

## Awaken Chapter 211 -

A gentleman's sword.

It is their talent that is cut.

And the second sword of the gentleman is to make them suffer.

As Confucian scholars, they don't do anything for the sake of the world and don't understand the meaning of the sages.

What they study all day is how to become a government official, and what they study every moment is how to calculate others, how to insult others? How to abuse others? How to trample on others?

Is this still Confucianism?

Is this still a scholar?

This is no longer a scholar, this is a demon.

To leave the Great Wei, it can be said that the scholars do not want to be restricted, which is understandable.

But to suppress the fortunes of Wei when they were leaving, does that make sense?

I am afraid that the demons are not even that ruthless.

What happened just now, although Xu Qingnian did not experience it, but with his successful epiphany, all the things that happened just now came to the surface, which was retrospective.

On the Yan Yun House.

Xu Qingnian's saintly might was invincible, and his light, reflecting throughout the entire capital of the House, could be seen from ten thousand miles away as Xu Qingnian's saintly phantasm.

When the Junzi's second sword had coalesced, billions and billions of sword rays rushed up into the sky, scattering across the entire world.

When this sword struck, every one of the world's readers panicked, and all of them did not expect that Xu Qingnian would still be able to condense a second sword.

"You're still chipping away at my literary energy? If you cut me any further, we will lose it."

“Xu Qingnian, you are really ruthless.”

“Xu Qingnian, you are really not a son of a man.”

“Ah!”

Along with countless curses, the next moment, miserable and incomparable screams rang out.

It was the miserable screams of the readers.

The gentleman’s sword struck and did not cause any substantial wounds, for this was the sword of the spirit, this was the sword of the will.

But it was expected that this second sword would again cut their Confucian position, but as this sword killed, many of the readers let out unparalleled screams of misery.

This sword did not cut their talent, nor did it cut their Confucian status.

Rather, it struck them as if a sword had passed through their bodies, and the pain was so excruciating that how could these scholars not scream? How could these scholars not scream in agony? How could they not scream like pigs?

The Great Wei Palace of Literature.

When the second Sword of the Gentleman came, all the Confucian scholars panicked.

But panic was not an option, but the Sword of the Gentleman did not show any mercy and pierced right through their bodies.

Some of them fell to their knees and let out a miserable scream, while some of the great Confucians even cried out in pain.

But there were some great Confucians who looked at everything in astonishment, for he did not feel any pain, he was the great Confucian who had spoken out before, and even at the beginning, he had not been cut from his Confucian position.

This gentleman’s sword would only hurt those who were not gentleman.

“Xu Qingnian!”

“You are too arrogant!”

“How dare you deceive heaven and earth, your crime is beyond pardon!”

“You have become a saint today, but you have not yet truly stepped into the path of sainthood, you have merely attained an epiphany of saintly intent.”

“You are not yet a true saint. Listen to the orders of this saint and gather the vast literary intent to suppress Xu Qingnian, who is only at the stage of clarifying his intent, he still needs to re-establish his words, re-write his books and find his central idea again.”

“He also needs to draw on the power of the world’s scholars and the power of heaven and earth.”

“Otherwise, he would not be a true half-saint after all.”

“Xu Qingnian, you are too arrogant, if you had kept a low profile and become a saint alone, perhaps you could really have become a saint, only you are too arrogant, you should not have appeared at this time.”

Hong Sheng’s voice rang out, he did not care about Xu Qingnian, because he sensed that Xu Qingnian had only just attained enlightenment, had just clarified his will, he was not a true saint, he had not yet reached any step.

Since Xu Qingnian had not truly become a saint, everything would be fine.

At this moment, the will of all the readers in the world was strengthened, they were dying of pain, but when they heard Zhu Sheng speak like this, this hatred was endless and their will was unprecedentedly strong.

The power of the terrifying readers gathered together, clouds gathered above the vault of heaven, covering the Great Wei completely and utterly.

Countless rays of light coalesced and people were stunned, this was the first time the people had seen the power of the world’s readers.

The talent was like a sea, it looked terrifying, the sword of literature coalesced and blossomed with a blazing and incomparable light, above the Great Wei Palace of Literature, this sword aura rose up to the sky, the sword aura swept over 30,000 miles.

This is the power of will, not just the will of Confucianism, but mainly the power of the world’s readers.

At this moment, all the scholars were excited. They really did not know that Xu Qingnian had not become a saint, and now that they heard Hong Sheng say so, they were naturally excited.

The pain that Xu Qingnian had caused them had made them hate him so much.

Now that Hong Sheng had said so, they naturally did not hesitate to contribute their strength.

Above the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

The 10,000 zhang Wen Sword was filled with unparalleled power, ten times stronger than before, and even vaguely suppressing Xu Qingnian's Junzi's Sword.

People were indeed worried about Xu Qingnian, especially some great scholars, who knew that Xu Qingnian had indeed only just had an epiphany of the Sacred Meaning; to be more precise, Xu Qingnian had regained clarity of meaning.

He had not yet achieved the rest.

If he had done so, he would have been considered a true half-saint and could have stood up to the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

But now Xu Qingnian had not achieved it, which meant that it was likely that Xu Qingnian would have to suffer a great loss.

However.

In the Smoky Cloud Mansion.

Xu Qingnian quietly looked in the direction of the Great Wei Wen Palace.

His gaze pierced through everything, and he could see the scene in Great Wei's Kyoto and hear the sounds.

At this moment.

The Sword of Literature moved, a sword that cut through the sky, its aura reflecting the past and the present, the entire Great Wei sky illuminated, dazzling, radiant and unearthly.

At the same time, this sword, too, appeared extremely terrifying, frightening, frightening, trembling all over.

This was the strongest sword of the Palace of Literature, the sword of the world's readers.

Their target, too, was locked on Xu Qingnian, to make it impossible for Xu Qingnian to become a saint, and at the same time, to make Xu Qingnian die here.

The terrifying heavenly might came to kill.

In almost an instant, the Sword of Man had already appeared above the Smoky Cloud Mansion.

It went towards Xu Qingnian to kill him.

At this moment, everyone's eyes looked at this scene with dead eyes, countless people looked on with dead eyes, some wanted Xu Qingnian to die, some didn't want Xu Qingnian to die.

And Xu Qingnian's life or death was at stake in this instant.

In the middle of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, Hong Sheng watched all this with dead eyes, his eyes full of confidence, but deep down he was still nervous, he wanted Xu Qingnian to die, to die right now.

If he did not kill Xu Qingnian today, Xu Qingnian would probably really become a half-saint, and if that were the case, it would be a thunderstorm for the Great Wei Palace.

Cao Ru, Fang Ru, and the other great scholars also stared blankly, wanting to see Xu Qingnian die, but their eyes were full of confidence and contempt.

This was because they thought that Xu Qingnian would definitely die.

Xu Qingnian must die, he must not be able to run away, he was dead.

Under this kind of attack, it was useless for anyone to come, the power of the world's scholars was so concentrated that even the Great Wei Tripod could not withstand it, so how could he, Xu Qingnian, withstand it?

The world's scholars also stared in disbelief as they hated Xu Qingnian to death, wishing he could die right now.

As for the Great Wei Palace, Chen Zhengru, Wang Xinzhi, Gu Yan, Li Yanlong, Zhou Yan, Zhang Jing, and all the other civil and military officials looked at the sword, praying that Xu Qingnian would be able to withstand it.

As long as he could withstand this sword, Xu Qingnian would be transformed into a saint, and might even become a saint directly.

Inside the Hall of Nourishing Hearts, the Empress was a little dizzy, but she still stood out, looking at the sword and praying continuously in her heart.

In the Peach Blossom Nunnery, Luo Baiyi's eyes were misty with water, and she clenched her beautiful fist to death as she looked up at the sky, hoping that Xu Qingnian would not suffer.

In the Marquis of Ping Chao's residence, Chen Xinghe did not dare to look straight at him. He clenched his fist, hating himself for being so incompetent, watching his junior brother being attacked by the world's scholars like this, while he could do nothing about it.

At this moment, he suddenly understood the saying, "A hundred useless things are the words of a scholar."

Everyone was watching this sword, everyone in the world was watching, their eyes were filled with curiosity.

It was just at this moment that Xu Qingnian's voice rang out.

"Today."

"I, Xu Qingnian."

"I wish to make a statement for the world's scholars."

When Xu Qingnian said this, in an instant, heaven and earth stood still.

For someone to become a saint, they need to re-explain their intention, re-establish their words, re-write their books, re-explain their central idea, and then gain the support of the world's readers.

This is the way to become a saint. Xu Qingnian has re-explained his intention, and now he is going to re-establish his words, and the power of heaven and earth is sheltering Xu Qingnian.

The power of heaven and earth shielded Xu Qingnian. It stilled everything and gave Xu Qingnian the chance to establish his words, otherwise, if someone became a saint and was attacked and killed, could this heaven and earth tolerate it?

But time will not be given for long, for once you fail to make a statement and are not recognised by Heaven and Earth, then Heaven and Earth will not protect you for long.

As Xu Qingnian's voice rang out, Hong Sheng's voice immediately rang out too!

"You are arrogant, you are arrogant, Xu Qingnian, you are really crazy, it is just as well that you have made your intentions clear for the readers of the world."

"How dare you now presume to make a statement for the world's readers? Who are you to give words to the world's readers?"

"Are you really not afraid of death? Do you know how difficult it is to give a speech to the world's scholars?"

Hong Sheng spoke up, the reason he spoke out was to create psychological pressure on Xu Qingnian, not because he was arrogant and proud, if Xu Qingnian wanted to establish a speech, he had to suppress it.

To interfere with Xu Qingnian, to influence Xu Qingnian so that Xu Qingnian could not complete his speech.

However, Xu Qingnian paid no attention to Hong Sheng, but slowly spoke out.

“I, Xu Qingnian!”

“I wish to establish my heart for heaven and earth!”

“I wish to establish my life for the living people!”

“I wish to follow in the footsteps of the saints!”

“I wish to establish peace for all generations!”

At this moment, a magnificent and incomparable voice rang out.

When this voice resounded, everything between heaven and earth, everything, became incomparably quiet.

All things seemed to have come to a standstill.

This voice, too, spread throughout the entire Dust Realm, and everyone heard the words.

I wish to establish my heart for heaven and earth, my life for the living people, to follow the teachings of the sages of the past, and to open up peace for all ages.

These were Xu Qingnian’s words.

The people froze in place, even the people could hear the meaning of these four sentences.

This is a supreme statement, and it is also a supreme merit. People could hardly imagine that Xu Qingnian would make such a statement.

The world was shocked, but the most shocked were the readers of the world.

To establish a heart for heaven and earth! To establish a life for the people! For the saints of the past! To create peace for all ages.

This is too grand, isn’t it? Is this something that ordinary people can imagine?

At this moment, a great scholar froze in place, he did not participate in this matter, did not choose to help Xu Qingnian, but did not choose to help the Zhu Sheng lineage either, he just quietly watched.

It was because he believed that this matter had nothing to do with him and that he should not wade into the muddy waters, but until now, until Xu Qingnian had finished these four sentences, his entire being froze.

To establish a heart for heaven and earth, to find the heart's upward intention for heaven and earth, to find the true spiritual path, so that the world will no longer be blinded, so that all things in heaven and earth will be rid of the world's one dusty heart.

To establish a life for the people, to find the right way of destiny for the people of the world, so that the people of the world can live a good life, free from suffering, free from calamity, and free from life.

Who would dare to say that Xu Qingnian does not respect Zhu Sheng? Who would dare to say that Xu Qingnian does not respect the sage? Would he be a person who does not respect the sage if he could set such a grand aspiration?

To bring peace to the world, to make the world free of war, to bring peace to the world, to bring prosperity to the world, this is truly a great wish.

In an instant, these scholars understood what Xu Qingnian's wish was, and compared to Xu Qingnian's previous wish, this one was even more different and shocking.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

At this very moment, out of nowhere, in the midst of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, five incomparable rays of light shot out from the five holy statues, rays of light that pierced the heavens and pierced the darkness.

It appeared unparalleled.

This was the holy intent of the five holy statues between heaven and earth.

Only to see that, above the vault of the Great Wei sky, the terrifying Vast Qi coalesced and evolved into five saintly figures, each of which was ten thousand feet high and could be seen by countless living beings in the Central Region.

And at this moment, the five saintly silhouettes spoke in unison.

“Establish a heart for heaven and earth!”

“To establish the lives of the living!”



“To succeed the saints in the past!”

“For the peace of the world!”

The magnificent voices reached the whole world, the storm clouds filled the air, the sun on the left exploded with immeasurable light, and the bright moon on the right trembled with billions of divine rays.

Such a vision was astonishing to the heavens and the earth, crying out to the gods!

The scholars of the world froze, they looked at all this with dead eyes, they couldn't believe it, they couldn't believe it.

Not only had Xu Qingnian succeeded in re-establishing his words, but Xu Qingnian had even established the supreme words, causing the five holy figures to resonate in unison.

However, at this very moment, the five Sage Void Shadows, too, made a deep obeisance towards Xu Qingnian.

Hiss!

Hiss!

Hiss!

Countless people drew cold breath, although this was not the essence of the five saints, this was the will of the five saints, not only did they approve of Xu Qingnian's words, but they even admired Xu Qingnian's words.

This is impossible, this is not possible, the world's readers simply could not believe it, they could not believe this scene.

At the beginning, when Xu Qingnian was at the Great Wei Palace of Literature, there was a Void of the Vermilion Saint, bowing towards Xu Qingnian, and later they believed that it was not the Void of the Vermilion Saint bowing towards Xu Qingnian.

It was only a virtual shadow, not a will, and someone was behind it, trying to create momentum for Xu Qingnian.

But now, five Sage Void Shadows had appeared, and all of them were paying obeisance towards Xu Qingnian, which was unacceptable to them.

Not only did the five saintly figures pay homage, but at this moment, there was also a portion of the remaining readers between heaven and earth who had also completely paid homage to Xu Qingnian.

Because these four words of Xu Qingnian were truly indescribable. These four words, which carried out the true meaning of reading, awakened all the readers who were still asleep.

The Imperial Capital of the Great Wei.

Chen Zhengru, Wang Xinzhi and the others all bowed towards Xu Qingnian in unison, along with the saint's virtual shadow.

A vast amount of Vast Qi surged in towards Xu Qingnian.

But the readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage, they could not accept it, they really could not accept this fact ah.

"No! No! No! This is impossible, O Saints, why are you making pilgrimages to this Xu Qingnian? He doesn't respect the holy will, so why should you worship him?"

"This is impossible, this is simply not possible, this person Xu Qingnian, who disrespects the holy will and suppresses us readers, why can he be worshipped by the saints?"

"So what if he has a clear intention, so what if he establishes his words, can he not, at this time, write a new book? And re-enlighten the central idea? In the end, he, Xu Qingnian, will not be supported by the world's scholars."

These voices rang out, and the readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage had gone mad. Not only did they not believe in all this, but they also spoke harshly, believing that it was impossible for Xu Qingnian to write a new book.

But as their voices rang out, they were rewarded with the wrath of the saints.

The will of the saints was still there, and although they were wills and had no intelligence, they could sense these words.

Boom, boom, boom!

Beams of holy light fell down, shaking these readers who had spoken wildly to death on the spot.

In the Great Wei Palace of Literature, some people were also killed by the holy will.

And at the same time, other voices rang out.

"Until now, do you still want to talk tough? Xu Qingnian's talent is rare in the world, these four words are the lifelong pursuit of us scholars, you can slander Xu Qingnian, you can disrespect Xu Qingnian, but these four words, you cannot slander!"

There was a roar of anger from one of the scholars, an old man who did not even have a clear intention, but when Xu Qingnian uttered these four words, he became completely clear.

Looking at the group of scholars, he roared so angrily.

“To establish one’s heart for heaven and earth, to establish one’s life for the people, to follow the teachings of the past sages, and to open up peace for the world... these words are the true ultimate goal of our generation of scholars, Xu Sheng, deserves it.”

“How can a man who speaks of following in the footsteps of the saints slander the saints and disrespect them? If he did not respect the saints, how could he have succeeded them? You have gone completely mad, are you still readers?”

The voices resounded loudly and deafeningly.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian’s speech was not only his own, but also a speech for the world’s scholars.

His voice, like a great yellow bell, awakened the world’s scholars and pointed out a true Confucian path for them.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

At this very moment, in the Great Wei Palace of Literature, the Great Han Literary Bell trembled wildly, emitting one deafening sound after another.

Afterwards, the Ho Yin Wen Zhong rose into the sky and flew towards the Smoky Cloud Palace.

In an instant, the Vast Expanse Cultural Bell appeared above Xu Qingnian’s head, dropping down ten thousand channels of Vast Expanse Qi to protect Xu Qingnian’s safety.

The bell vibrated and the sound waves blasted the Sword of Literature, which had come to its senses to protect the future Half-Sage.

In the Palace of Literature, all the great scholars were ashen, no one had expected that the Vast and Ranging Literary Bell would protect Xu Qingnian?

This was a betrayal, a great betrayal.

“Xu Qingnian, you made such a statement and cheated the Wen Zhong, you are really not human.”

Cao Ru shouted, the disappearance of the Wen Zhong was an incalculable loss to the Great Wei Palace of Literature ah, he was so furious that he was almost about to vomit blood.

Clang.

In just an instant, the Hao Ran Wen Zhong seemed to understand Cao Ru’s voice and could not help but vibrate a little, the sound of sound waves, spanning thousands of mountains and tens of thousands of miles, coming directly to the Great Wei Wen Palace.

It exploded with unparalleled power, sending Cao Ru flying dozens of metres away on the spot and hitting the wall stones, shaking his internal organs and displacing them, causing him to spit out several mouthfuls of blood and turn pale.

He vomited several mouthfuls of blood and turned pale.

The Hao Ran Wen Zhong trembled gently, seemingly calling out to the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler, which surprisingly appeared to be somewhat hesitant in general, constantly swaying, wanting to leave the Wen Palace.

After seeing this scene, Hong Sheng was the first to add his holy power to stabilise the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler, and then roared angrily.

“Xu Qingnian, you stole my Zhu Saint’s Sacred Artifact, and this is your Confucian Way? You have, today, deceived our Zhu Saint lineage too harshly, this Saint will not rest until death with you!”

“Sacrifice!”

At this moment, Hong Sheng no longer had any choice, he was so furious that he flipped out his strongest card.

Immediately, the Great Wei Palace of Literature burst out but a terrifyingly incomparable light, and a Dharma decree appeared, just the Dharma decree of Zhu Sheng.

Hao Rang Qi coalesced and turned into a pen, writing a single word on the decree.

“Execute!”

When this word appeared, it was interspersed with terrifying might, turning into endless energy and pouring into the Wen Sword, which once again erupted with a terrifying aura to stop and kill Xu Qingnian outright.

“The Vermilion Saint Dharma Decree has been brought out? Hong Zhengtian, you are really a beast, this object was left behind by the Zhu Saint to pacify the demons, and yet you have taken out the decree to harm my new Great Wei Saint?”

Chen Zhengru roared in anger, his eyes bared, he did not expect Hong Zhengtian to take out such a thing.

This was the most powerful thing left behind by Zhu Sheng. If he sacrificed it, its power would be equal to that of a single strike by Zhu Sheng, which was left behind by Zhu Sheng because he was worried that after his death, the world would be in chaos.

It is said that a total of three were left behind.

But now, in order to target Xu Qingnian, Hong Sheng took out such a thing, this was no longer a battle of reason, this was a determined attempt on Xu Qingnian's life.

This was so ruthless and disgusting that it had reached the level of unscrupulousness.

When the Zhu Sheng Dharma Decree turned into endless energy and was infused into the Wen Sword, the Wen Sword once again went towards Xu Qingnian to kill him.

The Hao Ran Wen Zhong blossomed into an endless Hao Ran Qi, trying to block the Wen Jian's strike.

But with the enchantment of the Vermilion Saint's Decree, the Sword of Literature was the sharpest sword between heaven and earth.

On the Yan Yun House.

Xu Qingnian's sage dharma was incomparably calm.

The winds and clouds were raging, the sky was dark, and terrifying killing machines were coming in, as if they were extinguishing the world.

Xu Qingnian remained as calm as water.

“Heaven is strong! A gentleman never rests with self-improvement!”

“When the dragon is submerged, the Yang is underneath. To see the dragon in the field, the virtue is also universal. To be dry all day long is to repeat the path. Or leap in the abyss, and enter without blame. The flying dragon is in the sky, and the great man is made. The dragon has regrets, and the surplus cannot last long. With the nine, heavenly virtue cannot be the first.”

“The earth is kun! The gentleman carries things with great virtue!”

“To walk on frost and ice is the beginning of the condensation of Yin. The taming of the path is to the firm ice. The movement of the sixth two is also straightforward with the square. There is no disadvantage in not practicing, and the earth’s path is light. It is also the time to develop. It may be from the king’s affairs, knowing that the light is also great. It is also prudent not to harm. The yellow garment is auspicious, and the text is in the middle. The dragon battles in the wild, and its path is poor. With the Sixth Year of Eternal Chastity, with a great end.”

The magnificent voice rang out once again.

Every word Xu Qingnian spoke was reflected in the vault of heaven, shining with golden light.

This was the Yi Jing.

Xu Qingnian had chosen to already be the book of the Sacred Path for himself.

The incomparably obscure I Ching resounded, and one could hear it and feel that it was incomparably esoteric, obscure but somehow seemingly incomparably extraordinary.

It went on and on until the entire I Ching had been fully finished by Xu Qingnian.

The next moment, another magnificent and heaven-shattering word rang out.

“I, Xu Qingnian, write the Book of Changes today.”

“May all future readers be like dragons.”

The voice rang out, and at this moment, the world was completely and utterly shocked.

This he incredible.

This book of the Book of Changes was actually the book of dragon transformation.

Only then did everyone understand what the book of Xu Qingnian’s writings was.

If Xu Qingnian’s previous book, the Thousand Character Classic, was a book of enlightenment for children, then this Book of Changes was a book for future readers to transform into dragons.

Metamorphosis into a dragon refers to the metamorphosis of talent, truly knowing and understanding reason, like a dragon, as the ultimate.

Roar!

At this moment, the sound of a dragon’s roar really rang out.

Only to see, above Xu Qingnian, a golden dragon tore apart the black clouds, and a golden dragon of ten thousand feet, stepping on auspicious clouds, came and hovered above Xu Qingnian.

The world was incomparably astonished by such a vision, for there was no such vision in the ancient and modern worlds.

Even if one were to become a true saint, there would not be so many visions, would there?

But at that very moment, the Book of the I Ching evolved into a dragon gate.

It stood above the vault of heaven in the Central Continent.

A boundless light appears, and the essence of the reader, transformed into fish, jumps under the dragon gate.

Once they crossed it, they were carp transformed into dragons.

“This is the first book of the ancient and modern worlds!”

“The book of the saints, this is the book of the saints.”

“Xu Shouren clarified the will of the world’s scholars, clarified the supreme will, and then set down immortal words, and now he has even written the book of sainthood, such a feat will never be surpassed in a thousand years.”

“Open your eyes wide and see, stop being so obsessed, Xu Sheng is destined to become a saint.”

Some readers who were not from the Zhu Sheng lineage spoke up, and they told the Zhu Sheng lineage to see clearly.

Don’t be so obsessed anymore.

But such words only made them more unconvinced, more angry, and more jealous ah.

The young generation, the biggest reason why they were so cooperative with the Wen Palace was actually not because of jealousy.

They were jealous of Xu Qingnian.

Jealous of why Xu Qingnian was only twenty years old and had such status and such talent, so whenever Xu Qingnian did something a little wrong, they grabbed at it.

It is reasonable to say that a normal person would not dare to fight with the world's scholars and would meekly bow down, but instead of choosing to bow down, Xu Qingnian fought with them every time.

And every time, Xu Qingnian was able to turn the situation around.

How could they not be angry? And how could they not be angry?

Originally, according to this time, Xu Qingnian was bound to be finished, but what they didn't expect was that Xu Qingnian was still standing firm and was going to become a saint today, how could they stand it?

The world's scholars had gone completely insane as a result of these people's insults.

"Xu Qingnian, there is no way he can become a saint, he is using the power of evil spirits, how can anyone become a saint in a year? How can anyone become a saint in less than a year?"

"Yes, yes, Xu Qingnian has made use of the power of evil spirits, there is absolutely no way he could have become a saint in a year, this is impossible, if it wasn't for the power of evil spirits, who could become a saint in a year?"

"Hong Sheng! Gather the power of the world's scholars once again, kill Xu Qingnian, kill him, kill him!"

"Hong Sheng, kill the devil quickly."

That one voice rang out, the angry voice of the Zhu Sheng lineage, who had lost their eyes, to say that they would not become demons was simply impossible.

At this point, these readers were still like this, which made the readers who were not from the Zhu Sheng lineage, smack their lips thoroughly.

Originally, I thought that these scholars had only hated Xu Qingnian because he had disrespected Zhu Sheng at the beginning.

But now, it seemed that these people really had a problem.

These people, where were they considered to be scholars?

They were all demons and devils, right!

"Kill!"



In the Palace of Literature, Hong Sheng had gone completely mad. He had never thought that Xu Qingnian would really be able to re-establish his will, re-establish his words, and even re-author his book today.

No, this is not a book of saints, this is a book that can make people become saints.

Everyone is like a dragon!

These four words are so heavy and magnificent that they are no weaker than the four words of Fang.

Everything Xu Qingnian does today will be passed down through the ages.

If he were to become a saint, he would truly be a great disaster for the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Therefore, today, no matter what, he had to kill Xu Qingnian.

It was no matter what.

The vast qi like an ocean of water entered the Sword of Man, and this time the Sword of Man did not hesitate.

He went towards Xu Qingnian to kill him.

And right now.

Xu Qingnian looked up at the vault of heaven, he had now taken three steps, and was still short of the last two.

Re-enlightenment of his central idea.

The previous central thought was that things were in the air.

Where there is a will, there is a way.

And now, Xu Qingnian needed to regain clarity on a new central idea.

Wen Jian killed, not giving Xu Qingnian a single chance, but fortunately, the Hao Ran Wen Zhong erupted with energy to block Wen Jian, while the nine golden dragons lunged towards him.

It was all a vision.

The battle of qi luck.

The Sword of Man was matchless, an invincible being, blasting against the Vast Manifestation Clock, each blow bursting forth with an endless amount of Vast Manifestation Qi.

The Golden Dragon lunges, but can only delay the attack of the Sword of Literature, but cannot truly destroy it.

This was the sword of the will of the world's scholars, where it was so easy to break.

Right now, Xu Qingnian had to become a saint.

As long as Xu Qingnian became a saint, everything would be fine, the battle would be reversed in an instant.

A complete and utter reversal.

Only the world's readers would not let it.

And Xu Qingnian was also having an epiphany of the final central thought.

Things are done!

Where there is a will, there is a way.

Xu Qingnian closed his eyes, everything seemed too hasty, but everything should happen too.

Boom, boom, boom!

The Wen Sword kept attacking, and the Hao Ran Wen Zhong was extremely terribly traumatised, almost cracking open.

The golden dragon kept lunging, but it seemed somewhat unhelpful.

It was also at this moment.

Xu Qingnian suddenly opened his eyes.

He became enlightened.

Where there is a will, there is a way.

It was his central thought before, but now Xu Qingnian suddenly realised that this was not his central thought.

When he thought about it, every single thing that had ever happened was not something that was in the cards.

Rather.

Man made the sky!

That's right, it was that man had decided to win.

Everyone can change their destiny, where there are so many certainties.

If one's mind is stable, free from all influences, unmoved by external things, one works towards what one wants to do.

It's all in the mind.

Yes.

That is the central idea of yourself.

The true central thought.

Man is determined to win.

To obey heaven by following your heart.

Victory over heaven is not victory over heaven and earth, but victory over everything you think is impossible to do.

It is the law of nature.

Heaven, is the original mind, and the original mind is also heaven.

Having thought of this.

In an instant, countless Haozheng Qi surged towards Xu Qingnian, the ultimate sublimation.

By gaining the power of the world's scholars, Xu Qingnian would be able to become a saint.

At this moment, people were stunned as all the readers found that their own Hao Rang Qi was surging towards Xu Qingnian.

Xu Qingnian had come to the final step.

He was about to complete his true metamorphosis and ascension.

At this moment.

A voice rang out.

“We are willing to help Xu Ru become a saint!”

“I wish to help Xu Ru become a saint!”

“Wishing to help Xu Ru become a saint and sweep away all demons and evil.”

That one voice rang out, it was from between heaven and earth, the other scholars, who thoroughly admired Xu Qingnian and were thoroughly convinced.

They bowed towards Xu Qingnian and contributed their strength, hoping that Xu Qingnian would thus become a saint.

At this moment, within the Great Wei Palace of Literature, a voice like this also rang out.

“To establish a heart for heaven and earth, to establish a life for the people, to follow the teachings of the past sages, and to open up peace for all generations, the words of Xu Ru can be seen by heaven and earth.

This was Xun Ru’s voice, and he stood up, defying everything, and bowed in the direction where Xu Qingnian was.

He gave Xu Qingnian all the Vast Righteousness in his body.

Not only him, but also four or five other great scholars spoke up in unison. They originally did not want to get involved in this matter, but now they were convinced by Xu Qingnian, completely convinced.

How could they not be convinced by someone who could say something that would establish a heart for heaven and earth?

At one time, they had indeed despised and disliked Xu Qingnian because of his age, but now they were completely convinced.

Xu Qingnian had the qualifications of a saint, not a half-saint, but a literary saint, a Confucian literary saint.

They were willing, to help Xu Qingnian and do their part.

“I, Chen, would like to add to Xu Ru, to add to his vast righteousness, to Xu Ru, to open up peace for all generations!”

“Today, I, Chen, destroy my Confucian position, and from now on, have no more relations with the Zhu Sheng lineage.”

Chen Xin’s voice rang out, he was a great Confucian of the Zhu Sheng lineage, for some time now, he had been hesitating, the Great Wei Palace of Literature broke away, he had no way to stop it, but when the Great Wei Palace of Literature broke away, and had to suppress the Great Wei Dynasty’s national luck.

He spoke out, but did it help? No!

He chose to remain silent, but his conscience was troubled, and now when Xu Qingnian spoke of establishing a heart for heaven and earth, he came to his senses through and through.

What was he doing?

Was he still a scholar?

What was the purpose of reading? Wasn’t it just these four words of Xu Qingnian?

But what was he doing? Watching the Great Wei Dynasty’s fortunes decay?

Watching the people suffer in the future?

He was wrong, he knew he was wrong, so he broke away from the Zhu Sheng lineage and destroyed his own Confucian position.

The Vast Righteousness that he had worked so hard to cultivate was dispersed by him and was lost within the Cauldron of Great Wei’s national fortune.

Chen Xin, too, knelt on the ground and bowed towards Xu Qingnian.

When Chen Xin made this outburst, Zhou Min sighed as he shook his head and said.

“It is we who are wrong!”

“It was too late to know.”

“Confucianism is not Confucianism, a scholar is not a scholar, I studied for the sake of the world, but in the end, it turned out to be a further harm to the world and to the people of Great Wei, today, I also dispersed the Confucian position and withdrew from the Zhu Sheng lineage.”

“I will die to thank you for your sins!”

Zhou Min laughed bitterly, if Chen Xin had only been hovering and hesitating, but he actually supported the Wen Gong to break away.

Right now, what Xu Qingnian had done had lifted him up inside, and even more so, it had awakened him to his senses.

He knew he had done wrong and was willing to destroy his own Confucian position, but he could not let go of himself.

When the voice rang out and the bystanders were too late to dissuade him, Zhou Min had already shattered his own heart chakra and sat straight down, killing him on the spot.

He paid for this catastrophe with his own life.

Zhou Min died, but at the end of his life, he became a true scholar.

Some people wept sadly, Zhou Min's disciples, bawling on the ground, grieving.

Some great scholars saw this scene, and one by one they were silent.

Chen Xin was even more choked up, he really did not know what to say.

But who was to blame for this?

But what he knew was that Zhou Min had, at the last moment, enlightened himself about the true Confucian Way.

"Unbridled! Unbridled! Unbridled!"

"You have been compelled by Xu Qingnian to do such a foolish thing, you are simply unbridled."

"Xu Qingnian is unable to become a saint, the Vermilion Saint lineage heed the order to do their utmost to stop Xu Qingnian from becoming a saint."

Hong Zhengtian's voice rang out.

He had not expected such a thing to happen within the Great Wei Palace of Literature at a critical moment, and in his opinion, Chen Xin and Zhou Min were traitors, along with several other great scholars.

Having trusted Xu Qingnian, he would rather kill his own heart and veins than stand on the same line with the Palace of Literature.

This made him incredibly angry.

And as his voice rang out, in an instant, the original Haozheng Qi in all directions suddenly plummeted by 80%.

Ninety percent of the readers in Zhu Sheng's lineage began to do their utmost to stop the Hao Rang Qi from flying away.

They were so determined that there was no way they would let Xu Qingnian rely on them to become a saint.

"Xu Qingnian, you presume to rely on the power of us Readers to achieve sainthood, presume!"

Hong Zhengtian's voice rang out, he was already furious.

But all the same, the words were firm and unmistakable, for the most crucial hurdle to sainthood was to draw on the power of the world's readers.

Hong Zhengtian's voice resounded through the capital of Great Wei.

However, at that very moment, a soft voice rang out, a voice that was also childish!

It was in the Smoky Cloud Mansion.

It was a child.

He was a little scared and a little timid, but his voice was clear and crisp, and his face was determined.

"May I help Xu Ru to become a saint."

He spoke like some Confucian students, helping Xu Qingnian to become a saint.

Only after this voice rang out, it drew the attention of some people, but when they looked over and found that it was a child, they could not help but let out a bitter smile.

Readers rallied to the Vast Righteousness, how could they, ordinary folk, possibly, help Xu Qingnian to become a saint?

But just as someone spoke up.

Suddenly, a faint beam of light slowly emerged from the child's body and flew towards the sky above.

At this moment, the people in the middle of the downtown froze.

Immediately afterwards, someone opened his mouth experimentally and looked at Xu Qingnian and said.

“May I help Xu Ru to become a saint!”

His voice rang out, and although he had no bottom in his heart, his gaze was steadfast.

At that moment.

Still a faint light coalesced out and flew towards Xu Qingnian.

For a moment, people were completely shocked.

But the next moment, a voice rang out.

“Wishing to help Xu Ru become a saint!”

“Wishing to help Xu Ru become a saint!”

“Wishing to help Xu Ru become a saint!”

These voices, although they were not loud and did not resound for ten thousand miles, these voices were full of determination!

In an instant.

A faint light gathered together.

The light was faint though.

But when the number became extremely large.

It will.

Be between heaven and earth!

The brightest beam of all!

The light!

This light.

Shines through the ages!

## **Awaken Chapter 212 -**



With a beam of light floating above the vault of heaven.

In place of the power of the readers.

More and more rays of light pervade the sky; these are the power of the people's public opinion.

It is also a power of heaven and earth.

Xu Qingnian did not rely on the power of the Readers to achieve sainthood; he chose to use the power of all the people of the world to do so.

"We are willing to help Xu Ru become a saint."

A voice resounded, and at this point it was no longer the Smoky Cloud Mansion that resounded with this voice, but more places resounded with this voice.

The people spoke up one after another, willing to help Xu Qingnian to become a saint, they were so excited.

As Xu Qingnian had once said, "If you have one point of heat, you can send out one point of light.

The fire of a star can start a prairie.

The light is dazzling but not blinding, reflecting everything in the past and the present, and Xu Qingnian's holy statue is so magnificent that it surpasses everything.

His light is so radiant that nothing in this world can compete with Xu Qingnian's glory.

A vast amount of incomparable light entered Xu Qingnian's body.

On the Smoky Cloud Mansion.

Xu Qingnian felt this surging and incomparable light of public opinion, and his Confucian Dao realm was substantially enhanced.

He wanted to open the path of the Sacred Dao.

However, these forces of public opinion were still lacking.

It needed a surge to make a true breakthrough.

Although Xu Qingnian's holy image was blossoming more and more, it still had an illusionary feeling and was not real; only after he had truly become a saint would this holy image be real.

As if sensing this, in the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Hong Sheng's voice rang out.

At this moment, he completely let go of his heart. To become a saint, one must make a single effort, and Xu Qingnian re-explained his intention, re-established his words, re-wrote his book, and also re-enlightened his new central idea.

Every Xu Qingnian has done so in a way that has shaken the ancient world, but the problem is that Xu Qingnian's clarification of his intention, his establishment of his words, his writing of his book and his epiphany have brought about a terrible side effect.

That is, Xu Qingnian's holy dao would be the strongest holy dao of all time, bar none.

Xu Qingnian's clear intent, establishment of words, writing of books, and epiphany, which are not difficult for a saint to achieve?

To establish the will of a gentleman for the world's readers!

To establish the words of a gentleman for the world's readers!

To write a book for all the world's scholars, so that everyone is like a dragon!

For the readers of the world to have an epiphany that man is destined to triumph over heaven!

Which of these four is not something that even a saint could hardly achieve? Xu Qingnian completed the four supreme metamorphoses in one breath, and it would have taken him some time to break through to the Holy Realm.

If the world's scholars did not support Xu Qingnian, there would be no talk of sainthood.

It would take several days or even half a month to become a saint, and Xu Qingnian would never be able to become a saint in his lifetime without support.

Although the public opinion of the people is strong, it is only the assistance of the people of Great Wei and a small portion of the people of the world. Although the majority of the people support Xu Qingnian, their will is not strong enough to gather the power of public opinion.

Therefore, Xu Qingnian could not become a saint.

"You are too arrogant."

"Four supreme metamorphoses, if you succeeded, you would indeed be the first saint of the ancient and modern worlds."

“But with just the public opinion of the people of Great Wei, you will not be able to become a saint.”

“Xu Qingnian, this Saint can give you a chance, as long as you admit your mistake, you kowtow before the statue of Zhu Sheng, admit your mistake to the world’s readers, and destroy your own clear intention, this Saint can forgive you, can forgive you on behalf of Zhu Sheng, and forgive you on behalf of the world’s readers.”

“Join the Zhu Sheng lineage.”

“After three years, this Saint can help you become a Saint, how about that?”

At this moment, Hong Sheng spoke, but this time he did not angrily rebuke Xu Qingnian, instead he spoke in an extremely calm tone.

He was still willing to draw Xu Qingnian in, after all, Xu Qingnian’s qualifications were simply too heaven defying.

He did want to draw Xu Qingnian in, and as long as Xu Qingnian was willing, he could indeed accept Xu Qingnian, but only if Xu Qingnian realised his mistake.

He would kowtow to Zhu Sheng and admit his mistake to the world’s scholars, and destroy his will, then stop his breakthrough, and after three years, Xu Qingnian would help Xu Qingnian become a saint if he performed well.

When these words were uttered, people immediately felt that Hong Sheng was too shameless, even at this point in time, it was not enough to draw Xu Qingnian in, but to ask Xu Qingnian to kowtow and admit his mistakes to the world’s scholars?

However, some people somehow felt that this was a good outcome, after all, it could turn a dry conflict into a good one, and Xu Qingnian would not have to be caught in a deadlock.

For even the ordinary people had sensed Xu Qingnian’s current situation.

The sage’s Dharma phase was deflating, sometimes solidifying, sometimes deflating, and was somewhat unstable.

It was not that Xu Qingnian could not do it, rather it was that Xu Qingnian’s words were too frightening; he set his heart for heaven and earth, his life for the living people, and his mind for the past saints to succeed the past, and to open up peace for all generations.

These four words convinced the true scholars, even the great scholars of heaven and earth in the Zhu Sheng lineage, and after hearing them again, they fell silent.

Except for some readers who had already gone mad, those who had not originally sought trouble with Xu Qingnian had been completely convinced by such a stand-up speech of Xu Qingnian.

The deans of the world's major academies and others were moved after hearing Xu Qingnian's words, but what really moved them was not these four words.

Rather, it was the wish that all the scholars in the world would be like dragons.

These were the words that moved them. As deans of the academy, educating people and nurturing talent was their lifelong career, and Xu Qingnian wished that all the world's scholars would be like dragons.

Isn't this their great ambition and ideal?

Xu Qingnian's words are no less than those of a sage, and they are deafening and mind-blowing.

It was also because of the words Xu Qingnian spoke that it was difficult for him to attain sainthood.

Just like the Buddha's Great Aspirations, if you make a Great Aspiration, you can be ennobled by heaven and earth, but you will not be given too much, for it is one thing whether you can fulfil it or not.

If you are qualified to be able to accomplish them, all that is lacking is time, and you have that time, then only then will heaven and earth give you the true reward.

To put it bluntly, you have to be recognised by heaven and earth that you can do it.

And whether Xu Qingnian can do it or not actually depends on whether the readers support it, which is an evaluation measure, and right now the majority of the world's readers are of the Zhu Sheng lineage.

Getting them to support Xu Qingnian? Is this possible?

However, without the power of the scholars, the support of the people of Great Wei is also possible, it is nothing more than the support of the people, it is public opinion!

Xu Qingnian is ultimately the Confucian Way.

Although there are many public opinions, there is a lack of Heaven's Way, something has gone wrong, otherwise, according to this situation, one would not be enough for the country, not to mention becoming a half-saint, even if one becomes a sub-saint or a literary saint.

The people and the people's livelihood are the fundamentals of heaven and earth.

The strongest system in this world is not the Confucian Way, but the Way of Public Opinion.

This should be understood by the Heavenly Dao, but the fact that one has not become a saint proves that there is indeed something wrong with the Heavenly Dao, otherwise, it would not be so.

This was a point that confused Xu Qingnian, who did not understand what had gone wrong with the Heavenly Way, but what he knew even more was that he was not able to relate to that extent yet.

And Hong Sheng dared to open his mouth in this way, not because he had seen that there was something wrong with the heavenly dao, but because he thought that it would be impossible to become a saint with these public opinions alone.

He thought that Xu Qingnian could not become a saint without the power of the readers.

Therefore, in his perception, if he could not rely on public opinion to become a saint, all his previous speeches and books could not be truly recognised by heaven and earth.

If he could not rely on public opinion to achieve sainthood, he would not have been able to gain the true recognition of heaven and earth.

If he could not gain the approval of heaven and earth, what Xu Qingnian had done today would be meaningless.

This is how he dared to speak out like this.

He was very confident, extremely confident, but he was willing to give Xu Qingnian a chance.

On the Yan Yun Mansion.

Xu Qingnian absorbed the public opinion like an ocean of water, the power of heaven and earth, and Xu Qingnian quietly felt it.

Indeed, compared to the power of the readers, public opinion was too weak, although gathered together, it was a blazing light, but one was a Confucian, not an emperor.

If one were an emperor and received so much public opinion, one would only fear that the country's luck would flow smoothly for hundreds of years.

And as Hong Sheng's voice rang out, Xu Qingnian ignored it.

He sat in meditation and enlightenment, and keenly discovered a problem.

There was a shortage in heaven and earth.

Yes, there was a lack in heaven and earth.

He had set up his own unearthly words, written the Book of Changes, and everyone was like a dragon, so by rights he should become a saint straight away, but he had to be a sufficient reader, and although this was the rule, there was no denying that the rule was too rigid.

It was odd, Xu Qingnian was now at the point where he had half a foot in the Holy Dao, and there were many things that he was inexplicably able to perceive, possessing a sense of the Heavenly Dao.

So he was keenly aware of this difference.

As the saying goes, the Great Dao is the most public and the Great Dao is the most private. The heaven and earth are fair and will not favour any living creature; there are advantages and disadvantages, while the Great Dao is also the most private, and those who follow the heavenly principles will gain the qi of the heaven and earth.

If one sets up a book, one should theoretically be empowered by heaven and earth to break through to sainthood, but one must obtain the power of the readers, which is obviously problematic.

And it was a big problem.

It was just that Xu Qingnian could not fully perceive the Heavenly Dao, and many things were still unclear to himself, and what was involved was not something he could know for the time being.

But there was one thing that was true.

Hong Sheng was right, it was difficult for him to become a saint, at least given the current situation, he still lacked a certain amount of fire if he wanted to become a saint.

It was difficult to become a saint.

It was harder than the heavens.

Xu Qingnian understood that the key reason why it was so difficult for him was because he had offended the Zhu Sheng lineage.

But what Xu Qingnian understood even more was that since ancient times, all saints had achieved sainthood through the power of the scholars, but the current scholars were distorted.

If one really accepts the power of these readers, it is one thing to go against one's own clear intention, but more importantly, accepting the power of such readers will cause one to have big problems, big problems.

This is why Xu Qingnian did not take the next step.

It was not that he did not have the means to do so, as long as he made a great Confucian ambition that everyone who entered my heart would be like a dragon, or that everyone who helped me to become a saint would be like a dragon.

Xu Qingnian was careful that at least 30% of the scholars would choose to help themselves, and even some of them would be swayed in their hearts.

Only Xu Qingnian would not do so.

The Zhu Sheng lineage had to be eradicated.

Completely and utterly eradicated.

It was only that it was not his turn to eradicate the Vermilion Saint lineage. After he became a half-saint, he would go to the Vermilion Saint's former residence to find the source of holy qi and summon the true spirit of the Vermilion Saint out.

Then there would be no need to do anything by oneself.

Relying on a single Vermilion Saint True Spirit, one could solve all the problems and interrupt the foundation of the Vermilion Saint's disciple lineage is possible.

But this was something for later, right now one had to become a saint.

Xu Qingnian closed his eyes.

He was thinking about the method of becoming a saint.

To break through the realm in one breath.

There was absolutely no delay, one had to make a breakthrough!

However, Xu Qingnian hesitated to answer, so Hong Sheng did not give Xu Qingnian any more chances.

The Man Sword coalesced once more.

Xu Qingnian had failed to become a saint, so there was no way to change the outcome of this battle.

Boom!

The Sword of Literature shot out, swirling with endless light, blasting against the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, while the terrifying sword Qi strangled the nine golden dragons.

The momentum was unstoppable.

All the rays of light gathered together, trying to block this difficulty for Xu Qingnian.

But unfortunately, the Sword of Literature was too strong, the gathered power of the world's readers.

Boom!

The Hao Ran Wen Zhong collapsed somewhat, and the Wen Qi splashed in all directions, shaking in the vault of the sky.

But just then, Hong Sheng continued to speak.

“Hao Ran Wen Zhong, you are a sacred weapon of my Wen Palace, why do you need to protect an outsider? You came back, we understand that you were compelled by Xu Qingnian, there is no need to be like this.”

The Hao Ran Wen Zhong was a holy weapon that birthed a will, Hong Sheng did not want to damage the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, it was after all their holy weapon.

Naturally he could not part with it.

However, as Hong Sheng spoke in this way, the Vast Manifestation Bell buzzed and rippled with a heavy bell wave, this was its response, trying to blast Hong Sheng.

When he felt the will of the Ho Yin Wen Zhong, Hong Sheng was furious in his heart.

But he did not dare to say anything, after all, this was Zhu Sheng's holy weapon, and even if he was mad, he did not dare to say anything wrong about the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, so Hong Sheng could only aim at Xu Qingnian.

“Xu Qingnian, you compelled my Zhu Saint Clan's Sacred Artifact, haven't you always despised my Zhu Saint Clan? Why do you need the Vermilion Saint Saint Artifact to protect you now?”

“That is truly ridiculous and brazen.”



Hong Sheng opened his mouth as he sarcastically accused Xu Qingnian, arguing that the Haoran Wen Zhong was under compulsion, rather than the Haoran Wen Zhong voluntarily protecting Xu Qingnian.

These remarks were so shameless that they made people's hearts burn, and they wanted to spit out blood.

How could there be such a lowly person in the world?

On the contrary, he knew that he was trying to make a point, but so what?

He wanted to make Xu Qingnian furious, to make Xu Qingnian furious and attack his heart, so that it would be even more impossible for Xu Qingnian to become a saint.

This was the plan to attack the heart.

The method was very simple, but the simpler the ploy, the more effective it often was.

"Hong Zhengtian, you are not a son of man."

"You are too shameless."

"How can there be such a shameless person like you in the world?"

Ten days ago, when Xu Qingnian wanted to become a saint, Hong Zhengtian blocked him, saying that Xu Qingnian had become a saint with the help of the Twelve Sacred Books of the Vermilion Sage.

Xu Qingnian had given up on becoming a saint, and now Xu Qingnian was relying on himself to become a saint, and Hong Zhengtian said such things?

This is simply shameless, even the Hao Ran Wen Zhong is a holy weapon, who in this world can compel a holy weapon?

They could not help but scold Hong Zhengtian for speaking without thinking at all, purely for the sake of blackness.

However, Hong Zhengtian completely ignored these voices, as far as he was concerned, everything was fine if Xu Qingnian could not become a saint.

The rest was out of his hands, and he didn't want to worry about it either.

Stopping Xu Qingnian from becoming a saint, detaching the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and then suppressing the Great Wei's national fortunes would be three birds with one stone, and would be of great benefit to himself.

Along with Hong Sheng's voice rang out.

Readers from all over the world followed suit and shouted.

"Reading Zhu Sheng's book to become a saint, and now compelling me to compel the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, this is the gentleman you call Xu Qingnian? What a shameless man."

"Yes, yes, you talk about being a gentleman, but you don't expect to do anything like that."

"You call that a gentleman? Xu Qingnian, are you trying to kill us all with laughter?"

"A gentleman? A gentleman, my ass, is a villain."

"Xu Qingnian, if you are really capable, then you should not use the Hao Ran Wen Zhong and become a saint on your own, I am still convinced of you."

That one voice rang out and gathered in the capital of Great Wei, the curses of the world's scholars.

They had sinister intentions, wanting to use this kind of provocation to make Xu Qingnian give up the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, so that if they did so, they could not hurt the Wen Zhong, but also put Xu Qingnian to death.

The method was simple and anyone could see it, but the problem was that this most direct reversal of right and wrong was often the most effective, and people would only ever care about bad reviews.

And yet.

On the Yan Yun House.

Xu Qingnian was not subjected to this kind of scolding, he was still thinking about it, the way to sainthood.

Even if these scholars did not say anything, Xu Qingnian knew clearly that he absolutely could not achieve sainthood with the power of these scholars, in that case, it would not be a true saint.

It was a saint with defects.

The current readers are not true readers, and are gradually developing in a bad direction.

If one were to use the power of these readers to become a saint, it would only be bad for one, not good for one.

Even if one could turn the tide of war at the moment, one would only pay a greater price for the future.

But if one does not draw on the power of these readers, it will indeed be difficult for one to achieve sainthood.

For a moment, there was indeed a stalemate.

Inside the Great Wei Palace.

All the world wanted Xu Qingnian to become a saint, especially the people of Great Wei, who longed for Xu Qingnian to become a saint and turn the tide of war.

Unfortunately, as Hong Sheng had said, Xu Qingnian did indeed have a feeling of being unable to become a saint.

His Dharma phase was already gradually fading away.

“Having gained the public opinion of the Great Wei’s pale people, the public opinion of part of the world, Shouren is unable to become a saint? This is impossible, isn’t it? Among the rumours, the first saint relied on the public opinion of the Cang Sheng to become a saint.”

Some people frowned and questioned, thinking that Xu Qingnian should be able to become a saint since he had received so much public opinion.

“No, it’s not the same.”

“The first saint was at a time when the human race was in distress, if the Great Sage had not become a saint, it is likely that the human race would have perished, at that time it was the entire pale life that helped the Great Sage to become a saint and open up the Confucian Way.”

“Although Shouren was aided by the pale beings of Great Wei, the pale beings of the world were actually still on the prowl, after all, Shouren was fighting for my Great Wei, and the two situations were not the same.”

Another person spoke up and told the truth.

It was not that public opinion could not become a saint, but that it was not enough. If it was the public opinion of the world, it would be difficult for Xu Qingnian not to become a saint.

It was just that he had also read this from a book, and he did not know the exact truth, including the fact that there was a shortage of heavenly dao.

In the courtroom, everyone looked nervously in the direction of the Smoky Cloud Mansion, they prayed that Xu Qingnian would become a saint, but it was difficult, and they knew it was very difficult, after all, Xu Qingnian had not broken through to the Holy Dao in one go.

That meant it was difficult.

“Your Majesty.”

However, at that very moment, within the Hall of Nurtured Hearts.

The Empress slowly walked down, and Zhao Wan'er immediately assisted the Empress, while the hundred officials also looked towards the Empress.

At this moment, the Empress walked out of the hall and looked at the dome of the sky.

The next moment.

The Empress walked slowly towards the front, without the support of Zhao Wan'er, and walked step by step, until she reached the steps.

All eyes looked at the Empress curiously, they did not know what the Empress was going to do.

But at that very moment.

A gust of wind blew in, blowing the empress' dragon robe slowly.

Three thousand green tresses rose with the wind.

A look of determination appeared on her stunning face.

Only to see.

The Empress worshipped with supreme worship towards the Cauldron of National Fortune above the vault of heaven, and then her voice resounded in every corner of the capital of Great Wei.

“! The Empress of Great Wei, Ji Ling.”

“Today I wish to use the Great Wei's national fortune to help Xu Shouren become a saint.”

The voice of the Empress of Great Wei, Ji Ling, rang out.

The voice was calm, but within this calmness, it was extraordinarily resolute.

This moment.

Heaven and earth moved.

Boom!

Above the capital of Great Wei, the Cauldron of Great Wei's National Luck erupted with an unparalleled light, penetrating through the ages and gathering terrifying power, cutting through the heavens and shining on Xu Qingnian.

A constant stream of national luck entered Xu Qingnian's body.

The Empress' face also turned extremely ugly at this moment.

She, who had gifted Xu Qingnian with the Luck of the Kingdom, hoped that Xu Qingnian would become a saint.

"Your Majesty!"

"Your Majesty, this ..... And what is the suffering?"

"This! ....."

"Your Majesty!"

The civil and military officials were moved, they did not expect that at such a critical moment, the empress would share the Great Wei's national fortune with Xu Qingnian?

This was simply too incredible?

A country's qi must be controlled by the emperor.

In the past and present, it had never happened that it was shared with someone else, either it had been taken away by someone else or the country's fortune had collapsed.

It was given to Xu Qingnian to help him become a saint.

This was something that no one had expected.

In particular, the Empress had become tied to the fortunes of the country, in other words.

If Xu Qingnian died, then the Empress would also die.

And the death of the Empress would not affect Xu Qingnian.

For Xu Qingnian was not tied to the fortunes of the state.

The Empress of Great Wei, Ji Ling, paid a great price and made an unparalleled sacrifice in order to allow Xu Qingnian to become a saint.

Again, at the most critical moment, the empress stepped forward.

She did every single thing that an emperor should do.

She, though a woman, was no less dominant.

For what she has done today alone, a thousand years from now, Ji Ling may be called, the Empress of a Thousand Ages.

“Foolish ruler!”

“You are giving the fate of the country to others, you are doing injustice to the people of Great Wei, you are trying to kill the people of Great Wei.”

At this moment, Cao Ru’s voice rang out as he subconsciously opened his mouth and angrily rebuked the empress for such an act.

Giving Xu Qingnian her national fortune and helping her to become a saint?

This was something that had never been done before in ancient times, and it was likely that it would actually allow Xu Qingnian to break through to the Saint realm, which was why he had said this.

But as soon as he said this, everyone was staggered for a moment, and the next moment, curses rang out from the sky.

“Do you still have a face? You are suppressing my Great Wei’s national luck, don’t you want to kill my Great Wei’s life?”

“Are you really shameless?”

“If Xu Ru were to become a saint, I would definitely cramp your tendons and skin you later.”

“It is inconceivable that there could be such shameless people like you in this world.”

The people were furious, from the people to the Confucians and all kinds of people, especially the soldiers, who greeted Cao Ru's whole family.

This man was so shameless, it was clear that they were the ones who first suppressed the fortunes of Great Wei and did not take the people of Great Wei into account.

Now the empress, in order to reverse the occupation, has given the national luck to Xu Qingnian, and it has turned out to be a disaster for the people of Great Wei?

The people did not know what was going on behind the scenes, but the people were not stupid.

The public opinion was so overwhelming that it turned into a huge hammer and struck the Great Wei Palace of Literature. If not for the protection of the sacred weapon, Cao Ru would have been killed on the spot.

When he felt this terrifying public opinion, Cao Ru immediately shut up, his face ugly, and even some other great scholars could not help but frown at Cao Ru.

For Cao Ru's words just now did indeed appear too brainless.

"National luck cannot be given away."

However, Hong Sheng didn't have to talk so much, he didn't know whether or not the National Luck being added to Xu Qingnian would allow Xu Qingnian to make a breakthrough.

But regardless of whether or not it would, what he knew was that he absolutely could not let anything that could possibly happen happen.

So he roared in anger at the first opportunity, using the power of the world's scholars to try to stop it.

However, at this moment, the Cauldron of Great Wei's National Fortune, like a dragon of qi luck, entered Xu Qingnian's body.

Not a single chance was given to Hong Sheng.

This was national luck, and even the power of a scholar could not limit it.

As the Dragon of Qi Luck disappeared into Xu Qingnian's body.

In an instant, the public opinion within Xu Qingnian's body completely exploded.

Xu Qingnian had gained the public opinion of the Great Wei's people, only that to the Confucian Way, public opinion was ultimately no match for the power of the readers.

But after it was accompanied by the enrichment of the Great Wei's national fortune, a qualitative change took place.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

A beam of divine light erupted from Xu Qingnian's body.

When national luck and public opinion are added together, the energy generated is unparalleled.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian opened his eyes.

In front of him, nine divine jade steps also emerged.

These were the steps to sainthood, and once he stepped onto the ninth step, Xu Qingnian would become a saint.

Boom.

Without any hesitation, Xu Qingnian rose directly and took the first step.

This moment.

The sun and moon trembled.

The second step.

The mountains and rivers shook.

The third step.

The stars bloom.

The fourth step.

The heavens and the earth sing in unison.

The fifth step.

A cloud of auspiciousness appears, coalescing above the vault of heaven, shining with all colours of radiance.

Sixth step.

Immortal music resounds, as if the heavens and the earth were celebrating, a burst of immortal music resonating everywhere between heaven and earth.



The seventh step.

Roar! Another golden dragon emerges, still nine golden dragons, but now the golden dragon that has coalesced is more real than the previous one.

Eighth step.

Above the ground, a golden lotus gushed out, appearing incomparably sacred and peaceful.

“No!”

“This can’t be.”

“Why can the kingdom’s luck help him become a saint? This cannot be.”

Hong Sheng’s voice rang out as all of the power of the readers poured into the Wen Sword, intermingling with unparalleled power, wanting to kill Xu Qingnian in a single moment!

Hong Sheng had not expected that the empress would use this move, something that no one had expected.

It could be described as an absolute kill.

However, this was something unexpected, for it had never happened before, that an emperor would gift his kingdom’s fortune to another.

And even if such a thing had happened, who would associate it with becoming a saint?

Sainthood is Confucianism!

National luck is public opinion, and the two are not to be confused, but Xu Qingnian first rallied public opinion, replacing the power of the Readers.

Now with the addition of the National Movement, it has merged with public opinion, completely completing its sublimation and metamorphosis.

Hong Sheng spoke out, wanting to kill Xu Qingnian once and for all.

Only, at this very moment, Xu Qingnian slowly stepped onto the ninth step.

The ninth step was taken.

Heaven and earth stood still.

Everything, everything was quiet, everything was completely silent.

Xu Qingnian took the most crucial step.

At this moment, wisps of holy light pervaded Xu Qingnian's body.

The holy light shone through everything, expelling all darkness.

At the same time, a terrifying holy might pervaded from Xu Qingnian's body, a holy might that swept through the whole of Great Wei and then pervaded the world.

It was directed at the scholars, and the ordinary people could not detect this holy might, which was harmless to them.

Everyone was silent, the readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage were completely frozen, their gazes filled with despair, resignation and an unconcealed fear.

Xu Qingnian had become a saint, would they still be able to live?

Fear pervaded, and all those scholars who had shouted earlier now shut up, they no longer dared to shout.

They no longer dared to shout. They had already become saints, and even if they were given ten guts, they would not dare to shout again.

This is the power of the saints, and it cannot be questioned!

Inside the Great Wei Palace of Literature, there was dead silence. Cao Ru's face turned white, his lips were iron blue, his pupils were expanding in fear, and his body was trembling.

Fang Ru was the same, his body trembling, his gaze filled with disbelief.

Xu Qingnian had become a saint.

He had become a saint at this time, at a time when sainthood was most unlikely.

This was no longer turning the tide of battle, this was knocking the heart and soul out of the Vermilion Saint lineage!

"Why! Why! Why!"

"Why do we lose every time, ten months, when he was a Confucian student, insulting us great Confucians, when he killed Fan Shang to establish his words, when he became a saint at the Palace of Literature."

“We are obviously in the lineage of saints, why can’t we fight a Xu Qingnian?”

A great Confucian raised his voice. His voice was full of bitterness.

He did not understand, Xu Qingnian was just a Confucian student ten months ago, and had just entered the rank.

But now, ten months had passed and Xu Qingnian had actually become a saint.

As this voice rang out, people suddenly froze.

One thing came to mind.

It had only been ten months since Xu Qingnian had become a saint!

It had only been ten months.

All of a sudden, the crowd froze in disbelief.

It had only been ten months since Xu Qingnian had become famous.

Ten months was already a good thing for a scholar to enter the ranking.

Xu Qingnian had spent ten months and had already become a saint.

How could this not cause people to be shocked?

Compared to the consternation of the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Inside the capital of Great Wei, there was incomparable excitement, and everyone was thrilled.

Inside the imperial palace, Chen Zhengru’s pale face revealed a smile, his face was tired, he had abolished his Confucian position and was already incomparably weak.

But after seeing this scene, he swept away all his fatigue and was replaced by joy.

Gu Yan, Wang Xinzhi, Li Yanlong, the six ministers and the princes of the state were also overwhelmed with excitement.

They were too excited, after all, under such a desperate situation, Xu Qingnian had become a saint.

He saved the day.

It brought tears to people’s eyes and made their blood boil inexplicably.

“Congratulations, Your Majesty, the great Wei Dynasty has been revealed in its full glory!”

Someone spoke up, looked towards the Empress and said so.

Outside the hall, the empress watched all this quietly, looking at Xu Qingnian's position, her eyes filled with joy.

A joy that came from her heart.

However, what she did not know was that her joy was not because Xu Qingnian had become a saint and could bring something to Great Wei.

Rather, she was happy that Xu Qingnian had become a saint, and she was happy from the bottom of her heart.

No one would have known, not even herself, that there had been a change in her heart.

It was also at this moment that a voice rang out, the voice of Chen Zhengru.

“We, the others, pay our respects to Xu Sheng.”

As he spoke, he made a deep bow in the direction where Xu Qingnian was.

As Chen Zhengru's voice resounded, the crowd immediately followed suit and opened their mouths, bowing towards the Smoky Cloud Mansion.

Even the empress, at this moment, also made a slight bow towards the Smoky Cloud Mansion, not a great salute, but indeed a salute.

Although Xu Qingnian was only a half-saint, he had received half of Great Wei's national fortune, so naturally the empress could pay homage.

Now, half of Great Wei's national luck was in Xu Qingnian's possession.

And at this moment.

Xu Qingnian's voice also rang out.

“When I become a saint, all the rulers of Great Wei will be like dragons.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, and as this voice rang out, in an instant, a ray of holy light shot out from Xu Qingnian's body and fell towards Great Wei.

In the middle of the capital, inside the imperial palace, Chen Zhengru and Wang Xinzhi were illuminated by the holy light.

Soon new Hao Rang Qi was once again gathered within their bodies, this Hao Rang Qi was much purer than the Hao Rang Qi in their bodies before.

As the Hao Ren Qi filled the air, jade crowns appeared above their heads, these were the Jade Crowns of Heaven and Earth.

The two of them, had achieved the status of Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth.

“Hiss!”

When the Great Confucian of the Palace of Literature saw this scene, their eyes went straight.

The two of them, Chen Zhengru and Wang Xinzhi, had abolished their Confucian status and added it to the Cauldron of National Fortune.

And now, with Xu Qingnian’s words.

Not only had Chen Zhengru and Wang Xinzhi regained their Confucian status, they had even made a direct breakthrough to become Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth.

How could this not shock the scholars of the Palace of Literature, and how could it not make the great scholars of the Palace of Literature sour-eyed?

Chen Zhengru and Wang Xinzhi were not the only ones.

A beam of light shone through, and it also entered the bodies of the other hundred officials.

A vast aura of righteousness permeated the palace.

In an instant.

A shocked look appeared on Gu Yan’s face.

“I ..... I’ve actually become a great Confucian too?”

“Hiss! I’ve become a great Confucian too?”

“Shouren, oh no, this tactic of Xu Sheng is too terrifying, isn’t it? I’ve become a great scholar too!”

Gu Yan, Li Yanlong, Zhou Yan and Zhang Jing had all become great scholars.

They had the righteousness in their bodies and had instantly broken through to become great Confucians, without having to make their intentions clear, without having to make a statement, and without having to write a book.

Because Xu Qingnian had made their intentions clear, established their words and written their books for them.

This is the true Confucian Way.

To establish a heart for heaven and earth, to establish a life for the people, to follow the teachings of the sages of the past, and to open up peace for all ages.

As long as one of them is fulfilled, one can become a great Confucian.

“I! I! Me! How come I didn’t become a great Confucian?”

An Guo openly opened his mouth, he frowned slightly and spoke thus, while the crowd looked over and subconsciously thought that An Guo Gong had also become a great Confucian, only to be silenced after hearing these words.

A good guy, a military official also wants to become a great scholar?

At this moment, in the Great Wei Dynasty, the Qi of talent permeated 30,000 miles.

Not only them, but throughout the whole of the Great Wei Kyoto, there were many people who had been enriched with holy light, and they were all gentlemen.

Some have retired to the mountains, some have educated people to become talented, and some have promoted the Sacred Way.

They have made many contributions to the Confucian Way, and although they have remained silent, they have never wavered in their adherence to it for decades, and today, Xu Qingnian rewarded them.

The entire Palace of Literature was completely silent.

Xu Qingnian had not only become a saint, but also possessed such means. Even the Palace of Literature could not make an ordinary person become a great Confucian.

In other words, Xu Qingnian’s actions were beyond the Palace.

The entire Wen Palace knew that the momentum was gone!

“When I become a saint, the fortunes of the Great Wei Kingdom will flourish for ten thousand years.”

“May my people of Great Wei, free from suffering and cold, free from famine and war, live and work in peace and happiness.”

Only, Xu Qingnian’s voice did not stop there.

He continued to speak, and this was his second voice.

As this voice rang out.

Endless public opinion poured into the Great Wei State Cauldron.

The originally somewhat deflated State Cauldron, at this moment, filled with wisps of purple Qi, exploded ten times in size, and exuded a terrifying majesty.

People were shocked, and within the capital of Great Wei, the hundred officials were even more wide-eyed when they saw this scene.

In the Huaining Palace, Prince Huaining looked deadily at the Cauldron of National Fortune, an unbelievable sound escaping from his throat.

“The National Luck metamorphosis!”

His gaze was filled with shock.

The Great Wei’s national luck had been declining, but now it had actually received an unprecedented metamorphosis.

Roar!

An earth-shattering dragon roar rang out.

Only to see that a true dragon flew out from the Cauldron of National Fortune.

The true dragon soared through the nine heavens, emitting a guttural dragon roar that resounded throughout the entire Central Continent.

The true dragon then hovered around the Cauldron of National Fortune before finally disappearing into the Cauldron of National Fortune.

On all four sides of the Cauldron, dragon patterns even emerged!

“The Great Wei Dragon Cauldron!”

“This is the Dragon Cauldron! The Great Wei National Fortune has completely taken shape and metamorphosed into a Dragon Cauldron! This! This! This ..... Even the Great Ancestor didn’t do it back then.”

Chen Zhengru pointed at the vault of heaven, his voice filled with disbelief, while in his eyes was ecstasy.

Even.

By this moment, the Great Wei Empress could not help but reveal a look of elation.

A look of unbelievable elation.

Xu Qingnian possessed the public opinion of Great Wei, and now he was linked to the national fortune, which, coupled with the Sheng Sheng creation, allowed the Great Wei national fortune to metamorphose and form the Dragon Cauldron.

Although it is not the legendary Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent, the fact that the cauldron has taken the form of a dragon means that this dynasty is about to take off completely.

It is a blessing from heaven and earth, and its qi is unparalleled.

In other words, if Wei were to send its troops north, even if it sent 100,000 troops, it might be able to sweep away the barbarians!

How could one hundred thousand fight?

Before the men arrived, meteorites fell from the sky and bombarded the barbarians ten times first.

Then the barbarians suffer a severe drought, lack of water and food, and some other natural and man-made disasters.

It is possible that when the 100,000-strong army arrives at the barbarians, they will find that the barbarians are almost dead.

It sounds a bit exaggerated, but there is a certain possibility.

The country's fortunes flourished.

The Great Wei Dragon Tripod, this is an achievement that all the emperors of the 700 years of Great Wei have wanted to achieve.

Today.

Xu Qingnian had achieved it.

This was incredible.



And at that moment, the Palace of Literature suddenly burst into countless rays of light, Hong Sheng had learnt to be wise, he no longer screamed.

He wanted to break away directly and flee from the Great Wei, not daring to oppose Xu Qingnian.

Xu Qingnian had become a half-saint, and they had already lost this fight.

And they had lost completely.

To stay would be to seek death.

But at the very moment when Wen Gong wanted to disengage, Xu Qingnian's voice rang out.

"When I become a saint, I will cut down all the hypocrites in the world."

"The third sword of a gentleman, the sword of asking for the heart."

A cold, indifferent voice rang out.

It did not carry any hint of emotion.

In an instant, the Wen Sword, which was originally attacking Xu Qingnian, suddenly collapsed, and the power of the Reader all coalesced into the Sword of the Gentleman.

This was the third sword.

The Sword of Questioning the Heart.

Everyone knew.

The Palace of Literature.

It was going to be a big disaster this time.

## **Awaken Chapter 213 -**

When Xu Qingnian's voice rang out.

It was extremely quiet between heaven and earth.

It was even said that it was quiet to the extreme.

The previous Junzi's first sword had chipped away at the talents of the world's scholars.

Junzi's second sword made them suffer.

And this third sword is the sword of asking for the heart.

This sword, which shakes the ancient world, asks for the heart of a gentleman.

When the Sword of Asking the Heart appeared, it scattered between heaven and earth, and a Sword of Asking the Heart appeared before all the scholars.

It did not matter who it was, even if it was Chen Zhengru, Wang Xinzhi, even if it was a reader from the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

In front of everyone, the Sword of the Gentleman appeared, and all the readers, except the half-saints, were subjected to the discipline of the Sword of the Inquiring Heart.

Of course it was not necessarily a disciplinary action.

If you have a clear conscience and you have done what a gentleman should do, then this sword will not affect you in any way.

But if you are a Confucian scholar and you think you are a gentleman, but what you have done is the work of a villain, then do you still dare to call yourself a gentleman?

Do you still have the face to call yourself a gentleman?

This is a very straightforward truth.

Xu Qingnian's sword was not meant to kill them, but to make them really feel the pain.

It was because the person who wanted the lives of these scholars was not himself, but Zhu Sheng.

Now that he himself had become a half-saint, he could go to Zhu Sheng's former residence and seek out the Zhu Sheng Origin, and when he found the Zhu Sheng Origin, that would be the end of the Palace of Literature.

No, it was the end of the world's lineage of Vermilion Saints.

Their faith, their ancestors, the only god in their hearts came out and taught these people a hard lesson, and even Xu Qingnian felt that with Zhu Sheng's temper, it was possible that he would probably be righteous and clean up the family.

So Xu Qingnian didn't want to kill them, could killing them stop the mouths of these people?

If they really slaughtered the Wen Palace clean, it would be another scourge at that time. Right now, what one had to do was just to suppress their anger.

Then draw out the real big shots of the Wen Palace.

This is what Xu Qingnian wants to do, these people are just pawns, you kill them and get into trouble instead.

With Zhu Sheng's backing for himself, Xu Qingnian no longer cared about finding trouble with them.

Of course, the necessary punishment can't be less, kill, leave it to Zhu Sheng, this is something that Zhu Sheng has instructed a thousand times, it is impossible to summon Zhu Sheng out and let people dry their eyes, right?

It's time to let the saint do something about it.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian's gaze, became somewhat calm.

However, at this very moment, the Sword of Junzi killed out.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

The sword was extremely fast and nothing could resist it. Some great scholars tried to block it with their Hao Rang Qi, yet they were shocked to find that the Hao Rang Qi diffused out and was all absorbed by the Sword of the Gentleman.

Turning into a stronger energy, it penetrated their hearts.

In an instant, all the readers were subjected to the difficulty of asking for their hearts, and they froze in place, yet mentally they were faced with a judgement.

This was a saintly judgment, and it could not be faked.

“Ah ! ! ! ! ! !”

An incomparably terrifying scream rang out from the Great Wei Palace of Literature, it was Cao Ru.

He was the first to let out a miserable scream, he was on his knees, dying of pain, his Confucian body began to crack, his gaze was filled with fear and terror, along with endless pain.

This was inhuman torture, he was in so much pain that he was dying, a normal person would not be able to bear it, and neither could he, but the problem was that the sword of questioning the heart, it made him faint.

The next moment, a scream of misery rang out, little by little, spreading like a ripple.

It spread all the way to the whole world.

Under the heavens, close to 80% of the readers cried with their heads in their hands, while some others did not feel the pain, but suffered unparalleled condemnation in their hearts.

These were the ones who came to their senses later, but what they had done before could not be wiped out just because they had come to their senses.

But it was much better than those people, at least they didn't have to suffer like this.

All sorts of cries and screams rang out, and those readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage who had previously screamed with unparalleled ferocity were all crying snot and tears at this moment.

They were lying on the ground, rolling around in all kinds of ways, and the sound of their cries was even more deafening.

Xu Qingnian had become a saint, and their end had come, which made them feel desperate, a real desperation.

Yet pain is not the real effect of the Sword of Inquiring Heart, but the destruction of the heart of Confucius.

What is asking for the heart?

To judge from the heart, to think to oneself whether what one has done is the work of a gentleman or not? Is it the right thing for a scholar to do?

Some people may find excuses for themselves, but in the sword of questioning the heart, if your own heart is in a panic, will the excuses you make help?

So no one can escape the sword of questioning, unless you really have a clear conscience!

For example, in the imperial capital of the Great Wei, Chen Zhengru and Wang Xinzhi did not suffer any pain, not just the two of them, but also in the Great Wei Palace of Literature, where Chen Xin, the great scholar, still looked calm after being penetrated by the Sword of Inquiring Heart.

But at that moment, Hong Zhengtian's voice rang out.

His voice, extremely agitated, roared again.

“Xu Qingnian, is this your holy dao? After you became a saint, is this how you treat the readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage? Is this what you mean by following the teachings of the past saints?”

Hong Zhengtian roared in anger, so angry that he trembled and became furious.

As a half-saint, how could he not know what this Sword of Inquiring Hearts by Xu Qingnian really did?

How could he not know how great an impact this sword of questioning the heart could have?

He was trying to break the hearts of the scholars.

If Xu Qingnian continues like this, 80% of the world’s scholars will not be able to break through the Confucian realm from now on.

Not only that, but every year they will even drop in Confucian status.

If we don’t see it in a year or two, in three or five years’ time, the lineage of Confucian saints will be completely decadent, while Xu Qingnian has become a saint today, not to mention a half-saint.

However, Xu Qingnian is only twenty years old today.

A half-saint at the age of twenty, how terrifying must that be? Xu Qingnian’s future still had two hundred years of glory ahead of him.

If they could last for another twenty years, it would already be a great blessing, unless their plan came to fruition.

Otherwise, Xu Qingnian alone could suppress the Palace of Literature for two hundred years.

If no new great Confucian talent emerged in the future, the Palace would be destined to be suppressed by Xu Qingnian for two hundred years.

If the scholars of the Zhu Sheng lineage had not had their Confucian hearts destroyed, with the power of the group, they would have been able to fight Xu Qingnian at least in the early stages.

Even if Xu Qingnian had become a sub-sage, 80% of the world’s scholars would have been able to fight against him.

But now, Xu Qingnian’s behaviour was an attempt to cut off the lineage of Zhu Sheng.

How could this not cause Hong Zhengtian to curse?

But then Hong Zhengtian's voice rang out.

In the Smoky Cloud Mansion.

Xu Qingnian's gaze instantly went cold.

Inexplicably, Xu Qingnian felt that this Hong Zhengtian really did not have a brain, and at this point in time, Hong Zhengtian could still say such words?

He was really shameless, but he was invincible.

In the face of such remarks from Hong Zhengtian, Xu Qingnian didn't say anything, and the Haoran Wen Zhong instantly shrank and fell onto his palm.

Clang.

Xu Qingnian vibrated a little.

The bell resounded through the world, the sword of questioning heart became even more terrifying, and the screams of misery became even louder.

"Xu Qingnian! You're trying to drive my Vermilion Saint lineage to extinction."

When Hong Zhengtian saw this scene, he jumped even more violently.

Clang.

Xu Qingnian shook the Haoran Wen Zhong again, he was already a half-saint, and with the help of the Haoran Wen Zhong, he was simply stronger than ever, and no one could stop him.

"Xu Qingnian! You've gone too far!"

Hong Zhengtian let out a roaring sound.

He was truly furious, every time Xu Qingnian shook the Haoran Wen Zhong, the readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage suffered a little more, the more he said, the more Xu Qingnian got up, this was simply not putting himself in his eyes?

According to reason, after Xu Qingnian became a half-saint, he should have known something, but what he didn't expect was that Xu Qingnian would still act arbitrarily and presumptuously as before, not giving any face at all.

How could such a person become a saint?

It wasn't just him, there were quite a few powers in the world that were watching.

It was impossible for such a thing to happen in the Great Wei Dynasty without drawing the world's attention.

The Seven Great Daxian Sects, the Buddhist Sect, the Demon Clan, the Demon Cult, and the evil cultivators of the world were all watching this battle, and indeed according to their thoughts as well.

Xu Qingnian has already become a saint, so what happened just now can be ended, and it is not too much to punish him, but if he wants to destroy the foundation of Confucianism for the world's readers, it is a bit too radical.

The righteous lineage did not want to see this scene, because whether it was the bad luck of the Zhu Sheng lineage or Xu Qingnian, it would not be a good thing for the people of the world.

Yet the Demon Clan and the Demon Cult maintain a state of calm, they do not want the Confucian Way to grow stronger and stronger, and they certainly do not want to see the Confucian Way fall completely, after all, having the Confucian Way there is a check and balance.

The so-called demons and devils are not necessarily bad people, but they have their own measure. If Confucianism were to fall, they would not feel badly about it, there would be no great harm for them, but there would be no great benefit either.

Who really has the great benefit? It is the evil cultivators.

These people are truly evil demons, and who are they most afraid of? Is it not Confucianism? If Confucianism were to fall, they would be able to do whatever they wanted to do.

The forces of the world have been suppressed by Confucianism too severely.

The righteous path is only Confucianism and Buddhism, while the evil path is only demons and ghosts.

With Confucianism in place, there is no fear of demons and devils in the world, and because of this, the role of the Immortal Sect and the Buddhist Sect is much weaker, especially the Buddhist Sect.

It is reasonable to say that Buddhism subdues demons and possesses innate suppression, but unfortunately, it is weaker than Confucianism, and Buddhism is extremely restrictive, with eight major commandments and sixteen minor taboos, where is it as good as being a student?

They can also become officials and can marry and have children, so naturally it is too difficult to promote Buddhism.

It is only in places like the Western Continent, where poverty is unparalleled, that a Buddhist kingdom can be established; anywhere else, it would be difficult to promote Buddhism.

So now the most joyful people are the evil cultivators, followed by the more joyful ones are the Buddhists.

They could not wait for Xu Qingnian to continue to make trouble, to make a fierce mess, the bigger the better, the better to break the backbone of the Confucian Daoist lineage.

The Buddhists were not worried about Xu Qingnian becoming a saint in the future, because what they had was patience, they could wait, they could simmer, and simmer Xu Qingnian to death.

Clang.

However, in the face of Hong Zhengtian's roar, Xu Qingnian's only response was to shake the Hao Ran Wen Zhong.

At this moment, the cries of the world's scholars rang out.

"Hong Sheng, please, don't say any more, please don't say any more, say any more and we'll die."

"Hong Sheng, I'm dying of pain, just stop, please."

"Hong Sheng, save me."

"Xu Sheng, I was wrong, I was wrong, we were wrong, please, let us go, don't ring the bell again, don't ring the bell again."

That one cry rang out.

The crowd was really hard to bear, one by one, the world's readers were really crying.

Asking for the sword of the heart made them suffer, and that was even better, Hong Zhengtian didn't do anything serious, but he was still here to angrily dislike Xu Qingnian.

You can dislike it, but Xu Qingnian shook the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, and it was everyone who was in pain.

Can't you think of everyone?



The voices of the scholars from all over the world resounded in the Great Wei, this was the power of the scholars that had gathered before.

Now so many voices begged for mercy that the people of Great Wei could not help but burst into laughter.

In the imperial palace, the civil and military officials could not help but laugh as well.

Inside the Palace of Literature, Hong Sheng's face was red and white, but fortunately, he was in the small world, so no one could see him.

"Xu Qingnian, you use this way to force the world's scholars, do you think they are really afraid of you? They are all scholars, and you punish them with such torture, are you still a saint?"

"Virtue is not worthy of position!"

Hearing this from a scholar of the Zhu Sheng lineage, Hong Zhengtian became even more furious, just a little pain? Is there a need for this? Do you have no backbone at all?

Hong Zhengtian was now losing face, but even so, he still had to speak tough and angrily rebuke Xu Qingnian.

After these words.

At that moment, a sound rang out.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

Dang! Dang! Dang! Dang! Clang!

Holding the Hao Ran Wen Zhong in his hand, in the face of such a roar from Hong Zhengtian, Xu Qingnian shook it ten times in one breath, and the Hao Ran Qi in his body was drained by one-fifth.

This!

was his response.

At this moment, there was silence between heaven and earth.

All the scholars were silent.

Inside the Great Wei Palace of Literature, the Confucian scholars froze in place, and there was no longer fear in their eyes, but despair.

True despair.

They could not stand it any longer when the bell was struck three times before, but now they were striking it ten times?

I'm playing with you.

Inside the palace, the six ministers were also silent, this Xu Qingnian was still the same even after he had become a saint.

There was no change at all.

He was really fierce.

But this was quite good, at least Xu Qingnian's original heart had not changed.

At this moment, Hong Zhengtian was also frozen.

Xu Qingnian is simply ! ! ! ! ! Bullying people too much ah ! ! ! ! !

"My generation of readers, why do we fear pain, gentlemen, hold on, we still have a big killing move!"

Hong Zhengtian yelled, he informed the world's readers that there was still a big killing move, telling everyone to hold back and not panic, the big deal was to die.

But when Hong Zhengtian said these words, a roar of grief and anger rang out.

"Ah ! ! ! ! !"

"Hong Zhengtian, can't you fucking stop saying that?"

"You old dog, dare I say it's not you who's in pain?"

"Hold back your daddy, you come and try? It doesn't hurt to stand and talk."

"Thanks to you being a half-saint, if you weren't a half-saint, I'd be your ancestor for eighteen generations."

Some of the scholars just couldn't bear it any longer, they followed the Wen Gong to make trouble and gave their own hao-li-qi even if they had suffered so many losses.

And now you're telling yourself to put up with it? How dare I put up with you!

Indeed, the sword of questioning the heart had caused them to suffer heavy mental trauma, and it was no longer physical pain, but physical plus mental pain.

Those who had screamed the loudest before were now crying the hardest.

There were even quite a few readers who, forcing themselves to endure the pain, turned towards Xu Qingnian's direction and kowtowed to admit their mistakes.

Loudly crying out that they were wrong.

Their downfall was miserable, except that no one pitied them, because such people did not need pity.

However, there was still a group of people who, after hearing what Hong Zhengtian said again, could not help but reveal their excitement, after all, there were still big killing moves that they had not yet used.

Hearing these curses, Hong Zhengtian was finally a little hung over.

"Xu Qingnian, you don't want to get ahead of yourself, when you really use the great killing weapon, it will scourge the living soul."

Hong Zhengtian said in agitation, his hatred was boundless as he looked at Xu Qingnian and said so, with a threat in his words.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

However, Xu Qingnian did not reply, but continued to strike the Hao Ran Wen Zhong incessantly.

The reason for this was that Xu Qingnian wanted to see who the big man behind the Palace of Literature was. Zhu Sheng had said that there was bound to be someone guiding the Palace of Literature.

This was the real behind-the-scenes, and if he could force it out himself, even if he revealed himself for a moment, he would go and ask Zhu Sheng to recover.

In one fell swoop, the Palace of Literature would be uprooted.

That way there would be nothing left to worry about.

"Xu Qingnian!"

"Apart from the Zhen Wen Zhong, what else do you know how to do?"

Hong Zhengtian really didn't know what to say this time, he inexplicably felt like a fool, no matter what he said, Xu Qingnian just clanged with a Hao Ran Wen Zhong.

Is there any end to it?

Hearing these words, Xu Qingnian slowly put the clocks down, followed by a cold gaze from him.

In an instant, the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron hung above his head, and a burst of dragon roars rang out, making the Sword of Junzi even more terrifying.

At this moment, the scholar of the Zhu Sheng lineage let out a ghostly cry now.

Come on, instead of playing with the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, he was playing with the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron.

This was really fucking infuriating.

Hong Zhengtian's liver was bursting with anger, when he met someone like Xu Qingnian, he really didn't know what to do.

"Disengage from Great Wei, don't waste any more time."

At this moment, a voice rang out from within the Palace of Literature and reached Hong Zhengtian's ears.

With the sound of this voice, Hong Zhengtian came to his senses, the most important thing right now was to break away from Great Wei, not to tangle with Xu Qingnian here.

"Break away from Great Wei!"

At this moment, Hong Zhengtian's eyes were bared as he roared out loud.

The entire Great Wei Palace of Literature once again blossomed with endless light.

It wanted to detach.

But at that moment, Xu Qingnian's voice finally rang out.

"With this Saint around, wanting to break away from Great Wei? Dream on!"

As Xu Qingnian's voice rang out.

In an instant, the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron transformed into a hundred feet, dropping billions of public opinions, and the true dragon soared out from the cauldron, a terrifying celestial might pervaded, the power of Great Wei's national fortune.

The Hao Ran Wen Zhong hangs above Xu Qingnian's head, protecting Xu Qingnian's safety.

Although the entire Palace of Literature shone brightly, it could hardly move under the suppression of the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron.

Public opinion is like the sea, and the fortunes of the nation are like mountains.

Along with Xu Qingnian's saintly power, the Great Wei Palace of Literature was indeed unable to stop this kind of pressure.

A half-saint, a dragon tripod of national fortune.

Who could withstand this?

The entire Great Wei Palace of Literature was pressurised to the point of being unable to breathe.

Even Hong Zhengtian could hardly resist such a mighty power of Xu Qingnian.

"Xu Qingnian, are you going to stop even if we break away from Great Wei?"

"Even if you keep us down, the hearts of the people have already been scattered, do you think it will be useful?"

Hong Zhengtian opened his mouth and said so.

In the Smoky Cloud Mansion.

Xu Qingnian poured in the Hao Rang Qi and the Wen Zhong, and then his entire body disappeared.

He appeared in the sky above the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

His phantasmagoria, ten thousand feet high and glorious, was like the only god between heaven and earth.

Looking inside the Palace of Literature, Xu Qingnian's gaze, piercing through everything, looked straight at Hong Zhengtian.

"You are really noisy."

Xu Qingnian spoke, and in the next moment, he stretched out his hand, invisible power coalescing, crossing over everything and slapping Hong Zhengtian fiercely.

The slap was crisp and resounding, and was projected across the entire Great Wei Dynasty.

As a half-saint, Xu Qingnian's strength now far exceeded that of ordinary half-saints.

Poof.

Xu Qingnian's slap was extremely direct and vicious.

It broke several of Hong Zhengtian's teeth, causing Hong Zhengtian to spurt out a mouthful of blood, and his left cheek instantly became red and swollen.

This scene was also seen by the world's scholars, most of whom saw their own half-saints being hung and beaten by Xu Qingnian.

Naturally, they were filled with anger and resentment, but more than that, they were humiliated.

"Xu Qingnian, don't force me."

Being humiliated like this, Hong Zhengtian almost lost his senses as he looked at Xu Qingnian, his voice cold and piercing.

On the vault of heaven.

Xu Qingnian shook his head as he let out a long sigh, causing the crowd to be filled with curiosity, wondering why Xu Qingnian was sighing.

"You people, you're really cheap bones."

"Fine! Today, this Saint would like to see what other great killing moves you have."

Xu Qingnian's voice rang out.

The next moment, he fell directly from the dome of the sky and slowly landed on the ground, which was the entrance to the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Without any hesitation, Xu Qingnian walked towards the interior of the Palace of Literature.

At this moment, the Palace of Literature was blazing with light, and the Eight Jade Sacred Rulers protected it, which shook as Xu Qingnian entered.

However, with a look from Xu Qingnian, the Eight Jade Sacred Rulers quieted down and did not obstruct Xu Qingnian.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian walked step by step into the Palace of Literature, and this scene was projected out, and the world was extremely curious, wondering what Xu Qingnian was up to.

Inside the Palace of Literature, no one dared to interfere with Xu Qingnian. The Sword of Questioning the Heart had already caused them excruciating pain, and now the pain was much less, but there were still powerful side effects.

Naturally, no one dared to speak again, nor were they qualified to speak ah.

The highest ranking Confucian student in the Palace of Literature was only a Heaven and Earth Grand Confucian, but who was Xu Qingnian?

He is a half-saint!

Who would dare to provoke this Half-Sage?

“Hong Zhengtian.”

“Come out and die!”

As Xu Qingnian walked to the centre of the Palace of Literature, his angry roar rang out.

In an instant, the power of heaven and earth coalesced, directly pulling Hong Zhengtian out from the middle of the small world.

This was Xu Qingnian’s power, the power of heaven and earth, the power of a half-saint.

“Xu Qingnian, what are you doing?”

Hong Zhengtian looked somewhat terrified as he looked towards Xu Qingnian and asked so.

Boom!

In the next moment, Xu Qingnian blasted his fist over, he was a king, a king of the martial dao, perfectly controlling his strength and directly knocking Hong Zhengtian away.

With this punch, Hong Zhengtian’s sternum instantly broke, he was relatively old, with a head full of white hair, looking benevolent, but in Xu Qingnian’s eyes, he looked extremely disgusting.

“Poof.”

Hong Zhengtian spat out fresh blood.

“Xu Qingnian, are you crazy? I am a half-saint.”

He fell to the ground and pointed at Xu Qingnian, cursing loudly and angrily; he had almost lost half of his life with this punch, but he was even more angry that Xu Qingnian had lost his dignity with this punch.

At least in the small world, Xu Qingnian's slap was an invisible force.

But now it was a real fist on flesh, dragging himself to the ground and beating him violently, just like beating a dog.

He didn't give himself any face at all.

Hong Zhengtian was really furious, but the problem was that Xu Qingnian was the power of martial arts and he was powerless to fight.

This is the advantage of a literati knowing martial arts.

Use reason to convince you and you don't listen? Then use your fists to convince you, in short.

Either convince you, or beat you into submission!

Obviously, Hong Zhengtian was saying that he would not be convinced, so Xu Qingnian would fight until Hong Zhengtian was convinced.

"How dare you point!"

Xu Qingnian threw another punch, pressing Hong Zhengtian to the ground and hammering him violently.

What was good was that Hong Zhengtian was a half-saint and the Hao Rang Qi in his body healed his wounds, otherwise, according to Xu Qingnian's stance, Hong Zhengtian would not have survived the day.

Boom.

Another punch.

Xu Qingnian was like a fierce tiger, beating Hong Zhengtian to the bone with his fists, there was nothing civilized about it.

People smacked their lips, their eyes stunned.

Was this the newly promoted half-saint?

How come it was still the same as before, ah.



The people reading the book were completely silent. They had thought that Xu Qingnian would change when he became a half-saint, but what they didn't expect was that Xu Qingnian would still be the same Xu Qingnian.

Reason would not listen, fists would say.

“Dog-like thing.”

“As a disciple of the Vermilion Saint lineage, you don't know what benevolence is in the slightest!”

“The Zhu Sheng lineage, let you and other scholars, benevolent and selfless, for the sake of the world, yet you, an old dog, relying on yourself as a half-saint, acted recklessly, and that's even better, the most annoying thing is that you let the Great Wei Palace of Literature break away.”

“Trying to suppress my Great Wei's national fortune, once the national fortune collapses, there will be natural and human disasters everywhere in Great Wei.”

“At that time, how many people will lose their lives as a result? And how many people will be displaced? You don't care, instead you dump all the blame on me.”

“Hong Dog, this sage asks you, what kind of intentions are you harbouring?”

Xu Qingnian roared in anger, while Hong Zhengtian had already been violently beaten, spitting blood from his mouth and losing a mouth full of teeth in a miserable manner.

How arrogant he had been before, how wretched he was now.

Only, Hong Zhengtian didn't speak as another voice rang out.

“Xu Qingnian, as a Half-Saint, how dare you act in such a manner, where is a bit of Confucianism left in you? Where is your elegance as a half-saint?”

The person who spoke was Cao Ru, he had almost been beheaded by the Sword of Questioning Heart, but he had survived in the end, now seeing Hong Zhengtian being beaten up like this, how could he not be angry?

At this moment, Xu Qingnian's gaze fell on Cao Ru.

This gaze was cold and piercing.

“I almost forgot about you old dogs.”

“Come die together.”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth and his voice rang out as Xu Qingnian grabbed Cao Ru and Fang Ru.

At this moment, Fang Ru was a little confused, he didn't say anything, why did he grab himself here?

But did Xu Qingnian care?

He didn't care at all.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian was like a hungry tiger pouncing on a sheep, beating Cao Ru, Fang Ru, and Hong Zhengtian into a pile of mud.

The three of them couldn't even scream, and their mouths were full of broken teeth, bleeding profusely.

As for the others, they all stood by, wanting to persuade, but not daring to do so.

Who would dare to open his mouth and die.

"Do you still have a tough mouth?"

"Are you still a scourge to the people?"

"Cao Ru, do you still want to scream?"

"Fang Ru, do you want me to admit my mistake?"

"Eh? Dumb?"

Xu Qingnian had beaten the three of them to the point of pain, so it could be said that they had taken out their breath viciously ah.

The three of them did not say anything.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian's Hao Rang Qi coalesced behind him, a ruler.

His literary weapon.

In an instant, the ruler split into a thousand channels and hung over most of the Confucian students of the Great Wei Literary Palace.

"You Confucian students, for the sake of your own selfish desires, how dare you try to break away from Great Wei and disregard the danger of the Great Wei's life."

"This is a capital crime!"

“Today, punish Confucius Dao with capital punishment.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, he would not spare anyone, the Zhu Sheng lineage, it was time to clean it up.

Of course the purpose of doing this was to force the real big man behind the Wen Palace to make his appearance.

If he didn't make his appearance, Xu Qingnian would find it hard to sleep and eat.

Snap!

Thousands of rulers fell, fiercely smacking these Confucian students, who had just been tortured by the sword of questioning the heart, and now they were suffering from such pain.

How could they not suffer?

There were cries of wailing and screams of misery.

The ruler was extremely terrifying, fiercely whipping the Confucian student of the Helpful Wen Palace.

“Xu Sheng, spare us, spare us, we are only confused for a moment, for a moment.”

“I implore Xu Sheng, let us go, I implore Xu Sheng to let us go, ah.”

These people cried out as they knelt on the ground, kowtowing to Xu Qingnian and admitting their mistakes, doubting their lives in pain.

It was almost like they were closing themselves up.

And if the fight continued like this, they would really have to die.

“A moment of confusion?”

“It's really ridiculous.”

“Your momentary confusion has almost put the people of Wei into fire and water, thanks to you, you are still scholars.”

“Today, use your lives to atone for such a sin.”

Xu Qingnian's voice was cold.

After saying this, Xu Qingnian waved his hand, and a vast and righteous Qi filled the Palace of Literature, while his voice slowly sounded out.

“Today! I, Xu Qingnian, have witnessed the Dao and become a saint, a new saint of Great Wei.”

“The roots of the world’s scholars have been broken, and the Zhu Sheng lineage is devoid of benevolence, so today I hope heaven and earth will understand.”

“I wish to make twelve great wishes, for the sake of the world, for the way of heaven and earth, for the righteousness of the world, etc., I implore heaven and earth to understand.”

“To abolish the roots of the literati in the Zhu Sheng lineage, to abolish the roots of the hypocrites in the world, and to return the heaven and earth to a clear and clear sky!”

“This saint, willing to pay the price of the holy throne!”

Xu Qingnian’s voice was incomparably grand, he looked determined and radical and fervent, willing to make twelve grand wishes, even willing to sacrifice his half-saint position to purge the world of hypocrites between heaven and earth.

This is no longer a matter of stirring up trouble, Xu Qingnian is about to completely tear his face off from the Vermilion Saint lineage.

He was going to cut the Zhu Sheng lineage down to its roots.

Everyone was stunned, no one was not stunned.

Even in the Great Wei Palace, Chen Zhengru, Wang Xinzhi, Gu Yan and other officials were dumbfounded, and even the empress was frozen in place.

Even the empress froze in place. The world’s scholars were also dumbfounded, and the major powers were silent.

I knew that Xu Qingnian was fierce and brave, but what I really didn’t expect was that Xu Qingnian was actually so radical.

He had just become a half-saint, and now he would rather sacrifice his own half-saint position in order to cut down the grass?

Just ask, how many people can do that?

Only Xu Qingnian alone could do it, right?

In the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Hong Zhengtian was dumbfounded, but as Xu Qingnian rested for a while, the Hao Rang Qi in his body gradually repaired his injuries, and when he came to his senses, his entire body revealed an unbelievable look when he heard Xu Qingnian's voice.

What was Xu Qingnian trying to do?

Had he gone mad?

Hong Zhengtian really did not expect that Xu Qingnian would go to any lengths to die with the Great Wei Palace today.

No, Xu Qingnian had only sacrificed his own half-saint position, but he was going to bring about the complete destruction of the Zhu Sheng lineage.

This man was simply a madman, a complete and utter madman ah.

In the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Xu Qingnian's voice was heard throughout the entire world, and a vision appeared between heaven and earth.

Dark clouds rolled, lightning flashed, a thunderbolt filled the air, forming shackles, and a black dragon appeared, this was the will of heaven and earth, if the shackles disappeared, the black dragon would descend.

Carrying the will of heaven and earth, it would suppress all these hypocrites.

Of course Xu Qingnian would also have to pay a great price, not just the price of the half-saint position, but a much more painful price.

So it was said that Xu Qingnian was going to fight with his life.

In the middle of the Palace of Literature.

Xu Qingnian's gaze was calm.

He didn't believe that at this point, that being in the Palace of Literature would still not come forward!

"Xu Sheng, hold on."

"Xu Sheng, there is no need for this matter to be like this."

It was also at this moment that a new voice finally rang out.

And in one breath, it was two voices.

At this moment, two figures appeared in the midst of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, two saints, still half-saints, who surrounded the light, their vast and righteous Qi filling the air, and sat out, their Dharma phase standing above the dome of the sky.

Looking at Xu Qingnian, they rose to pay their respects.

“Xu Sheng, this matter, indeed Hong Sheng did wrong, he should not have been so radical, but the detachment of the Palace of Literature is also the heart of the world’s readers, and this cannot be changed.”

“Xu Sheng, if you have anger in your heart, but all those who have supported the suppression of the Great Wei’s national fortune will be punished by you, only I hope that Xu Sheng will not be impulsive, if the world’s readers are suppressed by heaven and earth.”

“The Confucian lineage will then be completely decadent, and when the demons come out in chaos, it will be far more than just a Great Wei dynasty at that time, not just a living soul.”

The appearance of two half-saints was the last remaining reserve of the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

In the entire Great Wei Wen Palace, there were three Half-Saints in total.

All of them had now appeared, and they opened their mouths and took the initiative to plead guilty, willing to hand over the culprit, not wanting Xu Qingnian to be too aggressive.

People smacked their lips and were filled with shock, not having expected that the Great Wei Palace of Literature would still have two Half-Saints.

But when one thought about it, it was a saint’s heritage after all, and it was not impossible that there were two other half-saints.

It was just among the Palace of Literature.

Xu Qingnian’s gaze fell on these two Half-Saints, almost instantly.

Xu Qingnian could detect it.

These two, were definitely not behind the curtain.

Even if they were three Half-Saints, they could not possibly corrupt the foundation of the world’s readers.

Now that there was a problem with the readers, Confucianism was not like Confucianism, and after being promoted to Half-Sage, Xu Qingnian also keenly sensed that there was a problem with the Heavenly Dao.

To be more precise, it was the Confucian Way that had gone wrong, only he was not sure exactly what had gone wrong.

Zhu Sheng had clearly told himself that someone was lurking in his lineage, trying to plot something big in his name.

In fact, Zhu Sheng did not care about such things as corrupting his reputation. Xu Qingnian understood that what Zhu Sheng really cared about was what the other party was plotting.

He had been lurking in Zhu Sheng's lineage for five hundred years, leading the world's scholars to be as unkind and selfless as demons.

This tactic, it was terrifying.

If it was only three half-saints, Xu Qingnian would not believe it even if he died, not even if he killed himself.

“Let the true ruler of the Palace of Literature come out!”

“You and the others are not yet worthy to speak to this Saint.”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth and shocked the world with one more sentence.

In their eyes, the Half-Saints were already the strongest existences in Confucianism, but these words of Xu Qingnian let them know.

There was an even stronger existence in the Palace of Literature.

It was just that it had been hidden.

It was hidden extremely deep.

The two Half-Saints above the Heavenly Vault were somewhat stunned as they glanced at each other, then looked at Xu Qingnian and said with a bitter smile.

“The three of us are the ones in charge of the Wen Palace, Xu Sheng, you are overthinking things.”

They did not admit it and replied thus.

“Since that is the case, then the two of you will die together as well.”

Xu Qingnian snorted coldly, and the Hao Rang Qi within him continued to influence this heaven and earth.

Thunder flashed and black dragons roared, as if they were destroying the world.

Before he had become a saint, he might have had some scruples, but now that he had become a saint, Xu Qingnian was really not afraid of them.

Before he became a great Confucian, he was able to attract the will of the saints, and now that he has become a saint, he is even more willing to make twelve grand wishes.

It is not difficult to do so, it is just a painful price to pay.

But Xu Qingnian also believed.

A man who had lurked in the Zhu Sheng lineage for five hundred years and plotted for five hundred years, how could he be willing to be broken by others at a critical moment?

So Xu Qingnian knew that this person would appear.

Boom boom boom!

Thunder rumbled loudly, and the two half-saints frowned.

Xu Qingnian was too ruthless and too aggressive, and they really didn't know what to say.

In the end, the two Saints let out a long sigh and bowed towards the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, saying.

"In that case, let it be as you wish."

"I implore the Wen Zhong to vibrate and awaken the sub-saints."

They knew that if the truly great man did not come forward, Xu Qingnian would not rest in peace.

Only, it was true that the sub-sage was not paying attention, and he had been in a state of slumber.

It required the Wen Zhong to awaken.

In an instant, the world was fearfully alarmed.

No one had expected that the Great Wei Palace of Literature was, indeed, hiding a sub-sage.



A Second Grade Sub-Sage.

What kind of concept is this? An existence that could stand alongside the First Grade.

In a sense, the influence of a sub-saint was greater than that of a First Grade martial artist.

Clang.

At this moment, the Hao Ran Wen Zhong vibrated.

The sound of this bell was long and continuous.

In the middle of the Palace of Literature, Xu Qingnian could not help but reveal a curious look.

Was the real big shot about to make an appearance?

He was looking forward to it.

Who was the culprit of the Great Wei Palace of Literature?

It was also with the vibration of the Hao Ran Wen Zhong.

A slight cough sounded out.

Along with this coughing sound.

The heavens and earth were completely still.

The dark clouds dissipated at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The black dragon also gradually deflated.

All the visions, all of them, disappeared.

Even the two half-saints' phantasms disappeared without light.

The only thing that remained was, Xu Qingnian's Dharma phase.

## **Awaken Chapter 214 -**

Great Wei Kyoto.

Everything has settled down.

All the visions, all the light, completely and utterly silenced.

Two half-saints, invoking the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, awakened the sub-saints.

This was indeed an unimaginable scene.

How could it not shock people that there were still living sub-saints in the Great Wei Palace of Literature? And how could it not cause people to be shocked?

As the light dissipated.

The Great Wei Palace of Literature.

A figure slowly appeared, an old man, who was old beyond words, sitting on a futon, which was a literary artefact that held him in flight.

The old man had white hair, his face was pale, with barely a trace of blood, and the bags under his eyes were so terribly swollen that he could barely see them; he was so old that it was as if he would die at any moment.

But this man, was a sub-sage of the Palace of Literature.

A second-grade sub-saint of the Confucian Way, one step forward, a legendary saint.

“It’s Lu Zi!”

“The sub-saint is Lu Zi?”

“Hiss, how is that possible? Didn’t Lu Zi pass away fifty years ago?”

“Who is Lu Zi?”

“Shut up, don’t talk nonsense.”

“Lu Zi is still alive? If you count, he’s already two hundred years old this year.”

“A saint who has lived for two hundred years, so it’s Lu Zi.”

“Two hundred years ago, the most stunning Confucian student in Great Wei, he was literate at the age of a week, composed poetry at the age of three, entered the class at the age of five, understood the meaning at the age of ten, established his speech at the age of fifteen, a great Confucian at the age of twenty, and was in the Palace of Literature, two hundred years ago, this Lu Zi was really no weaker than Xu Sheng.”

“En, this history is too long ago, there are great scholars writing books for Lu Zi, Xu Sheng used one year to become a saint, but most of Xu Sheng’s achievements are still

among the court, Lu Zi has been in Confucianism, I never thought he would still be alive.”

“What Luzi or not Luzi, the saint today, is Xu Qingnian, Xu Shouren.”

“Don’t talk nonsense, the Sublime Sage must not be disrespected.”

“Why can’t you say that? The Great Wei Palace of Literature has seceded and is even trying to suppress the country’s fortunes, why can’t you say so?”

People chattered, and some recognised the man’s identity and let out cries of astonishment.

But someone soon told them who Lu Zi was and where he came from, including all the deeds he had done, and they could not help but admire him and show their reverence, but this drew the anger of some of the people.

In their eyes, what is Luzi or not Luzi, Xu Qingnian is dedicated to the Great Wei and cares for the people, but the Great Wei Palace of Literature has done such a thing, why should they be convinced of this Luzi.

The Palace of Literature.

These words came through.

Lu Zi heard them, but he did not get angry, but slowly came to Xu Qingnian, who opened his eyes, just for a moment, and there was a dead air among them.

“Xu Sheng.”

“You have become a saint, you have done all that needs to be done.”

“There is no need for that.”

“The separation of the Palace of Literature is a foregone conclusion, but I am willing to take you away with me, and without any restrictions.”

“You are still a half-saint of the Great Wei, but you are also a Confucian scholar, and if you are willing, I will not live long, and in the future, you will be at the helm of the Palace of Literature.”

“At that time, you can do whatever you want, and it is not impossible for all the readers in the world to support Great Wei.”

“You have already received half of Wei’s national qi, if all the world’s scholars support Wei, the benefits will be countless.”

“What do you think?”

Lu Zi spoke up, he was not as radical as Hong Zhengtian, but he was also recruiting Xu Qingnian and offered extremely rich conditions.

Allowing Xu Qingnian to run the Palace of Literature in the future, and not requiring Xu Qingnian to break away from Great Wei, this condition was, indeed, tempting.

After all, there was no need for this stalemate to go on forever, and it was perfectly possible to reconcile.

Moreover, when Lu Zi died, Xu Qingnian would become a sub-sage with the help of the Palace of Literature and the world’s readers, and would enter the second rank before he was 100 years old, then indeed, Xu Qingnian would be the leader of the readers.

If the world’s scholars support the Great Wei, just think how strong the state’s fortunes will be. Perhaps the Dragon Cauldron of the Central State will really coalesce.

Of course, this was something that was possible.

Lu Zi’s words were indeed so tempting that many people were filled with curiosity, wondering how Xu Qingnian would choose.

“What use is there in wanting an already rotten Wen Gong?”

Xu Qingnian looked at Lu Zi. If she had not talked freely with Zhu Sheng, Xu Qingnian might indeed have been moved after hearing this condition, to be honest.

But after learning what Zhu Sheng had said, Xu Qingnian knew that the Great Wei Palace of Literature was hiding a big figure behind the scenes, a big figure behind the scenes who wanted to bring down Zhu Sheng’s lineage, or rather, the Confucian lineage.

One of the five people who had contacted the immortal corpse in the first place.

Looking at Lu Zi, Xu Qingnian was not sure that it must be the other party.

But it had come to this, think it should be him, there was no or Wen Sheng in the world, besides, all five generations of Wen Sheng had died, if I had to say, only one person might still be alive.

It was Zhu Sheng.

But that doesn’t make sense. When Zhu Sheng was alive, he wasn’t messing around? Surreptitiously disappear and then start messing around?

That doesn't make sense at all.

True Zhu Sheng was willing, he could have let the world's readers do a lot of things, even if he needed time to ferment and wait for five hundred years to come out now.

Speak up straight away, Great Wei is unjust, the scholars are oppressed by all countries, and become an independent state?

Who could stop it?

A First Rank to stop it? There's no reason for the First Grade to stop it either, huh?

What is the point of stopping people? They can't even secede if they want to? You've made it a rule that they can't break away?

The previous generations of saints had all died long ago, especially the first generation of saints, and it was not even known how many years ago.

To live until now, even if he were to destroy the heaven and earth, Xu Qingnian would have nothing to say, how could this be fought?

A first-grade martial artist plus a first-grade saint, who could beat that?

So, the Lu Zi in front of him, not to say he was necessarily behind the curtain, but he was basically half behind it.

There might still be a teammate who hadn't come out, but it just didn't matter, after all, for Xu Qingnian, as long as the other party surfaced, it was fine.

Zhu Sheng would take care of them all later.

Hearing Xu Qingnian open his mouth like this, Lu Zi did not get angry, but looked at Xu Qingnian and said.

"Xu Sheng, don't answer so decisively."

"I'll be straightforward, you became a half-saint at the age of twenty, this is indeed earth-shattering, and I can't compare to you."

"But as the saying goes, the times make the heroes, whether it be the Great Ancestor of Wei, the Great Ancestor of Sudden Evil, the Sage of Literature, the New Sage of Wei, or even me, the Sub-Sage, is in fact nothing more than a result of the times."

"This era needs you, the Great Wei needs you, so you appeared, you became a saint, you saved the day, you became the saviour of the people of the Great Wei, at this moment you think you are unrivalled in the world."

“Just as the old man thought so too back then, when I became a great Confucian at the age of twenty, and in that era, stunned everything, a hundred officials bowed down to me, and the readers worshipped me as a future saint.”

“Even the half-saints of the Palace of Literature at that time thought that Old Master could achieve the First Grade Literary Sage in the future, but what happened in the end? One hundred and eighty years, it took me one hundred and eighty years to become a saint.”

Lu Zi’s voice was incomparably calm as he did not continue to persuade Xu Qingnian, but to expound a truth to him.

“Your natural talent is superior to that of old me, but you will never know how difficult it is to become a saint, and these last few steps are longer than a lifetime of walking.”

“At this time, you are a heavenly pride created by the times, but you are about to fall into a misconception, a misconception that all heavenly pride fall into.”

“You will think that you made the times, not that the times made you, and you will gradually become confident and confused, thus starting to hit the wall once or twice or even countless times.”

“When you hit your head full of blood, you will regret it, but there is no pill for regret in this world.”

“Xu Sheng, you have become a saint in one year and your mind has matured, you should be different from other heavenly beings.”

“I am not asking you to break away from the Great Wei, but to choose a new path, without compromising you.”

“Join the Palace of Literature, and together you and I will usher in an era that belongs to the Confucian Way, and at that time, you will be the greatest beneficiary.”

“The world’s scholars will help you become a sub-sage for three years, and I can guarantee that in three years you will definitely become a sub-sage, and as for the realm of Confucianism, it will still depend on your own creation.”

“Only, you still have close to two hundred years to comprehend the realm of Confucian Saints, and in those two hundred years, you can do whatever you want.”

Lu Zi continued to speak as he revealed his thoughts.

Informing Xu Qingnian that no one was the time.

But after hearing these words again, Xu Qingnian slowly shook his head and looked at Lu Zi and said.

“It is useless for you to say more.”

“This Saint, will not be in the same boat as you and the others.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, and this was his answer and his reply.

“Ugh.”

Lu Zi spoke, he shook his head and looked at Xu Qingnian, his eyes filled with regret and a glint of thinking Xu Qingnian was foolish.

This glint of cold light caused Xu Qingnian’s face to change slightly.

“People, it is valuable to have self-knowledge, I thought that you were not an ordinary heavenly pride, but what I didn’t expect was that you were as ordinary as an ordinary heavenly pride.”

“Foolish.”

Saying this, Lu Zi waved his hand, and at this moment, a raging and terrifying Hao Rang Qi filled the air, pouring into the Eight Jade Sacred Rulers and also into the Hao Rang Wen Zhong.

The Great Wei Palace of Literature bloomed once more at this moment, rumbling, rumbling sounds rang out, the earth trembled, the other party no longer wanted to say more, and intended to carry the Great Wei Palace of Literature away.

“Want to leave?”

“Do you think that with this Saint around, you can leave?”

Xu Qingnian stood up, and the Hao Rang Qi within him also surged out at this moment, attempting to suppress the Great Wei Palace of Literature, while the Hao Rang Literature Bell buzzed, seemingly trying to get rid of Lu Zi’s suppression.

“Xu Qingnian, you’re just a newly promoted half-saint.”

“Between you and me, there is a difference of one grade, but that one grade is the difference between heaven and earth.”

“Since you want to seek death so much.”

“Fine, today I will show you what a sub-saint is.”

Lu Zi spoke out, his voice incomparably cold, and in the next moment, the terrifying Wen Qi transformed into a spear and aimed towards Xu Qingnian.

Boom.

The spear projected out, piercing through space, and in an instant, the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron and the Haoran Wen Zhong appeared above Xu Qingnian's head, trying to block this killing move for Xu Qingnian.

And at this instant.

Two voices sounded out.

"It seems that the Palace of Literature doesn't even have us in its sights?"

"What's the nonsense, kill."

It was the voices of Zhao Yuan and Wu Ming, Zhao Yuan had been at the Wen Palace, while Wu Ming had arrived along with Xu Qingnian.

Earlier, they did not fight because Xu Qingnian could solve it by herself, but now that a sub-sage had appeared, the two of them naturally did not hesitate half-heartedly and went straight towards Lu Zi to kill him.

However, the moment they made their move.

Suddenly, a shocking roar rang out.

"Roar!"

The terrifying roar caused the heavens and the earth to dim, the sun and the moon to lose their light, and a terrifying and desperate aura pervaded the entire Great Wei Dynasty.

This terror and despair was almost insurmountable, just like the birth of a supreme demon god, making it impossible for anyone to resist.

The devil seed within Xu Qingnian's body also boiled up at this moment, both with fear and a fighting intent.

"Not good."

Zhao Yuan and Wu Ming both looked at each other and instantly knew what was happening, and a cold look appeared in their eyes, as well as a frightened look.

Dang.



A dull sound rang out as Lu Zi's Wen Qi battle spear blasted against the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, and in a flash all sorts of sparks erupted as the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron trembled in a burst.

This strike was so terrifying that the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron and the Hao Ran Wen Zhong could barely withstand it, and it was difficult to resist with just a single move.

Lu Zi was indeed a little surprised when he did not directly kill Xu Qingnian after the strike, but he did not hesitate as another battle spear condensed from Hao Ran Wen Zhong appeared.

This time it was even more terrifying, as he wanted to put Xu Qingnian to death.

Having reached the sub-sage realm, he naturally had means of attack, especially against the literati, which were even more powerful, this was a spiritual attack, and it was enough to suppress Xu Qingnian.

There was a difference of one grade between the third grade and the second grade, but it was actually a skyrocketing difference.

"Xu Qingnian, you no longer have a chance."

"The Great Wei Dragon Cauldron and the Hao Ran Wen Zhong cannot stop Lao Fu from attacking three times, and this is the second strike."

"You have made the wrong choice and it is too late to regret it, there is nothing to regret in this world."

"In your next life, pay attention."

Lu Zi's tone was bland, but his eyes were filled with indifference, he had given Xu Qingnian a chance, it was Xu Qingnian himself who did not cherish it, now it was time to put an end to it.

At that moment, too.

Boom.

Wu Ming and Zhao Yuan were the first to strike, and the two of them blasted the Great Wei Palace of Literature, causing the entire Palace to almost crack open, and Lu Zi was also shaken, suffering from shock injuries.

This was, after all, a First Grade, a First Grade of Martial Dao, a Martial Emperor on earth.

Lu Zi was somewhat suffocated, his qi and blood tumbling and surging within his body.

Originally, according to reason, he should have killed Xu Qingnian with that strike, but he had indeed underestimated the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron and the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, to be more precise.

As for the attack by the two First Classes, he had anticipated that, with the current ability of the Great Wei Wen Palace, it was possible to delay the other side for a short while.

He had hoped to use this time to kill Xu Qingnian, but he had underestimated the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron.

“Something has happened in the Devil’s Domain.”

Wu Ming’s voice rang out at the first opportunity, conveying to Xu Qingnian, while he kept blasting the Palace of Literature, trying to shatter it directly and kill Lu Zi quickly.

Otherwise, it would be really troublesome.

Right now, something big had happened in the Devil’s Domain, and the shocking roar just now was from the Devil’s Domain, most likely the voice of an immortal corpse, if something happened to this, it would be useless to die ten Lu Zi.

If the devil’s domain is suppressing the immortal corpse, once it can’t be suppressed, not only will the people of Great Wei suffer, but the people of the world will suffer.

How could something happen at this time for no good reason? Was it Lu Zi’s doing?

Xu Qingnian couldn’t believe that the people of the Great Wei Wen Palace would even do such a thing in order to break away?

I’m only afraid that no one in the Devil’s Path would do this, right?

But something had happened at a critical moment in the Devil’s Domain, and you said that coincidence was too coincidental.

“Master, did they do it?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

“Impossible, the location of the Devil’s Domain is only known to me and your senior uncle in the world, none of the rest know it.”

“They are difficult to find, but it is also possible that once something happens to the Devil’s Domain, it will cause chaos in the world, and this group of readers can suppress the evil spirits.”

“There are advantages for them, especially if they are separated from the Great Wei Wen Palace, and with this matter they can turn over a new leaf and not be reviled by the people of the world.”

“But it’s unlikely, they can’t possibly know where the Devil’s Domain is.”

Although all signs indicated that it was likely that the Great Wei Wen Palace had done it, the problem was that only he and Zhao Yuan knew the location of the Devil’s Domain.

So it was impossible.

There was no leaking out of the location of the Devil’s Domain.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Wu Ming and Zhao Yuan slapped the Palace of Literature, and the First Grade Heavenly Might shook the Palace so much that cracks appeared all over the walls.

If they continued like this, the Palace of Literature would indeed not last long, not even half a column of incense.

But come to think of it, if it could last half a column of incense under the First Grade, the Palace of Literature was indeed extraordinary.

“Kill!”

Lu Zi shouted, he mobilised all of his Hao Rang Qi, his battle spear became radiant and several times more powerful than before, he intended to kill Xu Qingnian in one breath.

He intended to kill Xu Qingnian in a single blow, leaving no regrets.

“Xu Qingnian, you’re dead.”

“Hahahahahahaha! Offending Saint Lu, this is a sub-saint, you are too arrogant.”

“You are destined to pay the price for your own arrogance.”

At this moment, Hong Zhengtian, Cao Ru, and Fang Ru, the voices of the three of them rang out as they laughed wildly, as if they had already seen the moment when Xu Qingnian would fall.

After all, even the sub-saints had struck, Xu Qingnian no longer had a chance to turn over.

A second-grade battle against a third-grade, one could know with one’s toes that Xu Qingnian would definitely die.

Listening to these voices.

Xu Qingnian also did not have any more hesitation.

“Kill!”

At this moment, Xu Qingnian didn't have any more thoughts, he roared out and the King's Dao Qi within his body instantly filled out.

The golden Demon Subduing Power filled the air and flooded the Palace of Literature.

Since Lu Zi was determined to kill himself, Xu Qingnian did not hide anything from himself.

He did not give any chance, he would directly subdue and kill Lu Zi.

This group of people were completely rotten to the core.

It was impossible not to kill them.

Even if it was better to resurrect Zhu Sheng, let's help Zhu Sheng solve these rotten roots first.

Boom.

As the King's Dao Qi within Xu Qingnian's body filled the air, the Demon Subduing Force evolved into a golden battle spear that was even more dazzling than Lu Zi's.

Lu Zi's battle spear was a coalescence of Hao Rang Qi.

But Xu Qingnian's battle spear was created by the Zhen Di energy, the power of the king's dao, the power of the supreme king's dao.

If we look at Confucianism, naturally Lu Zi's is more powerful, but Xu Qingnian has the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron and the Hao Ran Wen Zhong to resist.

What does Lu Zi have?

Xu Qingnian's war spear was so powerful that even a saint would die under it, not to mention Lu Zi's. The power of Confucianism is to control the power of heaven and earth, not the power of the martial dao.

This moment.

As Xu Qingnian pulled out his true card, the world was shocked.

Who would have thought that a half-saint would still be a king?

Xu Qingnian had only been a Saint for a year, and everyone thought that he was only a Half-Saint, but now Xu Qingnian had suddenly displayed his King strength, completely stunning everyone.

“You’re a king?”

At this moment, Lu Zi was finally no longer as deadly, he had not expected that Xu Qingnian was actually a king?

A dual cultivation in literature and martial arts, this was something that no one had expected.

At this moment, a look of horror appeared in Lu Zi’s eyes, he was afraid, he was terrified.

As a second-ranked sub-sage, Lu Zi naturally had no fear of a fourth-ranked king, but this lack of fear was a lack of fear in spirit and status.

For a fourth-ranked king did not dare to kill Confucius.

Not to mention a sub-saint. Unless the fourth-ranking king did not want to live anymore.

But Xu Qingnian was different, he was a half-saint, especially when there was only a hundred metres between them, which was face to face for a king.

This was something that he hadn’t thought of completely.

Xu Qingnian’s Martial Dao realm came from the Fey Magic Demon Seed, and public opinion obscured the Fey Magic Demon Seed, and it was for this reason that he did not know that Xu Qingnian also cultivated the Martial Dao.

Naturally, he was not on guard.

Trying to suppress Xu Qingnian with the Confucian Dao’s Hao Rang Zheng Qi, he ended up being blocked by the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron and the Hao Rang Wen Zhong, and lost his best chance.

Now, Xu Qingnian’s Demon Subduing Force evolved into a golden spear.

The murderous aura was soaring.

“Xu Sheng.”

“Don’t be impulsive.”

“You cannot kill old me, I am a sub-saint, if you kill me, a great doom of heaven and earth will be inflicted on you.”

“Not only that, once I die, there will be no more peace talks, the whole world will suffer a true great horror.”

“I can’t die, if I do, something big will happen.”

“Something big will happen in the Devil’s Domain.”

Feeling the terror of Xu Qingnian’s Demon Subduing Force, Lu Zi quickly spoke, his face calm, but his eyes were filled with panic, although he had not been in contact with Xu Qingnian for long.

But he knew that Xu Qingnian was extremely fierce, if this kind of person launched a rage, not to mention that he was a sub-saint, even if he was a saint, he would still have to drink hatred.

“Devil’s Domain, it’s really your doing!”

“You guys are completely rotten.”

It was fine if he didn’t talk about the Devil’s Domain, once he did, Xu Qingnian was even more furious, the Devil’s Domain was a matter of the world’s living beings, and Lu Zi had gone so far as to strike at the Devil’s Domain in order to restrict the Great Wei One Piece.

The devil’s domain is a matter of the world’s life.

Since this is the case, Xu Qingnian will put an end to the devil for the sake of the world’s living beings.

Boom.

The golden battle spear burst into flames, and Xu Qingnian’s eyes were filled with killing intent.

“Disciple, don’t kill him, you have become a half-saint, if you kill him, there will be great doom added, let my master do it.”

At this moment, Wu Ming’s voice rang out as he stopped Xu Qingnian from making a move.

Xu Qingnian was a third-grade half-saint, but the Confucian Dao system was different from other systems; when other systems reached the second grade, they would be

restricted by heaven and earth and could not mess around, otherwise they would not be able to advance to the first grade.

The third rank of Confucianism, on the other hand, is the same as the second rank of other systems, and cannot be killed, let alone killing a sub-saint.

If this were to be killed for real, the terrifying bad luck would be placed on Xu Qingnian, which would be extremely bad for Xu Qingnian's future.

So Wu Ming spoke out and told Xu Qingnian not to kill the saint, he would do it.

"Master, the matter of the Devil's Domain is related to him."

Xu Qingnian spoke up, the Palace of Literature had been completely closed off, all voices could not be transmitted unless they were deliberately conveyed.

"What?"

"This is almost impossible, how did they know the location of the Devil's Domain?"

Learning this news, Wu Ming was not furious, but shocked, he had some suspicions before, but still did not believe it, not that he was willing to believe in the quality of this group of people, but the location of the Devil's Domain, which was extremely hidden, he could not possibly know about it.

"I am not sure, but this matter, has a big connection with this gang, if my disciple does not kill, I am only afraid that the trouble caused will be even bigger."

Xu Qingnian spoke out.

He already had the desire to kill, if he didn't kill, his heart would not be willing.

"Wait a little longer, my master can break the Wen Palace, let my master do the killing, you cannot kill."

"Don't ruin your foundation because of such a person, ah."

Wu Ming spoke out, he was not joking, if Xu Qingnian could kill, he would definitely not stop it.

But a half-saint killing a sub-saint would be met with unparalleled heavenly wrath, there would be great bad luck added to it ah.

Hearing Wu Ming's words.

Xu Qingnian frowned, he wanted to kill and not give the other party any chance, but the problem was that Wu Ming was also right.

Because of this kind of person, destroying his own foundation, this was indeed, problematic.

Only, at this very moment, Lu Zi seized the opportunity, his battle spear was the first to kill.

Boom boom boom!

The Haoran Wen Zhong blossomed with endless Wen Qi, trying to block it for Xu Qingnian, but this but the war spear was so terrifying that it shook the Haoran Wen Zhong with a clang, and in the end, it even fell directly to the ground, suffering heavy damage.

The Great Wei Dragon Cauldron was the first to protect Xu Qingnian in time.

The Dragon Cauldron shook and the true dragon appeared, its claws grabbing the war spear in a deadly grip, but it was directly crushed by the war spear.

Boom.

The Great Wei Dragon Cauldron was shaken and sent flying a thousand metres away, the war spear came to kill, Xu Qingnian gathered his Hao Ran Qi to block it, the huge impact caused Xu Qingnian's whole body to fly backwards tens of metres and hit the hall hard.

His body was as if it was falling apart, and in the end he couldn't help but spit out fresh blood.

His blood, which was golden in colour, looked very ominous.

At this moment, everyone could not help but worry for Xu Qingnian.

Inside the Great Wei Palace of Literature, the Empress also spat out blood after him, Xu Qingnian had been badly injured, and she had also been badly injured, but there was no trace of anger in the Empress's eyes, but instead, she was filled with worry and looked at Xu Qingnian.

"Old dog!"

"I will kill your entire family."

Wu Ming was utterly furious as he kept blasting the Great Wei Palace of Literature, his demon subduing power evolving into a divine hammer, ruthlessly blasting into the



middle of the Palace of Literature, all the Confucian students were shaken until they vomited blood.

Even Lu Zi couldn't help but spit out fresh blood.

The First Grade Heavenly Might, the Earthly Martial Emperor, was outrageously strong, with the Great Wei Palace of Literature and the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler in place, they could not even stop the other party's attack, without these two Sacred Weapons, they would definitely die.

But Lu Zi frowned in death, as the second strike still failed to kill Xu Qingnian, which was extremely detrimental to him.

"Xu Qingnian, this matter ends here, you and I will settle our grudge, I will take Wen Gong away, you will remain in Great Wei, from now on, well water will not interfere with river water, how about that?"

Lu Zi opened his mouth, he suddenly spoke out, wanting to seek peace with Xu Qingnian at this time.

But in reality, he was already mobilising his Hao Rang Zheng Qi, wanting to strike a third blow and kill Xu Qingnian completely.

However, above the great hall, Xu Qingnian took a deep breath, and he felt a sharp pain when he breathed.

He hesitated for a moment, and as a result, he did not expect to be sneaked up on by Lu Zi.

What was good was that the Hao Ran Wen Zhong and the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron had blocked the crucial blow.

Otherwise, he would really have died here.

Now, Lu Zi opened his mouth and pretended to beg for peace, but in fact, he wanted to stall for time, so how could Xu Qingnian not know?

"Give me death!"

Xu Qingnian raised his head, and the devil seed within his body erupted with unparalleled power, pouring into him.

His eyes were filled with bloodlust.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian was completely and utterly furious.

Boom!

A golden battle spear emerged, and the Demon Subduing Force gathered terrifying might.

The killing intent was endless.

“Xu Qingnian, old man let you off the hook, and you’re actually taking an inch?”

“Old me said that we can talk and make peace now, otherwise, you and I will both lose, which is unnecessary.”

“Besides, if the old man dies, do you know what will happen?”

Lu Zi was still harping on, a look of fear in his eyes, while the Hao Rang Qi that had coalesced was almost formed.

Only, this time Xu Qingnian did not fall for it, and it was impossible for a person to fall for it twice in the same place.

Kill!

The battle spear burst into flames, and a golden crow shadow appeared, accompanied by a true dragon shadow.

This battle spear, coalesced by the Demon Subduing Force, cut through time and with unparalleled power, pierced through Lu Zi’s heart on the spot.

It hardened and nailed Lu Zi to the top of the walls of the Wen Palace.

“Ah!”

A wretched scream rang out as Lu Zi’s face twisted in pain, his heart shattering straight away, his flesh cracking open inch by inch as the Hao Rang Qi within his body instantly filled the air, mending it for him.

But it was so powerful that it caused him excruciating pain, and the Hao Ran Zheng Qi could not repair this injury at all.

The people froze.

All the Confucian students in the Great Wei Palace of Literature were dumbfounded.

Did Xu Qingnian really dare to kill a sub-sage?

This was too cruel, wasn’t it?

“Xu Qingnian!”

“If you kill me, the world will be in chaos, and all the people of the world will be buried in turmoil.”

“I am hiding a great secret, as long as you spare me, I will tell you this secret.”

Lu Zi opened his mouth, he did not abuse Xu Qingnian, because he knew that Xu Qingnian had already gone mad, if he abused Xu Qingnian again, he would definitely die.

Boom!

The golden battle spear reappeared as Xu Qingnian projected and killed, nailing him directly on his kneecap.

“Ah ! ! ! ! ”

The scream was as harsh and unbearable as the sound of a pig being killed. Lu Zi's voice, which was already a little hoarse, was now even more piercing and unpleasant.

Boom!

The third golden war spear pierced through the kneecap of Lu Zi's other leg.

Boom!

The fourth one, nailed Lu Zi's left shoulder blade.

Boom!

The fifth one, nailed Lu Zi's right shoulder blade.

Blood gushed out and Lu Zi opened his teeth in pain, but the more he moved, the more painful it became.

“Xu Qingnian ..... Do you know what you're doing? He's a sub-saint.”

“You're doing this, aren't you afraid of dying?”

Cao Ru's voice rang out, his voice trembling as he looked at Xu Qingnian, his greatest reliance, now pinned to the city wall, making his face pale ah.

“Dog! You talk so much, first kill you to sacrifice to the heavens!”

Xu Qingnian roared, his eyes filled with killing intent as he threw his golden battle spear straight away.

On the spot, it blew Cao Ru's head off.

Blood splattered everywhere, looking extremely terrifying.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian's gaze fell on Hong Zhengtian and Fang Ru.

Without any nonsense, Xu Qingnian threw another golden battle spear, killing Fang Ru.

The next moment, Xu Qingnian gathered five battle spears and nailed Hong Zhengtian to the Wen Palace wall as well.

Hong Zhengtian screamed in pain, he had suffered too much pain today.

He was almost hoarse.

But more than that, it was fear, true fear.

Xu Qingnian had gone mad, completely and utterly mad.

Xu Qingnian did not kill Hong Zhengtian directly, he used the power of Confucianism as well as the power of the King's Dao to nail Hong Zhengtian to the wall of the Wen Palace, causing him to die in agony, unless another sub-sage stepped in, otherwise, Hong Zhengtian would be nailed to the city wall forever.

Until he slowly died.

This was the real pain and fear.

And right now, the one who really had to be killed was Lu Zi.

Lu Zi was still crying out in pain, it was true that he was a sub-saint, but under such an attack, who could endure it?

The severe pain caused by the body was not something that ordinary people could endure?

Especially Xu Qingnian's Demon Subduing Force, the destructive power of which caused him pain ah.

But even so, Lu Zi still uttered a voice.

"Xu Qingnian."

“You can’t kill the old man.”

“Do you want to see the chaos of the Devil’s Domain erupt? At that time, the world will be in chaos.”

“Old me is a sub-sage, old me can take care of the demons, you killing me will cause millions of innocent people to die as a result.”

“Also, I am a sub-saint, if you kill me with your half-saint status, you will also be condemned by heaven and have great bad luck.”

Lu Zi spoke, his desire to live extremely strong.

But every word he said was the truth, the matter of the Devil’s Domain, many people did not know about it and subconsciously thought that there was some demonic land.

But a half-saint killing a sub-saint, this indeed, would invite great doom and invite the wrath of heaven.

If it is not necessary, it is indeed not allowed to kill ah.

Boom.

The golden battle spear coalesced, a terrifying killing intent struck, and Lu Zi completely understood, this person Xu Qingnian, really could not be measured by common sense ah.

“Shouren, don’t be impetuous, my master will soon breach the Wen Palace.”

“Don’t kill him, you will really invite great bad luck.”

Wu Ming spoke up, he was still persuading Xu Qingnian, Wu Ming also hated this Lu Zi to death, but the problem was that one could not kill is one could not kill.

There was no need to compromise one’s potential and roots because of such a person, ah.

“Roar.”

The earth-shattering roar resounded once again, as it did just now, and everyone felt this suffocating roar.

“I’ll go to the Devil’s Domain first, you stay here, come and find me at the Devil’s Domain immediately when things are resolved.”

Zhao Yuan was anxious, he was really anxious, something had happened in the Demon Domain, it was a trouble that couldn't be solved by slaughtering ten Wen Palaces.

He couldn't continue to stay here and head to the Devil's Domain.

"Good."

Wu Ming nodded, and in a flash, Zhao Yuan disappeared into the spot, while Wu Ming was still blasting the Wen Palace, he had to settle this matter as soon as possible, he couldn't let Xu Qingnian be impulsive.

"Does the Palace of Literature still have sub-saints?"

Xu Qingnian asked indifferently.

He stood in front of Lu Zi, his voice icy cold.

"There is only one sub-sage in the Palace of Literature, how could there be a second?"

Lu Zi spoke out and gave his reply.

Boom!

The golden war spear was thrown, piercing Lu Zi's left palm and nailing it to the wall in a deadly manner.

Blood flowed as Lu Zi went mad with pain, shaking his head frantically and hissing, his right palm clenched in a fist, in pain to the point of death.

"Is there still a sub-sage in the Palace of Literature?"

Xu Qingnian asked again.

"No."

"There really isn't."

"Xu Sheng, you believe in Lao Fu, Lao Fu has never lied to anyone."

Lu Zi cried, his cry was not loud, it was mainly the pain that was loud.

Boom.

Another golden war spear was thrown, piercing the palm of Lu Zi's right hand.

"Ahh ! ! ! ! ! !"

Lu Zi couldn't even squeeze his fist if he wanted to this time, both hands were nailed through.

"Old man didn't lie to you."

"I can swear to the saints that there are no sub-saints in the Great Wei Palace of Literature."

"If there is a second sub-sage, old me shall not die a good death."

Lu Zi's eyes were red as he looked at Xu Qingnian with a deadly gaze and said so, even making a vow.

"I believe you."

Xu Qingnian nodded his head, he believed what Lu Zi said.

And Lu Zi was instantly silent.

"Xu Qingnian."

"Good! Good! Good!"

"It was my fault, it was the fault of the old man, it was the old man who was insidious and cunning, don't be angry."

"The old man is willing to write off the matter with you."

"This matter, it ends here, the Great Wei Palace of Literature will not detach."

"No more secession."

"This matter, from beginning to end, is a misunderstanding, there is no need for this, you killed me and paid a great price."

"Right now peace talks, whatever you say, I promise you."

Lu Zi had absolutely nothing more to say, he was wrong, he admitted it outright.

Xu Qingnian was a madman, a madman who did not reason at all.

Facing a madman, Lu Zi didn't dare to scream or be arrogant anymore, he only begged Xu Qingnian to spare his life, to spare his life ah.

"Tell me, what exactly is your conspiracy?"

Xu Qingnian continued to speak out, as he wanted to ask the other party about their conspiracy.

However, at that very moment, a roar, however, suddenly rang out.

“Wu Ming!”

It was Zhao Yuan’s roar that reached the capital of Great Wei.

In a flash, Wu Ming’s face changed dramatically.

Zhao Yuan suddenly called out to himself, something big must have happened.

“Shouren, no matter what happens, don’t kill him yet, you can’t!”

Wu Ming conveyed the message, and at that moment, he directly disappeared from his spot and went to find Zhao Yuan.

The matter of the Devil’s Domain trumped everything, not a single mistake could occur.

And Xu Qingnian revealed a cold intent in an instant.

“Another one of your plans?”

Xu Qingnian instantly understood that the other party was deliberately tricking Zhao Yuan into heading to the Devil’s Domain.

This was because Wu Ming had said that no one knew where the Devil’s Domain was located.

But someone knew the existence of the Devil’s Domain.

So it was all a plan.

“No!”

“No, Xu Sheng, it has nothing to do with me.”

Lu Zi gave his reply.

But at that very moment, the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler appeared before him, and the terrifying might of the sacred weapon exploded.

This was Lu Zi’s tactic, and he was going to use the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler to make a final counterattack.



However, right at this moment, Xu Qingnian looked at the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler and roared.

“Get lost!”

His words were interspersed with inexplicable holy power, a wisp of Vermilion Saint’s power, and as there was Vermilion Saint’s power in the Twelve Sacred Books, Xu Qingnian could naturally condense a wisp.

Sensing such a terror, all of a sudden, the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler flew away, it did not dare to face Xu Qingnian.

“Holy ruler, why are you afraid of him?”

Lu Zi revealed a frightened look.

The next moment.

The golden battle spear shot out.

It flew directly towards Luzi’s head.

The terrifying killing intent caused Lu Zi’s body to tremble.

“Xu Qingnian, you can’t kill me!”

“I’m a sub-saint!”

“If you kill me, you will really have great bad luck.”

“A great doom will befall you, and your future will be ruined.”

“I was wrong!”

“I was really wrong!”

“I’ll tell you the shocking secret.”

“It’s about the long .....

Lu Zi panicked, his words flew, but Xu Qingnian’s battle spear had already killed him.

It shot his head off on the spot.

Blood splattered everywhere.

This moment.

All the Confucian students in the Great Wei Palace of Literature were dumbfounded.

Hong Zhengtian, who was also nailed to the wall, was dumbfounded.

The powerful nobles of Wei were dumbfounded.

The world was terrified.

All the powers, completely and utterly moved, no one could remain calm.

It was too ..... It is unbelievable.

Xu Qingnian.

He really dared to ..... To kill a sub-saint!

Boom!

When Lu Zi died.

His blood, didn't enter the Palace of Literature.

Immediately afterwards, an infinite amount of light erupted.

## **Awaken Chapter 215 -**

Lu Zi was dead.

He was directly subdued and killed by Xu Qingnian with a Zhen Di Power Battle Spear.

This was a scene that everyone could not believe.

If it were said that a first-grade powerhouse had struck and killed a sub-saint, they would not have been so shocked.

Xu Qingnian was a third-grade Half-Saint, and killing a Sub-Saint would be met with heaven's wrath, and great bad luck would befall him.

To put it simply, Xu Qingnian could not kill a saint, even if he insulted a saint, killing a sub-saint would provoke a heavenly calamity.

The Great Wei Palace of Literature.

As Lu Zi fell, his Saint's blood spilled into the Palace of Literature, which was quietly absorbed by the Palace before erupting into an infinite amount of light.

The entire Palace of Literature rumbled.

It was ten times louder than before.

Holy blood staining the Palace of Literature was something that had never happened before.

A Wen Palace stained with blood was already a big deal, let alone a sub-saint being killed by Xu Qingnian.

Boom.

A shocking thunderstorm cut through the sky, accompanied by a terrifying sound of wind that howled like a howl, and a downpour of rain instantly fell.

"This is the heavens crying."

"A sub-sage has fallen, and heaven and earth are crying."

"A sub-saint has died, this is something that hasn't happened in 500 years, not to mention sub-saints, not even half-saints have ever fallen like this, Xu Qingnian ..... It is really the world's most fierce person."

The people of the world were shocked, and the gazes of many great powers fell on Xu Qingnian in unison.

They began to weigh in their minds whether this person Xu Qingnian was suitable for contact.

After today, Xu Qingnian's fame was known throughout the world. Although Xu Qingnian was known before, the difference was that Xu Qingnian's fame, no matter how big it was, was only a matter of making some noise in Great Wei's Kyoto.

But now it was different, a Confucian half-saint, a martial arts king, and a sub-saint beheading.

Especially the killing of a sub-saint, this matter is enough to make Xu Qingnian's reputation.

Not to mention sub-saints.

But the vision also appeared at this moment.

The Great Wei Palace of Literature erupted into an infinite amount of light, a terrifying radiance blooming and dazzling.

Holy blood poured into the Palace of Literature.

Irresistible power emerged, and the entire Palace of Literature was truly detaching itself at this moment.

With the addition of the Holy Blood, it was as if the Palace of Literature had activated some sort of restriction, and the energy that burst forth was simply unstoppable.

“It’s holy intent.”

“Xu Sheng, don’t stay here, hurry back, this is Holy Intent activation.”

At this moment, Chen Zhengru’s voice rang out as he informed Xu Qingnian to leave quickly and not stay long, the Holy Intent was activated.

And with these words, Xu Qingnian detached himself directly from the Great Wei Palace of Literature with little to no nonsense.

At the same time, however, there were some great scholars who followed suit and left as well.

It was Chen Xin and the others, who walked out of the Palace of Literature, unwilling to follow them there.

“Xu Qingnian! I will not rest until I die with you!”

Just at this moment, a terrifying voice rang out, but the voice rang out, causing many people to be stunned.

This was because the voice, was that of Lu Zi.

“Lu Zi isn’t dead yet?”

“How is he still alive?”

“This can’t be... Does Confucius have a secret method? Can he survive?”

“How can he still be alive when his head has exploded?”

The people exclaimed in shock, they just couldn’t believe it, why was Lu Zi still not completely dead?

Looking at the radiant Great Wei Palace of Literature, Xu Qingnian also revealed a look of surprise, Lu Zi had been killed by himself, this was an unchangeable fact, but why was his voice still there?

“It’s not Lu Zi’s real body, he’s already dead, this is his intention, the will of a sub-sage, the Palace of Literature was activated and his will was incorporated into it, but he’s already dead.”

Chen Xin’s voice rang out, his gaze calm as he looked at the Great Wei Palace of Literature and said so, explaining to the world.

“The will of a sub-sage?”

Xu Qingnian turned his gaze to it, a curious look still present.

“It is written in ancient texts that those who become sub-saints have a will that can survive for several years after death, and he has long since incorporated his will into the Palace of Literature, and can still live on for about three to five years.”

“Unless the Palace of Literature is destroyed, or a saint comes out of the world, then he can still survive in these three to five years, but in a different way.”

Chen Xin spoke slowly, informing Xu Qingnian why Lu Zi was still able to make a sound.

“In other words, he is already dead, nothing more than a remnant soul still alive?”

Xu Qingnian inquired.

“Back to Xu Sheng, yes.”

Chen Xin nodded and said, while Xu Qingnian also breathed a sigh of relief, if he had not completely killed Lu Zi, then what he had done was all for nothing.

Fortunately, he was dead, but it was the will that was still alive, in other words, Lu Zi’s role behind him would be nothing more than to command command and scold himself a few more times.

“Why did a force of holy will suddenly appear in the Palace of Literature?”

Xu Qingnian continued to ask, looking towards Great Confucian Chen Xin.

“In reply to Xu Sheng, the Palace of Literature is like this, I think it is because it is stained with holy blood, back then, after Zhu Sheng passed away, he was worried about the demons in the world disrupting the world, so he left the holy will in the Great Wei Palace of Literature, if the Palace of Literature is stained with holy blood, the Great Wei Palace of Literature will automatically revive the holy will and no one can stop it.”

“If the two First Classes were here, they might be able to delay for a while, but they would not be able to truly stop the Palace of Literature from detaching.”

Chen Xin was not entirely sure, this was his speculation, but it was justified.

When this was said, Xu Qingnian could not help but frown slightly.

Dyeing holy blood? This strong disengagement from the Palace of Literature inexplicably gave itself an indefinable feeling.

Only Xu Qingnian didn't think much more about it.

It was because he sensed an inexplicable force, above the vault of the sky, giving himself oppression, a feeling that only he alone felt, and no one else had any unusual changes.

“Xu Qingnian!”

“You are treacherous, slaughtering saints, do you know what heinous crime you have committed?”

“Between heaven and earth, a scholar can cause the Yang power to increase and suppress the demons in the world; by killing the old man, you will make endless more demons in the world.”

“Indirectly, you will kill hundreds of millions of people, and you will bear the karma of all this.”

“Although I am dead, I am not afraid of death. I am concerned about the world and I cannot bear to see the world suffer.”

“Today, I will invoke the power of heaven and earth to bring down great doom on you and make you suffer to pay for this supreme karma.”

Lu Zi's voice rang out, and in his words he baked himself into a true saint-like figure, with his heart set on the world's living creatures, saying that he had no fear of death, yet in the square, he acted terrified.

Now that it's a foregone conclusion, yet he's saying something so grand, is this a saint?

What a ridiculous thing to say.

Even if he dies, he still wants to bite off a piece of his own flesh, he is really ruthless.

Xu Qingnian originally thought that when a person died, he would feel guilty for what he had done in his life, but what he did not expect was that a person like Lu Zi would be so vicious even after death.

But vaguely, Xu Qingnian felt that there was something wrong, something that somehow did not make sense.

Lu Zi was indeed dead, his will was still there, and when all was said and done, it was not really dead through.

There would always be hidden dangers.

And at that moment, Chen Zhengru's voice rang out.

"Luzi!"

"As a sub-saint, you have repeatedly sought trouble with Xu Sheng, not to mention that you are now dead."

"But you still want to harm Xu Sheng, you claim to be for the people of the world, but now that you have harmed Xu Sheng, there is one less half-saint in the world, is this not another harm to the people of the world?"

"If you really care about the people, then you should put aside all your hatred. If Lu Zi really does so, this Confucian scholar will definitely set up a holy statue in Great Wei to praise your merits.

Chen Zhengru smiled coldly and spoke.

Lu Zi kept saying that he was not afraid of death, but that after his death, his Yang power would be reduced and the demons in the world would be in turmoil, but now he wanted to kill Xu Qingnian, wasn't that a contradiction?

You like to pretend to be a saint, don't you? Fine, I'll give you the chance to pretend to be a saint, put aside your hatred and set up a holy statue for you, so that the people can praise your merits, okay?

Indeed, with these words of Chen Zhengru, the Great Wei Palace of Literature became somewhat quiet.

For a moment, Lu Zi did not really know what to say.

Xu Qingnian could not help but look in Chen Zhengru's direction.

As expected of an old ginger, this linguistic logic played powerfully.

“Humph!”

“If Xu Qingnian was truly a true half-saint, the old man would be willing to sacrifice himself to save others.”

“But Xu Qingnian cultivates foreign arts, his heart is punishable, how could such a person be spared by the old man?”

“Xu Qingnian, you have slaughtered a saint, a great doom is coming, even if you don’t die, you won’t be able to live well.”

“The Wen Palace is breaking away today, you can’t stop it, and in the days to come, you will know what true suffering means.”

“Moreover, it won’t be long before we invite the will of the Vermillion Saint to revive, when the Vermillion Saint descends, you will have no place to die and no chance to even beg for mercy.”

Lu Zi’s voice rang out.

Once again, he pulled out a foreign art to bash Xu Qingnian.

It was clear that he wanted to throw dirty water on Xu Qingnian, and at this moment, Chen Xin’s voice rang out.

“Otherworldly arts, otherworldly arts, otherworldly arts again?”

“Don’t you have any other new words?”

“You say that Xu Sheng cultivates foreign arts, at first I believed it, but the Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth could not find out, nor could the half-saints, Xu Sheng testified to himself at the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and Zhu Sheng’s intention could not even be found out.”

“In the end, the two sacred weapons could not find out that Xu Sheng practiced a different art, and now he is saying that the different art, wanting to plant evidence, also needs to show evidence.”

“If Zhu Sheng is resurrected, I will definitely put you and the others to death.”

Chen Xin spoke up, he couldn’t help himself this time, again saying that Xu Qingnian practiced foreign arts, how many times had he said this? How many times had Xu Qingnian testified to himself?

He couldn’t figure out how long these people would keep their mouths shut.



“Traitor! Shut up!”

“We are about to revive the will of the Vermilion Saint, when that time comes, whether or not he Xu Qingnian has cultivated a different art, you and the others will know with your eyes wide open.”

“Xu Qingnian, live well during this time, I hope you can live until the day the Vermilion Saint’s Will is revived.”

Lu Zi spoke indifferently and told Chen Xin to shut up, then his will formed a phantasmagoria and gazed coldly at Xu Qingnian.

Boom!

The Demon Subduing Force transformed into a golden battle spear, which was thrown by Xu Qingnian and exploded in the vault of the sky, directly blasting through the Dharma phase.

This was Xu Qingnian’s response.

However, after the Dharma phase shattered, it was instantly reunited again, and Lu Zi’s rampant laughter rang out.

“This is the will of this Saint, even if you blast it apart a hundred times, it will not clear the fact that you cultivate a foreign art.”

“Hahahahahahahahaha! Xu Qingnian, your heart is already in turmoil, half a month, a month, no more than three months at most, we will revive the will of the Vermilion Saint, and by then, you will surely die!”

Lu Zi was incomparably smug.

They seemed to have an even greater card to revive the Vermilion Saint.

“I’ll wait for you!”

Xu Qingnian spoke quietly, his expression was calm, but inwardly, he was very pleased.

Resurrecting the Vermilion Saint’s Intent?

If the Vermilion Saint’s Will were to be revived, Xu Qingnian really did not know what the scene would be like.

I think it would be wonderful.

However, it was true that the Great Wei Palace of Literature had disappeared into the sky.

It was inevitable that the Palace of Literature would break away, and the other side had already prepared for everything.

Even Xu Qingnian suspected that Lu Zi's appearance seemed to be deliberate, that he had deliberately appeared and then deliberately died in his own hands.

It caused the Palace of Literature to be stained with holy blood, thus activating the power of the Vermilion Saint and carrying the Great Wei Palace of Literature away.

If that was indeed the case, then Lu Zi was truly a ruthless man.

He would rather sacrifice himself to make the Palace of Literature break away.

Although it is said that Lu Zi's will is still alive, this kind of living is not any different from dying.

Unless ..... he still had the means to truly resurrect himself.

But soon, Xu Qingnian shook his head, among the world, how could there be such a means?

If there was such a means, Zhu Sheng would not have passed away.

Or even all the First Grade martial artists, they wouldn't have died.

To die and come back to life is to change one's fate against the heavens. If one can do this, what is there to fight for or not to fight for, to this extent, one is already a supreme being.

And there was one more thing, that is, when decapitating Lu Zi, Xu Qingnian clearly felt Lu Zi's fear.

That fear was definitely not disguised, it was genuine fear.

In other words, Lu Zi did not want to die.

It should not be possible that he was actively sending himself to his death.

The Palace of Literature was detached.

A huge open space appeared in the middle of Great Wei's Kyoto.

And at this moment, the dome of the sky was filled with dark clouds.

Lightning and thunder flashed.

That oppressive feeling came over Xu Qingnian, causing him to frown.

“Xu Sheng, this is a great doom, slaughtering sub-saints will indeed invite the wrath of the heavens, but Xu Sheng, using public opinion might be able to stop it.”

Chen Xin spoke up as he reminded Xu Qingnian what this was all about, while voicing his own guess that public opinion might be able to stop it.

Dark clouds stretched across the entire capital of Great Wei.

The dark clouds, flickering with thunder, looked terrifying and somewhat alarming to the eyes.

The terrifying sound of thunder rang out, deafening and looking somewhat terrifying.

This was great doom.

If you slaughter a saint, you will be condemned by the heavens.

Boom!

A shocking thunderstorm streaked across, a full ten thousand feet, as if it was the roar of heaven and earth.

The Great Dao was supreme.

Even though Xu Qingnian was favoured by the Heavenly Dao, slaughtering a saint was slaughtering a saint and was punished by Heaven’s wrath.

At this moment, everyone in Great Wei’s Kyoto was worried for Xu Qingnian, after all, this heavenly wrath was too terrifying, although people did not know how powerful it really was.

But what was clear was that it had been called Heaven’s Condemnation, so I guess it would not be too simple.

“It’s a thunder tribulation.”

Xu Qingnian sensed it, he was now a half-saint with heavenly skills and could understand what kind of tribulation it was.

“You should not come over, and there is no need for you to help, you will only affect it if you enter.”

Xu Qingnian spoke up, informing the crowd not to come forward.

This was a thunder tribulation, the simplest and most powerful tribulation.

As Xu Qingnian finished speaking, in the next moment, Xu Qingnian flew quickly towards the outside of the Great Wei Capital.

Having already reached the King's Realm, Xu Qingnian could already manage to fly for a short time, and the power of the King's Dao was extremely strong.

Outside of Kyoto.

In a large mountain.

Black clouds pressed down on the city and filled the sky overhead.

Rumble!

It was also at this moment that a thunderbolt cut through the sky and struck towards Xu Qingnian.

Buzz buzz buzz!

At the same time, beyond the dome of the sky, a beam of light appeared, extremely fast, above Xu Qingnian's head.

"The Haoran Wen Zhong?"

"How did the Haoran Wen Zhong appear again?"

"I get it, the Haoran Wen Zhong has detached from the Great Wei Wen Palace, and it has recognized Xu Sheng as its master."

"Hiss! Xu Sheng has gained the recognition of the Haoran Wen Zhong?"

People were surprised, they really did not expect that the Haoran Wen Zhong would recognize Xu Qingnian as its master, even Xu Qingnian did not expect it.

And indeed, the voice of Lu Zi came from the sky.

"Hao Ran Wen Zhong, how dare you betray the Vermillion Saint, when the Vermillion Saint recovers, you will not be spared either."

Lu Zi's voice rang out, full of anger.

The Vermilion Saint had left behind two holy artifacts, the Hao Ran Wen Zhong and the Eight Jade Holy Ruler, and another one that wasn't really a holy artifact, but was more significant than a holy artifact: the Wen Palace.

Relying on these three items, the Zhu Sheng lineage had a notable heritage, and now with one less Saint Artifact, this was a fatal blow to the Palace of Literature.

Buzz buzz buzz!

As the thunder fell.

The Hao Ran Wen Zhong resisted the thunderstorm with great force, and the thunder arcs burst out. It was a good thing that Xu Qingnian had chosen a deserted mountain, otherwise it would have caused a great fire.

Looking at the Wen Zhong, Xu Qingnian was also a little surprised in his heart, he didn't expect that the Haoran Wen Zhong would actually recognize its master.

This is really ..... Unexpected joy.

This is a holy weapon.

A priceless treasure that was extremely useful at critical moments.

Boom.

The second thunderstorm fell, still striking the Wen Zhong fiercely.

Xu Qingnian added his Hao Rang Qi into the Wen Zhong.

It blocked the thunderstorm.

At that moment, the third, fourth, fifth and sixth thunderbolts fell.

In one breath, nine lightning tribulations struck down.

The Hao Ran Wen Zhong trembled, the thunderclaps were too terrifying, and the dark clouds did not dissipate, and the heavenly power grew stronger and stronger.

There was a feeling that it would not stop coming down.

Inside Kyoto.

The Empress looked at the thunderstorm, and her voice rang out.

“Aiqing Xu, don’t use the Wen Zhong to resist, this thunder tribulation is the punishment of heaven and earth, using external objects to block it will only make heaven and earth even more angry.”

“There will be benefits from crossing this tribulation.”

The Empress spoke as she looked at the terrifying heavenly might and said so, informing Xu Qingnian that she could not use the Hao Ran Wen Zhong to block the thunder tribulation.

The meaning of the heavenly wrath was punishment, but if one survived it, all was fine; after all, this was also a ray of life left by heaven and earth.

It is impossible to say that killing a sub-saint will necessarily mean death, what if the sub-saint did indeed do wrong?

But the punishment should be punished. If one survives, Xu Qingnian will be benefited, but if one fails to survive, Xu Qingnian will be gone.

This is so straightforward.

After hearing the empress’ voice again, Xu Qingnian frowned slightly.

But soon, Xu Qingnian took a deep breath and slightly touched the Haoran Wen Zhong, the latter seemed to understand what Xu Qingnian meant and immediately flew above the Great Wei Kyoto, ready to be on guard.

Ka-ching.

The tenth thunderbolt fell.

For this thunderbolt, Xu Qingnian gathered his Demon Subduing Force and formed an ancient shield.

Boom.

The ancient shield exploded, but it blocked this thunderbolt.

Only the remaining thunder arcs fell, causing Xu Qingnian’s body to go numb.

This was the power of thunder, the most positive Yang power of heaven and earth, and it was not trivial.

Ka-ching.

As the second thunderbolt fell, Xu Qingnian once again gathered the Demon Subduing Force within his body to form an ancient shield.

However, the second thunderbolt was several times more powerful than the previous one.

It cracked the ancient shield on the spot.

The remaining thunderbolt struck directly at Xu Qingnian's body.

The people of Kyoto, in an instant, clenched their fists and looked at Xu Qingnian, their eyes filled with worry.

Xu Qingnian's body was paralysed and his mind went blank. Then, as the pain hit him, Xu Qingnian clenched his teeth and ran his Demon Subduing Force to stabilise his physical body.

This was too terrifying.

It was only the second thunderbolt and it had almost killed him.

There was no telling how many more thunderbolts would come after that.

No wonder his master had always discouraged him from killing the saints, the price was too high.

Ka-ching.

The third thunderbolt fell, not giving Xu Qingnian any chance at all.

Boom.

Once again, the Devil Subduing Force condensed the ancient shield, although it was no longer very useful, but to Xu Qingnian, it was a little bit to resist.

Boom.

The ancient shield directly shattered.

The lightning turned into a river of water, directly irrigating Xu Qingnian's body from head to tail.

In an instant, Xu Qingnian's flesh and skin split open, and his blood could not even flow out, directly turning into white smoke and dissipating.

Poof.

After the lightning dissipated, Xu Qingnian directly spat out a mouthful of golden blood, he had suffered an extremely serious injury.

His internal organs were directly necrotic, his tendons and bones were broken, his flesh was split open, and his hair and eyebrows were directly burnt away.

It was tragic.

Even more so, extremely tragic.

Xu Qingnian had never thought that this lightning tribulation would be so strong, it was only the third one.

If it was nine lightning tribulations, wouldn't he have died for sure?

Ka-ching.

The fourth lightning tribulation fell.

Xu Qingnian didn't even have the ability to operate his Demon Subduing Force.

This lightning tribulation, after landing, was a hundred feet long, like a waterfall, directly washing over Xu Qingnian's flesh.

It was the scent.

The scent of his own flesh.

Xu Qingnian felt himself ripening to perfection.

His tendons and bones were broken one by one, his internal organs were shattered, and if he hadn't reached the King Realm and had the power of the King's Dao in his body, Xu Qingnian would have died on the spot.

"Hahahahahahahaha!"

"Xu Qingnian, have you felt the pain of the power of Heaven's wrath?"

"Slaughter the saints? Do you know why no one has dared to slaughter a saint in the past and present?"

"Those who slaughter saints will be condemned by the heavens, slaughter sub-saints and you will die without a burial place."

At this moment, a voice rang out, but it was not Lu Zi's voice anymore.



It was the voice of Hong Zhengtian.

He was nailed to the wall of the Palace of Literature while it flew towards the east, but the images of Great Wei's Kyoto were still visible to them, and they were watching every moment.

Seeing Xu Qingnian in such a miserable state, Hong Zhengtian let out a loud laugh as he felt incomparably happy.

After all, he had been inhumanly tortured, wouldn't it be a pleasure to see Xu Qingnian in this state?

"Shouren, don't be afraid, let go of everything and accept the baptism, Brother Broken Evil and I will activate the Palace of Literature to bring you back to nirvana."

Just at this moment, a voice rang out.

It was Chao Ge's voice.

He had awakened and at a critical moment, informed Xu Qingnian to accept the lightning tribulation baptism and be reborn in nirvana.

Hearing this, Xu Qingnian completely put her heart down.

With Chao Ge and Broken Evil's help, he had no fear of anything.

Boom!

The fourth thunder tribulation fell.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian was transformed into nothingness amidst the lightning light, his physical body directly disappearing as if he had been split into smoke and ash by the thunderstorm.

"Aiqing."

In the middle of Kyoto, the Empress stared in disbelief as she watched all of this, and for a moment, she was a little dizzy, unable to bear the result.

"Shouren."

Chen Zhengru, Wang Xinzhi, Gu Yan and the others also shouted in excitement at this moment, unable to believe all this.

They didn't address Xu Sheng, because of their excitement, they directly addressed Shouren.

“Lord Xu.”

“Don’t.”

“Heaven and earth are unjust.”

Inside Kyoto, the people cried out, all of them clearly thinking that Xu Qingnian was completely dead, killed by the thunderstorm.

Everyone looked at Xu Qingnian in a daze.

At the Huaining Palace, Prince Huaining clenched his fists, his eyes filled with excitement.

If Xu Qingnian died, his plan could still be carried out. If Xu Qingnian hadn’t died, his half-life plan would have been in vain.

Although they had little contact with Xu Qingnian, they knew each other after all and had a good relationship with each other.

The Marquis of Ping Chaos’ residence.

Chen Xinghe clenched his fist, grief and anger, two lines of clear tears fell down, looking at Xu Qingnian and roaring reluctantly.

“Senior brother.”

He didn’t know what to say, his heart ached.

Yang Hu and the others howled even more, not only because Xu Qingnian was their pillar of support, but mainly because Xu Qingnian had been extremely good to them, and they naturally did not want to see this scene.

In the Peach Blossom Nunnery.

Luo Baiyi’s eyes were red and swollen. When Xu Qingnian’s skin was split open by the thunderbolt, her heart ached like a knife, and now when she saw this scene, Luo Baiyi fainted and she could not accept it.

All those who knew Xu Qingnian, or did not know Xu Qingnian, felt inexplicably heartbroken and unhappy at this moment, and the people were the most unhappy.

The people are the most unhappy. But this is the unhappiness of the people of Great Wei.

For the readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage, they let out a laugh when they saw this scene.

Suffering from the torment of the Sword of Junzi had made their lives worse than death, and now that they saw that Xu Qingnian had died, how could they not laugh?

If Xu Qingnian was still alive, they wouldn't dare to shout, but now that he was dead, all sorts of voices rang out at once.

"Luzi is right, those who practise foreign arts are killed by the wrath of Heaven."

"Right, Xu Qingnian cultivated the supernatural arts to become a saint, this is a pseudo-saint, normally, if Xu Qingnian had a clear conscience and did not cultivate the supernatural arts, this heavenly wrath would not have killed Xu Qingnian."

"The reason he died under the thunder tribulation was definitely because he had cultivated a supernatural art."

"To become a half-saint and slaughter a sub-saint? This kind of person is not worthy of death... If he were to become a sub-saint, would he still want to massacre saints? A true saint?"

"It's good to die, it's good to die, it's good to die, such a person, death is not enough."

"The heavens have eyes, the heavens have eyes, Xu Qingnian, you have your day too?"

A voice rang out as they vented all the anger they had just felt, the anger they had hidden in their hearts, and there were readers from Zhu Sheng's lineage who even laughed wildly, looking maniacal.

"You readers, you really are animals."

"The Great Wei Palace of Literature seceded, disregarding the lives of our people, and Xu Sheng, in order to protect our Great Wei's life, broke through to become a saint in a life-and-death situation and suppressed the Palace of Literature."

"To protect the people of Great Wei, Xu Sheng broke through to become a saint and suppressed the Palace of Literature in a life-and-death situation."

"If my son dares to join the Zhu Sheng lineage, I will break both of his legs."

"What Xu Sheng has done is all for the people of Great Wei, but in contrast, what you and others have done is simply the actions of animals."

Their words made the people of Great Wei extremely angry.

They had seen the whole thing, Xu Qingnian had not done anything wrong, but now he was being victimised by these villains, how could they not swear at them?

But it was at this moment.

Gu Yan's voice suddenly rang out.

“No, no, no, Shouren is not dead, he is not dead yet, look guys, the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron is still solid, and it seems to have become stronger.”

Gu Yan pointed at the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron as he spoke out so, reminding the crowd.

The Empress was the first to react and looked at the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron, which indeed had not collapsed, as it was logical to say that with Xu Qingnian dead, the country's fortunes were bound to collapse.

She herself would only be killed on the spot.

But now, the Cauldron of National Fortune was still there, and there was nothing wrong with it.

It was even vaguely getting stronger.

For a moment, a flash of joy appeared in the Empress's beautiful eyes as she understood that Xu Qingnian was not dead yet.

Boom.

Sure enough.

The fifth lightning tribulation fell once more.

It blasted towards Xu Qingnian's position.

The world was puzzled and looked at this scene with great curiosity, especially the readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage, who were even more puzzled, Xu Qingnian was already dead, so why was there still a lightning tribulation falling?

But at that very moment.

In the midst of the thunderstorm.

A human figure appeared, the figure of Xu Qingnian.

At this scene, the people of Great Wei became excited.

“Xu Sheng is not dead.”

“Xu Sheng is still alive?”

“Heaven has blessed my Great Wei.”

“The heavens have eyes, the heavens have eyes.”

All sorts of cheers rang out, the people really did not expect that Xu Qingnian was still alive.

In the midst of the thunderstorm.

Xu Qingnian was reborn in nirvana.

His physical body, which had undergone an extreme change, was completely reborn in nirvana.

“In the midst of the thunder tribulation, nirvana has been reborn, Shouren’s martial realm, I’m afraid, will only be raised by another grade.”

Duke An’s voice rang out, causing the crowd to be stunned.

“Another grade to be raised? Xu Sheng is already a fourth-grade king, if he were to raise another realm, wouldn’t he be entering sainthood in the martial arts?”

“A third rank in both literature and martial arts? Damn, such a person is hard to find in the world.”

“At the age of twenty, he is a third-ranked martial artist and a third-ranked Confucianist. If you give Shouren another thirty to fifty years, won’t that be a first-ranked Confucianist and a first-ranked martial artist? I seem to remember that only the first sage was able to achieve this, right?”

The martial officials spoke in unison, they were martial artists and knew how terrifying the third rank was.

Martial arts into sainthood.

In Great Wei, apart from a few of the Duke of An, the rest were all fourth-rank kings, and each of these liege lords had been stuck in the fourth rank for an unknown number of years.

They were all the more aware of how difficult it was to break through the Martial Dao realm.

When they learnt that Xu Qingnian's martial dao was also going into the third rank, they were instantly envious and more than that, they were shocked.

Boom.

Before the fifth thunderclap had completely dissipated, the sixth thunderclap followed.

And in the midst of the thunder light, Xu Qingnian completely completed his metamorphosis.

He regained his nirvana and a new fleshly body appeared, emitting a terrifying aura.

That's right, with the power of the thunder tribulation, Xu Qingnian was reborn in nirvana and stepped into the realm of the third rank.

Martial Dao into Saint.

At the Fourth Grade King realm, one could gather the power of a king and blast through a restaurant with a single punch.

But this strength is still not truly transcendent.

But the Third Grade Entry into Sainthood was different.

The power of the martial dao would be increased a hundredfold with the Third Grade Entry into Sainthood.

With the power of the Sacred Dao, a single punch could blast a small mountain to pieces.

In other words, back in the war of pacification, if Great Wei had sent a third-grade martial artist to conquer the battle, it would not be said that the battle would be over in one night.

But there would have been a tremendous bonus, and a single punch could have blown the city gates to pieces.

Of course, if Great Wei had sent a Third Grade, the foreign kingdom would also have requested assistance from the Sudden Evil and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty for the Third Grade.

So Wei did not send the third rank, there was no need to do so, not because they were afraid of the foreign kingdom, but because they were afraid of the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the First Yuan Dynasty.

One against two, the one who loses is definitely himself.

Another point was that Xu Qingnian's Third Grade was not an ordinary Third Grade.

He had used the power of thunder to cleanse his flesh, perfect the details and consolidate his foundation.

A supreme saint.

Combined with the power of Confucianism, he completed his true sublimation and metamorphosis.

Boom.

The seventh thunder tribulation fell.

Xu Qingnian's flesh, as solid as divine iron, was simply fearless, and the power of thunder could no longer harm him.

Instead, it had become Xu Qingnian's nourishment.

Thunder, between heaven and earth, was the most Yang thing.

This kind of thing could perfect all of Xu Qingnian's flaws, allowing Xu Qingnian to arrive at a perfect state completely and utterly.

After all, it only took Xu Qingnian a year to become a third grade, even after taking the Foundation Establishment Pill, which said that it was said to be flawless, but the time was still too fast.

Now with the power of thunder, perfectly compensated, Xu Qingnian took a crucial step.

Becoming a third-grade martial artist.

The power of his martial dao can merge with the power of heaven and earth.

Martial Dao plus Confucian Dao will explode with unparalleled power.

No one knew this, but only Xu Qingnian knew it.

After the third grade, the power of the Martial Dao could fuse with the power of heaven and earth, and the Hao Rang Qi of the Confucian Dao was itself the power of heaven and earth.

In other words, the power of the martial dao and the Hao Rang Zheng Qi would be greatly enhanced when fused together.

Whether it could rival the Second Grade, Xu Qingnian did not know, but under the Second Grade, he, Xu Qingnian, was the first.

“Sacrifice the Wen Weapons.”

“Boil them.”

At this moment, Chao Ge’s voice rang out once again.

Allowing Xu Qingnian to sacrifice his own Wen Weapon and toughen it through the lightning tribulation would save most of the time.

Hearing these words.

In an instant, the Spring and Autumn Brush, the Persuasive Speech Ruler, the Eight Desolate Bells, the Book of Words, and the Junzi Sword appeared one after another.

The five great literary weapons appeared above Xu Qingnian’s head, which were themselves holy weapon embryos.

Now that Xu Qingnian had stepped into the realm of the Half-Saints, these artifacts had not yet been refined, and now with the power of thunder, they could just be tempered.

But in the distance, above the capital of Wei, the Hao Ran Wen Zhong made a faint roaring sound, which seemed odd and strange.

But for the time being, no one was paying attention.

The five artefacts were tempered by the thunder, instantly crumbling and reorganising as the Hao Ran Qi filled the air and instilled nutrients.

Xu Qingnian did not hesitate either.

Since he could refine the artefacts, he could just hammer out new ones.

One grade, one literary weapon.

The Great Confucian, the Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, and the Half-Sage had not hammered their literary artifacts, so it was the perfect opportunity to take advantage of this.

The Great Confucian realm is to make a speech, and Xu Qingnian condensed a piece of Xuanhuo Baojian, infusing it with the Great Sun Golden Crow divine Flame to burn all the evils in the world.



The Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth is to write a book. Xu Qingnian condenses a book, using the Thousand Character Classic as the first chapter, accommodating all the books in the world, and his talent is unparalleled.

Xu Qingnian's half-saint realm is the epiphany, and Xu Qingnian condenses a literary censor, engraved on the front with the words "Man will triumph over Heaven" and on the back with the words "Things are in the hands of man."

A new trio of literary artefacts appeared.

At the same time, the eighth thunderbolt fell.

It was as if Xu Qingnian was purposely transporting the energy.

In the Palace of Literature, I don't know how many Confucian students had ugly faces, they thought Xu Qingnian was dead.

What they did not expect was that Xu Qingnian was still alive, and had been reborn from nirvana.

Now, he is even refining literary artefacts, and he is refining eight of them in one breath?

At this rate, Xu Qingnian might have eight half-saint artefacts.

If Xu Qingnian became a sub-saint, she would have nine of them.

Although it was no match for a Saint's weapon, nine sub-saint artefacts, imagine how their Zhu Sheng Wen Gong could compare to Xu Qingnian?

It was hard for them, especially Hong Zhengtian, who was even more bewildered.

He could not understand why Xu Qingnian, who had done so much wrong, could get so much benefit, and why he himself, who had done his best for the world, had ended up in such a state.

The Palace of Literature trembled, this was the emotion of Lu Zi, he did not speak anymore, but was filled with endless anger ah.

Boom!

The ninth thunderbolt fell.

Like an ocean, it lunged towards Xu Qingnian.

In the middle of the sea of thunder.

Xu Qingnian had refined his flesh, his third-grade perfection, his flesh was terrifying, his qi and blood raging to the heavens, and his every move shook the void.

The eight artifacts were even more glowing, exploding with terrifying holy qi as they frantically absorbed the thunderstorm energy.

They kept breaking and regrouping, until finally.

Finally, they took shape.

The eight half-saint artefacts shone like eight suns, reflecting on the capital of Great Wei.

Above Kyoto, the Hao Ran Wen Zhong also exploded with terrifying energy, like a sun, overshadowing the eight half-saint artefacts.

This caused the people of Kyoto to stare in amazement, slightly puzzled.

Xu Qingnian was also a little curious and glanced at the Hao Ran Wen Zhong, which rotated itself, but the light from its body also gradually dissipated a little.

However, it still overshadowed Xu Qingnian's eight literary weapons.

At this moment, the dark clouds did not dissipate, all the visions coalesced, and a heavenly blade made of thunder coalesced appeared.

This heavenly blade brought an extremely terrifying oppression.

Only the Heavenly Blade did not fall, nor did it strike at Xu Qingnian, but slowly dissipated.

Then, a clear sky of ten thousand miles was ushered in, and above the clear sky, in its place, was an auspicious cloud that shone universally on the earth.

The surrounding barren mountains, too, grew new life in an instant, with a large tree growing out, instantly looking vibrant.

"This is the Heavenly Blade of Doom, Shouren, you have been noticed by Heaven and Earth for killing a sub-saint, but this time, Heaven and Earth felt it and did not descend a great doom."

"Remember, before you become a First Grade Literature Saint, you must not be reckless, or else the Heavenly Blade of Doom will fall and cause irreparable damage to you, cutting off the path to sainthood."

Chao Ge's voice rang out in the middle of his mind.

Xu Qingnian understood, he was also curious about what this was just now, and after receiving an explanation, Xu Qingnian was relieved.

And at that moment.

A voice also sounded out.

“Today, the Great Wei Palace of Literature is detached, and we will establish a dynasty of readers, called the Hao Ran Dynasty, to open up a habitat for the world’s readers, to follow the Way of the Gentleman, to nurture the world’s readers, and to send them to the world when they have achieved something, for the benefit of the world’s people.”

“In ten days, a dynasty founding ceremony will be held and the world will be invited.”

The voice rang out.

It was Lu Zi’s voice.

The Palace of Literature had broken away and arrived at a long-built kingdom in the Eastern State.

The Hao Ran Dynasty? It was really shameless to the extreme.

But the Palace of Literature does have the means to cultivate the world’s scholars and place them as officials in various countries, benefiting the people on the surface, but behind the scenes, they want to control the world.

This is still an insurmountable conspiracy, because all countries need the support of scholars and useful talents.

It is really powerful.

But along with this voice rang out.

Xu Qingnian’s voice, too, rang out.

“Today, as the tumour of Great Wei has been removed and the country’s fortunes flourish, this saint has made a great ambition.”

“Within five years, to make my Great Wei Dynasty, exempt from the nine years of private school fees, so that everyone can study.”

As Xu Qingnian’s voice fell.

At this moment.

The world was abuzz.

And on the capital of Great Wei.

Once again, a vision coalesced.

## **Awaken Chapter 216 -**

As Xu Qingnian's voice rang out.

The whole country of Great Wei was excited.

The people felt a sense of wonder.

What was the biggest worry for the people of Great Wei, apart from food, shelter and transport?

Isn't it the matter of their children going to school?

How many parents would want their children to be unproductive? Unless they are not really good at studying, they would definitely want their children to go to a private school, not to say to get a scholarship, but to pass the countryside exams, so that they can go back to the government office to do some work and eat the official's rice.

But the problem was, how expensive were private schools? It was hard to get enough food to eat, let alone send children to school.

Now Xu Qingnian said that within five years, the people of Wei would be exempted from paying for nine years of private schooling, so how could this not be good news?

Even if one is stupid enough to study for nine years, one can at least read and write, right?

If someone's family produced a scholar, it would be a great way to honour the ancestors.

As Xu Qingnian's voice rang out, the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron shook, absorbing huge amounts of public opinion and becoming even more solid, with the country's fortunes firmly established and terrifying.

As for the Primordial Yuan Dynasty and the Sudden Evil Dynasty, Xu Qingnian's sudden grand wish silenced them.

Naturally, they did not want to see Great Wei flourish, especially when they also opened a school and waived the nine years of private school fees?

After all, the benefits of knowledge are unimaginable, and as kings of the country, how could they not know the importance of such a move?

But they didn't dare to ask for it like Xu Qingnian did, because exempting private school fees from the school was a sky-high price, how much silver would have to be invested every year? Even if the state treasury is large, it can't afford such consumption, right?

However, the two dynasties are not stupid, they can't waive it, but they can reduce the cost of teaching. Now that the Great Wei Palace of Literature has seceded, I am afraid that all the scholars in the world will gather in the Hao Ran Dynasty.

When the time comes, it is possible to cooperate with the Hao Ran Dynasty and fund each other's silver, manpower and resources in exchange for readers to come and teach.

Both sides have their own needs and know that it is a yang plot, but indeed they can cooperate for a while.

At this moment.

The western region of the Central State.

This is uninhabited land, connected to the realm of the Western Continent, tens of thousands of miles from Great Wei.

And in this place, fifteen ancient cities have been built long ago. These cities are ancient cities prepared by the Great Wei Palace of Literature long ago, and the people who built them are also the disciples of the Zhu Sheng lineage.

The disciples of the Zhu Sheng lineage were all over the world, and there was no shortage of wealthy people among them, so building the ancient cities was no big deal.

There were already many people in the ancient city, from all tribes, and many scholars had settled here, so now the Great Wei Palace was relocated and the capital was built directly.

There are only three requirements for the establishment of a state: people, materials and troops.

If they settle here, how many scholars from the Zhu Sheng lineage will come to join them? How many people would they bring with them?

At the same time, in addition to the Great Wei Dynasty, the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the First Yuan Dynasty also had slavery. Buying slaves in large numbers and giving them free bodies so that they could become nationals of the Hao Ran Dynasty was both a boon and a show of benevolence to them.

In addition to the fact that it is said to be the Hao Ran Dynasty, it is actually only fifteen cities, fifteen cities, how many people are needed?

As for supplies? How much silver has the Wen Gong saved up over the past five hundred years? Have you thought about this? How much silver and taels would be donated by every scholar in the world? And what is the greatest strength of the Great Wei Palace of Literature?

It is the fact that all the major powers in the world need the help of the scholars, the Immortals, the Buddhists and the dynasties.

It makes sense to ask them to suppress demons and give them some silver to build the country, right?

It's like when the Great Wei Dynasty is going to waive private school fees, will the countries sit back and do nothing? They would certainly invite them to do so, but would they have to pay silver to invite themselves?

Knowledge is wealth.

As for military strength, it goes without saying that who would dare to slaughter the students? Who would dare to massacre the educated? Where is everyone like Xu Qingnian?

And even Xu Qingnian would not dare to massacre the readers on a large scale.

We need to have troops too, let other countries station their troops here first, and then just expel them when the Hao Ran Dynasty has developed a large army of its own.

What? Not willing? If you don't want to, then spray. Xu Qingnian can't spray, but I can't spray you guys?

The Great Wei Palace of Literature had already made all the preparations to move out, especially the choice of address. The Great Wei Palace of Literature had deliberately released a lot of false news, such as going to the Tusi Dynasty and possibly going to the Chu Yuan Dynasty.

All sorts of false information was released, but in reality, it was a clear-cut way to get to the new country.

Playing tricks with the readers? Can you beat that?

Xu Qingnian is different. Xu Qingnian doesn't play with tricks at all, and solves everything directly with his fists.

In other words, Xu Qingnian is purely unconventional.

Normally, after setting up the rules, within the rules, I scold you and you can scold me.

If I pit you, you can pit me too, but is everyone laughing and smiling in the open?

This is the true literati way of playing, messing with each other, you and me.

But what about Xu Qingnian?

If they had taken advantage of Xu Qingnian, Xu Qingnian would have directly lifted the table and opened her mouth with all sorts of insults, even if they were unpleasant, and if they spoke back, they would have been beaten.

How can we play like this?

When Yan Ru is arrested according to the law, Xu Qingnian directly curses Yan Ru, calling him shameless, and then stands up for justice, criticizing Yan Lei without dignity.

How does this play out?

Later on, it became more and more excessive.

So Xu Qingnian could indirectly force the Great Wei Wen Gong out so early, relying not on scheming, but on his fists, and the ability to lift the table.

Don't say that they readers don't know how to play schemes, how to play? You are still slowly laying out when people stab you to death with a battle spear, what else is there to play?

Hong Zhengtian, a half-saint, was still nailed to the city walls.

This is how a showman meets a soldier, there is no reasoning.

Inside the City of Literature.

With the descent of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, the crowd did not seem particularly happy, instead there was a depression and silence.

Originally, they had envisaged that the Grand Wei Palace of Literature should be proud of all the glory and splendour of this breakaway.

The fireworks in the city had been prepared.

But what they did not expect was that two great scholars of heaven and earth had been killed on this breakaway, a half-saint had been nailed to the city walls, a sub-saint had been beheaded, and although the will had been preserved, everyone understood that Luzi was gone.

At most, he would last for another three years, and in almost three years his will would be gone.

And with all the factors of being abused by the world, plus Xu Qingnian becoming a saint.

This trip to the Palace of Literature was a blood loss, so much so that Zhu Sheng didn't even recognise them.

Naturally, these fireworks and firecrackers were no longer useful and could not be celebrated at all.

"All Zheng Confucians, come to the small world in three hours."

At this moment, Lu Zi's voice rang out, conveying to the ears of every great Confucian.

At that moment, all the Confucians spoke in unison and gave their answers.

They knew that the Palace of Literature had to come up with a countermeasure, having suffered such a great loss today, if they didn't have the slightest ability to fight back, or a strategy, the hearts of the people would all scatter ah.

But at that very moment.

In the middle of the capital of the Great Wei.

After Xu Qingnian had made a great wish, an auspicious cloud appeared, which shone on the land of the Great Wei Dynasty.

They did not shine on Xu Qingnian, but were submerged in the land.

In an instant, many barren fields within the Great Wei Dynasty turned into good fields, and some barren mountains grew sky-high trees and the land became fertile.

This was a heavenly auspicious cloud that made the land of Great Wei fertile, turning barren fields into good ones, a truly great blessing.

But the whole auspiciousness only lasted for half an hour before it all eventually dissipated.

After all, if it lasted for a day the way it was, the Great Wei Dynasty would not need to work at all, and could harvest even while lying down, which was definitely not possible. The Heavenly Dao would bestow blessings, but the meaning of the blessings was to strengthen, not to allow you to get something for nothing.

This is the reasoning of the Heavenly Dao.



As the auspicious cloud vision dissipated afterwards.

Xu Qingnian incorporated the literary artefact into his body, then took a step across and arrived in front of the Hao Ran Literary Bell.

Buzz buzz buzz!

The Haoran Wen Zhong kept spinning itself and felt Xu Qingnian's arrival and inexplicably trembled, as if it was somewhat displeased with itself.

Sensing that the Haoran Wen Zhong was not too pleased, Xu Qingnian could not help but smile, he really did not think that the Haoran Wen Zhong would actually be jealous and angry?

The latter then reluctantly stopped spinning itself and then swayed around Xu Qingnian, looking somewhat happy.

And then, Xu Qingnian slowly appeared in the Great Wei Imperial Palace.

All at once, the civil and military officials all bowed towards Xu Qingnian.

"We pay our respects to Xu Sheng."

They opened their mouths, still looking respectful in the face of Xu Qingnian, who was now a half-saint of Great Wei after all.

Since they were saints, they had to be respectful and deferential.

"You are all welcome."

Xu Qingnian lifted his hand and gave a slight arch, he was already a saint himself, so it would be somewhat not very nice to return the greeting, otherwise, the might of a saint would be too much for them to bear.

And facing the empress, Xu Qingnian still simply bowed, after all, the other party was the empress of Great Wei, and deserved his obeisance, unless he became a sage of literature, otherwise, when facing the emperor, he still had to pay obeisance.

"I, pay my respects to Your Majesty."

Paying obeisance to the empress, Xu Qingnian took the status of a subject, while the latter's face was a little pale, but still smiled faintly and looked at Xu Qingnian.

"There is no need for you to be so polite, Xu Aiqing."

“You are now my new saint of Great Wei, from now on, when you see me, you will directly dispense with the salute.”

“Someone, pass on my decree, establish a new Wen Palace of Great Wei, named Xu Sheng Wen Palace, rebuild it at the old site, the Ministry of the Household allocates 10,000,000 taels of silver, if it is not enough, continue to allocate money until it is perfect, by the Ministry of Officials, the Ministry of Rites, the Ministry of Works, the three ministries work together, within three months, must be completed.”

“Then set up the holy statue of Xu Sheng, in the Great Wei Dynasty, today is set as a holiday, and all the scholars of Great Wei must devoutly worship Xu Sheng.”

“Crown Xu Sheng as the King of Great Wei to pacify the chaos, hereditary, and give Xu Qingnian the Qilin military amulet and the Great Wilderness military amulet.”

The empress spoke, and she issued three holy decrees in a row.

The new Palace of Literature of Great Wei, named the Palace of Literature of Xu Sheng, was allocated 10,000,000 taels of silver, which could have built an imperial palace, and if it had been built, it would have been magnificent.

This is also an unprecedented gift. In the future, the power of faith of the readers of Wei will all be placed on Xu Qingnian.

This power, rather than enhancing strength, will help Xu Qingnian complete a new metamorphosis at a crucial moment.

His name will be passed down to the ages.

This is the greatest trust the emperor can place in a minister.

By giving the military talisman to Xu Qingnian, then Xu Qingnian was not simply an ordinary prince, but a prince who held real power.

If he really wanted to do something in the future, with the military amulet in his hand, who could stop Xu Qingnian?

In other words, this is an equal division of the world.

The people were shocked, the kings smacked their lips, and the civil and military officials were even more shocked that they didn't know what to say.

But on reflection, they did not persuade, for if it were anyone else, they would have risked their lives to advise, for after all, a matter as big as a military talisman could not be given indiscriminately.

For an emperor, the military amulet was more important than anything else. If the military amulet was in his hands, the kingdom was still in his hands, but if it was not in his hands, the kingdom might be stolen by someone else one day.

But Xu Qingnian is different. He is the new saint of Wei, and more importantly, the empress has already given half of the country's fortune to Xu Qingnian.

In other words, Xu Qingnian carried the Great Wei's national luck, so there was really no problem at all in giving Xu Qingnian the military talisman.

After all, Xu Qingnian would not betray Great Wei.

Faced with round after round of rewards from the empress, Xu Qingnian did not have any particular joy, instead Xu Qingnian just nodded his head and said.

"My servant, many thanks to Your Majesty."

After saying this, Xu Qingnian looked at the empress and said.

"Your Majesty, how are your injuries?"

Xu Qingnian inquired, still remembering the injuries the Empress had suffered earlier and being somewhat concerned.

And hearing this, for a moment, the Empress was somewhat inexplicably unable to say anything, after all, after Xu Qingnian had become a saint, plus her many rewards, it was reasonable to say that Xu Qingnian should be very excited.

But to her surprise, Xu Qingnian did not reveal any excitement, instead she was the first to care about her injuries.

She was the empress of the Great Wei, but she was also a woman, so when she heard this, she was indeed a bit puzzled, but Ji Ling was still quick to give a reply.

"There is no more major problem, Ai Qing is concerned."

The Empress shook her head as she informed Xu Qingnian that she was no longer in trouble, while some other thoughts could not help but arise within her heart.

Aiqing Xu, now that she has become a saint, does she still like me?

This was the Empress' thought, the first time she had actively remembered it.

"Your Majesty take care of your dragon's body, the Great Wei Dynasty, still needs Your Majesty."

Xu Qingnian nodded as he said so, now all the problems of Great Wei had basically been solved.

The treasury had silver, the fields had been cleared, and now the country had been blessed by heaven and earth, and its fortunes had coalesced into the Dragon Cauldron, so the future was bound to be full of good things, and the biggest cancer, the Great Wei Palace of Literature, had been expelled.

There is still one obstacle, and it was once a big one, but now it is no longer a big obstacle at all.

The rebellion of the vassal kings.

The reason why the vassal kings were so eager to move was because Wei was in decline, the people did not have enough to eat and the country was suffering from internal and external problems.

Now that the external problems are gone, and the internal worries are gone, if the vassal kings dare to rebel, the people of Great Wei will be able to kill them, not to mention whether the court sends troops or not.

In this way, there are basically no more obstacles to the dynasty.

After a few months of stability, he will then take action to put the vassal kings to death, and then the country will be completely at peace.

The next thing to do is to cultivate the fields! Development!

The rest will be fine, and I can breathe a sigh of relief and get on with my own business.

As for the Hao Ran Dynasty formed by the Great Wei Wen Gong?

Xu Qingnian really wasn't afraid at all, as long as Zhu Sheng was revived, what kind of bullshit Hao Ran Dynasty, the more they screamed now, the worse they would die later.

The more they scream now, the worse they will die. So there is no need to pay attention to this Hao Ran Dynasty, it will destroy itself sooner or later. If you have to pay attention, you might as well think about who is behind the Wen Gong.

"Ai Qing don't worry, I am fine."

The empress nodded.

"Since that is the case, then I will not disturb Your Majesty, I, first, will leave."

Xu Qingnian spoke out and said so.

“En, Ai Qing, if you are fine, come and walk around the palace more often in the past, the Great Wei still needs Ai Qing.”

The empress suddenly opened her mouth and said something like this, which made the officials inexplicably a little curious, and to the empress, this sentence was actually a reminder that Xu Qingnian had nothing to do with participating in the affairs of state affairs.

But after saying this, the empress herself felt that something was wrong, but she could not change it, and perhaps did not want to change it, so she did not continue to say anything.

As for the hundred officials, they were also only slightly surprised and thought little of it afterwards.

“Please rest assured, Your Majesty, I am still a subject of Great Wei.”

Xu Qingnian gave his reply, and without much thought, he turned around and left.

As Xu Qingnian walked out of the palace, the Haoran Wen Zhong followed behind Xu Qingnian, and in the end the Haoran Wen Zhong shrunk its body and hid itself in Xu Qingnian’s hair.

Not long afterwards.

Xu Qingnian walked out of the Great Wei Palace.

On the way, the people knelt towards him and performed a great salute in front of the saint.

Xu Qingnian waved his hand and told the people not to do so, everything was normal, although he was now a saint, but Xu Qingnian did not have any stand, as usual, no need to be polite.

It was just that he could not stand the worship of the people.

Eventually.

Xu Qingnian returned to the Marquis’ residence.

The Marquis of Peaceful Disorder’s Mansion.

Chen Xinghe, Yang Hu and the others had been waiting outside the door for a long time.

When he saw Xu Qingnian appear, Chen Xinghe was the first to come over.

“Senior brother.”

“It’s good to be back.”

Chen Xinghe was full of words, and after seeing Xu Qingnian again, he didn’t know what to say for a moment, he took a deep breath and said so.

Yang Hu and the others also bowed towards Xu Qingnian, their hearts overwhelmed with excitement.

“En.”

Xu Qingnian nodded, he could see that his senior brother was very worried about himself, but there was nothing to say, after all, everything turned out to be good.

“Senior brother, senior brother intends to take a good rest, for the next day or two, don’t let anyone disturb me.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, but rest was a lie, now that Chao Ge had awakened, he naturally wanted to meet with Chao Ge.

Once this was said, Chao Ge nodded and said.

“En, you have been tired this short time, rest well, don’t worry about anything, when someone comes, I will inform.”

Chen Xinghe knew that Xu Qingnian was indeed tired during this period of time, and it was common sense to take a good rest.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian returned to her residence.

He came to his secret room, then sat cross-legged and dived into the Palace of Literature.

As a familiar feeling emerged.

Soon.

The Heaven and Earth Literature Palace.

With the elevation of the realm, the Heaven and Earth Literature Palace was even more magnificent and glorious than the one seen at the very beginning.

The entire Palace of Literature, blossoming with light and faint sounds of chanting scriptures, looked magnificent.

“Brother Chao Ge.”

“Brother Broken Evil.”

Xu Qingnian’s voice rang out, and they wore smiles on their faces, looking very joyful.

The Heaven and Earth Literature Palace was his biggest card, ever since Chao Ge and Broken Evil had fallen asleep, no matter what he did, Xu Qingnian was a little bottomless, and now that Chao Ge and Broken Evil had woken up, Xu Qingnian’s confidence had returned.

Only, when Xu Qingnian walked into the palace.

Soon could not help but be surprised.

In the Palace of Literature, there were no longer two people, but five.

Chao Ge and Broken Evil, two people Xu Qingnian knew, the remaining three, and a woman.

“This?”

Walking inside the Palace of Literature, Xu Qingnian froze and looked at the five people, not knowing how to speak for a moment.

“Magnanimous brother, I never thought that you would have achieved half-saint status in only ten months after entering the rank, your qualifications are a hundred times better than my brother’s.”

Seeing Xu Qingnian, Chao Ge was the first to welcome him, his face full of smiles.

At the same time, he pulled Xu Qingnian along and looked at the three newly appeared people.

“Xiandi, let me introduce to you, these three, uh, elder brother doesn’t know what they are called either, but let me introduce to you roughly.”

“This person is the one who was holding the scroll before.”

Chao Ge introduced the first person for Xu Qingnian, a middle-aged scholar-like man, whose looks were naturally no match for Chao Ge’s, but he looked very stable and full of Confucian aura, appearing modest and courteous.

There are seven statues in the Palace of Literature, one holding a scroll, one holding a brush, one playing the zither, one holding a sword, one sitting on the throne, one standing with his hands in the air, and one painting a painting.

There are seven in all, and the woman is playing the zither.

Chao Ge is the one standing with his hands in the air, and Broken Evil is the one holding a sword.

The middle-aged Confucian scholar, on the other hand, was the statue holding a scroll, and at this moment, the latter made a slight bow towards Xu Qingnian.

“Greetings, Brother Shouren.”

The other party had already known Xu Qingnian from Chao Ge’s mouth and appeared modest and courteous.

“You are very kind, brother.”

Xu Qingnian also returned the greeting, although he himself was a half-saint, but this group of people in front of him, once Xu Qingnian thought they were half-saints, but now Xu Qingnian felt that these people definitely could not be as simple as just half-saints, they should be sub-saints.

“Shouren, come, this person who painted Danqing.”

Chao Ge continued to lead Xu Qingnian to identify the person, and since he didn’t know the other person’s name, he could only use adjectives.

“Greetings, senior.”

Xu Qingnian hurriedly saluted, while the latter immediately returned the salute.

This was an old man who looked somewhat vicissitudes, but still appeared refined, a Confucian aura that was engraved in his bones.

“Young friend Shouren is really good, I have heard from young friend Chao Ge that you are young, practising Confucianism at the age of twenty, and now you are already a half-saint, you are really a great talent.”

“By the way, do you know the art of painting and drawing? Although I have no memory, I still know this art of danqing, danqing plus Confucianism is infinitely powerful, do you want to try it?”

The old man opened his mouth and looked at Xu Qingnian and said so. He first praised Xu Qingnian’s talent, and then asked if Xu Qingnian wanted to learn the art of painting.

Once this was said, a curious look did flash in Xu Qingnian’s eyes.

“Senior, is danqing plus Confucianism infinitely powerful?”



Xu Qingnian asked curiously.

The latter immediately spoke up, looking incredibly confident as he said.

“Little friend, look.”

As he spoke, the old man raised his hand, and instantly a scroll coalesced out of Hao Rang Qi unfolded, followed by a brush appearing as the old man moved and dropped his brush in the middle of the scroll.

A true dragon was drawn, followed by the sound of a dragon’s roar.

When the painting was finished, a true dragon flew out of the scroll and towards the outside of the Heaven and Earth Palace of Literature, a hundred feet long and lifelike, emitting a terrifying force of dragon power.

Click.

The true dragon rushed out of the clouds, tearing the clouds apart with unparalleled destructive power.

It was strong.

Extremely strong, as real as it could be.

“Little friend, it’s not that I’m bragging about anything, you are now at the realm of a third-grade half-saint, if you can comprehend the true intent of Dan Qing, the true dragon you draw can possess the power of a second grade, but of course the price paid is extremely high.”

“It may be that all the Hao Rang Qi will be drained away, but the power is not to speak of.”

“Of course, it still depends on what you are painting, if it is a true dragon it is very strong, but painting something else, it is hard to say, in case you are lucky and paint some heaven and earth deities, it might be even stronger.”

The old man spoke out, he was confident, informing Xu Qingnian of the power of painting the Dao.

After saying this, the old man shook the painting scroll, and in an instant the true dragon returned and burrowed within the painting scroll, before dissipating.

This power of the painted dao really shocked Xu Qingnian.

And the power of the painting dao was not only dependent on one's own strength, but was also related to the painted object?

What about drawing a saint, Confucius?

What if I were to draw a Bodhisattva of the Earth, if I were to encounter a demon? What about Buddha?

Xu Qingnian had already started to guess in his mind, but whether these things were powerful or not, Xu Qingnian was not sure.

But it was possible to try, and it didn't cost anything to try.

"Although the painting dao is good, my zither dao is not bad either."

At this moment, the only woman among the five spoke up.

Xu Qingnian looked for the voice.

The latter was almost twenty-four or twenty-five years old, wearing a long turquoise coat, but with a sweet appearance, a goose egg face and black hair, and her voice was calm as she said.

"Greetings, senior."

Xu Qingnian also gave a polite voice, but the other party is a woman, Xu Qingnian is not good enough to call Xian brother, there is also a title called female brother, just say out some inexplicable odd.

"Just call me sister, senior is a bit rusty."

"Brother Shouren, my sister told you, although this painting dao is good, but really to say strong, still have to look at the zither dao, a song to suppress the demons, with the Hao Rang Zheng Qi added to the zither dao, extremely powerful."

The woman walked out and said this.

As soon as she finished speaking, the ancient zither appeared in front of her, and then she gently plucked it, and the incomparable sound of the zither rang out.

In an instant, heavenly thunder rolled and boomed, shaking the space.

It was indeed no weaker than the painting dao.

"Understood, in the future, Xiandi will learn more from the senior brothers and sisters."

Xu Qingnian was somewhat delighted, although his current martial means was strong, it did not prevent him from learning more, especially the painting dao and the zither dao, if he mastered them, at critical moments he could play the zither with his left hand, paint with his right hand, and then condense his demon subduing power.

If he could master them, he could play the zither with his left hand, paint with his right hand, and then gather his demon subduing power.

When they heard Xu Qingnian speak like this, they nodded their heads in satisfaction. They were not fighting with each other, they were just showing off in front of Xu Qingnian.

“My brother is very good-natured and kind.”

“Xiandi, now that we have met, then elder brother will just get straight to the point and say it.”

“Three things.”

“Firstly, I would like to ask you to take the trouble to find out more information about the identities of these people.”

“Second, if there’s nothing else to do later, grab the time to go to Zhu Sheng’s former residence and get his origin before you say anything, it can and will be a life-saving talisman in critical moments.”

“Third, my brother already knows how to break the method of this foreign art.”

Chao Ge said smilingly, saying three things at the same time.

And after these three things were said, it immediately filled Xu Qingnian with joy.

The matter of finding the identity was not a matter of concern, and he himself wanted to find out the identity of these people.

And the former residence of Zhu Sheng, he also planned to go to the former residence of Zhu Sheng after meeting Chao Ge, to find his Holy Will Origin, so that if he did so, he could really break the legs of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, oh no, it should not be called the Great Wei Palace of Literature now, but the Hao Ran Dynasty.

But what made Xu Qingnian happy was the third thing.

The method of breaking the different arts.

This made Xu Qingnian extremely happy. The Hao Ran Dynasty knew 100% that he practiced the supernatural arts, why he knew, Xu Qingnian was still not sure.

But the magic was a hidden danger, a big one, both to himself and to others.

If he could solve the problem, then he would be completely relaxed and would not need to worry about the magic breaking out one day.

“Brother, please speak, my humble brother is all ears.”

Xu Qingnian spoke.

“En, during this period of time, my brother has been sleeping, and after you became a saint, my brother woke up and remembered many things, among which was the matter of the supernatural arts.”

“If you want to solve the pagan arts, you must understand the origin of the pagan arts, these pagan arts are related to the evil gods, in extremely ancient times, there were three great evil gods in the dust realm, controlling the earth, the sky and the sea, and under these three evil gods, there were also other evil gods.”

“They competed for the qi of heaven and earth and killed each other, and there were many races between this heaven and earth, and in order to strengthen their strength, these evil gods created supernatural arts, but whoever cultivated them could draw on their power.”

“Therefore, the speed of cultivation is extremely fast, and it is not enough to describe it as a thousand miles a day.”

“The more you cultivate, the more terrifying the demon seeds become, and the more deeply rooted they become in your body, causing you to become a demon that only knows how to kill and fight for them.”

“So if you want to completely eradicate the scourge of foreign arts, you have to draw out the demon seeds within you.”

Chao Ge said so, explaining to Xu Qingnian the source of the pagan arts.

After hearing these words, Xu Qingnian suddenly understood.

No wonder the cultivation of the supernatural arts would instantly soar, it turned out to be related to the Evil God.

The barbaric era, which could not be described in terms of age because it was too far away and too distant, that kind of existence, one would think, was definitely an existence above the First Grade.

If a First Grade was that strong, how strong would it have to be to surpass the First Grade?

And to cultivate with the power of the Beyond First Grade, it would be hard not to be fast.

Xu Qingnian was somewhat alarmed, but fortunately there was a way to crack it.

“Then how can I crack it?”

Xu Qingnian inquired.

“Find three things.”

“The Demon Subduing Divine Stone, the Dragon Blood Yang Jade, and the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus.”

Chao Ge spoke up and gave an answer.

And these three items were all things Xu Qingnian had never heard of.

“Brother, where are these three items?”

Xu Qingnian inquired.

But when this was said, Chao Ge was a little embarrassed.

It was because he knew the method, but he really didn't know where these three items were.

“I'm not sure about the Demon Subduing Divine Stone and the Dragon Blood Yang Jade, but this Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus should be related to the Buddha Sect.”

“Xiandi, you are now a new saint of Great Wei, so it is not difficult to find someone to ask, plus you can ask Zhu Sheng to see if he knows.”

Chao Ge spoke nonsense.

The Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus, it must have something to do with the Buddha Sect, otherwise why else would it be called the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus?

But Chao Ge didn't think anything of it, since such a thing existed, someone must know about it, and with Xu Qingnian's current status, it was still simple to ask something.

“En, thank you for pointing it out, brother.”

“Then if you collect these three things, you will be able to solve the problem of the supernatural arts, right?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

“En, after collecting them, it can be solved.”

Chao Ge said rather confidently.

Once this was said, Xu Qingnian was also completely relieved, since it could be completely resolved, then she was really not afraid.

Even if it took some time, it was better than having no solution at all, right?

“Then, I will leave first and go ask about these three things, and also look up some information to help the elder brothers and sisters with their queries.”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth and said so.

Chao Ge could see that Xu Qingnian was in a bit of a hurry, so he nodded and let Xu Qingnian go about his business first.

“Little friend Shouren, if you are alright remember to come to the palace, old man will pass on your supreme painting dao.”

Old man Dan Qing spoke, still not forgetting to remind Xu Qingnian to learn the painting dao.

“Brother Shouren, come to sister if you have nothing to do, and sister will teach you the Dao of the Qin.”

The sweet woman also spoke after her, she looked only three or four years older than Xu Qingnian and was actually extremely old.

“En, many thanks to all of you.”

Xu Qingnian bowed towards the crowd, and then disappeared into the Palace of Literature.

This trip was too rewarding.

To be able to completely eradicate the foreign arts was a big surprise to himself, even happier than becoming a half-saint.

After all, when one became a half-saint, the demon seed in one's body was suppressed to death, but it could not be completely eradicated at all, which meant that even a half-saint could not eradicate the demon seed.

It was fine now, at the very least there was a sub-saint as well as a Wen saint upwards.

If even a sub-saint couldn't clear the demon seed, it would be in complete trouble.

Now that the bane of allomancy could be removed without relying on the realm, this was indeed a joyous event, a great joy in the sky.

Soon.

Xu Qingnian returned from the Palace of Heaven and Earth Literature.

He stood up and exhaled a long breath, then walked out of the secret room and towards the Great Wei Hidden Scripture Pavilion.

The Demon Subduing Divine Stone, the Dragon Blood Yang Jade, and the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus.

Xu Qingnian remembered these three items firmly before going to look up the information.

And at the same time.

Middle Continent, Hao Ran Dynasty.

Within the small world of the Palace of Literature.

Luzi's virtual shadow appeared.

It was a will incarnation, his original body was gone and could not be recreated.

Crowds of Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth appeared, including the Great Confucian of the Palace of Literature as well as the Righteous Confucian, who were also qualified to enter the small world this time.

"Gentlemen, now we have set up a dynasty of readers and established a state, completing the first step of our plan."

"The next step is to wait for ten days later, when we establish the nation, then we can gather the national luck, and with the power of the world's scholars, we can gather the national luck, and at the lowest estimate, we can gather the tripod of the national luck, to ensure that the dynasty will have good weather and rain."

"At that time, we will all have a great benefit, but this benefit is only the first step, if the tripod of national luck can be formed into a dragon tripod, as in the case of the Great Wei, then our real plan will be completely completed."

"With the help of the Vast Dragon Cauldron, I, the Vermilion Saint lineage, will add another new Saint."

“But right now, you all need to contact the forces of the world, now that we are detached, they also wish to receive our help.”

“As long as the Vermilion Saint lineage is scattered throughout the world and engaged in government and politics, within a hundred years, the Vermilion Saint lineage will be in complete control of the world’s national destiny.”

“At that time, it is highly likely that the Hao Ran Dragon Cauldron will metamorphose into the legendary Zhong Zhou Dragon Cauldron, and with the Zhong Zhou Dragon Cauldron, all of you here will be able to become Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth, Great Confucians will be able to become Sub-Saints, and Half-Saints will be able to achieve Half Literary Saints.”

“At that time, the whole world will be completely controlled by us, the scholars, and if the spirit of Zhu Sheng is in heaven, he will also feel comforted, and we may even be able to resurrect Zhu Sheng.”

“Know what?”

Lu Zi’s voice rang out as he spoke of the plans of the Palace of Literature.

The purpose of the Great Wei Palace of Literature breaking away was to build a state, and a state built by readers naturally had many problems, wanting to build it up to be like Great Wei?

That would be impossible, not to mention a hundred years, but not even five hundred years.

But the purpose of the Great Wei Palace of Literature in building a nation was for the Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent, not to build some immortal dynasty at all.

Instead of relying on the scholars to build an immortal dynasty, it would be better for the scholars to spread out across the world and control the lifelines of the countries, and in this way, it would be called immortal.

And the role of the Hao Ran Dynasty is that of a centralised power centre for the Readers, equivalent to the metamorphosis of the Palace of Literature.

The Great Wei Palace of Literature is still mainly for the Great Wei pale, while the Hao Ran Dynasty, then, can work with the world, any power, any country, there is no such thing as treason, as long as you listen to the Zhu Sheng lineage, then you are not considered treasonous.

This is the real plan of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and why the Great Wei Palace of Literature must break away.



To be free from all shackles and have everything under your control, why not?

“We understand.”

“Great kindness to Saint Lu.”

The crowd spoke in unison, while each one revealed a look of delight.

Coalescing the Dragon Cauldron of the Central Continent was something they did not dare to think about, but coalescing the Hao Ran Dragon Cauldron was something they were confident in.

When the Great Dragon Cauldron had been coalesced, they would indeed all reap huge benefits, substantial benefits, and at least half of them would be able to break through the rank.

Otherwise, why would they be so supportive of the Great Wei Palace of Literature breaking away?

At their level, it was basically impossible for them to break through the rank in their lifetimes.

Now that they could break away from the rank simply by breaking away, who wouldn't say yes? Moreover, after secession, there are even more benefits, and they are not bound to do anything they want.

With so many benefits, who wouldn't want to say yes?

“Alright, contact the forces of the world, whoever can cooperate, can cooperate, and then prepare for the founding ceremony in ten days, there is no room for error.”

“Disperse.”

Lu Zi spoke, while the Confucians also gradually dissipated their figures.

After they had dissipated their figures.

About an incense stick later.

Lu Zi's angry roar sounded out.

“You have counted on me.”

Lu Zi's roar rang out, his will trembling as this voice was filled with rage.

Since his body had been destroyed by Xu Qingnian, he had kept his composure, but this keeping was all an illusion.

With his flesh destroyed and integrated into the Palace of Literature, this was a certain death, three years later, no, not even three years.

In two years, two at most, his own will would dissipate.

It could be said that one was paying a heavenly price this time.

“Saint Lu must not be angry.”

“We did not count on you, but this Xu Qingnian was too arrogant, and we did not count on it.”

At this moment.

Two figures appeared here, but they were blurred, looking at Lu Zi and explaining thus.

“Do you take Lao Fu to be three years old?”

“You have known for a long time that there is the will of the Vermillion Saint within the Palace of Literature, and you also knew that Xu Qingnian would surely kill me.”

“You deliberately stumped First Grade in order to leave Xu Qingnian without a bottom card and force him to kill me.”

“In this way, the Palace of Literature would inevitably break away.”

“You and the others are really evil-minded, I really regret conspiring with you and the others.”

Lu Zi roared in anger, he could hardly suppress his anger ah.

He was so angry that he vomited blood, but unfortunately there was no blood to vomit.

This time he was.

He had fallen for a superb trick.

He had suffered a shocking loss.

At this moment, his eyes were filled with hatred and anger.

Endless and endless hatred, and anger.

## Awaken Chapter 217 -

Central Continent.

Hao Ran Dynasty.

Lu Zi's voice was filled with anger.

He had actually been pitched this time, and it was not a small pit, he had basically lost his old fortune.

How could this not make him furious?

What was the difference between conspiring with a tiger and causing his own downfall, despite his will, and dying?

"Saint Lu don't be angry, the matter of Xu Qingnian being a king is not clear to you or me."

"But please rest assured, when the Dynasty Dragon Cauldron is coalesced, Saint Lu can achieve the world's literary saint."

"By then, not to mention reshaping his physical body, even longevity will not be a problem."

Someone spoke out, his figure indistinct, looking at Lu Zi and saying so.

"Humph."

"Don't fool the old man with this."

"Even if Xu Qingnian is not a king, Wu Ming will still kill me, you have calculated everything long ago."

"Right now, don't say anything to old me, wait for the Dynasty Dragon Cauldron, as soon as the Cauldron of National Fortune is coalesced, you will have to help me reshape my flesh, otherwise, your plan, old me will announce it to the world."

"Anyway, there is no longer any hope for the old man to survive, so the big deal is to die together."

Lu Zi spoke out, he launched a ruthless attack, what do he care about you so much?

Right now, his flesh was gone, leaving behind his will, and if not for the presence of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, he would have died.

But even with the presence of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, in two years' time he would be dead, waiting for the Dynasty Dragon Cauldron to coalesce? God knows how long?

Since he had chosen to work with these people, he naturally would not have any selfless benevolence, that is, selfishness and self-interest.

Once this was said, the two figures were somewhat silent as they glanced at each other.

Eventually, the voices rang out.

"I'm afraid that's a bit difficult."

They gave a reply, informing Lu Zi that it was somewhat difficult.

But once this was said, Lu Zi's voice rang out directly, not giving the other party any chance.

"Don't tell the old man that it's difficult, who the person behind you is, the old man is not sure, but the old man knows that the person behind you is a great man, and he definitely has the means to help the old man reshape his flesh."

"It is not that old me is playing rough now, but you are too insidious, the Holy Blood-stained Wen Palace, you dare to say that it has nothing to do with you?"

"But I am not a calculating person, now that the Great Wei Palace of Literature has detached itself and reached the first step of the plan, I understand things, and this matter can be tolerated."

"But, if, after the Cauldron of National Fortune has coalesced, if old me is still unable to reshape my flesh, then all plans, have nothing to do with old me, and whether you and the others die or live, also has nothing to do with old me."

Lu Zi spoke, he had calmed down and did not continue to rage.

For he knew that impotent rage would serve no purpose, and the thing to do now was to let them know his determination.

This was his last card, wanting to stall himself and help him reshape his flesh after the Dragon Cauldron had coalesced?

Was that possible?

He was not a three-year-old child.

Once this was said, the two looked even more silent, and they hesitated a little, not knowing how to reply.

But after a while, someone finally answered Lu Zi.

“Please don’t worry, Saint Lu, we will do our best, and we will think of everything we can do after ten days.”

He gave his answer, not daring to say for sure, but only that he would do his best.

And Lu Zi did not get angry, but only spoke slowly.

“Let it go this time, but if there is a next time, no matter what happens, and no matter whether you know or don’t know, the old man will also tell what we are planning, and leave a stench for ten thousand years, the old man is dead, and he doesn’t care about the floods of future generations.”

Lu Zi spoke blandly, but the more bland he was, the more he proved that he was resolute.

In short, not to talk so much nonsense with you, just do it, if not, pull in.

“Saint Lui rest in peace.”

The two didn’t dare to promise anything, just a word to calm their anger, and Lu Sheng didn’t continue to speak anymore, probably because the sight of these two people was annoying.

In this way, the two shadows also gradually dissipated.

And as the two of them dissipated, Lu Zi’s gaze gradually became grim and cold.

It was about another half hour.

Two figures appeared, but these two figures were Wen Palace Half-Saints.

Not the two figures from Fang.

“Greetings, Saint Lu.”

The two Half-Saints spoke as they looked at Lu Sheng, appearing incomparably respectful.

Although Lu Sheng’s true body had been destroyed, a sub-saint was a sub-saint, and no one knew what tricks a sub-saint would have, especially since in the past two years, Lu Zi’s will had fused with the Palace of Literature and was in control of it.

They dared not offend even more, and unless Lu Zi truly fell, the ruler of the Palace of Literature would still be Lu Zi.

“Has the true spirit of the Vermilion Saint been accounted for?”

Lu Zi opened his mouth and asked calmly.

At these words, the two Half-Saints fell slightly silent, and quickly continued to speak again.

“Back to Saint Lu, there has been some whereabouts, in the southern barbarian zone, we have also checked through the ancient texts and indeed found that the saint had once visited the southern barbarians, perhaps leaving behind part of his true spirit.”

The other party said so, informing Lu Zi.

When this was said, Lu Zi nodded, and then continued to speak out.

“At all costs, retrieve the true spirit of the Vermilion Saint, who had left behind three items, all of which certainly left behind their true spirits, granting future generations a boon of opportunity.”

“If we find the true spirit of Zhu Sheng, we will be able to revive the will of Zhu Sheng, which is the same as having Zhu Sheng descend, then it will be useless even if the Great Wei One Piece comes, not to mention Xu Qingnian.”

“With the power of the world’s scholars, coupled with the power of the Palace of Literature and the Sacred Weapon, even a First Grade martial artist will not be able to help Zhu Sheng.”

“This is a crucial step for us to turn the tide of war around, in ten days’ time, the founding of the Hao Ran Dynasty will certainly lead to some trouble, and if there is a true spirit of Zhu Sheng, it will be greatly beneficial to us.”

Lu Zi spoke up, stating the importance of the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint.

When this was said, the two half-saints nodded, they also understood the usefulness of the Vermilion Saint True Spirit.

It was something that meant little to other systems, but to the Confucian system, it was too useful, it could revive the Vermilion Saint, it was equal to a super bottom card, who would dare to mess with the Wen Palace?

“We understand, please don’t worry, Saint Lu, we will do our best to find the true spirit of the Vermilion Saint.”

Both of them spoke in unison and gave their reply.

“Good.”

“If we find the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint within ten days, then when my Hao Ran Dynasty succeeds in building a nation, the two of you will be the first to receive credit.”

“At that time, you will also be given great benefits in heaven.”

Lu Sheng nodded in satisfaction, he had drawn the pie, after all, even the greatest benefits would have to be eaten by him first, but he would not be stingy with the rest.

The two Half-Saints revealed smiles before disappearing into the small world.

After the two Half-Saints had left.

Lu Sheng’s gaze, returned to calm.

“Designing to harm me and causing the Wen Palace to strongly break away, do you really think that I have no means? When I find the true spirit of the Vermilion Saint, I will have the Qi of the Cauldron of National Fortune all to myself, and then I will take you all out as scapegoats.”

“Those who stand in my way of becoming a saint will all have to die.”

Lu Sheng’s gaze was cold, he had already lived for two hundred years and had actually reached the end of his life, but instead, at the end of his life, he came into contact with a group of people to forcibly renew his life.

And this group of people were the two shadows that appeared at the very beginning.

It was their intention and their own leading that the Vermilion Saint lineage had become what it was today, and all that had been done was to become a saint, and to live forever.

He had changed, although he was a sub-saint, but for the sake of longevity, what kindness and love and selflessness were all floating clouds in his eyes.

Who else in the world would remember him after this disappearance of a century, when he did not show himself to the world?

So what fame or no fame, what fame or no fame for a thousand years?

Instead of being famous for a thousand years, it would be better to live until after a thousand years, and at that time, who would not praise himself? Who will know what happened before the thousand years?

All public opinion is the word of those in power, isn't it?

This was Lu Zi's thinking, and because of this, he did not care about the scolding at all.

In the current situation, Xu Qingnian was nothing. Although Xu Qingnian had caused himself to become like this, Lu Zi knew clearly that what he really wanted to do right now was to create the Hao Ran Dynasty, control the world's scholars and gather the tripod of national fortune.

Then he could obtain the True Spirit of the Vermilion Sage and kill all his enemies, Xu Qingnian and the First Rank of Wei, including those who cooperated with him.

Kill them all.

How could it be possible that the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint would not help him when he revived? If Zhu Sheng was still alive, he would have dared to deceive him, let alone a mere thought.

Thinking of this, Lu Zi could not help but reveal a smile, a smile that came from his heart.

He was looking forward to it, looking forward to it, looking forward to the moment when Zhu Sheng revived, how the world would look, and how Xu Qingnian would look, hahahaha.

And at the same time.

Great Wei Dynasty.

Inside the Hidden Scripture Pavilion.

Xu Qingnian was reading the ancient books in the Hidden Scripture Pavilion, hoping to find the whereabouts of these things, the Demon Subduing Divine Stone.

But just before Xu Qingnian had read for not even an hour, a familiar voice rang out.

"Disciple."

It was Wu Ming's voice.

Xu Qingnian turned back and saw Wu Ming standing behind him, his face not looking too good.

"Master."

"What's wrong with the Devil's Domain?"



Xu Qingnian was actually more worried about his master, but he didn't do any useless worrying, after all, his master was a First Grade, if his master couldn't solve it, then there was no point in worrying.

That was why he took care of his own affairs first and did not bother to contact his own master.

Now that he saw Wu Ming return, Xu Qingnian was naturally curious.

"There is no problem with the Demon Domain, I fell for it with your Master."

Wu Ming opened his mouth and gave a reply.

"Fooled?"

Xu Qingnian was somewhat curious, looking at Wu Ming with a curious look in her eyes.

"En."

"When you entered the Great Wei Wen Palace earlier, did you hear two angry roars?"

"Those sounds were indeed the sounds of immortal corpses, and the first thing your senior uncle and I thought was that something had gone wrong in the Devil's Domain."

"Your uncle rushed over but was secretly stopped by someone, lest he was worried that something had happened to the Devil's Domain, so your uncle called me to go over and hold down the Devil's Domain, only when I arrived at the Devil's Domain, I found that nothing at all had happened to the Devil's Domain."

"It was someone who imitated the sound of an immortal corpse, causing a commotion and tricking my master and your senior uncle into transferring the tiger away from the mountain."

Wu Ming spoke, although he was a little resentful, this was the truth, they had indeed fallen for it.

"Tuning the tiger away from the mountain?"

Xu Qingnian was instantly silent, and then contemplated the whole thing.

After a while, Xu Qingnian could not help but speak.

"Someone deliberately distracted Master and Senior, in order to force me to make a move and kill the sub-saint?"

This was the possibility that Xu Qingnian had thought of for the time being.

What was the point of tricking the First Grade away?

It was basically meaningless, ah, the only thing that could be said was that tricking Yi Pin into leaving so that he could make a move to kill the sub-saint.

But Wu Ming shook his head straight away and said, "No."

"It won't be that simple, they don't know that you've already broken through the King realm, my master can't even see through your realm, let alone others? Even Zhu Sheng can't do that."

"No, perhaps Zhu Sheng could do it, after all, you were at the Great Wei Wen Palace, only a saint didn't have to do that, he could have just suppressed you if he wanted to."

"Furthermore, Zhu Sheng is already dead, there is no way he could be alive in this world."

Wu Ming gave his reply as he directly rejected this speculation.

Because no matter what, no one knew that Xu Qingnian was a king, so how could he conclude that Xu Qingnian would be able to kill him?

This was a matter of the simplest logic.

Hearing Wu Ming's veto, Xu Qingnian couldn't help but be curious.

If that wasn't the case, then why was it?

What was the point of drawing away First Class?

Soon, Xu Qingnian continued to speak.

"Master, do you mean to say that someone deliberately lured you away, wanting to follow you and check the location of the Demon Domain?"

Xu Qingnian thought of this possibility.

When this was said, Wu Ming nodded his head.

"My master and your uncle guessed as much."

Wu Ming gave his reply.

When this was said, Xu Qingnian could not help but frown and said, "What then?"

Xu Qingnian asked.

“There is no big problem, they have underestimated our alertness too much, even with that kind of thing happening, my master did not disrupt himself, we traveled to the Demon Domain, all through spatial transfers, they cannot find the spatial nodes.”

“It’s basically impossible to tail and follow.”

“But there is one thing, someone has already started hitting the Devil’s Domain, what the other party is from, we are still not sure, the enemy is in the dark, I am in the light, very disadvantageous.”

Wu Ming said so.

When turmoil came from the Devil’s Domain, he and Zhao Yuan did not confuse themselves, instead they became more alert.

Only, this was this was a sign, an extremely bad sign, that someone had already started to hit the Devil’s Domain.

No matter who the other party was, or whether they were strong or not, one was bound to be alert, in case one lost one’s footing before the horse, then one would be in big trouble.

“I understand.”

“Then, Master, is there anything I need my apprentice to do?”

Xu Qingnian nodded, while asking Wu Ming.

“No need.”

“You are only just the third rank now, so you can only say that you have the ability to protect yourself, but when it comes to the Demon Domain, the third rank is not enough, even if you reach the second rank in both literature and martial arts, it will be of no use.”

“I came to see you today, firstly, to tell you about this matter, so that you can also pay attention to some of them, their main target, is the Devil’s Domain, they should not strike at you, but I can guarantee for the master, so you should pay attention or pay attention.”

“The second thing is, my master is going back to the devil domain to continue suppressing for a period of time, your uncle has not completely cleaned up the devil’s qi, so I need to go up to the master.”

“Make all the preparations, the Great Wei Dynasty’s national luck is running smoothly now, plus your current status as well as your identity, I think nothing will go wrong.”

“When I return, I will take you to the real grind, it will take one year soon, three years slowly, you count the time yourself, do your best to improve your strength during this time.”

Wu Ming spoke extremely fast, informing Xu Qingnian of these things.

From the tone of Wu Ming’s voice, Xu Qingnian was clear that it might seem like he was just giving an explanation, but in reality, Wu Ming was in a hurry.

It was just that he was unwilling to inform himself, not wanting to burden himself with too much.

Xu Qingnian knew, but did not say so, instead nodding his head, but about Zhu Sheng, Xu Qingnian did not forget.

“Master, the other day, wasn’t I at the Great Wei Palace of Literature, reading the Twelve Holy Books?”

“My disciple saw Zhu Sheng.”

Xu Qingnian spoke up, this matter should have been told to Wu Ming at the time of his enlightenment, but at that time, he was in a state of enlightenment, so he did not say anything.

Now Xu Qingnian felt that she had to say it so that Wu Ming would know about it, so that it might bring some enlightenment to Wu Ming.

“You have seen Zhu Sheng?”

Wu Ming was a little surprised and looked at Xu Qingnian curiously.

“En.”

“My apprentice met Zhu Sheng, who originally wanted to lead me on his holy path, but my apprentice refused and chose his own path.”

“However, the Vermilion Saint did not blame the apprentice, but instead recounted some truths with himself, and the apprentice informed the Vermilion Saint of what the Vermilion Saint’s lineage was doing nowadays.”

“Zhu Sheng was furious, and also informed his apprentice of a secret, related to the immortal corpse.”

Xu Qingnian made a long story short and told Wu Ming what Zhu Sheng had said, in its original form.

The latter, after hearing what Xu Qingnian said again, could not help but frown.

“En, Zhu Sheng was right, the immortal corpse was not the first to be discovered by the Great Ancestor, before that, there were indeed some people, whether it was five or six, I would not be sure.”

“But after all, Zhu Sheng was a saint hundreds of years ago, it’s normal to know a bit better than me.”

“Nowadays, Zhu Sheng’s lineage has indeed made Confucianism unlike Confucianism, so there is a mastermind behind it, I see.”

Wu Ming’s eyes lit up as he seemed to have thought of something.

“Master? What’s wrong?”

Xu Qingnian said curiously.

“The roar of the immortal corpse, it should be these few people, otherwise, who could copy the roar of the immortal corpse?”

“Only they can do it too.”

“There’s a lot of trouble.”

Wu Ming frowned, his face not looking too good.

Xu Qingnian was also somewhat silent after hearing this again.

“If it’s really these people, the immortal corpses fell down during the Tai Zu years, and it’s possible that these people have lived for seven or eight hundred years, or even thousands of years, to live until now, I’m just afraid.”

Xu Qingnian understood why Wu Ming had a feeling of being on the brink of a great enemy.

After all, the person who had come into contact with the immortal corpse in the first place had lived for at least eight hundred years, and the immortal corpse had fallen during the year of the Great Ancestor.

A person who had lived for eight hundred years, imagine how strong and powerful he was now?

“Not necessarily, maybe it’s their descendants that live for eight hundred years? The Great Ancestor didn’t live eight hundred years even when he touched the immortal corpse, what makes them live eight hundred years?”

“In the whole world, apart from a few old bastards in the Immortal Way who have lived for a thousand years, who else can live that long? And such people live long, but there is a price to pay.”

Wu Ming did not think in a bad way and did not feel that the other party must be very strong.

This was not arrogance.

Rather, it was because, being a First Grade Martial Artist, he had this confidence.

“Immortal Dao for a thousand years, strong? What price do I have to pay?”

Xu Qingnian asked, the Immortal Sect was about to be introduced into Great Wei, this was something that could not be helped, it was just as well that Xu Qingnian could ask Wu Ming how strong the Immortal Way was, lest there be any conflict in the future.

“It won’t be very strong, a First Grade in its prime would have to be killed if it came within a thousand feet of my master.”

“As for those who have lived for a thousand years, their cultivation has passed away, Shouren, remember that a person will have an infancy and a prime, as well as a decay.”

“Living for a long time does not mean being strong, living for a thousand years may not even defeat you, but such people are wise, a thousand years of wisdom, unimaginable, and they know a lot about many things.”

“If you don’t have to, don’t offend the Immortal Way, and in future, you can ask them about many things.”

“The entry of the disciples of the Immortal Dao into Great Wei will cause some influence, but it is not a difficult task to discipline them properly.”

Wu Ming said so, informing Xu Qingnian of the situation of the Immortal Dao.

Hearing this, Xu Qingnian was able to understand the approximate strength of the Immortal Way.

“If you are in any danger, just crush the jade pendant and I will be there at the first opportunity.”

Wu Ming said so.

“Do you have to leave in such a hurry?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

“En, but not to the Devil’s Domain, to run some other errands.”

“Going to the Devil’s Domain tomorrow.”

“Shouren, take care of yourself.”

Wu Ming replied, he was going to do some other things.

“En, please don’t worry, Master.”

Xu Qingnian understood that Wu Ming was worried about himself.

In the next moment, Wu Ming’s figure, gradually disappeared from the spot.

But at the end, Xu Qingnian suddenly spoke.

“Master, wait.”

As Xu Qingnian’s voice rang out, Wu Ming’s figure reunited again.

“What’s wrong?”

Wu Ming was a little curious and looked at Xu Qingnian.

“Master, do you know about the three items, the Demon Subduing Divine Stone, the Dragon Blood Yang Jade, and the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus?”

Xu Qingnian had almost forgotten to ask about this.

When this was said, Wu Ming could not help but frown and ponder, and he did not ask Xu Qingnian why he was looking for these three items.

Instead, he pondered.

After a while, Wu Ming gave his answer.

“The Demon Subduing Divine Stone is known to my master, but this Dragon Blood Yang Jade and the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus are unknown to me.”

“The Buddha Lotus should be something from the Buddha Sect, just find a monk and ask him about it when you go back.”

“The Demon Suppressing Divine Stone should be among the imperial palace, I remember that the Martial Emperor possessed it.”

Wu Ming spoke up.

The Martial Emperor?

Xu Qingnian was a little surprised, he hadn't really thought that the Demon Subduing Divine Stone actually had something to do with the Martial Emperor.

"En, that should be the case, how exactly, you should ask this doll Ji Ling."

"Oh, mentioning this matter, my master has something to discuss with you."

Speaking of the empress, Wu Ming also had something to talk to Xu Qingnian about.

"Master, you say."

Xu Qingnian said curiously.

"How do you feel about this doll Ji Ling?"

Wu Ming asked.

He was a First Rank of Great Wei, and when he saw the empress and called out to her Majesty, it was out of respect for Great Wei, and there was no problem calling out to the doll in private.

"Feeling? It feels like that, Master, what are you asking this for?"

Xu Qingnian didn't understand what his master meant.

"My master thought, you are not married yet, and this doll Ji Ling is not married either, if she were an ordinary person, it would be fine, she can be capricious, but she is the Emperor of the Great Wei, she cannot be capricious, sooner or later she will have to marry someone."

"But the empress, if she wants to marry someone, she can't just marry someone, at least she has to be of a similar age, and secondly, she has to be a half-saint, preferably a disciple of the first rank, able to write and fight, what do you say?"

Wu Ming spoke out, except what he said made Xu Qingnian couldn't help but stare.

Good man, these few conditions, weren't they just clearly saying that it was himself?

"Master, don't joke, Her Majesty is the empress of the Great Wei, my apprentice doesn't go thinking nonsense."

Xu Qingnian refused outright, not really looking down on herself, mainly because people are emperors, it's impossible to marry someone else, right? It must be a welcome marriage.



And she was a new saint of Wei, a third-ranking martial artist, so she could marry someone? Sorry, not possible.

If you don't have the ability Xu Qingnian can eat soft rice, why eat soft rice if you have the ability?

The woman is indeed very beautiful, and if you marry such a wife, you will indeed honor your ancestors, and most of all, you will enjoy the blessings.

But Xu Qingnian wouldn't do it.

"What's wrong with that? So what if she is the empress of Wei? You are still the new saint of Great Wei. Besides, you are still my disciple Wu Ming, so I will ask you one question, do you think this doll Ji Ling is beautiful?"

Wu Ming said in a domineering manner.

"To say it's not pretty is definitely a lie, but ....."

Before Xu Qingnian could finish his sentence, Wu Ming continued.

"OK, then I ask you, if the empress is willing to marry you, do you want it?"

"You shall not lie to my master, answer truthfully."

Wu Ming directly interrupted Xu Qingnian's words and demanded that Xu Qingnian must not lie to him.

Once this was said, Xu Qingnian could only say helplessly.

"Master, Her Majesty's country is so beautiful, if she really wants to marry me, I definitely want it, but feelings are such a thing, it ....."

Before Xu Qingnian could finish speaking, Wu Ming disappeared.

As if he had gotten some kind of affirmative answer.

This time, Xu Qingnian was a little depressed.

However, she didn't think much of it, it was normal for elders to set up with each other, and anyway, things like feelings couldn't be forced.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian continued to watch the ancient books, having already learned the whereabouts of the Demon Subduing Divine Stone, Xu Qingnian still wanted to find out the whereabouts of the other two items, and would set off after finding them.

At the same time.

Great Wei Kyoto.

Ministry of Officials.

Although so many things have happened in the past two days, the country cannot stop functioning, so things must be done as they should be done.

In the Shang Shu Room, Chen Zhengru began to approve the information on talents.

Suddenly, a figure appeared, the figure of Wu Ming.

Seeing Wu Ming appear, Chen Zhengru immediately got up and bowed towards him.

“I, Chen Zhengru, have met senior.”

“I wonder what senior is looking for senior, what is your business?”

Chen Zhengru was respectful, facing the First Grade of Great Wei as he performed a great salute.

At the same time, he was also curious as to why Wu Ming had appeared here.

“There is an important matter.”

“His Majesty’s marriage.”

Wu Ming spoke, and in one sentence, Chen Zhengru was confused.

His Majesty’s wedding?

As a courtier, putting aside the internal affairs, the matter that concerned him the most was the issue of the imperial heir, the female emperor not marrying or not marrying, not giving birth to an imperial son, was certainly not a good thing for Great Wei ah.

The empress is relatively young, so she can still delay for two years, but this kind of thing can be solved as soon as possible.

But who will the empress find is another question.

Who is worthy of the empress?

This question made all the civil and military officials curious, and right now Wu Ming suddenly said this, making him confused indeed.

“What does senior say?”

Chen Zhengru said with some curiosity.

“What do you think of Xu Qingnian? This apprentice of mine has some interest in His Majesty, only that my apprentice is rather thin-skinned and he is embarrassed, so I, as a master, will help him out and act as a matchmaker.”

Wu Ming looked at Chen Zhengru and opened the door.

When he said this, Chen Zhengru was even more shocked.

“Shouren?”

“Shouren likes His Majesty?”

“Senior, are you telling the truth?”

Chen Zhengru’s entire body directly stood up, looking at Wu Ming with shock in his eyes.

Xu Qingnian liked the empress?

This was simply unbelievable.

“En.”

“Shouren himself told old man that he was willing to marry the female emperor, but this disciple of mine is thin-skinned, you should be clear about that as well.”

Wu Ming nodded directly, he really didn’t feel like he had lied, after all, he had asked Xu Qingnian if he was willing to marry the Female Emperor.

Of course the premise was that the female emperor married Xu Qingnian.

“Hiss.”

Chen Zhengru was silent, for a moment he had trouble digesting this, he didn’t quite believe it, after all who would dare to think such a thing about the female emperor?

But soon, a brilliant aura lit up in Chen Zhengru’s eyes.

He suddenly understood a lot of things.

Why did Xu Qingnian want to become an official in Great Wei? Why did Xu Qingnian work so hard? Why did Xu Qingnian endure so much and not say a word about suffering?

It was because in his eyes, it was all about the empress ah.

Hiss.

So that's how it is, so that's how it is, so that's how it is, Xu Qingnian actually likes His Majesty.

Chen Zhengru thought about a lot of things, especially before, he was still curious about what Xu Qingnian was doing for when she was so tired and endured so many things.

Yet, he never thought that Xu Qingnian was actually for the empress.

This was too infatuated, wasn't it?

"How so?"

Wu Ming opened his mouth as he asked Chen Zhengru.

The latter instantly woke up, and then looked at Wu Ming and said.

"Senior, this matter mainly depends on His Majesty's wishes."

"However, senior feels that this matter can be facilitated, there are only a few people in this world who are worthy of His Majesty, and Shouren is indeed worthy of His Majesty, it can be described as a match made in heaven."

"But whether it will work or not depends on what Your Majesty wants. If Your Majesty has no idea about Shouren, then there is nothing we can do, but if Your Majesty has ideas about Shouren."

"Then the matter can be accomplished."

Chen Zhengru said so.

One was the Empress of Great Wei, the first female emperor in a thousand years, with a magnificent style and a splendid face.

One was the New Saint of Great Wei, the number one talent in all the ages, handsome and unmatched in his generation.

These two were a match made in heaven.

Why hadn't he thought of it before.

"Fine, I'll leave this matter to your six ministries, so I'll leave first."

"This disciple of mine is thin-skinned, so don't speak to him before the matter is confirmed, lest he be ashamed."

Wu Ming deliberately admonished, in the eyes of someone like him who had come through, Xu Qingnian was just thin-skinned.

Thinking about it, after all, he was the emperor, it was normal for him to be a little shy.

"Okay."

"Seniors take care."

Chen Zhengru bowed towards Wu Ming, while the latter instantly disappeared in place.

Soon, after Wu Ming had left, Chen Zhengru pushed open the door of his room with a fart and said.

"Quickly, go and call all the six ministries to come."

Chen Zhengru ordered, asking the six ministerial prefects to come over.

Just as quickly, Chen Zhengru looked impatient again and spoke directly.

"Forget it, I'll go get them."

After saying these words, Chen Zhengru hurried to the Ministry of the Household in a flash.

A quarter of an hour later.

Inside the Minister of Household's room.

Gu Yan was talking with someone when, just out of the blue, the door to the room was pushed open.

It was the figure of Chen Zhengru.

"Shang Shu Gu, Shang Shu Gu, there's something big."

Chen Zhengru said, looking rather excited.

Just as soon as he pushed the room open, he saw that there was another person in the room.

It was Li Guangxiao.

“Mr. Li?”

Chen Zhengru knew Li Guangxiao, and there was some surprise in his eyes.

“Zhengmin, why are you in such a hurry? This is not your way of doing things, is it?”

Chen Zhengru, whose name was Zhengmin, was Li Guangxiao’s junior, so naturally he could address him as such.

“There is a big happy event.”

Chen Zhengru closed the door to the room directly, and he suppressed his inner excitement and said so.

At this moment, Gu Yan and Li Guangxiao were a little surprised.

“What big happy event? Minister Chen, look how excited you are.”

Gu Yan was curious, he really couldn’t think of any other big happy event that could make the grand minister of Great Wei so excited and happy now?

“Senior Wu Ming has asked us to facilitate the marriage between the empress and Shouren.”

Chen Zhengru said excitedly.

As soon as this was said, Li Guangxiao and Gu Yan got up in shock.

“Minister Chen, what do you mean by that?”

“Zhengmin, what do you mean by that?”

The two men rose straight away, as the news was simply too shocking.

But Chen Zhengru did not nag and relayed what Wu Ming had said to the two men.

“Shouren likes His Majesty, but Shouren is thin-skinned, we all know this, and he has never dared to say anything.”

“Now Senior Wu Ming feels the time is right and wants to set up His Majesty and Shouren.”

Chen Zhengru said excitedly.

When this was said, the two men fell silent.

After a while, Gu Yan couldn't help but speak, "I just said, why did Shouren look at His Majesty with one eye when they went to court in the past, so that was the case."

"Old me felt something was wrong at that time, you said that when you go to court, you go to court, what is the point of looking at His Majesty all the time?"

"So that's how it is."

"Good, good, good, this is a good thing, His Majesty's marriage, sooner or later, must be done, but according to His Majesty's temper and this character, let her marry, I am afraid that His Majesty will not agree to it, besides, there are not many people in this world who can match His Majesty."

"But Shouren is different."

"Shouren is the new saint of Wei and has done so much for Wei, if he were to marry His Majesty, hiss! If he were to marry His Majesty, the fortunes of my country would be stronger than ever before."

Gu Yan said with great excitement.

Now that there were no more internal or external problems in Great Wei, what was the only problem? It was not the marriage of the empress.

Just because they didn't have time to worry about it now, didn't mean they didn't think about it.

Right now Xu Qingnian, the best candidate, had taken the initiative to appear, so how could they not be excited? How could they not be joyful?

"Zhengmin, is everything you said true?"

Li Guangxiao got up and grabbed Chen Zhengru and said so.

Regarding the matter of the Empress' marriage, as the Empress' teacher, he understood how important it was, and he had proposed this matter back then.

It was just that the empress had been avoiding it, plus he didn't know what Xu Qingnian meant, so wouldn't it be awkward if the empress said yes and Xu Qingnian didn't?

But now that he heard this, Li Guangxiao was extraordinarily excited.

“A thousand times true, a thousand times true.”

“Where would a student dare to talk nonsense on this.”

Chen Zhengru smiled and said helplessly.

Once these words were said, Li Guangxiao did not say a word and directly grabbed the door and left.

It left Chen Zhengru and Gu Yan a little confused, not knowing what Li Guangxiao was going to do.

“Let’s not talk nonsense either, go, go and inform the other Shang Shu, this matter, must be discussed in the long run.”

“This is a great thing, a great thing in the sky.”

Gu Yan opened his mouth and pulled Chen Zhengru to say so.

“En.”

Chen Zhengru nodded, and then left with Gu Yan to inform the other six ministers, even including the nine state princes.

This matter had to be made known to everyone, and the civil and military officials were working together to set Xu Qingnian up with His Majesty.

And at the same time.

Inside the Great Wei Imperial Palace.

Li Guangxiao ran wildly all the way, he was so old that his bones were a bit weak, but he ran extremely fast.

Hardly did he arrive outside the Palace of the Raising Heart.

“Inform Your Majesty, I have something important to report.”

Li Guangxiao opened his mouth and said with incomparable excitement.

Soon, the eunuch came out and assisted Li Guangxiao inside.

He entered the main hall.

On the dragon chair, the empress looked at her teacher with some curiosity, wondering what was wrong with him. Why was he so excited for a good reason?



“You guys go down.”

Li Guangxiao told the others to leave.

Soon, the eunuchs and servant girls left one after another.

Immediately afterwards, Li Guangxiao’s voice rang out.

“Your Majesty, Your Majesty, it turns out that Shouren has always been in love with you.”

Li Guangxiao spoke directly and covered up.

When this was said, the empress could not help but stare.

She looked at Li Guangxiao, her eyes filled with curiosity among them.

“Teacher, what do you mean by that?”

The empress asked.

Soon, Li Guangxiao spoke out and told the Empress the whole story.

After hearing this, the Empress remained calm on the surface, but her heart was already rippling.

She knew that Xu Qingnian had some good feelings for her, but what she didn’t expect was that Xu Qingnian wanted to marry herself?

This.

This.

“Nonsense.

The empress opened her mouth, but her voice wasn’t the kind of reprimand, she merely said this.

However, Li Guangxiao instantly understood what the Empress was thinking.

If it was anyone else who said such words, I’m afraid the empress would have been angry on the spot, but hearing that it was Xu Qingnian, she only said a word of nonsense, not even a little angry, just to maintain the emperor’s majesty.

The first time I saw this, I knew there was a real possibility of a match being made.

“Your majesty, I will not hide, say it straight, you do not have to be angry.”

“Shouren is the new saint of the Great Wei, handsome and handsome, now only twenty years old, in terms of looks, he is also at the top, in terms of talent, it is obvious to all, in terms of strength, a third-grade martial artist, maybe a second-grade martial artist in the future.”

“Such a young and handsome person who is capable of writing and martial arts, and who can govern the country, is indeed worthy of you, Your Majesty.”

“If Your Majesty remains like this, I fear that it will break Shouren’s heart, and perhaps one day Shouren will find another appointment.”

Li Guangxiao spoke up, and he advised the empress not to continue being arrogant.

It was so hard to meet such a superb one, so just hurry up and say yes.

However the empress did not speak, she stood up and said.

“I, for one, have not considered these things.”

“Teacher, there is no need to say more.”

The empress remained somewhat arrogant.

When this was said, Li Guangxiao was helpless.

But the more the empress was like this, the more Li Guangxiao knew that the empress also had a good feeling for Xu Qingnian, without which where would she be like this?

“Forget it, since Your Majesty really doesn’t have such a heart, then I’ll tell Shouren.”

“Tell him to break off his thoughts and find a good girl, don’t let his youth go to waste.”

“Your Majesty, I will leave you.”

Li Guangxiao got up, since the empress was still like this, there was nothing he could do, as the empress’ teacher, he was actually more concerned about the empress’ life events.

But it was because of his status that he had no right to interfere, nor was it good to say more ah.

Once this was said, Li Guangxiao got up and left.

On the dragon chair, the empress was in an extremely complicated mood.

Especially after hearing Li Guangxiao say that he should tell Xu Qingnian to give up her thoughts and find a good girl, she subconsciously frowned.

And just as Li Guangxiao walked to the outside of the hall.

A voice rang out.

“Teacher, don’t go.”

“I,..... have something to discuss with you.”

It was the empress’ voice.

## **Awaken Chapter 218 -**

Inside the Great Wei Palace.

Li Guangxiao was giving a long speech.

“Your Majesty, there are two main types of feelings for men and women, one is love at first sight and the other is longevity.”

“Xu Shouren, the saint of Xu, should have fallen in love with you at first sight, after all, you are a magnificent man, so it is normal for Xu Shouren to fall in love with your Majesty.”

“Your Majesty is very busy with the affairs of the state, and because of the affairs of the court, you do not have any time to care about these matters, and it is because of this that Your Majesty is concerned about matters of emotion.”

“But to be fair, Your Majesty, do you really not have any good feelings towards Xu Sheng?”

Li Guangxiao said seriously.

He was the empress’s teacher and also half a father, and the teacher was the father, so among the entire court, he was the most concerned about the matter of the empress’s marriage.

She was already twenty-four years old, so if she didn’t get married, did she want to die alone?

If Ji Ling was not the emperor, it would not have mattered, but the problem was that Ji Ling was the empress of Great Wei, and at twenty-four, it was almost time to consider the matter of an heir.

Once a son is born, the dynasty will be more secure and the officials will be able to breathe a sigh of relief.

Especially now that Xu Qingnian has easily emerged, with good looks, talent and ability, and the prestige of the people is not weaker than that of the emperor.

The rarest thing is that Xu Qingnian likes the female emperor, and if this marriage were to take place, the people of the world would applaud.

For Great Wei, there would only be benefits and no disadvantages.

“Teacher, I am discussing state affairs, why are you talking about this again?”

The empress opened her mouth and spoke in a calm tone.

“Your Majesty.”

“What is the need for you to do so? The old minister who is half in the ground, what are you still afraid of the old minister saying about you?”

“Good, since we are talking about state affairs, then I will say it, if Your Majesty wishes the Great Wei Dynasty to be stable, you must consider the important matter of marriage.”

Li Guangxiao opened his mouth, and he said it in a different way.

Just as soon as this was said, the empress immediately gave an answer.

“If we are discussing state affairs, then I do have some good feelings towards Aiqing Xu.”

When it came to personal matters, Ji Ling could not say anything.

When it came to national affairs, Ji Ling could answer.

This was her character.

Hearing these words, Li Guangxiao’s heart inexplicably felt a little unsure of what to say, but thinking about it, after all, the empress, no matter how resourceful she was, was only twenty-four years old, and as strong as her political skills were, the problem was that she was clueless when it came to the feelings of men and women.

Some good face is also very normal, the Great Wei empress want to point to face, no shame.

“Then, in that case, for the sake of national importance, I beg Your Majesty to tie the knot with Xu Sheng, to add another happy event to our Great Wei.”

Li Guangxiao said excitedly.

Only the empress shook her head straight away.

“No.”

“Such an important event is not to be taken lightly.”

The empress was very firm, not because she did not have a good feeling towards Xu Qingnian, but because she was not ready for it.

When this was said, Li Guangxiao froze, but he did not say more, instead he looked at the empress and said.

“In that case, Your Majesty, this matter can be delayed for a while, and it is a way for Your Majesty and Xu Sheng to communicate properly and spend some time together, except that I have a few things to inform Your Majesty.”

“If I am wrong, I hope Your Majesty will forgive me.”

After Li Guangxiao said this, he did not give the empress a chance and spoke directly.

“One, I hope Your Majesty will stop acting like this, Shouren has now become a half-saint of Great Wei, although he likes Your Majesty, but if Your Majesty continues to be so high and mighty, no other man would be able to accept it, Your Majesty should know the appropriate time to give Xu Sheng a little step.”

“Secondly, we should spend more time together, and give something to Xu Sheng every now and then, not so much to please him, but to honour the new saint, if he understands, he will understand, if he doesn’t, it doesn’t matter, at least to bring the relationship closer.”

“Thirdly, Your Majesty should not deal with imperial affairs all day long, nowadays, outside of Wei, the chaos has been pacified, although the barbarians are strong, but the dragon tripod of the Wei dynasty has been forged, it is only a matter of time before the barbarians are pacified, and internally, the vassal kings, there is no need to worry, at the moment the vassal kings do not have the courage to act in a disorderly manner.”

“The internal affairs of the country, under the coordination of the six ministries, will certainly allow Your Majesty to rest easy, so Your Majesty should not use this as an excuse to avoid this matter, I hope Your Majesty will think twice.”

Li Guangxiao put forward three conditions for the empress’ attention.

Once these words were said, the empress wanted to retort, but after seeing Li Guangxiao's face full of determination, she finally sighed and said.

"All right, I will try to try."

"However, the dynastic affairs should still be dealt with, Great Wei is not as safe as one might think, I still need to be on guard at all times."

The empress gave a reply that she could accept it, only that the dynastic affairs still could not be put down.

For this, Li Guangxiao did not care, as long as the empress accepted it, there was a chance that it would be possible.

"In that case, then I will first retire."

Li Guangxiao did not continue, but left first, fearing that the Empress would turn around and backtrack.

The Empress did not say anything, but watched Li Guangxiao leave.

After Li Guangxiao had left, the Empress was left sitting alone in the Great Hall.

To be honest, the Empress was completely unprepared for this matter, she had never thought about it at all.

Although very early on, she had known that Xu Qingnian liked herself.

However, she still thought that Xu Qingnian was just a whim, but now it seems that Xu Qingnian is really very fond of herself.

But the problem is, she is the empress of Wei, she has not thought about marriage.

But Li Guangxiao's words today left him with mixed feelings.

What if he was too cold and Xu Qingnian really found another woman? Wasn't he just going to some peach blossom nunnery before?

At this moment, there was only one question in the empress's mind.

That is, what was her attitude towards Xu Qingnian?

It would be a lie to say that she didn't have a good feeling.

After all, Xu Qingnian was extraordinary in appearance, and so young, plus now she was the new saint of the Great Wei.

There was absolutely no problem with this status.

It was just that the empress didn't like to go too fast.

She wanted to take her time and build up her feelings slowly while having a good feeling.

Thinking of this, the Empress finally sighed.

Let's give it a try, we may not be so forced, if it's really suitable, so be it, if it's really not suitable, then so be it.

About half an hour later, out of the blue, Zhao Wan'er's voice rang out from outside the hall.

"Your Majesty, Xu Qingnian requests to see you."

As Zhao Wan'er's voice rang out, Ji Ling's heart, which had just calmed down, was in turmoil again.

Xu Qingnian was asking for an audience?

Could it be that she was proposing marriage directly at her door?

There was a rare flash of panic in the empress' eyes, but she quickly put it down and replaced it with calm.

"Xu Aiqing is heralded into the hall."

The empress opened her mouth, no matter what, she would first declare Xu Qingnian inside.

As the empress opened her mouth, Xu Qingnian's figure soon walked in slowly from outside the hall.

He stepped into the Hall of the Raising Heart.

Xu Qingnian spoke directly towards the empress.

"I, Xu Qingnian, pay my respects to Your Majesty."

Xu Qingnian made a salute and said so.

"You need not be polite, as I said before, there is no need to salute when you see me in the future."

The empress spoke out, looking at Xu Qingnian, her voice calm, but inexplicably a little nervous.

“Your Majesty, I have come here to do two things.”

Xu Qingnian spoke out.

Without waiting for the empress to say anything, Xu Qingnian spoke directly.

“Dare I ask Your Majesty, do you know about the Demon Subduing Divine Stone, the Dragon Blood Yang Jade, and the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

He had already read all the books in the Hidden Scripture Pavilion, and had not found the Demon Subduing Divine Stone, the Dragon Blood Yang Jade, or the Eight Treasured Buddha Lotus.

It was impossible to find them at all.

Now that he had become a saint, Xu Qingnian could read the books and finish them all in less than a quarter of an hour, which was the power of the Holy Dao.

“Demon subduing divine stone? Dragon Blood Yang Jade? Eight Treasure Buddha Lotus?”

The empress was somewhat curious.

She pondered slightly, and after a while, the Empress quickly thought of it.

“The Dragon Blood Yang Jade as well as the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus, I am not sure, but the Demon Suppressing Divine Stone, I am clear about it, this is a treasure in the palace, when I was young, I had seen it before, in my father’s hands.”

The empress gave her answer, while looking at Xu Qingnian with some curiosity.

“Why does Aiqing Xu ask about this object?”

She was puzzled and very curious.

“Your Majesty, I need this object, is the Demon Suppressing Divine Stone ever in the palace?”

Hearing this, Xu Qingnian became somewhat joyful as he directly asked the empress.

“It is not in.”



The empress shook her head and said, "This object is definitely not in the palace anymore, my father has hidden this object away."

She said so, her tone very certain.

But this certainty caused Xu Qingnian to fall silent.

"Hidden away?"

"Where is it hidden?"

"Did it become a burial object?"

Xu Qingnian was a little confused, what was this thing hidden for? It was also curious if it had become a burial object.

Hearing Xu Qingnian ask this, the empress was silent for a moment, but after a while, the empress continued.

"Aiqing, is this object important to you?"

The Empress did not answer, but asked Xu Qingnian.

"Your Majesty, this object is extremely important to me, it is of great importance."

Xu Qingnian didn't know how to answer, but he didn't want to hide it, because this thing was really important to him, if he didn't have such a thing, then the scourge of foreign arts would always be a knife over his head.

It would fall down at any time.

Hearing Xu Qingnian's face look so resolute, the empress sighed, and at that moment she waved her hand.

The door to the hall automatically closed.

At this moment, the inner sanctum of the Heart Raising Hall also became incomparably quiet.

Seeing this scene, Xu Qingnian became somewhat curious, but he did not say much, but waited for the Empress to speak.

"Aiqing."

"The Demon Subduing Divine Stone involves a matter, a great Wei mystery."

“If you knew about this matter, it would not be a good thing for you.”

“But if you don’t tell me, I know you won’t be willing to do so.”

The empress spoke out, her voice seemed incredibly serious, and her face was extremely serious.

“Is it about the Demon Subduing Divine Stone?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

“En.”

The empress slowly nodded, and at that moment Xu Qingnian spoke directly.

“Please speak clearly, Your Majesty, I am the new saint of Great Wei and also the prince of Great Wei, so please rest assured that no matter what I hear, I will always be of one mind with the Great Wei Dynasty.”

Xu Qingnian spoke out, the empress saying so much was clearly a hint, and Xu Qingnian didn’t have to talk nonsense, he needed the Demon Subduing Divine Stone, he had to get it himself no matter what.

After hearing what Xu Qingnian said, the empress nodded and spoke immediately afterwards.

“The Demon Subduing Divine Stone is in the hands of my father, who has been dead for many years, except that the Demon Subduing Divine Stone was not buried with him, but was hidden by my father.”

“It was hidden within the Martial Emperor’s Relic Treasure.”

The Empress spoke out as she revealed this secret.

And after Xu Qingnian heard the words Martial Emperor’s Relic Treasure again, his heart revealed his shock, but outwardly he appeared very calm, not showing any expression, but on the contrary, he looked curious.

“The Martial Emperor’s Legacy?”

“Why did the late Emperor get this? Is it because he was afraid that Wei would one day be invaded by foreign enemies? So there is a hidden treasure to give His Majesty a chance to rise again?”

Xu Qingnian asked, pretending to be curious.

But the empress was silent, she did not answer the question.

For a moment, Xu Qingnian was also silent.

Because what she said was purely a forced pretence of ignorance.

What a hair to rise again from the east.

Assuming there was really such a possibility, how many treasures would have to be hidden in order for Great Wei to rise again from the east?

If there were so many treasures, why not leave them to the empress? Why not develop it properly? Why not leave it to the Empress?

Isn't silver what Wei needs most? It's better to have money than to hide it away for nothing?

The problem is that there is no such thing as a former dynasty in Wei.

So the possibility that one suggests is completely illogical.

"Not for the sake of rising again in the east, but for the sake of a great secret in the sky, a secret involving the immortal treasures of the Middle Continent."

"But not for my sake, but for the sake of my brother."

The empress opened her mouth and said so.

When this was said, Xu Qingnian froze in place on the spot.

The Empress' brother?

The prince?

The orphan of Emperor Wu?

Was there really such a legend?

Xu Qingnian really did not think that this was actually true?

Was there really an orphan of the Great Wei?

This.

Xu Qingnian took a deep breath, to be honest, before entering the court, Xu Qingnian also doubted if there was an orphan of Emperor Wu, otherwise the White Cloth Sect had nothing better to do than to do this?

But after entering the courtroom, Xu Qingnian did not think there was such a thing as the orphan of Emperor Wu. If there really was an orphan of Emperor Wu, how come there was no word of it from the six ministries, the state princes and the marquises?

He is now at least the king of the rebellion, right? The new saint of the Great Wei has a very good relationship with the six ministries and the military officials, so it is impossible that he did not tell himself.

It was just that with the empress saying this, Xu Qingnian had to believe it even if she did not believe it.

Xu Qingnian was silent.

And the empress continued to speak.

“Xu Aiqing, are you still willing to continue listening?”

The Empress asked Xu Qingnian, this matter was too involved and she did not want to involve Xu Qingnian in it.

“Please tell me, Your Majesty.”

“As a member of the Great Wei, I have a responsibility to bear.”

Xu Qingnian spoke.

Once this was said, the empress took a deep breath, and since Xu Qingnian was willing to bear the burden, there was nothing more she could say.

“I have an older brother that no one knows about, except for a few princes.”

“My brother, originally, should have been the Crown Prince of Great Wei, but at the time of Father’s Northern Expedition, he vaguely sensed that there was an invisible hand behind Great Wei.”

“This person’s plans are so great that it is no longer as simple as shaking the foundation of the country, once he is allowed to succeed in his plans, the entire Central Continent will only fall, and it is related to the Great Wei Palace of Literature.”

“It’s just that Father doesn’t know who’s behind it, so he’s holding back his troops.”

“In order to lure the snake out of the hole, Father even concealed the birth of the Crown Prince, this was also to protect him, after all, he was in the Northern Expedition at the time and it was difficult for him to look after the Crown Prince.”

“As for me, I was different, I was a woman, the world would not lay hands on a woman who could not even inherit the throne, so I survived by a fluke.”

“With the loss of the Northern Expedition, the situation became more and more serious, and in order to protect the Crown Prince, Father ordered him to be sent away and laid a backhand to hide some treasures.”

“The Demon Suppressing Divine Stone, was thus hidden by Father, as to where it was hidden, I am not sure, these things were also told to me by Father in his later years.”

The Empress spoke, these words came out of her mouth, seemingly calmly, but Xu Qingnian could realise how much pressure the Empress had been under before she ascended the throne.

“The late emperor hid the treasures for the sake of the Central Continent Immortal Collection, but when the Crown Prince was sent out, why has the Crown Prince disappeared by now?”

“In the late years of the late emperor, the crown prince had also grown to adulthood, so he could have been picked up completely.”

Xu Qingnian inquired, although this was somewhat treacherous, he still wanted to ask for some clarification.

After all, the current emperor was Ji Ling, not the Crown Prince.

“It’s not possible to receive it back.”

“Father sent someone to send the Crown Prince away by asking a second-grade martial artist to escort him, and that second-grade martial artist, has already died.”

“No one knows where the crown prince has gone, and the father did not tell me before he died, because he was also worried that I would kill my brother because of the throne.”

“That is how it is in imperial families, there is no emotion to speak of, so it became a suspicious case.”

The empress spoke in as calm a tone as possible, but Xu Qingnian could hear how hard it was for the empress to learn of Emperor Wu’s thoughts.

But Xu Qingnian had no way to comfort her, because if she were the Martial Emperor herself, she wouldn't dare to say anything herself.

After all, what was in front of Ji Ling was the Great Wei throne, and if she learned of her brother's whereabouts, who, as the one in power, would let her brother go?

Let him inherit the throne? Give up the throne himself?

If they had grown up together and had a strong bond, there would have been a chance, but there was no bond between them, and the empress had never even met her brother.

In this situation, there was nothing wrong with Emperor Wu's choice, which could only be described as ruthless, but it was definitely something an emperor should do.

"If no one can know, why does the White Cloth Sect know?"

Xu Qingnian continued to ask, keenly aware of this loophole.

Once this was said, the empress also replied calmly.

"If you want people to not know, unless you do, it is useless even if father hides it well, there is no impervious strength in this world, the crown prince's mother, after giving birth to the crown prince, passed away strangely, and her clan was decimated, but the news has already spread out."

"Some people already knew about it, so they waited for the father to die and immediately formed the White Cloth Sect to spread the story, only there was not enough evidence, so the court was able to suppress this gossip."

"But the White Cloth Sect knew that I did indeed have a half-brother, the Crown Prince of Great Wei."

"Only, they believe that I plotted to kill the Crown Prince of Great Wei and ascend to the throne, but they do not know that I was able to ascend to the throne with the support of the vassal kings."

The empress replied.

There was another piece of news that surprised Xu Qingnian beyond belief.

Relying on the support of the vassal kings?

After all, when Emperor Wu died, everyone in the world thought that he would choose a royal prince to inherit the throne.

After all, it was unheard of for a woman to ascend to the throne, but the empress did so, to everyone's surprise, and everyone said that the empress must have been hiding a secret.

But no one knew exactly what it was.

Xu Qingnian once wondered why the vassal kings did not move when the empress ascended to the throne. This is the best time to move.

It would have been better to rebel directly, so that the empress would not have had a chance to react.

This was something that Xu Qingnian had thought about and finally felt that the empress had some means of controlling the vassal kings, most likely related to Yi Pin.

After she had studied with Yi Pin, Xu Qingnian became even more certain of this possibility.

After all, she had actually seen how terrifying the First Grade Heavenly Might was.

But now the empress was telling herself that when she had ascended to the throne, there was a clan king supporting her behind the scenes?

Was that clan king that stupid? Was he trying to control the empress? It was impossible and it didn't make sense, why would he want to control the empress when he could become emperor himself?

Why would he want to control the empress if he could be the emperor himself? Isn't he afraid that the empress will turn against him?

Xu Qingnian's mind raced, and soon he came up with a possibility.

"Your Majesty, the Palace of Literature is also behind this, right?"

Xu Qingnian enquired.

"En, with the shadow of the Wen Palace, I was able to inherit, and the Wen Palace also helped tremendously, believing that picking a vassal king at random would lead to internal turmoil, and that by inheriting himself, he could secure the kingdom."

"But the main thing is the support of the vassal kings, only I don't know which one."

"If there is no support from the vassal kings, even if the Palace of Literature talks well, Great Wei will inevitably rise up in rebellion, and the First Grade martial artists will not intervene, as long as the Emperor of Great Wei's surname is Ji."

“Therefore, the only people who can hold down vassal kings everywhere are vassal kings, and vassal kings with military power in their hands.”

“Nowadays, it seems likely that it is Prince Huaining.”

The empress gave her answer, but it made Xu Qingnian feel thoroughly complicated.

Prince Huaining?

He was the one who wanted to rebel the most, how could he turn out to be the vassal king who supported the empress to the throne?

It could be said that by now Prince Huaining probably wanted to rebel, and Xu Qingnian was ready to deal with him.

Now that I hear it, it's simply too complicated.

What was Prince Huaining doing to help the empress? Support the empress to the throne and want to control her? This obviously didn't make sense, what good would it do him?

Why didn't he just rebel at the very beginning? He controls the Qilin Army, one of the five great battalions, and he himself is of the same generation as the Martial Emperor and has enough prestige.

To be honest, there were few people more suitable to be the Emperor of Great Wei than him, except Prince Yongping, who was indeed the next Emperor of Great Wei in the first place, after all, and if the shame of Jingcheng had not happened, then Prince Yongping would not have been able to escape.

So Xu Qingnian really couldn't believe that the vassal king behind the empress would be the Prince of Huaining, it was too circular.

It was extremely, extremely unreasonable.

In a word, what did Prince Huaining figure?

“This is just my guess, Aiqing Xu should not think too much, it is not clear if it is Prince Huaining.”

“What is in a nutshell is that the late emperor lost the Northern Expedition, but he also got what he wanted, involving the Central Continent Immortal Collection.”

“That's the root of it all, rumour has it that by opening the Midcontinent Immortal Collection, one can win the world.”



“And the way to open the Midcontinent Immortal Collection is hidden in the Crown Prince and the Martial Emperor’s relics, over the years, I have also had people secretly search for it, but nothing has been found.”

“The White Clan, the vassal kings from all over the world, and even the Wen Palace are also secretly investigating, everyone wants to obtain the Zhongzhou Immortal Collection, something that Great Wei has traded back for the foundation of the country, it is of great significance.”

The empress said seriously.

“The roots of the country in exchange for back?”

“Does Your Majesty mean to say that Great Wei’s late Northern Expedition was not for the purpose of suppressing the barbarians, but for the Midcontinent Immortal Collection?”

Xu Qingnian didn’t know much about this Zhongzhou Immortal Collection and was just curious about the Northern Expedition.

“Naturally.”

“Of the seven Northern Expeditions, the first three were great victories, killing the barbarians until they lost their colours, and in terms of war, the first three Northern Expeditions have already avenged themselves and got what they wanted.”

“The last four times there was no need to continue the northern expedition, but Wei still chose to do so with determination.

The Empress said so.

With these words, a doubt in Xu Qingnian’s mind was cleared up.

Xu Qingnian was indeed curious, the first three of the seven Northern Expeditions of the Great Wei had killed the barbarians, and from the perspective of warfare, it was definitely a sure win.

There is no need to completely slaughter the barbarians because to continue to fight is a waste. Killing 70% of the barbarians and launching a new northern expedition in order to completely eradicate them is not good for the country nor for the people.

The Emperor Wu was impulsive, not to mention that the officials of the six ministries could not sit back and do nothing. According to the tradition of the Ministry of the Household, how could they allow Emperor Wu to continue fighting?

There was no need to do so, for even if he won, he would not make any money, and if he lost, he would lose.

But Emperor Wu not only fought, but also carried out four northern expeditions, which would have been possible for the eighth and ninth time if Wei had not been unable to carry on.

It is also because the last four northern expeditions, which should have been the Divine Warrior, are now simply the word Wu Yuan in the history books, representing the change of the Great Wei Dynasty from economic development, back to warfare development.

Xu Qingnian was once curious as to why Emperor Wu was like this, but now he completely understood.

It turned out that what was being plotted was actually the Zhongzhou Immortal Collection, ah.

Although he didn't know what it was, he knew from the name that it was definitely not something ordinary, and through what the empress said just now, the one who won the Zhongzhou Immortal Collection could win the world.

In contrast, it was normal for Emperor Wu to be so impulsive, the temptation was too great.

By defeating the barbarians, the Great Wei Dynasty would only become a little stronger and would still be restricted by the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty, whereas by obtaining the Central Continent Immortal Collection, he would directly unify the world.

Who would not be tempted to skip the unification of the Central Continent and unify the whole world? Who would not be impressed?

It was reasonable.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian generally understood what had happened during the Wuyuan period.

After the shame of Jingcheng.

Emperor Wu ascended to the throne and struck back in a domineering manner with three northern invasions, beating the barbarians to tears, but because of this war, Emperor Wu also discovered the secret of the immortal treasure in the Central Continent.

Thus, in order to obtain the Immortal Collection, he continued to wage wars, four northern expeditions, and got the stuff, but should not have got it all, and in order to let the future kings of Great Wei get the Immortal Collection.

The Crown Prince was sent out and the secret was hidden in the Crown Prince, while the key items, all of which were hidden by Emperor Wu, were also known as Emperor Wu's Legacy Treasures.

Xu Qingnian could only go on projecting in this way, according to the most reasonable way.

As for why it was not left to the empress? This one came straight to Xu Qingnian's mind, not because he didn't trust the Empress, nor was the emperor really heartless, but on two points.

Firstly, he did not know that the empress could ascend to the throne without any problems.

Emperor Wu's decree back then was for the Imperial Family and the Six Ministries to choose who would succeed the throne, and the Imperial Family chose the Empress, the Six Ministries chose the Empress, and the Palace of Literature also chose the Empress.

This was unexpected for Emperor Wu.

Secondly, he was not sure that the empress would be able to secure the throne.

If he really gave everything to the empress, there would be a dark hand behind the Great Wei Dynasty, and this dark hand would probably be the dark hand of the Wen Palace.

If the other side got it, it would be a small matter to do the dowry for others, but more importantly, the Wei dynasty would also fall, and they would never let Wei go.

So to be conservative, giving away the crown prince was the best option, bar none. In other words, Emperor Wu was ready to not get it for himself and not let anyone else get it either.

At the very least, the Great Wei dynasty would still exist, and at the very least the world's living creatures would not suffer miserably.

This was the solution that could not be found, and it was also the most stable solution.

But right now there were four questions in front of Xu Qingnian.

Who is behind the empress' accession to the throne?

Why did he support the empress' accession to the throne?

Who is the man behind the curtain?

What exactly is his plan?

The first two questions, I think, will probably be answered in a short time. The Prince of Huaining can't wait any longer and will sooner or later rebel, and sooner or later he will face the Prince of Huaining head-on.

If the Prince of Huaining does not rebel, it would be better to say that one directly rides the face to ask, anyway, these vassal kings have lived enough, should be killed, should be cut, Great Wei wants to develop completely quietly, the vassal kings must be dealt with.

It is necessary to deal with.

The questions that really bothered Xu Qingnian were the last two.

Who is the man behind the scenes, is it the one from the Palace of Literature? What was this guy plotting again? Was it the Zhongzhou Immortal Collection? But why was the Wen Palace involved? Affecting the Confucian lineage?

All of a sudden, one thing after another appeared, causing Xu Qingnian to be really a bit overwhelmed.

After all, he had underestimated this world, and thought that if he had reached this level, he would have already accomplished everything.

Now it seems that there is still a long way to go. If I don't uncover this guy, I won't be able to live a good life.

But fortunately.

One's own supernatural arts could be resolved, otherwise, then one would be in trouble.

"Aiqing Xu, I will help you think about the matter of the Demon Subduing Divine Stone, there should be more than one piece between heaven and earth."

"I'll have people search for it, maybe we can find a second piece, at the same time I've also been secretly investigating the whereabouts of the ancestral emperor's relics, if there are any clues, I'll inform you at the first opportunity."

Having said that, the empress had nothing more to say, she looked towards Xu Qingnian and said so.

“My servant, thank you very much, Your Majesty.”

Xu Qingnian nodded, she knew everything she should know, but she also had some clues about the Martial Emperor’s legacy treasure.

One could start investigating and researching.

“No harm, by the way, Xu Aiqing, your second matter, what is it?”

The empress asked Xu Qingnian about the second matter.

“Oh, back to Your Majesty, my second matter is not a big deal, I plan to go out and pay respect to Zhu Sheng.”

Xu Qingnian spoke up, and this was his second matter.

“Pay homage to Zhu Sheng?”

For some reason, hearing that Xu Qingnian’s second matter was actually this, the empress was inexplicably a little lost, but only a little lost, and soon calmed down.

She looked a little curious.

“En, as I have become a half-saint, I should go and pay my respects to Zhu Sheng, after all, Zhu Sheng is my Great Wei saint, so I should respect him.”

“Although the Zhu Saint lineage has insulted my subjects, I am full of respect for Zhu Saint.”

Xu Qingnian spoke out, he wanted to leave, go to Zhu Sheng’s former residence, get Zhu Sheng’s true spirit, and then start investigating about the Martial Emperor’s relics.

“Good, I’ll send some people over with you to protect your well-being.”

The empress nodded, while planning to send some people to protect Xu Qingnian.

But once this was said, Xu Qingnian let out a bitter smile and looked at the empress.

“Your Majesty, it’s fine to send someone to protect, I am at least a third grade martial artist, so I’m not afraid of anything within the territory of Great Wei.”

Xu Qingnian refused the empress’ kind offer.

“That’s fine, how long will Xu Aiqing go for?”

After being rejected, the empress did not get angry at anything, but asked Xu Qingnian how long she would go for.

“I will be back within ten days.”

Xu Qingnian answered truthfully.

Ten days? This was not a long time, and at that moment, the empress said with a gentle expression.

“In that case, take good care of your health, and don’t let me worry about you.”

She subconsciously spoke, but once she finished her words, she realized something was wrong.

Only Xu Qingnian did not notice anything, but nodded and bowed towards the empress.

“Many thanks to Your Majesty for your concern.”

“My servant, farewell.”

“En, Aiqing Xu take your time.”

The Empress replied.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian turned around and left, walking out of the Nurtured Heart Hall.

Walking out of the Hall of Nurtured Hearts.

Xu Qingnian went straight back to the Marquis’s residence, informing Chen Xinghe that he was leaving, and also asking Chen Xinghe when he was going back to see his teacher.

But Chen Xinghe told him that he did not intend to go back, and that he intended to wait for the results of the examination to come out and study hard.

Although he did not know why Chen Xinghe had suddenly become so diligent.

However, Xu Qingnian still gave encouragement to this senior brother.

With that, Xu Qingnian took away the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture and then directly left the Marquis Mansion and made a trip to the Peach Blossom Nunnery.

Before leaving, he met the girl in white.

Perhaps it was because Xu Qingnian had been told that she could solve the pagan arts, and he was considered to have completely put his mind at ease.

From Ping'an County to the capital of the Great Wei, Xu Qingnian had not come into contact with many women.

County Princess Yongping did not count.

Then there was only Luo Baiyi and the Empress.

The empress was the emperor after all, so she would not dare to have any unpleasant thoughts of her own.

The empress was the emperor after all, so she wouldn't dare to think of anything else, but Luo Baiyi was different, and Xu Qingnian liked the feeling of not eating anything.

So it was good to get in touch with her before she left.

However, when she saw Luo Baiyi again, the latter broke into tears as soon as she saw herself, leaving Xu Qingnian at a loss for what to say.

Subconsciously, she thought that she had been bullied, but only later did she find out that when she had been robbed by lightning yesterday, Luo Baiyi had been heartbroken and was now so excited to see herself again.

This made Xu Qingnian smile, but inside he was still warm.

At the very least, there was someone in this world who still held on to himself.

"Don't cry."

"White girl, if you cry again, you'll be ugly."

Xu Qingnian smiled faintly and said.

Once this was said, Luo Baiyi did stop crying, but was still taking deep breaths, it did seem sad.

"Miss Baiyi, Mister Xu is leaving, going out for a while, ten days or so, do I need to bring you anything?"

Xu Qingnian said what he wanted.

And Luo Baiyi shook her head and looked at Xu Qingnian and said.

"As long as Duke Xu returns safely, Baiyi will be satisfied."

Luo Baiyi spoke out, her voice seemed timid, and her pretty face was a little lightly red after saying this.

“Alright, don’t be sad.”

“By the way, Miss Baiyi, have you found a doctor to look at it yet.”

Xu Qingnian still remembered the matter of Luo Baiyi being cold all over, so she inquired.

“I’ve looked for it, the doctor still can’t see it, he just said it’s a bit yin-cold and related to the physique.”

Luo Baiyi spoke up, making Xu Qingnian a little curious.

However, Xu Qingnian did not delay, and after drinking a little wine, he got up and said.

“When Xu Mou returns, after dealing with the matter, I will find someone to help you cure it.”

“Miss White-clothed, don’t worry about it, Mister Xu is leaving.”

Xu Qingnian had come here purely because he wanted to see Luo Baiyi, because here, for some reason, he could always let go of all his worries.

Perhaps it was because of Luo Baiyi’s serenity, or perhaps it was because he had found himself a piece of pure land.

Xu Qingnian left.

Luo Baiyi did not stay, she knew that Xu Qingnian still had a lot of things to do and was carrying a lot of things, she could not keep Xu Qingnian by herself.

But she still opened her mouth and told Xu Qingnian to pay attention.

“Mo Nian.”

Xu Qingnian reached out and waved her hand, and then left the Peach Blossom Nunnery, less than half an hour before and after.

After leaving the Peach Blossom Nunnery, Xu Qingnian directly left the Great Wei Kyoto.

Martial Dao Saint Force gathered feathery wings behind him and flew rapidly towards Yangping County.



The former residence of Zhu Sheng was in Yangping County of Great Wei, which was Linyang County, the old home of the Marquis of Linyang.

On the way.

Xu Qingnian was pondering over one thing.

The matter of the Martial Emperor's relics.

It was reasonable to say that the Martial Emperor's Relic Treasure had already been taken away by himself, and he had not found any Demon Subduing Divine Stone.

Moreover, Xu Qingnian remembered very clearly that apart from the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture, there was indeed nothing, and if there was, it would have been taken away by himself.

Then there was only one possibility.

It was not a real Martial Emperor's Relic Treasure.

The real Martial Emperor's Relic Treasure.

It was within Ping'an County, but not in that place.

The place where the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture was hidden was a fake treasure location.

The Martial Emperor's means of deceiving people.

But in order to convince people, the Dan God's Ancient Scripture was placed in it.

He himself had indeed fallen for it.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian could not help but awaken the Dan God Ancient Scripture.

Asking for some relevant things.

And at the same time.

Great Wei Imperial Palace.

Inside the Hall of Nourishing Heart.

The Empress sat quietly on the dragon chair as Her Highness Zhao Wan'er's voice kept ringing out.

“Your Majesty, there is a letter from the Tai Shang Immortal Sect, in five days’ time, all the inner disciples of the Immortal Sect will arrive in Great Wei’s Kyoto, and the other six Immortal Sects have also sent letters one after another, and they will all arrive in Kyoto in the near future.”

Zhao Wan’er spoke out, informing the empress of this matter.

The Great Wei Wen Gong had gone.

Naturally, the Immortal Sects could also enter the capital as a matter of course.

“Good.”

“Have the Ministry of Rites prepare for the reception, don’t neglect these Immortal Sect disciples.”

The empress spoke up and said so.

Soon, Zhao Wan’er nodded and continued immediately afterwards.

“Your Majesty, the king of pacifying chaos has already left Kyoto, but before he left, he went to the Peach Blossom Nunnery again, is it the same as last time, to block the news?”

Zhao Wan’er spoke out, saying this.

However, once she said this, the Empress’ eyes changed slightly.

She had gone to the Peach Blossom Nunnery again?

“Was it to find that Luo Baiyi again?”

The Empress asked.

“In reply to Your Majesty, yes.”

Zhao Wan’er answered truthfully.

“I understand, continue to block the news.”

The empress gave her reply, but without much of a reaction, but inwardly, she looked a little odd.

For a moment, she was a little curious as to what this Luo Baiyi actually looked like, and why she could make Xu Qingnian so infatuated?

Also, didn't Xu Qingnian like me? Why is she like this again?

No, no, is it really because I am a bit indifferent?

The actual fact is that I am not a bit indifferent.

The empress had many thoughts floating in her mind at once.

But soon.

Three hours had passed.

The dome of the sky was like ink.

At this moment.

Southern Yu Province.

Ping'an County.

Wangqiu Mountain.

A line of figures slowly appeared.

It was the people of the White Cloth Sect.

They are waiting for the full moon.

## **Awaken Chapter 219 -**

Ping'an County.

Wangqiu Mountain.

About five people are gathered here.

All five of them are wearing masks and looking at the sky, unable to see their expressions.

Their masks, painted with Green Dragon, White Tiger, Vermilion Bird, Xuanwu and Qilin, represent the five divine beasts, the five heavenly kings of the White Cloth Sect.

"In a little while, the day of the full moon will arrive, and then we will be able to use the power of Yin and Yang to open the treasury of the Martial Emperor and obtain the treasures of the Martial Emperor."

Someone spoke out, their tone appearing unusually excited.

They were the Five Heavenly Kings of the White Cloth Sect, with extremely high status, and were already considered the core of the core.

“En, the Sect Master has said that if this matter is done well, we will all receive a reward.”

“It’s really hard to wait for the full moon, but it’s good that it didn’t take too long.”

They discussed, being the five Heavenly Kings, all of them were certainly fourth-ranked kings, but they were still full of expectations for the rewards promised by the White Cloth Sect Master.

“Alright, no more nonsense, the full moon will be here soon, gather the power of Yin and Yang.”

Someone spoke up, his mask painted with a qilin design, telling the crowd not to speak.

As soon as this was said, the remaining four people immediately fell silent.

About a quarter of an hour later, finally the bright moon, above the dome of the sky, blossomed into light.

At once, the two Heavenly Kings, Green Dragon and White Tiger, struck out and condensed the power of Yin and Yang.

Immediately, space distorted and a powerful suction force pulled the five people inside.

Soon.

The figures of the five disappeared.

And the next moment, the five Heavenly Kings of the White Cloth Sect entered the Martial Emperor Secret Realm.

The Martial Emperor Secret Realm.

It was a mountain cave.

It looked somewhat barren and miscellaneous, and apart from an altar, there was nothing else.

There wasn’t even a single hair.

When the five entered the secret realm, the first thing they did was to start searching, and with just a glance, they found that there was nothing inside the cave.

But suddenly, the voice of the Qilin Heavenly King rang out.

“Look on the stone wall, you guys.”

As the voice of the Qilin Heavenly King rang out, for a moment the other four Heavenly Kings looked towards the stone wall.

At a glance, in a flash, the four of them changed their expressions a little.

I am a loyal member of the Great Wei, I have been with His Majesty in his seven northern expeditions and have achieved great success in battle.

In his old age, his Majesty was imprisoned by treacherous ministers. He was aware of the changes in the court, and although he wished to destroy the party, he was unable to do so, so he entrusted me with the task of taking his heir away and hiding it among the people, so that when the time was right, he could return to the court and regain the throne.

However, the imperial ministers are already aware of this and have sent countless troops to hunt them down day and night. In order to protect His Majesty’s orphan, I have placed him in Ping’an County and opened up this place.

[Execute the traitors, clear the king’s side, and return a clear sky to Wei]

His Majesty has asked the Great Reality to look at the face of the Emperor’s son. He will be handsome, with great talent in Confucianism and martial prowess.

Five paragraphs of text appeared on the stone wall, and at this moment the gazes of the five people instantly became somewhat stunned.

“This?”

“Sure enough, the late emperor really did have a legacy son.”

“This is important evidence, it’s really exactly as the Sect Master said, the Martial Emperor had a legacy son, and I didn’t expect it to be left behind in Ping’an County.”

Several people were shocked.

As Heavenly Kings of the White Cloth Sect, they were naturally absolutely loyal to the White Cloth Sect, but they were not as convinced about the Martial Emperor’s legacy son.

After all, it was not like they were clear about such matters, and who dared to be sure if the White-Clothed Sect was plotting rebellion under the slogan of searching for the Martial Emperor's legacy son, and if it was true or not?

For them, joining the White Cloth Sect was either a desperate move, or it would bring them help, and they each had their own needs.

If the rebellion succeeds, good for you and good for me, but if it fails, there is nothing to say.

But now that they had arrived at the Martial Emperor's relics, they had actually learned that the story of the Martial Emperor's orphans was true.

This meant that the White Cloth Sect was not a rebel group at all, but a true warrior of justice.

Although this had no effect on the bigger picture, after all, the White Cloth Sect had said so a long time ago, but this stone wall, for the disciples of the White Cloth Sect, especially the five of them, had a certain significance ah.

What a way to increase the confidence of the rebellion.

But what really stunned the five was not this, but the fact that 'the orphan of the Martial Emperor is in Ping'an County', and that he had the appearance of being a great talent in Confucianism, as well as having the divine power of martial arts, both in literature and martial arts.

This is what really astonished the five.

The Great Wei Dynasty, now that the country is flourishing, has gathered the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron, and its qi is unparalleled.

With the current strength of the White Clan, it was basically impossible to rebel, unless one joined forces with the Great Wei Clan King, otherwise, if one wanted to rebel, one should wash one's hands of it.

The five barracks are now under the control of the empress and the people are united, not to mention the fact that there is a Xu Qingnian.

Therefore, the White Clan has no intention of revolting, and can only wait for the right time to act.

But if they find the orphan of Emperor Wu, it will be a different story.

The orphan of Emperor Wu is the rightful Crown Prince of the Great Wei, and he is also a man. If he is found, he can return to the court in an open and fair manner.

In the presence of Xu Qingnian and the six ministers, the orphan of Emperor Wu was brought out.

Isn't Xu Qingnian a half-saint? Wouldn't he dare to kill the orphan of the Martial Emperor?

Who would dare to disrespect this orphan?

If they really dare to kill him, will the people of Wei accept it? If you were to kill him, would the people of Wei accept it?

To kill one's brother is a great crime.

Especially for the Emperor, if you dare to kill your brother and give the world such a head start, then Confucian rites and music will collapse, morality will fall, and the fortunes of the Great Wei will not be affected.

Finding the orphan of Emperor Wu would mean that the empress could be blackmailed into abdicating.

But the White Clan is using the power of the people and the pressure of the vassal kings, plus the criticism of the scholars.

The empress cannot abdicate unless she does.

You do not abdicate, the vassal kings around the world can justifiably rebel, the first class are not good to intervene, after all, this is the family affairs of the royal family.

Where is it that the crown prince does not ascend to the throne and allows the princess to do so?

If the eldest son does not ascend to the throne and inherit the throne, every household in Wei will be in an uproar, and who does not covet the family's wealth, the second and third sons or even the youngest? Who wouldn't want a bigger share?

It may not seem like a big deal, but the implications are enormous.

Especially since the stone wall was deliberately inscribed with the phrase.

[His Majesty had asked the Great Reality to look at the face of the Emperor's son, his future face is handsome, he has great talent in Confucianism, and also has martial arts prowess.

What does this mean?

This means that this orphan of the Emperor Wu is a capable and powerful prince, who is both literary and martial.

He was not a loser.

The fear was that if he became an orphan, he would have no talent at all, in which case the court would use this as a reason to make him a prince, and that would be enough.

But if this orphan of the Great Wei has talent, force, and both civil and military skills, then he will definitely be able to influence the Great Wei.

The White Clan, the vassal kings, the world's scholars, have helped this man, and have enough strength to call the shots with the Great Wei empress.

At this moment, the voice of the Green Dragon Heavenly King could not help but ring out.

“So the orphan of Emperor Wu is actually hiding in Ping’an County, and he has both literary and martial skills, he will become a great asset in the future.”

“Hiss, wait, isn’t Xu Qingnian from Ping’an County? He seems to be of a similar age to the orphan of the Martial Emperor, could it be that Xu Qingnian is the orphan of the Martial Emperor?”

His voice rang out, looking incomparably stunned.

As soon as he said this, the remaining four Heavenly Kings also revealed their shocked expressions.

If it was indeed Xu Qingnian, then it would be troublesome, at least for the White Cloth Sect, not a good thing.

Xu Qingnian was now a Half-Sage of Great Wei and had his heart set on the life of Great Wei. Now that he had been crowned King of Peace and Chaos, and enjoyed half of Great Wei’s national fortune, he did not care about the empire at all.

Even if Xu Qingnian was really the orphan of Emperor Wu, it would be of no use, as Xu Qingnian would not rebel.

“Impossible.”

“I know Xu Qingnian’s age, he is just twenty years old this year and the Empress of Great Wei is twenty-four, there is a difference of four years between the two, the orphan of the Martial Emperor should be a little older than the Empress in age, how could it be Xu Qingnian?”



The Xuanwu Heavenly King spoke out, and he directly denied this possibility.

There was no explanation for the four-year difference in age.

“Perhaps Xu Qingnian lied about her age? It’s normal for these scholars to state their age a little younger.”

The Green Dragon Heavenly King replied, raising this possibility, but soon the Vermilion Bird Heavenly King shook his head.

“That’s even more unlikely, one can reside in one’s face and lie about one’s age, but one’s flesh and bones as well as one’s qi and blood cannot lie, if Xu Qingnian had lied about his age, the Great Wei Palace of Literature would have made an issue of it long ago, if Xu Qingnian had really lied about his age.”

“Obviously twenty-four years old, four years younger, according to this kind of urine of the Vermilion Saint lineage, they won’t say?”

The Vermilion Bird Heavenly King’s voice rang out and the crowd nodded their heads, not that they didn’t doubt Xu Qingnian, but they were too convinced of the pissiness of the Vermilion Saint’s lineage.

Who under the heavens didn’t know what kind of character the Vermilion Saint’s lineage was?

“If it’s not Xu Qingnian, then who could it be?”

“Wentao Martial Arts? This kind of person wouldn’t think of keeping a low profile, plus if you count today, he should be twenty-five years old, or even over twenty-five, if he is still lurking, when some years have passed I’m only afraid that even if he comes out, the Great Wei Dynasty won’t be able to let him inherit the throne.”

The Green Dragon Heavenly King agreed with what the Vermilion Bird Heavenly King had said, but the question was, who was the orphan of the Martial Emperor?

For a moment, the crowd was somewhat silent.

And abruptly, the voice of the Qilin Heavenly King rang out.

“Did you all know that Xu Qingnian has a senior brother.”

The Qilin Heavenly King’s voice rang out, and for a moment, the crowd could not help but be filled with curiosity.

“I’ve heard of it, but it’s not very famous, it seems to be called ..... Called ..... What’s it called?”

“I have an impression, when the Taiping Poetry Conference, this senior brother Xu Qingnian appeared once, and then it was unclear.”

“When you say so I remember, Xu Qingnian did have a senior brother, but what was his name I don’t know.”

“Qilin Heavenly King, do you mean to say that Xu Qingnian’s senior brother is perhaps the orphan of the Martial Emperor?”

The four spoke up, all of them clearly did not remember Chen Xinghe’s name, after all, it was not like Chen Xinghe had much fame, the only fame he had was thanks to Xu Qingnian, otherwise, they would not even know that Chen Xinghe was Xu Qingnian’s senior brother.

“It’s possible, but it’s hard to say, I haven’t seen him, except that there are scouts within the sect who have recorded information about him.”

“Aged exactly twenty-four, born in the first month, also a scholar, otherwise, in a small Ping’an County, apart from Xu Qingnian, have we ever heard of any talented person?”

The Qilin Heavenly King replied.

Ever since Xu Qingnian became famous, the White Cloth Sect had been secretly observing him, not to say recording his every move in such detail, but who was around him naturally had to be recorded.

It just so happened that the Qilin Heavenly King had read Chen Xinghe’s information profile, but he just didn’t put too much thought into it, after all, what was there to remember about a jerk?

Now it seemed that this Chen Xinghe was most likely the orphan of the Martial Emperor.

“If it really is him, that’s also troublesome.”

The Green Dragon Heavenly King spoke up and said so.

“No, it’s impossible to say.”

“Who can guarantee that he knows? And who can guarantee that Xu Qingnian knows?”

“Besides, as Xu Qingnian’s senior brother, he would watch his junior brother step by step to reach the highest level? Is he willing to do that? All human hearts are selfish and complicated.”

“If he doesn’t know his own life, and Xu Qingnian doesn’t know the life of this senior brother of his, it will be a good thing for us.”

“Of course, it doesn’t have to be his senior brother, maybe it’s someone else too.”

“In this way, I will investigate with Vermilion Bird in Ping’an County, you three go back and report this matter, let the Sect Master make the choice, don’t take matters into your own hands, in case we delay something big, we can’t afford it.”

The Qilin Heavenly King did not act rashly, he was just guessing a bit, whether it was Chen Xinghe or not was still an unknown.

There was no need to be in such a hurry.

“En.”

“The Qilin Heavenly King is right, it’s better to let the Sect Master decide.”

Several people nodded, only for the Xuanwu Heavenly King’s voice to ring out.

“Other things aside, where is the Martial Emperor’s Relic Treasure? Why isn’t there anything here?”

He frowned, looking slightly puzzled.

At this moment, the crowd couldn’t help but reveal their curiosity as well.

Although they had learned some information, what they cared more about was the Martial Emperor’s Relic Treasure.

They knew that the Martial Emperor’s treasures were worth a lot of money and that all the powers wanted them.

They were not sure what was there overall, but the only thing they were sure of was one thing, the Ancient Scripture of the Dan God, an ancient scripture that recorded the world’s Dan recipes, and was said to contain such divine items as the Realm Breaker Pill.

But the problem was that there was none here.

“There are only two possibilities.”

“Either it has been short-changed or hidden away by this person.”

The Qilin Heavenly King pointed at the stone wall and said so.

“There’s no way it could have been short-changed, our White Cloth Sect knew about it a long time ago, no one knew that the Martial Emperor’s Relic Treasure was here.”

“If we really want to talk about it, then it would be Xu Qingnian who knows something, but he doesn’t know the secret of the Martial Emperor’s Relic Treasure either, Wu Yan wouldn’t tell him.”

“It should have been taken away by this senior, and most likely hidden in the relic.”

The Green Dragon Heavenly King spoke out, directly rejecting this possibility.

The crowd didn’t say anything more, as there was nothing major wrong with what the Green Dragon Heavenly King said.

But at that moment, a voice rang out.

It was the Xuanwu Heavenly King.

“There is one thing, have you noticed? The writing on this stone wall seems to have just been carved on it.”

The Xuanwu Heavenly King spoke thus, pointing at the stone wall.

As soon as this was said, the gazes of the crowd all fell on the stone wall, not to mention that it was really like that.

“What’s so strange about that.”

“Someone who has followed the Martial Emperor on his seven northern expeditions and who has managed to achieve great feats in battle, he must be a great man, and he must be a second-rank martial artist if not worse.”

“And this is a cave world, the words carved twenty years ago look as if they have just been carved today, what is this tactic?”

He didn’t think it was a big deal, instead he thought the crowd was a bit suspicious.

“Alright, whatever else, let’s tell the Sect Master about this matter first, and let’s talk about the rest later.”

The Qilin Heavenly King said this, and did not continue, the crowd did not speak, and then continued to search a bit, and found that indeed there were no items, then they left.

And at the same time.

Great Wei Linyang County.

Yangping County.

This is the home of the saints of the Great Wei.

Zhu Sheng was born here, and it was also his former residence.

Almost every day, Yangping County is overcrowded with talented students from all over the world who come here to pay their respects to Zhu Sheng, to express their hearts and to hope that the saint will give them a little bit of holy will.

So that they can win the imperial examination in the coming year.

Only today.

People have come to the government town and a large number of officials have cordoned off Yangping County, not allowing all scholars to enter.

So much so that there were rumours that Xu Qingnian wanted to crack down on the Zhu Sheng lineage, so he completely abolished the former residence of Zhu Sheng, leading to a group of scholars dying to cause trouble.

Later on, with repeated assurances from the government, the group of scholars gave up.

It's not that the scholars had to make a fuss, but since Zhu Sheng was involved, even the most righteous scholars couldn't stand by and watch the destruction of Zhu Sheng's residence.

And with the officials blockading Yangping County.

Xu Qingnian's figure, too, appeared inside Zhu Sheng's former residence.

He was now of the third rank.

It was an easy task for him to escape the blockade by the officials.

It was Xu Qingnian's intention to blockade Zhu Sheng's residence, and the reason for this was that he was afraid of causing any trouble.

At the moment, Zhu Sheng's residence is empty.

Xu Qingnian took her time to look for it alone.

Zhu Sheng's residence is not big, it is just a mansion, where Zhu Sheng studied, a courtyard, and a place to live.

When he landed in the courtyard, a faint holy intent filled the air, and the Hao Ran Wen Zhong hidden in his hair could not help but vibrate slightly.

It seemed to sense something.

“Wen Zhong, take me to find the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint.”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth, asking the Haoran Wen Zhong to take him to find the True Spirit of the Vermilion Sage.

After all, the Haoran Wen Zhong was a sacred weapon that was personally refined by the Vermilion Saint, so it naturally had a sense of the Vermilion Saint’s true spirit.

When he heard Xu Qingnian’s request, the Vast Manifestation Clock was straightforward and flew towards Zhu Sheng’s residence.

Xu Qingnian followed behind.

Soon after, he entered the Zhu Sheng’s residence.

Inside the dwelling, it was very plain, no different from an ordinary scholar’s room, but there were some books on the table, all of which were holy words.

There was also a small bed next to it, a place for Zhu Sheng to rest after getting sleepy from reading.

Buzzing.

The Hao Ran Wen Zhong landed on the bed and made a buzzing sound. Xu Qingnian didn’t say anything and sat down directly on the bed.

It was just that the Hao Ran Wen Zhong shook its body a little, seemingly signalling for Xu Qingnian to lie down.

Without much thought, Xu Qingnian lay down on the bed couch.

Immediately afterwards the mysterious and mysterious holy intent pervaded out, but there was no vision, instead, it was replaced by weariness, a deep weariness.

Xu Qingnian did not block this tiredness. At his level, it was impossible for him to have tiredness, it was obviously a kind of communication.

Soon, Xu Qingnian closed his eyes and gradually drifted off to sleep.

It was not known how long had passed.

As the sound of a book being read rang out, Xu Qingnian opened his eyes.

After opening his eyes, Xu Qingnian found that he was still in Zhu Sheng's former residence, only after standing up, through the window, Xu Qingnian found a figure standing in the distance, holding a book in his hand and chanting.

It was Zhu Sheng, somewhat white-haired but not looking particularly senile, in his fifties or sixties.

It was a little younger than the Zhu Sheng he had seen before.

"Student Xu Qingnian, pay my respects to Zhu Sheng."

Without any nonsense, Xu Qingnian walked straight out of the room and paid a deep obeisance towards Zhu Sheng in the courtyard.

Facing the sage, Xu Qingnian looked very respectful.

And Zhu Sheng, who was reading the sage's book, could not help but look his gaze towards Xu Qingnian.

He did not say anything, but placed his hand on Xu Qingnian's shoulder.

After a while, Zhu Sheng nodded his head and said.

"I understand, old man."

He slowly spoke, through contacting Xu Qingnian, he instantly understood everything, his memories passed on and learned what had happened before.

"Zhu Sheng, right now the Palace of Literature has broken away, and sub-sage Lu Zi, who established the Hao Ran Dynasty, will be founding the country in ten days."

Xu Qingnian didn't have any nonsense, and directly informed Zhu Sheng of the current situation, there was no need to hide anything.

"The Wen Palace has really seceded?"

"Establishing the Hao Ran Dynasty?"

"Luzi? Who is Luzi again? Is he the one behind the curtain?"

Zhu Sheng opened his mouth and directly asked Xu Qingnian if Lu Zi was the one behind the curtain.

"Back to Sage, the student is not sure, but within the Great Wei Palace of Literature, Lu Zi has the highest rank and status, whether he is truly behind the scenes or not, this matter cannot escape with him."

Xu Qingnian did not dare to be certain that Lu Zi was the real culprit behind the curtain, only that he could be assured that it was absolutely impossible for Lu Zi to be unaware of it.

Hearing these words, Zhu Sheng nodded.

He then pondered a little and said.

“In that case, old me will indeed have to take action.”

“It’s a good thing that I like to leave a hand in my work, just because I’m worried that something might go wrong in the future, so I left behind three true spirits and three true intents.”

“I just didn’t expect that these people would have their ideas on old me, using my name to wreak havoc on the world of Confucianism.”

“They are really worse than animals.”

“Fortunately, the Great Wei has produced such a great talent as you, otherwise, I would really not be able to bear it.”

“These unworthy sons and grandsons, trying to harm me? You are delusional.”

Zhu Sheng cursed several times in a row before speaking.

“Shouren, the true spirit of the old man, you will be able to see it when you wake up.”

“After you get the true spirit, you only need to infuse it with your Hao Ren Qi and the old man will be able to recover.”

“But if conditions allow, you’d better look for the true spirit left behind by the old man again.”

“Otherwise, if you activate the true spirit of the old man, it will last for an hour at most, and if it is combined with the true intent, the old man will not only last for a day, but he will also be able to bring out ninety percent of the power of a saint.”

Zhu Sheng opened his mouth and said this.

“True intent?”

“Ninety percent?”

Xu Qingnian looked at Zhu Sheng, and then could not help but open his mouth to ask.



“There is something that the student is curious about, and I hope that the sage can clear up the student’s confusion.”

Xu Qingnian inquired.

“You speak.”

Zhu Sheng nodded his head and looked at Xu Qingnian.

“Dare I ask Sage, who is stronger, you or the First Grade? The student is referring to a First Grade martial artist.”

Xu Qingnian was curious, in his eyes, a First Grade Saint was strong, but not stronger than a First Grade Martial Artist, and reviving Zhu Sheng out was actually mainly because of Zhu Sheng’s identity.

After all, the Zhu Sheng lineage had been pressing themselves with Zhu Sheng every day, and now that he had revived Zhu Sheng, let’s see what else this group of readers would say.

And for Zhu Sheng’s strength.

Uh ..... It should be strong, but it’s quite a bit worse than a first grade martial artist, right?

After all, the power of a saint is to control the power of heaven and earth and needs to be recognized by heaven and earth.

Hearing this enquiry from Xu Qingnian, Zhu Sheng immediately squared his expression and looked at Xu Qingnian with all seriousness.

“Shouren, do you know why Confucianism is the strongest system among all systems?”

Zhu Sheng opened his mouth, looking slightly confident in his words.

“Readers cultivate the righteousness of Hao, gather the supreme Yang power, and innately suppress demons.”

Xu Qingnian gave his reply.

“That’s just one point, what else?”

Zhu Sheng continued to ask.

When this was said, Xu Qingnian was somewhat unable to answer.

There is more? What else?

Xu Qingnian looked at Zhu Sheng with some curiosity.

Seeing Xu Qingnian look like this, Zhu Sheng sighed and then slowly spoke.

“I don’t blame you for not knowing, it’s mainly because the First Grade of Confucianism is too difficult.”

“But I will tell you the strength of a saint today.”

“Stepping into the First Grade, one can completely control the power of heaven and earth, and the control I am talking about is the control that comes with the heart.”

“It’s like, there is a First Grade martial artist who wants to kill Old Man, he has the ability to kill Old Man, but he doesn’t have the chance to kill Old Man, can you understand this meaning?”

Zhu Sheng said confidently, informing Xu Qingnian of the strength of a First Grade Saint.

Just looking at Xu Qingnian who still did not quite understand, Zhu Sheng had to continue to explain.

“Now that you are a Third Grade Half-Saint, are you finding that you can regulate the power of heaven and earth?”

Zhu Sheng asked.

“En.”

Xu Qingnian nodded.

As a Half-Sage, you could indeed regulate the power of heaven and earth, such as impeaching someone for causing trouble on earth and gathering the power of heaven and earth to kill them, provided of course that heaven and earth sensed it and approved of your actions.

If heaven and earth do not approve of your actions, then it is useless to speak out of turn.

It is just like Lu Zi, who is obviously a sub-sage, but suffers at his own hands for the same reason.

“A half-saint regulates the power of heaven and earth.”

“A sub-sage, on the other hand, gains the will of heaven and earth, which in other words means that what a sub-sage does is more likely to be recognised by heaven and earth.”

“As for reaching saints, it is no longer regulating the power of heaven and earth, but controlling the power of heaven and earth.”

“What is said is what is done, you can interpret it as the words coming out of the mouth, this is the power of a saint.”

“Therefore, a first-grade martial artist can kill a saint, but he cannot kill a saint.”

Zhu Sheng gave his reply.

Xu Qingnian probably understood.

He nodded, looking somewhat puzzled.

This made Zhu Sheng inexplicably a little uncomfortable.

“Forget it, Shouren, don’t ask so many questions yet, in short, after you revive the old man, I will show you what it means to be of the first rank.”

“For Confucianism to become the strongest system, it is definitely not just as simple as being able to suppress demons.”

Zhu Sheng had some toothache, he really didn’t know what to say.

Anyway, no matter what, let’s wait until he resurrected himself.

“Good.”

Xu Qingnian was also a little confused by what was said, not because he didn’t understand, mainly because he hadn’t witnessed it ah.

At least he had seen the strength of a first-grade martial artist with his own eyes, as for the strength of a saint, Xu Qingnian had never seen it.

“Sage, there is one more thing that the student would like to ask you.”

“Do you know the whereabouts of the Demon Subduing Divine Stone, the Dragon Blood Yang Jade and the Eight Treasure Buddha Lotus?”

Xu Qingnian spoke up, he had not forgotten about this matter and asked Zhu Sheng.

“The Demon Subduing God’s Stone? I’m not sure, but I do know about the Dragon Blood Yang Jade, it’s in the middle of the Palace of Literature.”

“If the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus, it is something of the Buddha Sect, the Eight Treasures Merit Pond of the Buddha Sect spawned it, once in a thousand years, it can help one to awaken wisdom and suppress the demons of the mind.”

“What are you inquiring about this for?”

Zhu Sheng was curious, but apart from the Demon Suppressing Divine Stone, he knew the whereabouts of the other two items.

“The Dragon Blood Yang Jade is in the middle of the Palace of Literature?”

Xu Qingnian was a little surprised, he did not expect this item to be in the Wen Palace.

“En, if no one had gone to rob it, it should be within the Palace of Literature.”

“Dragon Blood Yang Jade, it is a treasure made from the blood of a true dragon dripping onto the innate pure Yang jade stone, this kind of thing naturally restrains evil spirits and demons.”

“There is a piece in the Palace of Literature, this kind of thing is the object of the Palace, but it is useful to say that it is useful, but it is also useless to say that it is useless, the Palace of Literature has the holy will of the old man in it, how can there be demons dare to enter.”

“As for the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus, this is something of the Buddhist sect, Shouren, if it is not extremely necessary, do not get too deeply involved with the Buddhist sect, understand?”

Zhu Sheng gave his reply, informing Xu Qingnian of these two things and specifically urging Xu Qingnian not to get too close to the Buddhist Sect.

“Sage, can you help me get these two items? The student has a great use for them.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, he could not explain, he could only plead like this.

“The Dragon Blood Yang Jade, I can help you get it, it is a relic of the Palace of Literature itself, and as I am the Lord of the Palace of Literature, it is not a big deal to gift it to you.”

“But this Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus, it’s a bit hard to say, if I were in my true body, I could help you get it, but it’s just a true spirit, it’s hard to fight for you to get it.”

“But one can try, depending on whether the Buddha Sect sells the old man’s face or not.”

“What do you need these things for? Did the Great Wei demons break out of the gate? That shouldn’t be the case, they were blocked by the old man’s eight gates.”

“Theoretically speaking, even if the Wen Palace is detached, for a brief period of time, they won’t be able to get out.”

Zhu Sheng was curious and wondered what Xu Qingnian wanted these three items for.

But after saying this, Xu Qingnian keenly grasped a piece of information.

“There are demons in Great Wei’s Kyoto?”

Xu Qingnian looked at Zhu Sheng and asked so.

And the latter looked calm as he nodded and said, “Yes, you wouldn’t even know about this, would you? That’s impossible, this matter should be known to even the Great Confucian in the Wen Palace.”

“No, that was five hundred years ago, it’s probably been hidden from the public for the past five hundred years, dammit.”

“What exactly is this person plotting? How can he not even tell us about such a big hidden problem? Wanting to get the whole of the Great Wei Cangzhi killed?”

Zhu Sheng muttered, then frowned, his face not looking too good.

“What kind of demon is it?”

“Can the student suppress it?”

Xu Qingnian enquired.

“It can’t be suppressed, unless you become a sub-sage, otherwise it would be difficult to suppress those demons.”

“However, instead of saying they are demons, it would be better to say they are evil demons, there is an underground pagoda under the Palace of Literature, there are nine floors in total, if you count them, they should all be dead, being suppressed for such a long time, they won’t live long.”

“But there are still one or two evil devils alive, exactly who else is alive, I am not sure, these few evil devils are extremely strong, among them there are also evil devils who practice otherworldly arts, even I, back then, it took me some time to suppress them.”

“Nothing will go wrong for a short period of time, after the matter of my lineage is settled, you will find the True Will and the next True Spirit as soon as possible, and by combining the True Spirit and True Will, I will be able to suppress them again.”

“I can also bring you along so that you can see how terrifying real evil demons are, and so that you don’t end up in a big trouble in the future.”

Zhu Sheng spoke in a firm tone.

Although Xu Qingnian was a half-saint, he was still not qualified, and the evil devils suppressed by a saint himself were naturally not something a half-saint could deal with.

A foreign art?

There was something inexplicably strange in Xu Qingnian’s heart, but fortunately he did not show it, instead he bowed towards Zhu Sheng and said.

“The student understands, please rest assured, Sage, the student will do his best to find your true intention.”

“However, dare I ask Sage, where is the next true spirit object?”

Xu Qingnian inquired.

“I am not sure, Shouren, the me you have seen is only the me of that time period, I am not sure about the things that follow, I can only know what happened before this time period.”

“You don’t need to think about this, it’s a bit complicated, it has to do with my personality, old man is more cautious in what he does, down the road when you become a saint, you will be too.”

“When you become a saint, you will understand many things.”

“But remember, no matter what never get too deeply involved with the Buddhists, they are very scary, if you fall into their path you will not be you, you will become their puppet.”

“Their source is very odd, I almost fell into their path back then, don’t mess with them if you can, and if you do mess with them, definitely don’t make a false deal with them, kill them if you have to.”

“Remember.”

Zhu Sheng’s voice kept ringing out, he spoke extremely fast, and after a while, his entire body slowly dissipated.

After Zhu Sheng had dissipated.

The scene around him also changed in an instant, gradually becoming void.

Immediately afterwards.

Xu Qingnian slowly opened his eyes.

Once again, he opened his eyes.

It was still Zhu Sheng's former residence.

But at this moment, he was lying on a bed, and a token had appeared in his hand.

The token was carved in wood and had only one word on the front.

[Zhu].

This is the true spirit token left behind by Zhu Sheng, containing his true spirit.

As long as one poured Hao Ran Qi into it, one could revive Zhu Sheng.

Buzzing.

The Haoran Wen Zhong vibrated and seemed to appear somewhat pleasant.

While Xu Qingnian rubbed his temples, he hid the token and then his mind fell all over the Demon Subduing Divine Stone.

Right now, having obtained the Zhu Sheng True Spirit token, then there was no need to worry about the matter of the Wen Gong lineage at all.

The truth would be revealed when Zhu Sheng was invited here, and as for the people in Zhu Sheng's lineage, they would all be handed over to Zhu Sheng, and those who should be killed would be killed, and those who should be abolished would be abolished.

Therefore, one did not need to worry about these things at all.

The truly important thing at the moment.

It was the Demon Subduing Divine Stone, the Dragon Blood Yang Jade, and the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus.

As for the True Will of the Vermilion Saint, even the Vermilion Saint himself did not know where this kind of thing was, so one could only find it as one wished.

“The Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus, the Buddha Sect, don’t get too deeply involved, the Vermilion Saint almost fell into their path.”

“Looks like there will be right and wrong again in the future.”

Xu Qingnian muttered in his heart.

The Demon Subduing Divine Stone was related to the Martial Emperor’s Legacy Treasure.

The Dragon Blood Yang Jade was in the middle of the Palace of Literature, and Zhu Sheng would give it to himself.

There was only one thing left, the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus, which involved the Buddha Sect, and listening to Zhu Sheng’s tone, even he might not be able to get it.

If he wanted to get it himself, it would probably be even more difficult.

“Forget it, don’t think about it too much.”

“Let’s get the Demon Subduing Divine Stone first, otherwise, any more talk is just empty talk.”

Xu Qingnian said to himself in his heart.

For now, the Demon Subduing Divine Stone was the most important thing, and it was indeed a bit overly ambitious to think about the things behind it without even getting the first thing in hand.

Thinking of this.

Xu Qingnian directly got up and quietly left Zhu Sheng’s former residence, heading towards Ping’an County.

Yes, Xu Qingnian was going back to Ping’an County again.

If the Demon Subduing Divine Stone was among the Martial Emperor’s treasures, then it proved one thing, that the Martial Emperor’s relics that he had found in the first place were either missing or he had looked in the wrong place.

Thinking carefully, Xu Qingnian gathered his Demon Subduing Force and transformed into a blazing horse, stepping into the air and rushing directly to Ping’an County.

At the same time, Xu Qingnian also awakened the Dan God Ancient Scripture.

“Senior Dan Shen, there’s something for you.”



Xu Qingnian opened her mouth and called out to the Dan God Ancient Scripture.

“What is it?”

“Is it to refine a Fourth Grade Realm Breaking Pill?”

“Hiss.”

“How did you break through to the third grade? This doesn’t make sense, you’ve only just broken through to the fifth grade, how did you break through to the third grade all of a sudden?”

Dan Shen Gu Jing woke up from his slumber and subconsciously thought that Xu Qingnian needed the prescription for a fourth grade realm-breaking pills.

But to his surprise, Xu Qingnian had already reached the third grade.

This exceeded his imagination.

“Senior, junior is asking something, if senior is willing to tell, junior will do everything he can to find the second-grade realm-breaking pill ingredients as well.”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth, he didn’t bother to explain that much.

“You say.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing could hear that Xu Qingnian’s tone was somewhat serious, and did not waste time.

“Was the Martial Emperor’s relic that junior was seeking at the beginning a fake?”

Xu Qingnian asked, getting right to the point.

When this was said, Dan Shen Gu Jing fell silent.

“Senior, it’s not that junior is threatening you, but the Martial Emperor’s relics are extremely relevant to junior, and junior needs an item called the Demon Subduing God Stone, which is basically certain to be in the Martial Emperor’s relics.”

“If you get it, it will be extremely helpful to junior, if you don’t get it, junior can guarantee that if the Martial Emperor hides you in the relics, junior will hide you in the deep sea, and you won’t be able to get out of it.”

Xu Qingnian spoke in a serious tone.

Although he didn't know exactly what the purpose of the Dan God Ancient Scripture was in helping him refine his pills, he knew with a little guessing that it must be something like getting out of trouble.

If not, why else would he have nothing better to do than to help people refine pills?

What do you need so many herbs for? To soar?

Xu Qingnian was not stupid, so she could guess.

Therefore, Xu Qingnian used the most abject tone and said the most ruthless words.

As for whether Dan Shen Gu Jing agreed or not, it was his business.

Sure enough, after hearing these words again, Dan Shen Gu Jing became somewhat depressed.

"How did you kid turn into this too? Threatening old me?"

"Fine, count your brat as ruthless, but I can tell you the truth, but there's one thing I'll say first."

"Once it involves something that cannot be involved, you don't blame old me for pulling you down and turning back to be angry with old me."

Dan Shen Gu Jing had some toothache, but he still gave his reply.

Because he believed it.

Xu Qingnian really dared to suppress him to the bottom of the sea.

By then, he would not be seen for thousands of years and would be found, so he still compromised.

"Please tell me senior."

Xu Qingnian said with a determined expression.

## **Awaken Chapter 220 -**

On the way to the raid.

Xu Qingnian's expression was unusually determined.

Xu Qingnian would rather pay any price in order to solve the scourge of the Heteromancy.

The foreign arts were a knife hanging above one's head, which could fall at any time.

To put it bluntly, he did not know when he would die, and it was a disease of his own heart.

If it could be eradicated, Xu Qingnian was naturally willing to spend whatever it took.

“Little friend, let me tell you then.”

“The place where you found old me is indeed not a Martial Emperor's relic, it was just a fake relic that fooled the world.”

“The only thing I know about the real relic is that there is one, but I don't know about it, and I know even less about the rest.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing replied as he told the truth.

“Why didn't you say so earlier?”

Xu Qingnian frowned as he rode his flying horse, galloping quickly across the vault of heaven, and there was some blame in his tone.

But when these words were spoken, Dan Shen Gu Jing felt somewhat wronged.

“Little friend, it's not that I'm looking down on you, think about it yourself, what realm were you at? Only a ninth rank.”

“Ninth rank in the martial dao, any random martial artist could kill you back and forth ten times, under those circumstances, could I tell you the truth?”

“If you do tell the truth, what can you do? Do you want to go back and continue your treasure hunt? Are you qualified to do so? What kind of treasure hunt are you going to do?”

Dan Shen Gu Jing said somewhat unpleasantly.

It wasn't that he looked down on Xu Qingnian, but Xu Qingnian was just like that, a ninth grade martial artist, how could he compete for a true Martial Emperor's relic treasure? How could he compete?

Once he said that, Xu Qingnian calmed down. He was a bit excited just now, but when he thought about it, the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture was indeed right.

If he had known at any time, he would have harmed himself, after all, his realm was really too low.

“The real relic, do you not know where it is either?”

Xu Qingnian inquired.

“I don’t know, the Martial Emperor was too suspicious at the time, let alone me, ask his daughter to see, I guess she doesn’t know either.”

“But there is a possibility.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing replied.

“What possibility?”

Xu Qingnian was a little anxious.

“It’s really possible that the Martial Emperor has hidden the secret on the Crown Prince.”

“If you don’t have any clue, you might as well find out where the Crown Prince of Great Wei is.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing replied thus.

“Hidden in the Crown Prince?”

“Where is the Crown Prince? Do you know?”

Xu Qingnian became somewhat curious.

“This old man knows, indeed it is in Ping’an County.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing replied, his tone very certain.

“Ping’an County?”

Xu Qingnian was a little dazed.

“En, it’s in Ping’an County, why else would the place where the treasure was left appear in Ping’an County?”

“So old me does suspect that the real treasure is most likely in Ping’an County as well.”

“However, this is only an old man’s guess, whether it is or not, I dare not be sure.”

The Dan Shen Ancient Scripture was clearly not wanting to stir up trouble, if he found it all was happy, if he couldn't find it he didn't want to be the object of Xu Qingnian's anger.

"Is the Prince of Great Wei really in Ping'an County? Then wouldn't the words I left on the stone wall be a mistake?"

Xu Qingnian smacked his lips a little.

"Yes, at that time, I was also curious and thought that you really knew something, but later I found out that you just wrote it blindly."

"But you are really lucky, you can even write it down correctly by mistake, there is no one else's luck."

Speaking of this matter, Dan Shen Gu Jing could not help but sigh in admiration, Xu Qingnian had carved the words on the stone wall at that time, he saw them in his eyes and was curious at that time, how did Xu Qingnian know.

Only later did he realise that it was written blindly.

He didn't know whether to call it good luck or bad luck.

"Oh no."

For a moment, Xu Qingnian didn't know what to say, he felt like he had done something stupid.

The White Cloth Sect had definitely been to the place of the Martial Emperor's relics, and he had informed the White Cloth Sect of the information at a very early stage, so that if they learned of the whereabouts of the Martial Emperor's relics, they would definitely do their utmost to find it.

It was indeed not a good thing for oneself.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian did not know what to say.

"If I scribble on it like this, they won't suspect me, right?"

"Also, what's the point of making a fake relic for the Martial Emperor for a good reason?"

Xu Qingnian enquired.

"No, there's a four-year age difference between you and the Crown Prince, so you can't be implicated in this."

“As for the rest of the story, you’re thinking too highly of the Crown Prince, even the Emperor’s son has scraps, of course maybe you’re right again.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing reassured Xu Qingnian.

“As for the Martial Emperor making fake relics, after all is said and done, it’s still not a suspicious mind.”

As for the latter question, the Dan God Ancient Scripture looked somewhat ungrateful.

“Suspicious? What does the Martial Emperor need to be so suspicious for?”

“He’s an emperor, holding great power, and although he lost the Northern Expedition, he’s Emperor Wu, not Emperor Wen, so who can threaten him?”

Xu Qingnian was a little puzzled.

“Who says there’s no threat? Emperor Wu feels like he’s had problems with his brain since the Northern Expedition, and is frighteningly suspicious.”

“It’s often said that someone is out to get him, but there’s a secret if you listen, it’ll scare you if you tell it.”

When he said this, Dan Shen Gu Jing’s voice became a little lower.

“What’s the secret?”

Xu Qingnian was filled with curiosity.

“The Martial Emperor was actually killed by someone.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing slowly said.

With a single sentence, Xu Qingnian froze.

The Martial Emperor had been killed by someone?

This was truly a shocking secret.

To be honest, Xu Qingnian felt that it was normal for Emperor Wu to be a little suspicious in his later years, basically emperors who relied on killing to stabilize their imperial power would all have some suspicion in their later years.

For example, the great ancestor.

How many meritorious officials did he kill?

Of course it had to do with dynastic politics, some people did have to die and Taizu was not at ease until they did.

But Emperor Wu was different; he was Emperor Wu Cheng, the rightful heir, and became Emperor of the Great Wei surrounded by the six ministries and the kings.

Even though he had lost his fortune in his later years, which had cost him some of the hearts of the people, he was still the Emperor of Great Wei.

How could he possibly have been killed?

Xu Qingnian was silent, frozen on his flying horse, while Dan Shen Gu Jing continued to speak.

His voice grew lower and lower.

“Emperor Wu often had nightmares where he dreamed of demons coming to kill him, and at that time, there would often be some sounds of ghosts and wolves crying in the palace.”

“You should know this, it was actually the Martial Emperor’s ghostly cries, and did you know that the harem was buried in martyrdom?”

The Dan Shen Ancient Scripture tells this story of a time when this was a pungent secret, a true pungent secret.

“I know, after Emperor Wu’s death, the harem concubines were all martyred and the martyrdom ritual was re-enabled, and it was also personally enabled by the then Chancellor of Great Wei.”

Xu Qingnian nodded, he had read about this in the Great Wei Hidden Scripture Pavilion.

Ever since Emperor Wen succeeded to the throne, Great Wei had abolished the concubine martyrdom rite, which was considered to be harmful to heavenly justice, so this act was also praised by later generations, including Confucianists who had always praised Emperor Wen with this matter.

This act was praised by later generations, including the Confucianists, who praised Emperor Wen.

However, when Emperor Wu introduced the rite of martyrdom again, the Prime Minister of the Great Wei himself did so.

The Prime Minister was not Chen Zhengru, but another great scholar.

So this becomes a curious matter.

How could a great Confucian benevolence re-instate the rite of martyrdom? But it may have become a matter of suspicion anyway because he feared that the harem would interfere with political affairs, and so he came up with this subterfuge.

Now, listening to the Dan Shen Gu Jing, it seemed that there was another hidden agenda.

“Do you know why?”

Dan Shen Gu Jing continued to ask.

“Why?”

Xu Qingnian was indeed curious.

“Because these concubines were all killed by the Martial Emperor himself.”

“And the means were terrible.”

“I remember very clearly that it was in the middle of the night when some concubines were sleeping and heard the sound of gnawing.”

“When they woke up in a daze, they saw a face of the Martial Emperor with blood on the corners of his mouth, an extremely strange and distorted smile, and a gurgling sound coming from his throat.”

“Immediately after being accompanied by an extremely miserable scream, this concubine died.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing slowly spoke out, his voice was very low, and when he said this, it was even more creepy.

For a moment, Xu Qingnian’s head went a little numb.

Just ask, if a person was asleep and suddenly heard the sound of clicking and gnawing, woke up in a daze and saw a face with a twisted and strange smile, and the other party’s mouth was full of blood, who wouldn’t come scared silly if it was anyone else?

“This can’t be.”

Xu Qingnian took a deep breath, he didn’t believe it at all.

The Martial Emperor was suspicious, it wasn’t like he had a brain problem, why scare people like that?

“Impossible?”



“Do you know why the martyrdom rite was re-instated? It’s because all the concubines in the harem were killed clean by Emperor Wu, and each one was extremely hideous before they died, with fear in their eyes, and they couldn’t rest in peace.”

“And the crown prince’s birth mother, that’s how she died. At that time, I suspected for a while that Emperor Wu was possessed by an evil spirit, otherwise, I wouldn’t have believed it.”

“But all these things were seen by my own eyes, and it is fortunate that I am an artifact and have no feelings, otherwise I would have been scared to death most of the night.”

“The prime minister of the current dynasty was also frightened and got a heart attack, he died in the same year as Emperor Wu, if you don’t believe me ask the current prime minister and see if he knows about it.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing’s tone also gradually returned to normal, and even carried some dissatisfaction.

“No wonder everything was concealed in Emperor Wu’s later years.”

“But the Great Confucian was all scared? How terrifying must that be.”

Xu Qingnian frowned, why did it feel like things were getting more and more complicated and scary ah.

“God knows, anyway, after the Northern Expedition, Emperor Wu was not normal.”

“But Emperor Wu was also normal for a while, he was calm for a while before he died and told me something.”

“He was killed, the Great Wei Dynasty has a hand, an invisible hand, and all future emperors of Great Wei will have to suffer like this, unless a new sage emerges in Great Wei, then none of them will be able to live well.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing slowly spoke out.

“The man behind the curtain?”

“Who exactly is it that was able to control the Palace of Literature and kill the Great Wei Martial Emperor at the same time.”

At this moment, Xu Qingnian was truly curious, who on earth could do this?

It was not enough to control the Palace of Literature, but to get the Great Wei Emperor killed?

What kind of person could have done this?

Xu Qingnian was curious, really too curious.

But what Xu Qingnian understood even more was that before he became a saint, I was afraid that he could not fight with this man, otherwise, even the Great Wei Martial Emperor had died in this man's hands.

Otherwise, even the Great Wei Martial Emperor had died at the hands of this man, and it was as if he was just an ant.

The good thing was that although he had not become a First Grade Saint, he was at least a Half-Saint. The other party was obviously unwilling to make a move, not because he did not dare, but because there was no need to do so, and it was impossible for him not to be exposed when he made a move against a Half-Saint.

Perhaps he had already struck, but they had all been defused one by one by himself.

Unless he revealed himself, it would probably be difficult to really mess with himself.

Of course, it could not be ruled out that the other party did not care about him at all, but rather plotted his own plan, and he was just a little variable in the plan, a little dispensable variable.

Rubbing his temples, Xu Qingnian could not help but continue to ask.

“Did Emperor Wu say anything when he was sober in his later years? Did he mention anything important?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

“Mentioned something, the Crown Prince was secretly escorted out by Emperor Wu, something that only two people theoretically knew about, but before he died he told me that the man behind the curtain also knew about it.”

“Only the secret that the crown prince hid, the other party couldn't detect it, before Emperor Wu died, he went to the clan temple and invited the Tai Zu killing intent to be sealed inside the crown prince, so even if the mastermind behind the curtain found the crown prince, it wouldn't do anything.”

“So there are two possibilities, one, to leave the Crown Prince alone as a dark son, or two, to adopt the Crown Prince as a bright son, the second is more likely, except that if he adopts the Crown Prince, or has contact with him.”

“The Martial Emperor would also know the first time, before he died, he visited Ping’an County and placed me in the fake relic, at that time he was sure that the other party knew who the Crown Prince was, but never showed himself.”

“Don’t underestimate the Martial Emperor, he left a backhand, it’s just a pity that the other party was too patient, the Martial Emperor didn’t even know who was behind it before he died.”

The Dan Shen Ancient Scripture gave a reply and told some more peculiar secrets.

But when all was said and done, Xu Qingnian was still a little confused.

“What did he want?”

“Why did he want to harm the Martial Emperor?”

“What did the Martial Emperor hide? It can’t just be the Demon Subduing Divine Stone, right?”

“Is it the Midcontinent Immortal Collection?”

Xu Qingnian asked all the doubts in her heart in one breath.

However, Dan Shen Gu Jing was a little depressed.

“If you ask me, how would I know so much, but you even know about the Midcontinent Immortal Collection? It seems that this empress is interested in you, she dares to tell you such secrets, treating you as one of her own.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing said.

“Senior, don’t joke about it, say it seriously.”

At this time, Xu Qingnian didn’t have any heart to joke around, as he felt more and more that a heavenly situation had appeared in front of him.

A person, or rather an organization, had been laying out for hundreds of years, from the time of the Great Ancestor, all the way to the present, enough to both kill the Great Wei Wu Di and reach out to the Wen Gong.

Xu Qingnian was more inclined to be an organisation.

If it was one person, then ..... Xu Qingnian couldn’t imagine who could have done this.

Great Wei had a First Grade Martial Artist.

This should not be forgotten.

“It’s very likely that it has something to do with the Midcontinent Immortal Collection, but it’s something that’s not true, there’s no need to make such a big deal about it, Martial Emperors have secrets too, and everyone has their own secrets.”

“Actually, rather than saying that someone is harming him, I’m more partial to one possibility.”

The Dan Shen Ancient Scripture began to really analyse.

“What possibility?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

“The Martial Emperor has practiced a foreign art.”

The Dan God Ancient Scripture slowly spoke out, its tone incomparably calm.

But this answer, once again, silenced Xu Qingnian.

The Martial Emperor had practiced a foreign art?

This was impossible.

It was more shocking than all the news Xu Qingnian had heard before.

“Why do you say that?”

Only Xu Qingnian did not deny it, but asked Dan Shen Gu Jing, since Dan Shen Gu Jing dared to say this, it was enough to prove one thing, he must have a basis for it.

“Why would he go crazy if he doesn’t cultivate foreign arts? Pretending to be a god every night and scaring the concubines alive to death? This is the phenomenon of demonization.”

“Where is there a mastermind behind the scenes that could influence the Martial Emperor? In the end, it’s that he was possessed and had lost his mind, just like a madman. Emperor Wu’s funeral was also very simple, basically he was rushed into burial, the court didn’t say anything, and the Palace of Literature didn’t mention it either.”

“Doesn’t that make people suspicious? Maybe the Palace of Literature has known for a long time that the Martial Emperor practiced a different art, but this matter is too big for the Palace of Literature to suppress, and if it really leaked out, how many people would take the risk?”

“Another thing, haven’t you been looking for the Demon Suppressing Divine Stone? This thing should be able to suppress the supernatural arts, right? You are so anxious to find it, so it must be related to the supernatural arts, so you don’t need to hide this from old me.”

“So, I ask you, what is the Martial Emperor doing with this thing?”

Dan Shen Gu Jing said something that rendered Xu Qingnian speechless.

An emperor who stayed up at night and scared his concubines alive to death, wasn’t that just losing his mind? And what’s more, with the sound of gnawing and a twisted, grotesque smile on his face, isn’t that just being possessed by a demon?

The demon stone was a good example of a good reason.

Only Xu Qingnian didn’t dare to think further.

And Dan Shen Gu Jing continued to speak.

“But what really made me suspect him of cultivating a different art was that he had never sought me out to refine a realm-breaking pellet.”

“Because when he sought me out, he was already of the second rank, and he did not ask for a first-ranked realm-breaking pellet, seemingly knowing that he was bound to die.”

“How old was the Martial Emperor when he inherited the throne? Twenty-one years old, when I met him, he was only twenty-two years old, and he was already a Second Grade Martial Artist.”

“And no one knew that.”

“Even if he was the Emperor of the Great Wei, no matter how gifted he was, becoming a second-grade martial artist at the age of twenty-one? How many people under the heavens can do that?”

“And on what basis could he do it? But what truly terrifies the old man, do you know what?”

Dan Shen Ancient Scripture spoke with a tone of voice as he reached this point.

“What is it?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

“Why.”

“After the shame of Jingcheng.”

“A Martial Emperor has appeared in Great Wei?”

Dan Shen Gu Jing’s voice was icy cold.

Once this was said, Xu Qingnian was utterly and completely at a loss for what to say.

This was because from what the Dan God Ancient Scripture was saying, a Martial Emperor practiced a different art, and it was highly likely that his father had done it.

Not true.

Xu Qingnian’s pupils suddenly dilated as he looked at the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture and said.

“You mean to say that the Great Wei collected the people who died from Jing Cheng Shame to refine something to enhance the strength of the Martial Emperor, wanting to create a Second Grade?”

“So, Jingcheng Shame was not suddenly lost, but the emperor’s intention?”

Xu Qingnian heard and understood the meaning of the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture.

The latter did not answer, but this lack of answer was actually an answer.

“No, this is absolutely impossible.”

“There’s no way the Great Wei Emperor would do this, they don’t need to do this, it’s unnecessary to do this, sacrificing so many people to create a second rank, is this possible? Is it necessary? Does it make sense?”

Xu Qingnian vetoed it outright.

He simply didn’t believe it this time, because it was completely unreasonable.

Jingcheng Shame had broken the backbone of the people of Great Wei, and this would not be said.

The main thing was that the sacrifice was so great just to create a second rank out of it? It’s not like Greater Wei doesn’t have a first rank?

Isn’t that wrong in the head?

It's not cost-effective at all. If you can create three first-rate products, or even two first-rate products, there's no problem. At least in terms of benefits, it's not a loss, but what's the difference between this and demons?

Xu Qingnian really didn't believe it.

If this were true, what kind of national luck would the Great Wei Dynasty have?

The more this was said, the more outrageous it became.

"Alas, I've said that this is just a guess, whether it is or not, it's none of my business."

"But you should pay attention, there are many things that the old man doesn't know and neither do you, you can only guess."

Dan Shen Gu Jing seemed to not want to say anything more with himself and wanted to stop this topic.

Xu Qingnian also did not continue to dwell on this topic, but returned to the very first question.

"Then where does senior guess the real Martial Emperor's relic to be?"

Xu Qingnian asked.

"I don't know... I'll tell you if I know."

"It's just that the Martial Emperor had a habit of putting things he liked in a wooden box and putting them in the most conspicuous place."

It was true that the Ancient Scripture of the Dan God did not know where it was.

But he named one of Martial Emperor's habits and told Xu Qingnian to think for himself.

"Senior, do you mean to say that the real Martial Emperor's relics could possibly be underneath the fake one?"

Xu Qingnian said curiously.

"I don't know, think for yourself, where does the old man know everything?"

"Right, having said all that, the key thing hasn't been said."

"The Second Grade Realm Breaking Dan recipe, I'm telling you now, it's just three things, it's quite easy to find."

Dan Shen Gu Jing didn't want to answer Xu Qingnian's question anymore, instead he brought up the Second Grade Realm Breaking Dan.

"No need for now, junior plans to refine a First Grade Realm Breaking Pill."

Xu Qingnian was confident that he didn't need the Second Grade Realm Breaking Pill anymore, since the foreign arts could be solved, it wasn't difficult to rely on them to break through to the Second Grade before solving them.

It wasn't that he was desperate, it was just that Dan Shen Ancient Scripture's asking price was too fierce.

He dared to ask the Pill King for the sixth grade and the fifth grade, and when he reached the fourth grade, he directly asked himself to find dragon blood, so what would the second grade Dan recipe be? Xu Qingnian had a bit of a number in his heart.

"Refining the first grade?"

"Very good, young man, you have a dream, the first grade only needs to find two things."

When Dan Shen Gu Jing heard that Xu Qingnian did not intend to ask for a Second Grade Realm Breaking Dan, he was not the least bit upset, instead he was extremely excited to introduce the First Grade Realm Breaking Dan recipe to Xu Qingnian.

"Senior, there's no need for that first, let's wait until we need it."

Xu Qingnian rejected it outright, and then stopped paying attention to the Dan God Ancient Scripture.

There was so much going on right now, a whole lot of things waiting for him to find, where was the time to prepare a First Grade Realm Breaking Dan?

"Little friend, you're not being martial virtuous, I've worked so hard to tell you so much and tell you so many secrets, and you run away after using the old man? You're really ruthless, you're on par with a Martial Emperor."

Dan Shen Ancient Scripture was a little depressed, he had said a whole lot and many secrets, but he didn't expect Xu Qingnian to not talk about Martial Virtues at all, and to leave after using himself?

It was really ruthless.

Ignoring the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture, Xu Qingnian's mind was all on the 'True-Martial Emperor's Relic'.



As for the secrets of the Martial Emperor, including these rumors, Xu Qingnian didn't believe too much, these matters were not his turn to interfere, whether there was a curtain or not Xu Qingnian didn't care, anyway, let's solve our own problems first.

If not, what's the point of knowing more?

The real culprit behind the curtain can do nothing?

If you are dead, everything is superfluous.

On the way to Ping'an County, Xu Qingnian pondered two things.

Firstly, where the True Martial Emperor's relics were.

Secondly, who was the secret son of the White Cloth Sect?

It was only difficult to find out the true Martial Emperor's relics directly, without any slightest clue.

But there was one person who might know.

This person is the secret son of the White Cloth Sect.

The White Cloth Sect had two pawns in Ping'an County, one was Constable Chen, this one knew himself.

The other one had been hidden in the shadows, and was told by Constable Chen inadvertently.

Sheriff Chen was of low rank in the White Clothes Sect, so there were many things he did not know.

But the other dark son was different. This guy was definitely not an idle person and knew a lot of things, perhaps he knew where the real Martial Emperor's relics were.

Instead of aimlessly searching for the Martial Emperor's relics, it would be better to find out this dark son.

For a moment, Xu Qingnian closed his eyes as he kept thinking about who this dark son was.

From the time he was struck by the cold poison, every single thing that had happened in Ping'an County, Xu Qingnian began to try to remember, including every single person he had met.

All the memories came to mind.

Xu Qingnian was also thinking about it.

When he himself first returned to Ping'an County, he drew the White Clothes among the restaurants according to the handover signal from the White Clothes Sect.

In the first two days, no one was encountered, and it was the third day that Constable Chen came.

With the arrival of Sheriff Chen, he took the initiative to say the secret code, and he could not pick it up himself, so he used the Great Magic of Entering Dreams to sneak into Sheriff Chen's dream.

After learning the docking code, he then docked with Sheriff Chen, and it was because of this that he knew there was another secret agent in Ping'an County.

The secret son of the White Cloth Sect was of a higher rank than Constable Chen, and as to what rank it was, Constable Chen was not sure.

He only knew that he was of a higher rank than him.

The other side knew about Constable Chen, while Constable Chen did not know about the other side.

But the problem was that he had drawn white clothes, the other party saw it and was bound to meet with him, but the other party did not come to him.

This is a bit strange.

It was hard to see that he was not Constable Chen, so he did not come out to identify himself?

"No, it can't be."

"If I was someone who came down from the White Cloth Sect and had something to look for him, there's no way he wouldn't have come out."

"Unless there is one possibility, and that is that the other party is extremely high up, so high that only a few people can have contact with him."

Xu Qingnian guessed in his mind.

But he soon overturned this possibility himself.

"A rebel organisation, all the more rigorous and careful, even if this person is of extremely high status, if he sees a secret code, he should come out to meet, even if he comes out to have a look, there is always no problem to see who he is, right?"

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian began to recall everything that had happened in the restaurant at that time.

Everything came back to mind.

Every single thing appeared clearly in the middle of his mind.

After about a little over half an hour.

Xu Qingnian did not think of who it was, but he had already arrived in Ping'an County.

After thinking about it, Xu Qingnian disguised himself and went straight to the Ping'an Inn, threw some scrap of silver over, and then followed the junior to the guest room.

He did not go to his master first, nor did he investigate anything first, but rested at the Ping'an Inn for a few days.

He had to think it over, carefully, not letting go of every detail.

It was imperative to find this dark son as soon as possible, and when he did everything would be fine.

It was so much better than searching aimlessly on his own.

And so it was.

Little by little, time passed.

In the blink of an eye, two days have passed.

And at the same time.

Great Wei Kyoto.

Prince Huaining's residence.

Prince Huaining looked a little despondent as he sat on the tai shi chair, quietly looking at the masked man in front of him.

"Is this the timing you were talking about?"

"It's not too ridiculous, is it?"

"Great Wei has produced a half-saint, the Palace of Literature has seceded, and not only has it not suppressed the country's fortunes, but now it has even been allowed to

coalesce into the Great Wei Dragon Cauldron, the people's public opinion is high, at this moment, even if we wanted to rebel, we would not dare to do so."

"This is the time?"

The first few words of Prince Huaining were fine, but when he came to the end, he stood up violently and looked at the masked man, his voice roaring with rage.

He was Prince Huaining, once a Prince with military power in his hands, so high in status that the Empress had to give himself courtesy.

But what about now?

Without his military power, he had been waiting for the right time, only to find that half of his life's planning was in vain.

Who else could have endured this?

"Your Majesty, don't be angry."

"At this time in Great Wei, it may seem like this is a bad thing, yet how is this not a good thing for us?"

The masked man remained calm as he looked at Prince Huaining and said so.

But as soon as he said this, Prince Huaining directly threw out all the things on the table and looked at the other party, his gaze cold.

"Good for you, you son of a bitch."

"The Palace of Literature has seceded, and Great Wei has produced a new saint, a twenty-year-old saint, and this Xu Qingnian himself has public opinion on his side, such that Great Wei's state is now flourishing and forming a dragon tripod."

"Great Wei did not even form the Dragon Tripod during its heyday, but now it has formed it, and with time, not to say ten or twenty years, but perhaps three or five years, Great Wei will surpass its former self."

"Is this still a good thing?"

"All the vassal kings are now as docile as dogs, doing whatever they are told to do. If the king were to ask them to rebel now, I'm afraid they would write a memorial and accuse the old man."

"Is that a good thing?"

“Do you take this king for a fool?”

Prince Huaining directly exploded, not because he had no city spirit, but this masked man’s speech was really too brainless.

It had come to this point, and he was still saying it was a good thing?

Winning, winning, winning mahjong?

Are you out of your mind?

Prince Huining was now regretting, not for offending Xu Qingnian, but for why he had reached a consensus with this group of people.

Now he had lost his wife and his army, and he had to be played as a fool? Who else would not be angry?

Hearing Prince Huaining’s angry voice, the masked man did not feel a trace of anger, instead he spoke in a calm tone.

“Your Majesty, please calm your anger.”

“I would like to make a few points, and I hope that Your Majesty will think carefully about them.”

“Firstly, what we are plotting is not the Great Wei Dynasty, but the national fortune, and now that the national fortune has formed the Dragon Tripod, how is it not a good thing for us? If Your Majesty takes the throne, we must also do our best to help Your Majesty, to govern the country and develop Great Wei, the purpose of which is for the sake of the Dragon Tripod of the National Fortune.”

“Now Xu Qingnian has directly allowed the national luck of Great Wei to form the Dragon Cauldron, which is considered a great favour to us, may I ask Your Majesty, is this a good thing?”

The masked man spoke up and said so.

When this was said, Prince Huai Ning sneered, but he did not continue to curse anymore, but was silent.

“Secondly, what the king is worried about in the final analysis is still the handing over of the military talisman, the worry about the vassal kings everywhere, the worry about not being able to rebel, but in reality, even if the military talisman is handed over, the king can still deploy a lot of troops.”

“It’s not a bad thing if the vassal kings everywhere are afraid, at least they won’t compete with the king for the throne, as for the matter of rebellion, who says that rebellion must require the vassal kings of the world to rise up?”

“Couldn’t we just, seize the door?”

The masked man slowly spoke out.

“Seize the door?”

“Is this not a mutiny? If I really did that, I’m afraid the world would not allow me to do so, right?”

Prince Huining said calmly, pointing out the key issue.

If the vassal kings were to revolt, this would be the general trend, but if he were to lead the troops to seize the door, then he would be inheriting the throne in name only.

This was definitely not an option.

Only the masked man shook his head and looked at Prince Huaining and said.

“Your Highness is overly concerned, taking the door directly would definitely not work, but what if we add the legacy of Emperor Wu’s son?”

The masked man said slowly.

At these words, Prince Huaining’s face changed.

“The Martial Emperor’s Legacy Son?”

“You have found the Martial Emperor’s Legacy Son?”

Prince Huaining’s eyes revealed a refined aura as he was somewhat surprised.

“En, we have found the Martial Emperor’s Legacy Son, and as long as the king is able to succeed in seizing the door, the Martial Emperor’s Legacy Son will appear, and nominally the king will not be a rebel, but will return a clean slate to Great Wei.”

“And we will also make the Legacy of the Martial Emperor honestly concede the throne to you, Your Majesty, so that everything will be logical.”

The masked man said this.

But Prince Huai Ning shook his head and said.

“What proof do you have that you have found the last son of Emperor Wu.”

“Also, now that the Great Wei Kingdom is flourishing and has the help of Heaven, is it that easy to take the door?”

Prince Huining was not stupid and said directly.

“We will not bring out the evidence, Your Majesty, you do not need to suspect anything, since we dare to say these words, we have the strength, otherwise, it would not be possible for Your Majesty to take the risk.”

“After all, such a great plan cannot be accomplished without Your Majesty.”

“As for the matter of the Great Wei’s national fortune, it is easy to solve, before we take over the gate, we will step in and suppress Xu Qingnian, if he dies, the Great Wei’s national fortune will definitely be damaged.”

“At the critical moment, the king launched the change of seizing the door, occupying the heavenly time and location, it is difficult to lose.”

The other party spoke with an incomparably confident tone.

But Prince Huaining did not take the bait, but spoke directly.

“This king is short of men, and relying on this king alone, he can at most suppress the Eight Sects of the Capital Army, but what about those immortal gates? The Immortal Dao forces have been arriving one after another these past two days, just to weaken the vassal kings everywhere and suppress the other forces.”

“The capital soldiers can be suppressed, what about the immortal gates?”

“There is also the Great Wei One Piece, how can we solve it?”

Prince Huaining said so.

The latter looked at Prince Huai Ning and smiled faintly.

“Your Majesty is joking, relying on your Majesty’s military strength, suppressing the palace is not a difficult task, after all, your Majesty has some relations with the White Cloth Sect as well, asking them to help, there is a ten percent chance of winning.”

The masked man spoke, while a look of surprise flashed across Prince Huaining’s eyes.

It seemed that he had not expected that the other party even knew about his collusion with the White Cloth Sect.

However, he did not explain too much and instead pondered.

After a while, Prince Huaining spoke out.

“It’s fine not to produce evidence of the Martial Emperor’s legacy son, but you have to tell me how to kill Xu Qingnian.”

“Otherwise, this king will definitely not take any chances.”

Prince Huai Ning spoke out.

What he was curious about was how the gang planned to target Xu Qingnian.

“In eight days, when the Hao Ran Dynasty is established, the will of the Zhu Sheng will be revived, and the Zhu Sheng will execute Xu Qingnian, Your Majesty, is this enough?”

The man in the mask spoke out a spicy secret.

When this was said, Prince Huai Ning was moved.

Reviving Zhu Sheng’s will? To kill Xu Qingnian?

This was indeed enough.

Even if Xu Qingnian was strong, could he be stronger than the Vermilion Saint?

Obviously, it was impossible.

Thinking of this, Prince Huai Ning took a deep breath and looked at the other party.

“This king is not well read, so don’t lie to this king.”

He said so.

“Please rest assured, Your Majesty, we naturally will not.”

The masked man spoke.

Afterwards, Prince Huai Ning’s tone was much gentler and after a few words of small talk, the latter disappeared.

Since the disappearance of the Great Wei Wen Palace, this masked man had become more and more casual, what the other party was from, he was not sure, but now he gradually understood some of it.



Only he didn't care about any of this, as long as he could achieve his purpose, everything was fine.

At that moment, Prince Huaining's gaze, too, fell on the southwest.

That was the pacifying royal residence.

At this very moment.

Inside Kyoto.

In the Ping Chaos King's Residence.

As Xu Qingnian was crowned king for the first time, the Marquis of Ping Chaos' residence also immediately changed its plaque and became the King's residence.

Luckily, the empress had the foresight to build it directly according to the standards of the state duke, plus the academy, so it was expanded quite a bit.

Nowadays there is no problem at all in changing the name to the King's Mansion.

In the courtyard.

Chen Xinghe slowly put the books in his hands, and for a moment, he was a little confused.

Ever since Xu Qingnian had crossed over, Chen Xinghe felt more and more that learning literature would not help his junior brother.

Therefore, Chen Xinghe decided to abandon literature.

But what to abandon literature? Chen Xinghe thought about it for a long time, but he could not figure it out.

At first, he thought of developing agriculture, increasing the food production of Great Wei, and learning from Xu Qingnian.

But after reading a few books, he found that he could not understand them at all.

Later on, he read a few books on industrial tools, thinking of inventing something to indirectly help Great Wei and also help Xu Qingnian.

But he could not even read a single book.

At this moment, Chen Xinghe was really a bit depressed.

He became confused and had doubts.

What exactly was he suitable for?

Was he only suitable for playing the bleep?

But the problem was that he didn't pretend to be much either.

It wasn't that he didn't want to pretend, it was entirely because his own senior brother didn't give him the chance.

Thinking about this, Chen Xinghe felt a bit uncomfortable, he just wanted to learn something properly and pretend to behave properly.

God, can you let yourself pretend to be one, even if it's a hard one?

That would make his dream come true.

Chen Xinghe thought to himself.

It was at this moment.

A figure, slowly appeared in the courtyard.

It was Zhao Yuan's figure.

As soon as he appeared, he then couldn't help but frown.

Because he noticed that Xu Qingnian was not here.

And at that moment, Chen Xinghe happened to turn around and saw Zhao Yuan.

He did not know Zhao Yuan.

Although Zhao Yuan and Wu Ming were suppressing the Palace of Literature, it was just that the two of them were suppressing above the Palace of Literature and there was no picture, so people only knew that a First Grade Martial Artist had struck.

However, they did not know what a First Grade Martial Artist looked like at all.

Naturally, Chen Xinghe didn't know either.

Looking at Zhao Yuan.

The latter was still of a good nature and opened his mouth, wanting to explain the purpose of his visit.

Only a cold voice rang out.

“How dare you.”

“What is the crime for trespassing in the king’s residence?”

The voice rang out.

It was filled with a cold intent.

It was Chen Xinghe’s voice.

At this moment, Chen Xinghe was excited inside.

Because he knew that he was going to fulfill his dream.