is your disciple, a half-saint.”

Xu Qingnian replied thus.

“My disciple?”

For an instant, Zhu Sheng could not help but look towards the heavens again, and soon he frowned and said.

“My disciple, he should not be stupid.”

“What’s the point of blocking you from becoming a saint? Even if there is even greater hatred, a Confucian is benevolent and should feel happy, blocking someone from becoming a saint is a calamity for all the people of the world.”

“Why is he like that?”

Zhu Sheng could not help but make a puzzled sound.

As a saint, he knew even more about benevolence and love. Confucians were impartial and had great love, even if they did not like others, but if the other party was working for the people of the world, then private was private and public was public.

It is possible not to befriend the other party, but not to harm others, otherwise what kind of Confucianist is this?

The truth is that the way the world’s scholars look nowadays really makes Xu Qingnian curious about what kind of person Zhu Sheng really is.

Now it seems to be just as he had guessed, Zhu Sheng is a saint, how could he be such a saint?

And this group of scholars from the Great Wei Palace of Literature had obviously distorted the meaning of the saint completely.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian could not help but tell Zhu Sheng everything in detail, but Xu Qingnian did not go into too much detail, but instead gave a general account of what had happened.

However, after Xu Qingnian had finished telling all the things.

Zhu Sheng’s voice rang out.

“You didn’t lie to me?”

“That shouldn’t be the case.”

“These disciples of mine, although they are all said to have poor qualifications, it doesn’t make sense that they should be like this?”

“What I taught them was actually benevolent, how come they are all so sinister?”

“No, if this continues, are they still Confucians? What’s the difference between them and villains?”

“Damn it.”

Zhu Sheng inexplicably looked a little agitated.

If we say that before, Zhu Sheng did not have any emotional change, but after hearing what Wen Gong had done again, Zhu Sheng's entire person became agitated.

It was an unusual excitement.

At the end, Zhu Sheng even cursed a foul word, causing Xu Qingnian to freeze.

Good man, I didn't expect a saint to swear at his mother?

But thinking about it, one's own disciples, to say that they were unproductive, it was nothing to say, one could only say that the offspring was not good.

But the question is, if one's disciples do something wrong, do harm to others, and are selfish, this is not okay, you are completely against the Confucian Way.

What is the difference between this and deceiving one's master and destroying one's ancestors?

But Xu Qingnian still spoke out to persuade.

"The sage should not be angry."

"However, they also said that you taught all this and that it was your intention."

Xu Qingnian spoke up.

When this was said, Zhu Sheng was dumbfounded.

"I said that? When did I ever say such a thing?"

"I've always fucking told them to be humble, that Confucians should be benevolent and unselfish, isn't that a disservice to me?"

Zhu Sheng's entire body was dumbfounded.

When had he ever said such things? He himself said every day, day in and day out, to be benevolent, to be humble, to have great love, not to be jealous of others, to praise others, to work hard.

But I never thought that his own disciples would play this trick?

Hiss.

At this moment, Zhu Sheng's brain broadened a little painfully.

Just for a split second, Zhu Sheng suddenly changed his expression and looked at Xu Qingnian and said.

“I know!”

“I understand.”

His sudden outburst caused Xu Qingnian to become somewhat curious.

“Sage, what have you understood?”

Xu Qingnian was filled with curiosity.

“No, my disciples would never be like this, someone did it on purpose.”

“Shouren, do you know about immortal corpses?”

Zhu Sheng spoke up and asked Xu Qingnian.

“I know.”

Xu Qingnian nodded.

And Zhu Sheng immediately said.

“Before the Great Ancestor established the Great Wei, there were immortal corpses falling from outside the sky, and the Great Ancestor was not the first person to see them.”

“According to my investigation, there were a total of five people who saw the immortal corpse before Tai Ancestor, to be more precise, not necessarily five people, a few of them were of the demon race.”

“In short, among these five people, one must be a Confucian, I detected him when I became a saint back then, but he is hiding too deep, this person should have some great secret.”

“This secret has a great deal to do with the yin and yang forces of heaven and earth, and the yang force has a great deal to do with the Confucian, I suspect that this man waited for me to disappear and infiltrated the Palace of Literature.”

“Or maybe it was his descendants who infiltrated among the Palace of Literature and became the ruler of the Palace, misleading the world’s readers and making them gradually forget the original heart of Confucianism through means.”

“That is why the readers of the Palace of Literature have become like this.”

“Confucianism is not Confucianism, the readers are not readers, this is very likely, Shouren, you must investigate this matter seriously, this is no joke, this person’s plan is too big, he wants to completely corrupt the foundation of Confucianism.”

“If he really succeeds, the consequences are unimaginable, even I see your future, your future, is related to this person, you must investigate clearly, who is it.”

“Know what?”

Zhu Sheng spoke extremely fast, informing Xu Qingnian, and at the same time, he also told a peculiar secret.

“Infiltrating the Palace of Literature? Taking control of real power and corrupting the roots of Confucianism?”

“Hiss!”

Xu Qingnian took a deep breath, he honestly didn’t expect it to be like this.

But when Zhu Sheng said so, Xu Qingnian really thought that it was possible.

Otherwise, what Zhu Sheng had imparted was clearly benevolent, but it turned out that by now, it was still benevolent? It was all a bunch of demons and monsters.

And it definitely didn’t become like this in a year or two, it changed with every little bit.

If there was someone behind the scenes, Xu Qingnian’s scalp tingled for a moment, spending hundreds of years to bring down the Confucian Way and corrupt its foundation.

What was this person plotting again?

“Please rest assured, Sage, the student will definitely investigate carefully.”

“However, Sage, do you have any means, or any way, to at least suppress it, it’s a bit overwhelming now with my ability alone.”

“Another thing is that the Great Wei Palace of Literature is about to break away, I suspect that this is also this person’s plan, is there any way to stop it?”

Xu Qingnian mentioned another thing, something about the Great Wei Wen Palace.

“What?”

“The Great Wei Wen Palace breaking away?”

When Zhu Sheng heard this, he completely sat up, he couldn't be calm ah.

"En."

Xu Qingnian nodded and said with a firm expression.

"Then there must be someone behind the scenes, there must be someone."

"Son of a bitch, taking advantage of my absence and trying to tarnish my reputation?"

"It's a good thing the old man kept his fucking hand in, otherwise, I'd really be screwed by these guys."

Zhu Sheng cursed and cursed, to make a saint so angry, it was evident what the Confucian students of the Great Wei Palace of Literature had done at the moment that was unethical.

"Shouren, I can't make a move now, nor can I do so."

"But I once left a hand, after becoming a saint, go to my former residence."

"Within my former residence, there is something I left for you, with the help of that kind of thing, I have an essence of holy qi in it, and I can condense a true holy will."

"When the time comes, don't worry about anything, leave it all to me."

"But don't rush, wait for the person behind the curtain to reveal himself, then you can release my holy qi essence, in that case, I can lock his aura."

"The world's readers are ignorant, after you become a half-saint, with the help of the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, it is just the right time to suppress them, remember, as tough as you can, especially these sons of bitches from the Wen Palace."

"Corrupting my reputation is small, but crippling the world's people is big, and I, Zhu, will not share the sin."

"But must remember, do not kill Confucius, if you want to kill, kill the head, now this person who is screaming outside is just a pawn, kill him, someone will naturally step in."

"Put a long line to catch a big fish, do you understand."

Zhu Sheng said so, a statement that was incomparably bold and at the same time decisive.

A saint was worthy of being a saint.

Xu Qingnian inexplicably felt that it was reasonable for Zhu Sheng to become a saint, and that he was righteous and clear about right and wrong.

Although his words were a bit rude, a saint is also a human being, who wouldn't be angry when encountering such things?

"Sage, please rest assured that the student understands."

Xu Qingnian said categorically.

"En, good boy, I'll leave the rest to you, you'll have to suffer a little, but don't worry, all the grievances you suffer, I'll make them pay back tenfold."

The vain shadow of Zhu Sheng gradually dissipated, but his words, however, were categorical.

"Don't worry, Sage, for the sake of the world's people, this little aggravation of the student is nothing."

Xu Qingnian said seriously.

And at that moment, Hong Sheng's voice rang out again.

"Xu Qingnian!"

"If you don't answer, this Saint will gather the power of the world's readers and awaken the will of the saints."

Hong Sheng shouted outside, saying so.

And Zhu Sheng's gaze could not help but look above the vault of the sky, with a deep meaning in his eyes.

"Shouren, this man, don't kill him, Leave it to me, let me do it"

Zhu Sheng opened his mouth and left his last words, but before he could finish the last word, his figure disappeared, and for a moment, it was unclear what Zhu Sheng meant.

But what Xu Qingnian knew was this.

The Zhu Sheng lineage.

It could wait to die.

As long as he became a Saint himself and got the Saint Qi Origin, he would have an amazing show to watch.

It was also at that moment.

Suddenly, all the scenes disappeared.

The next moment.

Xu Qingnian returned to reality.

The twelve books of holy words were still blossoming with golden light, and the purple Vast Qi, which filled the entire Hidden Scripture Pavilion, was filled with storm clouds and thunder outside.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

“Hong Sheng, make a move, if you don’t make a move, the First Grade will kill in.”

“The two holy weapons can’t stop the First Grade, so make a move.”

A great Confucian spoke up, his voice urgent.

Wu Ming was completely furious as he stood atop the Great Wei Palace of Literature, constantly blasting the Palace barrier as the two Saint Weapons trembled, and the Saint Weapons could hardly even resist the power of the First Grade.

This was supreme battle power, and it was already the limit for a Saint Weapon to block three strikes.

“Xu Qingnian!”

“This is the path you have chosen for yourself, don’t blame this Saint for it.”

In the next moment, Hong Sheng struck again.

Only, just then, Xu Qingnian’s voice rang out.

“Noisy!”

A loud voice rang out, and it was also a response to Hong Sheng.

It was almost the same time.

Xu Qingnian had already left the Literature Palace Hidden Scripture Pavilion.

He walked out inside the Hidden Scripture Pavilion.

In an instant, all the holy qi, all of it, dissipated, and all the visions gradually disappeared.

In particular, the holy image in the middle of the Palace of Literature also gradually faded away.

People looked at Xu Qingnian with astonishment in their eyes. According to theory, Xu Qingnian should be in the Hidden Scripture Pavilion having an enlightenment.

Why did he appear here for no reason?

When they looked at the deflated holy image, the crowd had a moment of clarity.

Xu Qingnian had failed in his enlightenment and had not become a saint.

Or perhaps, Hong Sheng had succeeded in interfering.

Seeing Xu Qingnian manifest, the attack from the Wen Palace's side also stopped, the Hong Sheng did not continue to attack, and everything, everything became quiet.

“Disciple, have you not become a saint?”

On the vault of heaven, Wu Ming spoke, and he looked towards Xu Qingnian and asked so.

“Master, my apprentice did not intend to become a saint today, it was my apprentice who gave up on his own initiative.”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth as he gave his answer.

But as soon as this was said, there were a number of sneers among the Palace of Literature.

“He gave up on his own initiative? Who wouldn't want to become a saint if they could? To say such things? How ridiculous.

But this was in their hearts, after all, Xu Qingnian's master was still here, so they did not dare to speak nonsense.

“Give up voluntarily?”

Even Wu Ming was somewhat unconvinced after hearing this.

“Disciple, if they were to obstruct you, my master will take revenge for you by cleansing the Wen Palace in blood today.”

Wu Ming spoke, the Sacred Weapon had blocked it for a while, but now it could no longer be blocked.

He could wash the Wen Palace in blood and take out this vengeance for Xu Qingnian.

“Master, there’s no need.”

“It is true that my apprentice has given up the Sacred Dao, but it is the Way of the Vermilion Saint that has been given up, my apprentice has his own Dao to follow.”

Xu Qingnian gave his reply.

These guys from the Palace of Literature would be out of luck before long.

On the contrary, Xu Qingnian was not so angry anymore, on the contrary, he was eager for these guys to continue being arrogant, and after the revival of the Vermilion Saint’s Will, Xu Qingnian was looking forward to their expressions.

“Seriously?”

Wu Ming continued to ask, he really felt that something was fishy ah.

“When it’s true.”

Xu Qingnian said in an affirmative tone.

With Xu Qingnian speaking like this, Wu Ming did not dwell on it, but looked deeper into the Palace of Literature and said.

“This is the last time.”

“Next time, if you dare to do so again, no matter what my disciple says, I will wash the Palace of Literature in blood.”

“The Sacred Weapon cannot stop the old man.”

Wu Ming’s voice was icy cold.

To be honest he was already determined to wash the Wen Palace in blood, as long as Xu Qingnian nodded his head, he would not hesitate to kill all the readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage in the Wen Palace.

However, looking at Xu Qingnian, he didn’t want to let himself do it, otherwise, he wouldn’t be willing to stop just because of what Hong Sheng had done.

There was no response from the Palace of Literature to what Wu Ming said, after all, they were indeed in the wrong in this matter, and the immediate ending, Xu Qingnian not becoming a saint, was a great joy for them.

Having gained an advantage, they did not dare to sell their good behavior for fear of being beaten.

“Sir, Xu Qingnian despised the Vermilion Saint and now wants to rely on the will of the Vermilion Saint to become a saint, which is not against heavenly justice.”

“If Zhu Sheng were alive, he would never agree to it either.”

“Mister Hong is just following the way of the saints, of course.”

Hong Zhengtian spoke out, and he gave a reply, but not as strongly as before, after all, Xu Qingnian had not become a saint, and he did not need to do so, only at the end of his sentence, he paused for a moment.

And then continued.

“If Xu Qingnian, is willing to join the Vermilion Saint’s discipline, and at the same time acknowledge the mistakes of the past, the Vermilion Saint’s lineage, is also willing to give you a chance.”

“I will also do my utmost to help you become a saint, it is better to know your mistakes and be able to correct them, the Vermilion Saint lineage is not incapable of tolerating people.”

Thus said Hong Zhengtian, who prevented Xu Qingnian from becoming a saint on the grounds that he had defied the saints.

But all the same, he gave Xu Qingnian a chance, as long as he admitted his mistake and submitted to the Vermilion Saint lineage, then he would not stop it, and would even help Xu Qingnian.

This was really shameless.

“Heh!”

“Open your mouth and shut your mouth to the Vermilion Sage.”

“You can represent the Vermilion Sage?”

“Following the way of the saints? The Vermilion Saint entrusted you with a dream and he said that he would not allow me to become a saint?”

Xu Qingnian laughed coldly.

“Heh!”

Hong Sheng did not say anything anymore, just sneered and said more than anything else, mainly worried about giving Yi Pin a chance to freak out.

Seeing that Hong Sheng did not say anything, Xu Qingnian also knew that they were afraid of their own master.

But Xu Qingnian didn't waste any more time.

He turned around and left the Great Wei Palace of Literature, having his own business to attend to.

In a flash, Wu Ming appeared beside Xu Qingnian and put his hand on Xu Qingnian's shoulder, and soon Wu Ming's expression eased slightly.

He was afraid that Xu Qingnian had been seriously injured because she had been forcibly suspended, but now that he had checked and found that there was no serious injury, he was relieved.

“Master, there is something that I would like you to help me with.”

Xu Qingnian opened her mouth and looked at Wu Ming and said.

“Go ahead.”

“My apprentice intends to go on a trip to see the real folk.”

“However, my apprentice is a little worried, fearing that someone might be able to detect me and work against me.”

“I beg Master to protect the way for me.”

Xu Qingnian spoke his mind.

He wanted to take a trip and feel it for himself.

“Take a trip away?”

Wu Ming was somewhat curious as he looked at Xu Qingnian, somewhat puzzled.

“I'm going to become a saint.”

“Within ten days.”

Xu Qingnian's Confucian Dao voice transmission informed his master.

When this was said, Wu Ming could not help but reveal his surprise, and then he did not hesitate in the slightest.

"Good."

He agreed straight away.

"Thank you for your trouble, Master."

Xu Qingnian was grateful, he knew that his master needed to clear the demonic qi and should have no time to do so, but for his own sake, Wu Ming was willing to delay.

But it couldn't be helped, it wasn't that Xu Qingnian was afraid of death, but he was afraid that someone would turn against him.

There were quite a few people who wanted to die themselves now, and with a First Class around, they could at least feel at ease.

"When will we leave?"

Wu Ming asked.

"Today at midnight."

"My apprentice will go to His Majesty first, and then leave at midnight."

Xu Qingnian did not want to delay.

He himself had to become a saint quickly, and what had happened today would definitely put pressure on the Palace of Literature, and perhaps the Palace would break away from Great Wei early because of today's events.

This was not impossible.

So one has to be quick.

But even quicker takes time.

The twelve holy books had made themselves clear about the holy path, but if they wanted to step out of their own holy path, they had to go and feel it.

"Good, at the eastern gate at the time of the son, my master will wait for you."

Wu Ming nodded, then disappeared into place as he tried to suppress the demonic Qi.

After Wu Ming had left.

Xu Qingnian also, at the first opportunity, rushed to the imperial palace to inform the empress of this matter.

Meanwhile.

In the middle of the small world of the Palace of Literature.

Hong Sheng's voice, too, rang out.

"Ten days later."

"The Great Wei Palace of Literature disengages."

"Can't wait any longer."

The voice rang out.

At this moment, all the great Confucians of Heaven and Earth could not help but feel a shock in their hearts.

Something big was about to happen!

Awaken Chapter 209 -

The small world of the Palace of Literature.

Hong Sheng's voice was decisive.

Ten days later, the Great Wei Palace of Literature disengaged.

When this was said, all the great scholars were shocked.

"You're detaching after ten days? The time is a little fast, isn't it?"

"Yes, Hong Sheng, that's a bit of a quick time."

"A month already seems a bit rushed, and if it's ten days, I'm afraid."

"Why is Hong Sheng in such a hurry? Is it because of Xu Qingnian? Didn't he not become a saint?"

That one voice rang out, and the crowd also felt that it was a bit fast. The original custom-made plan was three months, which was accelerated to one month later, and now it was directly accelerated by ten days?

This was unprepared.

They couldn't help but wonder why it had to be so fast. If it was because of Xu Qingnian, there was no need for this, hadn't Xu Qingnian not become a saint?

"Silence!"

"Listen to Hong Sheng."

Cao Ru opened his mouth and told the crowd to quiet down and listen to Hong Sheng first.

He spoke thus, and for a moment the crowd was silent, waiting for Hong Sheng to speak.

"The accelerated disengagement is related to Xu Qingnian."

"He might, when he is really going to become a saint."

Hong Sheng's voice rang out, his words filled with certainty.

In an instant, the crowd's expressions couldn't help but change.

"Hong Sheng, how could Xu Qingnian possibly become a saint? He hasn't even become a saint by reading the Twelve Holy Books, so how can he become a saint?"

"Yes, today I thought he might become a saint, but he was suppressed by the Vermilion Saint lineage, so by definition it would be good enough if he wasn't seriously injured? How can he possibly become a saint?"

"Hong Sheng, I don't believe it, what will he, Xu Qingnian, take to become a saint?"

A voice rang out, the crowd did not believe that Xu Qingnian could become a saint, after all, Xu Qingnian had just failed to become a saint, how could he suddenly become a saint again?

This was unlikely.

However, although Hong Sheng also supported the crowd's thoughts, he still let out a long sigh and said.

"He had an epiphany of the Holy Dao and could indeed have become a saint, it was just that at a crucial moment, he chose to stop and did not choose the Way of the Vermilion Saint."

“I only discovered this later, so what he said today was not a lie, it was that he had given up on becoming a saint.”

Hong Sheng spoke, and he told this truth, causing the crowd of great scholars of heaven and earth to be stunned.

Today, the words Xu Qingnian had spoken in the middle of the Palace of Literature sounded inexplicably ridiculous to their ears.

He had given up becoming a saint?

Was that possible?

Obviously it was impossible, who would give up becoming a saint? But as Hong Sheng opened his mouth, the crowd had to believe it.

“Giving up on even becoming a saint? This is simply impossible, who among all the scholars throughout the ages did not want to become a saint? Hong Sheng, are you thinking wrongly?”

“I believe that he, Xu Qingnian, has the qualifications to become a saint, but to say that he, Xu Qingnian, can become a saint but give up becoming a saint, I don’t believe it.”

“Yes, to be able to become a saint but not to become a saint, where can there be such a person?”

In their hearts, sainthood is more important than anything else. Isn’t the greatest dream of a scholar to become a saint? Isn’t it wrong to give up on becoming a saint?

Hearing the voices of the crowd, Hong Sheng was silent for a while.

But soon, he continued to speak again.

“Perhaps this Saint was really wrong in his guess, but no matter what, Xu Qingnian has the qualifications to become a saint, and this time he interrupted his sainthood and did not suffer a backlash, which means he can continue to strike the holy dao.”

“Perhaps it will take him a long time to become a saint, but perhaps he will be able to do so tomorrow.”

“He has already condensed his power, no matter how it ends, we cannot wait any longer, in ten days, the Great Wei Palace of Literature will disengage, so you and I will be ready.”

“This time, it is our greatest creation and a chance to break away, as long as we get the support of the world’s scholars, as long as Xu Qingnian does not become a saint, then everything can go according to plan.”

“Gentlemen, prepare yourselves.”

When Hong Sheng said this, he did not give the crowd any chance to hesitate, nor did he give them a chance to speak, and disappeared directly into the spot.

It was clear that in ten days’ time, there would be no change in the matter of the detachment of the Palace of Literature.

This time, Xu Qingnian gave the Great Wei Palace of Literature an invisible pressure.

And at this moment.

The Great Wei Imperial Palace.

Inside the Hall of Nourishing Heart.

Only the Empress and Xu Qingnian were alone.

“Xu Aiqing, you want to leave Kyoto?”

The Empress looked at Xu Qingnian with curiosity, after all, when she heard that Xu Qingnian was leaving Kyoto, it was natural for her to feel curious.

At this juncture right now, the Great Wei Palace of Literature would break away at any moment and there were still many things to be dealt with, so how could Xu Qingnian’s choice to leave not make her curious.

“Return to Your Majesty.”

“My servant, I am leaving Kyoto to witness the Great Wei mountains and rivers, and to feel the Holy Dao.”

“If there are no surprises, in ten days, I, can become a saint.”

Xu Qingnian spoke in a subdued tone and said with a calm face.

“Ten days to become a saint?”

“Aiqing, can you bear it?”

In an instant, the empress stood up, her eyes filled with surprise as she looked at Xu Qingnian, somewhat in disbelief.

Today, in the midst of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, Xu Qingnian had failed to become a saint, and she was incomparably worried in her heart, not that she was disappointed that Xu Qingnian had not become a saint, but rather that she was worried that Xu Qingnian had suffered a serious injury.

After all, if one failed to strike the Holy Dao, one would naturally have to pay a price.

Now that Xu Qingnian had informed herself that she was going to become a saint in ten days, she was really filled with worry.

“Your Majesty, don’t worry.”

“My servant, naturally, will not do anything that is unsure.”

Xu Qingnian gave his reply, understanding that the empress was worried about herself.

Hearing this, the empress was somewhat silent, she was not silent because she could not let Xu Qingnian leave Great Wei, it was because she was worried about Xu Qingnian, afraid that Xu Qingnian had given too much, all the pressure was on Xu Qingnian.

“Xu Aiqing.”

“You don’t need to be like this, you don’t need to put everything, on yourself, I have already thought of a solution, although I can’t stop the Wen Gong from breaking away, but I can reduce the impact.”

“In the matter of sainthood, one must not be impulsive.”

The Empress’ voice was gentle, the solution she was talking about was to draw the forces of the Immortal Sect into Great Wei, in fact how could she not know that the appearance of the forces of the Immortal Sect would definitely have a bad impact on the situation in Great Wei.

But so what?

What she hoped more than anything was that Xu Qingnian would not be too tired, nor did she want all the pressure to fall on Xu Qingnian alone.

“Your Majesty, the forces of the Immortal Sect cannot be relied upon after all.”

“The Palace of Literature has seceded, the Great Wei needs a saint no matter what, I also need to become a saint, Your Majesty, I have made up my mind.”

Xu Qingnian bowed slightly towards the empress, but his tone was extraordinarily certain.

He wanted to become a saint, not just for the sake of the Great Wei Dynasty, but mainly for his own sake.

Hearing these words, the Empress was silent.

Eventually, the Empress sighed long and hard and looked towards Xu Qingnian and said.

“Since Ai Qing has already decided, I, for one, cannot stop anything. Ai Qing, this is my Great Wei Dragon Talisman, you take it, Mr. Wu should go with you right?”

The empress asked with concern.

“En, my master will accompany me.”

Xu Qingnian nodded.

“That’s good, with Mr. Wu around, I’m at ease, but you take the Dragon Talisman, if you need my help, just ask.”

“Also, this is the dragon jade pendant, you take it along with you, really if you are in danger, it can save your life.”

When Xu Qingnian went out, the empress was inexplicably worried, and she took out a series of Great Wei dragon talismans, and even a dragon jade pendant at the end, which was for protection and was extremely useful.

The empress would naturally not be stingy when she made her move.

“Many thanks, Your Majesty.”

Xu Qingnian did not pretend, since it was something to protect her life, naturally more was better.

“Your Majesty, then I will first take my leave.”

After receiving the jade pendant, Xu Qingnian did not say much, he had to leave, and it was best to leave early to see the great mountains and rivers and feel his holy dao.

“En.”

The empress didn’t say anything more, she just nodded and then watched Xu Qingnian leave.

But just as Xu Qingnian reached the door of the Great Hall, her voice rang out once again.

“Aiqing Xu.”

As the empress spoke, Xu Qingnian turned back to look.

“Be careful on your journey.”

Looking at Xu Qingnian who turned back, the empress calmly spoke out, telling Xu Qingnian to be safe along the way.

Hearing these words, Xu Qingnian nodded, then bowed towards the Empress and quickly left the place.

For some reason, after Xu Qingnian had completely left, the empress looked slightly worried. She was indeed worried about Xu Qingnian’s safety, worried that something had happened to Xu Qingnian.

Only, exactly what the reason for her worry was, the empress was not sure.

And at the same time.

Deep inside the imperial palace.

Inside a palace, a dan furnace was placed in the room, filled with a steaming white mist, and an old man was sitting here, while Wu Ming’s figure, too, appeared in front of him.

“Old Zhao, I need to go out.”

Wu Ming’s voice rang out, looking at the old man sitting here cross-legged, his tone seemingly casual.

“Go where?”

“You’re not getting rid of the demonic Qi?”

The old man frowned, he was wearing a light green robe, his head was full of white hair, his face was dry and thin, and his eyes even had some fatigue in them, a very dying look.

“My disciple is going out for a trip, he is going to become a saint and I am protecting his path.”

Wu Ming said directly.

“Becoming a saint?”

“Protect the Dao?”

“Even if he were to become a saint, would he need you to protect the dao? Wu Ming, you have time to delay there, the demonic qi brought by the demonic domain, we have not been able to weed it out cleanly, there has not been enough time each time, and now there is a delay of three years.”

“If this continues, will you live past two hundred years old?”

“Besides, what danger can your apprentice encounter as long as he doesn’t leave Great Wei?”

Zhao Yuan spoke, his frown tightening, he was the first First Grade Martial Artist in Great Wei, Zhao Yuan, and Wu Ming was the second.

“No, this apprentice of mine has extraordinary talent, without my protection, it would be troublesome in case some curmudgeon did strike, after all, he is not with me, I cannot strike instantly, once there is any slip up, even if I kill them all, I cannot save them.”

Wu Ming spoke out.

His tone was incomparably cold.

However, after hearing this again, Zhao Yuan was slightly silent, then shook his head and said.

“I really don’t know why you took him as your disciple.”

“How could a Confucian scholar be suitable for my martial arts? Could it be that you want to use Xu Qingnian’s ability to break into the Confucian Way? Make Confucianism readers, everyone practice martial arts?”

Zhao Yuan really could not understand why Wu Ming valued Xu Qingnian so much.

Zhao Yuan had heard of this Xu Qingnian, he had been in the capital of the Great Wei, how could he not have heard of Xu Qingnian’s great name?

If Xu Qingnian practiced martial arts, he might still meet him and take him as his disciple if he could.

If he could, he would take Xu Qingnian as his disciple, but of course he would only be a disciple by name.

Want to become his own inner disciple? It was not that he looked down on Xu Qingnian, but that it was inappropriate.

But Wu Ming’s acceptance of Xu Qingnian as his disciple was really something he could not understand?

If he didn't need to get rid of his demonic energy, he might have gone to take a look and meet this Xu Qingnian, who must have some ability if he could make Wu Ming take the initiative to accept him as his disciple.

But he was only curious, after all, Xu Qingnian was a scholar, could he be a martial arts genius?

"It is mainly because of his character and also his talent, Old Zhao, you are just a reckless man with courage but no strategy, you need to study more."

Hearing Zhao Yuan say this, Wu Ming's heart got a little weak, and he hurriedly opened his mouth casually to explain.

He did not inform Zhao Yuan of Xu Qingnian's martial arts talent, fearing that Zhao Yuan would steal the person from himself after discovering Xu Qingnian's natural qualifications.

In the later years of the First Grade, it was imperative to find a suitable successor, as there was the factor of the Immortal Pill of Breaking the Realm, to cultivate a well-talented disciple, and if the other party could break through to the First Grade on their own, then it would be a bloody profit.

If they could not be trained, they would have to rely on the First Grade Realm-Breaking Immortal Pill.

And Xu Qingnian's Martial Dao talent, in his eyes, far surpassed his Confucian Dao talent, possessing the First Grade qualification, such a person, if this was known by Zhao Yuan, it was estimated that Zhao Yuan would scold himself for not being something.

So he didn't say anything, the fear of being scolded was secondary, the most important thing was the fear of Zhao Yuan robbing someone.

"Study? These two words coming out of your mouth, I somehow feel ridiculous, so don't insult the readers."

"Alright, you can see for yourself, but let me advise you, although this Xu Qingnian is famous, he is a scholar after all, you took him as your disciple, I think he has good qualifications."

"I know what you're thinking, but I should say that if you want a successor, I don't think Xu Qingnian will work, so it's better to find a new one."

Zhao Yuan spoke up, but he didn't mean that he despised Xu Qingnian, but he thought that even if a scholar had good martial arts qualifications, how good could he be?

But he wasn't stupid either, Wu Ming must have something to offer if he took Xu Qingnian as his disciple, but he felt that Wu Ming had drifted a bit this time anyway.

"Fine, fine, you're right, I'll go first, you should almost get ready to go to the Demon Realm too."

"I always feel like it's going to be uneventful lately, if there's anything, feel free to get in touch."

Wu Ming didn't say much, instead he snickered in his heart, after all, Zhao Yuan being like this would be good for him.

At that moment, Zhao Yuan didn't say anything more, and Wu Ming disappeared into the same place.

When Wu Ming disappeared, Zhao Yuan then muttered.

"Wait for some days, I would like to see how good this Xu Qingnian is, hey, if you don't listen to the old man's advice, you will suffer before your eyes."

He muttered to himself, intending to take a trip to Xu Qingnian before he went to the Demon Domain some days later.

Let's see just how strong Xu Qingnian was to make Wu Ming like this.

In the middle of the marquis' residence.

Xu Qingnian arranged things and also made a trip to Chen Xinghe, informing him that he would leave at sunset and leave Great Wei's Kyoto to travel in all directions, and that he might or might not go back.

Therefore, Chen Xinghe did not have to wait for him.

Chen Xinghe also knew that there were many things going on recently, although he did not know about most of them, but Chen Xinghe understood that Xu Qingnian was under pressure.

He didn't say much and just told Xu Qingnian to pay some attention along the way.

After Xu Qingnian left, Chen Xinghe couldn't help but feel a sense of relief. He actually wanted to help Xu Qingnian, but unfortunately, he didn't have the ability to do so.

He could only hope that he could win the examinations this time, so that he could really share some of the pressure for Xu Qingnian.

Thinking about this, Chen Xinghe felt a bit bad.

Why hadn't he entered the ranking yet?

According to reason, he should have entered the rank long ago, but was he suppressed by Xu Qingnian?

With doubts, Chen Xinghe fell into deep thought.

And time passed slowly.

Xu Qingnian also went to the Peach Blossom Nunnery and looked for the girl in white, without saying anything, just drank some wine and chatted with the girl in white, and then Xu Qingnian left.

However, the girl in white guessed that she was going to travel far away and took an amulet for herself. Compared to the dragon jade pendant given by the empress, the girl in white's amulet was somewhat plain.

It was just that in Xu Qingnian's eyes, both of them were a kind of ties, worrying for herself.

Xu Qingnian left without saying anything, it was not a parting of life and death, and there was no need to make it too sad.

One's trip, is to become a saint, not to do anything.

It was until the midnight hour.

Xu Qingnian appeared at the entrance of Dongzhimen City.

Wu Ming arrived as promised and appeared beside Xu Qingnian.

"My disciple pays respects to my master."

Xu Qingnian worshipped a little towards Wu Ming.

"Shouren, there is no need to be so polite between you and I. You must remember that I am a martial artist, so it is good to be casual."

Wu Ming spoke, looking casual.

Xu Qingnian also just nodded, but if he was really allowed to be casual, he couldn't be casual, he couldn't possibly come and say, "Aiya, Old Wu, why did you just come?"

"Master, let's set off now."

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth and said so.

“Good, how do we go? Are we going by carriage, or are we going by foot?”

Wu Ming asked.

“Master, I plan to go to these places, it’s still a bit troublesome to go by walking, how about directly teleporting?”

Xu Qingnian took out the map and spoke out like this, he had actually asked Wu Ming to go with him for another purpose, and that was Wu Ming’s instantaneous movement.

The Great Wei Dynasty was vast and boundless, so it was really difficult to go to some poor places on foot or by horse and cart.

Wu Ming took the map and looked at the few places marked by Xu Qingnian.

Most of them were bitterly cold places, and there was only one prosperous place, Jiangnan County.

“Good.”

Wu Ming nodded, before grabbing Xu Qingnian and disappearing into the spot.

Xu Qingnian picked a total of four places.

Desolate North, Huaixi, Turbid River, and Jiangnan County.

The Desert North was a place outside of the Seaside, Huaixi had the oldest humanities of the Great Wei, the Turbid River was a river that ran through half of the Central Continent and nurtured countless lives, and Jiangnan County was known as the place where the world’s talented people gathered.

Xu Qingnian and Wu Ming’s figures disappear.

At the same time.

In the middle of the capital of Great Wei, the Huai Ning King’s residence.

“Xu Qingnian is so close to becoming a saint, will our plan be implemented or not?”

“Now that the vassal kings have lost their patience and the Great Wei Palace of Literature has broken away, if Xu Qingnian really becomes a saint, not to mention what will happen to him, the Great Wei Palace of Literature will certainly be badly hurt.”

“And at that time, the integration of the Immortal Sect’s power into Great Wei, for the Empress, dividing the power, can actually strengthen the power, and the clan kings all over Great Wei will be even less likely to make trouble.”

“For this matter, this king surrendered his military power, now it looks like it might be an empty one in the end, this king said before, this Xu Qingnian cannot be kept.”

“You don’t believe me, now look at him step by step he has become a climate, if Xu Qingnian really becomes a saint, this is a reverse trend to become a saint, the meaning is very different, the world’s clan kings will not dare to rebel even more.”

Prince Huining’s voice rang out.

He was really excited in his words.

He had been very calm, he had waited and worked hard for a long time to rebel, and he had endured the death of his own son in front of him, paying too high a price.

And even the military amulet was handed over. For a prince, the military amulet meant too much, and he was willing to hand it over because he thought that these people were from an unusual background and had extremely terrible means.

Sacrificing the military amulet and making every move.

But now they had held back again and again, waiting for the so-called opportunity, but they had failed time and again, and even watched Xu Qingnian rise to power, step by step.

Under such circumstances, how could he remain calm?

Xu Qingnian was on the verge of becoming a saint.

If no action was taken, it would be a fatal blow to the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and to him as well.

Someone has become a saint against all odds and has gained the public opinion of the world, and he is still young, a twenty-year-old saint, think of how terrifying that is?

So if we don’t take action now, it will be completely over.

Everything that was planned, gone to waste.

Prince Huining’s voice rang out.

The masked man, on the other hand, looked incomparably calm, and even waited for Prince Huining to finish speaking this sentence before he even spoke.

“Your Majesty, don’t be anxious.”

“Everything is still under control, Xu Qingnian will not be able to become a saint.”

“Moreover, right now, when the First Grade appears, one must not act rashly, Your Majesty, rest assured that after the Palace of Literature is detached, you will find that Great Wei will fall into a true deadlock.”

“The entrance of the Immortal Gate will definitely be more terrifying than Your Majesty can imagine.”

“And it’s not just as simple as the entrance of the Immortal Sect, the Buddhist Sect has also set its eyes on Great Wei, and once the Palace of Literature breaks away, the demonic forces will also infiltrate, and it will definitely be a battle then.”

“Everyone wants a piece of the pie, and to Great Wei, these people are all jackals and tigers, the king only needs to wait, as soon as the time is ripe, the king can strike, and the vassal kings everywhere will respond.”

The masked man replied.

He appeared confident in general and was in no hurry.

But Prince Huaining could not help but frown.

“The Buddhist clan is also going to intervene?”

Prince Huaining said curiously.

“En, the Buddhist Sect has always wanted to reach out to the Central Continent, but they have never had the right opportunity, the one they want to enter the most is the Great Wei, and with the Wen Palace breaking away, the Buddhist Sect will naturally not miss this opportunity.”

“Once they enter, it won’t take long for the fight between the Daoist Sect and the Buddhist Sect to tear apart within half a year, and if we interfere with it, it is estimated that the two churches will come to a point of no return.”

“Together with the Confucianism forces in Great Wei, the three religions will be fighting, and it will be difficult for the Great Wei Dynasty to think of peace.”

“And at this time, no matter what choice the empress makes, she will definitely leave the other two religions out in the cold, and at that time, the king will be able to step in, one to draw in, two to promise, plus the power of the vassal kings everywhere.”

“As well as the gradual decline of the fortunes of the Great Wei state, there will certainly be many natural and man-made disasters, and when the time is ripe, it will be the time when the fortunes of the state are strengthened and the king ascends to the throne.”

“And at that time, our plans can truly be carried out.”

“Your Majesty, we have waited for decades, so why rush? There is a saying that if you want to be quick, you will not be able to achieve anything, the more so, the more patient we should be, any mistake now would be fatal for us.”

The masked man seriously analysed the matter, and at the same time, he was also advising Prince Huai Ning that he should not rush.

Hearing these words, Prince Huaining did fall silent.

It was.

No matter if what the masked man said was true or not, there was one thing he was right about: if one wanted to be quick, one would not be able to achieve it, after decades of suffering, if one rushed at this juncture, it would really be a fatal mistake.

Thinking of this, Prince Huaining calmed down, then bowed slightly towards the masked man and said.

“I hope your Excellency will forgive me, the king was a little excited just now.”

He took the initiative to apologise, not wishing to make the other party uncomfortable because of such things.

“No matter, as long as the king understands.”

The masked man spoke out, not caring.

At that moment, Prince Huaining didn't say anything more.

And so it was.

In the blink of an eye.

It was the dawn hour.

What had happened in the Wen Palace of Great Wei had been spread throughout the whole of Great Wei yesterday, and compared to the greater Wei readers, they talked about it but did not say anything else.

The Palace of Literature had given orders not to say anything more, and Xu Qingnian was also extremely domineering and fierce, so naturally the readers of Great Wei had become much wiser.

But outside of Great Wei, the world's Zhu Sheng lineage of readers was different.

“Ridiculous! While cursing Zhu Sheng, you want to become a saint with the help of the Twelve Holy Books? It’s a pity that the saint is not in the world. If the saint were to come back to life, he would kill this Xu Qingnian a thousand times over.”

“This Xu Qingnian is so shameless that he has humiliated my Zhu Sheng lineage in every way, and now he wants to become a saint by relying on the Twelve Holy Books? How dare you!”

“It’s a pity that the Vermilion Sage is not in the world, if he were, wouldn’t someone like Xu Qingnian exist?”

“I heard that on the day of the examination, Xu Qingnian used the harm of the Palace of Literature as the test question, a student of my Zhu Sheng lineage, who angrily rebuked Xu Qingnian, was beheaded by Xu Qingnian, such a person has lost himself when he got power, is he still a scholar? To exclude dissenters like that is simply not being a son of a man.”

“Zhu Sheng is not in the world, but his holy will is still there, he will definitely be able to hear it, and what we say, the saint will also sense it, if we push the Palace of Literature and invite the holy will to revive the saint’s true spirit, the saint will definitely reveal himself, and then it will be Xu Qingnian’s time to die.”

“Yes, I once read in an ancient book that although the saint has passed away, his holy will can sense everyone who chants his name, we just need to tell the saint what Xu Qingnian has done, then the saint will definitely sense it, the more people who say it, the greater the possibility of sensing it.”

“The more people who say it, the more the saint will also sense it, and one day when the saint’s true spirit revives, what we and others say, he will instantly understand and thus strike out to suppress Xu Qingnian.”

“The sage is above, shameless Xu Qingnian, not a Confucian student, killed and slaughtered the city, deceived my literary palace, killed my great scholars and insulted my sage, deserves to die.”

There were so many curses from the readers that it was impossible for the story of Xu Qingnian almost becoming a saint yesterday not to spread.

The whole world knew about it, the people were shocked and sorry at the same time, the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty were relieved, and as for the powerful people in other places, they were also relieved.

Even the superiors of other systems were relieved.

How many twenty-year-old saints have there been in the past and present? If one had emerged, Confucianism would have become even more supreme.

The only thing that puzzled many people was that, apart from Confucianism, all the superiors were afraid of Xu Qingnian becoming a saint, but why did the Confucian readers not want Xu Qingnian to become a saint either?

However, there were many voices that cursed Xu Qingnian, but there were also voices that supported Xu Qingnian.

“Xu Shouren is a great Confucian scholar, if he becomes a saint, it will benefit all the people of the world, but you, as scholars, are obstructing him because of some trivial matters.

“You are not angry at what Xu Ru said, you are jealous of Xu Ru’s talent. When did Xu Ru ever slander Zhu Sheng?

“It’s really a pandemonium, my generation of scholars should be benevolent and loving, but what I see from you is all selfishness, you are all ganging up on each other, turning good study into dynastic politics.

Some Confucian students, who were not from Zhu Sheng’s lineage, could not help but angrily rebuke, thinking that Zhu Sheng’s group of readers were completely insane.

There were even readers from Zhu Sheng’s lineage who couldn’t stand these people either.

Did Xu Qingnian insult Zhu Sheng? In fact, a careful investigation would reveal that from the beginning to the end, Xu Qingnian scolded individuals and never insulted Zhu Sheng.

A lot of things were imposed or a sin of slandering a saint was forcibly placed on them.

Then no matter what Xu Qingnian did, they would set it in that direction.

Once or twice, they just let it go, after all, they didn’t know what the specifics were.

But as time went on, plus they also went to find out more about it, these people really couldn’t help themselves and started to speak out for Xu Qingnian.

Most of the scholars, however, are of a follow-the-leader nature, and support whoever is loud, regardless of how things are, and whoever is powerful anyway.

To fit in better with this class.

So it didn’t take long for such voices to ring out before they were angrily rebuked by the Zhu Sheng lineage in various ways.

“How dare you speak for a dog thief like Xu Qingnian? You are nothing but wanting to become his lapdog, how ridiculous, you think that Xu Qingnian will help you just because you are like this? You are really a white-eyed wolf. How much has the Great Wei Palace of Literature taught you? How many books of the saints have you read?”

“Now you actually go to help a traitor, to help someone who doesn’t even respect the saints, are you still a human being?”

“Gentlemen, detain such a person in the academy and punish him to kneel down to the statue of the saint in the academy for ten days and ten nights.”

“Yes, kneel for ten days and ten nights, so that he can change his ways.”

The power of the Zhu Sheng lineage was most terrifying, and those readers who supported Xu Qingnian, or spoke out for him, were at this moment attacked by countless Zhu Sheng lineage readers.

In the end, they were even taken to the academy and forced to kneel and kowtow to the sage.

For a while, many of the scholars who supported Xu Qingnian were subjected to an undeserved disaster, and even some old Confucians, who were already very old, were taken to kneel down.

Such humiliation made these scholars so ashamed that they wanted to commit suicide.

But these people did not even give him the chance to kill himself, taking turns to stare at him, holding him up with wooden sticks, and kneeling so hard before the icon.

This kept happening, and for a while, it led to numerous controversies, and many people within the Palace of Literature could not bear to see it, and when it reached the Great Wei Palace of Literature, it resounded with many voices of great anger.

This was considered too ridiculous. They allowed the world’s scholars to bash Xu Qingnian, which was freedom of speech.

But it was also freedom of speech for others to speak up for Xu Qingnian, yet they were punished in such a way, which was unfair.

So many great scholars wrote a petition, hoping that the Palace of Literature would step in and not let this kind of thing continue to fester.

But it was not until the following day that Hong Sheng gave his response.

No lynching may be used, but those who disrespect the saints and kneel down to worship them are not considered torture.

This was Hong Sheng's response.

When this response was given, some of the great scholars in the Palace of Literature, who had been somewhat shaken, were completely frozen at this moment.

This response was almost as good as writing in support.

This would only lead to more of this kind of thing happening everywhere.

It would cause great wrongdoing, so these great scholars are here to write a petition, hoping that Hong Sheng will think twice.

But what they got was still a cold reply.

"For a Confucian to disrespect a saint is considered a great sin, and the punishment of kneeling is already a light punishment."

When this answer appeared.

The scholars of the Zhu Sheng lineage under heaven were completely liberal, before they were indeed rather worried whether it was a bit too much?

But now that the Palace of Literature had said so, naturally they were no longer afraid.

Some of the scholars of the Zhu Sheng lineage even had bad thoughts, slandering those they usually hated, saying that they also supported Xu Qingnian, and that they would be arrested and punished in front of the holy statue, and if they did not obey, they would be punched and kicked.

The local officials did not dare to intervene, as this was, after all, a matter between the scholars.

All in all.

There was a lot of unrest.

It is not that this did not happen, but it happened once, and the Ministry of Punishment was the first to act, treating the scholars as bullies and reporting them to the Ministry of Punishment in Kyoto.

After verification by the Da Lisi, those who had been reported yesterday were beheaded today, so the readers of Great Wei learned a lesson.

This is Kyoto, Xu Qingnian's home turf, you can make a scene outside, but you dare to make a scene here? Unless you think you're alive.

And at this moment.

The northern part of the desert.

Xu Qingnian walked among the mountains and rivers, looking at a desolate mountain, silent.

He had been sitting here in meditation for two days.

Sensing the nature of heaven and earth.

Pondering his own holy path as well.

The Twelve Books of the Vermilion Sage had allowed him to enlighten himself about the Sacred Path, but Xu Qingnian wanted to step out of his own Sacred Path.

Reveal the meaning!

Re-establish his words!

Re-write the book!

Re-think the central idea.

To overturn and start again is the hardest thing in the world, to complete sublimation and reform on top of the original foundation, it is difficult.

Even if it is the first step, re-explaining the meaning.

Xu Qingnian fell into a two-day-long meditation.

Before he had understood the Sacred Way, two years was not even long.

But after knowing the Sacred Way, two days was indeed a long time.

It was logical that one should be able to understand everything in one go, thus becoming a saint.

However, Xu Qingnian fell into contemplation and doubt at this step.

Revealing the meaning?

What was the clear intention?

His previous clear intention was to unite knowledge and action, and to achieve conscience.

But what was the current clear intention?

The clear intention is simple to understand.

It is to understand what you want to do next, what you want to do.

After understanding what you want to do, you can then implement it.

But the problem was that Xu Qingnian really did not know what he wanted to do.

Killing all of the Zhu Sheng lineage?

It was not that it could not be done, but heaven and earth did not allow it either.

Probing the Vermilion Saint lineage?

Sorry, it can't be done.

The Vermilion Saint lineage is already mad, so converting them? Then it would be better to convert the demons, at least there is a possibility.

Five hundred years of accumulation, five hundred years of change, is it possible to convert them?

Besides, even if one could probate, how horrible a price would one pay?

Xu Qingnian wanted to become a saint, but not to become a holy mother.

Time passed slowly.

Another day had passed.

Xu Qingnian walked in the middle of the Desolate Mountains, aimlessly.

Soon, several figures appeared, all middle-aged men carrying bamboo baskets, people who were picking medicine or digging mines in the mountains and rivers

When these men saw Xu Qingnian, they couldn't help but show their curiosity. After all, this kind of place was uninhabited, and Xu Qingnian looked like a scholar, so how did he come here?

"Sir, are you lost?"

A medicine picker spoke up and asked Xu Qingnian, mistakenly thinking that Xu Qingnian had gotten lost.

“No, just looking at the scenery, are you all?”

Xu Qingnian smiled and answered the other party.

“Oh, it’s good that you’re not lost.”

“We’re medicine pickers and diggers.”

The latter laughed nervously, relieved to learn that Xu Qingnian was not lost.

“Picking medicine and digging mines? This kind of place is too remote, easily a hundred miles away and uninhabited, do you need to come so far away?”

Xu Qingnian became curious and couldn’t help but ask.

“Sir, you don’t know, it’s good to be far away, there’s not much competition, and some good medicines and mines are hidden in these deep mountains, if we find some good ones, we can sell a few more silver taels for my children’s private school.”

The other man continued, while his companion paused for a short rest.

“Private school, may I ask your Excellency, how old is your child?”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth to ask, it was fate to meet in a place like this.

Naturally, he wanted to ask.

“If I don’t earn some silver this year, I won’t be able to read next year.”

The man said with some reverence, as the common people had a respectful attitude towards scholars.

“Nine and a half years old? That’s a bit old indeed.” Xu Qingnian smiled and at the end, he took out a folding fan and handed it to the latter, “Meeting each other is fate, this is my folding fan, take it back and give it to the local magistrate, they will help your child to attend private school.”

Xu Qingnian laughed, while the latter was a little surprised, and the rest of the people were even more surprised.

“Sir, is this serious?”

The latter swallowed his saliva and said.

“Naturally, it’s true.”

Xu Qingnian nodded, while the crowd immediately knelt on the ground and kowtowed towards Xu Qingnian, they did not know if it was true or not, but looking at Xu Qingnian's appearance, they inexplicably felt that Xu Qingnian would not lie to anyone.

So they kowtowed repeatedly.

"Thank you sir, thank you sir, I also hope that you will tell me your name, when my children have success in their studies in the future, when they become officials and earn silver, they will definitely not forget the kindness of you."

When this was said, Xu Qingnian was slightly stunned, but he didn't say much, instead he helped the people up and left with his own master.

The two men left straight away, leaving these people somewhat at a loss for words.

And the next moment, in the mountain, Xu Qingnian spoke up.

"Master, let's go to the next place."

"En."

Wu Ming had been guarding Xu Qingnian from beginning to end, and had not said a word about Xu Qingnian's enlightenment.

As with the martial dao, one's own path, one's own path, what others taught, was ultimately someone else's stuff.

So Wu Ming did not choose to point out anything, nor did he understand the Confucian Way.

A quarter of an hour later.

Xu Qingnian came to Huaixi, from the extreme north of Great Wei, and then to the extreme west.

Huaixi had the oldest human history in Central China, and there were many rumours.

These days Xu Qingnian did not ponder the clear meaning in his heart.

Instead, he wandered around the land of Huaixi like a tourist, visiting the Temple of the Human Emperor, swimming in the Huaixi River, seeing the ancient capital of ten thousand years, and wandering through the streets.

This walk lasted another three days.

"Master, let's change places."

Three days of wandering did not bring Xu Qingnian much help, but Xu Qingnian was in no hurry, instead, he changed to another place and continued his sense of understanding.

The third place was Turbid River County.

The origin point of countless lives in the Middle Continent, Xu Qingnian arrived at the Turbid River.

The rolling river rushed down, which is the way of nature. Standing on the river bank, the sand and mud under his feet was a little soft, and the wind was strong on the bank, and the fishermen nearby were carrying their things to their homes.

When they saw Xu Qingnian, they even made a point of reminding him to pay attention, as a storm was coming.

Xu Qingnian smiled faintly and thanked the fisherman, but he did not leave.

Instead, he quietly waited for the storm to descend.

Indeed, within a quarter of an hour, the storm came.

The fierce wind blew Xu Qingnian's clothes to a rustle, and Wu Ming beside him looked silent.

The dome of the sky was instantly darkened, and everything seemed to have gone silent.

Boom.

A thousand-foot lightning bolt appeared, accompanied by a deafening roar.

The river water surged even more, and Xu Qingnian, who was on the shore, took a few steps backwards slightly.

Clatter!

Rain fell, instantly wetting Xu Qingnian's clothes.

Looking up.

The sky was like ink and the rain was pouring down.

Rain is born in the sky and dies in the earth, and the process in between is life.

All things in heaven and earth have their own natural ways, and everyone has their own meaning of life.

Xu Qingnian quietly stood by.

In the blink of an eye, another day has passed.

This was the seventh day.

Xu Qingnian did not leave, but stayed here, quietly, for two days.

It was until the ninth day.

Finally, Xu Qingnian moved.

“Master, let’s change to the next place.”

Xu Qingnian spoke up and went to the last place.

Jiangnan County.

The land of the Great Wei Talents.

Wu Ming did not speak, but instead, as before, pulled Xu Qingnian and disappeared directly into the spot.

The fisherman in the distance, somewhat surprised, rubbed his eyes, unable to believe the scene. He called out to the bystanders, telling them about the strange sight he had seen just now, but no one believed him.

Only, someone did know that two people were here just now, but no one would believe what he said.

Jiangnan County, Smoky Cloud Mansion.

Inside the capital, the aura of talent is indeed pervasive, and the place of the number one talent in Great Wei is indeed true to its name.

Xu Qingnian was travelling alone, with Wu Ming protecting him in the shadows, unwilling to come out.

In the middle of the street.

Xu Qingnian walked quietly as people came and went.

It was the ninth day.

For some reason, Xu Qingnian did not feel any sense of urgency, but instead, he was calm.

As she walked through the streets, many people looked at Xu Qingnian from time to time. After all, although Xu Qingnian had restrained herself, her temperament and appearance were there.

There were even a number of maids who came and brought some incense pouches and some tokens, and some of the foreigners' daughters took a liking to Xu Qingnian and wanted to have a long talk with her.

In the face of these, Xu Qingnian could not help but smile bitterly, and after politely declining each of them, she disappeared into the crowd.

From this street to another.

The Yan Yun Mansion was extremely busy, and there were people everywhere.

It was only when Xu Qingnian was passing through an alleyway that he saw a rather abrupt scene.

A roll of straw mats was laid out on the street, and there were people standing around, talking about something.

"Poor Mr. Li, he studied for forty years and failed to get a place in the examinations. When he was young, he had a secret love affair with Zhou's daughter, but he had this fate but no share, forty years of hard study, all he got in return was a roll of straw mats."

"Yes, Mr. Li is a good man. Although he did not have a reputation, he was self-reliant, and in addition to studying, he worked as a casual worker and taught the children of his neighbours to read and write.

"Let's not talk about it, let's first deal with Mr. Li's afterlife, think about Mr. Li, he is also pitiful, when he was young, he actually had a chance, his close friends at that time, they all worshipped the lineage of the saints, and within a few years they won the examination, Mr. Li is just too old-fashioned, he doesn't know how to adapt, if he had lowered his head and begged his friends, maybe it wouldn't be like this now."

People murmured and neighbours spoke up.

But soon, someone spoke up.

"What do you know, where is Mr. Li being old-fashioned? Mr. Li said that a scholar should behave like a scholar, and that studying is to understand and teach the truth for the benefit of the people, not to get promoted and get rich."

“This is what a true scholar is, don’t compare yourself to the current bunch of readers, of course, Lord Xu Qingnian Xu doesn’t count.”

“That’s right, Mr. Li is not an old-fashioned man, if you want to talk about old-fashionedness, when we encountered troubles and couldn’t solve them, didn’t Mr. Li go to the county office to help us deal with them?”

“Poor Mr. Li, before he died, he said he wanted to save a little and just find a place to bury him, alas, such a true scholar died like this, I really feel bad for Mr. Li.”

“Yes, before he died, Mr. Li even said that he would sell the house and give the things inside to our neighbours.

A few dozens of neighbours said one thing and another

After listening to these words again, Xu Qingnian was somewhat silent, he walked over, looked at the straw mat and bowed towards the deceased.

When the neighbours saw this scene, they didn’t say anything, subconsciously thinking that Xu Qingnian was a friend of Mr. Li’s. After all, Xu Qingnian looked like a scholar and came to offer his condolences.

Just as they were about to ask something, someone carried something out of the room.

It was some books that had spilled onto the floor.

Xu Qingnian picked them up.

The books were all very old and when they were opened, lines of writing appeared.

‘On the fifteenth day of the seventh month, Zhou’s child came to learn to read and write, and halfway through teaching him, the child stole and played and did not want to learn, I asked him why he did not want to read, and Er told me that his parents said that it was useless to read even if one was good, and that, like me, one would rather peddle shoes, I was stunned at the words, and then laughed.’

“On the 19th of July, I bought a new pair of shoes, the market price was twelve, the shopkeeper gave me ten, I thought that the shopkeeper remembered that I was a student and was willing to pay less, but later I learned that the shopkeeper said that I had studied so poorly that I couldn’t bear to earn two spare money, I was a bit emotional, I wanted to give the shopkeeper two spare money, but then I thought that I had also taken advantage of it, it was not bad, why should I be calculating? ”

“I was not talented enough to write three poems, but one did not win, so I was not happy, but I enjoyed the moon and was not happy.

“On the 17th of September, the price of oil and rice went up, and there was not enough money left, so I wanted to collect money by teaching, but I did not feel ashamed, all of them are suffering people, preaching and receiving, and how to ask for it, so I gave up, and went to Qiaotou to do suffering, the big deal is to be laughed at again, Li Ping, Li Ping, you are obviously also a suffering person, but you cannot see others suffering, you are fit to be a poor scholar.”

“On October 8, a fellow student came back and became an official, many people I knew and didn't know went over to support the event, my best friend asked me to go over to celebrate the colour, I refused, but my best friend said this fellow student was giving out silver, I got up and went, but I didn't prepare any gift, the fellow student was nice, gave me a happy money, ten wen, and also gave some meat, a good person ah. ”

“On October 22, it was going to rain heavily, and the clothes of several families next door were confiscated. I went out to inform my neighbours, but I learnt that they had just washed them, and it did not matter. I turned back, and the rain poured down, soaking my whole body, which was a bit ridiculous.

“On the first of November, I thought for a long time, “I have been reading for forty years, what do I mean by that? When I was struggling to understand, I listened to the sound of children laughing and selling on the street, and when I pushed the window to see the street was bustling, I smiled, still unable to understand, but I seemed to understand something again, and I was inexplicably happy, so I took the three spare pieces of money and went to buy wine.”

This is the diary.

A line appeared, and Xu Qingnian was a little lost in thought as he read it.

Some simple words made Xu Qingnian inexplicably see a poor scholar.

Also saw a true scholar

A man who loves money but is not greedy for it.

One who has seven emotions and six desires but always stays optimistic.

A scholar who is clearly suffering himself, but whose heart aches for other suffering people.

For a moment.

Xu Qingnian was touched.

He froze in place, and his gaze could not help but fall on top of the straw mat.

At this moment.

He inexplicably understood something.

Awaken Chapter 210 -

The books are not thick, but they chronicle Li Ping's life.

The person is as his name suggests, plain and uneventful.

Through the simple diary, Xu Qingnian sees an ordinary reader, a very ordinary reader.

Somewhat optimistic, perhaps also a bit old-fashioned, but more upwardly mobile, willing to bend for five buckets of rice, but also kind-hearted, obviously also a suffering person himself, but still remembering the suffering of others.

A gentleman, with clear sleeves and a good heart, in his position and willing to make a contribution to the world without any official position.

He teaches and nurtures people, but he cannot earn two taels of silver.

A busy life, but in the end a roll of straw mats.

Xu Qingnian stood quietly here, seemingly thinking of something at this moment, but seemingly not thinking of anything at all.

He could only look at the straw mat on the ground in silence.

Soon, a number of neighbours came, and some of what appeared to be Li Ping's close friends also came, who had originally come to open up about Li Ping's afterlife.

However, they were told that Li Ping had been uneventful before he died and did not want to toss anything after his death, so they just found a random place to bury him.

The friends lamented, but didn't say anything more. They got some plutonium money, scattered a handful of it, and one of them put up three incense sticks for Li Ping.

Someone handed the incense to Xu Qingnian, who also took the three incense sticks and made a serious salute towards Li Ping.

But while the people could not understand Xu Qingnian, the rest of the scholars somehow felt that Xu Qingnian was different, and they looked at him with curiosity in their eyes.

In the end, someone stepped forward and looked at Xu Qingnian and said.

“May I ask if your Excellency is?”

Someone stepped forward and asked, looking at Xu Qingnian.

“I was passing by and saw that this place had a great aura of righteousness, so I came to take a look.”

Xu Qingnian slowly spoke out.

“Hao Ran Zheng Qi?”

“Your Excellency is joking, my good friend, although he has been studying for forty years, has not entered the rank, so there is no such thing as a great aura of righteousness.”

The other party said so, not to belittle Li Ping, but to be truthful.

As for the others, they looked at Xu Qingnian with some curiosity.

How could Li Ping have any Hao Rang Zheng Qi?

Only, Xu Qingnian shook his head as he looked at Li Ping in the midst of the straw mat and said with another deep obeisance.

“Mr. Li has a hoary and righteous aura that the world’s scholars have never had.”

“It’s a true hoary and righteous spirit.”

Xu Qingnian said slowly, his gaze firm, and for a moment, all of it, he had thought through.

Xu Qingnian’s words were somewhat odd in the eyes of the crowd, they really did not understand what Xu Qingnian meant by these words.

And Xu Qingnian once again bowed towards Li Ping and said.

“Student Xu Qingnian, thank you for teaching me, sir.”

Xu Qingnian bowed deeply towards Li Ping.

His voice was not loud, but it fell on everyone’s ears.

“Xu Qingnian?”

“You’re Xu Qingnian?”

“It seems to match in age.”

“Xu Qingnian? Isn't this the Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth?”

“Hiss! He's Xu Qingnian?”

At this moment, among the streets, everyone was stunned, even the common people could not help but show their shock, Xu Qingnian's fame in Great Wei was a household name, especially the people, who knew Xu Qingnian's name.

As for the Confucian students, they could not believe it, after all, who was Xu Qingnian?

The great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, how could he be here? And to worship an ordinary scholar like this?

This was simply unbelievable.

Someone wanted to go up and ask Xu Qingnian about his true identity, yet Xu Qingnian had already left.

He turned around and went away.

But just then, a wisp of purple Hao Rang Qi filled the air and pervaded behind him.

Xu Qingnian's gaze, in this moment, gradually cleared.

The purple Hao Rang Qi became stronger and stronger, and there were more and more of them. Amongst the streets, many people noticed the vision, and people went out and talked about it.

On the main street.

Xu Qingnian had already walked out, and he looked at the bustling crowd and the azure sky dome.

Amongst his mind, many images came to mind.

The northern desert region.

The herb collectors working hard to earn scraps of silver for private schooling for their young children, the phrase read, become an official, earn silver, speaks to the essence of contemporary readers.

In the humanistic land of Huaixi, the ancestors of many are rich merchants, and the students burn incense and worship Buddha, pleading for high school.

On the banks of the Turbid River, fishermen fish for their livelihood in the midst of the great waves.

Today, Xu Qingnian is in the Yan Yun House and sees a true scholar.

A gentleman loves money and takes what he can get.

He could not tell the world not to be greedy for money, people's desires are infinite, everyone has their own ideas, you want to limit others, not.

Even if you are a saint, you can't.

There is nothing wrong with loving money, and there is nothing wrong with being greedy for money.

Selflessness, charity, this is the standard for saints, not for the masses.

But!

As a reader, it is different.

A reader, cultivating the righteousness of the universe, should be a clear stream between heaven and earth.

To read is to read for the sake of the people of the world.

To cultivate one's body and family, to rule one's country and level the world.

Why is a reader respected by the whole world?

Is it because of Yang Power?

No, it is because of the righteousness in the heart of a scholar.

In the face of injustice, all people can be silent, but only the scholar cannot be silent.

When a ruler is brutal, a scholar should not be afraid of life and death.

When the rich are greedy, a scholar should not be afraid of the powerful.

The meaning of studying is not to become an official or to hold power, but to make a contribution to this world.

This is called selflessness.

This is what is called benevolence.

This is what it means to be a gentleman.

If you can't do that, then you are just an ordinary human being, and you shouldn't call yourself a scholar.

Something has gone wrong with the world.

A man of learning should not be able to read to gain a sense of righteousness, he should be able to speak out for the world and work for the world, and only those who have the world at heart can gain a sense of righteousness.

Otherwise, sooner or later.

Sooner or later, the readers of this world will become demons.

In a flash.

Xu Qingnian stopped in his tracks.

The purple Vast Righteousness behind him stretched all the way, attracting countless gazes.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian slowly sat down, he had already understood the truth, and was now just short of the final step.

And countless people all around looked over, and a voice rang out.

"He is Xu Qingnian, this man is Xu Qingnian."

"The Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, Xu Shouren?"

"How did he get here?"

"Why did Xu Ru appear in Jiangnan County, wasn't he in Great Wei Kyoto?"

"I never thought I would see Xu Ru?"

"Hurry up, let the children come out and dip their toes in Xu Ru's mighty spirit, they might win a scholarship later."

"Yes, yes, yes, go and get the children to come over."

"We, wait, pay our respects to Xu Ru."

That one voice rang out, they were full of admiration for Xu Qingnian, an admiration that came from the heart.

“All of you don’t make any noise, Xu Ru is probably having an epiphany, so don’t disturb Xu Ru.”

A scholar spoke up and told what Xu Qingnian was doing, and for a moment, everyone was quiet, everyone dared not go and make a noise.

Soon, the government learned that Xu Qingnian had come, and all the officials were immediately excited beyond measure, and all the constables and officials came out to the downtown area to come and protect Xu Qingnian.

But Wu Ming stepped in, he approached the government ruler and told him not to do so, that everything should be normal, and without any nonsense, the government ruler immediately withdrew his troops.

Soon the news of Xu Qingnian sitting in the middle of the city and having an epiphany spread instantly.

There was no telling how many people were watching, and more and more people gathered.

And the vast aura on Xu Qingnian’s body became more and more terrifying, filling the entire capital city.

People marvelled, it was a miracle.

The readers were excited, they supported Xu Qingnian and felt overwhelmed, even thinking that Xu Qingnian was likely to become a saint.

However, little by little, time passed.

All the way into the evening.

The sky was as bright as ink, but the Smoky Cloud Mansion was brightly lit up, and the purple Hao Rang Qi, drowning everything, blossomed with an endless light that stood out.

Dozens of streets were all overcrowded, and it would not be an exaggeration to say that 10,000 people were empty.

And so it was.

And so it went on until midnight.

Suddenly, an incomparably magnificent voice resounded from Kyoto.

“My name is Hong Zhengtian, a half-saint of the Palace of Literature. Today, I impeach the ten sins of the Great Wei, and with all the scholars of the Palace of Literature, I will break away from the Great Wei and build the Supreme Kingdom of Literature in the Dragon’s Head Mountain Range of the Central Continent, wishing that the world’s scholars will not suffer injustice and will do their best for the people of the world.”

The voice was magnificent and reached the entire Central Continent.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

A clear bell rang out, this was the Hao Ran Wen bell, ringing throughout the entire Central Continent, and it was a sort of announcement to the world.

The first thing he wanted to do was to go back, but Xu Qingnian was here on an enlightenment retreat.

After all, Xu Qingnian’s safety was more important.

“The Great Wei Palace of Literature has really broken away?”

“This is impossible, this is impossible, how could the Palace of Literature have broken away?”

“The Palace of Literature seceding, this is a strange story for the ages.”

“This, this, this!”

“Why did it break away from my Great Wei for good reason?”

“These white-eyed wolves, the Great Wei dynasty has such respect for the scholars, now that our Great Wei has easily prospered, how come they have seceded again?”

The world was shocked, the people of Great Wei were the most vehement, no one expected that the Great Wei Palace of Literature would suddenly choose to secede today.

This was really a little beyond the expectations of the people.

Great Wei Kyoto.

As this voice rang out, it stirred up a thousand waves for a moment.

The civil and military officials, at the first opportunity, urgently went to the palace to discuss the matter.

Only the voice of Chen Zhengru, the Minister of the Ministry of Justice, also rang out at the first opportunity.

“How dare you, thief, when Zhu Sheng became a saint in the Great Wei, he built the Great Wei Palace of Literature and established his roots.

Chen Zhengru let out an angry roar at this moment, in the past, no matter what the Palace of Literature did, he would not be too vehement, but today, the Great Wei Palace of Literature had chosen to break away, then he had nothing more to say.

His voice rang out, angrily rebuking the Great Wei Wen Palace.

However, there was no response from the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and in its place was a limitless light that rose up into the sky.

This light, blossoming ten thousand feet.

The sound of chanting scriptures rang out in a terrifying manner.

The two sacred weapons, suspended above the vault of heaven, are like two bright moons, reflecting the past and the present.

As the Vast Qi erupted, the entire body of the Great Wei Palace of Literature also erupted with a terrifying light, and the entire Palace of Literature roared, which was meant to take the Great Wei Palace of Literature straight away.

To take away everything here, through and through.

And just then, a voice came from the Great Wei Palace of Literature once again.

“The Ten Sins of Great Wei.”

“First sin, a woman’s son is an emperor, wreaking havoc on the country and the people.”

“Second sin, he who is emperor is close to the villain and far from the wise minister.”

“The third sin is that the emperor does not respect the sages and despises the scholars.”

“Fourth sin, those who set up business as officials, seek only money and have no righteousness.”

“Five sins, to kill and slaughter a city, contrary to the principles of heaven, will be condemned by heaven.”

“Six sins, Confucianism is not Confucianism, arbitrary slaughter, the Palace of Literature is stained with blood, a strange story for the ages.”

“Seven sins, the hundred officials are foolish, blinded by the villain, disrespecting the saints and disrespecting them.”

“Eight sins, those who do not honour the saints may be made marquises, and those who do not respect the saints may be made officials.”

“Nine sins, the emperor is unjust! The emperor is unkind! The emperor is unloving! The emperor is tyrannical!”

“Ten sins, the scholar of the Palace of Letters, who has done his best for the people of Wei, in return for an unjust massacre, which heaven and earth will not do.”

“Each of the above ten sins is unforgivable, I would like to invite all the scholars of the world to join together to attack Wei.”

This was the voice of Cao Ru, who came to proclaim the Ten Deadly Sins.

Only after finishing the Ten Deadly Sins, he inexplicably still felt that he was not enjoying himself, and with a gnashing of teeth and excitement, he directly added the last sentence, which was the last sentence from his heart.

He wanted the Great Wei Dynasty to die without a burial place.

Yes, the last sentence was added by him.

After the ten major sins he felt that it was not enough, but even more so, he asked the world's scholars to gather the power of reading to suppress the Great Wei dynasty.

This is no longer a simple secession, this is to mess with the Great Wei Dynasty ah.

After all, the empress had invited the Immortal Sect to enter the country, so that it could stabilise the Great Wei dynasty's fortunes.

However, what Cao Ru is doing now is clearly intended to make the Great Wei dynasty unpoutable from now on, so that its national fortunes will not be able to survive even if the Immortal Sects are invited.

Even if the Immortal Sects were brought in, it would still be useless. This is a determined attempt to kill Wei.

The heart of Wen Gong is so ruthless that it is beyond venomous.

Normally, if you leave, you leave, there's nothing to say, it's a big deal if you don't see it in the future.

It turned out that there was still a stab to be made, or a stab towards the heart.

This is too much.

Even among the Wen Palace, there were many great scholars who could not help but frown, their faces incomparably ugly, even Hong Sheng could not help but frown.

Normally, disengaging would be fine, and stating the Ten Deadly Sins would actually be an excuse to disengage oneself, there was no need to cause any more trouble.

It was just that after Cao Ru had said this, Hong Sheng could not say anything, and when he thought about it, he had already completely torn his face anyway, and he did not care about anything anymore.

“Unbridled.”

At this moment, in the middle of the palace, the empress' voice rang out.

“The ten sins are all falsehoods, you and other scholars are narrow-minded, jealous of good ministers, and have entered the demons of your heart, so it is a great sin to break away from Great Wei today.”

“The reincarnation of Zhu Sheng should put you to death.”

“Pass on my decree, the eight gates of the capital army, the Qilin battalion, the army of the Son of Heaven, the thirty-seven lords and nine princes of state, lead the troops to the Palace of Literature, those who dare to break away from Great Wei will be slaughtered together!”

“I will take the blame for all the curses.”

The empress' voice rang out, if the Great Wei Palace of Literature had chosen to secede directly, she would not have said anything, but what she did not expect was that the Great Wei Palace of Literature would be so disgusting.

If they left, they would still want to stab each other?

Is that possible?

In an instant, all the capital soldiers of the entire Great Wei gathered at the Great Wei Palace of Literature with a murderous aura.

In particular, the state princes and lords had incomparably fierce faces, and their eyes were full of killing intent as they gathered here.

And the entire Palace of Literature was not too afraid.

For above the vault of heaven.

Beams of light came together and entered the two sacred weapons.

The sacred weapons exploded with unparalleled power, the power of the world's scholars, blocking everything.

The State Dukes and Lords stood outside the Palace of Literature, but they were never able to get close, this power was extremely frightening and powerful.

At that very moment, a censer appeared in the vault of the sky, the Censer of National Fortune of Great Wei.

The Cauldron of National Fortune appeared, suppressing the sacred weapon.

The Empress had also left no means unturned.

If she was still afraid to fight, she could wait for death.

However, when the Cauldron of National Fortune appeared, the power of the Readers gathered in all directions in the vault of the sky turned into a heavenly sword.

It was to collide with the Cauldron of National Fortune.

The world paid attention and this scene was reflected in the eyes of the world.

“Great Wei empress, if you eradicate the traitor Xu Qingnian, we can give you a chance without gathering the power of the world's readers, merely detaching.”

Cao Ru's voice rang out, he was now incredibly confident, after all, what was the point of talking about this and that when you had torn your face apart?

The terrifying power of the readers gathered in the dome of the sky, forming a heavenly sword, terrifying indeed, sword qi that stretched across thirty thousand miles, a sword of cold light that shone in all the states.

This sword qi was too terrifying, the will of the readers of the world gathered.

Even the Great Wei Tripod of National Fortune might not be able to resist such sword Qi.

“Kill!”

However, the Empress did not hesitate, she did not even want to give the Great Wei Palace of Literature any chance.

The Cauldron of National Fortune blasted through.

The Cauldron was 10,000 catties heavy, and it blasted against the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and all of a sudden, a sound of a thud resounded for miles.

The two sacred weapons buzzed, they were sacred weapons created by Zhu Sheng, but they still had difficulty withstanding in the face of the Cauldron of National Fortune.

The faces of the Confucians were a little ugly, they didn't want to get to this point, there was no need to go away like this with the Great Wei Dynasty, why bother?

On the vault of heaven, the Haozheng Qi frantically coalesced.

The sword was becoming more and more terrifying.

It was also becoming more and more solid. It was so terrifying that at the critical moment, if it took shape, there was a real possibility that it would crush the Cauldron of National Fortune.

So, to avoid this, it was necessary to crush the Great Wei Palace of Literature before the Sword of Literature Qi took shape.

Suppress everything.

“Are you all confused?”

“As scholars, what kind of treatment do you enjoy among the Great Wei Dynasty? You are ungrateful!”

“Even if you break away now, you even want to harm the people of Great Wei? Are you still human?”

Chen Zhengru's voice rang out, and he was incomparably agitated as he angrily rebuked the scholars in the Palace of Literature.

Once the Palace of Literature was under pressure and the sword of literary qi was formed, there would really be a big problem with Great Wei's national fortunes.

The people involved would not simply be the civil and military officials, nor an emperor, but countless lives of the entire Wei dynasty.

If a natural or man-made disaster strikes, the damage will be irreparable.

When this was said, there were indeed great scholars in the Great Wei Palace who could not help themselves.

“Cao Ru, let’s forget about it. We have already done the Great Wei Dynasty a disservice by breaking away, and if we do so, we are afraid that we will be condemned by Heaven.”

A great Confucian spoke out, saying that it was not a good idea to do so.

But the next moment, Cao Ru’s voice rang out.

“Shut up!”

“This matter, it is not your turn to speak up.”

Cao Ru opened his mouth, a voice that rebuked him angrily, and the latter’s face instantly turned ugly, but he did not dare to say anything else.

He was merely an ordinary Great Confucian, while the other party was a Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, so indeed he was not qualified to speak.

“Great Wei Empress, you don’t have time for this.”

Cao Ru spoke, the Tripod of National Fortune was unable to defeat the Wen Palace barrier in a short period of time, then when the Sword of Wen Qi formed.

Great Wei would be completely defeated.

The Empress snorted coldly and gave no reply as she continued to gather the Cauldron of National Fortune and continuously blasted the Palace of Literature.

The two sacred weapons were also trembling, but indeed they did not break through.

It was also at this point that Cao Ru became more and more confident and arrogant.

“Great Wei’s national fortune has come to an end.”

“Great Wei empress, are you waiting for Xu Qingnian?”

“Hehe, he did come close to becoming a half-saint ten days ago, but at that time he made the worst possible choice, if he had kowtowed to us and admitted his mistake and joined my Zhu Sheng lineage, perhaps he would still have been saved.”

“But he didn’t do that, he still chose to be bent on his own way, and he will pay the price in blood for his stupidity.”

“You don’t need to count on him, when the sword of the world’s readers is formed, it will be the time of the end of the Great Wei, and the time of Xu Qingnian’s death.”

“Disrespecting the saints, disrespecting the sages, insulting our readers, such people should have been deserved long ago, while you are faint-hearted and unethical, kissing the villain and distancing the virtuous, today you will be made to pay the price.”

Cao Ru spoke out, he insulted the Empress, his words were extremely harsh, and he let himself go completely and utterly.

The empress did not reply.

In her eyes, Cao Ru was destined to die, although the Palace of Literature had the strength to do so, but no matter what, as the Empress of Wei, what could she really do if she wanted to kill a great scholar of heaven and earth?

Cao Ru was too stupid, and what he had done was undoubtedly digging a good grave for himself, but at the moment this Cao Ru was just a pawn.

The empress was not annoyed by these three words, what she was really angry about was the people behind the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

“Cao, you are really not human.”

“Just like you, why can you become a great Confucian of Heaven and Earth?”

Chen Zhengru’s voice was loud and clear, not only insulting Cao Ru, but also questioning heaven and earth, how could such a person become a great scholar of heaven and earth?

However, Cao Ru laughed coldly, looking at Chen Zhengru as if he were an ant.

However, he swept a glance at the Sword of Literary Qi above the dome of the sky and knew that he had to speed up a little, otherwise, if the two Sacred Weapons could not stop the Cauldron of National Fortune, it would be the end of him too.

“I am Cao Ru, the Great Confucian of the Palace of Literature and Heaven and Earth, and today, my lineage of Zhu Sheng, suppressed by the Great Wei Dynasty, breaks away from it.”

“I would like to ask the world’s scholars to gather their righteousness, to use the will of the scholars to suppress the Great Wei’s national fortune and to kill the traitor Xu Qingnian.”

Cao Ru spoke, his voice was cold, but there was some urgency in his tone.

This voice, with the help of the sacred weapon, reached the ears of every scholar.

Immediately, the world's scholars responded.

“Suppress the Great Wei and purify the righteousness! Kill the traitor! Xu Qingnian!”

“Xu Qingnian is not a human son, the empress of the Great Wei is faint and unethical!”

“Xu Qingnian deserves to die ! ! ! ! ”

“We, the scholars, respect the saints and salute them, but we never thought that this Xu Qingnian would be so corrupt, he is really a beast.”

“If the saints were alive, Xu Qingnian you bully us readers like this, do you dare to face the saints?”

“If the sage were alive, he would have slapped this Xu Qingnian to death.”

“I implore the sage to reveal himself.”

“We implore the saint to reveal himself, ah, the absence of the vermilion saint, our lineage, is being suppressed so badly.”

That one voice rang out, the voices of the world's scholars, resounding through the Great Wei with a mysterious force.

The readers of the world abused Xu Qingnian, full of anger, and those who did not know thought that Xu Qingnian had done something so evil and unforgivable.

Some of them even wailed as if they had really been wronged.

But in reality? From the beginning to the end, Xu Qingnian did not suppress the scholars, he suppressed those who were not right-minded.

This is how fearful people's words can be, and this is how terrible the power is.

These voices resounded and influenced the world's judgement. After all, there were too many curses, and these curses turned into the will of the readers and were lost in the Sword of Literature.

Now the Sword of Literature is becoming more and more solid, 10,000 feet long, and its aura is so terrifying that it is indeed creating a sense of oppression in Great Wei.

If the Sword of Literature were to take shape, the censer of Wei's national fortune would not be able to withstand such a terrifying attack.

The voices grew, with close to 80% of the world's scholars raging against Xu Qingnian, against Great Wei, and believing unconditionally in the Wen Palace.

There are 10% who are not of the Zhu Sheng lineage, and 10% who, although they are of the Zhu Sheng lineage, have a guilty conscience, they dare not be like this.

Discerning right from wrong.

Finally, just as the Cauldron of National Fortune blasted the tenth time, the Sword of Literature above the Great Wei Palace of Literature completely solidified.

At this moment, Hong Sheng breathed a long sigh of relief, and Cao Ru, Fang Ru, and some other great scholars, too, breathed a complete sigh of relief.

When the Sword of Literature was formed, out of the corner of the eye, even if the First Grade came, I was afraid that it would be unstoppable.

"Great Wei empress, faint and unethical!"

"Please, the Sword of Literature suppresses!"

At this moment, it was not Cao Ru who spoke, but Hong Sheng who spoke, his voice like thunder, his will firm, inviting the Sword of Literature to suppress the Tripod of the Kingdom.

At this moment, the Sword of Literature erupted with a terrifying light, carrying a light like a galaxy, as if it was a comet falling to the ground, killing towards the Cauldron of National Fortune.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!

The Cauldron of National Fortune emitted a trembling sound, as if it too was afraid.

"Unbridled!"

At this moment, the First Grade of Great Wei spoke out.

It was Zhao Yuan's voice.

His voice was deafening, and a giant hand covered the sky, blocking the Wen Jian attack.

But a scene that no one could have imagined appeared.

The Sword of Man passed through Yi Pin's giant hand, it was a Qi attack, not a physical attack, so Yi Pin couldn't block the Sword of Man attack.

Boom!

A deafening sound rang out as the Wen Sword blasted against the body of the tripod, sending endless ripples.

The booming sound resounded through 100,000 miles of mountains and rivers, and everyone in the whole of Great Wei heard such a sound.

Poof!

Inside the Hall of the Raising Heart.

The Empress spat out a mouthful of blood straight away, and all the hundred officials, seeing this scene, all changed their expressions greatly.

"Your Majesty!"

"Your Majesty, what is wrong with you?"

"Your Majesty, what's wrong with you?"

The crowd spoke in unison, a look of worry in their eyes as they looked at the empress and said so.

"I am fine."

The empress took a deep breath as she shook her head, informing the crowd that she was fine.

There was a buzz!

The Cauldron of National Fortune trembled.

After receiving such a terrifying blow again, it shook a little.

However, the sharpness of Wen's sword did not diminish as it blasted towards the Cauldron of National Fortune once more.

"You are really unbridled!"

Zhao Yuan's voice rang out, he was a First Grade of Great Wei, he would not step in until a critical moment, and now that the Great Wei National Fortune had been dealt such a blow, it was impossible for him not to step in.

It was just that he was a martial artist, and this kind of battle of qi luck was beyond his reach; this was a battle between a dynasty and a reader.

It was not a mere martial battle, but filled with rage, he came straight to the Great Wei Palace of Literature and with the terrifying power of the First Grade, he blasted at the Palace barrier.

The two holy weapons were blasted with a buzzing sound, but unfortunately, the power of the world's readers was incessant.

And Cao Ru's voice rang out once more.

"My fellow readers, have you seen this? Up to this moment, the faint ruler of the Great Wei still wants to kill us?"

"They treat us, the scholars, like pigs and dogs!"

"They treat us, the scholars, as beasts!"

"This is how the Great Wei Dynasty treats us. Gentlemen, it is not because of a moment of anger that we have broken away, but because the Great Wei Dynasty has been completely corrupted.

"May we ask the world's scholars to dedicate their will to the people of the world."

Cao Ru's voice resounded in the ears of the world's readers; he was so shameless that he was almost shameless.

At this point in time, it was clear that he was the one who wanted to destroy the fortunes of Great Wei, but in his mouth, it turned out that the Great Wei Dynasty wanted to kill them.

Turning right and wrong upside down and twisting all the facts, he is truly full of lies, the villain of villains.

But the world's scholars had completely lost their brains, it happened so suddenly, plus they themselves were full of jealousy towards Xu Qingnian, and now with nearly a year of fermentation.

Coupled with the fact that this scene had indeed been seen by them, and that they were also in the same camp, naturally they chose to support the Great Wei Literary Palace unconditionally.

All of the Vast Qi from all of the scholars flew to the Great Wei Palace of Literature, partly infusing it into the Sacred Weapon and partly into the Sword of Literature.

This was to be a complete and utter break, not wanting to give the Great Wei Dynasty a chance at all.

Boom!

A blazing light erupted once again, and the Sword of Literature once again struck at the Cauldron of National Fortune.

This time, the Cauldron of National Fortune almost cracked open.

And once again, the Empress spat out a mouthful of blood, this time, her face was so pale that she was almost deflated, and Zhao Wan'er was the first to assist the Empress.

"Your Majesty, what is wrong with you?"

"Don't you scare your servant."

She burst into tears straight away, not knowing what was wrong with the empress.

And at this moment, the court full of civil servants gathered, where they could not guess what was happening, especially Chen Zhengru, who was the first to guess what was going on.

"Your Majesty, you are fused with the fortune of the country?"

"Your Majesty! What is your suffering."

After Chen Zhengru learnt what was going on with the Empress, his entire body could not help but freeze in place, he did not expect that the Empress would, for the sake of the Great Wei Dynasty, infuse her own Yuan Shen, into the National Fortune.

Such a thing had not been done by any emperor in later times, except for the Great Ancestor back then.

The Empress, a woman, had gone to the extent of injecting her own spirit into the Tripod of National Fortune for the sake of the Great Wei Dynasty.

He was both shocked and overwhelmed by this kind of courage.

The rest of the hundred officials were also completely frozen when they heard this.

Only, at this very moment, Chen Zhengru took a deep breath as he walked out of the Hall of Nurtured Hearts and arrived outside the hall, looking at the radiant dome of the sky.

He knelt down directly.

"I am Chen Zhengru, the Prime Minister of Great Wei, and today I wish to take the position of a great Confucian and implore heaven and earth to take refuge in the fate of my country, to renew my life with my life!"

Chen Zhengru knelt outside the hall as he bowed towards the heavens, and at that moment the Vast Righteous Qi within him collapsed directly into a stream of energy that was injected into the national fortune.

Unfortunately, despite Chen Zhengru's generosity, it was only a drop in the bucket for the world's scholars.

Boom!

The third strike.

The Sword of Literature shook a million lights.

The Cauldron of the Great Wei's National Fortune was somewhat collapsed, and there was a feeling of deflation, that the Cauldron of the National Fortune was really about to collapse.

Poof.

Another mouthful of blood came from the empress, her vitality was fading fast, if this continued, she might die.

"Damn it, these beasts!"

Wang Xinzhi clenched his fists as he came outside the hall and couldn't help but roar loudly and angrily.

"Cao dog!"

"Hong Dog!"

"If you break away, why do you still want to undermine the fortunes of our Great Wei?"

"You are really not sons of men, if Xu Qingnian becomes a saint, you and others will die without a burial place."

Wang Xinzhi roared, and the Hao Rang Qi in his body dissipated rapidly and was injected into the Cauldron of National Fortune, although he knew it was a drop in the bucket.

But, so what?

If His Majesty were to die, as a subject, he could also martyr himself for his country.

Only now, he could not bear it, he really could not bear it.

“Sung Sung?”

“You think of sainthood too simply.”

At this moment, Cao Ru’s voice rang out.

The words were filled with contempt.

But, right at this moment.

Suddenly.

An inexplicable power filled the air.

This power was inexplicably palpitating.

People were shocked and wondered what was happening.

It was also at this moment.

An unparalleled voice resounded through the world.

The first time, it reached the middle of the Great Wei’s capital.

“Today!”

“I, Xu Qingnian!”

“Epiphany of the Holy Dao!”

An incomparably loud voice resounded from the Smoky Cloud Mansion, a voice that was so magnificent that it seemed as if heaven and earth were communicating it.

And within the capital of Smoky Cloud Mansion.

The people were still concerned about the breakaway of the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

But all of a sudden, they found Xu Qingnian’s body bursting with endless light.

Boom boom boom!

Boom boom boom!

The earth trembled, and above the sky, a star trembled along with it, what a terrifying spectacle it was.

As Xu Qingnian's voice rang out.

The people were completely shocked.

And at that moment.

In the middle of the downtown area.

Xu Qingnian had already attained enlightenment of the Holy Dao.

His body, suddenly flying up, stood above the dome of the sky, and then countless stars fell with terrifying starbursts, shining down on Xu Qingnian's body.

A ten-thousand-foot dharma phase appeared, reflecting the past and the present and the future.

Immense rays of light shine throughout the Great Wei, expelling all darkness.

The Dharma of sainthood.

A renewed clarity of intent.

Re-establishing the words.

Re-writing the book.

Re-enlighten the central idea.

Xu Qingnian looked at the capital of Great Wei.

His eyes were filled with peace.

Before, he had testified to the Sacred Way in order to suppress the readers.

But in doing so, he could not truly step onto the Sacred Path.

Now that he had witnessed the Sacred Dao, he was doing it for the sake of the world and the way of his heart.

"I am Xu Qingnian!"

“Today, for the world’s scholars, I will clarify my intention.”

“A gentleman, too, knows right from wrong!”

“A gentleman loves his money!”

“A gentleman, too, has a heart for the world!”

“A gentleman, loving kindly!”

“A gentleman, virtuous!”

“A gentleman, unselfish!”

“Not moved by money, not acting for power and wealth, holy and righteous, with clear sleeves.”

“This is also a gentleman! This is also the man of learning!”

“He who has no benevolence is not a gentleman!”

“He who has no selflessness is not a gentleman!”

“He who has no virtue and no character is not a gentleman!”

“He who is not a gentleman is not tolerated by heaven and earth, nor by Confucianism.”

“I, Xu Qingnian, am a witness to the Holy Way, and I hope that all students in the world will become gentlemen, cultivate their righteousness and care for the world.”

Xu Qingnian’s voice was incomparably loud.

In an instant, the sun rose and the bright moon stood.

The sun and the moon were in the sky, and a booming sound was heard from anywhere between heaven and earth.

A terrifying holy light erupted from Xu Qingnian’s body, blossoming for millions of miles and flooding the entire Central Continent.

The heavens and earth were shaken, the sun and moon trembled.

A terrifying force of heaven and earth appeared, transforming into a true Sword of the Gentleman, hanging above Xu Qingnian, a Sword of the Gentleman that was a thousand times better than the Sword of Man.

In the next moment, the Sword of the Gentleman trembled and transformed into billions and billions of small swords that flew towards the entire world.

Poof, poof, poof!

The Sword of the Gentleman, transcending everything and crossing space, came directly before the world's readers and stabbed them on the spot.

In an instant, those who were stabbed by the Sword of the Gentleman's Son had their Hao Rang Qi instantly chipped, falling hard by one rank.

Originally a seventh-ranked Ming Yi, he now became an eighth-ranked Confucian.

What was originally a sixth-ranked Confucian became a seventh-ranked Ming Yi.

This sword had cut the Confucian status of the world's scholars.

"Why? Why did my rank drop?"

"This can't be, this can't be, it took me seventy years to cultivate to become a Confucian, I was on the verge of possibly becoming a great Confucian, ah, why has my rank now fallen to the seventh grade Ming Yi realm?"

"The heavens are unjust, the heavens are unjust, who is Xu Qingnian to cut down my Hao Ran Zheng Qi?"

"Xu Qingnian, what gives you the right to cut down my Hao Ran Zheng Qi?"

The world's scholars did not expect that Xu Qingnian would actually become a saint at the critical moment.

And even if he had become a saint, Xu Qingnian had weakened the Confucian status of the world's scholars?

For the world's scholars, the reason why they had such courage, the reason why they dared to make trouble like this, was because they had the power of Hao Rong Zheng Qi.

This is the power of heaven and earth.

But now that the power of Heaven and Earth has been severely weakened, how can they not be angry? How could they not be angry?

In the midst of Great Wei's Kyoto, the Sword of a Million Gentlemen appeared, and all the scholars of the Zhu Sheng lineage let out screams of misery, being weakened by one rank.

This was a fatal blow to them.

Inside the Palace of Literature, tens of thousands of sword qi came to kill them, and their expressions revealed panic.

“Don’t be afraid, we are protected by our holy weapons, this sword, it can’t pierce in.”

A great Confucian spoke up, thinking that with the protection of the holy weapon, the sword of a gentleman, could not kill in.

But the next moment, just as he finished his words, the Sword of the Gentleman, directly penetrated the barrier, crossed over the power of the Sacred Vessel, and directly chipped away half of the Haozheng Qi in these Great Confucians’ bodies.

The Great Confucian fell to the True Confucian.

The Great Confucian fell to the Bright Ideas.

Even the Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth could not stop such a terrifying attack.

“This can’t be! This can’t be!”

Cao Ru was the most miserable as hundreds of Junzi swords weakened the Vast Righteousness within him.

Hardly had he fallen from the realm of the Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth to the realm of the Great Confucian.

But at that very moment, Xu Qingnian’s voice rang out once again.

“Junzi One Sword! Cut the Hao Rang Qi!”

“Two Swords of the Gentleman! Suffer the pain of sword punishment!”

As this voice rang out, in the Smoky Rain Mansion, the Sword of the Gentleman hanging over Xu Qingnian’s head once again released billions and billions of Swords of the Gentleman.

And this sword was even more terrifying!