

Awaken Chapter 221 -

Kyoto, Great Wei.

The Palace of the King of Peace and Chaos.

As Chen Xinghe's voice rang out.

Zhao Yuan froze a little.

As a First Grade Martial Artist, he hadn't been yelled at in decades.

Right now, he hadn't really expected that a scholar would dare to be so mean to himself?

Before the inexplicable, Zhao Yuan felt somewhat amused, but he had no evil intentions.

"Where is Xu Qingnian?"

Zhao Yuan looked towards Chen Xinghe, his tone was calm, but he pressed forward slightly, and in an instant a terrifying might struck him.

This was the First Grade Heavenly Might.

In an instant.

Chen Xinghe was frozen.

The terrifying Heavenly Might pressed in, causing Chen Xinghe to freeze in place on the spot.

Who would have thought that a seemingly ordinary old man would be so terrifying?

However, Zhao Yuan had not truly unleashed his First Grade Heavenly Might, otherwise, with Chen Xinghe's body, he would only have to die here on the spot.

This was just a warning, and to avoid wasting time and nagging Chen Xinghe about anything.

"Do you still need to ask me who I am?"

Zhao Yuan opened his mouth as he gathered his mighty pressure and looked at Chen Xinghe calmly.

"Senior is joking."

“My junior has eyes that are not aware of Mount Tai, dare I ask what senior wants?”

Chen Xinghe opened his mouth, forcing out a smile as he looked at Zhao Yuan and asked this.

“Where is Xu Qingnian?”

Zhao Yuan asked as he opened the door.

“Dare I ask if senior is?”

Chen Xinghe did not answer directly, but asked who the other party was.

Although he knew that the other party was very strong, but after all, it was about his senior brother, Chen Xinghe still had to ask.

“You don’t need to care who the old man is, don’t worry, the old man won’t harm Xu Qingnian, Xu Qingnian is my senior nephew.”

Zhao Yuan spoke, but a hint of good feeling towards Chen Xinghe grew in his heart.

And hearing Zhao Yuan reply like this, Chen Xinghe sighed in relief.

Then he slowly spoke.

“Back to senior, senior brother has gone out.”

“Senior doesn’t know where he has gone.”

Chen Xinghe immediately replied, but it was true that he did not know where Xu Qingnian had gone.

“Went out?”

Zhao Yuan frowned slightly.

To be honest, it was not a big deal for him to come over this time, he just wanted to see Xu Qingnian and meet him.

After all, Xu Qingnian was at least considered his own senior nephew, so it was normal to take a look, but of course, it was mainly because, Xu Qingnian was actually a third-grade martial artist.

This appealed to him.

At first he didn't think anything of Xu Qingnian, he only thought that Xu Qingnian was a scholar and that Wu Ming had just lived too long and had nothing better to do.

But when he learnt that Xu Qingnian was a third-ranked martial artist, he had to pay attention.

He just didn't expect Xu Qingnian to be away from home, so this was a wasted trip.

"Alright, since that's the case, don't tell anyone that old man came here."

Zhao Yuan spoke, since Xu Qingnian was not at home, then forget it, except that he did not want others to know that he had come over, especially not Wu Ming.

And after he finished saying this, he was ready to leave.

But just a moment later, Chen Xinghe's voice suddenly rang out.

"Senior, wait."

Looking at Zhao Yuan, Chen Xinghe was a little excited and also looked a little nervous.

"What's wrong?"

Looking at Chen Xinghe, Zhao Yuan was somewhat curious.

"Dare I ask senior, can you take me as your disciple?"

Chen Xinghe spoke as he gathered his courage and looked a little nervous.

Yes, Chen Xinghe wanted to worship his master.

It was obvious that his senior brother's senior was obviously not an idle person, and hadn't he always thought of helping his senior brother?

Reading a book would not help his senior brother, right now Chen Xinghe wanted to take the martial path and help his senior brother.

When this was said, Zhao Yuan frowned slightly.

He looked towards Chen Xinghe, followed by a calm expression and said.

"Worship the old man as your master? You are quite thoughtful."

Zhao Yuan spoke, not to mock Chen Xinghe, he just thought that Chen Xinghe had quite a good idea.

“Please forgive me, senior, this is indeed a bit abrupt.”

Chen Xinghe was also a little embarrassed and could only reply with his head bowed.

“There is nothing abrupt about it.”

“It’s just that you are obviously a scholar, why do you want to learn martial arts?”

Zhao Yuan inquired.

“Senior, I have been studying the sage’s books for decades, and now that the Palace of Literature is in such a state, I know that studying cannot save the world’s lives, so I would like to learn martial arts and make a contribution to the people.”

Chen Xinghe was telling the truth.

When he said this, Zhao Yuan nodded his head and approved of Chen Xinghe’s words.

“If only the world’s scholars were as aware as you are.”

Zhao Yuan spoke, but he continued.

“Only, the Martial Dao lineage is by no means as simple as you think, not to mention the amount of hardships involved.”

“More to the point, the martial dao may seem like everyone can learn it, but it’s more about physique, and with a bad physique, it’s hard to achieve greatness in the martial dao.”

“It’s good that you have this heart, it proves that you’re not a nerd, it’s just that you’re not suited to the martial arts.”

Zhao Yuan spoke out, he had some good feelings towards Chen Xinghe, except that he was a First Rank of Great Wei, so how could he just take on a disciple at will?

Even if the other party was Xu Qingnian’s senior brother, so what?

He did not need to give face to anyone, and this was also because he saw that Chen Xinghe had some awareness, otherwise, he would not have wasted so much words at all.

It was just that Zhao Yuan’s words had made it a little difficult for Chen Xinghe.

After thinking about it, Chen Xinghe could not help but speak.

“Why must senior think that I, Chen, can’t do it?”

Chen Xinghe spoke, but not in that unconvincing tone, but in question.

Hearing this, Zhao Yuan did not go to argue with Chen Xinghe, but extended his hand and put it directly on Chen Xinghe's shoulder.

He could tell at a glance that Chen Xinghe was not suitable for martial arts training.

Just by looking through his gaze, he thought that Chen Xinghe was not convinced either, so he used the most direct way to test it.

In an instant, the power of the First Grade Martial Dao entered Chen Xinghe's body.

It was just an instant.

Zhao Yuan's calm gaze instantly flashed with shock.

Soon, his eyes gradually became serious.

It was about half a quarter of an hour.

Finally Zhao Yuan withdrew his hand and looked at Chen Xinghe with an incomparably serious expression.

"Kid, I'm asking you, you haven't entered the Confucian Dao yet, right?"

Zhao Yuan opened his mouth and asked.

Hearing these words, Chen Xinghe nodded his head.

"I didn't expect it, I didn't expect it, this kind of physique really exists in the world."

Zhao Yuan spoke, with some excitement and disbelief in his tone.

But as soon as these words were said, Chen Xinghe became somewhat agitated.

"Senior, what kind of physique? Do you mean that I am suitable for the Martial Dao? The strongest physique in the Martial Dao?"

Chen Xinghe was quite excited and said.

"No."

"Your physique is not the strongest physique in the martial dao, to be more precise, your physique is the most odd and the worst physique in the world."

“It’s called the Seven Veins Absolute Physique, the meaning of which is that there are six systems in the world, relying on you to cultivate on your own, no matter which system it is, you will not be able to enter the rank.”

Zhao Yuan looked exceptionally excited as he said.

He didn’t expect that he had actually encountered a legendary physique.

But Zhao Yuan was excited, Chen Xinghe was a little depressed.

“Senior, it’s all seven vein extinct bodies, why are you so excited? There are also six systems, why is it called seven vein extinct body ah? Shouldn’t it be six vein extinct bodies?”

Chen Xinghe had never thought to his death that he was a Six Vein Extinct Body?

He couldn’t even enter the six systems?

“Seven-vein extinct body means that you can’t even cultivate a foreign art.”

“This physique of yours has a great deal to offer, you will never be able to enter the grade by relying on normal cultivation, but with the help of external forces, you will not have any side effects to enhance.”

“Forget it, you won’t understand even if I tell you, kid, are you willing to worship the old man as your teacher?”

Zhao Yuan didn’t make it too clear.

This Seven Veins Absolute Body seemed to be a wasted body, unable to cultivate any of the six systems, and unable to even enter the grade by cultivating a foreign art.

However, there was a heavenly benefit to this Seven Veins Extinct Body, and that was that the Seven Veins Extinct Body could be enhanced with the help of external forces.

This physique cannot be cultivated on its own, but it can be enhanced with the help of external forces.

What are external forces? The power of heaven and earth, the power of pills, and even the power of passing kung fu are all considered external powers, except that passing kung fu is too costly.

If a first-ranked person transmitted kung fu to Chen Xinghe, then Chen Xinghe could step into the second rank in one day.

It sounds exaggerated, but in fact it is not very useful, after all, a first grade for a second grade, bad brain?

The Da Da enlightenment is the worst way to pass on, going forward there are pills, and the power of heaven and earth.

Especially the power of heaven and earth, with the power of heaven and earth to improve, not only is it fast, but it's also strong.

“First grade.”

“First rank.”

“Within five years, Great Wei will have another First Grade, and when the First Grade Realm Breaking Pill has coalesced, Great Wei will have two First Grades.”

“By then, the old man will be able to truly enjoy a good life for a few years.”

Zhao Yuan was really excited.

At first, he did think that Chen Xinghe was a waste, but he didn't expect that he was really a waste, only that this waste was a little different in places.

The waste was special.

This kind of physique, if it was detected by others, had no effect, but if it was discovered by him, it was different.

“Are you serious, senior?”

Chen Xinghe was a little surprised, he was clearly a waste body, why would Zhao Yuan take him as his disciple?

“Kid, don't ask so many questions, are you willing?”

Zhao Yuan said in an urgent voice.

“Yes, as long as senior doesn't mind junior, junior is willing.”

Chen Xinghe nodded his head, he was definitely willing.

“Good, if you kowtow to me three times, you will be considered a worshipper.”

“There are no rules under the old man's discipline, as long as you are willing to suffer, everything is fine.”

Zhao Yuan suppressed the excitement within himself and said so.

Hearing these words, Chen Xinghe nodded and looked at Zhao Yuan and said.

“Master is above, please accept three obeisances from my apprentice.”

“Please don’t worry, Master, my apprentice doesn’t dare to say how much suffering he can suffer, but he can at least reach 80%.”

Chen Xinghe said with a serious face.

“Good.”

“In that case, then follow my master.”

Zhao Yuan looked at Chen Xinghe with satisfaction, and then spoke directly, wanting to take Chen Xinghe away.

“Go? Where to go, Master?”

Chen Xinghe asked.

“To suffer.”

Zhao Yuan spoke indifferently, followed by a hand, directly grabbing Chen Xinghe, and the next moment the space distorted and the two disappeared in the same place.

At the same time.

Great Wei South Yu Province.

Ping’an County.

Ping’an Inn.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian opened her eyes.

For three days in a row, Xu Qingnian had been thinking about who the second pawn of the White Cloth Sect was. In these three days, Xu Qingnian had replayed everything, back and forth, hundreds of times.

It was because of the replaying over and over again, plus the three days of pondering, that Xu Qingnian finally guessed.

Who was the pawn.

Not to say that she was ten percent sure, but Xu Qingnian was already seventy to eighty percent sure.

He got up and pushed open the window.

Xu Qingnian let out a long sigh.

And then, her figure disappeared in place.

About half an hour.

Zhao's Medicine Shop.

Zhao Daifu carried a bag of medicinal herbs and slowly walked back into the middle of the pharmacy.

"Master, Uncle Li said that his mother was sick and asked you to take a look."

The apprentice in the shop spoke up and looked at Doctor Zhao.

"Follow the previous recipe and give him a pair of medicine and send it over."

"If it doesn't get better, call me again."

Doctor Zhao spoke, and with those words, he walked into his quarters.

Intending to take some rest.

Then Great Doctor Zhao walked into his room.

Once he walked in, Great Doctor Zhao took a look, and soon he set the medicine box aside, watching the prescriptions very commonly, as well as fiddling with the silver needles.

Little by little, time passed.

More than two hours had passed.

As the sky gradually darkened, Doctor Zhao got up slightly and hammered his legs, as if he was numb from sitting.

But at that moment.

A voice suddenly rang out.

"Doctor Zhao, do you still need to act by now?"

The voice rang out.

It was Xu Qingnian's voice.

He appeared in the room, seemingly silent.

"Qingnian?"

"Why are you here?"

A look of surprise appeared in Doctor Zhao's eyes as he looked at Xu Qingnian, looking very stunned.

But looking at Doctor Zhao's eyes, Xu Qingnian sighed deeply.

"Doctor Zhao, you've already missed the mark."

"Why do you need to hide?"

"Don't worry, I'm not here to get you in trouble, no matter what, you saved my life in the first place."

"This kindness is in Xu's heart, as long as Doctor Zhao does not touch Xu's bottom line, Xu will not count too much."

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth as he looked at Dafu Zhao and said so.

It was.

The second pawn of the White Cloth Sect in Ping'an County was Dafu Zhao.

"Qingnian, what are you saying again?"

"Old man doesn't understand a single word."

Dafu Zhao's eyes were a little confused, as if he really didn't know anything at all.

But Xu Qingnian shook his head.

He was already sure, especially the moment he saw Dafu Zhao come in, Xu Qingnian was even more sure.

"Dafu Zhao."

"There are a few things that you can't explain clearly no matter what."

“How did you come to know about the supernatural arts?”

“Why were you willing to keep the secret for me in the first place?”

“Also, the Zhu Sheng lineage is so certain that I practice the supernatural arts, so I guess it has nothing to do with Zhao Dafu.”

“In this world, the only person who can guarantee with his life that Xu Mou cultivates the supernatural arts is you, Doctor Zhao.”

Xu Qingnian slowly spoke out, not wanting to waste time, as the above questions, if Doctor Zhao could not give a perfect reason, it would basically confirm his identity.

Therefore, Xu Qingnian would prefer that Dr. Zhao speak straightforwardly.

Because he would indeed not hurt Dr. Zhao.

Dafu Zhao was silent, his eyes still confused as he looked at himself, looking somewhat puzzled.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian stood with his hands in the air and looked at Dafu Zhao and said quietly.

“If what was said just now, Doctor Zhao does not want to answer, then this is the last question.”

“When Mister Xu returned to Ping’an County, he drew the picture in white, and it is true that Doctor Zhao’s did not show himself.”

“But Doctor Zhao did send medicinal herbs, how does Doctor Zhao explain this?”

“You saw the white-clothed picture on the first day, only you didn’t take the risk.”

“It wasn’t until after Sheriff Chen appeared that you couldn’t resist going to the inn to check something out, but you found a good reason to send medicine to the inn.”

“So when I left that day, I found the herbs in the hands of the junior.”

“Of course, you can also explain, Doctor Zhao, that it was just a coincidence.”

“But, all coincidences in one person would not be a coincidence.”

“Please don’t worry, Doctor Zhao, there is no deep hatred between Mister Xu and the White Cloth Sect for the time being, and Mister Xu is a man who remembers favours, so he won’t make things too difficult for you.”

Xu Qingnian didn't want to continue acting like this.

It was time for a showdown.

Indeed.

When Xu Qingnian said this, Dafu Zhao's eyes changed.

It was no longer the same kind of doubt, but was replaced by helplessness.

"It's impossible to hide it after all."

"But it can't be helped, how could the old man not expect that one day, you would become a Great Wei Half-Saint and reach the third rank of the martial realm."

"If you weren't a Half-Saint and didn't have the Third Grade realm, you might have been able to keep it under wraps, it was old me who thought too much."

Dafu Zhao spoke .

A statement was an admission of his identity.

"Since Dafu Zhao has admitted it, then Mister Xu will open up to the truth without delaying you and me."

"Where is the real Martial Emperor's Relic Treasure?"

Seeing Dafu Zhao's admission, Xu Qingnian was still slowly relieved, after all, to keep dragging on like this would only delay each other.

The reason why Xu Qingnian was certain that the second pawn was Zhao Dafu was actually these three points.

How could an ordinary medicine shopkeeper know about such things as supernatural arts?

At first, Xu Qingnian did not think much about it because she thought that after all, Zhao Dafu treated people, so he had seen a lot, which was normal and could be explained if he really wanted to force it.

But what really made Xu Qingnian 100% sure.

There were two factors.

One was, why would Doctor Zhao help himself to conceal it? He was a healer, but as a healer, he knew the dangers of the unusual arts, so he should have reported it to the authorities first.

Afraid of his own retaliation?

Ping'an County might not be able to suppress himself at that time, but Cheng Lidong could completely suppress himself.

So Dr Zhao could have given an honest account of everything when Cheng Lidong questioned him.

But Zhao Dafu did not, which proves one thing: he did not want himself exposed.

This was something that could be explained if he had to, Zhao Dafu had a good heart.

There was just one thing that Xu Qingnian did not say, and this was the real key point.

That was that he was now so famous that the new saint of Great Wei, his own teacher, including some of his colleagues inside the county court, said they knew him on sight.

Xu Qingnian had not only been contemplating these three days, but had also inquired about some news, and basically the people who knew him, had more or less been blessed by him.

There are a few colleagues who have even gone to work in the Southern Yufu province just because they know themselves.

Even his own neighbours have also benefited a lot, proclaiming everywhere that it was a piece of feng shui land, which was obviously worth only thirty taels of silver, but was sold for three thousand taels of silver not to mention.

It is said that someone is now offering ten thousand taels of gold for this piece of land.

But in the whole of Ping'an County, only Zhao Dafu was very calm. Others might have rubbed themselves hard, but Zhao Dafu was different, he had saved his own life.

Even if Zhao Dafu is not interested in fame and fortune, there is always something he needs to help, right?

For almost a year, Dr. Zhao was too low-profile, a little too low-profile.

So with all the clues, Xu Qingnian was basically sure that the second secret son of the White Cloth Sect in Ping'an County was Zhao Dafu.

Each clue, not completely certain, but all the clues together, then it would be difficult to explain clearly.

And for Zhao Dafu, Xu Qingnian's detection of this step was not something unexpected.

After all, Xu Qingnian had now become a Great Wei Half-Sage, plus he had indeed revealed his own footsteps in the first place, so there was nothing to explain.

At this moment, hearing Xu Qingnian's question like this.

Dafu Zhao immediately spoke.

"You may not believe me when I say this, I have searched for over twenty years, but I have not found where the real Martial Emperor's ruins are."

"But the only thing that is certain is that the poem number is not wrong."

Doctor Zhao said so, causing Xu Qingnian to frown.

After twenty years of searching, they hadn't found it?

Wouldn't that be trouble.

"The poem number? Is it the line about the bright moonlight on the bright moon mountain?"

Xu Qingnian inquired.

But there was one thing to say, this poem number was indeed a bit too awkward, and it was hard to imagine that Emperor Wu's poetry standards could be so low.

If you couldn't, ask a great scholar to help you out, there was no need to be so awkward.

"En."

"There's nothing wrong with the poem title, but Wangqiu Mountain isn't the real site."

Dafu Zhao replied.

"Have you been there?"

Xu Qingnian was a little curious.

"Been there."

“But I didn’t open the box, I don’t need the Dan God’s Ancient Scripture, the formula is just that, that kind of thing doesn’t mean much to me.”

“If there are no surprises, this item should be in your hands.”

Dafu Zhao said in an extremely calm tone.

But the voice of the Dan God’s Ancient Scripture rang out in Xu Qingnian’s ears, but it was just a voice transmission.

“Brain disease.”

The Dan Shen Ancient Scripture resounded its voice, thinking that there was something wrong with Dafu Zhao’s brain.

Xu Qingnian, on the other hand, was inexplicably silent.

It was because Doctor Zhao was somewhat conceited, ah, and like everyone else in the world, he thought that the Dan God Ancient Scripture was a scripture, and if he learned that it was a dan furnace that could refine a realm-breaking pellet, he wondered what he would think.

“What’s wrong? Didn’t you get it?”

Dafu Zhao spoke up, looking at Xu Qingnian with some curiosity in his eyes.

“Nope.”

“Got it in hand.”

Xu Qingnian gave a reply, while the latter nodded, he was actually not deliberately conceited.

As a doctor, he knew more about the art of refining pills, and sometimes, even though he had obtained the formula, the herbs were difficult to find, and even if he had obtained them, refining them was troublesome.

It was for various reasons that he did not open the chest, the main reason being that he did not want to alert the snake.

His goal was the true relic, and the way to open the true relic was the same as opening the false one.

He needed a helper.

“Wait.”

“Doctor Zhao, you went to the relics, so you also practiced the foreign arts?”

Suddenly, Xu Qingnian keenly noticed a question.

“Old man didn’t.”

“It was someone else.”

Dafu Zhao replied calmly.

“What about that person?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

“Dead.” Dafu Zhao’s answer was still calm, but it surprised Qingnian Xu a little.

“How did he die? Is it because of the supernatural arts?”

Xu Qingnian was curious.

“Pretty much.”

Doctor Zhao didn’t go into too much detail and only said more or less.

But when he said this, it made Xu Qingnian want to obtain the Demon Subduing Divine Stone more and more.

“The real Martial Emperor’s Ruins, do you really not know about it?”

Xu Qingnian returned to his words and did not continue to pull away from the topic anymore.

The Demon Subduing Divine Stone, which was in the Martial Emperor’s Ruins, was something he had to get.

“Old man is not lying to you.”

“I have searched for twenty years and have not found it, and now that I have reached my end, even if I found it, it would be of little use to me.”

“Qingnian, do you know why old man told you the whereabouts of the foreign arts in the first place?”

Dafu Zhao shook his head while looking at Xu Qingnian and said so.

“Why?”

Xu Qingnian looked at Doctor Zhao.

“Because old man has been pretending to be a doctor for twenty years, saving the dead and helping the wounded, and he forgot his identity while pretending.”

“That day when I saw the White Cloth Sect pattern in the inn, the reason I didn’t actually go over there in the first place was not because I was wary, but because the old man didn’t want to get involved anymore.”

“This is not a bad life, at least you don’t have to worry too much about anything, and you don’t have much to worry about.”

“It’s past the age of ambition, now I just want to spend the rest of my life in peace and quiet.”

Zhao Dafu spoke his mind, which was also an answer to a doubt.

At the beginning, he had guided Xu Qingnian to search for the supernatural arts, not for any purpose, but indeed just to see the dead and help the wounded.

Hearing these words, Xu Qingnian was somewhat silent.

At the end, Xu Qingnian bowed towards Doctor Zhao.

“Many thanks, sir.”

No matter who the other party was, and no matter what the other party’s purpose was, Xu Qingnian remembered this kindness when he saved himself.

“Let’s not talk about polite words.”

“If you really want to crack the secret of the Martial Emperor’s ruins, think about it.”

“The old man has been thinking about it for twenty years and no longer wants to.”

Doctor Zhao said so, and Xu Qingnian looked somewhat silent.

After a while, Xu Qingnian didn’t say anything more, but looked at Dafu Zhao and said.

“Doctor Zhao, if one day, if you need help from Mister Xu, just ask, Mister Xu will leave first.”

Since there were no clues, Xu Qingnian didn’t delay any longer.

“There’s no rush to go.”

“You said before that the Wen Gong knew that you practiced the foreign arts, right?”

Dafu Zhao spoke up and stayed Xu Qingnian.

“En.”

Xu Qingnian nodded, while there was some curiosity in her eyes now, shouldn't this matter have been told by Zhao Dafu?

“You pay attention.”

“The matter of you cultivating the foreign arts is also known to the White Cloth Sect Master, apart from you and me.”

“No one else will know about it, and with the Sect Master's character, he won't say anything to the other disciples.”

“The Zhu Sheng lineage is involved with the White Cloth Sect Master, and it's not a small involvement.”

Dafu Zhao reminded Xu Qingnian of this.

“Understood.”

“Many thanks to Dafu Zhao for reminding me.”

“By the way, Doctor Zhao, who is the White Cloth Sect Master?”

Xu Qingnian bowed towards Doctor Zhao, while asking about the identity of the White Cloth Sect's Sect Master.

“I don't know either, but the White Cloth Sect is extremely powerful, rich and powerful, and behind it must have escaped with the kings, possibly one of the princes.”

Dafu Zhao replied, he didn't know who the sect's master was either, but he could speculate some information.

“Good, Doctor Zhao, I will take my leave of Xu.”

Xu Qingnian didn't care who the White Cloth Sect's Sect Master was anymore, that was not the point.

Leaving the medicine shop.

Xu Qingnian wore a bucket hat.

With a somewhat calm expression, he walked in the middle of the street.

At this time, the moonlight was sparse.

Xu Qingnian was in a somewhat complicated mood.

I thought that after finding the second pawn of the White Cloth Sect, I would be able to obtain the secrets of the Martial Emperor's ruins.

What he did not expect was that it would still be a wasted effort.

"The light of the bright moon on the bright moon mountain, the fate is in the yin and yang."

"Awkward as hell."

Xu Qingnian spat as he walked, this poem number was really a bit awkward, couldn't understand Wu Di, if you can't write poetry, then don't write poetry, right?

He walked all the way towards his teacher's house.

Xu Qingnian remembered that his teacher had said that Wangqiu Mountain was not the most suitable place to enjoy the moon.

If, according to what Zhao Dafu had said, there was no problem with the poem's number, and the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture also said that the Martial Emperor's relics must be in Ping An County.

So that means that the Martial Emperor's Relic Treasure is still related to the bright moon.

The next moment.

Xu Qingnian's figure appeared at his teacher Zhou Ling's house.

At this moment.

Ever since Xu Qingnian had become famous, the most popular person in Ping'an County was Zhou Ling, the master of the Great Wei Half-Sage.

This name alone trumped everything else.

Xu Qingnian did not go inside directly, but waited outside quietly.

He waited until the hour of the sun, and only then did a group of people walk out of his teacher's house.

After it was completely quiet.

Xu Qingnian waited quietly for another hour.

When the study room was lit up with light.

Xu Qingnian quietly and unobtrusively entered.

Inside the study.

Zhou Ling picked the lamp to read a book.

It was not that Zhou Ling was diligent, but since Xu Qingnian had become the new saint of Great Wei, he had inexplicably felt a great pressure as well.

His own disciple was a half-saint and he had only just entered the rank, so how could he not be humiliated?

He had entered the rank, some time ago, and it happened to be the rank that Xu Qingnian had entered on the day he became a saint.

Suddenly, Xu Qingnian's voice rang out behind him.

"Teacher."

As Xu Qingnian called out, Zhou Ling instantly got up, looked back and was slightly relieved to find that Xu Qingnian had appeared behind him.

"Shouren, what brings you here?"

Soon, Zhou Ling was filled with surprise and looked at Xu Qingnian.

"Teacher, there are some things that are not easy to talk about."

"Do you still remember the Ming Yue Mountain that the student mentioned to you last time?"

Xu Qingnian was very direct.

"Remember."

Zhou Ling nodded his head, he remembered this matter.

"Teacher, Mount Wangqiu is not Mount Mingyue."

Xu Qingnian spoke directly.

He had told Zhou Ling before that Wangqiu Mountain was Ming Yue Mountain, and later Zhou Ling also informed himself that there seemed to be another place.

It was just that regarding this, Xu Qingnian did not care at the time, as he had already obtained the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture, and did not think much about it.

“It’s not the Bright Moon Mountain?”

“You wait.”

Zhou Ling moved and then found a map of the landscape in the bookcase and slowly unfolded it.

“Shouren, before you asked me to find out the Moon Mountain for you, I couldn’t find out after checking around, then you said that Wangqiu Mountain IX was Ming Yue Mountain, so my teacher checked carefully.”

“Wangqiu Mountain was indeed a place where eight villages in ten miles gathered to enjoy the moon decades ago.”

“It’s just that our Great Wei used to have a habit of enjoying the moon, do you know what it is?”

Zhou Ling spoke out, pointing to the map and saying so.

“What habit?”

Xu Qingnian was a little curious.

“Decades ago, when Great Wei did not have the Northern Expedition, the people would go to the highest mountain to enjoy the moon.”

“There was a rumour about this, saying that when Tai Zu was enjoying the moon back then, he specifically liked to pick the highest place.”

“Later on, the people followed the example, so the place to enjoy the moon before Wangqiu Mountain would be this hill.”

Zhou Ling pointed to a mountain on the map and said so.

“South Wind Mountain.”

Xu Qingnian muttered.

“En, it is South Wind Mountain, this mountain was originally the highest mountain in Ping’an County, but then for some unknown reason, it was quite short for no reason, probably due to an earthquake.”

“So my master feels that the Bright Moon Mountain you are looking for is most likely this mountain.”

Zhou Ling slowly explained.

Hearing Zhou Ling speak.

Xu Qingnian’s gaze could not help but fall on the map.

“The highest mountain.”

Xu Qingnian pondered while Dan Shen Gu Jing’s voice could not help but ring out.

“What your master said is really possible.”

“You can go and try.”

The Dan Shen Ancient Scripture spoke out, informing Xu Qingnian that he could try.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian also got up in his mind.

“Teacher, are there any other sayings?”

Xu Qingnian continued to ask, if there were any other guesses, then it would be fine to go along and give it a try.

“No, my teacher has thought about it for a long time, if Wangqiu Mountain is not the Bright Moon Mountain you are looking for, then this South Wind Mountain, should be what you are looking for.”

Zhou Ling said so.

“Understood.”

“Thank you for your trouble, Master.”

“My apprentice still has things to do, so I will come back to you when my apprentice has truly resolved the trouble.”

Xu Qingnian nodded, and then looked a little impatient.

“No matter, you go about your own business first, I understand.”

Zhou Ling nodded and let Xu Qingnian get busy first.

Today's Xu Qingnian was not the reader who had just entered the rank, he was the new sage of Great Wei, and was responsible for the future of the country as well as the readers, Zhou Ling naturally understood.

"Thank you for your understanding, the student excuses himself."

Xu Qingnian bowed towards Zhou Ling.

He then turned around and left, disappearing without a trace.

After Xu Qingnian had left, Zhou Ling sighed and then returned to his seat.

Just as quickly, Zhou Ling's face changed and he slapped his thighs and said.

"It's over, I forgot to ask Shouren to drop a few names for my master, sigh, I don't know when the next time I'll see him again, how confusing."

Zhou Ling muttered.

The next moment.

Xu Qingnian arrived at South Wind Mountain after just a short while based on the topographical map.

South Wind Mountain was not famous in Ping'an County, at least Xu Qingnian had not heard anything about it, if not for Zhou Ling consulting ancient books to know some information, he was afraid that Xu Qingnian would not have known about this mountain at all.

From high up, the whole South Wind Mountain was indeed not high, and it was very ordinary, even slightly desolate, looking incomparably mediocre among all the hills.

He landed on the mountain.

Xu Qingnian took a look around, but there was nothing remarkable about it.

It was very odd.

"It feels like there's something wrong with this place."

Dan Shen Gu Jing spoke out, making Xu Qingnian somewhat curious.

"Where is there a problem?"

Xu Qingnian asked.

“Intuition.”

The Dan God Ancient Scripture slowly spoke out.

It made Xu Qingnian a little depressed.

“Anyway, whether it is or not, try it out, wait for the full moon and try to use the power of Yin and Yang to see if any relics appear.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing spoke out, telling Xu Qingnian not to be anxious.

“There’s no need to wait for the day of the full moon.”

“The full moon is now.”

Xu Qingnian raised his head to look, and in an instant the holy power within him filled the air, appearing to outsiders without any strange signs.

But the moon in the dome of the sky was gradually getting round and brighter.

This was the strength of a sub-saint.

As the full moon emerged.

The South Wind Mountain remained flat and uneventful, unable to find any hint of abnormality.

“The power of Yin and Yang.”

The Dan Shen Ancient Scripture reminded.

In the next moment, the power of yin and yang filled Xu Qingnian’s body like a stream of water, instantly filling the entire South Wind Mountain.

It was also at this moment.

Suddenly, Xu Qingnian sensed something different.

“There’s a spatial rift.”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth as he perceived the spatial rift.

The entrance to the Martial Emperor’s Relic Treasure, was it really here?

“Go and take a look, but be careful, the Martial Emperor is not a good person either, he has problems in his later years and might be in danger.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing spoke out, telling Xu Qingnian to be more careful.

“Good.”

Xu Qingnian didn't say anything and walked directly towards the spatial rift.

Soon, he arrived to the west and took a step across, the space around him instantly distorted, and the next moment Xu Qingnian's figure disappeared.

And at the same time.

Southern Barbarians.

Inside a demonic cave.

The sound of a chanting scripture rang out.

A golden light filled the air, and a lotus platform bloomed. On top of the lotus platform, a woman stood, squeezing the Seal of Self-Realisation and shining with the light of Buddha, looking terrifying.

Hordes of demons were buried under the Buddha's light.

Ten monks with Buddhist weapons in their hands stepped out, and the weapons shone with a beam of light, sweeping away the demons within the demon cave.

One by one, the demons were buried here, struggling and letting out angry roars as they tried to escape, but they could not resist this onslaught of Buddha's light.

“Zhen.”

At the same time, a mid-air voice rang out.

In the middle of the Devil's Cave, dozens of great scholars held scrolls in their hands, and a vast aura of righteousness pervaded around them, intercepting this group of demons, and by the Buddha Sect's hand, they suppressed them one by one, turning into an invisible energy that entered the bodies of these Buddhist monks.

“Tianzhu Temple, the Zhu Sheng lineage, we have no enmity with you, you are so clean to kill, are you not afraid that one day we will kill Buddhists and slaughter Confucians?”

As the resigned voices rang out.

Within the Devil's Cave, countless demons were indignant beyond measure.

Although they were demons, they were not the kind of demons that brutalised living beings, born as demons what could they do? What could they do if their cultivation gave rise to obsessions?

How could they not be angry when they were killed for no good reason today? How can they not be afraid?

"A demon is a demon."

"A demon is a demon."

"There is no need for such nonsense, the World Honoured One, Rudra, put to death."

Amongst the Buddhist sect, a monk spoke up, he was very young, wearing a white robe, stepping forward with a sevenfold Buddha light behind his head, and a Buddha Dharma image behind him.

Throwing out the nunnery beads in his hand, they burst, producing an explosion that killed all the tens of thousands of demons, leaving not even the bones, replaced by a puff of white smoke.

"Tianzhu Temple, Vermilion Saint Reader, you remember to this daddy, this revenge, we will definitely take revenge."

Deep within the Devil's Cave, the miserable screams became even more poignant, and then the whole Devil's Cave shook.

However, the woman from Lotus Terrace Mountain, threw out a white jade bottle, and in an instant a powerful force pervaded the Devil's Cave, suppressing it.

"Search."

The next moment, someone spoke.

In an instant, hundreds of monks rushed in, their golden light shining as brightly as if they were coated in a layer of gold paint.

Then, when they entered.

It was less than a quarter of an hour.

These hundreds of monks then turned back, but the monk in the lead was holding a wooden medal.

This wooden medal was also suffused with an unspeakable aura of righteousness.

At this moment, a look of surprise appeared in the eyes of the great scholars, and one of them even spoke directly.

“This is the wooden plaque, this is the relic of the Vermilion Saint, thank you all so much.”

He spoke out, wanting to take the wooden medal.

However, the young monk in white robes took a step forward, stopped the other party, and slowly spoke.

“Amitabha Buddha, the abbot has ordered that this item must be personally escorted to the Hao Ran Dynasty by us, so please forgive me, Master.”

He spoke out, his tone calm but his attitude extraordinarily firm.

The Confucians frowned slightly, but they didn't say anything, it was good that the item was found, and as for personally escorting it there, they knew in their hearts that they didn't just want to ask for some favours with the Zhu Sheng lineage?

Therefore, they did not say anything more.

However, just at that moment, someone from the crowd of monks could not help but speak up.

“Senior brother Wuming, just now, deep inside the Devil Cave, senior brother did feel the righteousness, these demons did not seem to be doing anything wrong, and seemed to be washing their demonic and devilish natures with the help of this wooden sign.”

It was just a monk, who was very young and could not help but say what he had seen inside the demon cave.

But when this was said, the white-robed monk, also known as Wuming, could not help but speak indifferently.

“What demons are best at is disguise.”

“Remember, none of the demons under the sky are good-hearted, even if they are just a little bit involved with demons, such people are all vicious and evil.”

“When we encounter them, we have only one choice, to drive them to extinction and do justice to Heaven.”

Wuming spoke out, his tone indifferent.

The latter, however, was silent.

As for these great Confucians, they did not have any heart at all to focus on these demons as well as the Buddhist sect.

They had come to seek the relic of the True Spirit of the Vermilion Sage, knowing that in the middle of the Devil's Cave, they would join hands with the Buddhist Sect to suppress the demons here, so as to take out the relic of the True Spirit of the Vermilion Sage, that is, this wooden tablet.

Now this is done.

In seven days' time, the nation-building ceremony will be a shock to the world.

So now they are all thinking about the nation-building ceremony in a few days' time.

But the most urgent task at hand was to return the wooden medal to the Palace of Literature and hand it over to Lu Zi.

Awaken Chapter 222 -

Second year of Wuchang.

March 1.

The Hao Zhuang Dynasty.

Here the spirit of Hao Rang is pervasive and talent is everywhere.

Readers gather as in the heyday, and in order to develop basic agriculture, they follow Xu Qingnian's example and educate people for free, but ask their fathers to farm.

The Hao Ran dynasty does not have barracks and is not afraid of having the countries to support it.

At this moment.

Inside the Palace of Literature.

Three monks holding a wooden sign, slowly walk into it.

At the head was an old monk with white eyebrows, but in great spirits, holding a mantle in his hand, looking incomparably solemn.

Behind him were two men, one in a white robe, Wuming, and one in a red and blue robe, in his forties, holding a demon-slaying pestle.

The Tianzhu Temple is one of the two Buddhist poems, the second being the Little Leiyin Temple.

However, in recent years, Little Leiyin Temple has gradually lost its lustre, and Tianzhu Temple's prestige has grown, with close to 90% of the monks in the entire Western Desert being Tianzhu Temple monks.

The main reason for this is that in recent years, Tianzhu Temple has repeatedly produced high ranking monks with proficient Buddhist attainments, which have indeed overshadowed the glory of Little Thunderbolt Temple.

But unlike the imperial government, the Buddhist ideals are the same, and it doesn't matter who is stronger or weaker.

He who wears the robe is also for the imminent righteousness.

Inside the Palace of Literature.

"Amitabha Buddha, the true spirit of Zhu Sheng has been returned to its rightful owner, and it is considered to be a complete merit and a blessing for the world's people."

The old monk in the lead spoke, one of the four divine monks of the Tianzhu Temple, Senior Monk Hui Jue, clad in a purple and blue robe, dignified and sacred.

As he spoke, he handed the wooden medallion to the half-saint in the Palace of Literature.

The latter took the wooden plaque with unusual excitement and then saluted towards Senior Monk Hui Jue, saying.

"Divine Monk Hui Jue, Lu Sheng is already waiting in the small world, please go."

Zhou Sheng spoke out, looking at the other party and saying this.

There were only two half-saints left in the Palace of Literature, one being Zhou Sheng and the other being Wu Sheng, and they were here to greet the True Spirit of Zhu Sheng.

"Good, I'll trouble the two half-saints."

Divine Monk Hui Jue spoke out, then turned back to his two disciples and said.

"Wuming, Wuxin, the two of you wait here."

He said these words, and then took a step forward, disappearing in an instant, heading off to the World of the Palace of Literature.

The next moment.

In the small world of the Palace of Literature.

Talented Qi rushed about, evolving green mountains and water, appearing beautiful.

As the figure of Divine Monk Hui Jue appeared, the figure of Lu Sheng also appeared.

“Greetings, Lu Sheng.”

Upon seeing Lu Sheng, Divine Monk Hui Jue bowed towards the other party and folded his hands.

A sub-saint, the number one Confucian in the world, was also the number one person in the world, and all the major powers in the world had to be courteous, and only Xu Qingnian dared to be so disrespectful.

“Master Hui Jue is very kind, it is really a great honour to find the true spirit of a saint for my Zhu Sheng lineage.”

Lu Sheng spoke quietly, his expression gentle as he looked towards Huijue and said so.

“Now that the Palace of Literature is in possession of the True Spirit of the Vermilion Sage, it is also a blessing to the people of the world.”

Master Hui Jue spoke, his tone calm.

“En.”

“With the true spirit in hand, the Palace of Literature can indeed benefit the world’s living beings, but all this is still thanks to the Buddha’s help, otherwise it would not be so easy.”

Lu Sheng spoke out indifferently, now that Zhu Sheng’s true spirit had been recovered, the biggest worry in his heart had completely dissipated.

In seven days’ time, the world would be shocked, and then everything could be cleared up.

“Lu Sheng is very kind.”

“Since the item has been returned to its original owner, then the poor monk would like to ask Saint Lu a question, can our Buddhist sect’s items be returned?”

Divine Monk Hui Jue spoke up and looked towards Lu Sheng.

“The Dragon Blood Yang Jade?”

“Please don’t worry, Master Hui Jue, when the country is established, this item will definitely be given to the Tianzhu Temple.”

Lu Sheng spoke out and gave an answer.

Only when this was said, the latter shook his head and said, “Lu Sheng, it is not a gift, it is a return.”

“The Dragon Blood Yang Jade, in itself, is an object of my Buddhist sect, only that it was later left behind in the Central Continent and was obtained by Zhu Sheng, but of course it is good that it was obtained by Zhu Sheng, if it were anyone else, they would have embezzled it, only Confucianism is selfless.”

The divine monk Hui Jue spoke, and he emphasized that this Dragon Blood Yang Jade was something of their Buddhist sect.

When Lu Sheng heard this, he did not look at all, but merely nodded his head.

“Master Hui Jue take a good rest, in a few days it will be the Founding Event, and there is no need to make another trip.”

Lu Sheng spoke out and said so.

“No, the poor monk has other things to do, so he will not rest here.”

Divine Monk Hui Jue shook his head, he did not intend to stay here.

At that moment, Lu Sheng did not continue to ask, he just said a few words, and immediately afterwards, he watched the Huijue divine monk leave.

After the Huijue Divine Monk left, the disgust in Lu Sheng’s eyes could not help but show through.

“These vultures, they are really shameless to the extreme.”

“The Dragon Blood Yang Jade, which is clearly a relic of the Vermilion Saint, has now become a relic of the Buddhist Sect? And return it to its original owner? How ridiculous.”

“It took several hundred years of Zhu Sheng’s passing before he dared to say such things, how come when Zhu Sheng was around, he didn’t dare to say it?”

Lu Sheng cursed coldly in his heart.

He did not have any good feelings towards Buddhism either, and if he did not need the help of Buddhism, plus someone wanted Confucianism and Buddhism to get closer, otherwise, he would not want to get involved with Buddhism at all.

But it didn't matter, for the moment he had to finish his business first.

The founding of the dynasty in ten days' time was what really mattered.

It was also at this moment.

Zhou Sheng's shadow appeared here.

"Greetings to Lu Sheng."

As Zhou Sheng appeared, he bowed directly towards Lu Sheng.

"En."

Lu Sheng nodded, and the latter immediately spoke.

"Lu Sheng, it has been determined that the wooden token indeed contains the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint."

Zhou Sheng opened his mouth and reported the situation to Lu Sheng.

Once this was said, Lu Sheng looked calm and said.

"Put the Vermilion Saint wooden medal into the Holy Hall of the Palace of Literature, consecrate it properly, and have all the Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth chant the scriptures to contain it, it will be of great use in seven days."

Lu Sheng gave the order, and the latter nodded before voicing his doubts.

"Lu Sheng, this Zhu Sheng wooden tablet, since we know the location, why don't we send our own people there? This Buddha Sect is no good, and getting involved with them up here is undoubtedly seeking skin with a tiger."

Zhou Sheng spoke out as he voiced the concerns in his mind.

It was a good thing that Zhu Sheng's true spirit had been retrieved, but the person escorting it over was a disciple of the Buddha Sect, which made him feel a little bit uncomfortable, but he could not disobey Lu Sheng's wishes, so he could only ask and see what the meaning was.

"This saint understands."

“There is indeed a problem with the Buddhist Sect, for thousands of years they have been eyeing the Central Continent, especially the Great Wei Dynasty, and have always wanted to push the Buddhist teachings to the Great Wei Dynasty.”

“It is only a pity that they have been preparing for hundreds of years, but they did not expect that a fifth generation of saints had emerged from Confucianism.”

“So much so that the Buddhists returned in defeat, and it was because of this that the unbeatable Little Thunder Sound Temple fell into despair and was overtaken by the Tianzhu Temple.”

“If it was originally, we were still in the Great Wei Dynasty, naturally we could not mess with the Buddhists, but now that we have created our own dynasty, then everyone in the world can be our pawns.”

“Buddhism or dynasties, even demons can be used if they can achieve our plans, and this is a necessity in order to promote the Zhu Sheng’s school.”

Lu Zi opened his mouth and made a crowning excuse for himself.

Only when he heard this, Zhou Sheng did not agree, but did not refute either, but continued to look at Lu Zi and said.

“Lv Sheng, what is the reason for the Buddha Sect being so willing?”

Zhou Sheng continued to ask.

The Buddha Sect was willingly helping them, if this didn’t cost something, he would definitely not believe it.

“The Dragon Blood Yang Jade, and the entry into Great Wei.”

Lu Zi opened his mouth and slowly stated the Buddha Sect’s idea.

Just as soon as this was said, Zhou Sheng’s face couldn’t help but change.

“Entering the Great Wei?”

He didn’t care much about things like the Dragon Blood Yang Jade, after all, this kind of thing didn’t do much for them, it was nothing more than a relic of the Vermillion Saint.

If they gave it away, they would give it away.

But what really surprised Zhou Sheng was that the Buddhist Sect actually wanted to enter Great Wei, this was really a great ambition.

“The Buddhist sect relies on the faith of all beings to cultivate, and the entire Western Continent is their Buddhist sect’s pure land, which can help them breed Buddhas, but these people are too ambitious, after so many years, they still want to push the Buddhist sect to the Central Continent.”

“Now it’s a good thing that as soon as we broke away from the Great Wei Dynasty, they have their eyes on it and want to move in over there.”

“If they do move in, not to mention how much trouble the Great Wei Dynasty will cause, just the Buddhist Sect’s methods are disgusting, so if we really let them move in, it will definitely not be a good thing for us.”

Zhou Sheng spoke quickly and firmly, not wanting the Buddhist Sect to enter Great Wei.

There are three major dynasties in the Central Continent, the Great Wei, the Sudden Evil and the First Yuan.

The one that the Buddhists wanted most was the Great Wei Dynasty, because the Great Wei Dynasty itself was enriched by the qi of the Central Continent, plus the Great Wei Dynasty was also the strongest dynasty in the Central Continent, certainly the strongest dynasty at one time.

The Tusi and Primordial Yuan dynasties, on the other hand, were actually more imitations of the Great Wei, once imitating the Great Wei court system, and later imitating the Great Wei system of residence and food.

The position of Great Wei in the Central Continent was indeed unshakeable, and it was for this reason that the Buddhists wished to enter Great Wei, and as long as they succeeded in doing so, then they could quickly dominate the Central Continent in just a few decades.

Others did not know how terrifying the power of faith was, but they, the readers, did.

Naturally, Zhou Sheng did not want to see this scene.

And Lu Sheng shook his head and looked to Zhou Sheng.

“This is natural, and this Saint will not allow the Buddhists to invade the Central Continent, after all, this Central Continent is still the world of my Readers in the end, the Buddhists want to come in and compete for the faith, fools dream.”

Lu Sheng spoke, his words filled with disdain.

He was indeed disgusted with the Buddhists.

It was just the situation, if he hadn't been forced out of the Great Wei Dynasty, there was no way he would have gotten involved with the Buddhists.

From what he had just seen, he could see how disgusting the Buddhist Sect was.

Once a person dies, it can be disgusting to have to say that it is something that is not theirs.

"But the Buddhist Sect can make good use of it, they want to use us, we can use them too."

"If the Buddhist Sect wants to enter Great Wei, they must do three things."

"One, get our permission, the biggest power in the Central Continent, not Great Wei, is us, the Readers."

"Two, the empress drew in the forces of the Immortal Way, ostensibly to suppress the demons, but in fact to prevent the invasion of the Buddhists, and if you want to enter Great Wei, you will not be able to do so in this life without suppressing the forces of the Immortal Way."

"Thirdly, the situation in the world, now that the dust realm is peaceful and stable, especially the Great Wei Dynasty, relying on the Zhu Sheng back then, has suppressed as many demons, the importance of the Buddha Sect also seems less important."

"If these three points are not achieved, the Buddhist Sect will not be able to enter Great Wei without fear."

Lu Zi said with great confidence.

In his eyes, the Central Continent was his territory, the world of the scholars, so how could he tolerate the Buddhist Sect getting its hands on it?

Right now it was just a matter of using the Buddhist Sect.

Of course, the Buddhists were also using them, which Lu Zi understood, but who would benefit in the end, both had confidence in each other.

When he heard Luzi say this, Zhou Sheng's heart dropped. It was good that Luzi understood the big picture, but what he feared most was that in order to suppress Xu Qingnian, Luzi would seek the skin of a tiger and let the Buddha Sect take advantage of the situation.

If that was the case, it would be really troublesome.

"Alright, there's no need for you to remind me of this matter."

“Now that the True Spirit of Zhu Sheng has arrived, we can let the Zhu Sheng lineage do its work.”

“The Founding Ceremony is just around the corner, so let the world’s scholars do what they need to do.”

“Bash Great Wei, bash Xu Qingnian, cause real conflicts, Xu Qingnian will surely not be able to resist, at the critical moment, revive the True Spirit of the Vermilion Sage, obliterate Xu Qingnian, suppress the Great Wei’s national fortune, in that case, we can also get back the fortune that belongs to us.”

Lu Zi spoke out, now that he had the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint, his confidence returned once again.

The True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint could revive the will of the Vermilion Saint, and with the help of the Vermilion Saint’s hand, eradicate the dissidents, how could this not make him confident? And how could it not make him joyful?

“Respectfully, I will follow the will of Saint Lu.”

Zhou Sheng nodded, suppressing the Great Wei and suppressing Xu Qingnian was nothing, as long as the Buddhist Sect did not interfere in the Central Continent, then he had no objection.

After all, Lu Sheng would not live for a few years, and the future controller of the Zhu Sheng Wen Palace would be him, Zhou Sheng.

If the Buddhist Sect came in, it would not be a good thing for him.

Soon, Zhou Sheng disappeared.

In the small world, only Lu Sheng was left alone.

Looking at Zhou Sheng who had left, how could Lu Sheng not know what Zhou Sheng was planning to do?

Only that he was not angry, this was a common human feeling.

“Xu Qingnian, Xu Qingnian, this time, I want to see how you can change your fate against the heavens.”

Lu Zi clenched his fists, his voice was cold and his eyes were filled with confidence and killing intent.

And at the same time.

Outside the Hao Ran Dynasty.

Divine Monk Hui Jue stepped on the auspicious clouds, followed by his two disciples.

He was heading west.

The gaze of Divine Monk Hui Jue was incomparably calm, but after a while, his voice rang out.

“Wuxin, what do you think of the Palace of Literature?”

He spoke, his tone calm.

The voice rang out and the monk called Wuxin fell silent for a moment, thinking for a moment before speaking slowly.

“Master, the people of the Wen Palace are still wary of our Buddhist sect.”

“And do not trust us.”

Wuxin replied slowly, his face incomparably calm.

At these words, Divine Monk Huijue’s face changed, then he let out a long sigh and said.

“It seems that the Wen Palace is not yet at the end of its rope, I am afraid that we still have a ways to go if we want to truly enter the Central Continent.”

Divine Monk Hui Jue spoke up, this disciple of his was born with the It Heart Tong, not that he could hear the hearts of others, but that he could feel the attitudes of others.

That was why he had deliberately brought Wuxin here, to see what the attitude of the Palace of Literature really was.

What he did not expect was that the attitude of the Palace of Literature remained the same as it once was, not changing at all.

“Master, why are we so obsessed with the Central Continent? After all, the Middle Continent is the world of the scholars, so if we want to really intervene, I’m afraid it will be as difficult as ascending to heaven, so we might as well go to the East.

Wuming spoke up, he did not have any good feelings towards the Central Continent, and the attitude of the Wen Palace was very unpleasant for him.

“There is someone else who will go to the East Ferry, furthermore when the ferry is really crossed, there is no way you will be allowed to go.”

“You are the reincarnation of the Heavenly Dragon Vajra, the protector of my Buddhist sect and the protector of the Buddha’s son, so don’t get involved in the matter of the ferrying of people.”

Divine Monk Hui Jue spoke, suppressing the thought of Wuming.

Then he continued to speak again.

“In the Dust Realm, the Buddha Sect has occupied the Western Continent, turning it into a pure land for the benefit of the people of the Western Continent.”

“But the people of the world are still trapped in suffering, so the Buddhists are compassionate and naturally do not tolerate the suffering of the people and have entered the Central Continent for the sake of the people.”

Thus said the divine monk Hui Jue.

But Wuming’s complexion changed slightly and he looked at his master and said.

“Master, a monk must not deceive.”

He slowly spoke out, a word that made the divine monk Huijue froze, then thought of his disciple’s uncanny ability and couldn’t help but cough a little.

“Since ancient times, the Middle Continent has been filled with countless legends and miracles, and within the five continents, the Middle Continent has the most First Classes, and it is even rumoured that the Middle Continent has given birth to Immortals, which is why the Immortal Way has established its roots in the Middle Continent.”

“Now that my Buddhist sect has given birth to a Buddha Son, who will soon be rightly enlightened, but the land of the Western Continent is restricted to the Buddha Son, who will enter the Middle Continent and compete for the power of all beings in the Middle Continent, my Buddhist sect will see an unprecedented prosperity.”

“The Buddha Sect can also be thoroughly established in the dust realm, when the Buddha Son is about to be righteously enlightened with great wisdom, pointing out a clear path for the world’s living beings, saving them from fire and water, wouldn’t that be good? My master is not wrong.”

The divine monk Hui Jue spoke out, explaining for himself as well as answering to his two disciples.

“Amitabha Buddha.”

Both of them folded their hands and recited the Buddha’s name.

The Huijue divine monk then continued to speak.

“If the Buddhist Sect wants to enter the Central Continent, it must suppress the Confucian lineage.”

“The bottom of the Wen Palace is too strong, having suffered so much, they are still able to hold onto the hearts of the readers.”

“This time when they break away from Great Wei, they must also have a heavenly plan, if we let them have their way, it will be detrimental to our Buddhist sect.”

“Wuming, go and find your senior uncle, he will be leaving for Great Wei in the next two days, ask him to find Xu Qingnian and inform him about the true spirit of Zhu Sheng.”

“Do not offend the Wen Palace, but do not offend this Xu Qingnian either, in future we will need his help when we enter Great Wei, even if he does not help, we cannot offend him.”

The divine monk Hui Jue had already made his calculations and said so.

“I respectfully obey the decree.”

Wuming nodded, and at that moment he turned the rosary in his hand into a golden dragon and flew off extremely fast towards the Western Continent.

Looking at Wuming’s figure, the divine monk Huijue also looked unusually calm.

And so it was.

A few hours passed.

A piece of news instantly reached the ears of the readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage from the Palace of Literature.

On the day of the founding of the Hao Ran Dynasty, the Wen Palace sub-sage would invite the holy will, with the devotion of the world’s readers, to invite the will of the Vermilion Sage to lay the foundation of the immortal prestige of the Hao Ran Dynasty.

When word of this event spread, the world’s Zhu Sheng lineage completely exploded.

The Vermilion Saint lineage had been suppressed too much in the past two years, especially in the last year, Xu Qingnian had practically stepped on their heads and shouted all sorts of things and flaunted all sorts of power.

First they disliked the Great Confucian, then the Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, then the Half-Sage, and finally the Sub-Sage.

Now, when the Zhu Sheng is about to be revived, these readers are completely confident.

Who can stand up to the revival of the Vermilion Sage?

Can Xu Qingnian stand up to it?

Although the world does not know how strong a saint is, it can be seen from the time.

What is the concept of a saint?

It takes thousands of years to produce one.

The scarcity of saints naturally makes people think that they are the strongest.

Especially for the scholars, they feel that saints are invincible.

At this moment, the Zhu Sheng lineage, backed by the saints, had completely let itself go.

Xu Qingnian had become a half-saint and pressed them to scream, first cutting their talent, and then subjecting them to the punishment of the Junzi sword.

It is impossible to say that there is no hatred.

But what is the reason for not speaking up in recent times?

Without this news, they would not have dared to criticise Xu Qingnian if the Palace had not asked them to do so.

Having suffered so many losses, they were indeed scared and had developed a sense of fear.

Now, when they learned that on the day the Hao Ran Dynasty was founded, they would invite the intention of Zhu Sheng, the fear in their hearts was gone, replaced by happiness, a kind of indescribable happiness ah.

At this moment, all sorts of voices, once again, resounded.

They were still cursing, repeating the same crap from before.

After all, some of the scholars were really scared of being beaten, so they didn't dare to jump out so quickly, not because they were afraid that Zhu Sheng wouldn't be able to suppress Xu Qingnian.

Rather, they were worried that the Palace of Literature would not be able to invite Zhu Sheng's intention to come.

After all, they did not know that Zhu Sheng's true spirit was found, and all the information was passed on from person to person, so the credibility was there, but not very high.

The first readers to jump out were mainly because they had too deep a grudge and hated Xu Qingnian to the bone.

And at the same time.

Great Wei Dynasty.

Ping'an County.

Within the secret territory.

Xu Qingnian slowly opened her eyes.

It was still a cave, but it was a hundred times bigger than the previous cave, like a treasure trove.

The moment Xu Qingnian opened his eyes, a mountain of treasures was immediately reflected in his eyes.

Gold, silver and jewels, magic weapons and pills were piled up into a small mountain, appearing golden and glorious, shocking to the eyes.

At a glance, it was overwhelming.

"You've really found the Martial Emperor's relics, you're really lucky."

"So many treasures, you should quickly see if there are any herbs for the First Grade Realm Breaking Pill, or other herbs as well, if you can't refine a First Grade Realm Breaking Pill, you can also refine something else."

The voice of the Dan God Ancient Scripture rang out, causing Xu Qingnian to wake up from his surprise.

"How come there are so many treasures?"

Xu Qingnian smacked her lips a little.

A mountain of treasures were placed around, these gold, silver and jewels were not idle items, any piece of gold was extremely precious red gold.

It was possible to build some weapons, which were ten thousand times more valuable than gold, especially some jade stones, which had miraculous effects, with spiritual qi pervading and even evolving some visions, which were not ordinary objects at first glance.

There were also a large number of medicinal herbs, each of which was incomparably precious and hard to find in the world, and there was no lack of pill kings among them.

But Xu Qingnian's first reaction was not joy, but confusion.

There were so many treasures that should have been left in the Great Wei Dynasty, what was the point of hiding them all here?

Is Emperor Wu really out of his mind?

"What are you still doing? Hurry up and grab it? If not, let the old man take it, half for one."

Dan Shen Gu Jing looked a little excited.

However Xu Qingnian shook his head and said.

"Don't mess around, God knows if there are any problems."

"Let's go in first and take a look."

Xu Qingnian vetoed it, he did not have his heart set on it, his purpose was clear, find the Demon Subduing God Stone first, the rest was all empty talk.

And he still couldn't understand why the Martial Emperor had hidden so many treasures, it was unnecessary.

After all, could the Martial Emperor guarantee that the people who came in must be the people of Great Wei? Must it be the Crown Prince?

So there was something odd in this, so let's go in first and see.

After hearing Xu Qingnian speak like this, Dan Shen Gu Jing also calmed down.

"It's also true, this fellow Wu Di is very ghostly, it's better to go in and take a look."

Dan Shen Ancient Scripture also thought so.

At that moment.

Xu Qingnian walked towards the interior of the treasure vault.

Along the way, there were simply too many treasures that Xu Qingnian didn't quite recognize, but such a terrifying aura could be felt.

"True dragon blood."

"Little friend, this can't be endured, hurry up and take it."

The further one went inside, the better the treasures became, especially towards the end, a piece like a blood diamond surfaced, with a burst of dragon roar, it looked very impressive.

This was true dragon blood.

Dan Shen Gu Jing screamed with excitement and wanted to take it away straight away.

"Senior, don't be fooled."

Xu Qingnian grabbed the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture and held the other party down.

Buzz buzz buzz.

The Hao Ran Wen Zhong vibrated, and in an instant the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture was subdued by Xu Qingnian.

"True Dragon Blood, ah, it is hard to find in the world, little friend, do you really not care?"

Dan Shen Gu Jing was so anxious, he just couldn't help himself.

"It's hard to find in the world, why can the Martial Emperor find it?"

"These are all illusions, can't senior think of anything?"

Xu Qingnian spoke, his tone certain.

When he first came in, he might have thought that these things were real, but the further back he went, the more Xu Qingnian felt that they were fake.

If he had so many good things, why didn't he leave them for the development of the Great Wei Dynasty and bring them all here and hide them for others?

What was wrong with his brain?

But those who could become emperors, even if they were crowned with martial arts, could not be so stupid, so it could only prove that these were fakes.

“Ugh.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing sighed.

But after walking for a while longer, as a flower waned to the surface, the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture sat completely still.

“The Three Clear Dao Flowers,”

“Little friend, even if this thing is fake, you still have to bring it over, give this to old me, and I will immediately refine a First Grade Realm Breaking Pill for you.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing’s voice was incomparably excited as he tried to break free of the Haoran Wen Zhong, but unfortunately, the Haoran Wen Zhong was a holy weapon and was deadly suppressed.

“Senior, don’t be fooled.”

“These are fake at first glance, you have lived for so long, do you not even understand this?”

Xu Qingnian was a little helpless.

But he didn’t say much, it was good that he could suppress the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture anyway.

In reality, the only reason why Xu Qingnian was so calm was because of two reasons: one was that he was full of distrust towards the Martial Emperor, and the other was that he did not understand how good these things were.

There was no feeling at all.

It’s like when you go to a poor village and you take out a scroll of Qingming Shanghe Tu, how do people react? But you take out some gold and then see how people react?

Xu Qingnian knew that these things were good, but with a warning, he was not moved by them.

Because there wasn’t much feeling.

Soon, a scroll of paintings appeared, as well as some small volumes with saintly vignettes, the handwritten notes of saints.

Vast Qi filled the air, surging and heaving, as if it could revive a saint.

Such a sight made Xu Qingnian smack his lips.

Only Xu Qingnian cared even less, the more this happened the more certain he was that this was a false image.

If he dared to go and take it himself.

I was afraid that I would run into trouble at the first opportunity.

Finally.

After passing through many more temptations, Xu Qingnian arrived at the deepest part of the treasure vault.

Deep in the treasure vault, on a stone platform, there were two items.

A book, as well as a stone seal with the word 'Demon Suppression' engraved on it.

The Demon Subduing Divine Stone.

Xu Qingnian's eyes lit up and he walked quickly, looking extraordinarily excited.

Only when Xu Qingnian wanted to pick up the Demon Subduing Divine Stone, suddenly, the voice of the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture rang out.

"Aren't you afraid that this is also a fake?"

The Dan God Ancient Scripture spoke out, somewhat unpleasantly.

He was indeed a little angry, after all, how could he not be angry when the same treasure passed in front of him and he could not obtain it?

Seeing that Xu Qingnian wanted to obtain the Demon Subduing Divine Stone, Dan Shen Gu Jing could not help but say a word.

But once he said this, Xu Qingnian suddenly woke up.

Indeed.

The Dan God Ancient Scripture was right, this thing could also be a fake.

After all, the Demon Subduing Divine Stone was placed here purposely by the Martial Emperor in order to suppress the supernatural arts, which was very odd.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian dropped his gaze to the small booklet.

There was nothing written in the pamphlet.

Xu Qingnian stretched out his hand and picked up the booklet, and all of a sudden, everything around him turned into clouds of smoke.

In its place was a beam of light that appeared in front of Xu Qingnian.

The light was a human figure, but it was impossible to see his face.

“It’s the Martial Emperor.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing spoke directly as he instantly recognised this person as a Martial Emperor.

It was also at this moment that a voice rang out.

“Such a large number of treasures, I had not thought that you had not even moved, it seems that Er has not planned much.”

The Martial Emperor’s voice rang out, it was just a spirit body that he had left here.

Xu Qingnian did not open his mouth, but quietly looked at the other party, the spirit body had no meaning, and the words spoken were all once branded down, so there was no need to communicate.

“Unfortunately, in this treasure trove, I have laid a killing formation, within a quarter of an hour, drop blood into the stone platform, if you are of my Great Wei royal lineage, you can be spared death, or if you condense the Great Wei national fortune, you can also be spared death.”

Emperor Wu’s voice rang out again.

In an instant, killing intent filled the treasure vault.

This was a killing formation. The Martial Emperor was very direct, and had set up an illusion formation and a killing formation. If someone broke in and dared to take these treasures, they would directly trigger the killing formation.

Otherwise, they would be killed.

Xu Qingnian was relieved that he did not have the royal bloodline, but he really did have the Great Wei National Luck.

In a flash, Xu Qingnian struck out a national fortune.

At that moment, the stone platform sensed something and immediately buzzed.

Boom.

At this moment, the stone platform burst, Xu Qingnian took several steps backwards, and a stone seal and a map appeared in front of Xu Qingnian.

This was the real Demon Subduing Divine Stone, and as for what the map was, Xu Qingnian did not know.

At the same time, Emperor Wu's voice rang out once again.

"You are able to possess the Great Wei's national luck, so you obviously have a great connection with my Great Wei. Although I do not know who you are, I believe that someone who can carry the Great Wei's national luck on his back has the pale life of the Great Wei at heart."

"There are some things that I can tell you as well."

"These two things, one is the Demon Subduing God's Stone and the other is the complete map of the Central Continent Immortal Collection."

"Back then, I made seven northern expeditions for this map, and among the rumours, the one who won the Central Continent Immortal Collection would win the world."

"Back then, when I got the Immortal Treasure map, I also went to this place personally, but the place of the Immortal Treasure is incredibly dangerous, I personally entered and saw incredible things, since then, I became a bit eccentric, sometimes crazy, sometimes normal."

"Only this demon suppressing divine stone can suppress the unknown, the secrets of the dust realm are hidden within the immortal hide, the future generations listen up."

"To enter, one must reach the realm of the First Grade, and one must also invite a saint to truly enter the interior of the Immortal Collection, otherwise, whoever it is will be buried within the Immortal Collection."

"If you win the Immortal Collection, you will indeed win the world, but you will also know some real secrets, so you must understand that there is a give and take."

Emperor Wu's voice was gradually weakening.

Xu Qingnian probably understood some things, but as to whether or not the Martial Emperor had cultivated foreign arts, he still did not understand.

"Remember, there is one more thing."

"Behind the Great Wei, there is a person or a force hiding behind them, they are vainly trying to get the Central Continent Immortal Collection in another way, with a heavenly plan, you must pay attention, my death is directly related to them."

“It is likely to be hidden among the Palace of Literature, you must remember that.”

“I have left some messages at the Little Thunder Sound Temple, future generations can go to the Little Thunder Sound Temple with the Demon Suppression Divine Stone, someone will naturally answer all this then.”

“The killing formation here has revived, move forward and a formation will take you away.”

The Martial Emperor’s voice grew weaker and weaker, and in the end his figure disappeared.

And in the middle of the treasure vault.

A murderous aura filled the air.

“Little friend, run, the formation has been touched and this place is going to destroy itself.”

Dan Shen Ancient Scripture spoke up, telling Xu Qingnian to leave quickly, these were the only two items within the treasure vault, and the formation would be automatically activated when they were taken away.

“Good.”

Xu Qingnian did not hesitate and moved directly towards the front.

In the blink of an eye, Xu Qingnian arrived at the place of the formation.

In the next moment, he disappeared into the same place.

And in less than half a quarter of an hour, the secret realm collapsed into nothing.

Ping’an County.

South Wind Mountain.

Xu Qingnian stepped out from within the space and landed on the mountain.

The Demon Subduing Divine Stone was cupped in Xu Qingnian’s hand.

It was long and quadrangular, as black as ink, and emitted a slight coldness. When he cupped it in his hand, it did indeed calm his mind and the demon seed in his body was inexplicably at peace.

After incorporating the divine stone into his body, Xu Qingnian first unfolded the map of the Midcontinent Immortal Collection.

It was a map of the entire Central Continent, and the location of the Central Continent Immortal Treasure was in the centre, not in the territory of Great Wei.

“The Dragon’s Head Mountain Range?”

Looking at the map, Xu Qingnian found that the location of the Zhongzhou Immortal Treasure was in the middle of the Dragon’s Head Mountain Range, the exact location was not available and needed to be guided by the map.

“Little friend, cooperate a hand? I’ll do everything I can to let you break through to the first rank, let’s go to the Central Continent Immortal Collection and do a good job, I’m not greedy, the medicinal materials will go to me, everything else will go to you, how about that?”

At this moment, the voice of the Dan God Ancient Scripture rang out, tempting Xu Qingnian to go seek the Midcontinent Immortal Collection.

“No way.”

“First grade martial artists are of no use, Martial Emperors have all died in the Midcontinent Immortal Collection, there are great terrors within it, although junior is confident, he knows how to live within his means, this item is not destined for me for now.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, he was not stupid, he knew how much weight he had and did not fall for it.

In the next moment, Xu Qingnian hid the Midcontinent Immortal Hidden Map into his body.

“Alas, it’s also true, I didn’t expect that the Martial Emperor had actually been to the Midcontinent Immortal Collection, this guy actually didn’t take me with him, thanks to the fact that I still trust him so much.”

Dan Shen Ancient Scripture did understand Xu Qingnian’s caution, as strong as Martial Emperor, a first-grade strength, actually fell into the path.

What was Xu Qingnian worth?

“Alright, since you got what you wanted, I won’t say much more, if there’s anything you can do, you can call out to old me again.”

Dan Shen Gu Jing didn't say anything more, after the matter was done, he intended to continue resting.

"Many thanks, senior."

Xu Qingnian spoke, while the Dan God Ancient Scripture did not reply, but kept shrinking and hiding within his hair.

When the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture quieted down.

Xu Qingnian also did not think much about it and moved straight away.

Now that he had the Demon Subduing Divine Stone in hand, what he lacked was the Dragon Blood Yang Jade and the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus.

The Dragon Blood Jade was not in a hurry, it was in the Palace of Literature and would be in his possession when the Vermilion Saint recovered.

What is most important is the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus.

It was this object that was a little tricky.

But there was no rush, there was always a way to reach out to the Buddha Sect, the big deal was to make some sacrifices and trade with each other.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian headed to his teacher's house.

Since they had all come to Ping'an County, plus the sudden visit yesterday, they had already shown their faces.

Now that the matter was settled, it was natural to pay a proper visit to one's teacher.

And so it was.

In the blink of an eye, five days had passed.

Xu Qingnian set off from the South Yu Province and headed for Kyoto.

During these five days, Xu Qingnian stayed at Zhou Ling's house for three days, and Ping'an County was therefore abuzz with excitement.

No one expected that Xu Qingnian, the Half-Sage of the Great Wei, would return to his hometown in a low-profile manner, and as Xu Qingnian took the initiative to show himself, naturally the scholars from ten miles and eight villages, and even from the next capital, came to visit Xu Qingnian on purpose.

After three days of busy work, Xu Qingnian went to the South Yufu and met with Li Xin, who is after all one of his few close friends, and also paid a visit to Li Xin's father.

The South Yufu governor had also helped him a lot and Xu Qingnian remembered it.

This time, Xu Qingnian also gave Li Xin some support and invited many talented scholars and scholars to a banquet.

The main thing was to inform the people of his relationship with Li Xin.

After everything was done.

Only then did Xu Qingnian set off for the capital.

Counting the time.

The Hao Ran dynasty's founding ceremony was only two days away.

It was just in time to go back and deal with this matter.

At the same time.

Great Wei Imperial Palace.

Inside the Hall of the Nurturing Heart.

The empress sat high on the dragon chair, and on her highness, stood an old monk in a red robe.

"Old cassock Huizheng, pay my respects to Your Majesty of Great Wei."

The old monk spoke and bowed towards the Empress.

This was one of the four divine monks of the Tianzhu Temple, Divine Monk Huizheng.

It was known under the heavens.

"Please do not salute."

The Empress's voice was calm, then silent.

Silence fell within the great hall at once.

Just as quickly, the voice of Divine Monk Huizheng slowly rang out.

“Your Majesty, now that the Palace of Literature has seceded from Great Wei and the Holy Will has disappeared, there is only fear that demons will come out across the territory of Great Wei and scourge the living.”

“Tianzhu Temple is willing to suppress the demons for Your Majesty and save the people of the earth from suffering, I hope Your Majesty will be mindful of the people of the earth and allow the Buddhist sect to enter Wei.”

Divine Monk Hui Zheng spoke.

Stating his intention.

Awaken Chapter 223 -

Inside the Hall of the Raising Heart.

As Hui Zheng’s voice rang out.

The Empress’ gaze remained calm.

“The Buddhist Sect does have a heart.”

“However, I have already found the Immortal Sect to suppress the demons, so there is no need for the Buddha Sect to help.”

“If the demon rebellion is really unable to be suppressed, I will also contact the Buddha Sect at the first opportunity.”

The empress opened her mouth, she looked at the Buddha Sect Huizheng and said so.

Just as soon as this was said, Hui Zheng folded his hands and chanted Amitabha Buddha, and then slowly spoke.

“I know that Your Majesty is worried that the Buddha Sect will invade the Central Continent and affect its qi.”

“But please rest assured, Your Majesty, the Buddhist Sect today is no longer the Buddhist Sect it once was, and the evil consequences sown by Little Thunder Sound Temple have been repaid by my Buddhist Sect over several hundred years.”

“Now that the Palace of Literature is detached, it is undoubtedly tempting for the demons of the world, when the Palace of Literature was there, there was holy will to suppress it, now that the Palace of Literature is gone, the demons of the world are bound to come out and cause chaos, especially since the Devil’s Cave is in turmoil, in case something really goes wrong, it will be the end.”

“Your Majesty, if we sit back and do nothing now, once we wait for the demons to rebel, even if Your Majesty asks our Buddhist sect to help as quickly as possible, I’m afraid we will have to create an infinite number of killings.”

“I implore Your Majesty, for the sake of the people of Wei, to allow the Buddhist Sect to enter the country.”

Hui Zheng spoke again, requesting the empress to grant her permission.

However, the Empress’s gaze turned a little icy.

“Do you not understand what I am saying?”

The empress emperor spoke out.

For the Buddhist Sect, it was not that the Empress was disgusted, but she was extremely clear about what exactly the Buddhist Sect was plotting.

The Buddhist Sect, it could be said, was the most feared power in the world. If it was said that the people of the Book were disgusting and crowning in their actions, then the Buddhist Sect in the Dust World was a hundred times more crowning than the people of the Book.

In particular, the Buddhist clan’s innate position is in opposition to the imperial court.

Whether it is the Tianzhu Temple or the Little Thunderbolt Temple.

Their aim is always the people, to make them devoutly believe in Buddhism, and in that case, they are shaking the very foundation of the state.

As long as they are loyal to the emperor and respect their teachers, it does not matter, if there is something wrong with their thinking, they can just suppress it.

However, the Buddhists were different. They were a deadly influence on the emperor’s rule, as they were a source of civil unrest.

Unless the Buddhists accepted the rule of the Wei dynasty, but the question was, would the Buddhists agree? Even if it did, the Great Wei Dynasty would not dare to touch it, and if it did, it would undoubtedly be asking for its own death.

The main thing is that the Buddhists are patient enough. No one had ever gone to the Western Continent to develop it.

But only the Buddhists went, and not only did they go, but they turned the Western Continent into a pure land, a pure land for the Buddhists.

Countless beings on the Western Continent revered the Buddha Sect, and it was because of this that the Buddha Sect, in its name, was able to benefit the people and allow the world's clan forces to intervene in the Western Continent, while at the same time using the situation to intervene elsewhere.

Faith is such a horrible thing, and the people of the Western Continent have been indoctrinated with it from an early age, so much so that whatever forces enter the Western Continent, they are either assimilated or dinged seamlessly.

So by the end of the day, the world knew the methods of the Buddhists and rejected them in droves.

In particular, a few hundred years ago, before Zhu Sheng became a saint, the small Leiyin Temple, a Buddhist sect on the Western Continent, went to great lengths to open up a Daoist dispute in order to allow the Buddhists to enter Great Wei, leading to chaos in the world.

If it hadn't coincided with Zhu Sheng's attainment of sainthood, the turmoil would have spread to the three kingdoms of the Central Continent.

Now that it has subsided for a few hundred years, it is considered to have been suppressed by Zhu Sheng for a few hundred years, and now it is active again.

Having changed temples, they are doing exactly the same thing, only that they were once more brutal and are now more gentle.

The female emperor's voice made the divine monk Huizheng sigh.

He folded his hands and bowed towards the empress.

"Since Your Majesty's mind is already made up, I will not say anything more."

"However, if Great Wei is in trouble, Your Majesty only needs to send someone to inform the Tianzhu Temple, which will certainly respond."

The divine monk Hui Zheng spoke, he was not angry or moved to anger, instead he gave the impression that he had a heart for the world.

But the more this was the case, the more the empress knew that she could not draw the Buddhists into the country.

"Your Majesty, since there is nothing else, then I will first take my leave."

The divine monk Hui Zheng knew that the Empress's mind was already made up, and did not say anything more.

“Take your time.”

The Empress' attitude remained as cold as ever.

Divine Monk Hui Zheng sighed and then walked out of the Hall of Nurtured Hearts.

Looking at the departing Divine Monk Huizheng, the Empress waited for a while, then slowly spoke.

“Tell the Immortal Sect to keep a close watch on the Devil's Cave, so that nothing goes wrong.”

The Empress spoke out and gave the order.

The main hall was deserted, but there were always people in the shadows.

Although Ji Ling knew that the Buddhist Sect, no matter what they did, would not dare to be too reckless and take the initiative to destroy the Devil's Cave, but even a rabbit will bite when pushed.

When the Grand Wei Palace of Literature broke away, the happiest people in the world were the Buddhists, who had been watching the Grand Wei Dynasty.

Now that the Palace of Literature has broken away, they naturally want to take advantage of the situation and enter.

The Buddhists originally thought that the Great Wei Dynasty would seek them out, but they did not expect to take the initiative to seek out the Immortal Sect themselves, so that they could suppress these demons.

This move really made the Buddhist Sect somewhat unpredictable.

It was also because of this that the Buddhist Sect was somewhat anxious.

If the Immortal Sect is brought into the Great Wei Dynasty, it will inevitably divide the power in the hands of the Empress, but the Immortal Sect is after all an Immortal Sect, and they don't care about the power of faith, they just want to preach the Immortal Law.

They only want to preach the immortal teachings. They want to use the power of the dynasty to strengthen their own sects.

But the Buddhists are different. The Buddhists want so many things, to universalise all beings, to gain immense merit, and of course, most of all, the faith of all beings.

They have been coveting the Central Continent for thousands of years. Once the door to the Central Continent is opened, it would not take a hundred years for the Buddhist

sect to convert most of the people of the Central Continent into their followers with their current strength.

This kind of missionary speed is unique to the Buddhist Sect.

By that time, it would be too easy to invade the Eastern, Southern and Northern Continents.

In this way, if all the people in the world believed in Buddha, the power of this faith would be enough for the Buddha Sect to create a supreme Buddha.

They would become the true controllers.

So, knowing that the Immortal Sect had ambitions, Ji Ling was not afraid, after all, it could not hurt the root, at most it would change the pattern a little.

But the Buddha Sect was different, they were real tigers and wolves, sitting on their laurels, chanting a few sutras, reciting a few lines of Amitabha Buddha, and wanting to pluck away the fruits of others.

Is that possible?

Outside the Hall of the Raising Heart.

The divine monk Hui Zheng looked calm, but in his gaze, he looked pensive, with a heavy heart.

The Empress had rejected the entry of the Tianzhu Temple, which was not a good thing, at least not in his opinion.

In particular, the Empress had been too decisive in her refusal, without any room for manoeuvre.

This meant that it would be almost impossible for the Buddhist Sect to enter the Central Continent.

But now the Buddhists of the Western Continent had waited for five hundred years, a full five hundred years.

In these five hundred years, they had been developing and waiting for their chance.

Now it was so easy to welcome this great opportunity in the sky, but to no avail, five hundred years had passed and the Great Wei Dynasty was still so wary of the Buddhists.

This made Hui Zheng really resentful.

The secession of the Palace of Literature was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for the Buddhists.

If they missed this opportunity, it would be even less likely that they would be able to enter the Middle Continent in the future.

This was the best chance, and the only chance.

It was only the Empress' expression and the tone of her voice that made him feel that, for the time being, the Great Wei was determined not to allow the Buddhist Sect to enter.

"If the empress is still like this, I am afraid that a big mistake will be made."

The divine monk Hui Zheng said to himself.

There were many things that even the Empress would not know, especially matters involving the entry of the Buddhist Sect into the Central Continent.

Ji Ling would definitely not know what kind of determination the Buddhist Sect was carrying.

In order to enter Great Wei, the Buddhist Sect had already thought of three ways, but Divine Monk Hui Zheng understood that none of these three ways, no matter which one, was the best way.

Even one of them, moreover, would cause great trouble in the sky, but it would also allow the Buddhist Sect to enter Great Wei, or even the whole Central Continent, in a smooth manner.

However, the Buddha Sect is compassionate, and they would not use this plan until it was absolutely necessary.

It is even said that the Buddhists do not want to use these three plans unless the Empress forces them to.

The divine monk Hui Zheng did not want to use these plans, but through the empress' attitude, he knew that he could not do without them.

But just as the Divine Monk Hui Zheng was walking out of the palace.

Suddenly, Divine Monk Hui Zheng saw some light.

Looking up, a distant rushing light coalesced in the sky, the light showing three colours of red and white gold.

The red colour represented official luck.

White represented is talent luck.

And the golden colour represented is Buddha's fortune.

The divine monk Hui Zheng was a little surprised, he had not paid too much attention when he entered the capital, but now that he had stepped out of the palace, it was only when he noticed this spectacle.

"With this kind of official luck, at least the Prime Minister of Great Wei, together with such a terrifying talent, I think it should be the place where the new Saint of Great Wei, Xu Qingnian, lives."

Divine Monk Hui Zheng murmured to himself as he looked at the place, and his eyes could not help but reveal some other thoughts.

Standing outside the palace for about half an hour, the divine monk Hui Zheng folded his hands and looked towards the peaceful and chaotic royal residence and muttered.

"In my life, I have never pitied anyone, but for the sake of the world's people, I can only sacrifice Xu Qingnian, Master Xu, and I hope that Master Xu will remember that I have done this for the sake of the world's people and will not be blamed."

After he finished saying these words to himself in his heart, he immediately walked directly towards the Ping Chao King's residence.

Originally, there was nothing more he could do, and the strong attitude of the empress let him know the determination of Great Wei.

The Buddhists wanted to enter Great Wei and were on the verge of madness at the moment, even discussing three plans within the Tianzhu Temple that were against the Buddhists.

He did not want to see this happen, for to really go this far would probably trigger a real disaster.

But what he knew was that Tianzhu Temple had already made up its mind.

So he himself had to moderate from it, both to allow the Buddhist Sect to enter Great Wei.

And at the same time not let Tianzhu Temple go any further.

So he had to come up with a solution, and right now that solution came.

The solution was simple: to get Xu Qingnian into the picture and use Xu Qingnian's prestige in Great Wei.

He wanted to convert Xu Qingnian.

Let Xu Qingnian convert to Buddhism.

Although it was a little difficult to do, it was still a little easier than getting the Great Wei Dynasty to agree to the entry of the Buddhists.

Of course, this was his idea.

And so it was that the divine monk Huizheng walked towards the Pingxing royal residence.

A quarter of an hour later.

Divine Monk Hui Zheng arrived at the Ping Chaos King's residence.

At the entrance of the royal residence, there stood twelve guards with cold expressions, each of them a seventh grade martial artist.

"Amitabha Buddha."

"Old cassock Tianzhu Temple Huizheng, I have come to visit the Great Wei Half-Sage today, dare I ask if Half-Sage Xu is in the royal residence?"

Divine Monk Huizheng stepped forward, he worshipped towards the crowd of guards, his face peaceful as he inquired thus.

As soon as he said this, the guards looked at each other and looked at each other, all looking somewhat surprised and curious.

After all, it was rare to see people from the Buddhist sect in the capital of Great Wei, especially when the other party claimed to be from the Tianzhu Temple.

Although the Buddhist Sect had not entered Great Wei, the Tianzhu Temple was so famous that it was impossible to not know about it.

So when they heard again that the other party came from the Tianzhu Temple, they were naturally surprised and did not dare to be negligent.

"Back to Master, the King is not in the palace, he has gone out for something."

The other party spoke up, informing the divine monk Xu Qingnian of Hui Zheng that he was not in.

And the latter still looked peaceful as he looked at the crowd and said.

“May I ask when Half-Sage Xu will return?”

Divine Monk Hui Zheng asked.

“This We do not know.”

The latter gave a reply, how could they know when Xu Qingnian would return, and even if they did, they couldn't possibly say anything out of turn.

“In that case, the old cassock will wait here for Half-Sage Xu's return.”

Divine Monk Hui Zheng folded his hands and then stood to the side and settled down, not moving at all, causing the crowd to be somewhat puzzled and strange.

Although they respected Divine Monk Hui Zheng, standing at the entrance of the king's residence was somehow odd.

But they could not say anything more.

Time passed little by little.

In the blink of an eye, it was an hour.

The divine monk Huizheng was indeed patient, he had been waiting here for an hour, without moving his body.

And at this moment.

In the middle of the street.

A figure slowly appeared.

It was the figure of Xu Qingnian.

In the middle of the street.

Xu Qingnian was walking towards the royal residence, and had not been in too much of a hurry to come all the way from South Yufu, so it took an hour before and after, if he had been in a hurry, he would have arrived from South Yufu within half an hour.

Along the way, Xu Qingnian pondered over the matter of the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus.

He did not want to get involved with the Buddha Sect, but if he did not, it would naturally be difficult to obtain the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus.

Although Zhu Sheng would help himself out, Xu Qingnian somehow felt that even if Zhu Sheng did, the Buddha Sect would probably not give face.

Back then, when the Buddha Sect wanted to enter the Central Continent, Zhu Sheng had almost crushed the other Buddha Sect.

Because of this, Little Leiyin Temple lost its core competitiveness in the Western Continent and was gradually overtaken by Tianzhu Temple.

But the number one temple has already been taken away by Tianzhu Temple.

In that case, wouldn't the Buddhist sect hate Zhu Sheng? Even the Tianzhu Temple probably hated Zhu Sheng's actions, and although they took this opportunity to become the number one temple, it would be a greater loss for them not to be in the Central Continent.

That was why Xu Qingnian pondered how to obtain the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus.

What Xu Qingnian knew even more clearly was that he absolutely could not take the initiative to mention the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus, once it became too obvious that the people of the Buddhist sect were all good at calculating.

Unlike the readers, the readers are sometimes arrogant because they are in power and because they have a saint, and another thing is that the readers are still human and have seven emotions and six desires.

Buddhism is different, whether it's a Buddhist disciple or a Buddhist follower.

They are human, but they are suppressing their seven emotions and six desires. In other words, by cursing Zhu Sheng, the Readers would be thunderously angry and hate themselves, and request the Palace of Literature to step in to suppress them.

If the Wen Gong does not intervene, the readers will have anger in their hearts and become disappointed with the Wen Gong.

So for the sake of the image of the Palace of Literature as well as maintaining unity within the Palace, the Palace would choose to step in to suppress itself.

But if one were to switch to the Buddhist school, and one were to curse the Buddha, the Buddhist disciples would also be furious, but as long as the Buddhist hierarchy spoke up, they would be able to put this down to suppress the anger of the Buddhist disciples.

This is because the Buddhist disciples have been completely brainwashed.

Therefore, the Buddhists care more about profit, and they would rather sacrifice everything in order to achieve their goals.

If what they do can be linked to the lives of the people of the world, then it is even more remarkable.

Xu Qingnian knew very well in his heart that if he was involved in anything with the Buddhist sect, he would have to be careful no matter what.

Be cautious and cautious again.

The half-saints could not overpower the Buddhists, and it would be troublesome to fight between the two different systems.

Just as Xu Qingnian was thinking about it, a figure suddenly appeared in Xu Qingnian's eyes.

It was an old monk.

Clad in a red and blue robe, he was standing at the entrance of the royal residence, eyes closed, and was silently reciting scriptures.

Xu Qingnian frowned slightly.

The latter also sensed himself in an instant and slowly opened his eyes.

Soon, the two looked at each other.

With a gentle face and a smile, Divine Monk Hui Zheng gave a slight nod towards Xu Qingnian.

In turn, Xu Qingnian nodded slightly in reply.

He walked over, and the Huizheng divine monk also moved to walk.

"Amitabha Buddha, I, Huizheng of the Tianzhu Temple, have a full heavenly court, a blessed face, and a talent that surges to the heavens, I think you should be the new saint of Great Wei, Xu, right?"

Divine Monk Huizheng spoke and bowed deeply towards Xu Qingnian, looking very respectful.

"Tianzhu Temple? Huizheng?"

Xu Qingnian knew who the other party was after a moment's thought.

He was one of the four divine monks of the Tianzhu Temple.

His status was extremely high, and he had an extremely high say within the Tianzhu Temple.

He was the equivalent of a Prince of Great Wei, and the kind of Prince who held two military talismans in his hands, so it was not too much to say that he was extremely powerful.

This was a big man, a truly big man, not weaker than himself.

“So it’s Divine Monk Hui Zheng, I’d like to meet Divine Monk Xu.”

Xu Qingnian saluted, the other party was not weaker than himself, but not too much higher than himself, of course if he was in the Zhu Sheng lineage, then the two could sit on an equal footing.

But the world’s scholars did not support themselves, so in a sense, the divine monk Hui Zheng was of high status.

“Sage Xu is very kind.”

Divine Monk Hui Zheng spoke, and then said directly.

“Sage Xu, I am disturbing you today because of an important matter that concerns the people of the world, and I hope that the sage can give a helping hand to help free the people of the world.”

Divine Monk Hui Zheng opened his mouth, a sad and bitter look on his face as he looked at Xu Qingnian and begged thus.

However, when he said this, it instantly aroused revulsion in Xu Qingnian’s heart.

He was talking about the world’s people? The Buddha Sect really has some problems, when they see themselves, they don’t say anything, they directly ask for their help.

If you don’t do it, then you are indifferent to the people of the world, and if you do it, then you are helping for nothing, and the benefits will definitely not be yours.

This is really meeting and digging a hole.

“Divine monk, don’t be anxious, you can take your time to talk about anything, if the world’s life is involved, Xu Mou will definitely help, as long as it is within Xu Mou’s ability, Xu Mou will agree.”

Xu Qingnian gave a reply, he did not fall for it, some words were ambiguous, a favour could be done, but only if one could help, as well as one was willing to help, otherwise, don't even think about it.

It was only after hearing these words that the divine monk Hui Zheng could not help but reveal his joy, after all, in his eyes, Xu Qingnian's words were already a promise.

Thinking of this, Divine Monk Hui Zheng glanced around, and then slowly said.

“Sage Xu, this is not a good place to talk.”

He spoke out, not wanting to speak in the streets.

Xu Qingnian nodded, understanding the other party's meaning, and then led Divine Monk Hui Zheng into the royal residence.

“Greetings, Your Majesty.”

Upon seeing Xu Qingnian, the guards spoke in unison, while Xu Qingnian didn't bother with nonsense and directly took out a silver ticket, with a face value of one hundred taels, and handed it to the lead guard.

“Your Majesty, what is this?”

The lead guard was a little curious, after all, giving a silver ticket for no reason made him a little confused.

“If you work for this king, you won't get less benefits, take it and don't nag.”

Xu Qingnian's tone was calm, a word was uttered, the latter hurriedly accepted it, not daring to say anything more at all.

After all, if Xu Qingnian asked, he could not refuse, and furthermore, who would mind too much silver? Even if they were willing to guard Xu Qingnian's house, it would not prevent them from getting more silver.

What Xu Qingnian did made Hui Zheng slightly silent, and he glanced at Xu Qingnian, but did not say much.

“Divine monk, this is the garden of the house, please ask the divine monk directly if there is anything, the king still has quite a few things to deal with.”

Arriving at the inner courtyard, Xu Qingnian, with a smile on his face, said so towards Divine Monk Hui Zheng.

In his words, Xu Qingnian was still gentle, even a little more kind than before, but with a change of address, the meaning was different.

When he entered the royal palace, Xu Qingnian was the King of Wei who had pacified the chaos, and when he left the royal palace, he was the Half-Sage of Wei.

So outside, one's heart is for the world, and inside the palace, one's heart is just for Great Wei.

This was a signal, a signal given to Hui Zheng.

Sure enough, after hearing Xu Qingnian refer to himself as this king again, Hui Zheng's expression gave a slight pause, only he did not think anything more about it, but spoke directly.

"Sage Xu, now that the Great Wei Palace of Literature has seceded, the demons of the world are foolishly stirring, and I have even heard something that some evil demons have set their eyes on Great Wei and want to take advantage of the internal strife of the scholars to bloodily cleanse the borders of Great Wei."

"If this were to happen, I am afraid that the Great Wei Dynasty would be faced with rivers of blood, corpses floating in the fields, and a tragedy that would wipe out all living creatures."

Monk Hui Zheng spoke up, his face full of sorrow and bitterness, almost ready to shed tears.

"There is such a thing?"

Xu Qingnian frowned, but inwardly he was incomparably calm.

Now that the Great Wei Dynasty was stable and developing, not to mention that under the centralisation of military power, the demons would not dare to be too unrestrained, and even if the demons did become unrestrained, so what?

The Immortal Sect is now in the country, so they can use their power to resist the demons.

It is impossible that these demons have gone crazy, right? They are all coming towards the Great Wei Dynasty? Have they got nothing better to do?

If there is no benefit, these demons are not stupid.

The Eastern, Southern and Northern Continents are full of people, and the forces are extremely scattered, so there are retail investors who won't eat the bankers? Who gave them the courage?

This divine monk Huizheng really has the courage to say anything with his mouth open and shut.

“Sage Xu, you have been staying in Great Wei, you don’t know the situation of the world.”

“The Great Wei Dynasty has the Palace of Literature to suppress it, and under the Holy Will, naturally no demons dare to make a move, and it is even said that there are very few demons in the Central Continent, after all, under the Holy Will, demons are scared of the wind and naturally do not dare to act recklessly.”

“But now that the Palace of Literature is detached, the demons have long been eyeing Great Wei, once they take advantage of the situation, with Great Wei’s current situation, there is no chance of winning, unless

Hui Zheng divine monk said, abruptly, and then stopped talking, but left a suspense.

“Unless what?”

Xu Qingnian asked.

“Unless Sage Xu is willing to kowtow to the Zhu Sheng Wen Palace and confess his mistake, and request the Zhu Sheng Wen Palace to help, otherwise, the demon invasion of Great Wei will result in a great mistake, billions of living souls, thus buried, and Great Wei’s national fortune will also be greatly affected.”

Divine Monk Hui Zheng spoke up, he deliberately brought out the Vermilion Saint lineage, knowing that Xu Qingnian loathed the Vermilion Saint lineage, so he deliberately brought them up.

He wanted to use a provocative method to anger Xu Qingnian so that he would choose the Buddhist Sect.

Hearing these words, Xu Qingnian was unmoved, but instead looked quietly at Divine Monk Hui Zheng and said.

“What exactly is the meaning of the divine monk’s words?”

“This king is a little confused after hearing all this, so please ask the divine monk to speak directly.”

Xu Qingnian was somewhat direct, he knew that Divine Monk Huizheng was stirring up trouble, although he did hate the Zhu Sheng lineage, but it was not the turn of others to stir up trouble.

Once he heard this, the divine monk Huizheng was not embarrassed, instead he continued to sorrow and suffer even the heavens.

“Amitabha Buddha.”

“The old cassock hopes that Sage Xu will speak out and persuade the Empress of Wei to graciously allow the Buddhist sect to enter Wei.”

“If Sage Xu speaks out and persuades, this is a great merit without limit, and will help you break through to the realm of the second-ranked sub-sage.”

“Moreover, there is something that Lao Di wanted to say but was reluctant to say, but now Lao Di cannot help but say it.”

“Sage Xu, the first time the old cassock looked at you, he noticed that you had the appearance of Buddha’s wisdom and that you were destined for Buddha, so if Sage Xu is willing to enter my Buddhist sect, Tianzhu Temple is willing to forge a Buddha’s golden body for you, enriching you with immeasurable Buddhist teachings, correcting the Supreme Awakening and clarifying all wisdom.”

The divine monk Hui Zheng spoke, and he stated his purpose.

Not one purpose, but two purposes.

This moment.

Xu Qingnian in the courtyard thoroughly felt that Divine Monk Hui Zheng was somewhat ridiculous.

He had come to find himself, hoping that he would persuade the empress to agree to the entry of the Buddhist sect.

This did not surprise Xu Qingnian, after all, the Buddhist Sect had wanted to enter Wei for more than a day or two, but it was just a bit ridiculous that he was playing his own game.

Not only that, it was even better to let oneself persuade the empress.

Now he even wants to convert himself to Buddhism?

This was really wanting to eat farts.

However, Xu Qingnian did not get angry, after all, he still needed the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus, and before the item arrived, Xu Qingnian was not willing to offend the people of the Buddha Sect, so Xu Qingnian’s face looked a little embarrassed.

“The divine monk thinks highly of my king, although I am a king, I do not have royal blood, furthermore His Majesty has already made a decision, how can I change His Majesty’s mind?”

“Moreover, my king is now also a half-saint of Great Wei and no longer wants to participate in imperial politics, so it is better for the divine monk to discuss this matter with His Majesty himself.”

“As for the matter of the Buddha’s fate, this king is a layman and cannot stand the Buddhist precepts, the so-called phase of wisdom, perhaps the divine monk has looked away.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, he smiled slightly and did not reject it outright, but his meaning was clear.

But once this was said, the divine monk Hui Zheng shook his head and looked at Xu Qingnian and said.

“Master Xu is presumptuous and not self-indulgent, the old cassock never makes mistakes in reading people, Master Xu does indeed have a wisdom phase and has Buddhist wisdom, if Master doesn’t mind, the old cassock will let you have a look.”

This was all said and done.

At that moment, the divine monk Huizheng recited the Buddha’s hymn, and then a heavy Buddhist light evolved behind him, followed by the deafening sound of chanting sutras.

It seemed solemn and magnificent, and sacred.

The Buddha’s trumpet shook the heavens, and the gaze of the divine monk Hui Zheng became serious, and the surroundings were transformed into a pure land, causing the mind to sink.

“Master Xu, the human world is a sea of suffering, and all greed, anger, and dementia are seawater.

The divine monk Hui Zheng spoke, and every word he said was sacred and peaceful at the same time.

At the same time, the sound of crashing waves rang out, and the pure land around him instantly turned into a vast ocean, darkening heaven and earth.

The sea of suffering is boundless, and one is struggling in the sea, the other shore is far away, and no matter how one swims, one cannot help but feel powerless.

The divine monk Huizheng stood in the middle of the other shore, chanting Buddhist sutras and forming a divine bridge to help him reach the other shore.

This is the great divine power of the Buddhist sect.

The divine monk Huizheng used the supreme divine power to forcibly reincarnate Xu Qingnian, and took advantage of Xu Qingnian's lack of defence to suddenly cast this technique and reincarnate on the other shore.

At this moment.

At this moment, Xu Qingnian's will was indeed somewhat sunken, he had no thoughts, his only thought was to get out of the sea of suffering and reach the other shore.

This is a human instinct for survival.

But right at this moment, there was no solution.

In an instant, Xu Qingnian grabbed the divine bridge and he subconsciously stepped onto it, walking towards the other shore, his gaze listless.

Divine Monk Hui Zheng was in a somewhat tense mood.

If he succeeded, a Buddha seed would be planted in Xu Qingnian, who would then become a complete member of the Buddhist sect.

If he fails, and Xu Qingnian awakens, there will be no second chance. Unless the Buddha himself comes, no one will be able to convert Xu Qingnian.

There was only one chance.

In his eyes, if Xu Qingnian succeeded, he would be able to save the world's lives.

But if the transformation failed, then it would be a problem.

Therefore, he was extremely nervous and did not want anyone to interfere.

However.

Just as Xu Qingnian was about to reach the other side.

In an instant.

Two voices rang out.

"Shouren, wake up quickly."

“Xu Qingnian, the invitation from the Hao Ran Dynasty has arrived, come out to greet it quickly.”

Two different voices rang out.

One voice came from the middle of his mind, it was Chao Ge's voice, he had noticed in time that something was wrong with Xu Qingnian, so he quickly reminded.

And the second voice came from outside the king's residence, and it was extremely loud and deafening, gathering a vast and righteous aura.

As the two voices rang out.

Xu Qingnian awoke with a jolt.

In the next moment, his eyes revealed a divine aura, and then he retreated dozens of steps backwards.

“How dare you.”

Xu Qingnian roared in anger as he came back to his senses in time to roar loudly.

Poof.

Divine Monk Hui Zheng spurted out a mouthful of blood in a flash.

He had not expected that someone would interrupt at such a crucial moment, and it was someone from the Zhu Sheng Wen Palace.

Damn it.

Damn it.

The Divine Monk Hui Zheng was incomparably suffocating in his heart, for as long as Xu Qingnian took a few more steps, he was going to be toughened up.

But he had not expected to be interrupted by such a person at a critical moment, and he was not happy.

He was really unhappy.

“Divine Monk Hui Zheng, this king respects you as one of the Four Great Divine Monks, but I never thought that you would want to forcibly transmute this king.”

“Do you think that this king does not dare to kill the Buddha?”

Xu Qingnian roared, his heart furious, deadly unprepared for the fact that the divine monk Huizheng had dared to incarnate himself.

And it was so close that he had fallen into the path.

This was still really frightening, if Chao Ge hadn't reminded him at a crucial moment.

If Chao Ge had not warned him at the critical moment, and the shouting outside the royal residence.

He would have been forcibly transformed and would have been reduced to a puppet of the Buddhist sect.

No wonder Zhu Sheng had repeatedly reminded himself to be careful of the Buddha Sect.

This power of transmutation was too terrifying to guard against.

"Your Majesty, calm your anger."

"The old cassock has no malicious intent, he just feels that the king has a wisdom phase and has a destiny with our Buddha, so he has taken a hand to degree."

"It's not quite a forced transformation, the Buddha does not pass people without a destiny, if it was really a forced transformation, the king would not have entered the pure land of Buddhism."

At this point in time, the divine monk Huizheng could still say this with a stiff upper lip, he was really shameless.

"Get lost."

Xu Qingnian didn't bother to say more, one word, representing Xu Qingnian's attitude.

Without this incident, Xu Qingnian could still meander around with the Buddha Sect.

But after this incident, how could Xu Qingnian give him a good face?

This was already riding on his own head.

"Master Xu."

Divine Monk Hui Zheng still wanted to say something, but the next moment Xu Qingnian's eyes revealed a killing intent.

In an instant, the latter gritted his teeth, sighed, and left directly.

At the same time.

The raucous voice rang out once again.

“Xu Qingnian.”

“By order of Saint Lu, I have come to deliver an invitation to travel to the Hao Ran Dynasty two days later to participate in the nation-building ceremony.”

As the voice rang out.

Xu Qingnian’s gaze was a little more icy.

Awaken Chapter 224 -

The Great Wei Kyoto, which had been calm for some time.

Once again, it was disturbed.

And this time, it was once again the Zhu Sheng lineage.

Outside the Palace of the King of Peace and Chaos.

A great scholar stood quietly outside the royal palace, holding an invitation.

He was a great scholar of the Zhu Sheng lineage, named Zhang Ye, and a former great scholar of Great Wei.

Now that he had returned to Great Wei again, Zhang Ye had not expected to be so quick.

But this time, when he returned to Great Wei again, Zhang Ye did not come as a great scholar, but as an ambassador.

Being in the Palace of Literature, he knew better than everyone what cards the Palace possessed now.

It was highly likely that the Vermilion Saint would be revived.

He would reappear on earth and sweep away all enemies.

Although there were already rumours in the world, to the people of the world, this was not very credible, reviving the Vermilion Saint, which was almost impossible.

But the great scholars within the Palace of Literature believed it beyond belief, for they had seen the true spirit of the Vermilion Saint with their own eyes.

Now that the wooden medallion was enshrined in the Zhu Sheng Palace of Literature, enjoying the nourishment of the Hao Ran Dynasty, when it was taken out to revive the Zhu Sheng at the founding ceremony two days later, it would then shock the world.

That is why the Hao Ran Dynasty was the first to send out invitations, and the first to invite Xu Qingnian.

The goal of the revived Vermilion Saint was to target Xu Qingnian, but of course there was another reason to invite the revived Vermilion Saint to shape the tripod of the Hao Ran Kingdom's fortune.

This was their biggest goal, killing Xu Qingnian was just a passing thing.

Outside the royal residence.

Liu Ye frowned, he had been waiting here for a long time, but he had not expected to see Xu Qingnian, which made him a little unhappy.

If he were a great Confucian, he would have to call Xu Qingnian a half-saint, but now as an envoy of the Hao Ran Dynasty, he did not need to be too polite to Xu Qingnian, and of course Xu Qingnian did not need to be too polite to him either.

We had already broken up, so there was no need to be false.

Only, at that moment, a figure slowly walked out of the royal residence.

But it was not Xu Qingnian, but the divine monk Hui Zheng.

He did not look too good.

He was a little embarrassed, but more than that, he was angry that he had been caught by Xu Qingnian after forcing him to transform him.

He was angry at Liu Ye for shouting outside. If Liu Ye had not shouted outside, he would have been successfully transformed by Xu Qingnian.

If he succeeded, he would have done a great service.

It would have been a great success for the Buddhists, as it would have allowed the Buddhists to enter Great Wei, and it would have converted the newly promoted half-saints of Confucianism into Buddhists, plus Xu Qingnian's status in Great Wei.

But it was just one step away, just one step away.

Now that the transmutation has failed, Xu Qingnian will be substantially immune to the power of transmutation, unless the Buddha Sect's First Grade manifests itself and

forcibly transmutes Xu Qingnian, and it must do so while Xu Qingnian is without the slightest defence.

And it would most likely fail.

This kind of thing is extremely demanding to perform, especially for those of high rank, and can only be used once, and must be used beyond the rank.

He was a second-ranked Awareness, a full rank above Xu Qingnian, which was why he dared to make a sudden move to transform Xu Qingnian, wanting to take him by surprise.

That's why he dared to make a sudden move, trying to take Xu Qingnian by surprise.

Walking out of the royal residence.

The divine monk Huizheng looked at the man in front of him, his gaze bursting with fire, wanting to kill him.

“Divine Monk Huizheng? Why are you here?”

Seeing the other party, Liu Ye was a little surprised, he did not expect Divine Monk Hui Zheng to walk out of Xu Qingnian's royal residence.

“Get lost.”

Divine Monk Hui Zheng spoke coldly and directly crossed over Liu Ye.

Hearing this scolding voice, Liu Ye was a little confused.

Why did he scold me for no reason? I didn't provoke you, did I?

Also, didn't they say that the monks of Tianzhu Temple were all very kind? Is this kind? Damn you, you're bullying me for being a scholar, aren't you?

Although his heart was full of anger, Liu Ye did not dare to say it out loud, the other party was a second-grade enlightened Buddhist cultivator, he could crush himself hundreds of times with one hand.

It's just that he's uncomfortable in his heart.

At the same time.

In the middle of the royal residence, Xu Qingnian's figure appeared.

He looked at Liu Ye quietly.

The latter instantly felt like a manacle.

“Xu Lord Xu, this is the invitation that Lu Sheng asked me to hand over to you, two days later when the Hao Ran Dynasty is founded, please make sure you attend the appointment.”

Liu Ye’s voice rang out, he wanted to call Xu Qingnian by his full name, but the words came to his mouth and he couldn’t say them, he could only shout out Lord Xu, asking him to call the half saint he couldn’t shout out.

Everyone had already torn their faces, so there was really no need to continue being hypocritical.

Once this was said, there were many people around who were secretly watching, and some powerful people had heard Liu Ye’s shout long ago.

They were curious and couldn’t help but frown at the same time.

Xu Qingnian and the Wen Palace had already fallen out a long time ago, and now he had the face to invite Xu Qingnian to the Founding Ceremony, this was really shameless.

However, when they thought about it, they understood that the Hao Ran Dynasty had the courage to invite Xu Qingnian to the ceremony, so they must have some backbone.

Most people didn’t believe it was true, and thought it was just a momentum builder for the Hao Ran Dynasty.

But now that Xu Qingnian has been invited, it somehow makes people feel that there is some credibility in this matter.

Otherwise, what was the point of inviting Xu Qingnian?

To stage another saint killing?

Wouldn’t that be like having nothing better to do? If he didn’t have the courage, he wouldn’t dare to continue to provoke Xu Qingnian.

“Is it really an invitation from Saint Lu?”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth, his gaze calm as he looked at Liu Ye.

Xu Qingnian did not have any ill feelings towards Liu Ye, he was just a small person, and if it wasn’t for Liu Ye, he would have been caught in the middle this time.

But Liu Ye's role was not the greatest, the main thing was that Chao Ge had woken him up at a crucial moment.

"Lord Xu, it was indeed Lu Sheng's personal invitation, and the invitation was also handed to me by Lu Sheng himself."

"Lu Sheng said that Lord Xu is the new saint of the Great Wei, in the end he is also a scholar and has read sage books, this time the founding of the Hao Ran Dynasty is about all the scholars in the world, if Lord Xu is not busy, he must come."

"Lu Sheng also said that there was more or less a misunderstanding about what happened before, so as long as Lord Xu comes, he will also be considered to have done a good deed for the scholars, and Lu Sheng will no longer pursue the past matters."

Liu Ye made a sound, not even daring to look at Xu Qingnian.

It was because these words, right, sounded a bit disgusting.

Everyone knew that the Palace of Literature was targeting Xu Qingnian at every turn, and if it wasn't for Xu Qingnian's ability to turn the tide against the odds every time, otherwise, a random mistake could have cost Xu Qingnian his life.

The company's main business is to provide a wide range of products and services to the public. What does it mean to say that you have done a good thing for the readers?

The first thing you need to do is to do something bad.

The king's residence, Xu Qingnian did not feel anything, it's not like he had never experienced the disgust of Zhu Sheng's lineage.

If the Zhu Sheng lineage did not disgust him, Xu Qingnian would have felt odd.

It was also at this moment that a voice rang out.

"Xu Sheng is not going."

The voice rang out, and it was Chen Zhengru.

Not far away, Chen Zhengru walked at an extremely fast pace to the royal residence and looked at Liu Ye and refused categorically.

"Shouren, I have learnt some news that the Zhu Sheng lineage is specifically targeting you for this Founding Ceremony, and that they may use the power of the world's scholars to revive Zhu Sheng."

“You must not go on this trip, and the Great Wei Dynasty will not send anyone to give them this opportunity.”

Chen Zhengru transmitted his voice to inform Xu Qingnian of this matter, he was afraid that this was a Hongmen Banquet and Xu Qingnian would suffer if he went.

“No harm.”

“If we really invite Zhu Sheng’s intention, this would be a good thing, so that Zhu Sheng can open his eyes and take a good look at his disciples, what kind of corruption they have become nowadays.”

Xu Qingnian shook his head as he looked to Chen Zhengru with this reply.

Xu Qingnian spoke directly, and he did not transmit his voice, which could be heard by all.

When Liu Ye heard these words, he could not help but sneer in his heart.

Xu Qingnian was still too young.

If it was the will of the Vermilion Saint, there was a real possibility that he would have chosen to help Xu Qingnian, because that was the will of a saint that could distinguish right from wrong and sense right from wrong.

But what the Hao Ran Dynasty revived this time was not the True Will of the Vermilion Saint, but the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint.

In other words, it was the saint’s spirit body, which was only under the control of the Palace of Literature and was the strongest spear of the Palace.

So Xu Qingnian was too situation and conceited, but it was fine, he would pay the price for his arrogance and ignorance.

“Shouren, you must think twice about this matter, there is no need for this.”

Chen Zhengru still continued to remind, although he also did not believe that the Palace of Literature could revive Zhu Sheng, but there was a saying that it was better to believe it than not to believe it, in case it was really invited, it would be a great blow to Xu Qingnian.

Once there was any loss, the Great Wei Dynasty could not afford it.

“Chen Ru, the king has already thought twice about this matter. The king would like to see whether the Zhu Sheng, after reviving, will target this king or teach this group of unfilial disciples a lesson.”

Xu Qingnian gave his reply, his tone was calm, and his eyes were filled with confidence among them.

But the more confident he was, the happier Liu Ye was in his heart, he couldn't wait for Xu Qingnian to go on like this, and when the Zhu Saint revived later, he would see if Xu Qingnian could go wild.

"In that case, then we will be waiting for you. Lord Xu, don't come back after setting up a banquet, or else the world will say that our Palace of Literature is suppressing you again."

Liu Ye said so.

Xu Qingnian stood with his hands in the air, looking at the other party in a calm tone.

"Tell Lu Sheng that two days later, this king will definitely come to the Hao Ran Dynasty in person."

Xu Qingnian spoke indifferently, he did not know how the Wen Palace was calculating itself, but what Xu Qingnian knew was that the day the kingdom was founded, was also the time when the Wen Palace would be unlucky.

"Good, a gentleman's word is a team of horses, with Lord Xu in this position, I also believe that Lord Xu will certainly do what he says."

As Liu Ye said this, he handed the invitation to Xu Qingnian, then turned around and left.

After Liu Ye had left, Chen Zhengru sighed, before directly pulling Xu Qingnian into the royal residence.

"Shouren, ah, your confidence is a good thing, I have nothing to say, but this time the Palace of Literature is clearly trying to target you."

"And why do you have to be like this, just to sulk, the Wen Palace goes to the banquet ah? Isn't that asking for trouble?"

Chen Zhengru was a bit puzzled, people dare to invite, must have the backing and strength, not that he Xu Qingnian can not.

It is not that he, Xu Qingnian, is not capable of doing so, but that the enemy is in the dark and I am in the light, so to go forward when it is obvious that you are losing out is asking for trouble.

Hearing these words, Xu Qingnian could not help but smile bitterly and said.

“Chen Ru, Wen Gong has a bottom card, why don't I have a bottom card?”

“You are too cautious, think about it Chen Ru, when has Chen Mou ever been reckless in his actions?”

Xu Qingnian did not know how to explain, so he could only reply in this way.

Indeed, when he said this, Chen Zhengru could not help but show his surprise, then he thought about it carefully, although Xu Qingnian was a bit aggressive in his actions, he had his cards on the table every time, seemingly reckless, but all of them were rough but fine.

He really does not need to worry about himself.

But Chen Zhengru still could not help but speak up.

“Shouren, no matter what cards you have, this time the Palace of Literature is really moving, so I will go with you.”

Chen Zhengru spoke up, he believed Xu Qingnian had his cards, but he was still a bit worried, so he planned to go with Xu Qingnian.

“No.”

“Chen Ru, at the moment, Great Wei is still in a state of rejuvenation, and you are needed to take charge of all matters, if you leave, it will be more than worth the loss to Great Wei.”

“Don't worry, I have my own way.”

Xu Qingnian refused Chen Zhengru's request, as the Great Wei needed Chen Zhengru now, and there was no need to go with him to the Hao Ran Dynasty, as the loss would not be worth the gain.

Of course, Xu Qingnian also understood that Chen Zhengru was worried about himself when he was like this.

“But this.”

Chen Zhengru still wanted to say something else, however Xu Qingnian shook her head and looked at Chen Zhengru and said.

“Chen Ru, trust me.”

Once these words were said, Chen Zhengru could not help but sigh, and then spoke.

“Alright, since the words have come to this point, old man also believes you.”

“But be careful in all things.”

“By the way, just now I saw a monk in the distance, was it the divine monk Huizheng?”

Chen Zhengru asked.

“En, Fang almost fell into his path just now.”

Xu Qingnian nodded and said so.

The fact that the divine monk Huizheng had come to the capital could not be concealed from the powerful people of Great Wei, especially the prime minister in front of him.

Hearing Xu Qingnian speak like this, Chen Zhengru’s expression suddenly changed.

“What do you mean?”

Chen Zhengru asked.

“Huizheng wanted to reincarnate me, but he was alerted by Liu Ye outside, causing me to suddenly wake up and also causing Huizheng to fail in his reincarnation.”

Xu Qingnian gave his reply.

Once this was said, Chen Zhengru’s face instantly became incomparably ugly.

“Damn it.”

“He dares to transmute my Great Wei princes? Has he gone mad? The Tianzhu Temple is really no good, even daring to indoctrinate my Great Wei’s princes?”

“I shall report to His Majesty and send troops to the Western Continent to suppress the Tianzhu Temple.”

Chen Zhengru took a deep breath, his eyes filled with a cold intent among them.

Xu Qingnian was the prince of Wei, and he was also the new saint of Confucianism in Wei, so with all his status, he really did not expect that the divine monk Huizheng of the Tianzhu Temple would dare to forcibly convert him?

This is simply not putting Great Wei in his eyes.

“Forget it.”

“Chen Ru, he failed in his attestation and was wounded, and it’s not a bad thing.”

“The first transmutation didn’t work, so there’s even less chance of success in the future.”

Xu Qingnian shook his head, right now he didn’t want to cause trouble, after all, if the other party failed in his first degree, it would be almost impossible to continue his degree.

It was tantamount to adding immunity to his own degree.

The main reason, of course, was that Xu Qingnian wanted the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus, and before he could obtain it, Xu Qingnian did not want to fall out with the Buddha Sect.

Fang scolded angrily just now, not exactly tearing his face off directly, after all, the other party had been in the wrong in the first place.

“En.”

“But from now on, you have to be careful of the Buddha Sect.”

“The disciples of the Buddha Sect, thousands of years ago, were eyeing the Central Continent, and later on, if not for the emergence of Zhu Sheng, I’m afraid that the Buddha Sect would have invaded my Great Wei long ago.”

“Now that the Wen Palace has seceded, in their eyes, this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.”

“They would prefer to enter Great Wei, and I even suspect that they would do anything to enter Great Wei, and the fact that they dare to even convert you is proof enough of how strong the determination of this group is.”

“I will inform His Majesty of this matter, Shouren, if it really comes to the last resort, Great Wei can fight.”

Chen Zhengru spoke out, he was basically giving Xu Qingnian an answer.

Great Wei could always go to war, if pushed to do so.

“En, I understand.”

Xu Qingnian nodded his head.

And Chen Zhengru continued to speak.

“Shouren, I came over to find you, firstly, for what happened just now, and secondly, I have some happy news to tell you.”

“Now that the Heavenly Engineering Pavilion and the Gathering Hall have been successfully established, talents have sprung up like shoots from all over the world, and among them are many skilled craftsmen, as well as some good handsome people.”

“They have all been chosen by each of the six ministries.”

“Now the food production has increased extremely, and the last time we were blessed, the land of Great Wei was fertile and easy to grow grain, and we even found some rice ears in the middle of two days, with nearly three times more grains than normal.”

“It is still a three-season rice, which can be harvested three times a year, and some food has also been found in various places, which needs only a little water to be fed, and grows extremely fast, and can be harvested in a month, just not much taste, but it can carry hunger.”

“Shang Shu Gu has calculated that if there are no surprises, with the waterwheel, good fields, open fields, and these rice seeds, Great Wei’s grain yield could be as much as five times as much.”

“If we add the newly found grain, we can solve the survival problem of fifty percent of the people of Great Wei.”

“In three years’ time, Great Wei’s grain production could be ten times greater, reaching a flourishing state where the world is full of grain.”

Chen Zhengru was a little excited.

He had come over this time not just to remind Xu Qingnian, but also to tell Xu Qingnian of this good news.

There was no need to say much about the waterwheel.

After Xu Qingnian’s sainthood, countless good fields in Great Wei were nourished by blessings, and large quantities of grain grew, not to mention that many strange new rice ears appeared, which produced full and large rice, and also in extremely large quantities.

All the barren fields have been irrigated, some of which were not suitable for cultivation, but with the blessings of heaven and earth, they have been transformed into good fields, greatly increasing the yield of food.

The Ministry of the Household was so excited that it could not sleep every day for some time after finding some new food that did not taste good but could carry hunger.

After all, even if we grow more food, we still have to consider the food and clothing problems of many people at the bottom.

There is no country that does not have a shortage of food, it is just a matter of some people having enough to eat and others not.

Even though the Great Wei Dynasty has been blessed by heaven and earth, it is still very difficult to feed the whole of Great Wei. Fifty percent of the people of Great Wei are the lowest of the low, living in the mountains, or in extremely remote villages.

Even with cultivation, it was difficult for them to have enough to eat.

Now that they have this kind of food, although it is not very tasty, at least they have enough to eat. When they have enough to eat, they have the strength to work, and when they have the strength to work, they can continue to produce and move step by step towards a better life.

Any development takes time, and Chen Zhengru already anticipates how Great Wei will change in a few more years.

“Good.”

“This is a good thing, but we still need to ask Lord Gu to control the price of food, we need to suppress the price of food from now on, but don’t suppress it too hard, we can do it slowly.”

Xu Qingnian’s heart was also filled with joy when he heard what Chen Zhengru said.

A five-fold increase now would inevitably be a ten-fold increase in two or three years’ time.

If that was the case, the Great Wei Dynasty would catch up to its heyday in three years and could reach its true heyday in five years, with every household having food in stock and ready to move on to the next stage.

This is the benefit of a strong national fortune.

The winds and rains are good, there are no calamities, and even anything you need or want will be blessed to you, like this rice cob and this food that sounds similar to potatoes.

It would be logical to go looking for it, and it’s quite possible that you won’t find this food for years, but when the country is strong, these things appear on their own for no reason at all, saving time and allowing Great Wei to move ahead in its development.

A year sooner they were available, a year sooner Great Wei could rise to power.

“En, Shang Shu Gu understands this and has already set about making arrangements.”

“However, Gu Yan asked me to ask you, at present the treasury is full and the food production is increasing extremely fast, although His Majesty has exempted the tax for three years, but with the full food production, the silver in the Great Wei treasury can be partially disposed of, ask you what you think.”

Chen Zhengru inquired.

The Ministry of the Treasury is now completely drifting, the treasury has a lot of silver, there is a lot of grain outside, not spend uncomfortable.

The original not to spend is worried about this and that, so know that spending silver can develop the country, but also can not spend, afraid of that day suddenly cut off food, where another disaster.

But now there is no need to worry, naturally the silver is not useful in the treasury, so it is better to take it out for the benefit of the people.

“The government should build official roads and bridges, with the counties taking the lead, and require that the roads be smooth and well connected. Anyone who evades the order or makes a false report will be fined once, punished severely twice, and forbidden to travel the official roads three times.”

“Right now, Great Wei’s grain production is increasing at a rapid rate, and in less than a year, trade will rise everywhere, so we must plan ahead and build official roads to improve business efficiency, so that Great Wei’s copper can circulate quickly, creating a good phenomenon, and so that we can better control the price of grain and not have black-hearted merchants controlling the grain market.”

Xu Qingnian thought about it, as Great Wei was now completely free from worrying about income, then it was time to start building roads and bridges.

It was a classic saying that if you wanted to be rich, you had to build roads first.

The smoother the roads, the more developed the economy would be. It might seem a bit odd to build roads now, but building roads required a lot of manpower as well as time, and it would take at least ten years to build them all.

But Xu Qingnian’s county-based approach allowed each province to build official roads to facilitate trade between the provinces.

The first step would be taken, then the prefectures would build them, and then the counties.

The further you go, the more silver you need, and there is no way around it.

“Good.”

“I’ll go and see Gu Yan later.”

Chen Zhengru pondered over it, and soon he understood Xu Qingnian’s purpose for building the road, and nodded at once.

“Shouren, the Ministry of Punishment has now expanded by forty percent of its manpower, most of which are disciples of the Immortal Sect. Now that the whole of Great Wei has been completely stabilised, all the curmudgeons have been brought to justice, and there are still some rogue bandits left.”

“With the assistance of the disciples of the Immortal Sect, Zhang Jing believes that within six months, the scourge of the roving bandits in Great Wei can be completely resolved.”

Chen Zhengru continued to report on the affairs of the Ministry of Punishment.

The Ministry of Punishment, represented was justice, and Xu Qingnian also had great regard for the Ministry of Punishment.

“Increase the efforts, let the disciples of the Immortal Sect concentrate their efforts, solve all the stray pirates in two months, but after the stray pirates are captured, only the leaders will be killed, the rest will not be killed, but ask for the reasons, if there is an unjust case, the local magistrate must cooperate with the investigation.”

“Solve the case first, then behead the head, the rest of the stragglers, detained in the main prison everywhere, if they are willing to farm and work, they can reduce their sentence at their discretion, up to 30%, and when they are released, they will be given a sum of money for hard work, paid at the normal rate of one year’s hard work in silver.”

“Let him be a new man and reform himself.”

“The scourge of the rogue bandits will be solved, one by reopening the old cases, two by investigating the brawlers and the shrews, in short, within twenty years, as long as there are any faults, no matter how big or small, they should be punished, they should be killed, tell the people of Great Wei that the Ministry of Punishment is the most impartial, so that the people can work in agriculture and do business in peace.”

Xu Qingnian spoke out, this was his request to the Ministry of Punishment.

Kill the stragglers, turn over old cases, and purify the righteousness.

Although it was a bit harsh, this was the only way to let the people live in complete peace of mind.

Otherwise, if the Wei dynasty does not collect taxes when it is hard to earn some silver or do something, and these rogues and bullies from all over the world do, and they collect 50% or 60% at every turn, how can the people still live their lives?

How can the people work hard?

Xu Qingnian is not saying that there will be no evil at all in Great Wei, but to let the people of Great Wei know that the Ministry of Punishment will definitely punish them severely if they do something wrong, so as to ease the hearts of the people, and also to suppress the mischief of the small people.

“Good.”

Chen Zhengru nodded, what Xu Qingnian said simply spoke to his heart.

“Shouren, the Ministry of Industry has recently absorbed a lot of talents and researched many industrial tools, some of which are indeed good, although they are not beneficial to the country and the people, they can also facilitate the people.”

Chen Zhengru mentioned the Ministry of Industry.

Xu Qingnian was also straightforward about the Ministry of Industry.

“The Ministry of Industry can develop at will, as long as it is useful talent, more or less absorb it, as before, without changing.”

Regarding the Ministry of Industry, Xu Qingnian was most looking forward to three things.

One was the work tools for farming, which would reduce a large amount of human resources.

One was a tool for transport, to improve efficiency.

The last one was a weapon of war, the cannon.

Xu Qingnian planned to go to the Ministry of Industry sometime to study the cannon, but as for the farming and transportation tools, he could put them aside for the time being.

There was not that much time and his energy was limited, so he could only study war killing weapons.

At the same time, it would be better for the Ministry of Industry to invent these two things themselves, otherwise they may not be fully understood just by taking them out themselves, and in retrospect, they would still have to improve them themselves.

“The military barracks of the Ministry of Military Affairs are also ready for now, and the expansion of the army will start next month.”

“There is nothing major here at the Ministry of Rites for now.”

Chen Zhengru informed Xu Qingnian of the situation at the Ministry of War and the Ministry of Rites.

“The Ministry of Military Affairs is following the plan, and for the Ministry of Rites, there is something to be done.”

“Chen Ru, set up the State Scholar’s Academy, with a tai-school, a middle school and four schools under it.”

“The Imperial College is established in all county capitals, as the Great Wei Academy, to advance the six ministries of the court, select talents and provide higher education.”

“Secondary schools were established in all prefectures to expand their influence and cultivate the middle class.”

“Four schools for miscellaneous studies, four schools for agriculture, commerce, industry and military, inviting talents from all over the world, special training.”

“At the same time, the State Scholar’s Supervisor set up the main and deputy supervisors, the inspector’s court, responsible for supervising the teaching ability of the Great Wei Academy, including the division of ranking, as well as teaching uniformity, and those who do not agree, cancel the qualification of the establishment of the Academy.”

“In other words, henceforth, the establishment of the academies in Great Wei will all have to be controlled by Great Wei, the silver can be earned by them for the greater part, but what is taught must be controlled by Great Wei.”

“Let Lord Wang handle this matter, and you, Chen Ru, must also be involved in it, after all, this matter is so huge that the Ministry of Rites alone, I’m afraid, will be difficult to accomplish, and the Ministry of Officials needs to be involved.”

The Ministry of Military Affairs had nothing to say.

But the Ministry of Rites Xu Qingnian thought of the matter of the academy, so he gave this heavy responsibility to the Ministry of Rites.

“Taking control of the Great Wei Academy of Books? This I’m afraid it’s a bit inappropriate, isn’t it?”

Chen Zhengru couldn't help but smack his lips, Xu Qingnian was really domineering, he wanted the Great Wei Academy to be obedient with a single word, and at the same time set up the Imperial School, the Middle School, and the four schools, so to speak, all in one.

Moreover, the Imperial College was established in the county capital and was directly linked to the imperial court, so entering the Imperial College was basically like having half a foot in the imperial court, which had unparalleled appeal.

If you think about it, you can guess that once the Imperial College is set up, all the scholars of Wei will want to enter it.

The official academy, this was really a masterstroke.

"There is nothing wrong with it."

"Right now in the Great Wei Dynasty, the highest ranking Confucianism is mine."

"Chen Ru, a half-saint's words, who dares to disrespect them?"

"Moreover, my words are also His Majesty's words, and these academies will have to be honest even if they don't agree anymore."

"This is the way of kings."

Xu Qingnian spoke out, he didn't care what these people thought, what he had to do now was to sweep away all obstacles, whoever you were, as long as it was detrimental to the development of the Great Wei Dynasty, it was time to deal with it.

"Good."

"I will go and prepare the draft, and give it to His Majesty to read at that time."

Even Xu Qingnian had said this, what else did Chen Zhengru have to say?

"Shouren, there is nothing else to do, so I will leave first."

Chen Zhengru took a deep breath, he had to put these things in place, so naturally he could not delay.

"Good, thanks to Chen Ru."

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth and said so.

After all, he himself was only moving his mouth, and the person doing the work was Chen Zhengru, so he naturally had to be polite.

“You’re welcome, Your Majesty, you’re the one who’s really tired.”

“Shouren, don’t worry, your dream, old man will do everything he can to help you accomplish it.”

Chen Zhengru sighed with emotion, then said another sentence that Xu Qingnian did not understand at all.

After saying this, he left the royal residence, not giving Xu Qingnian a chance to ask questions.

What dream is that?

Xu Qingnian was inexplicably curious.

But soon.

Xu Qingnian didn’t waste any time, he immediately sat down cross-legged and communicated with Chao Ge.

He talked about the matter of Fang’s transformation.

After all, he had almost fallen into the path, so Xu Qingnian naturally had to take it seriously.

Meanwhile.

In the capital of Great Wei, inside an inn.

The divine monk Huizheng sat cross-legged, his eyes tightly closed, already travelling out of his mind.

West Continent.

In a desert, an old monk was sitting withered.

Suddenly, the figure of the divine monk Huizheng appeared in this place, reflected by the Buddha’s light, but a desert is a desert, even if it is reflected by the Buddha’s light, it still cannot change its essence.

“Senior brother, I failed in my attempt to forcibly reincarnate Xu Qingnian.”

Divine Monk Huizheng spoke, his tone appearing somewhat helpless.

“Ugh.”

The old monk who was sitting withered sighed long and hard.

He was very silent, for a full incense stick, before he finally spoke slowly.

“Is the attitude of Great Wei as I suspected?”

The old monk opened his mouth and asked.

“En.”

Divine Monk Hui Zheng nodded.

“Right now, we can only go through which three methods, entering Great Wei is the most important matter for my Buddhist sect, this opportunity, the Buddhist sect will not let go, the Tianzhu Temple is the head of the Buddhist sect, it must be done.”

“Otherwise, when the time limit is up, Little Thunder Sound Temple will rise again, and then there will be another fight, and the world’s living beings will be affected by this again.”

The old monk spoke, somewhat helplessly.

But the divine monk Huizheng shook his head and looked at the old monk and said.

“Senior brother, senior brother is going to look for Xu Qingnian, he can be used as a pawn.”

“Although I failed to rehabilitate him, looking at him, he hasn’t really torn his face off from me, there is still a chance.”

“But instead of going to convert him, senior brother, in a different way, now that he is fighting with the Wen Palace, I can help him and thus change his attitude towards the Buddhist sect.”

“Ask him to come to my Tianzhu Temple, then the four of us will set up the Great Derivative Transformation Formation and forcibly transform him.”

“And we don’t have to go any further, in comparison, even if we fail in the degree, offending a Xu Qingnian is nothing, but if we use those plans, there exists a great danger for us.”

Divine Monk Hui Zheng spoke up and said so.

Once these words were said, the old monk once again remained silent for a long time.

Finally, after an incense stick, he spoke.

“Good, good, what senior brother said is extremely true.”

“If sacrificing Master Xu can save the world’s lives, this is indeed a great merit without limit, and I think Master Xu will not blame us.”

“He is a half-saint of the Palace of Literature, and his heart is for the people of the world, just like us, so what senior brother said can be tried.”

He gave his reply, saying so.

As soon as the words were spoken, Divine Monk Hui Zheng immediately breathed a sigh of relief and folded his hands and said.

“Amitabha Buddha, if Master Xu knew of our good intentions, I think he would indeed understand.”

“And we are also accumulating immense merits for Master Xu.”

“If Master Xu really sacrifices himself, he will have an imperial destiny in his next life, and the Buddhist beings will also make a statue of Buddha for him to accumulate blessings in his next life.”

Divine Monk Hui Zheng nodded, thinking that by doing so, he was helping Xu Qingnian, and that Xu Qingnian would understand.

Because each of the methods that the Tianzhu Temple had thought of was extremely terrifying, and one mistake would be the downfall of the world’s people.

So if only one Xu Qingnian was sacrificed without using these three methods, then indirectly it would be considered a great merit.

In their view, even if Xu Qingnian was sacrificed, he would still be the biggest winner, receiving immense merit and virtue for nothing and enjoying the ultimate happiness on earth in his next life as an emperor, a great blessing.

For a moment, the divine monk Huizheng felt that his intentions were good.

Let us hope that Xu Qingnian will understand.

And so it was.

A few hours later.

A piece of news also spread to the world.

The Hao Ran Dynasty had invited Xu Qingnian, the new saint of Great Wei, to its founding ceremony.

The news spread instantly throughout the world.

Xu Qingnian and the Palace of Literature were enemies to the death, and this time the Palace of Literature had the courage to invite Xu Qingnian, so it must have the courage to do so, and it was most likely a Hongmen Banquet.

Therefore, people cannot help but guess that this time the Palace of Literature has invited Xu Qingnian in a grand manner in order to revive the Vermilion Saint and subdue Xu Qingnian.

Therefore, theoretically, Xu Qingnian should not have agreed to go to the appointment.

But what was unexpected was that Xu Qingnian had agreed to do so.

Now, even if people in the world didn't want to pay attention, they couldn't.

Xu Qingnian had the courage to go to the appointment, so she probably had her cards on the table.

If the Palace of Literature dared to invite her, they must have their cards.

At this moment, the world was looking forward to the opening ceremony of the Hao Ran Dynasty, wanting to see whose cards were stronger.

The majority of people still think that the Wen Palace's cards are stronger.

This was because during this recent period of time, the Zhu Sheng lineage had started to hurl all kinds of abuse again.

Some of the comments against Xu Qingnian had become even more outrageous than before.

A large number of readers insulting half-saints, such a thing had never happened at all, at least not for thousands of years.

But now it had happened.

And the cursing gradually became more and more numerous and unpleasant, from a small number at first.

But it wasn't the cursing kind, but an attack that seized on three points.

Xu Qingnian's cultivation of foreign arts.

Xu Qingnian disrespected Zhu Sheng.

Xu Qingnian forced away the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

Yes.

The first two were old stories, but after the third point was made, I don't know how many great powers fell silent.

They felt the shamelessness of the Palace of Literature through and through.

The Great Wei Palace of Literature had clearly broken away on its own.

Now it had only been ten days, and it had turned out that Xu Qingnian had forced them to break away.

But the angle these people were looking for was very tricky.

The readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage believe that Xu Qingnian disliked the great scholars in anger, but the court did not care, and even appointed Xu Qingnian as an official.

Xu Qingnian abolished the great scholars and killed them, but the court did not care either. No matter what Xu Qingnian did, the court did not intervene, and even stood up for itself and suppressed the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

The reason for this is that the empress of the Great Wei is in sole control of power, does not respect the holy will, does not listen to the advice of the people, and wreaks havoc on the country and the people.

The Great Wei Literary Palace challenged the imperial power for the sake of the world and the people of Great Wei, so the empress sent Xu Qingnian out to target them.

Forcing the Great Wei Wen Gong out hard and fast.

From this perspective and logic, there was absolutely nothing wrong with it.

It even portrayed itself as the victim.

It had to be said that no one could speak beyond the mouth of a reader.

But what Xu Qingnian knew was this.

Fists can silence the readers.

Inside Kyoto.

Xu Qingnian came out of the Heaven and Earth Palace of Literature.

He opened his eyes.

The eyes were filled with killing intent.

He had learnt from Chao Ge that Divine Monk Hui Zheng possessed the Great Divine Power of the Buddhist Sect, which could specifically enlighten others, and that the sudden attack just now was not just because the other party was of a higher rank than himself.

More to the point, the other party possessed a great divine power.

But the good thing was that he was able to wake up instantly, not only because of Chao Ge.

There was another reason, and that was the national fortune within oneself as well as the public opinion added to it.

The divine monk Huizheng was not able to redeem himself.

Even if Chao Ge had not reminded him, he would have woken up at the critical moment.

Because the national luck coupled with public opinion could hold off the last line of defence, in other words, one might sink in consciousness, but one would definitely not be successfully transmuted.

This made Xu Qingnian breathe a long sigh of relief.

Otherwise, it would have been a great trouble if he had really been forcibly transmuted.

Xu Qingnian also understood completely why Zhu Sheng said that he had almost fallen into the path back then.

The power of the Buddha's degree was indeed terrifying, an unspeakable force that was extremely strange.

It caused one's consciousness to sink, unable to resist at all.

"Huizheng."

"Buddha Sect."

"When I obtain the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus, this debt will definitely be settled with you."

Xu Qingnian muttered to himself in his heart.

He did not reveal his killing intent, not because he did not hate the other party, but because he did not want to tear his face off, and he needed the Eight Treasured Buddha Lotus.

There was also another point to be made.

He himself could not manage to directly kill Huiming.

It was not like the Buddhist Sect was Confucianism.

The fighting ability of the Buddhist Sect was not bad, far worse than a second-grade martial artist was true, but at least it was still second-grade.

In a life-and-death battle, Xu Qingnian was confident that he could outwit his opponent and complete the cross-class battle.

But the opponent could not be so stupid as to fight him hard, and he could not kill him in one breath, after all, he was a third-grade martial artist.

If he were a second-ranked martial artist, he could have killed Huizheng with one hand.

However, Xu Qingnian would not forget this debt, and when he got the item, he would settle the score as he should, and would definitely not let it go.

It was at this moment.

Suddenly, a voice rang out from outside.

“By His Majesty’s decree, the King of Ping Rebellion is going to Zhu Sheng’s Palace of Literature to attend the opening ceremony of the Palace of Literature, and hereby prepares congratulatory gifts for the King of Ping Rebellion, twenty catties of grain and rice, ten barrels of vegetable oil, and ten catties of all kinds of fruits and vegetables, as a token of the statehood of Great Wei.”

“Your Majesty, His Majesty has prepared a dragon boat for you, the congratulatory gifts are all on the dragon boat, His Majesty has asked his servant to ask you when you will leave?”

The eunuch’s voice sounded outside.

Just when Xu Qingnian heard it, he couldn’t help but stare for a moment, and then couldn’t help but laugh.

The empress was also a Yin Yang monster, ah.

People sent twenty carts of grain and rice, ten barrels of vegetable oil, and ten pounds of each vegetable and fruit for the opening ceremony of the country.

It was really a slap in the face.

“Tell His Majesty that we will leave in an hour.”

Xu Qingnian spoke up and said so.

According to the speed of the dragon boat, it would take almost two days to reach the Hao Ran Dynasty.

“In obedience to the king’s decree.”

The eunuch responded, and then led the men away.

And in the middle of the royal residence, a dragon boat was also suspended in the air.

It was also just as Xu Qingnian was about to walk onto the dragon boat.

A figure appeared directly in the courtyard.

It was that of the divine monk Hui Zheng.

Looking at the figure of Divine Monk Hui Zheng, Xu Qingnian’s gaze was instantly ice-cold.

“Didn’t this king say for you to get lost?”

“Do you want to seek death?”

Xu Qingnian’s voice was icy cold, but he had collected his killing intent, making the Huizheng Divine Monk mistakenly believe that he was just angry.

“Don’t be angry, Master Xu.”

“It is true that the old cassock was a little reckless just now.”

“To express my apologies, Master Xu, there is something that the old cassock has to tell you.”

“The Vermilion Saint Literature Palace, having obtained the Vermilion Saint’s true spirit object, they are likely to revive the Vermilion Saint on the day after tomorrow, so old cassock advises you that you should not go there, otherwise, there will be a great danger in heaven.”

Divine Monk Hui Zheng spoke as he informed Xu Qingnian of a spicy secret, hoping that this would be used to gain Xu Qingnian's forgiveness.

But in a flash.

Xu Qingnian was somewhat stunned.

The True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint?

What a good guy.

He had really found it without any trouble.

If one mastered the Vermilion Saint's Will, that meant that if one recovered the Vermilion Saint's Will when the other party recovered the Vermilion Saint's Spirit, wouldn't one be able to recover the Vermilion Saint at his peak?

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian's heart couldn't help but be wildly happy ah.

No wonder the Palace of Literature had invited him to a banquet, so it was like this.

Good, good.

This time, Xu Qingnian really wanted to see what kind of expression the Zhu Sheng lineage would have.

However, in the face of Huizheng's expression, Xu Qingnian did not show a trace of surprise, but rather indifference throughout.

"The Spirit of the Vermilion Sage?"

"So what? This king has no shame in asking for it, and if it really revives the Vermillion Saint, then all the better."

"Huizheng, this debt is definitely not over when you suddenly rehabilitate this king."

"After the matter of the Palace of Literature is resolved, this king will definitely make you pay the price."

"Get lost."

Xu Qingnian spoke coldly, and after saying this, he stepped onto the dragon boat and departed directly.

The fact that the divine monk Huizheng had forcibly converted himself was indeed disgusting originally.

But now Xu Qingnian inexplicably did not feel disgusted anymore.

It was because the Spirit of the Vermilion Saint had been found by the Palace of Literature.

This meant that the peak Zhu Sheng would be resurrected, and the matter of the Huizheng Divine Monk forcibly indoctrinating himself.

It could be cleared up all together.

This was considered a blessing in disguise.

When the stuff arrived.

For the rest of the account, Xu Qingnian would slowly find the Buddha Sect to pay back himself.

Awaken Chapter 225 -

Kyoto, Great Wei.

The Palace of the King of Peace and Chaos.

As the dragon boat lifted up, it instantly turned into a shooting star and disappeared into the sky.

Looking at the departing Xu Qingnian, Divine Monk Hui Zheng could not help but sigh.

He knew that Xu Qingnian had a great deal of ill will towards himself.

But to be honest, the divine monk did not feel that he had done anything wrong, for he was trying to convert Xu Qingnian to Buddhism for the sake of the people of the world.

Xu Qingnian's attitude made the divine monk Hui Zheng somewhat helpless, but what he knew was that he had said what he should say, and it was Xu Qingnian's business whether he listened or not.

It was also a way of resolving the previous grudge and not making things too stagnant.

"I need to go back and deploy properly, Xu Qingnian is afraid that his trip to the Haoran Dynasty will be fatal, so I will help him at a critical moment, and I will also consider it a way to resolve the grudge, and then invite him to come to the Tianzhu Temple and forcefully reincarnate him."

This was how the divine monk Hui Zheng thought.

And at that moment, the dragon boat had also disappeared.

Above the dragon boat.

Xu Qingnian could feel what the reminder that Divine Monk Huizheng had deliberately come over meant.

This guy was only thinking of rehabilitating himself, which was really disgusting.

But it was all right, the Buddhist sect would wait until after dealing with the Palace of Literature.

The future is still long.

So be it.

For two days in a row.

All of the Central Continent seemed incredibly lively and boisterous.

The opening ceremony of the Hao Ran Dynasty, a country formed by the people of learning, was not considered a good thing for the forces of the world, but it was not considered a bad thing either.

After all, the separation of the Palace of Literature from the Great Wei had sort of suppressed the underpinnings of the Great Wei.

However, when these scholars gathered together, it was clear to all that the group of scholars had the idea of trying to control the whole world through Confucianism.

Each power had its own ideas and intentions. Some powers attacked Confucianism, but most of them still watched the fire from across the river.

After all, this was an important matter for the Central Continent, and the Sudden Evil Dynasty, the Primordial Yuan Dynasty and the Great Wei Dynasty had not said anything, so naturally it was not their turn to step in.

These two days.

Amongst the Hao Ran Dynasty, talent drowned everything, the entire world's scholars gathered in unison, and great scholars from all walks of life were invited to attend the event.

The Palace of Literature sent invitations to all the world's powers, and the Eastern, Southern, Western and Northern Continents, including the three kingdoms of the Central Continent, were also invited.

But it was Xu Qingnian who attracted the most attention.

Everyone in the world knew about the conflict between Xu Qingnian and the Wen Palace.

The fact that the Palace of Literature dared to send an invitation to Xu Qingnian must have an agenda, while Xu Qingnian dared to accept the invitation became a source of surprise and curiosity to the world.

Some people speculated that Xu Qingnian dared to accept the invitation, so he obviously had the courage to do so, and seemed to be hiding some kind of a secret card.

But others thought that Xu Qingnian dared to accept the invitation simply because he was the youngest half-saint in the history of the world.

It was normal for a young man to be arrogant, plus Xu Qingnian himself was incredibly aggressive and not afraid of the sky or the earth, so it was normal for Xu Qingnian to accept the invitation from the Palace of Literature.

But no matter what, Xu Qingnian accepted the invitation.

The opening ceremony of the Hao Ran Dynasty was bound to be a battle of dragons and tigers.

The second year of Wuchang.

March 3rd.

The main city of the Hao Ran Dynasty.

Wen Sheng City.

The four gates of the city are already bustling with activity, with long queues and many congratulatory gifts sent by messengers from various countries.

The carts of gold, silver and jewellery, and all kinds of treasures were in abundance, making it even more prestigious than the empress' birthday.

If someone of great stature entered the city, bells would be rung to applaud.

“Greetings to the Eastern Continent Imperial Clan, the Chen Family, as they enter the city.”

In the East City Gate.

As a loud voice rang out, countless gazes looked towards the East City Gate.

The city gate.

Three hundred iron horsemen rode on uniform demonic beasts, standing in the vault of the city gate.

The demonic beasts on their hips were all fierce and terrifying, golden lions, each of which exuded an extremely powerful aura.

These were fifth-grade demonic beasts, very powerful in battle, extremely precious demonic beasts, each worth a great deal of money. 300 golden lions were a great spectacle.

But what got people's attention was not this, but the fact that the other party was from the Eastern Continent, an imperial clan.

There are five continents in the Dust Realm.

The Middle Continent was the domain of the dynasties, with the three great kingdoms occupying it and having the best resources.

The Eastern Continent is the domain of the emperor clans, which can only be called emperor clans if there has been a first-rate person in a thousand years. The four emperor clans control the entire Eastern Continent, suppressing everything with martial arts, so the Buddhist clan and the Readers basically do not infiltrate the Eastern Continent.

It is a completely different style. If a scholar goes to the East Continent and tries to reason with others, he or she will often be beaten to the point of self-imprisonment, and such things as killing Confucians and killing Buddhists are not done very often in the East Continent.

So some people wondered if Xu Qingnian had the bloodline of an East Continent man, otherwise it would not make sense.

"Greetings to the Ancient Clan of the Southern Continent, the Barbarians entering the city."

Another voice rang out.

In an instant, it once again led to a clamour and commotion.

This barbarian tribe was not the Northern barbarians, but the Southern Barbarian tribe.

There were extremely many large mountains in the Southern Continent, and there was no such thing as a country, but rather a division by tribal races, with five major tribes controlling the Southern Continent, the most mysterious being the Witch Tribe, and the strongest being the Barbarian Tribe.

“Welcome to the Western Continent, Master Hui Jue, the divine monk of the Tianzhu Temple, into the city.”

A third voice rang out.

It was the Tianzhu Temple who had sent someone. The Western Continent was a Buddhist world, and the most famous ones were the Tianzhu Temple and the Little Thunder Sound Temple, except that the Little Thunder Sound Temple looked a bit decadent and declining.

“Welcome to the North Continent, the Nine Extremes Immortal Palace, the Heavenly Scattered Realm to the city.”

A fourth voice rang out.

It was a power from the Northern Continent.

Compared to the five continents, the Central Continent was the most famous and the centre of the world.

Then came the Eastern and Western Continents second and third, with the Southern and Northern Continents ranking fourth and fifth.

The Northern Continent in particular is a mixed bag of fish and dragons, a breeding ground for demons, but there are also righteous immortal sects in it, only a few of them have a place.

If the North Continent had been controlled by demons, the righteous would have gathered long ago.

People were shocked, although it had been expected that the Hao Ran Dynasty would be extremely high, after all, the former Great Wei Palace of Literature was known to the world.

But when they set up their own nation, it was only then that people realised how strong the Wen Palace was.

The Imperial Clan from the Eastern Continent, the Nine Tribes from the Southern Continent, the Buddhist Sect from the Western Continent and the Immortal Palace from the Northern Continent were all there.

This was too big a face, and to put it mildly, even if the Great Wei Dynasty of the Central Continent were to hold such a grand ceremony, it was estimated that they would not be able to invite so many big names.

After all, there might be a divide between them, a continent apart, and they could completely dispense with giving face, with no interests between them.

But the Hao Ran Dynasty was able to manage to get the great powers of the world to gather.

This tactic was terrifying, but the matter at hand made the world understand the depths of the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

The saints are too significant.

From this, one could see how extraordinary the saints were, and their underpinnings were smacking.

Relying on the saint's underpinnings, how much had the Great Wei Palace of Literature reaped in the past few hundred years?

If it were not for the saints, why would the great powers of the world have given face to the Palace of Literature? Did they really see their talent?

At this time, the entire Holy City was extremely lively, with flowers all over the city, lanterns shining high, couplets posted on every house, Confucian scholars teaching scripture and street singing.

There were Confucian sermons and singing in the streets.

The city has been buzzing with people for a long time, and with the arrival of the big names, the city is becoming more and more lively.

The opening ceremony began today at the ugly hour and ended at the hour.

Now the great figures from all sides are gathered outside the Palace of Literature, enjoying the songs and dances that showcase the Hao Ran Dynasty.

The entire ancient city is filled with scholars, and the aura of righteousness pervades the city for thousands of miles, looking incomparably dense.

Unless they were friends who had brought them with them, the Palace would not invite anyone below the seventh rank, after all, for such an event, it was natural to show how powerful the Hao Ran Dynasty was.

The Palace of Literature was also filled with laughter from time to time, and many of the great scholars even left to receive their friends at the city gates.

It could be said that everything looked incomparably good.

Above the Heavenly Dome of the Palace of Literature.

Pale golden clouds had also formed, looking incomparably auspicious.

When they came to the Holy City, many people were filled with amazement when they saw the clouds, and they could see that if the Palace of Literature really succeeded in building a nation today.

They could see that if the Wen Palace succeeded in building a nation today, there was a real possibility that the tripod of national luck would be coalesced.

After all, what the Hao Ran Dynasty has gathered is the power of the world's readers. If it were just the readers of one dynasty, it would be very difficult, but the power of the world's readers would be able to gather a tripod of national luck.

The possibilities are not small.

And when the Hao Ran Dynasty really gathers the tripod of national fortune, the situation in the Central Continent will also change instantly, from three major kingdoms to four major dynasties.

Not only that, but the Hao Ran Dynasty is extremely special in that they appear to have no troops and no people, but in fact all the people of the world are their people, and all the troops of the world's dynasties are also their troops.

They do not develop their own country, but control the countries of others.

This is the idea of the Hao Ran Dynasty.

But for the other powers, this is a good thing. They would like to see more chaos in the Central Continent, preferably a full-scale war, in which case they might be able to get a piece of the action.

At the same time, it also sort of limits the development of the Central Continent.

After all, it is the richest continent in the five continents, and it is coveted by both martial artists and immortals, and even by demons and evil spirits.

The Great Wei Dynasty has two martial artists every two hundred years, the Sudden Evil and the First Yuan each have a First Class, and there are probably one or two other hidden First Classes in the Middle Continent.

In the Eastern Continent, if a First Grade martial artist can be bred within a thousand years, then an imperial clan can be started, and if another First Grade is bred within the next thousand years, then it will still be an imperial clan.

With better luck, the Eastern Continent will have four earthly martial emperors in a thousand years, with worse luck, it may be like one or two in a thousand years.

As it is, there are only two First Classes in the Eastern Continent, ranking one or two among the four great imperial clans.

This kind of heritage is simply no match for the Great Wei Dynasty, which can benchmark almost the entire Eastern Continent, and it is not that a large place is good.

It still depends on the topmost battle power.

At this moment.

It was also at a time when peace was prevailing in Wen Sheng City.

Suddenly, on the northern city gate, a dragon boat slowly appeared in the eyes of the world.

The dragon boat was incomparably luxurious, floating in the sky dome, with the Great Wei Dragon Flag planted at its head, resounding in the wind.

For a moment, everyone at the North City Gate turned their eyes to it, while the smiles on the faces of the Hao Ran Dynasty's readers instantly stiffened.

Then a strong look of disdain appeared in their eyes.

And at the same time.

Beneath the North City Gate, an army of iron horsemen appeared to be rushing in with great momentum.

The blazing horses, each one twice as strong as the usual horses, were clad in iron armour and looked extremely fierce.

Compared to the golden lions, these blazing horses might not compare, but they were still extraordinary.

The men on top of the blazing horses, each wearing animal skin coats, looked extremely tough and appeared to be tall.

This was the Northern Barbarians.

It was the Northern Barbarian tribe that had invaded the Great Wei Dynasty back then.

A group of five hundred men were raging, and they rode on horses, giving off a murderous appearance. The leader of the group was a great figure of the Northern Barbarian Clan, a king.

King Tuha, a third-grade martial artist, looked to be in his forties.

Soon, the dragon boat descended slowly and appeared right alongside the Northern Barbarians at the entrance of the Northern City.

On board the dragon boat.

Xu Qingnian slowly looked his gaze over.

It landed on this group of Northern Barbarians.

It had to be said that the Northern Barbarians' aura was strong, and their physique was also stronger than that of ordinary people; under the same realm, the Great Wei generals would generally be weaker than each other.

Especially the man at the head of the group.

The other party was also a third-grade martial artist with a strong aura, and when Xu Qingnian looked, the power of the other party's qi and blood was even evolving into mountains behind him.

This was a vision of strong qi and blood, but one needed to open their celestial eyes to see it, and ordinary people could not see it.

However, Xu Qingnian did not care, it was useless even if the opponent's physique was strong, he was a third-grade martial artist, but the most perfect third-grade, absolute martial saint.

If they fought, Xu Qingnian was confident that he would be able to kill the enemy within an hour.

This was still due to a lack of martial dao experience.

King Tuha sensed Xu Qingnian's gaze, and he could not help but gaze at Xu Qingnian as well.

King Tuha did not have any goodwill towards this new saint of Wei, and there was a great hatred between Wei and the Northern Barbarians.

The two forces were incompatible, and Xu Qingnian was the prince of Great Wei, a man of Great Wei, so naturally there was no such thing as pulling the strings.

After all, Xu Qingnian still had the status of a half-saint.

In an instant, their eyes locked and a terrifying aura filled the air.

This was a clash between two Martial Saints, and even the exchange of eyes made people feel a great pressure.

It was also at this moment.

A voice rang out.

“Greetings to the Northern Barbarian Clan, King Tuha, as he enters the city.”

The voice rang out, and it was the Confucian scholar in charge of reception at the city gate.

His face was calm, he was a proper Confucian, twenty-six or seven years old, clean and neatly dressed, holding a gift list and shouting out.

Around him stood a number of Confucian scholars, including two great scholars, with expressionless faces.

As they spoke, these scholars bowed towards King Tuha and welcomed him into the city.

This was a very lowly look.

Although they have now separated from the Great Wei, the world knows where they come from, especially this Zhengru, who is a child of the Great Wei.

Now that he was separated from the Great Wei Dynasty, the blood that flowed in his body was still Great Wei blood.

And now, in the face of a deadly enemy, he is being greeted with respect? This was a disgrace to the people of Great Wei.

Indeed.

As the other party made such an obeisance, King Tuha immediately let out a cheerful laugh.

“Hahahahaha, it is still the scholar of Great Wei who knows how to be polite, quickly, send the generous gift prepared by the barbarian king.”

King Tuha said with a laugh, dragging the words Great Wei Scholar with a deliberate tone, appearing inexplicably sarcastic.

However, these scholars did not say anything, they could hear that King Tuha was somewhat mocking, but they subconsciously thought that King Tuha was mocking Xu Qingnian.

So they did not care.

And after greeting King Tuha, they did not continue to speak, but merely glanced at Xu Qingnian indifferently.

It was clear that they wanted to embarrass Xu Qingnian.

Xu Qingnian was a half-saint, yes.

But what was this place? This wasn't the Great Wei Dynasty anymore.

This was the Hao Ran Dynasty.

The home turf had changed.

They just didn't believe that Xu Qingnian could still shout for the Great Wei Capital soldiers here?

"Great Wei scribes?"

"It's just a bunch of Great Wei's bereaved dogs."

Xu Qingnian's voice rang out as he stepped down from the dragon boat, his face calm as he said.

However, these words were a direct insult to the group of people who were the bereaved dogs of Great Wei.

"Xu Sheng, what do you mean by these words? What have we done to provoke you? Now that you are a saint, can you speak with more respect in the eyes of the world? It's really degrading to talk about dogs."

That man spoke up, his face expressionless as he said this to Xu Qingnian.

He addressed Xu Qingnian as a saint, but his words carried a kind of accusation.

"Shut up."

"A dog in mourning, how dare you make a sound?"

“As a sixth-ranked Confucian, how dare you lecture this saint? And who are you?”

Xu Qingnian rebuked angrily, and instead of using his holy intent to suppress the other party, he directly hurled insults.

“Xu Sheng, this is where you are wrong.”

“We have done nothing, nor have we offended you, so why are you directly abusing us?”

“Is it because we didn’t call out to you Xu Sheng first? If that is the case, I will speak for them and say sorry, we have met Saint Xu.”

Finally, a great Confucian spoke up, and his words seemed even more sinister.

And at that moment, the crowd understood why the Great Wei Palace of Literature had sent some young men to greet them.

It turned out that they were waiting for Xu Qingnian here.

They deliberately did not call out to Xu Qingnian first, showing the attitude of the Hao Ran Dynasty and giving Xu Qingnian a face, and if Xu Qingnian was angry about this, they would simply reply by saying that the young people did not know much about things.

After all, Xu Qingnian is a half-saint, so it would be unseemly for him to argue with some scholar.

Even if it was true that they hadn’t done a good job.

This move was disgusting and sinister, but extremely in line with what the Hao Ran Dynasty had done.

“Shut up.”

Xu Qingnian spoke coldly as he looked at the other party, his eyes filled with ridicule among them.

“This Saint doesn’t need a bunch of bereaved dogs to respect.”

“In the eyes of this Saint, the contemporary disciples of the Vermilion Saint lineage are all like dogs.”

“What this Saint is angrily scolding is that you have no dignity and backbone and are worse than dogs... How many years have passed since the southern barbarian mongrel

dogs invaded my Great Wei and killed my Great Wei people, and only a few years have passed since the blood feud?”

“Even if you invite such dogs to come here, you actually worship such people? Have you really forgotten your seed?”

“Such behaviour, not even a dog would do that.”

Xu Qingnian cursed angrily.

Xu Qingnian did not care if these people disgusted him, he was ready to be disgusted if he dared to come.

But what made him feel angry was not the disrespect for himself, a half-saint.

Rather, it was that these people were worshipping towards the northern barbarians.

A scholar of the Great Wei, worshipping towards the northern barbarians, was truly disgusting.

Xu Qingnian’s words were not just an angry rebuke to these people, but also to the northern barbarians.

King Tuha’s eyes instantly turned a little cold, and the five hundred generals also showed their anger.

“How dare you.”

“How dare you humiliate us like that?”

Someone spoke up, a barbarian general.

Boom.

Xu Qingnian’s Demon Subduing Force transformed into a battle spear and attacked on the spot, directly blasting the man on the spot, splattering blood and spilling white bones onto the ground in an overwhelming manner.

Everyone froze.

No one would have thought that Xu Qingnian would dare to be so arrogant and cocky in another country?

And to directly kill the northern barbarian generals on the spot.

This was too ferocious.

“Xu Qingnian, how dare you kill my clan members? Do you really not put this king in your eyes?”

“Do you want to die?”

King Tuha roared, his voice like thunder, roaring directly as he looked at Xu Qingnian with bared eyes.

Xu Qingnian had killed his general without saying a word, this was a great shame, how could he not be angry?

“Shut up, my king.”

“And who are you? Even the barbarians have a king? Even if your barbarian king came, he would still be a dog in my king’s eyes.”

“If you are not convinced, then go to war, and this king can guarantee that if he kills you today, he will let my master, the king, stamp out the southern barbarians tomorrow.”

“You may not believe it, but the King never fails to fulfil what he says.”

“When the time comes, if the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty dare to intervene, my king will launch an all-out war, and if the Sudden Evil Dynasty dares to call, Great Wei will be the first to wage war on the Sudden Evil Dynasty, and if the Primordial Yuan Dynasty dares to intervene, Great Wei will wage war on the Primordial Yuan Dynasty.”

“My Great Wei now has unparalleled national luck, what can you do to fight me?”

“Now that the Immortal Sect has entered the territory of Great Wei and forced the King to be desperate, I will ask His Majesty to prepare an imperial decree to allow the Immortal Sect to participate in the war, the big deal is that the King will give half of the national fortune to the Seven Great Daxian Sects, do you think they will conquer the war?”

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth, and his words were like cannonballs.

But each sentence caused King Tuha’s face to change.

Every word made everyone present turn pale.

Because every word Xu Qingnian said was the truth.

Who was Xu Qingnian’s master? It was the First Grade Martial Emperor of Great Wei, and who was Xu Qingnian? A half-saint of Great Wei, the world could see that Wu Ming held Xu Qingnian in extraordinarily high regard.

Otherwise, it would not have been possible to suppress the Palace of Literature that day.

He had personally taken Xu Qingnian to the barbarians and had almost taken action against him, and Wu Ming had also put down harsh words.

If he really dared to touch Xu Qingnian now, Wu Ming was afraid that he would go berserk on the spot and directly cleanse the northern barbarians in blood, and as for Xu Qingnian himself, he was a third-grade martial artist.

Whether King Tuha could kill Xu Qingnian or not was still an open question, but killing Xu Qingnian would at least be considered doing something.

I was afraid that King Tuha would not kill Xu Qingnian, but would instead let him escape.

If that were the case, Xu Qingnian's position in Great Wei today is second only to that of the Empress of Great Wei, and as long as he asks, the six ministries will support Xu Qingnian unconditionally, and the Empress will also support Xu Qingnian unconditionally.

In other words, Xu Qingnian is actually the emperor of Great Wei on the outside.

Then every word he had just said could come true.

Once that happened, the northern barbarians would be dealt a devastating blow, with one First Grade, or even two First Grades coming back and forth to bloodbath the northern barbarians, while the true king of the northern barbarians could only bow his head and admit his mistakes.

By then the King of Tuha would also inevitably be pushed out as a scapegoat, and even his entire clan would be given up for death.

And even then, it might not be possible to make the other side rest in their anger.

This was Xu Qingnian's strength.

This was also Xu Qingnian's confidence.

Behind him, there was not a single First Grade, but also the entire Great Wei. Wasn't the Northern Barbarian clan behind the Sudden Evil Dynasty and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty?

These two dynasties are only aiding them to disgust Great Wei, it's not like they really consider them as their own people.

To put it bluntly, to offend the Great Wei Dynasty because of them? These two dynasties are not stupid.

For a moment, the fierce look on King Tuha's face was gone, and the murderous look in his eyes was also gone, replaced by stifled frustration and uncomfortable feelings.

"No more words?"

"Mute now?"

"Calling you dogs, the king is wrong?"

"Kneel down for this king."

Looking at the mute King Tuha, Xu Qingnian's voice was icy cold.

Didn't the Hao Ran Dynasty respect the Northern Barbarians? Didn't they treat them like fathers?

Today, Xu Qingnian was going to make the Northern Barbarians kowtow and kneel to themselves, so that they could see with their own eyes how their fathers, in front of themselves, looked like.

"Xu Qingnian, you are too humiliating, you killed my clan members and that's all, and now you want us to kneel to you? You dream."

King Tuha roared, originally he was just holding back his anger, but now he was really angry.

"Kneel down."

It was also at this moment that a terrifying heavenly might filled the air, and the sound was terrifying.

It was the power of the First Grade.

It was Wu Ming's power.

Poof.

Poof.

Poof.

In an instant, King Tuha fell straight down from his horse and knelt down in front of Xu Qingnian on the spot, fear in his heart, not expecting that a First Grade martial artist had come?

As for the five hundred generals, they also knelt in front of Xu Qingnian in unison, each one trembling, although they had anger in their hearts, they did not have any resistance or other thoughts in their minds when facing the First Grade.

There was only fear, and only fear.

This moment.

The Hao Ran Dynasty boiled over, and everyone in the city was stunned, who would have thought that a First Grade martial artist would appear here?

And that it would follow Xu Qingnian?

This was, indeed, too spoiling for Xu Qingnian, right?

How could a First Grade Martial Artist be just like a guard? They really couldn't understand why Wu Ming treated Xu Qingnian like this.

At this moment, even Xu Qingnian was a little surprised, he did not expect that Wu Ming would follow him all the way?

He wanted to speak, except that Wu Ming's voice came into his ears.

"Shouren, I am not around you, it was the empress who informed you where you were, this is a piece of my master's majesty to help you establish your authority, if there is any situation, crush the jade pendant, I will come at the first opportunity."

Wu Ming spoke, informing Xu Qingnian of the current situation.

Hearing these words, Xu Qingnian then understood, but thinking about it, it was also right, he was going to the Hao Ran Dynasty alone, whether he had his cards or not, the empress would definitely be worried, and it was reasonable to inform his master.

For a moment, Xu Qingnian's heart felt more comfortable.

The feeling of having a backstage was really cool.

Otherwise, one would probably have to waste some words.

"Whoever dares to disrespect my disciple again, don't even think about walking out of the Hao Ran Dynasty today."

“You will kneel and punish this place until midnight.”

Wu Ming spoke up and backed up Xu Qingnian, saying everything clearly in one sentence that if he dared to provoke Xu Qingnian again, he would be killed without amnesty.

The king of the Northern Barbarian Clan was even punished to kneel here until midnight, to him, this was a great humiliation.

At that very moment, a terrifying force erupted, and five hundred barbarian generals, their flesh bursting on the spot, turned into a flower of blood, and were directly obliterated, mercilessly.

The crowd in the city smacked their lips, no matter who it was, they could not help but feel emotion and shock when they saw this scene.

The First Grade Heavenly Might was too strong.

And it was also too domineering, killing you when it said so, you were not qualified to bargain.

Their eyes were all filled with envy, envying Xu Qingnian for having such a master.

As for King Tuha, his original pride, his original self-importance, had completely dissipated, and he knelt on the ground with his head buried, not daring to say a word.

He held back his anger, but in the face of First Class, he didn't even dare to breathe aloud, especially after the five hundred generals he had brought with him were directly obliterated by Wu Ming, he didn't even have a bit of anger.

Not daring to have any anger at all.

If this even dared to have half an emotion, I guess he would be the next one to die.

And with the killing of the barbarians' 500 generals.

The heavenly power dissipated and was replaced by calm.

At the entrance of the northern city, after the Heavenly Might had disappeared for a while.

The voice of the great Confucian resounded again.

“Xu Sheng, since there is a First Grade senior in this matter, we will not say much more.”

“Everything is just a misunderstanding, I hope that Xu Sheng will understand.”

He opened his mouth and bowed towards Xu Qingnian, shrugging off all responsibility with a single misunderstanding.

“Misunderstanding?”

“This Saint doesn’t think it’s a misunderstanding.”

“When this Saint dared to come here, he was prepared to be barked at by you and your dogs, only that it was fine for you to bark twice, giving deadly hatred to worship and disgracing my Great Wei.”

“But today, since it is the eve of the founding of the Hao Ran Dynasty, this saint will not punish them severely.

Xu Qingnian slowly opened his mouth, and with a single sentence, he told the other party to kill themselves here.

As soon as he said this, the face of the Confucian scholar instantly became unsightly.

This punishment was a little too cruel, wasn’t it?

“Xu Sheng, they are merely observing the rituals, this is the learning of the saints, does it need to go this far?”

A great Confucian spoke up, his fists clenched, his finger bones turning white, but looking at Xu Qingnian, he dared not continue to be disgusted, nor did he dare to shout anything, but questioned Xu Qingnian.

“Only? The sage’s learning?”

“That sage said that even when facing the man who killed his father, one should be polite and respectful?”

“And nothing more than that? Who are these people? They slaughtered my people back then, their bones were like mountains, nine out of ten rooms were empty, and they killed them outside of Jingcheng.”

“And you are still here? Still here on pilgrimage? The beasts all know that, avenging their fathers, do you?”

Xu Qingnian really wasn’t dwelling on one thing.

Rather, this matter involved the bottom line, one's own people could insult one's own people, and as much as they humiliated themselves and disgusted themselves, Xu Qingnian would be angry at first, but not later.

After all, it was fine to treat them as villains.

But this kind of thing, when it comes to the bottom line, it is impossible to let go.

In order to suppress themselves, a scholar from the hall of the Great Wei, worshipping towards a group of enemies, and doing it in front of so many people?

The backbone is gone.

Great Wei's backbone is gone.

The backbone of Confucianism was gone.

In a word, a bunch of cunts.

If they were not punished severely, these people would be even more outrageous in the future.

"Xu Sheng."

"If you want to punish them, that's no problem, but for them to die in gratitude for their sins, old me won't agree."

The other party spoke up, thinking that Xu Qingnian was really a bit paranoid.

But the next moment.

Boom.

The Zhen Di Power Battle Spear appeared.

It turned into a matchless force, Xu Qingnian was a third-grade martial artist, a martial daoist into a saint.

What kind of people were these people? Just a group of readers.

Bang, bang, bang.

Thirty-two people, all turned into blood mist, were killed by Xu Qingnian on the spot.

Not a single person survived, including the one who had just said no.

“Since you don’t agree, then you will die together.”

Xu Qingnian was extremely bland? and his voice was incomparably calm.

The entrance to the city.

The queue that had formed into a long line fell silent, and the emissaries from all over the kingdoms stared at Xu Qingnian, their eyes filled with astonishment and shock.

They had heard of Xu Qingnian’s deeds.

They knew that Xu Qingnian was extremely aggressive and arrogant, and that he was also very cruel in his actions.

But they did not expect Xu Qingnian to be this radical and arrogant.

A great scholar was killed at the drop of a hat, and thirty-one scholars were killed at the drop of a hat.

Although Wu Ming had done the same before, directly killing five hundred barbarian generals, the problem was that Wu Ming was a first-rate scholar, and he, Xu Qingnian, was not a first-rate scholar.

Another point was that Wu Ming was killing the northern barbarians, while Xu Qingnian was killing the readers.

This was the Hao Ran Dynasty.

Killing a scholar in someone else’s territory was ten times worse than what Wu Ming had done to the Northern Barbarians.

This was like riding on someone’s face.

Xu Qingnian was truly fierce and fierce.

At this moment, everyone in the city was silent.

The non-students were shocked; it was their first time to come into contact with Xu Qingnian, and they really did not expect Xu Qingnian to be so domineering.

While the readers clenched their fists, their hearts were filled with hatred and resentment.

They couldn’t understand why they couldn’t overpower Xu Qingnian.

And why did Xu Qingnian dare to be so arrogant?

It was like this in the Great Wei Palace of Literature, and now in the Hao Ran Dynasty, which was clearly their territory, it was still like this.

Anger.

Stifled.

Discontent.

In the hearts of every scholar in the Haoran Dynasty, they hated Xu Qingnian to the core.

In their eyes, Xu Qingnian was an evil demon who killed whenever he wanted to, disrespecting the saints and disrespecting their readers.

“Are there still those who are not convinced?”

At this moment, Xu Qingnian’s voice rang out, and his gaze, landed on another group of scholars.

The latter were all trembling, where they dared to disobey.

“We pay our respects to Saint Xu.”

At that moment, the crowd paid a deep obeisance towards Xu Qingnian, they were not qualified to disobey, nor did they dare to disobey ah.

Hearing these voices, Xu Qingnian was indifferent.

He stood with his hands folded and walked towards Wen Sheng City with a calm expression, but when he walked, he inexplicably made people feel domineering and arrogant.

Think about it, being in someone else’s place, running roughshod over them, killing whoever he said he would.

How not to give people a sense of dominance?

Meanwhile.

Hao Ran Dynasty.

Inside the Palace of Literature.

All the great scholars, the great scholars of heaven and earth, have watched this scene, so many of their own people have died, how can they not be angry? And how could they not hate?

You know, this is their home turf.

This was not the Great Wei Dynasty, this was the Hao Ran Dynasty.

The reason for inviting Xu Qingnian over was to disgust him, to piss him off, to make him look ugly.

What he did not expect was that Xu Qingnian was still as domineering, still as arrogant and still as arrogant as ever. Thirty-two scholars, including one great scholar, and one other great scholar did not speak, and so did not die.

These thirty-two scholars stained the city gates with blood.

Today was the eve of the founding ceremony, and this was a barefaced slap in the face, a slap that made their faces bright red.

A slap that made them gnash their teeth.

“Xu Qingnian, you deserve to die.”

A great scholar clenched his fist and let out a low, angry roar.

He was so angry that his body trembled.

“This is the Haoran Dynasty, Xu Qingnian still dares to do this, this man has become completely and utterly demonic in his cultivation of foreign arts, he has lost his mind, he dares to kill my scholars in the Haoran Dynasty, is he still human?”

“Lu Sheng, Xu Qingnian is like this, are we just going to sit back and do nothing?”

“Tomorrow is the Founding Ceremony, today is the eve of the Founding Ceremony, Xu Qingnian is simply stepping on our heads with this kind of behaviour, I am not convinced, I am not convinced.”

“Lu Sheng, this kind of behaviour, do we still have to wait? How about today, let Xu Qingye know the benefits of my Wen Palace and make him pay the price.”

A voice rang out.

These great scholars questioned and were extremely angry, hoping that Lu Sheng would strike now and make Xu Qingnian die here, making Xu Qingnian pay a terrible price in front of the whole world.

But at that very moment, Lu Sheng's voice rang out.

"Tomorrow, at the Grand Opening Ceremony, all grudges will be settled."

This was Lu Sheng's voice, and it was also Lu Sheng's attitude.

He did not want to strike at this time because there was no need to do so. Tomorrow, at the State Opening Ceremony, in front of the world, he would make Xu Qingnian pay the price, and that was what he wanted to do.

The thing that Wen Gong wanted to do most right now was not to kill Xu Qingnian.

Rather, it was to gather the tripod of the country's fortune. Xu Qingnian was just an ant, an annoying ant.

All enmities and grudges will be settled tomorrow.

When this was said, at that moment, the great scholars in the Palace of Literature were slightly silent, and then they continued to speak again.

"Yes, tomorrow, at the opening ceremony, all grudges and grievances will be settled and liquidated."

"En, there is still about half a day until the zipper, by then we will sit back and watch, and see if he, Xu Qingnian, still dares to be arrogant."

"Arrogant? Let him continue to be arrogant! I want to see how much longer this Xu Qingnian can be arrogant, tomorrow at the opening ceremony, let him know what it means to suffer."

"Let him continue to be arrogant now, and then tomorrow he will know what suffering is."

"He still dares to kill my readers today, tomorrow when Zhu Sheng recovers, he will be put to death completely and utterly."

"Xu Qingnian, you are too arrogant, this time you will definitely die, it is useless for anyone to come, even if your master comes, you will still die here."

That one voice rang out.

The only thing that the crowd could rely on now was the opening ceremony after today's midnight.

Inviting Zhu Sheng to recover.

They didn't believe that Xu Qingnian would still be able to escape this calamity.

In the middle of the small world.

Lu Sheng quietly watched everything.

In fact, there was one thing that they had all overlooked.

That was that when Xu Qingnian struck again, Lu Zi, as a sub-saint, had the ability to stop it, but he did not choose to do so.

This was something that everyone had overlooked, or rather some people had noticed it, but they didn't dare to speak about it.

That's right.

He did it on purpose.

He had deliberately allowed Xu Qingnian to kill Confucius.

Because this time, killing Confucius was different from before.

He wanted to use the blood of these scholars to revive the Zhu Sheng, so that the true spirit of the Zhu Sheng would be more under his control.

Lest the power of heaven and earth affect the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint, it would be troublesome.

This time, he waited quietly.

Waiting for Xu Qingnian to send him to his death.

At the same time, he could not help but reveal a smile.

He couldn't help but smile at the thought that the Vermilion Saint would revive after his time had passed.

Awaken Chapter 226 -

The Holy City of Literature.

With the arrival of Xu Qingnian, the entire Holy City looked a little different.

Originally, the readers were laughing and cheerful.

But Xu Qingnian had just arrived to kill Confucius, and with such tactics, it was both intimidating and infuriating.

But more than that, it was stifling.

From the bottom of their hearts.

In the middle of the Holy City.

Someone was leading Xu Qingnian towards the ceremony.

The leader was a great scholar, and although he was reluctant, he was afraid that Xu Qingnian would again use the issue to his advantage, so he had to lead the way.

But in his heart, he knew that today was the opening ceremony of the country.

Xu Qingnian would certainly have to pay the price for his frivolity.

At the grand ceremony, standing outside the Palace of Literature, the Zhu Sheng Palace of Literature had established a high platform, an extremely empty square area with an altar in the centre, with many sacrificial objects placed on both sides.

All the guests were seated left and right, with special viewing seats.

“Xu Sheng, your seat is in the main seat.”

The great Confucian guided Xu Qingnian to his seat, the most central position on the left and the most prominent, with a table exquisitely crafted from emerald jade and some saintly allusions carved on it, looking extraordinarily grand.

Compared to the others, although it was not bad, it was really inferior to Xu Qingnian.

This kind of treatment made Xu Qingnian feel more and more ridiculous about how ridiculous the Palace of Literature was.

Outside the city, they were like this, but when they arrived inside the city, they didn't expect to give themselves a top seat?

What a ridiculous thing to do.

However, Xu Qingnian understood that the other party was doing this because they had the backbone, and that backbone came from Zhu Sheng.

“Brother Xu.”

It was also at this moment that a voice rang out.

It was an acquaintance.

Xu Qingnian turned his gaze towards it.

Lu Ziyang.

“Brother Lu.”

Xu Qingnian wasn't surprised, after all, Lu Ziyang was a disciple of the Tai Shang Immortal Sect and had a superb status, so it wasn't too much to ask to be invited to such a grand ceremony.

“Brother Xu.”

“You're really something, this is someone's home turf, you say you can kill them, aren't you afraid?”

Lu Ziyang walked up and led Xu Qingnian directly to the side of his seat, not caring at all about what others thought, he spoke directly.

“No matter, anyway, we have already torn our faces with the Wen Palace, Xu can't be as hypocritical as they are.”

Xu Qingnian was very direct, not caring that the great scholars of the Wen Palace were right next to him, he said whatever he had to say.

When this was said, Lu Ziyang was somewhat helpless and then turned to the few people in his seat.

“This is Great Wei Half-Sage Xu Qingnian, a close friend of senior brother, you also call out to senior brother.”

Lu Ziyang introduced Xu Qingnian to his junior brothers and sisters.

“We have met Senior Brother Xu.”

The crowd rose up and bowed towards Xu Qingnian.

“You are welcome.”

“But I didn't prepare any gifts for Xu, I will prepare some gifts when I go to the Great Wei Dynasty.”

Xu Qingnian smiled and said.

“Brother Xu, you're welcome, now that the Immortal Sect has entered the Great Wei Dynasty, we are also considered half subjects of Great Wei.”

“Brother Xu, this time the Wen Palace dares to invite you to come, I think they have some cards to play, I heard that they want to revive Zhu Sheng today, the sources are more reliable, you should really pay some attention, don’t eat a dumb loss.”

“A gentleman does not stand under a dangerous wall, you should understand this truth.”

Lu Ziyong kindly reminded, after all, he did not have any problems with Xu Qingnian, although he was very proud, but what Xu Qingnian did afterwards, also convinced him.

At the time of Great Wei’s crisis, he was promoted to Third Grade Half-Saint, surpassing him in rank not to mention the fact that he had made the breakthrough at that moment, carrying a huge pressure on his back.

Such a person deserved respect.

“Nothing is wrong.”

“The Great Wei Wen Palace is rotten to the core, how could the Zhu Saint possibly recover.”

Xu Qingnian said casually, disbelief in his words, and these words naturally fell on the ears of the great scholars.

The scholars of the Zhu Sheng lineage could not help but sneer.

They thought that Xu Qingnian was arrogant and arrogant.

However, they did not say anything, as Xu Qingnian would pay the price for his arrogance in a few hours anyway.

The Wen Gong scholars left, not wanting to stay here, after all, the sight of Xu Qingnian made them feel uneasy.

And as the Wen Palace Readers left, some figures slowly approached.

“Eastern Continent Imperial Clan, Chen Clan, Chen Yu, meet Xu Sheng.”

It was a young handsome from the Eastern Continent Imperial Clan, Chen Clan, aged twenty-four or twenty-five, with a handsome face, appearing plump and handsome, clad in battle armour, exuding a powerful aura, a little older than Xu Qingnian in age, but with a gentle expression, he walked up and bowed towards Xu Qingnian.

“Greetings, Brother Chen.”

Seeing someone come forward to befriend him, Xu Qingnian naturally rose, and he was polite as he returned the greeting towards the other party.

“Brother Xu, this is the Chen Family’s Seer, the first ranked of the Five Great Imperial Clans of the Eastern Continent.”

Lu Ziyang spoke up and made a point of introducing the other party to Xu Qingnian, not only was he a member of the imperial clan, but he was also the Shizi, a direct line in the direct line.

“Brother Lu speaks heavily, there is no such thing as a ranking of the five great imperial clans.”

Chen Yu spoke, he was not impressed, then looked at Xu Qingnian and continued.

“Xu Sheng, I have heard of your deeds, you are brave and resourceful, fighting for the people of the world, although I have never met you, but what Xu Sheng has done has already spread in the East Continent, I have long admired you, and when I see you today, you really live up to your name.”

“Under this heaven, only Xu Sheng dares to act in such a way, it is really unrestrained, admire, admire.”

Chen Yu opened his mouth, he did have a good feeling about Xu Qingnian, the character of people in the East Continent was straightforward, and martial arts were respected, Xu Qingnian was not only a Third Grade Half Saint, but also a Third Grade Martial Saint.

In terms of realm strength, he was one rank higher than him, and his dual cultivation in literature and martial arts naturally commanded the respect of the East Continent Imperials.

He could tell that Chen Yu did not just have a good feeling about himself, but his eyes were filled with admiration.

Xu Qingnian was extremely good at dealing with people in the world, and when others respected him three feet, he would also respect him three feet.

“Brother Chen is really serious in his words, come, my humble brother will drink a toast to Brother Chen.”

Xu Qingnian poured the wine and said so towards Chen Yu.

Seeing Xu Qingnian like this, Chen Yu was instantly somewhat flattered, the other party was the Prince of Great Wei, a new Saint of Great Wei, and a Third Grade Martial Artist, either of these things was no worse than his Imperial Clan’s Shishu.

Even if his grandfather was a First Grade Martial Artist, Xu Qingnian’s master was also a First Grade ah.

But unexpectedly, Xu Qingnian was so polite, and for a moment, Chen Yu hurriedly lifted his wine cup and said towards Xu Qingnian.

“Brother Xu is really as gentle as a jade, this is something that has been misrepresented outside, fortunately, my brother did not listen to others, otherwise, I would really miss such a handsome person like brother Xu.”

Chen Yu laughed, looking slightly excited.

“You are very kind.”

Xu Qingnian invited Chen Yu to take his seat.

At this moment, seeing Chen Yu like this, some people also got up and came over.

“Eastern Continent Imperial Clan, Wang Fei, meet Saint Xu.”

It was the Imperial Clan’s son again, the second highest ranked in the Eastern Continent Imperial Clan, and there were also First Grade martial artists within the clan.

He took the initiative to come over, as Chen Yu did, to show goodwill to Xu Qingnian, wanting to befriend Xu Qingnian.

“Please sit down, Brother Wang.”

Xu Qingnian remained very polite.

Even someone from the Southern Continent Barbarian Clan approached.

“Southern Continent Barbarian Clan, War Dragon, meet Xu Sheng.”

“Xu Sheng, although I am a barbarian clan, I am not the same as the Northern Barbarian Clan, our clan loves peace and does not like conquering, and the Northern Barbarian Clan only looks like us and calls itself a barbarian clan, we Southern Barbarians don’t give a damn about them.”

“However, if Xu Sheng has a grudge in mind, consider it an intrusion on my part.”

The young patriarch of the Southern Barbarian Clan approached, and he was very direct, informing Xu Qingnian of the difference between the Northern Barbarians and the Southern Barbarians, drawing a clear line.

Xu Qingnian knew about the Northern Barbarians and the Southern Barbarians, the Southern Barbarians were in the Southern Continent, protecting all the tribes, and rumour had it that the Southern Barbarians were born with great strength because of the help of the Witch Clan.

The northern barbarians claimed to be barbarians too, but their origins were unknown, and the southern barbarians despised the northern barbarians, their personalities were completely different.

The southern barbarians fought to protect their tribe, while the northern barbarians were naturally murderous and corrupted the reputation of the barbarians, so the southern barbarians hated the northern barbarians.

What he said was the truth.

Xu Qingnian also immediately got up and said.

“The world knows that the people of the Southern Barbarians are righteous, I have long heard of them, Brother Zhan Long, please sit down.”

Xu Qingnian got up and saluted, and Zhan Long was also a little surprised, after all, he was worried that Xu Qingnian would have ill feelings towards himself because of the Northern Barbarians' matter.

What he didn't expect was that Xu Qingnian was clear about right and wrong, but he won the goodwill of War Dragon and many others as well.

Soon, more and more people came over, and they took the initiative to climb up and make friends with Xu Qingnian.

This was quite normal, after all, Xu Qingnian's status could be said to be far superior to those of his peers present.

He was a hereditary prince of the Great Wei Dynasty.

He is also the overseer of the Great Wei Dynasty and is above all others.

A half-saint of the Great Wei Dynasty, a half-saint at the age of twenty.

A Third Grade of the Great Wei Dynasty, a twenty-year-old Martial Saint.

Master is a First Grade Martial Artist of the Great Wei.

All these auras, taking out just one of them for someone else, were incomparably dazzling.

All together, how could they not be shocking? How could one not come forward to make friends?

Xu Qingnian was surrounded by a number of juniors from major powers from all over the world, who had an innate affinity for him.

Young people are already impulsive, and what Xu Qingnian did may have been a little radical and impulsive in the eyes of his elders.

But in their eyes, this is the pride of the heavens, this is the handsome man of their dreams.

If you are not young and arrogant, what can you say in your old age?

A large number of juniors gathered around Xu Qingnian, attracting the displeasure of the readers of the Palace of Literature.

“Xu Sheng, your seat is here, this is someone else’s seat, I still hope Xu Sheng will abide by the rules.”

“These are the words of a saint.”

Someone spoke up and couldn’t help but say this.

They had given Xu Qingnian a seat because they wanted him to be isolated, but what they hadn’t expected was that so many people had gathered and all of a sudden how many people had Xu Qingnian befriended?

Whether these people were really willing to befriend Xu Qingnian or just wanted to mingle, this was not a good thing for the Palace of Literature.

But as soon as this was said, before Xu Qingnian could say anything, these friends that he had just met could not help but raise their voices.

“None of your business? My brother Xu can sit wherever he wants? Why does your Wen Palace have so much farting around?”

War Dragon’s voice was the first to ring out, he was a barbarian and was righteous, especially towards his friends, don’t look like he had just met Xu Qingnian, but War Dragon was full of good feelings towards Xu Qingnian.

It was a bit hypocritical to say that the relationship was particularly good, but at least it was considered a friend, so naturally War Dragon couldn’t help but speak up.

“Is there still a division of seats? If my brother Xu wants to sit here, he will sit here? Does your Wen Palace have to have nothing to do with it?”

“And what are you? You’re not even a great scholar, so who are you to shout? A half-saint is here, and you’re still qualified to control a half-saint? Do you want to die?”

Wang Fei followed suit, he was from the East Continent and had a fiery temper, saying so.

“We talk about our business, you do what you should do, we don’t offend each other, what are you doing here rambling? If you want to be offended, open your mouth now and we will just get up and leave.”

Chen Yu also spoke, his tone full of displeasure.

“Noisy.”

“Get lost if you have nothing to do, making a lot of noise here is annoying.”

“If you make any more noise, we will leave and see if you still have the face to continue with this Founding Ceremony.”

“No wonder Brother Xu slaughtered you readers, good job killing them.”

Dozens of people spoke up, the crowd had come over to get to know Xu Qingnian, no matter what happened today, anyway, if they had the chance to go to the Great Wei Dynasty in the future, having this relationship in place would be of some use.

But unexpectedly, the people from the Palace of Literature came to rebuke them, and even tried to take charge of them.

How could this not make them angry?

This behaviour made the readers of the Palace of Literature turn pale. They were just reminding them, but they did not expect to provoke public anger.

“Don’t be angry, we have not considered this matter well enough, so let’s quickly apologise to you all.”

A great scholar stepped in and hurriedly asked his own people to apologise.

These people were all pikers, all of them brainless, and who could stop this group of people gathered together? An apology was definitely in order.

“We were the ones who were reckless, I hope you all won’t be angry.”

All at once, the group of readers spoke up, their faces pale and at the same time disgraced.

The crowd paid no attention to these few readers, in their eyes, these people were like ants.

It would be better to waste their words than to have a good chat with Xu Qingnian.

And as time passed little by little.

More and more people appeared, and thirty to forty people gathered around them, all descendants of major powers.

The crowd kept chatting, laughing and talking about different kinds of things, from martial arts experience, to strange stories about the world, to some half-truths and secrets.

All in all, the place seemed to be full of laughter and more and more people were attracted to come over and want to get to know Xu Qingnian.

Xu Qingnian understood in her heart that most of them just wanted to come over and get acquainted.

But it didn't matter, as Xu Qingnian used her social skills to make the crowd feel like they were on their feet with a few words.

These people were all descendants of major powers, so even if they wanted to come over and mingle, they would get closer and closer when they needed help in the future.

This was something Xu Qingnian knew.

This was also a way to help Great Wei expand its circle of allies a little.

But there were a few people who were particularly nice, Lu Ziyang, Chen Yu, Wang Fei, War Dragon, and Xu Changbai from the Nine Extremes Immortal Palace in the Northern Continent, who had come from behind.

These few people were extraordinarily nice, Xu Qingnian had become a half-saint and he sensed that these people genuinely wanted to befriend him and dared to offend the Wen Palace for his sake, this alone was something that many people could not do.

Clang clang clang.

As the bells rang out, night had fallen and the scene quietened down as the Palace of Literature arranged a song and dance performance.

This was another of the Wen Palace's little tricks, they had worked so hard to invite all the powers of the world to gather, naturally they didn't want to see Xu Qingnian take this opportunity to get to know everyone.

So they arranged the song and dance performance in advance to make the crowd a little quieter.

Unfortunately, in the face of such tactics, the group simply did not care and continued to drink and talk.

The more they talked, the more spirited they became. Xu Qingnian put his social skills to perfect use by talking less and listening more, and when he heard almost everything, he would praise a few words, and then he would say a few pertinent words himself to make his position clear.

The same twenty-somethings, even a few four or five years older than Xu Qingnian, but in terms of social skills, all of them are no match for Xu Qingnian.

All of a sudden, the crowd had a feeling that they had met Xu Qingnian and their goodwill towards him was on the rise.

At the end of the day, there was still a quarter of an hour to go before the hour.

The bell rang out again.

“All of you, be quiet.”

“Hao Ran Dynasty, the Founding Ceremony is about to begin.”

“Please keep quiet, return to your seats, and wait for the ceremony to begin.”

Finally, an incomparably grand voice came from the middle of the Palace of Literature, the voice of a Half-Sage.

It announced that the Founding Ceremony was about to begin.

For a moment, the crowd became serious, and a number of them were even more filled with anticipation.

Everyone knew that today's State Opening Ceremony, with Xu Qingnian present, was bound to not be so simple.

“Brother Xu, I really hate to see you today, I really want to talk with you for a while longer.

Chen Yu opened his mouth, after seeing him today, his feelings for Xu Qingnian had increased and he wanted to have a long talk with him, but unfortunately time did not allow him to do so.

When Chen Yu opened his mouth like this, the crowd also nodded, wanting to have a good chat for a few days.

“After the ceremony, I will go back.”

“If you all don't mind, you can come with me on the dragon boat to the Great Wei Dynasty, and I will host a banquet for you all.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, he also wanted to have a good chat with the crowd and expand his knowledge.

Once this was said, joy appeared in the eyes of the crowd and they nodded their heads in agreement.

“Good, this matter is fine.”

“Fine, if Brother Xu does not mind, we will follow him there.”

“Then I will speak to my clan.”

“Indeed, I haven’t been to the Great Wei Dynasty yet, so it’s good to see what it’s like.”

“Quite good, Brother Xu, in this way, I’ll call on a few other disciples from the Immortal Sect by the way, and we’ll have a good chat then.”

The crowd opened their mouths, and Lu Ziying even planned to call out other Immortal Sect disciples together.

“Good, I’ll see you after the feast.”

Xu Qingnian nodded, and the crowd returned to their seats.

As for Xu Qingnian, she also got up and returned to her seat.

And so it was.

Time passed little by little.

As soon as the hour of the son passed.

In an instant, a burst of bells rang out.

The sound of the bells was not ear-splitting, but rather incomparably grand and deafening, and also seemed solemn and sacred.

Soon a beam of light burst forth from within the Palace of Literature.

Along with the sound of chanting scriptures, the Hao Rang Qi coalesced above the dome of the sky, evolving all kinds of visions and manifesting the elegance of the Palace of Literature.

“Hao Ran Dynasty, the Founding Ceremony, begins.”

The half-sage’s voice rang out once again.

In an instant, the sound of music was played.

A figure slowly appeared in the middle of the Palace of Literature, a great scholar of heaven and earth, and he walked out of the Palace of Literature with a golden decree in his hand.

He came to the altar, bowed three times, and then unfolded the decree.

He then unfolded the decree and proclaimed it to the world.

The text was read out in a moderate manner, followed by the prayer.

The first was to tell the world that I have established a state.

The prayer was a prayer to the heavens, telling why he was establishing a country and what the purpose of establishing a country was, hoping that the heavens would sense it and thus bestow blessings on the country, unite the fortunes of the country and pray for good weather and rain.

At this moment, in the middle of the Palace of Literature, a great scholar of heaven and earth slowly stepped out, holding the prayer and bowing towards the heavens.

He then slowly unfolded it and said in a loud voice.

“Enlightenment.”

“The heavens are above.”

“Zhu Sheng is above.”

“The Hao Ran Dynasty, the Great Wei Palace of Literature, enshrines the five saints of the world, nurtures the world’s scholars, and teaches all the people.”

“Since the death of the Zhu Sages, successive generations of scholars from the Palace of Literature have worked diligently and tirelessly to nurture countless scholars for Great Wei, making the Great Wei Dynasty immortal and prosperous for seven hundred years.”

“However, since the Empress ascended to the throne, she has been headstrong and self-opinionated, not listening to Confucianism, and has not won the hearts of the people, waging wars and wreaking havoc on the country and the people.

“We have no choice but to slaughter the great scholars of the Palace of Literature, kill the saints of the Palace of Literature, insult the saints of Zhu, and destroy the hearts of Confucians.

“Surrendering our small selves to accomplish our great selves.”

“Today, we set up the Hao Ran Dynasty, to establish the heart of heaven and earth, to establish the lives of the people, to follow the teachings of the past sages, and to open up peace for all generations.”

“I implore the heavens to bless the Hao Ran Dynasty, to bless the dynasty, to breed more scholars for the benefit of the people, and may the spirit of Zhu Sheng in heaven bless my Hao Ran Dynasty, bless us scholars from being slaughtered, and bless the people of the world from being in war.”

The other party spoke.

The words were spoken with incomparable sadness, as if he had suffered a lot of grievances.

But these words instantly drew the frowns of many people, especially the few people who were on good terms with Xu Qingnian just now, who revealed their extreme disgust.

The Wen Palace had clearly broken away on its own, but now it had become the Great Wei Dynasty forcing them to break away.

Moreover, they were talking about the fact that there were traitors in Great Wei, waging wars and massacring people.

It was not this that made them feel most sick.

It was the fact that the Hao Ran Dynasty was humiliating Xu Qingnian, yet they were taking out Xu Qingnian’s holy words and using them as their own dynasty’s founding words?

This was really shameless to the extreme.

There were some who wanted to say a few words for Xu Qingnian, but Xu Qingnian did not take the lead in speaking up, so they could not interrupt directly.

Most people remained silent, after all, they were just spectators.

At this moment.

Above the dome of the sky, various auspicious clouds condensed into a ball, and beams of light descended from the sky and fell into the Great Wei Palace of Literature.

The light rushed into the sky, so auspicious that the auspicious clouds even turned into dragons, transforming into all kinds of visions.

Boom, boom, boom.

The Palace of Literature responded in kind, with the Eight Jade Sacred Rulers suspended in the vault of the sky, blossoming with divine light.

This kind of light fell, appearing incomparably magnificent.

Wisps of national fortune appeared above the vault of heaven, piercing the heavens and reflecting the world.

The readers of the Palace of Literature clenched their fists, they were incomparably excited, the power of the national luck had appeared, and it was likely that the Dragon Tripod would be formed today.

Only, just as the vision lasted less than half a quarter of an hour.

All the clouds all gathered together and a fierce wind swept across the entire Wen Sheng City, with tens of millions of pairs of eyes looking at it all with deadly interest.

Everyone in the city was watching the opening ceremony.

The readers of the Palace of Literature also revealed their surprise and curiosity one by one, they did not know what was happening.

Dark clouds covered the sky.

The people in the city didn't know what was happening, how could it be that one moment it was fine and now it had suddenly turned into this state?

"What's going on?"

"What has happened?"

"Why is it suddenly like this?"

People were curious, but the most nervous were the readers of the Wen Gong, who could easily see hope now, but what they didn't expect was that something like this would happen.

If anything went wrong at this crucial moment, it would be a problem.

This moment.

The wind and clouds changed, the entire Wen Sheng City began to stir, an inexplicable pressure appeared, and everyone frowned, no one knew what was happening.

Only, at this very moment, a figure appeared above the dome of the sky.

This figure looked somewhat like Zhu Sheng.

“It’s Zhu Sheng.”

“The Vermilion Saint has revealed his spirit.”

“It really is the Vermilion Saint, it’s the Vermilion Saint.”

“The Vermilion Saint has revealed his spirit.”

Some people shouted out loud, pointing at the figure above the dome of the sky, revealing a look of excitement.

These scholars even knelt down directly on the ground and worshipped towards Zhu Sheng, their bodies trembling with excitement.

In a flash, all the scholars up and down the Palace of Literature rose and knelt towards Zhu Sheng, and even some of the invited guests, after seeing Zhu Sheng’s silhouette again, could not help but reveal a look of shock and then worship.

This was a saint.

They could not help but worship.

But Xu Qingnian was the only one who sat quietly, for in an instant Xu Qingnian realised that this was not Zhu Sheng.

He had seen Zhu Sheng and knew how strong Zhu Sheng’s aura was.

This was clearly not Zhu Sheng, it was just a tactic of the Palace of Literature.

A very lowly tactic, but it seemed just right to appear at this time.

Zhu Sheng’s vapour appeared above the Palace of Literature.

Even the half-saints personally knelt down and worshipped, looking incomparably grand.

It was also at this moment that the Vermilion Saint’s silhouette slowly raised its hand, and in an instant the sound of ghostly cries rang out.

It was the sound of cries.

In the vault of the sky, clouds rolled over and evolved into all sorts of things, and the cries were more than just images of war, of people being slaughtered, of generals being massacred, of blood flowing into rivers, of corpses piling up like mountains.

The human world is in a tragic state.

“Xu Qingnian, you return my life?”

At this moment, an extremely familiar voice resounded, the voice of Peng Ru, whose virtual shadow appeared above the dome of the sky, fierce and incomparable, filled with resentment, roaring towards Xu Qingnian.

“Xu Qingnian, you killed my Zhu Sheng students, heaven forbid.”

“Xu Qingnian, you killed and slaughtered the city, oppressed the scholars and corrupted the imperial system.

The voices rang out, all of them were people who had died at Xu Qingnian’s hands, and even the resentful souls of the Huai Ping County King had appeared.

They accused and abused Xu Qingnian in various ways.

Even if there were resentful souls, they could not have survived for such a long time and would have dissipated long ago.

At this moment, among the Palace of Literature.

Lu Sheng’s voice rang out.

“The dynasty is established, and the Vermilion Saint has revealed his spirit.”

“The Vermilion Saint sensed the injustice between heaven and earth, sensed the humiliation of the Palace of Literature, the Vermilion Saint revived these resentful souls, this is to allow us to punish the culprits.”

“Xu Qingnian, do you know the sin?”

Lu Sheng’s voice rang out.

Finally, the Palace of Literature could not hold back, at this critical point, the Palace of Literature chose to make a move, they could not hold back.

Wanting to sanction Xu Qingnian at this juncture.

“What is this Saint’s crime?”

The next moment.

Xu Qingnian’s voice rang out, calm but full of certainty.

“What is the crime?”

“Then this Saint will tell us today what crime you have committed.”

“You disrespected the great scholars in the South Yu Palace and wrote a poem insulting them, this is a crime of disrespecting your elders and being uncaring.”

“You assaulted an official of the Ministry of Justice in the Wei dynasty, a crime of defiance of the court and arrogance.”

“You abolished Yan Lei and Sun Jing’an from their Confucian positions in the Palace of Literature, a crime of villainy and ruthlessness.”

“You killed and slaughtered cities in the midst of all the kingdoms, a crime that is unjustifiable and unkind.”

“You forced my Zhu Sheng Palace of Literature to secede from the Great Wei, and you have no room in your eyes for loyal subjects and Confucian scholars like us, a crime of treachery.”

“You nailed the half-saints of my Zhu Sheng lineage to the walls of the Palace of Literature and tortured Hong Sheng, this is a heinous crime.”

“You disrespected your elders, disrespected the saints, started the school of the heart, and ran amok, are these sins too numerous to count?”

“You even slaughtered the sub-saints of the Vermilion Saint lineage, I ask you, are you guilty of any of these?”

“But the real crime is that you practiced the supernatural arts, this is the real great crime, everything, because you practiced the supernatural arts, created a demon in your heart, caused misery on earth, caused the world’s living beings to suffer, this is the great crime.”

“We, the Confucians of the Palace of Literature, are not afraid even if we have to sacrifice more, but if you are harming the people of the world, it is impossible for us to sit idly by and do nothing. Today, the Spirit of Zhu Sheng has manifested and is furious because of you, Xu Qingnian, and you still do not know your mistake?”

Lu Sheng roared, listing all of Xu Qingnian’s crimes.

However, on the seating area.

Xu Qingnian looked calm and looked at Wen Gong and said in an incomparably calm voice.

“In that case, then ask Zhu Sheng to recover and just behead me, talking so much nonsense?”

Xu Qingnian was calm, as if he had the stance of concluding that Wen Gong could not revive Zhu Sheng.

When this was said, the entire Wen Palace was infuriated.

They thought that Xu Qingnian would be relieved of all kinds of things, but what they didn't expect was that Xu Qingnian didn't even explain, and directly told Wen Gong to revive Zhu Sheng, so they really weren't afraid of boiling water.

“Xu Qingnian.”

“Don't blame this saint for not giving you a chance, as long as you admit your mistake to the world's scholars now, admit the mistake you made, abolish your own Confucian position, abolish your own martial realm, and then kowtow to punish yourself, the Palace of Literature will suppress you for twenty years.”

“This matter can be forgiven to you, knowing your mistakes and being able to correct them is the greatest good, if you revive Zhu Sheng, you don't have any chance of survival left.”

Lu Sheng did not directly revive Zhu Sheng, but instead towered over him and asked Xu Qingnian to kowtow and admit his mistake.

But Lu Sheng would not let Xu Qingnian off the hook.

He just wanted to humiliate Xu Qingnian.

If Xu Qingnian agreed, it would be a badge of honour, and if Xu Qingnian didn't agree, he could justifiably revive Zhu Sheng.

“It's ridiculous, didn't you guys break away from Wei first? Now it's Brother Xu forcing you to break away from Great Wei?”

“Is this the disciples of the Zhu Sheng lineage? It's really disgusting.”

An angry roar rang out, the voice of War Dragon, who really couldn't stand the tactics of the Wen Palace.

Although he didn't know the truth, he had heard about it, he didn't know about the rest, but the Wen Palace had indeed chosen to break away, and now it had become forced by Xu Qingnian?

How could this not make people feel sick?

“Forced by Brother Xu? You guys can really say whatever you want with your mouths. Even if the empress was faint, she wouldn’t have forced you to break away, would she?”

“How long has this been going on? And already you’ve changed your story? You people are really disgusting.”

Chen Yu could not help but speak up as well.

Solidarity with Xu Qingnian.

“I thought today was the opening ceremony, but I didn’t expect that today was just a farce against Brother Xu, with all the talk of cultivating foreign arts, I heard that the Wen Palace forced Brother Xu to prove himself three times.”

“Three times he succeeded in self-certification, and now he’s talking about practising a different art, it really makes people want to vomit.”

“I can see why you all must talk about the supernatural arts, because you don’t want to acknowledge Brother Xu’s natural talent, so you hate that Brother Xu has practiced the supernatural arts, only then can you be comforted in your hearts.”

“Only then can you all be happy. Buddha said that all people are equal, but I think that people are divided into three, six and nine classes, and you people who study are the lower class, cheap to the bone.”

Wang Fei also followed suit and spoke.

His words were extremely sharp, directly insulting the Zhu Sheng lineage as inferior people.

“Shut up.”

In an instant, Lu Sheng’s voice rang out like heavenly thunder, and his holy might filled the air, shaking their Qi and blood and causing their bodies to roar.

“This Saint is mindful of the fact that you are guests, and also mindful of the fact that a few of you are not too old to be compelled by Xu Qingnian, but if you and the others dare to say one more nonsensical word and disrespect the saints, today I will execute them all together.”

Lu Sheng opened his mouth and said so.

It directly shut the crowd up.

At this moment, Lu Ziying, Wang Fei, Chen Yu, and War Dragon's faces became incomparably ugly, their Qi and blood tumbling, suffering internal injuries, except that they wanted to continue speaking, but they were hard pressed by their clanmates.

What should be helped had already been helped, the rest was up to Xu Qingnian, this was the Hao Ran Dynasty after all, it was someone else's home turf, if they really pushed the other side, it was possible that something would happen.

They had come over to congratulate, not to fight.

"Xu Qingnian, you still don't know what's wrong?"

"Xu Qingnian, kneel down and admit your punishment, and spare your life."

"You killed the descendants and massacred the city, scorned my readers, and were vicious, and today you still dare to come to the Hao Ran Dynasty, I really don't know whether to say you have courage or ignorance."

"Xu Qingnian, still don't admit your mistake?"

"Xu Qingnian, kneel down, kowtow and receive your punishment."

At this moment, a voice rang out, the voices of the readers, their voices becoming more and more intense and vicious, not treating Xu Qingnian as a half-saint at all.

It was because they knew that the Palace of Literature would resuscitate Zhu Sheng today, and Xu Qingnian would die here even if he had the most powerful means.

"Noisy."

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth, and the thunder of the heavens rolled deafeningly, causing the group of scholars to all shut up.

"Today, this sage would like to see how the Palace of Literature revives Zhu Sheng."

Xu Qingnian spoke.

He had been waiting, waiting for the other party to revive the Vermilion Saint, in which case he could counteract it himself.

"Xu Qingnian."

"This Saint has already given you a chance."

"You were the one who didn't cherish it, since you want to seek death like this, then this Saint will make it happen for you."

Lu Sheng's voice rang out.

In the next moment, he took a deep breath before a deafening voice rang out.

"The Vermilion Saint lineage heeds the order."

"Chant the holy words and gather the power of the readers."

"Revive the Vermilion Sage."

Lu Sheng roared.

At this moment, within the entire Sacred City, all the readers of the Vermilion Saint lineage began to chant the Sacred Words.

The immense power of the readers coalesced.

Beams of light flew in from all directions, from the entire Dust Realm, like a shooting star, into the Hao Ran Dynasty's Palace of Literature.

The Holy Hall of the Palace of Literature.

The wooden plaque containing the true spirit of the Vermilion Saint trembled even more wildly.

The five statues of saints also shook.

In an instant.

An unparalleled power, like a torrent, entered the Hao Ran Dynasty.

This power, unparalleled, was even better than the First Grade Heavenly Might.

The guests present, too, revealed shock at the first moment.

They had heard a lot of news and knew that the Palace of Literature wanted to revive the Vermilion Sage, but most of them thought that it would be very difficult to do so, perhaps just to gather a little of the Vermilion Sage's will.

Perhaps it would just be a little gathering of Vermilion Saint's will, to create a little atmosphere.

What they didn't expect was that the Palace of Literature would really want to revive the Vermilion Saint.

How could this not shock people?

Boom, boom, boom.

At this moment, the earth trembled.

The firmament of the sky, the stars trembled.

All parts of the Central Continent sensed this terrifying power, and one by one, the powerful opened their celestial eyes as they watched this place.

The revival of the Vermilion Sage was no small matter.

What Xu Qingnian had revived at the Palace of Literature before was just a little bit of the Vermilion Saint's will.

It was not a real Vermilion Saint.

But now, looking at this situation, the Palace of Literature was trying to revive the Vermilion Saint completely.

If this revival was successful.

Xu Qingnian would definitely die.

Moreover, the Hao Ran Dynasty would also, as a result, directly forge the Dragon Cauldron of National Fortune.

Of course this was just a guess, but at the very least, it would be able to forge the Cauldron of National Fortune.

Boom boom boom.

The earth trembled, the mid-continent was in uproar, and a school of learning erupted into light, gathering towards the Hao Ran Dynasty.

One by one, the Hao Rang Qi in the bodies of the scholars also disappeared into the Palace of Literature.

Soon, this terrifying power pervaded the entire Dust Realm.

Everyone sensed that the Vermilion Saint was about to revive.

In the middle of the Palace of Literature.

There was no light in the sky or the earth, and the Hao Rang Qi was the only light that went into the wooden sign.

When Lu Sheng saw this scene, he just could not help but smile.

His figure, too, appeared in the middle of the feast.

He wanted to meet Zhu Sheng personally.

“Welcome the revival of Zhu Sheng.”

“Slay the demons.”

Lu Sheng knelt on the ground.

He shouted loudly.

All the readers also knelt down in unison with a devout attitude, hoping that Zhu Sheng would recover and put an end to Xu Qingnian.

It was also at that moment.

The wild wind gathered and all the Hao Rang Qi was absorbed by the wooden sign after

All of a sudden.

A virtual shadow slowly appeared in the eyes of the crowd.

“It’s Zhu Sheng.”

“This is the real Vermilion Saint.”

“The true spirit of the Vermilion Saint.”

“The Palace of Literature actually has the means to revive the Vermilion Saint? This is too incredible.”

“A saint, is this the power of a saint?”

Within the Holy City, countless people were shocked as they stared blankly.

But at a critical moment, Lu Ziyong shouted.

“Brother Xu, run, the Palace of Literature has actually revived the true spirit of the Vermilion Saint, they really want to kill you, this is not the will of the Vermilion Saint.”

Lu Ziyong instantly understood what this was, and he spoke loudly, telling Xu Qingnian to flee the place.

At the same time.

Wu Ming's voice also rang out as he transmitted Xu Qingnian's voice to help Xu Qingnian get out of the trap.

He also did not expect that the Palace of Literature had actually revived the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint.

However, Xu Qingnian immediately transmitted his voice, informing his master that there was a great killing tool that was not in use.

When this was said, Wu Ming was stunned, he wanted to come over, but he could not leave, now when he heard Xu Qingnian speak like this, he gritted his teeth and waited to see what would happen.

Boom.

At this moment, the Eight Jade Saint Ruler floated above Xu Qingnian's head, dropping a beam of light and imprisoning Xu Qingnian.

This was Lu Sheng's tactic, and when it came to this point, there was no way he would let Xu Qingnian escape.

Buzz buzz buzz.

The Hao Ran Wen Zhong vibrated.

Trying to help Xu Qingnian escape, Lu Sheng's voice, however, rang out directly.

"Hao Ran Wen Zhong, you still dare to help the enemy? The Vermilion Saint has been revealed, come back."

Lu Sheng roared, causing the Hao Ran Wen Zhong to return.

After all, this was the Zhu Saint's holy weapon, and they had harboured a lot of anger when it defected into Xu Qingnian's hands, and now, with the power of the Zhu Saint's true spirit, they naturally wanted to retrieve the holy weapon.

However, the Hao Ran Wen Zhong vibrated frantically, blocking the power of Lu Sheng.

It was also at this moment.

Suddenly.

A light that drowned everything appeared.

Between heaven and earth.

A beam of light.

Piercing through all darkness.

It was Zhu Sheng.

A true human figure appeared.

It was the Vermilion Saint in his later years.

With a head full of white hair, he appeared amiable, surrounded by a vast aura of righteousness, his holy intent endless and monstrous.

This was the Vermilion Saint himself, a true spirit of the Vermilion Saint.

An incomparably terrifying aura, suppressing the entire Central Continent, a power that silenced the world.

Even the First Grade, inexplicably, felt an unspeakable pressure.

The First Grade martial artists under the heavens were all silent as they looked at Zhu Sheng, inexplicably measuring and comparing in their hearts, and soon they discovered to their dismay that the power of a saint could completely control the power of heaven and earth.

This meant that although they could defeat Zhu Sheng, Zhu Sheng would not let them strike.

Having the absolute right of first strike.

This would be terrifying, to the extent that they were, the right of first strike decided everything, a true one-grade battle, a deadly battle between the two sides, you and me, but if the other side could suppress it with the power of heaven and earth before they could even strike, it would be simply insurmountable.

Is this the power of a saint?

They took a deep breath.

Especially Wu Ming, he had once thought that he could defeat a saint, but now he found out that he could defeat a saint, but he did not have the chance to strike first.

He had underestimated the sage.

To be more precise, it was that all the First Pieces of the World had underestimated the power of the saints.

But it was not that they were arrogant, it was a matter of perception. Saints do not produce one for thousands of years at any one time, while the First Grade has some in every era, not many, but at the very least.

There have also been great battles between the First Classes, and they have all become familiar with each other's power, even if they are the First Class of the Immortal Path or the First Class of the Buddhist Sect, they know roughly what each other's strength is.

But saints were the only ones who were different, too rare, and there had never been a great battle between a martial artist and a saint.

Naturally, they were not sure how strong a saint really was, and could only measure it based on their own estimations.

But now.

Only after Zhu Sheng appeared did they completely understand how terrifying a saint was.

"We pay our respects to the saint."

"I implore the Sage to help and save me from being equal to water and fire."

At this moment, howls and cries rang out.

It was Lu Sheng's voice.

When he saw that Zhu Sheng had revived, his entire body trembled with excitement.

This was his biggest card.

There was not one.

Not only was it the bottom card to kill Xu Qingnian, but more importantly, it was the best way to coalesce the dynasty's national tripod, if possible, the best way to coalesce the dynasty's national tripod, the Dragon Tripod.

If he reached this point, he would most likely be able to step onto the true path of sainthood.

He was very excited, too excited.

It was as if he had already seen the moment when he would become a saint.

At this moment, he knelt on the ground and bowed down towards Zhu Sheng.

All the scholars of the world knelt towards Zhu Sheng.

“We pay our respects to Zhu Sheng.”

The various powers all bowed in unison, facing the sage, they could not help but bow.

Throughout the entire Central Continent, all eyes fell upon this place as well.

In the Great Wei Imperial Palace, the empress clenched her fists nervously, worried for Xu Qingnian.

The six ministries, the state princes and lords, also paid their respects to the saint one by one, while also worrying for Xu Qingnian.

After all, who knows what will happen when the Vermilion Saint revives.

The Sudden Evil Dynasty, the Primordial Yuan Dynasty, the Northern Barbarians, all the powers were concerned, some were worried for Xu Qingnian, but others could not wait for Xu Qingnian to die now.

The Hao Ran Dynasty.

Outside the Palace of Literature.

Xu Qingnian watched all this quietly.

The saint's mighty pressure covered the sky, and all living beings in the entire Central Continent felt this terrifying holy power.

The demons under the heavens were terrified, and they hid in the deepest depths, trying to block this terrifying holy intent.

But even if they hid deeper, the terrifying holy intent was still able to seek them out and kill some of the vicious demons outright.

This is the power of a saint, who can cut down demons without even having to come out of his face.

All evil spirits retreat.

It was also at this moment.

The True Will of the Vermilion Saint appeared in Xu Qingnian's hand, and a token rose up into the air and turned into a beam of light, disappearing into the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint.

This action was instantly caught by many people.

"Xu Qingnian, what are you doing?"

"Xu Qingnian, what was that thing in the square?"

A questioning voice rang out as they looked at Xu Qingnian, their voices roaring in anger.

"Silence."

"He can't make any waves before the saint, be quiet, don't disturb the saint."

Lu Sheng spoke up as he reprimanded these scholars.

He also saw Xu Qingnian's actions, but he didn't panic at all, right now the True Spirit of Zhu Sheng had already appeared, no matter what tricks Xu Qingnian played, it wouldn't affect anything.

And as the token disappeared into the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint.

At this moment.

The saint's terrifying aura climbed once more.

Rumble.

The heavens and the earth were filled with thunder, and the aura of a saint swept across the entire dust realm with ferocity and fear.

The monstrous Saint's might was as great as the heavens and the earth.

Everyone had an illusion, an inexplicable illusion, at this moment.

Standing alone in the middle of the universe, this illusion made them feel their insignificance, their humility.

It could no longer be described as a difference between clouds and mud, for the difference between the two was too great.

Zhu Sheng appeared.

True Spirit and True Will fused into one.

This moment.

Above the vault of heaven.

Amongst the calm eyes of the Vermilion Saint, ripples arose, possessing a will of its own.

In an instant, all the visions disappeared and were replaced by calmness, complete and utter calmness.

The terrifying holy might was also collected by Zhu Sheng.

He took a glance.

In an instant, he saw Xu Qingnian.

He also saw his own disciples.

Various information appeared in his mind, and everything became clear to Zhu Sheng.

“Sage.”

“I implore the Sage to save me from the fire and water.”

Lu Sheng knelt on the ground as he kowtowed towards Zhu Sheng, shouting out in unbearable grief and anger, selling misery here.

“Sage Zhu, please, save us, the demons are out in the world and we really can’t carry on.”

“Sage, you have finally revived, you don’t know how much suffering we have suffered over the years, I beg the sage to help, kill the demons and return the world to a clear and bright sky.”

“I beg the sage to help and kill the demons.”

A voice rang out, and these readers inexplicably burst into tears, and those inside the Palace of Literature cried most fiercely, as if they had suffered great grievances.

They were extraordinarily excited by the appearance of the sage, and at the same time full of self-confidence.

However.

Zhu Sheng stood in the void.

He quietly looked at the Palace of Literature, and with just one glance, everything in the Palace of Literature, had nothing to hide.

But he did not speak, but looked at Lu Zi Dao.

“What year is this day and night?”

His voice was calm, but it gave a sense of inexplicable grandeur.

“In reply to the sage, this eve is Wuchang year two, five hundred years after your death.”

There was some curiosity in Lu Zi’s heart, because the True Spirit of Zhu Sheng should be unconscious, right? Why would he ask himself this?

But after thinking about it, Lu Zi did not think that it was related to Xu Qingnian, but rather that the saint was incalculable and he himself had only looked up the information through the ancient books, so perhaps he had some consciousness.

So he answered honestly, only in terms of the year, he originally did not want to say the second year of Wuchang, but after thinking about it, he was afraid that the sage would not understand, so he answered so.

After hearing the year again.

Zhu Sheng waved his hand, and at once, in the middle of the Palace of Literature, a blood-red precious jade appeared in his hand.

This was the Dragon Blood Yang Jade.

He had promised Xu Qingnian that he would fetch this item for him.

But the crowd was a little curious, wondering why Zhu Sheng had taken this object.

The Buddha Sect Tianzhu Temple and the others even frowned because this item, which was promised to them by the Palace of Literature, was now taken away by Zhu Sheng, feeling that something was wrong.

Only they didn’t dare to say anything, they were nothing in the face of a saint.

“Where is this place?”

After getting the Yang jade, Zhu Sheng opened his mouth and continued to ask.

Hearing this, a bad feeling inexplicably arose in Lu Zi's heart, but he soon shook his head, thinking that it was because he was overthinking.

"Back to the sage, this place is the Hao Ran Dynasty."

Lu Zi replied, with a touch of pride in his expression.

"The Hao Ran Dynasty?"

"Has the Great Wei Dynasty changed its name?"

Zhu Sheng spoke indifferently.

"In reply to the sage, the Great Wei Dynasty has not changed its name."

"This place is the dynasty of us, the readers, and we have separated from the Great Wei."

Lu Zi opened his mouth and replied thus.

But as he tried to continue speaking, Zhu Sheng's voice had already sounded.

"Who gave permission for the Palace of Literature to break away from Great Wei?"

Zhu Sheng's voice rang out, not in anger, but appearing somewhat cold.

As this voice rang out.

Lu Zi froze.

He panicked a little inwardly, but someone's voice rang out.

"Back to the saint, it is not that we have broken away from Great Wei, but that someone has forced us to break away from Great Wei."

Someone spoke up, a scholar, and he was brave enough to answer Zhu Sheng.

When this was said, Lu Zi immediately followed and spoke.

"Back to the sage, he is right, it was not us who took the initiative to break away from Great Wei, but someone forced us to break away from Great Wei."

Lu Zi took a deep breath as he replied so, trying to compel the Vermillion Saint.

"Who is it?"

Zhu Sheng's gaze was bland.

"Back to Sage, it is this person, this person's name is Xu Qingnian."

"A heinous and vicious person."

The brave reader from Fang spoke once more, he was very excited, it was a great honour to be able to talk to Zhu Sheng.

Now he was pointing at Xu Qingnian, calling him by his name and planting all sorts of evidence.

When the rest of the people saw this scene, they were both a little envious and a little expectant, anticipating Zhu Sheng to strike and put Xu Qingnian to death.

"A heinous and vicious sin?"

"What's so sinful about it?"

Zhu Sheng murmured as his gaze also fell on Xu Qingnian.

And Xu Qingnian was incomparably calm, for he knew that Zhu Sheng was brewing his emotions.

"Back to Sage, Xu Qingnian has ten major sins, one of which is disrespecting the sages, insulting them in various ways, humiliating us readers, and using martial arts to oppress us."

The latter opened his mouth and opened his mouth with the ten major sins, the first sentence was an angry rebuke of Xu Qingnian for disrespecting the saints.

But Zhu Sheng's voice, which immediately rang out, interrupted his next words.

"You say he disrespects the saints?"

"Then this Saint asks you, have you respected him?"

The Vermilion Saint spoke, interrupting his words.

In an instant, the latter froze in place, not knowing how to answer for a moment.

And everyone was a little surprised.

According to reason, after hearing this, Zhu Sheng should have been furious and then suppressed Xu Qingnian, right?

How had it turned into this?

“Sage, the student does not understand what is meant?”

The latter’s speech was a little trembling, he didn’t know what was going on, why was Zhu Sheng questioning himself for a good reason?

He did not understand, so he inquired.

“Xu Qingnian is a Confucian half-saint, you are a Ming Yi scholar, you are not even a Confucian, saying one sentence after another that he, Xu Qingnian, does not respect the saints.”

“Then have you ever respected him?”

“A half-saint in the hall of Confucianism, and you call him by his name when you are a mere Ming Yi scholar? Is this your way of respecting saints?”

“You can’t even do it well yourself, yet you ask others to do so? Is this how you understand what I have taught you?”

“Furthermore, when did Xu Qingnian not respect the saints? And how has he disrespected the saints?”

Zhu Sheng opened his mouth, his voice, having gradually gone cold.

Once this was said, the latter was completely and utterly speechless.

He did not understand why Zhu Sheng was like this, but when faced with a saint, he did not dare to be stubborn.

If it was Xu Qingnian, he would have angrily rebuked back, but when facing Zhu Sheng, the god in the hearts of the world’s scholars, he did not dare to be stubborn.

He did not even dare to say a word.

“Don’t be angry, sage.”

“This person may have been a little excited to be like this, Sage, you may not know how evil and sinister this Xu Qingnian really is.”

“The reason why he is like this is that he is faint with anger, sage, calm your anger.”

The great Confucian at the side spoke up, and he knelt down on the ground, turning towards the saint respectfully, explaining for him.

“Shut up.”

“Did the old man ask you?”

Zhu Sheng’s voice rang out, and his gaze was terrifying as it landed on the great Confucian.

The latter was struck by lightning, his body trembled and he fell to his knees, not daring to continue speaking a word.

“Tell this Saint what your intentions are.”

“Tell the truth.”

Zhu Sheng spoke directly as he gazed at the other party, and in a flash the power of heaven and earth filled the air.

The latter’s body trembled, and immediately afterwards he could not help but speak.

“Return to the sage.”

“I’m jealous, I’m jealous of Xu Qingnian, why is he a half-saint at the age of twenty and why am I only a Ming Yi at the age of twenty-three?”

“The student is jealous of him, jealous of his talent, jealous of his ability, I need to be respectful when I see a great scholar, and the great scholar treats me like an ant.”

“I have hatred in my heart, but I don’t dare to rage against the great Confucians, while Xu Qingnian tramples these great Confucians, the great Confucians of heaven and earth, and even the half-saints underfoot.”

“I am not convinced, I have become the dog of the Palace of Literature and the dog of these great Confucians, why can Xu Qingnian not be the dog?”

“Please ask Zhu Sheng to step in and kill Xu Qingnian, so that everyone is a dog of the Wen Palace, hahahahahaha.”

His voice rang out, he just couldn’t help it, he couldn’t help but say all that was in his heart.

He was jealous of Xu Qingnian’s talent, but what he was more jealous of wasn’t talent, after all, it wasn’t like Xu Qingnian was the only one with talent under the sky.

What he was really jealous of was what Xu Qingnian had done.

We are all dogs of the Palace of Literature, working as dogs for these great scholars, and these great scholars can scold them if they want to.

But when it was Xu Qingnian's turn to scold him? Xu Qingnian not only scolded back, but also trampled on these great scholars.

This made them extremely unbalanced inside.

So they hated Xu Qingnian because Xu Qingnian had become a human being while they had become dogs.

When he finished his words, the faces of all the scholars in the Palace of Literature changed, especially those of these great scholars, and they all turned pale.

"You are nonsense."

"Ridiculous."

"Please ask Zhu Sheng to investigate thoroughly, this person must be a spy sent by Xu Qingnian, he is talking nonsense."

A voice rang out, and the first thing the great scholars did was to shrug it off, thinking that this was an undercover agent sent by Xu Qingnian.

"Shut up."

A roar of anger rang out completely.

Zhu Sheng's body was trembling.

He was trembling all over.

So angry that he was trembling.

He had heard Xu Qingnian say before what his disciple had become, but he didn't completely believe what Xu Qingnian had said.

Now, he had recovered his true intent and appeared in his true spirit body, regulating the power of heaven and earth to make the other party tell the truth.

What he did not expect was for the other party to say such things.

If they were only jealous of Xu Qingnian's talent, Zhu Sheng could actually understand.

Since ancient times, people were jealous of each other, and this could be there, and was normal, and could be adjusted gradually.

But what shocked him, shook him, and made him tremble with anger was this.

The reason why the other party was jealous of Xu Qingnian was not because of Xu Qingnian's talent, but because Xu Qingnian was a human being.

They were unwilling for Xu Qingnian to become a proper scholar, hoping that Xu Qingnian would become a dog like them, in the middle of the Palace of Literature, to please these great scholars.

Is this still a scholar?

Is this still the intention of a gentleman?

In an instant.

The heavens and the earth trembled as terrifying dark clouds covered the sky, and lightning and thunder flashed, looking extremely terrifying.

This was the power of a saint, who could regulate the power of heaven and earth between his words.

"Tell this Saint, what is going on?"

Zhu Sheng roared in anger as he looked at Lu Zi, a cold intent in his voice.

At this moment, Lu Zi was trembling, he hadn't expected that this would happen either, this was completely different from the plot he had thought of.

But when faced with the saint's questioning, Lu Zi's old face, full of fear, he knelt on the ground and kowtowed towards Zhu Sheng, saying.

"Please calm the sage's anger, it was the student's improper supervision that led to some bad customs in the Palace of Literature."

"But all of this is because of Xu Qingnian, when he was in the Realm of Bright Ideas, he angrily rebuked the great scholars, and even killed the scholars and beheaded the sage."

"Sage, take a look, there is still a half-saint nailed to the city wall in the Palace of Literature, and this is the work of Xu Qingnian."

"Xu Qingnian has corrupted etiquette and trampled underfoot the words of the saints that you taught us, so that these scholars have begun to follow suit."

"Please be wise, Sage."

At this point, Lu Zi was still shrugging it off, he subconsciously thought that Zhu Sheng was just a little angry, after all, anyone who saw such a thing would be angry.

Snap.

A split second.

When Lu Zi finished his words, Zhu Sheng's slap landed on Lu Zi's face.

Lu Zi was smacked hundreds of metres away on the spot.

This was Zhu Sheng's physical strength, without the help of any force of heaven and earth.

"Ming your mother's legs."

"I've put up with you for half a day, I've given you so many chances, and you still don't tell the truth?"

"Why did Xu Qingnian kill Ru, don't you have any idea in your heart?"

Zhu Sheng was so angry that he directly cursed.

He had given Lu Zi a chance, as long as Lu Zi gave an honest account of these matters, not to say that he would forgive Lu Zi, but he would give him a painful time.

If a person is not a saint, he will not make any mistakes.

But the problem was that this Luzi's heart had been completely blackened.

All the dirty water was poured on Xu Qingnian, and not a single word was mentioned about his own faults.

The most desperate thing was that he even threw all the blame on himself, what with Xu Qingnian disrespecting the sages?

Such a disciple, it was right for people to disrespect the saint.

Having received a solid slap, Lu Zi was somewhat dazed, his body was in severe pain, although he was only a will, the power of Zhu Sheng, which contained holy power.

It still managed to cause him excruciating pain.

At this moment, everyone was dumbfounded.

Everyone was dumbfounded, and the Wen Gong readers were even more dumbfounded than one another.

They had thought that if Zhu Sheng had revived, then Xu Qingnian's time of death would have come.

But what they did not expect was that Zhu Sheng revived and first took away the Dragon Blood Yang Jade, and then began to question the crowd.

In the middle of questioning, he directly took action and even cursed at his mother?

This was completely different from the saint in their hearts, ah.

"Sage, where did the student do wrong? Please speak clearly, Sage."

Lu Zi was dumbfounded by the blow.

But he still stood up and looked at Zhu Sheng, amazement and aggression in his eyes.

"Where did you do wrong?"

"This Saint asks you, where did you do right?"

"Do you really think that this Saint doesn't know anything?"

"Everything is right and wrong, this Saint has sensed it."

"What kill the surrender and slaughter the city, these foreigners, attempting to plot rebellion, the slaughterer deserved it."

"On the contrary, you guys, what have you gotten yourselves into now?"

"You even broke away from the Great Wei and set up your own bullshit Hao Ran Dynasty, are you worthy of the word Hao Ran?"

"This saint asks a question."

"Who gave you permission for the Wen Palace to secede?"

"Who?"

Zhu Sheng's voice was filled with anger as he roared loudly, a voice that reached the entire world.

All the scholars under the sky heard Zhu Sheng's anger.

In particular, the readers of Zhu Sheng's lineage were trembling in fear.

No one dared to bear the saint's wrath.

The two half-saints within the Palace of Literature had turned white with fear, and those great scholars, as well as the great scholars of heaven and earth, had gone weak with fear in their legs.

They had thought that Zhu Sheng would recover and help them kill the enemy, but they had not expected to welcome the monstrous fury.

"Mute?"

"Are they all dead?"

Seeing that the crowd did not speak, Zhu Sheng's voice was incomparably cold as he raised his hand, and all of a sudden, the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler and the Hao Ran Wen Zhong appeared in front of him.

Snap.

With a lift of his hand, Zhu Sheng slapped fiercely towards the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler, causing it to almost crumble.

"As a Saint Weapon, you have followed this Saint for a hundred years, this Saint made you out to measure the hearts and minds of the people and set the world, but you have helped the enemy."

"These people are rotten to the roots, you don't care, if it weren't for the fact that the demons of the world have not been removed, I would abolish you today."

Zhu Sheng opened his mouth, and he spread part of his anger, directly onto the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler.

The Eight Jade Ruler shook, but more than anything else, it was afraid to react, and could only hide behind Wen Zhong, as if it was extremely aggrieved.

But Zhu Sheng did not even look at the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler, but continued to look at Lu Zi, his gaze filled with a cold intent.

"This Saint asks you one last time, what exactly happened."

"If you tell me, let you suffer less."

"If you still dare to hide and stammer, this Saint has ten thousand ways to make your life worse than death."

Zhu Sheng spoke.

As he appeared, the heaven and earth also kept feeding him all kinds of information, and many things appeared in his mind.

What the Readers' Lineage had done, what Xu Qingnian had done.

The more clearly he understood, the more furious he became, and in the end he understood completely that his own lineage was completely rotten, its roots rotten.

There was no way to save it.

Faced with Zhu Sheng's words, Lu Zi's body trembled as he suddenly realised that the Zhu Sheng in front of him was definitely not just a true spirit, but most likely a true spirit that had regained consciousness.

His own dream of controlling Zhu Sheng's true spirit was completely shattered.

A true saint, you could not compel, nor could you deceive.

At this moment, Lu Zi panicked, he was utterly terrified, a lot more terrified than if Xu Qingnian had killed him.

If Xu Qingnian killed him, he still had a chance of salvation, but to cause a saint to become furious was something a hundred times more terrifying than killing him.

Thinking of this, Lu Zi knelt on the ground and kowtowed repeatedly towards Zhu Sheng.

"Please calm the saint's anger, please calm the saint's anger."

"It's all because of Xu Qingnian, the Sage understands, if Xu Qingnian hadn't forced us, we wouldn't have broken away from the Great Wei Dynasty."

"But the reason why I am like this is also selfish, I wish to promote the learning of the saints and build a dynasty of readers, may we, the readers, all be like dragons."

"The sage understands."

Lu Zi was still talking tough, and at this point in time, he still did not tell the truth, and was even more brazen in saying this.

"Everyone is like a dragon? You have the nerve to say that?"

"This Saint can understand why Xu Qingnian would kill Ru."

“You are really shameless to the extreme.”

“And everyone is like a dragon, and you are promoting the teachings of the saints, are you promoting the teachings of the saints? You are corrupting the name of this saint.”

“This Saint asks you, who gave you permission to break away from Great Wei?”

“This Saint came from Great Wei, and back then, with the help of the people of Great Wei, he achieved sainthood, and it is the Holy Way of this Saint to repay a drop of water with a spring of kindness.”

“And you, how dare you allow the Palace of Literature to secede, causing Great Wei’s people to suffer, if not for Xu Qingnian’s promotion to half-saint, forcing the renewal of Great Wei’s life.”

“At this moment, the Great Wei would have been filled with woe and bones like mountains.”

“Are you all still human?”

“You are even worse than animals.”

Zhu Sheng was truly exasperated, he was a saint, by definition he would have been on top of the situation long ago, but Lu Zi’s shamelessness was beyond what one would expect.

Even he couldn’t top it.

Bang, bang, bang.

The next moment, the entire Hao Ran Dynasty, instantly collapsed and broke, all the city walls directly collapsed, all the houses directly shattered, but did not hurt any of the innocent people.

“What bullshit Hao Ran Dynasty.”

“This saint has been certified since the Great Wei, this saint has the blood of the Great Wei flowing in his bones.”

“You beasts, who are you qualified to make choices instead of this saint?”

“Who gave you the power?”

“And who gave you all the guts?”

Zhu Sheng’s voice, one time louder and more intense than the next.

In the end, when he raised his hand, all the readers within the Palace of Literature were all grabbed outside the Palace of Literature by an incomparably terrifying force.

Lu Zi knelt at the very front.

The two Half-Saints knelt behind and to the left and right of Lu Zi.

Seventy to eighty Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth were also kneeling on the ground, while the other Great Confucians, as well as the Readers, were kneeling at the back, and at a glance there were three thousand Readers.

These three thousand Readers were the true core members of the Palace of Literature.

They were usually high and mighty, relying on the fact that they were members of the Palace of Literature, and they were also the ones who had contact with the nations, and they were the important members.

Now all of them were caught in front of Zhu Sheng and suppressed like pigs and dogs.

At this moment, these people were trembling, their faces were pale to the extreme, the confidence they had before, the arrogance they had before, was now gone.

Because they were facing Zhu Sheng.

It was the god in the hearts of the world's scholars.

It was the only saint in the past thousand years.

They did not dare to contradict him, not even a little.

Under such holy authority, they could not afford to resist even a little.

“You have entered the Palace of Literature and do not think of the world's people, but only seek fame and fortune, corrupting my name and committing wicked deeds.”

“They have committed heinous sins and are unforgivable. Today, in front of the people of the world, I am going to clean up the palace.”

Zhu Sheng spoke, and as he said this, the Eight Jade Saint Ruler transformed into a sword and appeared in his hand.

Boom.

The blade cut out, this blade cut out, everyone's Confucian position, all of them were cut, under the Great Confucian of Heaven and Earth, were nullified cleanly on the spot.

The Confucian positions of all of them were cut down.

A mouthful of blood spat out, they were unable to resist, their Confucian positions had been forcibly cut away, and they were severely injured, wounding their foundations and origins.

“Sage spare my life.”

“I implore the sage to spare our lives.”

“It was our recklessness in the matter of the detachment of the Palace of Literature, I hope the sage will forgive us.”

“Sage, don’t be angry, sage, don’t be angry.”

At this moment, they were in a complete panic, who would have thought that Saint Zhu would be so ruthless as to slash three thousand people out of their Confucian positions with a single slash.

All the Confucians under the Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth had been abolished.

Even if they had been deprived, they would have to die of old age in less than ten years.

This was ten times more ruthless than Xu Qingnian.

While Xu Qingnian had only ruined his Confucian status, but not his life expectancy, Zhu Sheng had almost directly killed them.

They fell to their knees and kowtowed frantically, pleading with Zhu Sheng to calm his anger and hoping that he would spare their lives.

In particular, the Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth were all kowtowing on the ground, begging bitterly towards Zhu Sheng. They had not been cut for the time being, but they knew that with Zhu Sheng’s current temper, it was only a matter of time before they were cut.

The two half-saints also wept bitterly, they had managed to cultivate to the half-saint realm, if they were cut straight away, they could not bear it.

However, without any nonsense, Zhu Sheng raised his hand and the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler once again condensed the Sacred Blade.

And this slash went against these Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth.

At the same time, Zhu Sheng’s voice also rang out, making it known to the world.

“From this day onwards, between Heaven and Earth, apart from Xu Qingnian, anyone who dares to use this Saint’s name again, speak nonsense, confuse the people and do wrong, will be condemned by Heaven and Earth and blasted by five thunderbolts, and will die without a burial place.”

Vermilion Saint spoke, using his supreme holy power to regulate the power of heaven and earth.

At the same time, he even made everything clear.

Anyone who dares to use his name to do anything wrong will be condemned by heaven and earth and blasted by five thunderbolts, these words are not a threat, but his true words.

These words are not a threat, but his true words, branded in the heavens and the earth, which will condemn anyone who dares to act in a reckless manner.

The holy words were branded into the heavens and the earth.

The next moment, the second holy blade cut down.

Seventy to eighty great scholars of the heavens and earth were instantly deprived of their Confucian status, and each of them screamed in agony.

They had less than a year to live, and one or two of them even had to die on the spot.

But that wasn’t all.

A third slash appeared.

This slash was aimed at the half-saints.

“Don’t be angry, Sage, we have known our mistake, we have known our mistake, this matter has nothing to do with us, everything was done by Saint Lu, everything was led by Saint Lu, it has nothing to do with us.”

“Yes, yes, I implore the sage to be clear, this matter, really has nothing to do with us, we have already known our mistake, now immediately move the Palace of Literature back to Great Wei.”

The two half-saints were completely panicked and trembling, they did not want to end up in this situation, and from the beginning to the end, they did not step in to do anything.

Everything was led by Lu Sheng, and they were merely following Lu Sheng’s orders.

Now that they had to pay such a price, they naturally felt aggrieved and resentful.

Unfortunately, the third blade fell straight down, merciless to the extreme.

Poof.

Poof.

The two spat out a mouthful of blood, their faces pale to the extreme as the holy qi in their bodies leaked straight away.

The half-saint realm that they had worked so hard to cultivate all their lives was directly destroyed.

This made them incredibly uncomfortable.

They wanted to vent their anger, but looking at Zhu Sheng's incomparably cold gaze, the two of them simply did not dare.

People smacked their lips, and everyone present was dumbfounded.

In everyone's eyes, Xu Qingnian was simply a freak. It was only logical that the Palace of Literature had revived Zhu Sheng, yet they had not expected that Xu Qingnian would be able to turn defeat into victory.

Moreover, from the beginning to the end, Xu Qingnian did not say a word, it was Zhu Sheng who took the initiative to come out in a big way.

They were curious, what was Xu Qingnian's charm?

Why could he get so many people to unconditionally support him and unconditionally help him?

First, he was a First Grade Martial Artist.

Now he was a First Grade Literature Saint.

The most desperate thing was that this First Grade Saint was also revived by the Palace of Literature itself.

If it hadn't revived the Zhu Saint, there wouldn't have been so much going on.

At the very least, even if Xu Qingnian was arrogant and arrogant, he would not be able to suppress the Hao Ran Dynasty.

If the Vermilion Saint is not revived, the Hao Ran Dynasty can be established and the dynasty's qi tripod can be gathered, so it is not a loss at all.

He might even be able to disgust Xu Qingnian, not to say suppress him, but make him suffer for a while, no problem at all.

Now, Xu Qingnian is definitely not uncomfortable at all, and if it weren't for the presence of the sage, he would probably be laughing out loud.

What was hard to bear was the Wen Gong lineage, each and every one of them was miserable.

This time, it was a real genesis.

The seated platform.

Xu Qingnian also smacked his lips a little.

He knew that Zhu Sheng was holding back his anger, but he did not expect that Zhu Sheng's righteousness would be a little exaggerated.

One slash slashed three thousand Confucians in the Palace of Three Thousand Writers.

One slash slashed eighty-four Great Confucians of Heaven and Earth.

One slash cut two half-saints.

It felt just like cutting a watermelon.

To be honest, if it were me, I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to do such a ruthless job.

This time, Wen Gong was really unlucky.

No, it wasn't bad luck, it was bad luck in eight lifetimes.

Three thousand scholars knelt in front of Zhu Sheng.

Lu Zi's body was trembling, and there was fear in his eyes, as well as incomprehension and resignation.

He could not understand why this was not what he had imagined.

He could not understand why Zhu Sheng did not choose to help himself, but chose to help Xu Qingnian?

Why was this?

He was unwilling, unwilling to understand why every time Xu Qingnian could turn defeat into victory.

Yet.

This moment.

The fourth slash appeared.

This slash was prepared for Lu Zi.

“Sage, the student is not convinced.”

Feeling this terrifying oppression, Lu Zi clenched his fists as he let out an extremely resigned voice.

However, Zhu Sheng paid no attention to Lu Zi.

Boom.

The sword Qi collapsed and turned into a terrifying thunder.

Ka-ching.

A thunderbolt fell straight down and struck directly at Hong Zhengtian, who was pinned in the middle of the Palace of Literature.

It was.

It was Hong Zhengtian, not Lu Zi.

“Ah.”

A miserable and incomparable scream rang out.

Hong Zhengtian had been pretending to be dead, and at first, when the saint revived, he was excited, thinking that his day of deliverance had arrived.

But as things got weirder and weirder, he shut up and tried to play dead to escape this calamity.

Although it was extremely painful now, at least he was still alive and he did not want to touch the mould of the Vermilion Saint.

What he just didn't expect was that he kept quiet and was still targeted by Zhu Sheng.

What made him desperate was this.

Zhu Sheng had even invoked the power of heavenly thunder to blast himself to death.

This was simply the ultimate torture.

Hong Zhengtian's flesh exploded, he did not have Xu Qingnian's flesh and was in such pain that his body twitched on the spot.

Another thunderbolt fell.

Hong Zhengtian's tendons and bones broke off directly, cracking inch by inch, and he was in so much pain that his eyes were bared and his teeth were gritted.

"Sage spare your life, Sage spare your life."

"Sage, wrong, Sage, I was wrong."

"I was wrong, it was my fault, I shouldn't have done this, Sage, please forgive me for the sake of what I have done for the Palace of Literature all these years."

Hong Zhengtian cried out loudly, he didn't have any backbone left, he only hoped that Zhu Sheng could spare him, otherwise, he would die of pain alive.

Only, Zhu Sheng simply ignored this Hong Zhengtian.

He had said that he would personally deal with this person.

Since he had said it, he, Zhu Sheng, would do it.

But doing so was not only for punishment, but also to give Lu Zi one last chance.

This was a sub-sage, who had made it this far, and could not really be serious about bad deeds.

For the sake of Lu Zi being a sub-sage, Zhu Sheng gave him one last chance.

Tell the truth about everything.

"Tell this Saint."

"What exactly has happened."

Zhu Sheng looked at Lu Zi, his voice cold and terrifying.

Feeling this cold and terrifying gaze of Zhu Sheng.

Inside Lu Zi's heart was fear.

Unparalleled fear.

But he couldn't say anything, he knew he would die a worse death if he spoke out.

"Sage, I am not convinced."

"This is not fair."

"You are biased towards Xu Qingnian."

Lu Zi did not answer Zhu Sheng's question, but continued the conversation onto Xu Qingnian.

Thinking that Zhu Sheng was unfair.

He was not convinced.

Once this was said.

Zhu Sheng let out a deep sigh.

He looked at Lu Zi.

The last bit of expectation among his eyes had disappeared.

This lineage.

It was completely rotten to the core.

It was so rotten that there was no remedy.

Thinking of this.

Zhu Sheng turned around, he looked at Xu Qingnian and slowly spoke.

"Shouren."

The voice rang out.

Xu Qingnian immediately bowed respectfully towards the saint.

"The Sage is above."

Xu Qingnian spoke.

“I give you two choices.”

“One, I will eradicate all the scholars for you, abolish 90% of the scholars in the world who are Confucians, and return the heaven and earth to their righteousness, but if you do so, there will be unimaginable turmoil in the world, so you must promote the study of the heart, become a saint as soon as possible, and pacify the turmoil.”

“Secondly, I will kill all the Confucians in the Palace of Literature, but I cannot help with the rest, the future is still up to you.”

“Make your choice, no matter what, I will not blame you.”

“All the karma will be borne by me.”

Zhu Sheng slowly spoke.

With a single word, the world was completely stunned.

What did this mean?

Abolish the world’s readers?

The world was silent.

The world’s scholars were dumbfounded.

They were frozen in place.

Incredulous.

Awaken Chapter 227 -

No one would have thought.

Zhu Sheng had actually given Xu Qingnian these two options.

One was to abolish the world’s scholars, but Xu Qingnian himself would suffer all the consequences; after all, these scholars, despite their questionable character, were indeed capable of suppressing demons.

This was an indisputable fact.

If all the scholars were to be abolished, it would be a great loss to the entire Dust World.

Or all the Confucian students in the Palace of Literature could be killed, leaving behind the Zhu Sheng lineage, only if the Zhu Sheng lineage were to continue to look for trouble, there was nothing he could do.

At this moment.

All the readers in the world were dumbfounded.

All the scholars of the Palace of Literature were dumbfounded.

They could not imagine that Zhu Sheng would be so ruthless.

To hand over the fate of all the readers to Xu Qingnian.

Even if they thought with their toes, they knew what Xu Qingnian would choose.

Wasn't this going to leave them dead without a burial place?

"Zhu Sheng."

"The students are not convinced."

"On what grounds? On what grounds would Xu Qingnian be allowed to make a choice?"

"The student has been studying for a hundred years, respecting Zhu Sheng, promoting your learning, making the Zhu Sheng lineage, the number one lineage of Confucianism, but why did you choose Xu Qingnian?"

Finally, Lu Zi let out a roaring sound, filled with anger as he looked at Zhu Sheng.

It was clear that he had revived Zhu Sheng, but why had Zhu Sheng chosen to help Xu Qingnian?

He himself had read the sage's books, was the inheritor of the Zhu Sheng lineage, and had bowed and scraped to promote Zhu Sheng's learning, but in the end, he had not been recognised.

On the contrary, it was Xu Qingnian who disrespected the sages and disrespected the holy will, yet he was able to receive the sage's favour.

He was not convinced.

From the bottom of his heart, he was not convinced.

Lu Zi looked at Zhu Sheng, his eyes filled with resignation and resentment.

Sensing Lu Zi's gaze, Zhu Sheng's expression looked exceptionally calm.

He slowly took a step forward and looked at Lu Zi and said.

"Are you really doing this to promote the school of this Saint?"

Zhu Sheng opened his mouth as he questioned Lu Zi.

Hearing these words, the latter was somewhat silent.

The readers of Zhu Sheng's lineage, on the other hand, did not know what to say.

"How many times has this Saint given you a chance?"

"Until now, you were unwilling to tell."

"Good, today this Saint wants to see how long you can still keep your mouth shut."

Saint Zhu spoke.

When he said this, holy power filled the air.

In an instant, two figures were detained in a hard way.

They appeared in front of Zhu Sheng.

Upon seeing these two figures, Lu Zi's gaze instantly changed.

These were the half-saints he had jointed with.

It was a big deal to come.

"How come there are two more Half-Saints?"

"Who is this again? Where did the half-saint come from?"

"Why are there still half-saints?"

In an instant, people were surprised, not knowing where these two Half-Saints came from; they were not within the Palace of Literature, but were detained directly by Zhu Sheng.

Detained from an unknown place.

Boom.

In an instant, a thunderclap rang out.

A picture then appeared on the vault of heaven, reflected in the midst of the entire dust realm.

It was the figure of Lu Zi, and the figures of these two half-saints.

“Saint Lu, as long as the Great Wei Palace of Literature is detached and we establish a dynasty of readers, we will be able to obtain the power of heaven and earth and gather the tripod of national fortune.”

“By then, with the power of the world’s readers, we will be able to break the shackles and achieve the realm of the Literary Sage.”

“Especially you, Saint Lu, will most likely become the sixth generation of saints, surpassing Saint Zhu.”

A voice rang out, and everyone in the world heard it.

People were shocked and looked at the scene, especially the readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage, and after hearing these words again, their faces turned odd.

“But the problem is that once the Palace of Literature secedes, the Great Wei Dynasty’s national fortunes will only collapse, and when that happens, the whole of the Great Wei pale people will only suffer misfortune.”

Lu Sheng’s voice rang out, slightly worried.

However, the latter continued to speak.

“Lu Sheng, you are still thinking too much, what can happen if the Great Wei’s national fortune collapses? It is only a matter of a group of people dying, but for the entire world’s living beings, there is one more saint.”

“The indirectness is to benefit the whole world’s pale life, as for the pale life of Great Wei, if they die, they will not die.”

The voice seemed calm, but the voice, when it reached the ears of the people of Great Wei, seemed incomparably harsh.

“This dog.”

“If you die, you die? Damn, this dog-like thing really doesn’t treat us as human beings.”

“And one more saint for the world’s living beings? Taking our lives in exchange for a holy throne? This Lu Zi is really a good calculator.”

The people could not help but curse angrily, and even the Heavenly Beings of the World could not help but frown.

Although it may not sound like a problem, the problem is that the entire population of Wei has to be sacrificed, and at every turn, millions of corpses will be sacrificed.

So many human lives for a holy throne?

If you want to say that the demons are in turmoil, they can still tolerate it, after all, this is the only way out, but the problem is that this is a time of peace and there are no demons in turmoil, so for the sake of one's own selfish desires?

They could not accept the sacrifice of tens of millions of people or even more.

"The lives of the people of Great Wei, I do not care, it is an honour for them to use their lives in exchange for a saint."

"However, what worries this saint the most is not the people's lives, but the world's scholars, and according to what you have said, gathering the tripod of national fortune requires the power of the world's scholars."

"Once I become a saint, they will be deprived of the foundation of becoming a Confucian, and it will be difficult to produce another great Confucian within a hundred years, and this is what worries this saint."

Lu Sheng opened his mouth and told the truth.

When this was said, the world's scholars froze.

They had not expected that the coalescence of the Tripod of National Fortune would cut them off from their roots.

No great scholars in a hundred years?

What kind of concept was that?

No saints for a hundred years, they could understand, after all, the saint realm was too difficult.

If there were no great Confucian scholars for a hundred years, wouldn't all of Confucianism be ruined?

"Lu Sheng, you are still thinking too much."

"If you become a saint, you can renew your life for at least a hundred years, and we still have a way to renew your life for another hundred years."

“That’s two hundred years before and after.”

“What can these two hundred years do, even without a great Confucian?”

“What can it affect?”

“Moreover, a saint is an existence that thousands of scholars can’t match, sacrificing a group of scholars in exchange for a saint is an honour for them.”

“Furthermore, are these book readers still book readers?”

The half-saint’s voice continued to ring out, compelling Lu Sheng.

When this was said, Lu Sheng was somewhat silent.

“Lu Sheng, it has come to this, so why dwell on it?”

“Nowadays, the Zhu Sheng lineage is not like human beings, not like ghosts, to say that they are readers would be better to say that they are a group of villainous people who have read books.”

“Do they still have the slightest intention of being gentlemen? It’s just a receptacle for the spirit of hao.”

“If at this juncture, if Lu Sheng retreats, then all the previous layouts will be nullified.”

“Lu Sheng, think clearly, the Zhu Sheng lineage has completely corrupted its foundation, and now you are needed to become the sixth generation of saints, when the time comes to reshape a new group of readers.”

“Wouldn’t it be better?”

Each sentence of that half-saint was like a slap in the face of the group of readers.

They hadn’t thought that they had done their best for the Palace of Literature, yet they were described as ‘vessels’? This was really ridiculous.

“This Saint is not worried about that.”

“The Zhu Sheng lineage is indeed rotten to the core, this group of people are so selfish and self-serving that they can’t even be considered villains, they’re all just hypocrites.”

“This Xu Qingnian, on the other hand, does have the style of a Confucian, but a mere Xu Qingnian is nothing.”

“As long as this saint opens his mouth, the scholars of the Zhu Sheng lineage will tear him apart like a mad dog, and even if they cannot suppress Xu Qingnian, they can still disgust him.”

“What this Saint is really worried about is not becoming a saint.”

“You have said so much, everything is hypothetical, whether you can become a saint or not is still an unknown.”

Lu Sheng spoke what was truly in his heart.

Yes, the world's living beings, he did not care about them, they were just a bunch of ants.

He did not care even more about the scholars in the world, they were just vessels of the righteousness of the world, and it did not matter how many of them died.

What he really cared about and was torn about was that the other side had not given him a clear answer.

What if he could not become a saint?

Wouldn't all that he had done be a joke?

At this moment.

The readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage were completely chilled.

After all, seeing that Lu Sheng had been silent and torn, they had thought that Lu Sheng still had a conscience, but now it seemed that it was just that people were worried about whether or not they could become saints, and that their deaths or lives were not worth mentioning in Lu Sheng's eyes.

“Lu Sheng, please rest assured about this.”

“Although we cannot come up with anything to convince Saint Lu, but to take a step back, if this solution does not work, I am only afraid that you will never hope to reach the realm of true sainthood in your lifetime.”

“This is your only chance, and it is also your last chance.”

The latter spoke, the words not a threat, but a reminder.

Once this was said, Lu Zi's voice rang out.

“Good.”

“It is true that I have no way back, it is just that if I coalesce the Tripod of National Fortune, I will not let you have your way even if I do not receive the corresponding benefits.”

Lu Zi spoke out, and as he said this, the image suddenly disappeared.

The next moment.

Zhu Sheng did not speak, but waved his hand and once again condensed the image.

It was the image of these two half-saints after they left.

“Want to become a saint?”

“When really, you are delusional.”

The previous voice rang out, filled with contempt and disdain.

“Is it so easy to become a saint? With the power of the world’s scholars? After all, he is only a graft for us. It is hard to think that he is clearly a sub-saint, so why is he so easily fooled?”

But a second voice rang out, also full of disdain.

“It’s not that simple, he’s already so old that he won’t live for a few years, you have to know that no matter who it is, they all fear death, emperors or martial artists, death is like a lamp going out, who doesn’t want to live for a few more years?”

“Isn’t that what happened to the ones before? It’s just that he had the best of luck, and this time he does have some of the benefits, the lord still needs him to continue to manipulate the Zhu Sheng lineage.”

“Think about it, how badly did the previous generations of Wen Palace controllers end up? In the end, they still died of old age, having given so much, but in the end it was all for naught.”

The voice came to an abrupt halt even here.

The world looked on, and for a moment, they understood what the Wen Palace’s plan was.

But what they didn’t know was this.

Who was behind it?

And, what exactly was their purpose?

To make Lu Sheng a sixth-generation saint? This was clearly an impossibility.

At this moment.

Lu Sheng's face was as ugly as it could be.

As he looked at the two Half-Saints, his eyes were both filled with anger and a bit odd.

Anger was a normal expression, just odd was a little different.

"Who are you behind the scenes?"

The Vermilion Saint opened his mouth, and his heavenly might shone brightly.

The two Half-Saints trembled in their bodies as they were subdued.

But these two Half-Saints, instead of being directly frightened into giving a full account, pointed at Zhu Sheng and said.

"You are not the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint."

"Lu Sheng, you must not be confused, this is not the True Spirit of Zhu Sheng at all, this is a fake, a false image created by Xu Qingnian in cooperation with the First Grade."

He roared loudly, pointing at Zhu Sheng, although he feared the Heavenly Might, he did not fear Zhu Sheng.

Instead, he spoke such treacherous words.

Hearing this voice.

Lu Sheng was not stupid, he knew what the other party meant.

The person in front of him, whether he was Zhu Sheng or not, he knew better than anyone in his heart, but what he understood was that if this went on, he would definitely die.

The fact that these two Half-Saints dared to say such words meant that there were still cards left.

Thinking of this.

Lu Sheng's voice rang out.

He resisted all pressure, looked at Zhu Sheng, and then looked at Xu Qingnian and said.

“Xu Qingnian.”

“Just now, you threw a token out and didn’t enter the Zhu Sheng True Spirit’s body.”

“This is the Zhu Sheng True Spirit, but the will has been controlled by you.”

“All the things that happened in the party were all falsehoods that you made up.”

Lu Zi opened his mouth, and now that things had come to a head, even if he had been exposed, he had to forcefully pretend to the end.

Otherwise, he would really be dead.

At this moment.

Xu Qingnian looked a bit odd, he looked at Lu Zi, he really couldn’t imagine how hard a person’s mouth could be?

Lu Zi had given Xu Qingnian a good lesson.

Only, Xu Qingnian did not say a word, Zhu Sheng had come out, and it was not his turn to say anything.

For everything, as long as Zhu Sheng was there, there was no need to worry about anything.

Faced with what Lu Zi said.

Zhu Sheng did not waver in the slightest, he did not reply, but looked at Xu Qingnian and continued.

“Shouren.”

“Make your choice.”

Zhu Sheng opened his mouth, Lu Zi had completely lost his mind, this kind of existence was like a mole in his eyes, it was too easy to wipe out.

In the face of absolute strength, would such rhetoric be useful?

The answer was useless.

Hearing Zhu Sheng’s enquiry once again, Xu Qingnian was indeed caught in a state of hesitation.

Abolition.

Xu Qingnian definitely wanted to scrap.

However, there was one thing that he had to consider clearly.

Once the readers were abolished, the Zhu Sheng lineage, even if some of them could understand right and wrong, would have to be abolished by at least 80%.

Once 80% of the readers were abolished, wouldn't the whole world be in chaos?

The Great Wei Dynasty has an Immortal Sect, do other dynasties have Immortal Sects to assist them?

And could he alone control the world?

Once the world is in chaos, who will benefit the most?

It would be the Buddhists.

And the Buddhists will be able to invade the Central Continent openly and honestly.

Once the demons are in turmoil and the people of the world are implicated, then all the karma will be counted on their own heads.

So Xu Qingnian thought that he would like to abolish these readers, but if he abolished 80% of them in one breath, he was only afraid that he would cause real trouble.

At this moment.

Xu Qingnian was silent.

He was hesitating.

Even if one's personal grudges were bigger, if they involved the whole great world, then they would all seem small.

It was not a matter of being selfish or not, of being a holy mother or not, but a consideration for the entire great world.

Don't let the time come when the demons slaughter the world's living beings and create one turmoil after another, while Great Wei is quiet and peaceful and the rest of the world dies off piece after piece, once the demons grow up.

Once the demons grow up, they will one day step into Great Wei, and then they will be lifting stones to smash their own feet.

Xu Qingnian had to think clearly about this issue.

Choosing the first one, then one would have to carry the pressure of the heavens, become as sub-saintly as possible, or even a saint, and cultivate a new group of readers, and not a small number of them.

Choosing the second would be a reprieve, killing the leading group and then suppressing the current disciples of Zhu Sheng.

When a new batch of readers rose up, then they would be abolished. Of course, if one wanted to abolish these readers, one would have to become a sub-saint himself.

Otherwise, it still couldn't be done.

Xu Qingnian was pondering.

It was true that the choice Zhu Sheng had given himself could not be answered directly.

But there was another matter to which a direct answer could be given.

"Sage on High, the student believes that the Wen Gong lineage should be dealt with first, no matter what."

"These people, even their hearts are black."

Xu Qingnian spoke.

Whether or not Zhu Sheng's disciples were dealt with, they could think it over, but this group of people, Lu Sheng, had to be purged clean immediately.

These people, with blackened hearts, were no longer a matter of rotten roots or not.

"En."

Zhu Sheng nodded as he agreed with Xu Qingnian's view.

At this moment.

The fourth blade appeared.

If this blade fell, the entire Wen Gong lineage would have to die.

This slash was not cutting the Confucian position, but killing the body.

The aura of death instantly enveloped the Palace of Literature, and everyone felt the terror and revealed a look of fear.

"A true saint wouldn't be like this."

“Where can there be such a saint? How can a vermilion saint be benevolent and selfless and not move to kill? This is not a true saint.”

“This true spirit, it is the Zhu Saint’s yes, but the will has been disturbed and has turned into a devil, Xu Qingnian is manipulating the Zhu Saint’s true spirit.”

“We have all fallen for it.”

One of the two half-saints who had been detained spoke up, pointing at Zhu Sheng and blurting out.

He was not afraid of the Vermilion Saint at all, and he did not know where he got the strength to do so.

“Don’t be sophomoric, what is the identity of the two of you? Speak clearly.”

Someone spoke up and questioned the identity of these two, a great Confucian, but not one from Zhu Sheng’s lineage.

Regardless of the circumstances under which the Vermilion Sage actually existed, one thing was undeniable: these two half-saints, who had never appeared before, were not from the Palace of Literature.

How could this be explained?

“We are the guardians of the Palace of Literature and have been guarding it for generations, no matter what happens, we will not get involved, the only time we will appear is when the Palace of Literature is in great distress.”

“Don’t you dare talk nonsense here.”

“Lu Sheng, don’t you wake up yet?”

“How could a true Vermilion Saint possibly lay a cruel hand on his own disciples? Opening and closing his mouth is to exterminate the world’s scholars.”

“And to give this choice to Xu Qingnian? Is that possible?”

“Once the world’s scholars are exterminated, I am afraid that when the demons come out in chaos, the world will be in chaos, and this is also Xu Qingnian’s aim.”

“Think carefully, what was Xu Qingnian doing from beginning to end? He rebuked the great Confucians in anger, killed Confucians and slaughtered saints, and even ordered the generals of Great Wei to kill and slaughter the city, he was planning something heavenly.”

“Perhaps resurrecting a certain demon god, otherwise, why would he do this?”

“Once we let Xu Qingnian’s treacherous plan succeed, everyone will have to die then, think about it yourselves, not to mention whether the world’s readers have done wrong or not, even if they have really done wrong.”

“Just punish them, but abolish all the Confucian positions? The Confucian lineage will be completely lost, who will be happiest then? Wouldn’t the devil be the happiest?”

“Hateful, hateful, hateful, Xu Qingnian, this saint did not expect that you could still control the will of the True Spirit of Zhu Sheng.”

“You really deserve to die, trying to exterminate the Vermilion Saint lineage with the help of the Vermilion Saint True Spirit’s hand.”

“Your heart is too ruthless, what exactly are you plotting?”

“You want to harm my Vermilion Saint.”

He shouted frantically, not accusing the Vermilion Saint or denying that this was not a Vermilion Saint, but believing that it was just a Vermilion Saint True Spirit whose will was controlled by Xu Qingnian.

After all, Xu Qingnian had thrown out a token before.

Now they seized on this to make an issue out of it, dumping all the blame on Xu Qingnian.

He did not dare to angrily rebuke Zhu Sheng.

There was nothing wrong with Zhu Sheng, this was a saint, who dared to be treacherous and say that there was something wrong with the saint?

The half-saint did not dare, and none of the world’s scholars dared.

So dumping the blame on Xu Qingnian was the best solution at the moment, bar none.

Finally.

Lu Sheng came to his senses.

He looked at the True Spirit of Zhu Sheng, then repeatedly recalled what Xu Qingnian had done just now, and for a moment, he fiercely understood.

The person in front of him was indeed the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint.

The thing he had found himself contained the True Spirit of Zhu Sheng, and the True Spirit of Zhu Sheng was a spirit body left behind by Zhu Sheng.

There was no consciousness whatsoever.

This was recorded in the ancient texts and could be confirmed with certainty.

So it was only then that Lu Sheng woke up to how such a thing had happened for no good reason, and that from the very beginning, Zhu Sheng had inexplicably felt ill-will towards himself.

It was all because Xu Qingnian was behind all this.

He was not sure before, after all, the person he was facing was Zhu Sheng, the god in their hearts.

But now he had completely thought it through, completely figured it out.

“Xu Qingnian, you should really die.”

“We revived the true spirit of the Vermilion Saint in order to kill demons like you and return the heaven and earth to a clear and clear sky.”

“But to my surprise, you have even set your mind on the Vermilion Saint.”

“You want to use Zhu Sheng’s hand to kill the world’s scholars and let Zhu Sheng take the blame for the ages.”

“Are you still human?”

“Today, even if I die, I will protect the world’s scholars to my death.”

“Zhu Sheng, wake up quickly, don’t be compelled by Xu Qingnian ah.”

Lu Sheng knelt on the ground, the first half of his words, impassioned, and the second half with a crying voice.

With a single word, he washed his hands of everything.

It was thought that Zhu Sheng was now being compelled by Xu Qingnian to describe the dead as the living.

At this moment, all the scholars in the Palace of Literature became excited.

“Xu Qingnian, you really are a beast.”

“How dare you control the will of the Vermilion Saint? Pity the name of my Vermilion Saint, to be so slandered by you.”

“We have no fear if you kill us, but you want to slaughter the world’s scholars by the hand of the Vermilion Saint, I won’t allow it.”

“Vermilion Saint, wake up, your disciples are about to be exterminated.”

“Our gentleman’s will will not be extinguished.”

That one voice rang out, and all the scholars in the Palace of Literature were like grabbing the straw that saved their lives.

They roared loudly after Lu Sheng.

There were obvious loopholes in this matter, after all, who under the heavens could interfere with a sage? Who could control the sage?

But they also knew that if they did not say so, they would certainly die.

If they said so, they might as well be dead, but at least they had a chance of survival.

So they held on to this ray of life to their death, in order to survive.

At this moment.

Countless disciples of the Vermilion Saint lineage under the sky also woke up, their voices trembling as they clenched their fists and roared.

“Yes, yes, yes, how could the Vermilion Saint exterminate his disciples? This is simply impossible, and we have not made a heavenly mistake; to take a step back, it is only a matter of listening to the compulsions of others.”

“We have sinned, but not to death, but because of this trivial matter, we should all be scrapped?”

“Is this what saints do?”

“This is not something a saint would do, this is rather like something a demon would do.”

“That’s right, the real Zhu Sheng, benevolent and selfless, there are ancient texts that record that a disciple of Zhu Sheng once made a big mistake, after Zhu Sheng knew about it, not only did he not punish the disciple, but he himself was punished instead of the disciple.”

“This is the real Zhu Sheng, using this way to teach his disciples, and then look at the Zhu Sheng in front of us, possessing the power of a saint but not the virtue of a saint, this is clearly Xu Qingnian controlling Zhu Sheng.”

“Yes, it is Xu Qingnian who is controlling.”

“Xu Qingnian, you are too evil, originally I only thought that you only hated us, but now it seems that you don’t hate us at all, you hate the living beings, you want to cause chaos in the world.”

“The images of the party are all fake, there is no way that Saint Lu would do this, Saint Lu has lived for so many years, he is a sub-saint of my people and is extremely talented, how could he fall for such a trick?”

“How can a person who has become a saint rely on the power of a reader? If one could rely on the power of a reader and could become a literary saint straight away, would there be a shortage of readers in every age? This must be a fake, fabricated by Xu Qingnian with the help of Zhu Sheng’s power.”

Various voices rang out.

Like the Wen Gong readers, the world’s Zhu Sheng lineage also grabbed this straw to save their lives.

They knew that if they didn’t explain, they would all die once Xu Qingnian chose the first one.

Either way, they were all going to die, so they might as well fight, what if they won the fight?

What if?

Who wanted to die like this?

Various voices rang out, and the power of the readers, once again, coalesced.

In the City of Literary Saints.

Zhu Sheng watched all this quietly.

He did not say a word, but let them speak first.

At this moment, Lu Sheng already completely believed that Zhu Sheng, who was in front of him, had been controlled by Xu Qingnian.

All the timidity, gone.

All the fear, gone.

All the weakness of heart, gone.

What he was afraid of was Zhu Sheng.

Not a True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint.

Only his gaze still glanced at the Twin Saints.

Lu Sheng did not speak, but made eye contact, meaning simply that there would be no one to come out to save him.

Trying to stop a saint by the power of speech, this could not be done.

Only those behind these two Half-Saints could stop the True Spirit of Vermilion Saint.

The gaze of the two Half-Saints was exceptionally determined, there was not the slightest bit of fear in their eyes, and they seemed to appear to have their minds made up.

“Vermilion Saint, wake up, open your eyes and look at us.”

Lu Sheng knelt on the ground as he kowtowed towards Zhu Sheng, hypocritical to the extreme.

Outside the Palace of Literature.

Zhu Sheng looked at all this, and finally, his voice rang out.

“Shouren.”

“Everything is even more terrible than I imagined.”

“These people are not rotten to the core, nor are they black in heart.”

“They are utterly possessed.”

“You don’t need to choose anymore, old man will make that choice.”

Zhu Sheng’s voice was calm.

But Xu Qingnian could hear that Zhu Sheng was truly disappointed.

He was disappointed to the core.

He originally thought that the readers in Zhu Sheng's lineage were just jealous of others, not comprehending the meaning of a gentleman and only knowing how to cultivate Hao Rang Qi.

This view was wrong, but this view could be changed slowly through preaching, and although the process was somewhat difficult, it could at least be changed back.

Later he found that these people were rotten to the core and could not be changed completely, so he had the idea to abolish his disciples.

But leave them alive and give them one last chance to properly understand the meaning of a gentleman and hopefully one day come to their senses.

It was just that doing so would cause some turmoil that Xu Qingnian could not suppress alone.

But if left unchecked, it would also be a huge problem for Xu Qingnian.

If he was still around, he would have taken action to solve the problem, but the problem was that he was no longer around, so he left this choice to Xu Qingnian. If Xu Qingnian chose the first option, then Xu Qingnian would be under unprecedented pressure.

But if Xu Qingnian chose the second, then the latter would be solved by Xu Qingnian himself.

A generation does what a generation does.

He could not influence this era.

But now it was different.

He felt through and through that these people were not rotten at the root, nor were they black-hearted.

Rather, they were completely and utterly possessed.

He also finally understood why something always felt wrong between heaven and earth.

Eighty percent of Confucianism's readers were completely and utterly possessed by demons.

How ridiculous does this sound?

Or a disciple of his Zhu Sheng lineage, it was too ridiculous.

His disappointment was this.

Disappointment to the core.

Disappointed to the core.

Boom boom boom.

Boom boom boom.

At this moment, dark clouds covered the entire dome of the sky.

A lightning bolt streaked through the clouds, as if it was a thunder dragon, churning in the middle of the sea of clouds.

A terrifying aura swept across the entire dust realm.

It was breathtaking and frightening.

Whistling and whistling.

A fierce wind blew, the heavens and the earth changed colour, the sun and the moon lost their light, and everything looked incomparably terrifying.

It was as if a calamity of annihilation had descended.

This moment.

Zhu Sheng was floating above the vault of the sky.

He looked at Xu Qingnian, his voice calmly saying.

“Shouren, you once asked old me how strong a saint was.”

“Today, I will let you see how strong a saint is.”

Zhu Sheng slowly spoke.

The voice fell.

In an instant.

Billions of thunder dragons poked their bodies out from the clouds, appearing incomparably terrifying and giving a monstrous sense of oppression.

It was also at this moment that the voice of the Vermilion Saint resounded.

“I attained sainthood five hundred years ago.”

“I passed down the way of benevolence and love, the way of selflessness, the way of heavenly justice and human desire, hoping that the world’s scholars would restrain their desires, know benevolence and love, and act selflessly for the benefit of the people.”

“But I never thought that today, my lineage has become selfish, heartless and unkind, with rotten roots and a black heart.

“Today, with my holy will, I will exterminate my lineage of the Holy Way, and heaven and earth will be the judge, and the sun and moon will be the judge.”

“After today, there will no longer be a Zhu Sheng lineage in the world.”

Zhu Sheng’s voice rang out.

It was incomparably domineering.

Boom boom boom.

As his voice rang out.

The crowd of the Great Wei Palace of Literature was completely dumbfounded.

Zhu Sheng didn’t just strike, but he also used his holy intent to reveal the heaven and earth, drawing in the true power of heaven and earth.

Ka-ching.

Ka-ching.

Ka-ching.

Beams of thunder fell down.

The thunder dragons in the clouds even fell down and struck the earth directly, turning into a bolt of lightning that washed over the entire dust realm.

It was not just for the readers, but mostly for the demons and evil spirits.

Today, Zhu Sheng was not abolishing the Readers, he was trying to execute this group of Readers.

These readers had already become demons, and if they were not killed, a great mistake would be made in the future.

But after killing these readers, the Dust World will also cause even more terrible trouble.

Demons would revive and darkness would descend.

So Zhu Sheng did his best to cleanse the world of demons.

He could not kill all the demons in this world, but he could make these demons suffer a great deal of damage to their vitality, which was tantamount to delaying time.

It delayed time for Xu Qingnian.

“Zhu Sheng, spare my life.”

“Zhu Sheng, I was wrong, I was really wrong.”

“The student knows it’s wrong, the student knows it’s wrong.”

“Xu Sheng help me, Xu Sheng, we were wrong, we were wrong, we were the ones who were jealous of you, please Zhu Sheng, spare us.”

“Zhu Sheng, let us go, we were only compelled, we were only compelled for a moment.”

A voice of fear rang out, these readers, devoid of the arrogance of a moment ago, were a thoroughly panicked mess when the lightning struck, and soon let out miserable and incomparable cries.

The force of the thunder made them feel excruciating pain, both physically and mentally, and they were subjected to unparalleled torture.

One by one, the readers lay on the ground, screaming miserably as they frantically kowtowed, not to admit their mistakes, but to the pain, pain, pain, so much so that they smashed their heads against the ground.

Countless readers cried out in pain, their heads breaking into blood as they kowtowed frantically on the ground.

All sorts of pleas for mercy rang out, and they even begged Xu Qingnian for mercy.

However, Xu Qingnian simply ignored them.

These people, they deserved to die.

Last time, when he had gathered the Sword of the Gentleman, he had thought that these people should be enlightened and repent, but what he had not expected was that these people would still do what they did.

This time, when they learned that the Palace of Literature would revive the Vermilion Saint, they immediately reverted to their original form.

Would Xu Qingnian still help them?

He had hesitated before, weighing his rights and interests, but now that Zhu Sheng had made his move, there was nothing he could say.

Boom boom boom.

The thunder dragon fell and appeared in the middle of the Palace of Literature.

The terrifying thunder dragon fell down.

It turned into a waterfall, directly washing over the entire Palace of Literature.

On the spot, everyone was blasted by the thunder and they were in pain until their faces were deformed.

Lu Zi, the two Half-Saints who had been detained, including the two Half-Saints of the Palace of Literature, all let out miserable screams.

Especially Lu Zi, who was in so much pain that his body twitched, grabbed the half-saint directly, he could not speak and did not dare to speak, there was only one look among his eyes.

Great man, why hasn't he stepped forward?

The latter was trembling, he too was in pain to the point of doubting his life, and he was also puzzled, why hadn't the big man appeared by now?

It had come to this point, if they didn't show up, they might die here.

Boom.

The next moment, another endless thunder dragon split down.

It was like a thunderstorm.

This thunderbolt directly split their flesh apart.

Bones crumbled, flesh festered, hair burned away, and it was unbearable.

"Zhu Sheng, let me die, just let me die, please, it's too painful."

"Zhu Sheng, I don't want to live anymore, you can give me a painful death."

"Why, why, where did I go wrong? Where have I done wrong?"

The readers of Zhu Sheng's lineage had gone completely numb, they were just worse than dead now.

The world was stunned.

One by one, they were so shocked that they didn't know what to say.

Originally, they thought Xu Qingnian was fierce and flawless.

Now, compared to Zhu Sheng, it was simply a difference of clouds and mud.

Even if Xu Qingnian was ruthless, he couldn't be more ruthless than this.

Zhu Sheng had to kill 80% of his own disciples at the drop of a hat.

Although these disciples had indeed done wrong, they really did not deserve to die.

This was too cruel.

"Xu Qingnian, even if I were to die today, I would die standing up."

"You controlled Zhu Sheng and slaughtered our lineage, trying to bring about a great chaos in heaven and earth, you are the true devil, you are the absolute devil."

Lu Sheng's skin was split open, but he gritted his teeth and stood up, pointing at Xu Qingnian and letting out a roar.

At this moment, he still wanted to throw dirty water on Xu Qingnian.

Still refusing to admit that this was Zhu Sheng.

On the vault of heaven.

Zhu Sheng took a deep breath as he closed his eyes and then fiercely opened them.

He shouted out violently.

"Still not revealing yourself?"

"Do you really think that this Saint can't find you?"

He roared out, and at that moment, the unparalleled Saint's might caused the stars in the sky dome to tremble.

Zhu Sheng was completely furious.

Not anger at Lu Sheng.

Rather, he was angry at the person behind the curtain.

At this moment, the person behind the curtain had not even revealed himself.

But as this violent shout from Zhu Sheng rang out.

All was quiet in heaven and earth.

Except for the booming sound of thunder.

There was not a single sound left.

“Good.”

“Since that’s the case, then don’t blame this Saint for dying with you.”

“Today, except for the Great Wei One Piece.”

“This Saint will go on a killing spree.”

“First, we will kill those who have entered the demon study.”

“And then slaughter all the First Priests of the world.”

“No matter who you are, this Saint can find you, no matter what your purpose is, this Saint kills all the First Class.”

“I don’t believe it, you won’t show yourself.”

Zhu Sheng opened his mouth, he was completely furious.

Someone was behind the scenes, causing his lineage to become completely demonised, unlike human beings, unlike ghosts, and unlike Confucianism.

As a saint, how could he not be furious?

Moreover, the main thing was that the other party must have had a great plan to do so.

But what exactly was the plan, he did not know.

This was where he was really angry.

The other party had been plotting for hundreds of years, even before he had become a saint.

But he didn't even know who the other party was.

He only knew that there was such a figure.

Right now, at this point in time, the other party still did not appear, and even wished that he would kill all these Readers.

This meant that the other party was not staring at himself, but at the world's living beings.

Since they had been hiding.

Then Zhu Sheng might as well just lift the table and behead all the Demon First Grade, then the Martial Dao, then the Immortal Dao, then the Buddhist Dao.

Whoever you are, die together.

He would like to see if this behind-the-scenes still comes out.

As his voice rang out.

The great powers under the heavens frowned.

For they could hear that Zhu Sheng was not joking.

"Heaven and earth hear the order to gather the literary hearts of the world and put them to death."

The next moment.

Zhu Sheng's voice rang out.

In an instant.

All the readers of Zhu Sheng's lineage coalesced into a ray of light and disappeared into the vault of the sky.

Inside the Palace of Literature, Lu Zi's eyes were even wider as he was dumbfounded.

He was dumbfounded because Zhu Sheng had actually gathered the literary heart of the Zhu Sheng lineage?

This was a great divine power of a saint.

A truly great divine ability that only a saint could perform, to gather the student's Haozheng Qi and condense the Wenxin.

This meant that most likely, when it was really the Zhu Saint, the will was not controlled by Xu Qingnian.

He was stunned.

Not only him, but many of the scholars also froze.

Even the world's First Grade powerhouses revealed shock.

Zhu Sheng, actually playing for real, this was not a threat, but a direct condensation of a great killing move!!!

In the next moment, billions of thunderbolts transformed into a divine blade, directly killing down.

Poof, poof, poof.

One by one, the readers' heads were chopped off.

A corpse appeared.

A sage's anger.

A million corpses were killed.

The world was utterly dumbfounded.

They did not expect that it would really come to this.

The Vermilion Saints.

He was really going to slaughter the Zhu Sheng lineage.

This.

It was horrifying.

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A body fell to the ground.

These are the readers of the Zhu Sheng lineage.

The world was silent since.

Who would have thought that Zhu Sheng would be so vicious.

Even if Xu Qingnian was fierce and ruthless, he was only paying lip service, but Zhu Sheng was different and came up with the real thing.

At this moment.

The beheaded readers all coalesced into a ball of light and appeared in front of Zhu Sheng.

This was Hao Rang Sheng Qi.

It was not Hao Ran Zheng Qi.

“Zhu Sheng is really angry.”

“Reading sage books and gathering the Qi of saints, Zhu Sheng put his disciples to death and gathered their holy Qi together, this is really to put all enemies to death,”

Someone exclaimed, he was trembling, this was a great Confucian, he showed fear and said what this was.

This voice rang out and people were once again shocked, it was really hard to come back to their senses.

Powerful people from all sides, too, were completely seated at this moment.

“Amitabha Buddha.”

“Zhu Sheng, what is the need for this?”

At this moment, in the middle of the Western Continent, the sky was filled with Buddha's light, reflecting the Western Continent and expelling the darkness.

This was the first rank of Buddhism, an old monk with a six-fold Buddha light behind his head, appearing sacred and magnificent.

He was the first to step forward and dissuade Zhu Sheng.

“Humph.”

“The lineage of Confucianism has rotted its roots and destroyed its meaning, Confucianism is not like Confucianism, and people are not like people.”

“There is no lack of you and others in this.”

“Although the old me is not there, the old me will definitely not condone it either.”

“You and the Buddhists also presume to be alone, today I am gathering the Sacred Heart, and all the First Class will be buried with me.”

“You’re delusional to think that you’re going to hit me.”

Zhu Sheng was furiously rebuking him.

Since his absence, the Confucian lineage had been targeted, and it had taken hundreds of years of effort to make the Confucian lineage, look like this.

How could he not be angry?

Moreover, Zhu Sheng was clear that the other party was extremely clever.

He was hiding in the shadows, making offerings to himself and attempting to create a god.

It was clearly his own intention, but he had to put it on his head, somewhat in the same way as the Buddhists.

So, since it had come to this point, Zhu Sheng did not hide.

Like to play, right?

Then let’s all die together.

He would kill all of them except for the First Grade of the Great Wei Martial Way in the world.

The First Grade of the Buddhist Sect, he would kill.

The Immortal Sect’s First Grade, he also kills.

The Demon First Grade, he brought them all down together.

He didn’t believe that, having come this far, the other side would still not come forward?

If that was the case, then it didn’t matter, all those who should be killed had been killed, what chaos could still arise?

Xu Qingnian was destined to be qualified to become a saint, and given enough time, nothing would be a problem.

When he thought of this, his holy qi coalesced and a holy heart appeared.

This was still a real move, not a joke.

“Saint Zhu, behind this matter, there must be a mastermind behind the scenes, who exactly is it, we indeed do not know.”

“In this way, the Immortal Sect, a sect, will do its best to help you find the real culprit and purge everything, how about that?”

In a flash, the Tai Shang Immortal Sect rang out.

This was the head of the Seven Great Immortal Sects, and it was normal to have a First Grade Immortal Daoist powerhouse.

The Tai Shang Immortal Sect blossomed with immeasurable light, immortal music bursting forth, shadows abounding like an immortal realm, and a human figure appeared, who was 100,000 miles apart to dissuade Zhu Sheng.

Because he knew that Zhu Sheng was really serious and was not a threat at all.

Once Zhu Sheng launched his rampage, who in the world could stop him?

“Vermilion Saint, we are not involved in this matter, and since you became a saint, we have also been honest and disciplined, why are you acting like this? Where is the appearance of a saint?”

In the midst of the abyss was the voice of the First Grade Demon Dao, his tone a mixture of anger, but more helplessness.

“There must be someone behind this matter, perhaps he wants you to be like this, don’t fall for it.”

On Tianqi Mountain, a voice also came from the First Grade of the Demon Clan.

Nowadays, in a time of peace and prosperity, everyone was relatively calm with each other and there was no war, this situation was already very good.

But if Zhu Sheng went berserk and really put to death the world’s First Grade powerhouses, this would definitely not be a good thing for them.

It was not a question of whether they would die or not, once all the First Grade were dead and only the First Grade martial artists of Great Wei were left, would Great Wei sharpen their knives?

Moreover, the person behind this curtain had nothing to do with them, if this person behind the curtain made a move, what would they do at that time?

This move by Zhu Sheng was indeed a threat to them, but it was also indeed a real move.

“Noisy.”

Zhu Sheng spoke, his gaze calm.

The reason he did this was that he had the confidence that the person behind the curtain must be in contact with other powers.

The First Grade was the strongest existence in this world.

If he slaughtered the First Grade, the other side was bound to be severely injured as well.

Right now, what he was doing was to force out the person behind the curtain.

Since he was hiding behind the curtain and did not dare to show himself, Zhu Sheng instantly understood that the other party did not have real strength.

With absolute strength, who would be behind the curtain?

Just come out directly.

Only those who had scruples, or did not have absolute strength, would be behind the curtain and manipulate everything.

Today.

What Zhu Sheng wanted to do was to force out the person behind the curtain.

Poof poof poof.

One by one, the readers fell to the ground and were directly decapitated.

Zhu Sheng was so ruthless that even Xu Qingnian was ashamed of himself.

But thinking about it, these people claimed to be Zhu Sheng's disciples, but in reality? They were just doing some unseemly deeds under the banner of Zhu Sheng.

They do not have any Confucian heart, nor do they have any intention of being a gentleman or a saint.

Yet, they turn around and say that they are disciples of Zhu Sheng.

This is ridiculous.

A large number of scholars were beheaded.

Today's incident will certainly be recorded in the history books.

"Zhu Sheng, we know that we are wrong, we really know that we are wrong, I beg the sage not to kill."

"Sage, this matter is our fault, I beg Sage, let us go."

"Please forgive and spare our lives, Sage."

I don't know how many scholars knelt on the ground, in front of absolute power, they no longer yelled.

No more shouting.

What they had at the moment was remorse, immense remorse.

But their remorse was not heartfelt remorse, but remorse in the face of death.

In the middle of the Palace of Literature.

A thundering blade appeared, cutting them down directly.

They too were kneeling on the ground, crying in pain too, and more to the point, they did not expect that Zhu Sheng would really kill them.

And so decisively, without a single chance to speak.

Lu Zi and the others were even more panicked.

Zhu Sheng did not kill them at first, as if he had deliberately left them alive.

But the readers around them, one by one, died, and this feeling was even more torturous than killing them.

The two half-saints of the Palace of Literature were trembling, he was already so scared that his legs were weak.

The two Half-Saints detained by Zhu Sheng also turned white, for by this time, the people behind them, had not yet come out of the world.

"Tell the truth."

The next moment.

Zhu Sheng looked at the two Half-Saints as he questioned the two with a terrifying voice.

The two were stunned by the voice.

Their brains were dazed, fear struck them, and they actually unknowingly spoke at that moment.

“Everything

Someone opened their mouth to tell the truth.

Only the next moment.

Flames coalesced on his body that looked extremely terrifying, instantly burning itself, and he let out a miserable scream on the spot.

“Karmic fire?”

Someone exclaimed, seeing at a glance what it was.

This was not an ordinary flame, it was the fire of karma that could not be extinguished.

It was a divine means of the Buddha Sect.

“Something to do with the Buddha Sect?”

“Is the Buddha Sect behind this?”

All at once, various voices rang out as some roared in anger and looked at the Buddha Sect.

The first-ranked powerhouses under the heavens also landed their gazes on the Buddha Sect.

“Amitabha Buddha, this matter has nothing to do with the Buddhist Sect, someone is trying to frame the Buddhist Sect.”

The Buddhist Sect’s First Grade, the Abbot of Tianzhu Temple looked calm, he was not the least bit alarmed, but instead biting the bullet that this matter had nothing to do with them.

Only, Zhu Sheng did not raise his voice, but looked at the second half-saint.

However, the latter did not even say a word as the same karmic fire filled his body, followed by a miserable and incomparable scream.

“Ah.”

Heart-breaking screams rang out as the two Half-Saints were unable to resist the karmic flames that enveloped them.

In the middle of the void.

Zhu Sheng did not speak, but quietly looked at these two Half-Saints.

In his eyes, these two Half-Saints were completely to blame and it was not a pity that they died.

However, burning their bodies with karmic fire was really a heavenly means.

This was a great divine power of the Buddha Sect.

But Zhu Sheng did not think that this was done by the Buddha Sect, the Buddha Sect was not that stupid, and if they did this, they would undoubtedly be looking for trouble.

It was obviously a plant.

In a flash.

Zhu Sheng reached out, and he intercepted a karmic flame.

“Zhu Sheng be careful, this is karmic fire, if you touch it, you will be in big trouble.”

Someone spoke up to warn Zhu Sheng, a divine monk from the Buddhist sect.

But this reminder seemed somewhat redundant.

Because this was not Zhu Sheng’s true self, but just a true spirit.

The karmic fire intercepted.

Zhu Sheng quietly felt it.

However, at this very moment, the karmic fire suddenly surged and flooded Zhu Sheng’s body.

“Zhu Sheng.”

“Sage.”

“What’s going on here?”

For a moment, many voices rang out, and Xu Qingnian could not help but shout out.

Zhu Sheng had only intercepted a karmic flame, and although it could not be extinguished, it could not have suddenly skyrocketed.

Something must have gone wrong.

However, Zhu Sheng did not say anything, instead, he allowed the karma fire to add to his body again.

As the karmic fire filled his body.

The crowd's eyes looked at Zhu Sheng nervously.

Boom.

As the terrifying karma fire burned his body, Zhu Sheng's holy power continued to decay, and his original terrifying holy might gradually diminished.

Everyone could sense that the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint was gradually weakening.

Some were worried, while others were delighted.

In the Palace of Literature, Lu Zi was very excited, he could not wait for the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint to disappear, although many things could not be explained, but at least he had survived.

As for the remaining two half-saints, and the remnants of the readers, at this moment

Zhu Sheng let out a long sigh, the karmic fire in his body, which could not be extinguished or suppressed, was the most terrifying flame between heaven and earth.

The fire of the resentment of all beings.

If his true self appeared, he might be able to suppress it.

But a true spirit, obviously, could not suppress it.

However, just as the flames were blazing, Zhu Sheng opened his eyes.

"You're hiding too deep."

"Unfortunately, you still can't help it."

"I know who you are."

Zhu Sheng spoke, and he let out a long sigh of relief as he intercepted the karmic fire and added it to himself, searching for the root cause in this way.

Although karma fire was a Buddhist divine ability.

But it did not necessarily come from a Buddhist powerhouse.

Now, through the karma fire origin, Zhu Sheng traced some vibes that the other party could not resist striking out and trying to burn this true spirit of his with karma fire.

But as a result, he had also revealed his identity.

Boom.

Suddenly, Zhu Sheng's figure disappeared, and he did not know where he had gone.

No one knew where Zhu Sheng had gone.

Everyone was waiting here in silence.

Meanwhile, as Zhu Sheng left, all the light dissipated and all the visions gradually disappeared.

Peace returned between the heavens and the earth.

It was as if the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint had disappeared.

The monstrous Holy Might was also gone.

Outside the Palace of Literature, the remaining Confucian students were all secretly happy, thinking they had escaped death.

Not only them, but also the scholars of the Zhu Sheng lineage in the world could not help but snigger with joy.

The feeling of having come back from the dead was a great relief to them.

Boom.

However, an overwhelming aura appeared.

It was Xu Qingnian.

The Zhen Devil Power Battle Spear appeared.

It burst straight through and killed dozens of Confucian students straight away on the spot.

Xu Qingnian did not know if Zhu Sheng was still around.

But what he knew was that whether Zhu Sheng was there or not, all of these people had to die.

Not a single one would be able to escape.

The Hao Ran Dynasty had already collapsed, so he had to make his own move, otherwise what was the point of keeping these people?

To keep on cursing themselves?

Xu Qingnian wasn't that stupid.

"Xu Qingnian."

"Are you crazy?"

"You've come to this point and you're still demonic?"

Zhou Sheng roared in anger, pointing at Xu Qingnian, his voice trembling.

"Xu Qingnian, do you want to take the opportunity to kill us when you see the true spirit of Zhu Sheng disappear?"

"You're going against heavenly justice."

Another Half-Sage followed suit and angrily rebuked Xu Qingnian.

Only, where was Xu Qingnian to waste words with them.

Zhu Sheng had taught himself a lesson.

It was a waste of words to say so much in the face of a spitfire.

Bang bang bang!

A war spear shot out, blasting each and every Confucian student to death, blood splattered everywhere outside the Palace of Literature, and white bones exploded.

Xu Qingnian was like a demon god.

He was not sure if the true spirit of Zhu Sheng was still alive, but he knew that he had to kill these people.

Lest a scourge be left behind.

“Master Xu.”

“As a half-saint, how can you commit such a massacre?”

“This is a sin, a sin.”

A voice rang out, the voice of a Buddhist monk.

Divine Monk Hui Jue spoke.

He was the first to strike, and a string of rosary beads blossomed with immeasurable Buddhist light, trying to suppress Xu Qingnian.

Buzz buzz buzz.

In an instant, the Hao Ran Wen Zhong and the Eight Jade Sacred Ruler flew in to block Divine Monk Hui Jue’s suppression.

Giving Xu Qingnian enough time to do something.

“This Saint has yet to settle the scores of the Buddha Sect, and one day, this Saint will come to the Buddha Sect himself.”

Xu Qingnian roared out.

He now had an extremely bad impression of the Buddha Sect.

When Lu Zi and the others tried to harm him in every way possible, the Buddha Sect did not come out in compassion, and when it was time for him to take revenge, the Buddha Sect ran out in compassion.

There was nothing good about these people either.

Moreover, did the karmic fire just now really have nothing to do with the Buddha Sect?

It was just that Xu Qingnian did not want to provoke the Buddhists right now.

Boom.

Xu Qingnian came directly in front of Lu Zi and the others.

The demon subduing power filled the air, turning into a big black cauldron and smashing it hard into the group of Confucian students, smashing it in front of Lu Zi's face.

Poof, poof, poof.

In an instant, blood splattered everywhere, and in just one glance, all the tendons and bones of the Confucian scholars were broken and they let out harsh screams, and some of them even died without even letting out a scream.

"Xu Sheng, spare my life."

"Xu Sheng, we will never dare to do it again, we will never dare to do it again."

"I implore Xu Sheng to spare my life."

Faced with Xu Qingnian, who was like a fierce god, the group of scholars trembled and knelt on the ground to beg for mercy.

They did not want to die.

"You have been given the chance too many times."

"Today, this Saint is going to clear the way for Zhu Saint."

Xu Qingnian's voice was icy cold.

He had given these people an unknown number of chances, but unfortunately, these people did not know how to cherish them.

Now Xu Qingnian didn't hold back any either.

The black cauldron transformed by the Devil Subduing Force was stained with the blood of the literati, and groups of readers were directly subdued to death.

Bodies were piled up and blood and flesh were blurred.

In just a short while, all the scholars were killed by Xu Qingnian, leaving only Zhou Sheng and the two of them, as well as Lu Zi.

Looking at this state of affairs.

There was a look of fear in Zhou Sheng's eyes.

They had just escaped the Zhu Sheng tribulation, but they did not expect Xu Qingnian to be waiting for them here.

This made them feel unwilling and fearful.

“Xu Sheng, I am willing to abrogate my sainthood and dive into the hard study of my heart, so I hope Xu Sheng will spare my life.”

Zhou Sheng knelt on the ground as he kowtowed towards Xu Qingnian, willing to dethrone himself from the holy throne in exchange for a life.

“Xu Sheng, you can’t kill any more, the scholars of the Zhu Sheng lineage have been slaughtered cleanly, if you kill any more, it will lead to endless trouble.”

“The chaos of demons, the chaos of qi, when the time comes, there will be no one to suppress it.”

“I understand that what happened in the past was indeed our fault, but no matter what, we, the readers, can at least suppress the demons.”

Another half-saint said in a crying voice.

He admitted his mistake, but also stressed their role and the role of the readers.

After all, if they followed Xu Qingnian’s method of killing like this, the Palace of Literature would completely exist in name only, which would then lead to endless trouble.

“Die.”

Xu Qingnian did not listen to the two men’s nagging, and the two men were instantly killed as the great cauldron suppressed them.

“Amitabha Buddha.”

“Sinful sin.”

“Master Xu, you have sinned so much.”

“The lineage of Confucianism, when it is really going to be destroyed, what is your suffering?”

Divine Monk Hui Jue evolved his Dharma phase, and a Buddhist shadow appeared behind him, blasting away with golden light towards the holy weapon.

Bang, bang, bang.

The sound was deafening, but unfortunately, the two holy weapons had previously been enchanted by the Vermilion Saint and were infinitely powerful, so unless a Buddhist First Grade appeared, it would be impossible to break through the holy weapons.

“Shut up.”

Xu Qingnian angrily rebuked back.

He then turned his gaze towards Lu Zi.

Lu Zi was the only one left in the entire Wen Palace.

By putting him to death, all the noise would be completely silenced as well.

Only, the other party was already a will body, not a true body.

The true body had already been obliterated by himself, and the will had fused with the Palace of Literature.

It was impossible to truly kill Lu Zi.

But he could not kill Lu Zi, but he could kill his heart.

Xu Qingnian did not say a word, he stood with his hands folded and quietly looked at Lu Zi, the black censer evolved by the Zhen Devil Power, still dripping with the blood of the half-saint.

Standing here.

It was an invisible declaration.

He was defeated.

Feeling Xu Qingnian's gaze, everything and everything, made Lu Zi silent.

Zhu Sheng was burning with karmic fire, and he was stealing joy.

But he ignored Xu Qingnian and his aggressiveness.

He had slaughtered everyone in the Palace of Literature.

Only himself was left alone.

Although he could not kill himself, what could he gain?

The Hao Ran Dynasty had failed to open the country, the country's fortunes had long since collapsed cleanly, and even the great man behind himself had never appeared from beginning to end.

Instead, it was these two people who died here.

And they were still obliterated by this great figure.

All the calculations.

All the scheming.

It was all gone, all gone in vain, leaving him in deep despair.

"Ugh."

Finally.

Lu Zi let out a long sigh.

This sigh was filled with many emotions.

He looked at Xu Qingnian, his eyes extremely complicated amongst them.

"The only thing that I regret is that I did not choose to execute you at the very beginning."

"Now that you have become a climate, you are even able to control the True Spirit of the Vermilion Saint, something that I really did not expect."

"You have slaughtered the Wen Gong lineage, but you must not dream of the springtime."

"There is no way the Confucian Way will be controlled by you anymore, there is a hand that is invisibly controlling everything in the dark."

"Even Zhu Sheng can't do anything about it."

"Xu Qingnian, you are wrong, you are terribly wrong."

Lu Zi's voice was exceptionally calm, and he did not say it directly, but used voice transmission to communicate with Xu Qingnian.

"At this point, you still have a tough mouth."

"I will become a half-saint in a year, and I will step into the true holy dao in ten years."

“What can the man behind the curtain do? The fact that he doesn’t dare to show himself proves that he doesn’t have absolute strength.”

“When I become a saint, even the biggest black hand will die.”

Xu Qingnian’s voice was firm, he had no fear of any black hand or no black hand.

If he didn’t even dare to show himself, what was there to fear?

“You are wrong.”

Lu Zi shook his head, he looked at Xu Qingnian and took a deep breath.

“You’re very wrong.”

“To become a half-saint within a year is indeed an astounding talent, and I have never denied your qualifications.”

“But to become a saint is too difficult, so difficult that you can’t even imagine.”

“When the Vermilion Saint decimated 80% of the readers, do you know what will happen in the future? Demons will be in turmoil, Immortals and Buddhists will flourish, and the Confucian lineage will be completely dead.”

“It will take at least several hundred years for the Confucian Way to regain its vitality.”

“But in these hundreds of years, the Buddhists will have long since stepped into everything, the Immortal Sect will also be worshipped by the world, heaven and earth will not be looking after the Confucian Way, and this lineage will most likely have to fall completely.”

“Back then, the Great Sage sacrificed himself to save the world, and only then did the Confucian Dao lineage gain the favour of Heaven and Earth, and now that the Zhu Sage has destroyed his own lineage, he has also touched the punishment of Heaven.”

“This involves a truly great worldly battle.”

“You don’t understand, and you don’t know.”

“I have lost, but I have not lost, and you have not won.”

Lu Zi spoke, still unconvinced to this day, still resigned to this day.

He knew that he had lost, but he had not lost, and Xu Qingnian had not won either.

“Win or not, at least I’m still alive.”

“And you can’t live.”

“What the future really is, you will never see it again.”

Xu Qingnian’s voice was icy cold.

He could feel the other party’s emotions, full of resentment.

But it didn’t matter, he liked to talk tough, didn’t he?

Then Xu Qingnian would put his heart to death.

At these words, Lu Zi laughed coldly.

But just as he wanted to continue speaking.

The holy might that had disappeared appeared once more.

A terrifying Saint’s Might descended.

Accompanied by the sound of Zhu Sheng’s roar, the world trembled.

“How foolish you are.”

Zhu Sheng’s roar rang out.

People were shocked, they had thought that Zhu Sheng had been eroded by the karmic fire and had already disappeared.

But to their surprise, Zhu Sheng was still there.

At this moment.

Zhu Sheng’s body was filled with karmic fire, and among his face, he was filled with anger as he appeared directly in front of Lu Zi.

Facing Zhu Sheng, Lu Zi was still filled with awe.

“You are really foolish, you want to get the world killed.”

Zhu Sheng roared in anger, his body trembling.

Closest to Zhu Sheng, Xu Qingnian saw through the karmic fire, he saw blood on Zhu Sheng’s body, as to whether it was Zhu Sheng’s or someone else’s, Xu Qingnian did not know.

Lu Zi was silent, he did not know what had happened.

“Look for yourself, what have you done.”

“Just like this, you still want to become a saint, you are taken for a fool.”

“To be such a sub-saint and be so foolish as to scourge the living beings, you are truly foolish.”

Zhu Sheng roared in anger, but all these voices were blocked and could not be heard by outsiders, only Xu Qingnian and Lu Zi could hear them.

The next moment.

A flood of information poured into Lu Zi's mind.

Xu Qingnian stood by, his eyes filled with curiosity, but he did not say anything more.

Soon.

Lu Zi's eyes gradually changed from confusion to astonishment, and in the end, Lu Zi even revealed fear and remorse.

In less than a few moments.

Lu Zi fell to his knees as he kowtowed frantically towards Zhu Sheng, remorse in his eyes.

“Please forgive me, Zhu Sheng.”

“Please forgive Zhu Sheng.”

“It is the student who has done wrong, it is the student who has done wrong, I hope Zhu Sheng will forgive me.”

No one knew what Zhu Sheng had shown Lu Zi, the crowd was just stunned as to why Lu Zi, who had looked somewhat unconvinced and resigned just then, had suddenly become like this straight away.

“Forgiveness?”

“You're a sin that heaven and earth can't even forgive.”

“You are too stupid.”

Zhu Sheng was furious, he could hardly suppress the anger within him, and when he said this, he grabbed Lu Zi, and the terrifying karmic fire instantly spread to Lu Zi's body.

"Ah."

A heart-breaking scream rang out once again.

The karmic fire on Zhu Sheng's body, spreading to Lu Zi's body, was like meeting kerosene, instantly erupting to a height of three feet.

The terrifying karmic fire caused the people of the Buddhist sect to be shocked.

Karmic fire is the fire of karma.

The most terrifying flames between heaven and earth are the resentment of all beings.

And the formation of karma fire is karma, the more karma a person has, then the more likely it is to produce karma fire.

Right now, the karma on Lu Zi's body was incomparably exaggerated. Even if an ordinary person were to have his karma ignited, it would at most be a small cluster and then it would just keep burning until he died.

Three feet of karma, what concept is this?

Even a vicious great demon would probably not be able to do this.

Lu Zi was entangled in the karmic fire, and he let out a miserable and incomparable sound.

Rolling on the ground in agony

And all this was not caused by Zhu Sheng, but by Lu Zi himself.

"You will do anything to become a saint."

"I had thought that at most you would only plague the Confucian Way, but I never imagined that you would do such a heartless thing."

Zhu Sheng continued to rebuke angrily, and when he reached the end of his sentence, he even walked directly in front of Lu Zi.

He grabbed Lu Zi and lifted him up directly.

His eyes were filled with hatred.

“Look at me.”

Zhu Sheng roared, and Lu Zi trembled, both in excruciating pain and fear from the depths of his soul.

“Zhu Sheng, kill me, kill me.”

Lu Zi let out a voice as he pleaded with Zhu Sheng to kill him and give him a painful death.

“Kill you?”

“Don’t you dare dream.”

“This Saint, today, will suppress you in the abyss for a thousand years, don’t you want to live forever?”

“Then this Saint will seal your will and suffer the pain of a thousand years of karmic fire imposition.”

Zhu Sheng roared.

Now it was impossible for Lu Zi to die if he wanted to, he would suppress Lu Zi’s will and make him taste life as bad as death, and also satisfy his dream of living forever.

With his will sealed, it is tantamount to stilling everything and suffering from karmic fire. No matter who comes, if he breaks Zhu Sheng’s seal, Lu Zi will surely die.

This is the most extreme punishment in the human world.

It is also the most extreme suffering in the human world.

After Lu Zi heard Zhu Sheng’s words, he panicked completely and utterly.

No matter what before, he had never panicked so much.

The Karmic Flame added to the pain he felt was unparalleled.

Not a single minute or second did he want to endure, he wanted to die right now.

But now, he had to endure a thousand years of suffering by himself.

Naturally, he panicked.

A thousand years of torture, this is unbearable pain.

“Sage Zhu, the student is at fault, the student is willing to reshape the will of a gentleman for the world’s readers, I implore the sage to spare me.”

Lu Zi cried out.

Remorse finally appeared in his eyes.

Fear and dread had also finally appeared.

Even when Xu Qingnian had killed him in front of him just now, he had not shown a trace of remorse or fear.

But now he couldn’t hold back.

He couldn’t hold on anymore.

He cried out and begged for mercy, hoping that Zhu Sheng would spare him, not his life, but this kind of punishment.

“Get lost.”

Zhu Sheng roared, and in an instant the holy power coalesced, sealing him in a crystalline piece, before turning into light and disappearing into the sky, suppressing him into the dark abyss.

No one would go to that place for a thousand years, and demons wouldn’t dare to go near it.

Whoever goes there will die.

After all this was done.

Zhu Sheng still found it hard to vent the anger in his heart.

“Kill.”

He roared again.

The power of thunder erupted again, turning into a rain of swords, and the readers who thought they had survived the robbery before were once again slaughtered.

And this time, it was even more vicious than before.

Zhu Sheng sat quietly outside the Palace of Literature.

A slight chill appeared in his gaze.

The fire of karma was still burning around him.

At the same time, Zhu Sheng's voice rang out.

“Shouren.”

“Within how many years, you have the confidence to become a saint.”

Zhu Sheng spoke as he looked at Xu Qingnian and said so.

Just as soon as this was said, Xu Qingnian's expression could not help but change.

When Zhu Sheng asked such a question, it was obvious that he was in trouble.

“Ten years at the earliest.”

Xu Qingnian pondered for a moment, then gave an answer.

Become a saint within ten years.

This was Xu Qingnian's answer, not in a bad way, it was expected in the best direction.

“No.”

“Ten years is not enough time at all.”

“Three years.”

“Shouren, you only have three years left.”

Zhu Sheng spoke, and he took a deep breath, informing Xu Qingnian that he only had three years left.

“Sage, what exactly has happened?”

Xu Qingnian didn't care about three years or ten years, he was now most curious about what had happened.

Zhu Sheng had suddenly disappeared.

Now it suddenly appeared again.

Sealing Lu Zi for a thousand years and torturing him with karmic fire, anyone could see that Zhu Sheng was truly thundering with rage this time.

“Old me knows who is behind this.”

Zhu Sheng gave his reply.

Informing Xu Qingnian.

“Who is it?”

Xu Qingnian looked a little anxious.

He was curious as to who it was that could influence the Palace of Literature and even the Great Wei Dynasty.

“Another saint.”

Zhu Sheng slowly spoke.

With a single word, Xu Qingnian’s expression changed abruptly.

“Another saint?”

“Are there still saints in the current world?”

“That’s impossible, you are the fifth generation of saints, and if there is a saint in the future, heaven and earth have sensed it.”

Xu Qingnian’s first reaction was disbelief.

How could there be any living saints in the current world?

“It’s not a saint of the current generation.”

“It is the fourth generation of saints.”

Zhu Sheng replied.

But this answer caused Xu Qingnian to be struck by lightning even more.

“A fourth generation saint?”

“This How is that possible.”

“If it is really him, hasn’t he lived for close to five thousand years?”

Xu Qingnian really didn’t know what to say.

There were five saints in the Dust Realm.

The first generation of saints, the Great Saints, were extremely distant and were not recorded in history, most of them were just rumours that were difficult to verify.

The second generation of saints, the Thousand Saints, still does not have many historical records, but it is better than the Great Saints, after all, there is a holy site.

The third generation of saints, the saints of all teachers, who wrote books with clear intentions, laid the foundations of all things Confucian, and from the third generation of saints onwards, there was the Palace of Literature, and the lineage of Confucianism flourished.

The fourth generation of saints, the Sage of Ideas, has the central idea of promoting the thought of Confucianism, and the idea of Heaven and Earth, the King and the Teacher, is the idea created by the fourth generation of saints, Li Sheng.

It was precisely because the fourth generation of saints placed heaven and earth first and second, and kings third, that the Confucian lineage flourished, especially in the Middle Continent.

After all, the Middle Continent was the domain of dynasties, and the readers before the Fourth Saint travelled back and forth to various countries to promote the teachings of the saints and the kings.

Spreading the holy will.

But this method hardly allowed Confucianism to truly take off to its heyday. Li Sheng set out the central idea for Confucianism in the world, the king and mother of heaven and earth, leaving behind such impractical things as heaven and earth.

The king comes first, the parents second, and the teacher third.

This was accepted by the world, especially by the kings of all countries, including other powers, who also agreed with this central idea.

This is why the Confucian lineage was so highly valued, and in those days, Confucians were not like they are now.

They respected kings, parents and teachers.

There was even a time when the ruler wanted his subjects to die and they had to die.

For the rulers of the dynasty, the Confucian monarchs of that era were loyal and loyal, and there was absolutely no question of betrayal.

This is why the fourth generation of saints put Confucianism on the road to its heyday.

The greatest thought of Li Sheng was that it was impossible for a Confucian to change the whole world by himself.

But if you join the court as a minister, you will be able to rule the country and secure the world, and you will be able to teach and educate the people and save them from the fire.

The final saint is Zhu Sheng.

The main reason for Zhu Sheng's thinking was that it was difficult to maintain one's heart after Confucianism had entered the officialdom.

As the world came to a halt and peace prevailed, there was a polarisation between those who sang and danced and those who did not eat.

So Zhu Sheng set down morals for the world's gentlemen to restrain their selfish desires.

It is only the fourth generation of saints, close to five thousand years from now.

The life span of a saint is limited to two hundred years.

Zhu Sheng has already passed away.

How could the fourth generation of saints still be alive?

If this was still alive, wouldn't it have lived for five thousand years?

No Immortal Dao practitioner could live for five thousand years, unless they really became immortal.

"It's him."

"The same saint, I can sense it."

"Back then when I became a saint, I also sensed him, only he hid too deeply and I didn't notice, I just sensed something."

"A fourth generation saint who has lived to this day."

"But you need not worry, he cannot come out."

"Having lived for five thousand years, he does not dare to come out, the forces of heaven and earth will not allow a saint to live for five thousand years."

"So he has been hiding behind the scenes, influencing the Confucian lineage."

Zhu Sheng gave his reply, which was considered good news.

“Why is Li Sheng like this?”

“He is a Confucian saint, how could he be like this?”

“What does he want to do?”

Xu Qingnian was really puzzled as he looked at Zhu Sheng, his eyes filled with doubts among them.

He really could not understand why Li Sheng would be like this.

The fourth generation saint had an extremely high reputation.

Even when Zhu Sheng saw it, he had to call himself a student.

He had led the Confucian Dao lineage to the day of its heyday, and he clearly had his heart set on the Confucian Dao, so why would he be like this? To become the real culprit behind the scenes?

Xu Qingnian really found it hard to accept this fact.

He thought of many possibilities.

He even thought that it was the Buddhist One Piece who was behind it.

But what he didn't expect was that the real person behind the scenes was actually the Fourth Generation Saint.

In an instant, a terrifying pressure came upon him, and Xu Qingnian felt an unprecedented pressure.

“Eternal Life.”

Zhu Sheng slowly spoke.

There was a calmness among his eyes, but he also spoke the truth.

Why was Li Sheng like this?

The word longevity was the only thing.

It could make the world move.

It could make such a being give up everything.

Xu Qingnian was silent.

And Zhu Sheng's figure faded somewhat.

At that moment, Zhu Sheng did not babble and spoke directly.

“Shouren, just now, I fought with him, and everything is as I guessed, he cannot strike anymore, he can only hide in the shadows.”

“The longer the life span, the harder the suppression by heaven and earth, especially for a saint, heaven and earth will not allow a saint to live for five thousand years.”

“But his plans are too big.”

“It has a great deal to do with the immortal corpse, I fought him, he was not as strong as me and was eroded by the years.”

“Except that he has lived for five thousand years and has too much power, and Confucianism is definitely not his pawn.”

“Today, the founding of the Hao Ran Dynasty, whether it succeeds or not, will not affect his plans.”

“There are only two ways to go if you want to settle him once and for all.”

Zhu Sheng spoke extremely fast, informing Xu Qingnian of these peculiar secrets.

“Please speak clearly, Sage.”

Xu Qingnian asked.

“One, find his exact location, bring two First Classes, and put him to death.”

“Two, unify the Central Continent and unite the Dragon Cauldron of the Central Continent, in this way, Great Wei will be completely prosperous and the future of the First Grade will not be extinct.”

“There are also huge benefits for you, now you are carrying half of the national fortune of Great Wei, if you coalesce the Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent, you can achieve sainthood with the will of the people.”

“Once you become a saint, then all calculations will vanish into thin air.”

“But there is not enough time.”

“I will suppress the demons of heaven and earth with the Palace of Literature later, so I can only buy you three years.”

“Within these three years, even if the demons want to unrest, it will not lead to a great disaster, at most there will only be some trouble, which should be solved by relying on the Immortal Sect.”

“But after three years, the demons will be in complete turmoil.”

“So, you only have three years to either find the exact hiding place of the fourth generation saint and kill him.”

“Or, the Central Continent will be unified, and you will be able to achieve the sixth generation of saints in one fell swoop with the help of the country’s luck.”

“Otherwise, in three years’ time, the demons will scour the world and bring endless trouble by then.”

“Li Sheng’s plans are too big.”

“If we let him succeed in his plan, there will be a mountain of corpses.”

“Moreover, I can guess that his next step is to get his hands on the Great Wei.”

“It is unlikely that he will allow Wei to coalesce the Dragon Cauldron of the Central Continent, or that he will allow a designated person to inherit the throne of Wei and steal the country’s fortune.”

“There is also the Buddhist Sect, no matter what, they cannot be allowed to enter the Middle Continent.”

“Behind this matter, the Buddhist Sect must be involved.”

“Find the remaining True Spirit Holy Will.”

“At a critical moment, it can turn the tide of battle.”

“Understood?”

Zhu Sheng opened his mouth, he was running out of time.

He told Xu Qingnian everything he knew.

The next moment.

His body, transformed into a radiant light.

The entire Palace of Literature, too, trembled and glowed.

The Eight Jade Sacred Ruler and the Hao Ran Wen Zhong appeared behind Xu Qingnian.

And with a booming sound.

The Palace of Literature rose into the sky.

Underneath the Palace of Literature.

Xu Qingnian's expression, however, looked incomparably silent.

Awaken Chapter 229 -

The Hordes.

As the Palace of Literature rises.

In an instant.

A billion rays of light blossomed out.

Suppressing the demons of heaven and earth.

This was the only thing Zhu Sheng could do.

“Shouren.”

“Remember, the old man can only suppress it for three years.”

“Find his true hiding place and put him to death.”

“Or unify the Central Continent, unite the Dragon Cauldron of the Central Continent, and achieve sainthood, then all schemes and tricks will be useless to you.”

This was Zhu Sheng's final voice.

As this voice reached his ears after.

Everything was silenced.

The holy might disappeared.

The visions disappeared.

In its place was peace.

The Palace of Literature had also disappeared, to an unknown destination.

The Zhu Sheng lineage, too, had completely fallen, and the main 80% of the readers had been cleansed by Zhu Sheng on that day.

This event will forever be recorded in the history books.

At this moment.

Everyone was standing in place, and the gazes of the crowd looked a little odd.

They had both some shock and some indescribable peculiarities.

Originally, this day should have been the day the Hao Ran Dynasty was founded, but what they didn't expect was that before the country was built, the Palace of Literature was lost first.

This scene was extremely dramatic.

It left all the guests silent.

And this time, it was not Xu Qingnian, but Zhu Sheng.

Zhu Sheng was too ruthless.

The lineage of disciples, 80% of whom were killed off, and the remaining 20%, belonged to the kind of people who studied properly and were not involved in any right or wrong, and were considered proper readers.

It was precisely because of this that they survived.

Looking at the disappearing Zhu Sheng.

Xu Qingnian's expression, however, looked very silent.

For most people in the world, in their opinion, although Zhu Sheng had killed a group of scholars, he had used his body to suppress the demons, which was considered to have stabilised the peace of the world.

But to Xu Qingnian, an unprecedented pressure had come upon him.

The fourth generation saint was the one behind the curtain.

It had lived for five thousand years.

But now there were several questions before Xu Qingnian.

Why could he live for five thousand years?

What exactly was he plotting?

The only information Zhu Sheng gave was that it had something to do with the immortal corpse.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian took a long breath, too many mysteries had arisen.

Right now, although he had learned that the person behind the plot was a fourth-generation saint, it did not help, not knowing where the other party was located and unable to kill it and solve the scourge once and for all.

“We have to go back and discuss with His Majesty.”

Xu Qingnian took a deep breath, he knew he could not linger, many things had to be discussed back.

It was difficult to resist by himself alone.

So it was.

Xu Qingnian looked at Lu Ziyang and the others and said.

“Gentlemen, Mister Xu will first retire and return to the Great Wei Dynasty.”

“If you are all willing, you can come to Great Wei some day, and I will definitely offer my hospitality.”

Xu Qingnian spoke, Lu Ziyang, Zhan Long, Chen Yu, Wang Fei a few people are very good, Zi ah key moment for his own voice, this alone, Xu Qingnian is willing to befriend the people.

“Good, in a couple of days I will go to Great Wei Kyoto and visit Brother Xu.”

“En, come and visit in person then.”

“Don’t worry, Brother Xu, I will definitely come and bother you.”

The crowd laughed and said.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian did not nag and left directly, but as he was leaving, he glanced at the people from the Buddhist Sect, who all did not look good, while Xu Qingnian’s gaze was also slightly cold.

Only, Xu Qingnian didn't talk nonsense as he arrived outside the city, stepped onto the dragon boat and set off to fly towards Great Wei.

As Xu Qingnian left.

The crowd also gradually retreated

The originally prosperous Wen Sheng City had now become devastated in less than half a day, such was the power of a saint.

This is the power of a saint. It makes people sigh and feel a little impractical.

It is also somewhat breathless when you think about it.

The bottom card of the Great Wei Palace of Literature, which was to revive the Vermilion Saint, turned out to be the trigger for the destruction of the Palace of Literature.

This is really true to the saying.

You never know who will come first, the future or the unexpected.

As powerful as the Palace of Literature, they probably could not have imagined that one day, they would die at the hands of Zhu Sheng.

This was really ridiculous.

Meanwhile.

On the dragon boat.

Xu Qingnian sat quietly within the dragon boat.

He sat cross-legged, while his mind sank into the Heaven and Earth Literature Palace at the first opportunity.

The Palace of Heaven and Earth Literature.

Chao Ge and the others had already seen what was happening outside.

In fact, they were filled with consternation at the fact that the person behind the curtain was a fourth-generation Man Sage.

"I have met all the brothers and sisters."

Xu Qingnian bowed towards the crowd.

“Magnanimous Brother Shouren, don’t be so polite.”

Chao Ge was the first to speak, and then did not beat around the bush much, but looked towards Xu Qingnian and said.

“This matter, it still feels odd.”

Chao Ge spoke out directly, he frowned and felt that the whole thing was still a bit odd.

“Brother, please speak.”

Xu Qingnian was somewhat curious and looked at Chao Ge.

“Who the fourth generation saint is, my brother doesn’t know and doesn’t really understand.”

“Just how did he live for five thousand years? Is it possible that he is like us and his will is stored in the Palace of Literature?”

Chao Ge stated the first point of doubt.

Five thousand years.

How long was that?

Chao Ge and the others, who were disciples of the first Great Sage, did not live for five thousand years either, except that their wills were sealed in the Palace of Literature and were not part of being alive.

Rather, the thoughts survived.

“It should not be possible, if the will survives in the Palace of Literature, how can the Vermilion Saint strike him?”

“He is still alive and is the original body, but after living for five thousand years like this, it is really inconceivable that there is any way.”

Broken Evil followed suit, and he rejected Chao Ge’s conjecture outright, after all, just now Zhu Sheng had actually fought with Li Sheng.

It had almost put Li Sheng to death.

So there was no such thing as just a consciousness, but rather an essence, or at least a true spirit body.

“You can’t say that, when you reach the Holy Realm, you are exposed to different things.”

“Perhaps there are other methods that have kept him alive until now, except that he paid a high price, not being able to defeat a single spiritual body of Zhu Sheng is proof enough that he has lost the power of a saint.”

“Unable to control the power of heaven and earth, otherwise, where would he need to hide in the shadows? As for taking so much trouble? Making so much out of it?”

The only woman in the Palace of Literature spoke up, and she did not approve of what the crowd was saying.

But the only thing she was certain of was that Li Sheng’s strength, which would not be very strong, was not that of a complete saint, but possessed partial saint power.

“En, this is true.”

“However, sometimes you can’t trust anyone completely.”

“Shouren, I don’t mean anything else, you’ve become a half-saint, the next step is a sub-saint, now you are already considered the strongest group of people in this heaven and earth.”

“You have to have your own judgement, there are many things that you have to investigate clearly on your own, just listen to half of anything and think it over yourself.”

Chao Ge reminded.

Let Xu Qingnian think properly on his own, not listen to everything from others.

“En, my humble brother understands, thank you for your guidance.”

Xu Qingnian nodded his head, a point he kept in mind.

“But there is one thing, what Zhu Sheng said is not wrong at all.”

“You don’t have much time left, his true spirit body can only suppress the world for three years, but after three years, it’s unclear what will happen.”

“The Confucian lineage has been cut too hard, although this group of readers, each one of them does not look like Confucian, but they are still readers after all, and they have the power of Haozheng within them.”

“This power can suppress evil spirits, and now that 80% of them have been cut down by Zhu Sheng, I am afraid that there will be endless trouble in the future.”

“It’s only three years’ time, it’s almost impossible for you to become a saint.”

Chao Ge said with an extremely serious expression.

He was not being alarmist.

It might seem that these readers felt of little use, but in reality, the Haozheng Qi in their bodies would coalesce into supreme Yang power, and now the Confucian lineage had been decimated.

When Zhu Sheng used his true spirit to suppress the demons in the world, he was actually suppressing the supreme yin power.

Otherwise, once the yang power is sharply reduced, the yin power will be devoured crazily, thus giving birth to countless evil spirits.

Such things as evil spirits are not just demons, but a kind of resentment that affects the mood of all things, which involves a lot of karmic talk.

It is like, you see a spiritual medicine, you want to take it, only to find that there are demonic beasts guarding it, you go to a lot of trouble to take it, however, someone appears and intercepts your treasure, you have endless hatred and develop a vengeful mindset to practice evil kung fu, or become a lackey of the demon and kill his whole family.

Such is the effect of yin power.

Or perhaps someone who is cultivating has originally set his mind at ease and intends to cultivate as he pleases, but finds that someone else, through some unknown means, has suddenly made a breakthrough, and now that he cannot bear it, he tries every possible way to raise his cultivation level.

At the same time, one will also suspect whether the other party is practising a foreign art or a magic technique, and eventually keep consoling oneself and take a path of no return.

This is what happens when Yin power is enhanced, not that countless demons are born in an instant.

If one wants to suppress the yin power, one must become a saint.

The Confucian lineage is extremely important, and with 80% of the Zhu Sheng lineage dead, it equates to only about 30% of the world’s Confucian readers, a sharp reduction of 70%.

Who would believe it if one were to say that nothing would go wrong?

“It is impossible to become a saint in three years.”

“Forced sainthood has only disadvantages and no benefits, and it is extremely easy to become a false saint.”

The old man spoke up as he said one thing.

When this was said, the crowd could not help but look at him, curiosity in their eyes.

“Pseudo-saint?”

The crowd was a little unclear as to what this meant.

And the latter frowned and said, “I’m not particularly sure, but what I do know is that the Great Sage is not really the first saint.”

“There was another saint before him, both in realm and strength, who was like a saint, but he was not a true saint, but a false saint, it was because that person was eager to attack and achieve sainthood at the fastest speed.”

“Preempting the Great Sage by one step, he eventually lost his form and spirit and went completely mad.”

The old man spoke.

“There’s still such a thing?”

“So that’s how it is.”

“Then Shouren, you should not be too hasty, even if the world is in chaos in three years, but it will not be chaotic all at once, there will always be time to wait.”

“En-uh, if there is such a thing as a false saint, it is better not to rush, think about it, where is the saint who becomes a saint to rush out.”

The crowd nodded their heads and also comforted Xu Qingnian, telling him not to be anxious.

“My younger brother understands.”

Xu Qingnian nodded, he was not stupid and naturally understood the truth of plucking seedlings to help them grow.

“However, if we get the Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent, then all will be said and done.”

Suddenly, someone spoke up, and it was the scholarly-looking man.

“The Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent is rumoured to have an extraordinary origin, representing the world’s qi. If you can really condense the Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent, Shouren, not to mention becoming a saint, you can even surpass a saint with the help of the Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent.”

“To become the first saint of the ancient and modern world.”

His voice was calm, but his gaze was incomparably certain, he said.

“The first saint of the ancient and modern worlds?”

Xu Qingnian was a little curious, and the crowd couldn’t help but be curious too.

These five people all had great origins and knew some secrets to a certain extent, but most of their memories had been sealed away.

Now that they had heard the other side say this, how could the crowd not be curious?

“En.”

“The Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent is a cohesive object of the world’s qi, and there are immeasurable benefits to holding the Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent, and becoming a saint is a trivial matter.”

“But the exact thing, I’m not sure, it’s likely to be related to immortality.”

“The Five Great Immortal Weapons, are not legends, and the Middle Continent has been a place of attention for the world’s powers since ancient times, Shouren, although it may be a little unrealistic to say.”

“But if you can really condense the Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent within three years, you will become a saint, and the first saint to travel between the ancient and modern worlds.”

“At that time, all the conspiracies and tricks, all the black hands behind the curtain, will all be floating clouds.”

He said with a serious expression.

He held the Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent in extremely high esteem.

“Is this Dragon Cauldron really that strong?”

Some people were curious, after all, according to what he meant, mastering the Midcontinent Dragon Cauldron would enable him to control the world in general.

“En, this object is so significant that there are many legends, and I have some memories in my mind that it is extremely possible to break through to the first rank by obtaining the Midcontinent Dragon Cauldron.”

“Of course, these are all rumours, I’m not sure how exactly.”

The other party replied thus.

It left the crowd at a loss for what to say.

But when they thought about it, there was indeed some basis for it.

After all, the Central Continent had been a place of concern for the world’s powers since ancient times, and there had always been such rumours in the Central Continent.

There was a certain possibility, but it was unclear exactly how.

After all, the Zhongzhou Dragon Tripod had never appeared until now.

No one had been heard of who could unify the Middle Continent.

“If you want to obtain the Midcontinent Dragon Cauldron, the first step is to unify the Midcontinent, only it’s a difficult process.”

“It’s not just the strength of a dynasty, but more to the point, none of the world’s powers will allow a single dominant power.”

Chao Ge spoke up as he made his judgement.

Xu Qingnian nodded, this was something he knew even better.

Nowadays, there were three major kingdoms in the Central Continent.

The Great Wei Dynasty, the Sudden Evil Dynasty, and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty.

Although the Wei Dynasty is now flourishing and will become the first of the three kingdoms in a few years.

But the problem is that it is still too difficult to unify Central China.

Once the Great Wei Dynasty tries to attack the Primordial Dynasty, then the Sudden Evil Dynasty will certainly try to help the Primordial Dynasty in any way possible.

Unless the Great Wei Dynasty and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty can drag each other down, the other dynasty will definitely not sit idly by as the war becomes lopsided.

Everyone knows the principle of the coldness of the teeth and the coldness of the lips.

Therefore, if the Great Wei Dynasty wanted to unify the Central Continent, it would inevitably have to declare war on the two dynasties in one breath and wipe them out in one fell swoop.

But this was almost impossible.

Unless the First Class was used.

But the problem is that other people also have a First Class, so what can you do to fight them?

This is an insurmountable dilemma.

It is also a conundrum that has remained unsolved for tens of thousands of years in the Middle Continent. Throughout the ages, the Middle Continent has given birth to an unknown number of dynasties that have kept each other in check.

No one has been able to unify the mountains and rivers.

But the seemingly unsolvable problem is not really unsolvable.

Absolute force coupled with all sorts of power and strategy will give us a chance to achieve unification.

Absolute force is simple.

Great Wei must have more than five first rankers.

The Sudden Evil Dynasty and the Primordial Yuan Dynasty have two, but there are definitely more than two First Grade martial artists in this world, and when Great Wei really declares war.

When Great Wei declares war, how can the powers of the world not come to the aid of the Sudden Evil and Primordial Yuan dynasties?

Five or more First Grade powerhouses would be able to stop these existences.

But to give birth to five First Classes is really a delusion.

Especially within these three years.

It was simply not possible.

Only Xu Qingnian had another way.

Five First Classes, it couldn't be done.

But something like a cannon could be used instead.

Without using the One Piece again, the cannon could solve everything.

Everything within range was the truth.

At the very least, one could see hope.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian withdrew his mind, and after a few more small talk with the crowd, he left the middle of the Heaven and Earth Cultural Palace.

He still had many things to do.

The dragon boat accelerated extremely hard.

Three hours later.

Xu Qingnian returned to the Great Wei Dynasty.

Without any hesitation, Xu Qingnian went straight to the Imperial Palace.

“See the King.”

“See you, Your Majesty.”

Stepping out from the royal residence, Xu Qingnian walked all the way towards the imperial palace.

The guards along the way paid homage to Xu Qingnian, and they were naturally aware of what had happened in the Hao Ran Dynasty.

They admired and worshipped Xu Qingnian even more.

Just like that, Xu Qingnian arrived outside the palace, he did not need to report and could enter the palace directly.

“Your Majesty, His Majesty is conferring with the hundred officials in the main hall, His Majesty has asked his servant to speak to you, if you arrive, enter the palace quickly.”

A eunuch from within the palace came straight away to inform Xu Qingnian of these matters.

“Good.”

Xu Qingnian nodded and then went straight to the middle of the main hall.

At this moment.

Inside the main hall.

The empress was sitting on the dragon chair.

A hundred officials had gathered and were discussing matters.

The destruction of the Hao Ran Dynasty was a good thing for the Great Wei, and it was a vicious blow.

But the destruction of the Confucian lineage had become another problem.

They knew better than anyone else the role of the Confucians, not only in strengthening the country's fortunes, but also in suppressing the evil spirits of heaven and earth.

Now that so many Confucianists have been killed, leaving only a few roots, a great disaster is bound to occur.

The good thing is that Zhu Sheng has suppressed the world for three years, giving the world three years of time to do so.

Now all the major powers in the world are planning for what will happen in three years' time.

It is impossible for the Great Wei Dynasty not to lay out a good plan to come.

After all, for a dynasty, three years was really not much time.

It was also at this moment that a voice rang out.

“Your Majesty, the King of Ping Chaos is here to see you.”

As the voice rang out, all the officials within the hall looked out of the hall.

“Quickly invite the King of Ping Chaos into the hall.”

The empress spoke, her brow had been furrowed, and when she heard that Xu Qingnian had arrived, the empress could not help but stretch her brow.

In fact, to the entire Great Wei court.

Xu Qingnian seemed to have magic powers.

Whenever she heard that Xu Qingnian had arrived, she somehow felt that things were not so difficult.

The main reason for this is that everything Xu Qingnian has done over the past year has been unbelievable.

All of them were impossible to reverse, but they were all reversed by Xu Qingnian.

Especially this time with the Haoran Dynasty, everyone was worried about Xu Qingnian, thinking that the Haoran Dynasty must have a bottom card.

But to their surprise, Xu Qingnian was able to turn his defeat into a victory even though Zhu Sheng had been revived by the Haoran Dynasty.

How could anyone not feel at ease?

“I, Xu Qingnian, pay my respects to Your Majesty.”

Stepping inside the great hall.

Xu Qingnian bowed towards the empress.

“Your Majesty, please excuse yourself.”

Looking at Xu Qingnian, the empress' eyes showed a flash of joy, but she quickly hid it again.

However, this scene was also seen by the ministers.

In particular, the six ministers, and the Duke of An and others, all smiled inexplicably.

This was good.

“Your Majesty.”

“You have come just in time, now we are discussing what will happen in three years' time.”

“You happen to have some ideas for His Majesty.”

Chen Zhengru was the first to speak up, informing Xu Qingnian of the purpose of this court meeting.

Now that Zhu Sheng had suppressed the demons in the world for three years and sealed the growth of Yin power, but to the people of the world, everyone only had three years.

If these three years are done well, even if there is any trouble in the future, Great Wei will be able to get through it safely.

Hearing Chen Zhengru speak in this way, Xu Qingnian nodded and then looked at the empress and said.

“Your Majesty.”

“I have rushed here at great speed, and it is for this matter.”

“It just so happens that all the state ministers are here, so I will also speak directly.”

“Great Wei is about to set its national policy.”

Xu Qingnian spoke.

He had pondered for several hours in the middle of the dragon boat.

He was certain of one thing.

That was that Great Wei was going to set a national policy.

When this was said, the officials were a little surprised, but the empress looked very calm and looked at Xu Qingnian and said.

“Aiqing speak straightforwardly.”

As the empress opened her mouth.

Xu Qingnian also did not cover up anything.

“Your Majesty, now that the Hao Ran Dynasty has been overthrown and the Wen Gong lineage has been killed by Zhu Sheng, there are only about 30% of the scholars left under the sky.”

“In three years’ time, there will be a great change in heaven and earth, demons will be out in force, and many woes will arise.”

“This matter seems to be a crisis, but I believe that this matter is a once-in-a-lifetime good opportunity for Great Wei.”

Xu Qingnian said with an unmistakable expression of certainty.

In an instant, all the officials were in an uproar, and the ministers did not understand what Xu Qingnian meant by these words.

In their eyes, it seemed that so many things had happened, especially since the Confucian lineage had been killed so cleanly.

Xu Qingnian even said that this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity?

This was somewhat odd.

The thinking was too jumpy for them to accept all of a sudden.

Sensing the doubts of the hundred officials.

Xu Qingnian did not hide, but looked at the empress and continued to speak.

“In three years’ time, the world is bound to be in turmoil, and both the Middle Continent and other continental lands will be affected by heaven and earth.”

“This is a great crisis, but if within these three years, the Great Wei Dynasty is able to complete its metamorphosis and return to its heyday, or even exceed it, it is highly likely to remain unaffected.”

“On the contrary, the Sudden Evil Dynasty, the Primordial Yuan Dynasty, and even the other great continental lands will probably be bruised and broken in the midst of this great tribulation.”

“With this and the other, the Great Wei Dynasty will be able to surpass all the powers in the world without having to pay any price.”

“At that time, whether it is the Sudden Evil Dynasty or the Primordial Yuan Dynasty, as long as Great Wei is willing, it can annex everything.”

Xu Qingnian said in a calm tone.

But after these words were spoken, they caused an uproar in the court.

“How is this possible?”

“A unification of the Central Continent?”

“Hiss, the King of Ping Chaos is really daring to think.”

The crowd was shocked, they really did not expect that Xu Qingnian’s goal was to take advantage of this great chaos in heaven and earth.

In one fell swoop, he had annexed the Primordial Yuan Dynasty and the Sudden Evil Dynasty.

Not to mention the hundred officials.

Even the empress, after hearing Xu Qingnian's plan, could not help but reveal a shocked expression.

At this court meeting, the main issue that was discussed was how to prepare for the rebellion in Heaven and Earth three years later.

But what Xu Qingnian was thinking was how to use this opportunity to annex the Primordial Yuan and Sudden Evil Dynasties in one fell swoop.

Inexplicably, the crowd suddenly understood why Xu Qingnian had been able to become a king and a saint in just one year.

"Aiqing, continue."

However, the empress still allowed Xu Qingnian to continue.

"The Great Wei Dynasty, after the chaos of the Northern Expedition, the country is in turmoil, and there is a shortage of silver and people."

"But several decades have passed since the Northern Expedition, and the people's roots have been partially restored, with no more than a problem of food."

"Nowadays, Great Wei has enough cantonal grain, and with the various seeds that have appeared, there is enough for the people of Great Wei to eat and drink."

"Although the time is not really ripe, Great Wei already has the capital to conquer the Central Continent."

"The three years at hand are extremely important to Great Wei, and if every move is made correctly, these three years will be worth thirty years."

"The imperial court will do whatever it takes to emphasise the work, agriculture, heavy industry and commerce, and within three years the people of Great Wei will have enough to eat and drink and will actually feel the transformation of the country, and by then the people of Great Wei will have built up their confidence."

"Even if the world is in chaos, what can be done? The ruler and the people of Great Wei are one, and no turmoil can stop Great Wei from moving forward."

"The opinion of my subjects."

“Three years of development, three years of subduing chaos, three years of rest and recuperation, and the tenth year of raising an army to conquer the world.”

Xu Qingnian’s voice was calm, but his words were deafening.

This was Xu Qingnian’s plan.

With enough food in Great Wei now, one should do one’s best to develop, not thinking about the future or not, just develop.

Talent selection in all areas, merit will be rewarded and demerits will be punished.

Agriculture must also be developed to the best of its ability. All good fields must not be abandoned, and all deserted fields must be used again.

In the past three years, Xu Qingnian’s focus has been on the Ministry of Industry, which must develop war weapons.

Otherwise, if we rely on conventional warfare, it would be a delusion to unify the Central State.

For the Great Wei Dynasty, the Ministry of Agriculture was a priority, but for Xu Qingnian, the Ministry of Industry was a priority.

Great Wei had to unify the Central Continent.

Whether or not after unification, Great Wei would coalesce the Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent, but carrying half of Great Wei’s national fortune would naturally be of great benefit.

Unification of the Central Continent.

This was Xu Qingnian’s goal now.

Becoming a saint was somewhat illusory, at least in three years, and Xu Qingnian could not do it.

However, it was difficult to achieve sainthood, but Xu Qingnian had some confidence in the martial dao. As long as he obtained the Eight Treasures Buddha Lotus, Xu Qingnian could break through to the second rank in one breath with the help of the supernatural arts.

Then, with the power of the Dan Shen Ancient Scripture, he could break through to the first rank.

This could be done within three years.

Only, the price to be paid was not expected to be small.

“Dare I ask Your Majesty, three years of development, how far will it go?”

“And what does three years of subduing chaos mean?”

Someone spoke up and asked Xu Qingnian.

Although the slogan sounded very good, but the hundred officials were not rash, the development of the country, how could it be achieved by shouting two slogans?

“Within three years, Great Wei will no longer worry about food, the people will be well clothed and well fed, as long as they are willing to work, they will have enough to eat and drink.”

Xu Qingnian gave his answer, and this was the goal of the three-year development.

At the very least, the people must be well fed and clothed to be considered a success.

That is why the Great Wei needs to focus on agriculture.

Putting the emphasis on agriculture in second place, because talent selection always comes first, without good talent to guide, burying one’s head in the fields is definitely not going to work.

“The three-year suppression of chaos, on the other hand, is to suppress internal unrest, and as for what it is, I think you all should understand.”

Xu Qingnian spoke in a calm tone, but the meaning of this was clear.

In reality, it was the suppression of the impending chaos in heaven and earth, as well as the resolution of the rebellion of the vassal kings.

To complete internal stability, which of course would probably include the Immortal Sect as well as other forces.

After all, the Immortal Sect has entered Great Wei, and for the time being, the disciples of the Immortal Sect are fine, working honestly for Great Wei, but who knows what will happen in the future?

Let’s wait for three years and wait for Great Wei to develop completely before slowly solving internal problems.

In fact, this town is in turmoil for three years, but also for continued development.

The three years of development is to keep the people fed and watered.

The three years of suppressing chaos was to make Great Wei rich, and once the people were well fed and watered, then the country should also start to become rich.

The last three years of rest and recuperation was to do all the planning.

The transfer of troops, the laying out of wars, all sorts of things, had to be planned in extreme detail, even to the extent of sending people to turn against them, and to measure the enemy's situation.

These must be done, even now, by sending men to infiltrate the enemy's country and use the three years of rest and recuperation to set the strategy.

Then in the tenth year, conquer the world.

This is Xu Qingnian's plan.

It was also Xu Qingnian's national policy for Great Wei.

At this moment.

All the officials were silent, even the six ministers looked silent.

It was not that they did not believe in Xu Qingnian, but the national policy was too significant and needed to be considered in the long run.

The main reason was still one thing.

Xu Qingnian only stated a concept, how to implement it, how to deal with it, all these things Xu Qingnian did not say.

It is almost impossible to set a national policy with one's own power.

The empress can't even do that.

They all needed to be considered in the long run.

But Xu Qingnian had no intention of getting the hundred officials to agree, he was just voicing the idea.

And at that very moment.

This moment.

The Empress could see Xu Qingnian's meaning.

“Xu Aiqing, this matter needs to be considered in the long run, please also write a strategy.”

The Empress spoke out and said so.

“My servant, accept the order.”

Xu Qingnian nodded her head.

The empress then continued to speak.

“Since this is the case, then let’s retire from the court, Aiqing Xu, I will wait for you in the Hall of Nourishing Heart to discuss something.”

After saying this, the empress rose.

She announced the withdrawal of the court, but told Xu Qingnian to wait for her in the Hall of the Nurtured Heart.

There were some matters that only the two of them could discuss, and as long as the Empress agreed, then things would be much easier to do.

At that moment, all the people retired from the court.

Xu Qingnian also followed the ministers and left, but Chen Zhengru’s voice immediately rang out.

“Your Majesty, if you have nothing to do in a few days, come to the Ministry of Officials.”

“I have prepared the finest tea and would like to talk to you.”

Chen Zhengru spoke, and in the official world, he naturally addressed Xu Qingnian as Your Majesty.

“Good.”

Xu Qingnian nodded, he also had something to talk to Chen Zhengru about.

Soon, Xu Qingnian walked towards the Hall of the Raising Heart.

About two quarters of an hour later.

Outside the Hall of the Raising Heart.

Zhao Wan’er’s figure stepped out from inside.

“Your Majesty, His Majesty invites you to enter.”

Zhao Wan'er opened her mouth and said so towards Xu Qingnian.

“En.”

Xu Qingnian smiled gently at Zhao Wan'er and immediately walked inside the Hall of Nurtured Hearts.

Just before he could open his mouth, Ji Ling's voice rang out.

“Shouren, no need to be polite.”

“I am looking for you today because I have a few things to discuss with you.”

“Let's start with the first matter.”

“Can you be more specific about the things you said in the courtroom today?”

The empress opened her mouth and looked at Xu Qingnian and asked.

Xu Qingnian had come up to set the national policy, which made the empress understand the seriousness of the matter, otherwise, according to someone as strict as Xu Qingnian, she would not have been so rash.

“Your Majesty.”

“It is not by chance that I am proposing a national policy today.”

“At present, there is no more time to waste in Wei.

Xu Qingnian spoke up, informing the empress of the matter of the black hand behind the curtain.

When this was said, the Empress immediately looked somewhat curious.

“Who is it?”

“The fourth generation saint.”

Xu Qingnian opened her mouth, but it was a voice transmission, informing the Female Emperor alone.

In an instant, the female emperor's expression changed.

“This cannot be.”

Her reaction was fierce, just as Xu Qingnian had before.

It wasn't that she couldn't sulk.

Rather, it would not have occurred to her that the person behind the curtain was a fourth-generation saint, which was like saying, again, that the person behind the curtain was the Great Wei Tai Zu.

The fourth-generation saint was born five thousand years ago.

If he was the mastermind behind the curtain, then had he not lived for five thousand years?

The empress stood up as she looked towards Xu Qingnian, but the latter looked incomparably calm, which left her at a loss for what to say for a moment.

“He has lived for five thousand years, he has too many layouts, the Great Wei Dynasty may have been infiltrated by him as well.”

“The courtiers in the dynasty are fine, he doesn't dare to extend his hand within the court so blatantly yet, but of course there's no complete guarantee that there won't be any of his people within the dynasty.”

“But I feel even more that there are definitely his people in the vassal kings everywhere.”

“Therefore, the matters I have raised in the court today are mainly directed at the vassal kings everywhere.”

“Earlier, Your Majesty said that behind your ascension to the throne, there was the support of the vassal kings.”

“I have thought about it day and night, but I could not understand why the vassal kings supported His Majesty's ascension to the throne.”

“Now I may have understood some of it.”

Xu Qingnian spoke up and said so.

“Aiqing speak straightforwardly.”

The empress was also curious about this point, she had thought about it for a long time and could not understand it, now she could not help but look at Xu Qingnian, her eyes full of curiosity.

“The clan kings support His Majesty’s ascension to the throne, I think it is because His Majesty is in the body of a woman.”

“As long as His Majesty ascends to the throne, it is bound to stir up all sorts of gossip, and in their opinion, it will not be a difficult task to take over His Majesty’s throne, especially since the Great Wei Dynasty was also experiencing many crises at that time.”

“By allowing His Majesty to ascend the throne, there also existed the possibility of making His Majesty bear the scorn of the people, but the real purpose was the fortunes of the country.”

Xu Qingnian said slowly.

“National luck?”

For a moment, the empress was somewhat curious.

“En.”

“The most magnificent power in the Central Continent is the national luck, and if Li Sheng is truly behind the curtain, everything he does revolves around longevity.”

“And what the method of longevity is, I don’t know, but it’s definitely not something unusual, but it’s hard to guess exactly what it is, so I’ll use the simplest method to guess.”

“Superpowers.”

“Li Sheng wants to advance to Super Grade, so that he might be able to break the lifespan shackle.”

“And in the six major systems, no one has ever arrived at the realm of Super Grade, it’s not even easy to say if there is such a realm.”

“But for so many years, no one has achieved the Super Grade, which means that the realm of Super Grade is not something that can be achieved by human hands, it requires the power of Heaven and Earth.”

“The national luck is the most abundant heaven and earth power among all heaven and earth powers.”

“Then I deduce that Li Sheng has set his eyes on Great Wei’s national luck, and because of this, Li Sheng’s plan should be to have His Majesty ascend to the throne, and then, make Great Wei a mess, and the people’s resentment will be placed on His Majesty.”

“When the time is ripe, the vassal kings from all over the world will rise up, and eventually someone will succeed in their rebellion and become the new emperor of Great Wei with the help of Li Sheng’s power.”

As Xu Qingnian spoke here, he took a deep breath before continuing to speak.

“At that time, Li Sheng will use his power to give aid to Great Wei with all kinds of food, making the country peaceful and the people fed, and the tripod of the country’s fortunes will be completely solid.”

“In this way, he will then steal the Great Wei’s national luck and use it for breakthroughs or for other things.”

After saying these words.

Xu Qingnian was silent.

This was his guess.

The reason why he could think of this was entirely because of what Chao Ge and the others had said.

The Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent could make itself the number one saint of the ancient and modern worlds.

And what was the Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent? It is the ultimate metamorphosis of the country’s fortunes.

What was it that Li Sheng was plotting? Most likely it is this object. He needs the Dragon Cauldron of the Middle Continent to advance to the superlative level.

To achieve immortality.

Of course, all of this was Xu Qingnian’s own speculation.

How exactly.

Xu Qingnian was not sure.

But this guess was highly probable.

At this moment.

The Empress was silent.

She sat down again on the dragon chair, and for a moment, she did not know what to say.

After a few moments.

The Empress looked at Xu Qingnian.

“What does Aiqing mean?”

The Empress asked the crucial question.

“Rectify Great Wei.”

“At all costs.”

“There is only one voice.”

Xu Qingnian said in an icy tone.

Great Wei needed to centralise power now.

Purge Great Wei of all party members and centralise imperial power so that Li Sheng’s forces could be effectively prevented from infiltrating.

Since the other party was coming for the national luck.

Then Great Wei must be tidied up and cleaned up, and must also be on guard.

Otherwise, everything that was done would be working for someone else in disguise.

At this moment.

The empress also completely understood why Xu Qingnian was acting this way today.

She closed her eyes.

She began to think about these things.

For a full half an hour.

Finally, the empress made a decision.

“Ai Qing, I beg you to formulate a national policy in these few days.”

This was the Empress’s reply.

She had thought about it for half an hour and finally made up her mind.

What Xu Qingnian had said was exactly right.

It was highly likely that the other side was plotting the fate of the Great Wei state.

If this was indeed the case, this would be a great trouble for Great Wei.

We absolutely could not just sit back and wait for death.

In Xu Qingnian's words.

Great Wei would have to accelerate its development across the board.

"My servant, I obey the order."

Xu Qingnian gave his reply.

And at the same time.

Inside the Tianzhu Temple.

The Mahayana Treasure Hall.

Four divine monks but sitting quietly in the middle of the treasure hall.

An old monk, on the other hand, sat in front of them with a calm expression.

The whole hall was very depressing and quiet.

Not a single person spoke.

A long time passed.

Finally, a voice rang out.

It broke the silence.

"Amitabha Buddha."

"Dare to ask the abbot."

"Where did the karmic fire on the half-saint come from today, in the Hao Ran Dynasty?"

The voices rang out.

It made the great hall even quieter.

Awaken Chapter 230 -

West Island.

Tianzhu Temple.

The Mahayana Treasure Hall.

Four divine monks sit quietly on a futon.

Facing the Abbot of Tianzhu Temple.

The four divine monks of Tianzhu Temple.

Hui Zheng, Hui Jue, Hui Ming and Hui Xin.

All of them were strong members of the Second Grade Enlightenment Realm of the Buddhist Sect.

The Abbot before them, on the other hand, was a first-ranking, righteous enlightenment realm powerhouse of the Buddhist sect.

The Buddhist school talks about Righteous Enlightenment, the meaning of which is to open up the knack of wisdom and to realise the supreme wisdom of all truths.

But a First Grade Zheng Jue has not yet reached this level, to realise the supreme wisdom of all truths.

“Dare I ask the abbot.”

“Where did the karmic fire on the half-saints come from in the Hao Ran Dynasty today?”

The voice rang out.

It was the voice of the divine monk Huixin.

He was the youngest among the crowd, looking to be around thirty years old.

Among the four divine monks, Divine Monk Huixin had the greatest reputation, not because of his age and cultivation, but because Divine Monk Huixin was indeed reputed to be the one who was about to be rightly enlightened.

He had a clear face, his features were even somewhat beautiful, his skin was like white jade, and as he sat on the futon, his gaze was even more incomparably clear as he looked at Abbot Garan.

“Amitabha Buddha.”

“The matter of karmic fire is not my Tianzhu Temple.”

Understanding the meaning of the other party’s enquiry, Garan opened his mouth to reply, informing the other party that this matter had nothing to do with the Tianzhu Temple.

“Then is my Buddhist sect involved?”

Divine Monk Hui Xin continued to ask.

The voice was calm, but it caused the remaining three divine monks to frown slightly.

The karmic fire on the half-saint’s body was definitely related to the Buddhist sect, only that none of the people were willing to say that it involved a dispute between the Buddhist sects.

To speak of complete greatness of light would certainly not do.

When there is a light side in the world, there is a dark side, and this is a truth they understand better.

So Huixin’s breaking of the sand like this was somewhat off-putting.

However, Abbot Garan sighed as he looked at Huixin and slowly spoke.

“I know what you want to say.”

“This matter has to do with the Buddhist sect.”

“But it also has nothing to do with the Buddhist sect.”

“There are many things that cannot be said to you until you are completely righteous, you are too idealistic.”

Abbot Garan spoke, and he was very straightforward, admitting that the karmic fire on the Half-Saint had something to do with the Buddha Sect.

It was also very clear what the other party wanted to hear.

“Humph.”

Hui Xin snorted coldly, and at that moment he stood up and looked at Abbot Garan and said.

“What is righteousness when you put the living beings out of your mind?”

“I would have guessed that there was a shadow of the Buddhist sect in this.”

Hui Xin frowned as he rose and said so, looking very angry.

But when this was said, the three remaining divine monks could not help but frown.

“Unbridled.”

“How do you speak to the abbot?”

“Huixin, although you have extraordinary qualifications and are expected to attain righteousness, you are too obsessed, how do you resemble a Buddhist disciple?”

The three divine monks spoke separately, they did not like Huixin like this.

“I am obsessed?”

“It is you who are really obsessed.”

“The Buddha’s law is natural, yet you and the others want to forcefully universalize all beings and become obsessed with demons, if this continues, the Buddhist sect will end up like the Wen Gong sooner or later.”

Hui Xin laughed coldly.

He was extremely unashamed of this kind of behaviour.

The beautiful name said something about universalizing all sentient beings, but in reality?

It was not for his own benefit.

What kind of Buddhism is this?

“Huixin, you have really acted recklessly.”

“Huixin, as one of the four divine monks of the Buddhist sect, you should think of my Buddhist sect, besides, this matter has nothing to do with my Tianzhu Temple, what are you holding onto this speech for?”

Hui Jue Hui Ming spoke up separately and angrily rebuked.

Huizheng, on the other hand, was silent.

“I, Huixin, am not for the Buddhist sect, but only for all beings.”

“Abbot, whether you listen or not, but I must say it.”

“To cross the heart is not to cross the people, and to cross the people is not to cross the heart.”

After saying this, Huixin directly turned around and left the hall, not wanting to stay here at all.

“Where are you going?”

Hui Jue frowned and asked the other party.

“To Zhengjue.”

“Sooner Zhengjue, sooner we can drive all you false Buddhas out.”

Hui Xin’s voice rang out, appearing somewhat treacherous.

“Unbridled.”

“Abbot, how dare Huixin say such treacherous words, do you still care?”

Hui Jue’s gaze was furious, the words sounded too harsh.

What did it mean to be a false Buddha?

They had worked so hard to promote Buddhism and travelled in all directions, preferring to suffer themselves rather than wishing the world’s living beings to suffer, but in the end they were insulted by their own people, how could this not make him angry?

“Amitabha Buddha.”

Abbot Garan folded his hands as he uttered a Buddhist hymn.

Whirling around, his gaze fell on several people.

“Huixin is the only person who has been expected to achieve righteousness in the thousand years of the Buddhist sect, and his thoughts are different from ours.”

“Let him be.”

The divine monk Garan spoke, not caring about what Huixin had done.

“Abbot, Huixin’s qualifications are good and his Buddhist karma is deep, but we can’t let him be like this.”

“If this continues, when he really takes charge of the Tianzhu Temple in the future, the Buddhist sect will only be in shambles.”

Hui Jue couldn’t help but speak up, looking a bit grumbly.

“No.”

“Huixin is my Buddhist sect’s only hope.”

“Alright, don’t bother with Huixin’s affairs, let him go on his own, if he understands, everything will be understood, if he doesn’t, then let him not understand.”

After Abbot Garan said these words.

Setting his gaze on the three.

“Nowadays, the Confucian lineage has been heavily damaged, and although Zhu Sheng suppresses the demons in the world, it is said that he can suppress them for three years, but the old cassock has carefully observed that Zhu Sheng can only seal them for one year at most.”

“And it is the yin power that is sealed, not the demons of the world, so one of these days, have someone spread the word about this.”

“Turmoil is coming, the Buddha Sect will flourish and prosper greatly, there are already forces in the East, South, North and even Central Continents that have taken the initiative to come to Lao Cai.”

“But if the Buddhist Sect wants to truly flourish, it still needs to enter the Central Continent.”

Abbot Garan said slowly.

Informing the crowd of this information.

In an instant, the crowd revealed their astonishment and looked at Abbot Garan with a look of curiosity.

“There’s a power in the Central Continent looking for us too? Is it that power?”

It was Divine Monk Hui Zheng, who was curious.

“The Primordial Yuan Dynasty.”

Abbot Garan gave his answer.

When he answered, the anticipation in the three men's eyes instantly disappeared by half.

I thought it was the Great Wei Dynasty, but I didn't expect it to be the Primordial Yuan Dynasty, which was indeed inexplicably a little disappointing.

"If the Buddhist sect wants to prosper, it will have to enter Great Wei after all."

"Right now is a once-in-a-lifetime moment for our Buddhist sect, the three plans we discussed before, you will have to make a choice today."

Abbot Garan spoke out and informed the three.

When this was said, the divine monk Huizheng was the first to speak up.

He was the monk who had previously wanted to dethrone Xu Qingnian.

"Abbot."

"Each of these three plans is not the superior one."

"If Abbot agrees, the poor monk would like to make another trip to the capital of Great Wei and invite Xu Qingnian into my Tianzhu Temple, then we will use the power of faith from the Western Continent, together with the 81 Buddhist Vajras of the Buddha Sect, to forcibly transmute him, wouldn't that be extremely good?"

Hui Zheng spoke out.

He still felt that these three plans were extremely inappropriate and wanted to convince the Abbot to use his own methods.

"Huizheng."

"Your idea is indeed good, but it is not an easy thing to try to transmute Xu Qingnian."

"He has a First Grade martial artist behind him, and now he also carries the Great Wei State Luck, do you know why you didn't succeed in transfiguring him that day?"

"It was caused by the national luck."

"With your ability, you would not have been able to bring him into being, even if the old cassock himself had done it."

“He is imbued with national luck and is a Confucian half-saint, so the path of enlightenment cannot be taken, but it can be attempted, just not as a main plan to do so.”

“We don’t have time to delay any longer, the real turmoil is about to come, if we don’t get the Buddhists to enter Great Wei and share the national fortune before this turmoil comes, it will be hard for the Buddhists to escape.”

“Make a good decision.”

Abbot Garan spoke, and as he spoke, his gaze was calm, but he gazed at the three, waiting for a reply.

“I agree with the debating of the Dharma.”

“I also agree to debate the Dharma.”

Both Hui Ming and Hui Jue agreed straight away.

Huizheng, on the other hand, was still torn.

After a while, Huizheng sighed and looked at the abbot and said.

“Since both senior brothers have agreed, then I agree.”

Hui Zheng gave his reply.

Agreeing to the matter of debating the Dharma.

“Amitabha Buddha.”

“In that case, Huijue, you proceed to prepare for the matter of debating the Dharma.”

“Start from the Eastern Continent and debate the Dharma all the way to Great Wei, using the Dharma debate to promote Buddhism, taking with you eight hundred sutra monks.”

“In this battle, only victory is allowed, not defeat.”

“If we win all the way, the Dharma will be boundless, and if we win the key debate in Great Wei, we will be able to share in Great Wei’s national fortune, and even if Great Wei does not agree, we will have achieved our goal.”

Abbot Garan commanded.

“Respectfully, I obey the dharma.”

Hui Jue folded his hands and answered.

“Huiming, you lead the millions of monks of my Buddhist sect in the Western Continent, scatter the world in all directions, subdue demons and eliminate devils, and no matter what hardships you encounter, you must not turn back, so that you can promote the righteousness of the Dharma for my Buddhist sect.”

Abbot Garan continued to speak.

“I respectfully obey the dharma.”

Divine Monk Huiming folded his hands and answered.

“Huizheng, during this period of time, you stay at Tianzhu Temple, do not go anywhere, and guard the temple.”

Abbot Garan looked at Huizheng and said so.

When this was said, the three people’s expressions changed slightly.

It was not that they were asking Huizheng to sit at Tianzhu Temple, but rather, what Abbot Garan meant when he said this was that he was going to go out.

“Abbot, are you going to be ready for this before there are any results?”

Hui Zheng opened his mouth and looked at Abbot Garan and asked thus.

“If this Dharma debate is successful, and if it is combined with the elimination of demons by millions of monks, the Buddhist sect will prosper greatly and the future will be unstoppable.”

“But if the debate fails, it will be like adding insult to injury for our Buddhist sect.

“Well, leave the superfluous matters to yourselves and go back to your preparations.”

When Abbot Garan said this, he did not go on.

Let the three leave.

The three looked at each other, and without saying anything more, they simply got up and left.

After the three had left.

Abbot Garan let out a long sigh.

The three plans for the great rise of the Buddhist sect were actually to debate the Dharma and correct the Buddha, and to remove the devil and promote the Dharma respectively.

The debate on the Dharma was a dispute over the Dharma, which would inevitably lead to the discontent of the major powers, especially if the debate was won, it would even lead to many enemies.

More than 500 years ago, the Little Thunder Sound Temple failed to debate the Dharma, and was therefore devastated.

Little Thunder Sound Temple lost to Zhu Sheng, and the loss was not unjust.

It was also the defeat to Zhu Sheng that led to the complete rise of the Confucian lineage, and the two were considered to have made enemies.

This time, however, there were no saints in Great Wei, and the only one that worried him was Xu Qingnian.

He was worried that the same thing would happen a second time.

Since ancient times, Buddhist Dharma debates had always led to great trouble, but the benefits of debating the Dharma were also irresistible.

Once the debate is successful, in the eyes of the world, the Buddhist sect will be high above the world, and it will be a battle for both the system and the hearts of the people, a battle for faith.

As for the subjugation of demons, it is even more likely to stir up controversy.

Apart from the Western Continent, there are also many other continents where many powers have taken root. If the Buddhist sect rashly goes to other continents to subdue demons and promote Buddhism, this is actually a kind of invasion.

In other words, they were helping Wei to suppress the scourge without the latter's consent.

At present, however, the foundations of Confucianism have been severely damaged, so doing so is not a big problem, although it will still cause trouble, but at least there is an excuse.

After all, in a few years' time, the world will be in chaos and the position of Buddhism is bound to rise.

And all this is still thanks to Zhu Sheng.

This was why he was in such a hurry; once he missed this opportunity, he would have to wait at least a few thousand years before he could encounter such a thing.

Seventy percent of the Confucian Way had been destroyed.

This in itself was an incredible event.

For the Buddhists, this was indeed a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

As for the third plan.

It was the final plan.

If the Buddhist apologetics failed and the Buddhists failed to remove the demons and promote the Dharma, then the third plan would be the last chance.

Once the third plan was used, the Buddhist Sect was destined to prosper, but it would also pay an extremely painful price.

Extremely.

Extremely.

Tragic.

So much so.

In the blink of an eye, three days passed.

Two pieces of news, spreading from the Western Continent, led to countless controversies for a while.

One, after a lapse of five hundred years, the Buddhist sect once again opened the path of debating the Dharma, starting from the Eastern Continent.

Secondly, the Buddhist monk Huiming had led a million monks to the four continents to quell the demons and save the world.

When the news came out, it instantly provoked all sorts of abuse.

“Defending the law again? Has the Buddhist sect forgotten the lesson of five hundred years ago?”

“Five hundred years ago, the Little Thunder Sound Temple debated the Dharma and what kind of harm did it do to everyone? And this is forgotten?”

“Another Dharma debate? The Buddhists really do have Confucianism on their mind.”

A stream of voices rang out, and there were extremely many curses all over the place.

Immortal clans, demon clans, demon dao, martial artists, and all the major continental lands were cursing the Buddha Sect.

It was simply because the Buddhist apologetic method was really extremely pitiful.

It uses the law of heaven to argue the truth of wisdom.

To put it in the simplest way possible, once the Buddhist school has started the debate, it is using the Buddhist faith and the Buddhist qi as the basis to bet against other systems.

The core purpose of the debate is to determine which system is more suitable for all the peoples of the world and for the nature of heaven and earth.

If you can't beat the Buddhists, then you lose and you have to admit that Buddhism is profound and is the way of heaven and earth.

If you are a martial artist, then some of the qi of the martial lineage will be taken away by the Buddhists.

And as you get higher in rank, then more of the qi that belongs to your lineage will be taken away.

But the qi luck that the Buddhists get is not given to the Buddhists.

Rather, it requires the Buddhist Sect to debate the Dharma all the way through, and succeed in all of them, without failing once, preferably not even in a tie, but having to win all the way through in a row.

They must win the debate against the Immortals, against the Martialists, against the Demons, against the Demons and against the Confucians.

When the final sublimation is completed, then all these qi will be added to the Buddhist school, and the world will have to respect the Buddhist school as the first system.

In this way, Buddhism will truly flourish and be respected by the whole world.

The benefits will be endless.

Five hundred years ago, Buddhism was indeed very close to succeeding in gathering an infinite amount of qi, and all it needed was to argue its way to victory over Confucianism, and then Buddhism would be at its peak.

Unfortunately, the Buddhists did not expect the emergence of a literary sage in the Wei Dynasty.

This shattered their dreams.

At the same time, all of the Buddha's qi was placed on Zhu Sheng, causing Confucianism to flourish.

The Confucian Way had always been favoured by heaven and earth, and with the Buddhists giving away so much qi, plus the fact that the Confucian Way had produced a literary sage.

In the past five hundred years, Confucianism has been able to get all the wind and rain it needs, with at least half of the credit coming from the Buddhists.

Naturally, when the Buddhists were about to start a new round of debates, the major powers began to ridicule the Buddhists.

They felt that the Buddhists had come to give Confucianism its luck again.

However, in reality, the people knew that this time was completely different from the last time.

Last time, a Vermilion Saint had emerged.

How could another saint come out this time?

Is the Buddhist Sect that unlucky?

Moreover, today's Tianzhu Temple was far stronger than the Little Thunder Sound Temple back then.

Therefore, it is very likely that this time the Buddhists will succeed in arguing the Dharma.

In particular, this time the Confucian Way has been decimated by 70%, and the Confucian Way's qi has dropped significantly.

Now that the Confucian Way has been wounded at its foundation, the Buddhist Sect is taking advantage of the situation and is playing its game too well.

But there is nothing that can be done about it.

After all, if I were in the Buddha's shoes, I would have done the same.

But understanding is understanding, but cursing is still cursing.

The news was conveyed quickly.

In a flash, it had reached the Great Wei Dynasty.

At this very moment.

Great Wei Dynasty.

Kyoto.

The King's Palace of Peace and Chaos.

Xu Qingnian had returned to the royal residence three days ago.

Three whole days.

Xu Qingnian did not go out for a single moment.

He was in his study writing the new state policy of Great Wei.

The content of the state policy.

Xu Qingnian started in two directions.

Agricultural and commercial development.

The development of the service industry.

The purpose of the development of agriculture and commerce was to feed the people of Great Wei, to fill the treasury of Great Wei, and to promote economic transactions, in which the merchants played a great role.

But Xu Qingnian is more concerned with restraining these merchants, after all, as long as they see profits, they will probably jump on them like crazy.

If we don't find a way to restrict them in advance, then there will be monopolies everywhere, and the people will still be suffering.

These three days.

Xu Qingnian had written out the strategy for agriculture, commerce, government and industry.

But it was also extremely clear what Great Wei needed at the moment.

A breakthrough.

A complete breakthrough in technology.

In agriculture, fertilisers and labour-saving tools had to be developed.

The good fields of Great Wei had already been divided up, but there were a lot of barren fields, and even many uncultivated fields left vacant.

Although the people were willing to cultivate them, many did not choose to do so, or they were unable to do so.

This led to a shortage of manpower.

Therefore, if the Great Wei agriculture wants to achieve real abundance of food and clothing, it has to come up with 'fertiliser' ploughing tools' itself.

The business is much better to say, control foreign exchange, increase taxes, set up a set of commercial law, such as anti-monopoly law and so on all added, of course, also support all kinds of small merchants, this is good to say.

The most important thing is of course free education.

Education is the foundation of the country and determines the upper limit of everything, no matter what it is.

But this point of free education can only be implemented if the state treasury is full.

The last one is work.

Xu Qingnian had almost no clue.

Xu Qingnian understood the concept of artillery.

But that kind of artillery is not very meaningful to manufacture, it is okay to bomb the readers, but to bomb the martial artists to bomb the cultivators, it is better to wash up.

"Ugh."

A long sigh.

Xu Qingnian stopped writing.

For a moment, he had some brain pain.

Fertilizer, industry, and artillery.

If these three things could not be solved, one could not talk about unifying Zhongzhou in ten years.

If these three things could be solved.

Ten years was a conservative estimate.

With a bit of luck, three years might be enough to unify the Central Continent.

“God, please, show me a clear path.”

Xu Qingnian took a deep breath, he really had a feeling of being at his wits' end this time.

It was at this moment.

Suddenly, a voice rang out.

“Your Majesty.”

“Real Lu is waiting for you in the lobby, saying that he has something for you.”

As Yang Hu's voice rang out.

Xu Qingnian couldn't help but get up.

Real Lu?

Lu Ziyang?

At that moment, Xu Qingnian couldn't help but walk towards the door.