

Awaken Chapter 36 -

After climbing out of the Wenchu.

The handsome man then appeared in front of Xu Qingnian.

Looking at the handsome man's face, Xu Qingnian was a little jealous.

"Congratulations, brother Qingnian, for adding another superb poem, it is a pity that I have lost my memory, so perhaps I could write a few essays, lest there be a lack of follow-up."

The handsome man came up to say goodbye.

And Xu Qingnian was incomparably respectful.

"Senior has spoken highly of you, to have this heart, Qingnian is inexplicably touched."

Xu Qingnian politely said.

At the same time, he continued to speak.

"Senior, I have left Ping'an County and am now in South Yu Province, and I intend to visit the Park House Academy some time later, so perhaps I can find out senior's origins."

"It's just whether senior remembers some information that will also facilitate junior's search."

Xu Qingnian opened his mouth, he planned to go to the Park Lodge Academy as soon as the day dawned, and look at the books to go.

By the way, he would look up some information and see if it could help him recover his memory.

"Good, I'll trouble brother Qingnian."

"But for memories, I still haven't recovered too much, but it's related to the Great Sage, I can be sure of that, I don't know the rest."

The handsome man replied.

He had lost his memory and had never recovered it, the only thing he knew was this little bit.

“Understood, senior should not be anxious, after junior has gone through it in detail, I will definitely inform as soon as possible.”

Xu Qingnian made a salute to inform after confirming these few words.

“Thank you for your trouble.”

The handsome man was somewhat grateful.

Xu Qingnian didn't say anything more and left the middle of the Wen Palace.

Inside the guest room.

After Xu Qingnian opened her eyes.

His body could not help but feel a sense of unrest, especially his brain, which was incomparably empty and clear, and his body's Hao Rang Qi surging and moving, both suppressing the demonic nature and nourishing his body.

“Ninth grade enlightenment, eighth grade body cultivation.”

In the Confucian lineage, the tenth grade is to nourish the qi, to embrace the Hao Yang Qi.

The ninth grade opens the orifices of wisdom, so that one can never forget and think intelligently.

The eighth grade is to cultivate the body. After all, this lineage does not have any substantial attacking ability, and cannot do what martial artists usually do, destroy the sky and the earth, but can cultivate the body and breath.

And this body cultivation is not just about cultivating the body, but the temper.

After all, a Confucian who gets angry at the slightest movement, who feels bad when others say something, who is jealous when he sees others doing well, can he be called a Confucian?

Cultivating the body and opening the mind, this is the realm of the eighth grade.

If one steps into the eighth grade, it is another realm, not to be impatient, to be good as water, thus conforming to the natural laws of heaven and earth.

And whether it is the Martial Dao, the Immortal Dao, the Demonic Dao, or the Confucian Dao, the early stages are all relatively average, not the kind of terrifying ascension.

Although there is the saying that there is one rank and one heaven, this is a comparison with each other.

But since the seventh grade, it was different, each grade was a radical change.

This basic information was still known to Xu Qingnian.

He swept a glance at the sky.

It was slightly light and it was already cinnabar time.

Xu Qingnian practised as she always did.

An hour later, after Xu Qingnian's body was steaming with heat and he had used his Hao Ran Zheng Qi to suppress the dry, hot Golden Crow power, he got up and left.

He had to go to the Park House Academy to have a look.

When he pushed open the door to his room and arrived downstairs, he saw his senior brother Chen Xinghe, and Wang Ru.

However, Chen Xinghe was somewhat disoriented in general, his eyes listless as he walked towards the stairs.

“Senior brother has met senior brother.”

Xu Qingnian made a salute.

However, Chen Xinghe lost his soul and walked straight past, frozen without answering.

This made Xu Qingnian somewhat puzzled.

He turned his gaze to Wang Ru.

The latter was also filled with embarrassment, pulling Xu Qingnian down and saying.

“Magnanimous Brother Qingnian, you should not disturb your senior brother for the next few days, give him some time to slow down.”

Wang Ru spoke out, his face full of embarrassment.

“What's going on? What's wrong with him?”

Xu Qingnian frowned curiously.

“It’s not much, it’s just that after I sent you back yesterday, I happened to meet Brother Chen, and your senior brother, I think, happened to have composed a song, so I dragged him to the banquet.”

“I thought, you are from the same discipline, Qingnian Xiandi’s song Full River Red, stunning the audience, Brother Chen should not be far behind, the result unexpectedly is

When Wang Ru said this, he stopped talking.

And Xu Qingnian probably understood the cause and effect.

Ah This.

It was not that Xu Qingnian despised Chen Xinghe, but that Full River Red was a thousand-year-old famous song written by General Yue Fei in a previous life and created in conjunction with the background era.

The fact that it was revered by later generations was proof enough of how good the lyrics were.

Chen Xinghe is not bad, but when compared to General Yue Fei, he is really The first time I saw him, he was a great writer.

I can imagine the scene.

It should be a large social death scene.

Who would be able to stand it if they were proud to show their work and then get hit in the face?

Especially when you’ve only been at the school for less than a month.

What a shock.

Cough, cough.

Xu Qingnian coughed lightly, a little embarrassed, while Wang Ru spoke.

“Where is Xiandi Qingnian planning to go?”

He asked.

“To the Park House Academy, to read a book.”

Xu Qingnian replied directly.

“To read a book? If you don’t mind, my brother will lead the way, after all, you have just arrived in South Yu Province and the road is unclear.”

Wang Ru hastily opened his mouth and took Xu Qingnian to the Park House Study Hall.

“Thank you for your trouble.”

“Don’t bother, don’t bother, Qingnian Xiandi.”

Wang Ru had no complaints at all, he couldn’t wait to follow Xu Qingnian around all the time, it was also a bonus to dabble in his talent.

After the two men left.

At this moment, a figure was also passing through the streets and alleys of South Yufu.

In a restaurant.

A Confucian student was holding a piece of white paper and slowly wrote “Full of River Red” in front of dozens of people.

When the writing was finished, he drew a gasp of surprise.

“Great words! What great words!”

“They will be famous for a thousand years.”

“What a great line, thirty years of work and fame, eight thousand miles of clouds and the moon, good, good, good.”

“Don’t wait for your youth to turn white, good.”

Cheers burst out, drawing the attention of a few people in the tavern.

“Gentlemen, this poem is written by Xu Qingnian, Xu Shouren, you don’t know how extraordinary this Shouren brother is, the word was written, his talent entered his body and he was promoted to the ninth rank, he is only twenty years old now, he has just studied for a full month, he has the qualifications of a great Confucian.”

The Confucian student who had written Man Jiang Hong said with a red face, he had not slept all night, and when the banquet was over, he called his friends to share the events of the banquet at the first opportunity.

These words were spoken, and the crowd was even more shocked.

And the same thing kept happening.

A mansion.

A scholar knocked frantically on the door, looking extraordinarily excited.

It was not yet dawn.

The mansion opened and the scholar rushed straight in and came outside the bedroom, causing the old man in the bedroom to get up.

“Xianping, what are you doing? Why are you running here before dawn?”

The old man was a bit angry, what could he not wait until dawn?

You are disturbing people’s rest so early in the morning, don’t you want to sleep?

“Sir, sir, look, look.”

The latter did not cower, but handed the transcribed white paper, in front of the old man, who had long been enlightened and was extremely prestigious in the South Yufu.

He composed himself and turned his gaze to the white paper.

After a few moments.

The old man’s cloudy gaze revealed a look of astonishment.

The next moment it was endowed as if he regarded a treasure.

“The shame of Jingcheng is yet to be snowed, when will the hatred of my subjects be extinguished.”

“Drive the long chariot and step through the lack of Lian Yun Mountain.”

“Good, good, good, good, good line Jingcheng shame, still not yet snowed, good, really good, excellent words, excellent words.”

“No, a thousand famous words, this is a thousand famous words, did you write this?”

“No, it’s impossible, if you could have written such famous words, you would have entered the class long ago.”

“Who, who is it?”

The old man asked as he grabbed his student by the collar of his coat, from his previous drowsy and confused state to his current refreshed, even with his gaze intact.

“Sir, this was made by a man called Xu Qingnian at Lord Li Xin’s banquet yesterday.”

“He has already entered his body with talent and advanced to the ninth rank, and is no more than twenty years old.”

The latter was a little taken aback, but still answered truthfully.

“Not more than twenty years old? Ninth grade? Hiss!”

“Let’s go, let’s go find Master Chen, I’ll change my clothes, no, not anymore, let’s go, let’s go, come with me.”

The old man was so excited that he wanted to change his clothes, but then he turned around and thought, what’s the point of changing, hurry up and go.

“What’s the point of looking for Fu Zi Chen?”

The latter was a bit confused, he was just coming over to report back and admire the work together, why did he go to see Master Chen?

“I’m looking for Master Chen to dig up someone, so much nonsense, hurry up.”

The old man roared angrily, and left quickly.

Another large mansion was in the courtyard.

A Confucian student ran furiously all the way, holding in his hand the white paper on which he had transcribed the Man Jiang Hong, and in a careless manner, he fell midway, but fortunately he did not dirty the poem.

After getting up, he rushed straight home.

“Father.”

“Father.”

“Don’t sleep, don’t sleep, come and see.”

The Confucian returned home, rushed all the way into his father’s bedroom and didn’t hesitate to bang open the door.

The two men on the bed jumped up in fright.

“What are you doing?”

“What are you doing?”

“What a disgrace.”

The middle-aged man roared, his heart beating so wildly that he felt like he was going to lose it.

“Father, look, look.”

The latter didn't know how to go about the narrative and handed the poem directly to his father.

“Look, look, what are you looking at? What's there to see?”

“What kind of crap can you write?”

“What kind of crappy words are you letting me read too? It's simply

The middle-aged man was furious, how dare he wake himself up just to let himself read a lyric?

He was about to thunderously rage, but when his eyes landed on the poem, his whole body froze.

“The rage is raging, the dazzling rain is resting on the apartment.”

“Raise your eyes, look up to the sky and whistle.”

“Thirty feats of dust and fame, eight thousand miles of clouds and moon.”

“Don't wait for the day to come, when you've turned white, you'll be sad.”

The words were not many, just a hundred.

But they made his body tremble, as if he had been given a treasure.

“Absolute words, absolute words, when the world is the absolute words.”

“My son, did you write this? Did you write this?”

The middle-aged man got excited, scaring his wife on the side a little confused.

“Father, my son attended Prince Li Xin's feast yesterday, this was written by Xu Qingnian during the feast, his senior brother is Chen Xinghe, but his senior brother is just average, this Qingnian brother wrote the lyrics and even attracted talent into his body, promoting him to the ninth rank.”

“Father, this brother Xu is only twenty years old, and now that the four great academies of the court are all together, this person must have great talent.

He said in a loud voice, and the latter’s gaze had a look.

The next moment, he jumped straight off the bed, grabbed his clothes and quickly put them on.

“Let’s go, follow Father to see Master Liu, if this lyric is really written by this person, it is a great talent of the world, quick, let’s go.”

As he spoke, he was already dressed, pulling his son with him and running for the door, leaving behind a dumbfounded wife.

Nan Yu Mansion.

The government ruler’s residence.

Again, something similar happened.

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Government House.

Li Guangxin looked at the poem in front of him.

His breathing became a little sharper.

His pupils also dilated a little more than usual.

“A thousand ancient famous words.”

“A thousand ancient famous words.”

“A thousand ancient famous words.”

As a prefect, although he did not follow the Confucian path, he was at least a great official, and his appreciation was definitely much better than these Confucian students.

When ordinary people look at Man Jiang Hong, they would at most think that the lyric was well-written.

But he could feel the ripples that this piece of vocabulary would bring to the Great Wei.

The shame of Jingcheng was a great disgrace to the Great Wei.

Five generations of emperors, ruled by civilization and peace, were known as the kingdom of ten thousand nations, and were honoured by all the world.

It can be said that before the shame of Jingcheng occurred, the Great Wei Dynasty was almost at its peak.

However, as the barbarians from the north swept their armies southwards, their iron horsemen trampled through many cities and towns in Great Wei.

Tens of thousands of people were slaughtered.

From the north, nine out of ten houses were empty and the fortunes of Great Wei were at their lowest.

This war shamed Wei and made the Emperor Jiankang bedridden, and it was difficult for him to return to his bed with immortal medicine.

The civil and military officials of Great Wei became mute.

If it had not been for the death of Wei, I am afraid that the kingdom would have changed hands a long time ago.

The barbarians in the north are still screaming today that one day they will invade Kyoto and threaten to make the current emperor a plaything for them.

What a great insult!

To this day, the barbarians in the north have done nothing more than shout.

But this thorn will always be in the hearts of Wei's subjects.

Now Xu Qingnian's poem speaks to the hearts of countless people.

"The shame of Jingcheng has yet to be snowed, and when will the hatred of the subjects be extinguished."

"Drive the long chariot, step through the lack of even clouds and mountains."

Li Guangxin took a deep breath and had difficulty calming down for a long time.

"Father, this man is a great talent in the world, do you need my son to pull him under your command?"

Li Xin opened his mouth and asked his father.

"No."

Li Guangxin shook his head and refused outright.

“Such a great talent, at nearly twenty years old, has been promoted to the ninth rank, and has written a thousand famous words, his future is extraordinary.”

“I am not ashamed to be under my command, and such a great talent would never be beneath my father.”

“Xin'er, you just said that this lyric was written by him for a general, who was it?”

Li Guangxin refused outright, at the same time curious as to who Xu Qingnian had written this lyric for.

Hearing this, Li Xin was a little embarrassed.

“My child asked, but Brother Xu did not answer.”

Li Xin was a little embarrassed.

“No answer?”

“Clever, clever, really clever.”

Li Guangxin couldn't help but sigh with emotion.

“What is so clever about this? Father, my child is foolish, I really don't understand.”

Li Xin froze a little, although he said that Xu Qingnian was indeed a great talent, praise is praise, but there is no need to forcefully praise, right?

“It's normal for you not to understand.”

“Since the shame of Jingcheng, the state policy of Great Wei changed, with military generals as the mainstay and civil servants as the supplement, even though His Majesty took office and slightly suppressed, this Great Wei is still dominated by military generals.”

“How many princes and lords have been crowned in the seven northern expeditions?”

“Among the courtiers, how many generals wanted to lead the northern expedition? Once this piece of words was released, it was like a huge stone that stirred up a thousand waves.”

“The hatreds of the subjects are still fresh in their minds, the shame of Jingcheng has not yet been washed away, and whether for the sake of merit or fame, the Northern Expedition is destined to happen.”

“Amongst these generals, several of the leaders were even involved in the Northern Expedition, and the hatred in their hearts is a hundred times stronger than ours.”

“Xu Qingnian didn’t say who the words were written for, but when they reach Kyoto, those who have now become kings and marquises will probably put themselves into the story.”

“Famous words with famous generals is a beautiful story for a thousand years, they see power as a cloud but care about fame, if it can be passed down to a hundred generations and passed down for a thousand years, do you think it is a great favour?”

Li Guangxin analyzed it seriously for Li Xin, and these words shook Li Xin to his core.

He had never really thought about it in this way.

But when he thought about it carefully, it was really true.

Famous generals or not.

The great scholars too.

They have the country, the people and the world in mind, and what is the reason for doing so?

At this point in their lives, money and power are a thing of the past.

What they want is to be known for a thousand years.

This is the highest ideal of the great, but of course there are also some hermits and noblemen who are tired of everything, and this realm is even higher.

But in the imperial court, this is not possible.

This lyric by Xu Qingnian was written for a general.

Words are famous for thousands of years, they just need time to ferment.

And who was this lyric written for?

The generals in the imperial court, those who have been crowned kings and state princes, have reached the pinnacle of their lives.

They have reached the pinnacle of their lives, and the higher they go, the greater they are, the less they seek, the more they hope for capable officials for their children.

But if someone were to write a song for them, a song that would be famous for a thousand years, they would be delighted.

After a thousand years, the world would think of this person and think of him or her for centuries to come, which would be a great honour.

To them, Xu Qingnian has become their benefactor.

A great benefactor.

Is it not a common sense to support such a benefactor?

Thinking about it carefully.

Li Xin only felt his body sweat standing up and his eyes showing shock.

“Brother Xu, without doing anything, he has already paved the way for himself, paving the way to prosperity.”

“This man is wise, simply like a demon.”

Li Xin sighed with emotion, a seemingly insignificant thing, but hiding a shocking means, this kind of wisdom is not too much to say that it is like a demon.

But soon, Li Xin could not help but frown and said.

“But father, my child asked brother Xu at that time, brother Xu gave my child the feeling as if he didn’t know who it was made for, what’s going on?”

Li Xin asked.

Li Guangxin gave a cold laugh.

“What do you know, this is what a wise man does, true or false, using falsehoods to confuse the truth, you are still too young.”

With Li Guangxin saying so, Li Xin nodded at once.

But at that very moment.

A voice rang out from outside.

“Report, Lord Prefect, the prospective hundredth household member Cheng Lidong requests an audience.”

The voice of a subordinate rang out, interrupting the conversation between father and son.

“Cheng Lidong?”

“Let him come.”

In an instant, Li Guangxin’s expression became very calm, and a thick majesty pervaded as he waved his hand and told Li Xin to stand aside.

Soon, Cheng Lidong slowly walked into the middle of the lobby.

“My subordinate Cheng Lidong, I have met Lord Prefect.”

Cheng Lidong seemed to be injured, and his movements were a little stiff as he knelt on one knee to pay his respects.

“How did things go?”

Li Guangxin did not care about Cheng Lidong’s injury, it was normal for an officer to be injured, to enjoy power but not want to pay the price, was this possible?

“Your Excellency, the fugitive Wu Yan from the South Yu Province has been beheaded by my subordinates and his corpse has been brought back, but the conspiracy has not been found.”

Facing Li Guangxin, Cheng Lidong did not dare to raise his head; he bowed his head in deference.

“No find?”

“Really?”

However, a cold aura appeared in Li Guangxin’s eyes, falling on Cheng Lidong.

“Your Excellency, Wu Yan is cautious and would rather die than obey, please be wise.”

Cheng Lidong spoke out and said so.

“Impossible.”

“He escaped from South Yufu to deliver a message, whether Wu Yan dies or not is none of my sovereign’s business, but that item must be found.”

“Cheng Lidong, this monarch asks you once more, are there any other clues?”

The coldness in Li Guangxin's eyes was extremely strong.

"Your Excellency, Wu Yan would rather die than give in, and there is nothing I can do, but there is indeed a strange thing in Ping'an County."

Cheng Lidong knelt down on both knees, looking somewhat frightened and sincere.

"Speak."

Li Guangxin spat out a word with authority.

"In reply to Your Excellency, Wu Yan escaped to Ping'an County and injured a magistrate, who was supposed to have the poison of the Underworld in his body and would not live for more than twelve hours."

"But it so happened that on the next day, the servant discovered Wu Yan's whereabouts and went to the magistrate's office to report it and hid in the case library."

"I didn't expect Wu Yan to leave the mountain, and also came to the document storehouse, and met this magistrate again, and again injured him, but as a result, this magistrate was not cured, and dispelled the cold poison, and even entered the grade with this."

"Moreover, in Ping'an County, there is a volume of foreign arts hidden within the case library."

"So my subordinate thought that this magistrate might have had an encounter with Wu Yan."

Cheng Lidong elaborated very clearly, and he did not dare to hide anything, because there was no need to hide these things as any person sent to Ping'an County could ask for them.

"Cured without treatment?"

"Wu Yan cultivates the Taiyin Pulse Condensation Technique and has an alarmingly cold poison in his body, even this monarch has to be careful, but a mere magistrate was not cured."

"And the foreign art in Ping An County is a supreme Yang foreign art."

"He, either cultivated the supernatural art, or he reached an association with Wu Yan, who dispelled the cold poison for him."

"Either way, he has committed a heinous crime, where is this man now?"

Li Guangxin laughed coldly.

He instantly surmised the cause and effect.

“In reply to Your Excellency, this person is in South Yufu.”

Cheng Lidong replied.

“Oh? You captured it?”

Li Guangxin asked.

“Back to the Prefect, my subordinates do not have cut and dry evidence, so I cannot arrest him, furthermore, the magistrate of Ping’an also gave a stop, so my subordinates do not dare to move.”

Cheng Lidong replied.

“Then why do you say he is in the South Yufu?”

Li Guangxin frowned a little.

“After this man recovered from his untreated illness, he abandoned martial arts for literature, and now he is coming to South Yufu to take the provincial exams.”

Cheng Lidong replied.

“Joke.”

“Abandoning literature to take up martial arts? To take part in the provincial examination? How can you believe such words that deceive a child?”

“Cheng Lidong, aren’t you talking nonsense here?”

Li Guangxin was really angry.

What is the government examination?

It was something that only talented students from all counties were qualified to take part in, not something that you could just take part in if you wanted to?

“Prefect, how dare my subordinate speak nonsense.”

“This person studied under Zhou Ling and was recommended by Zhou Ling before he could take part in the government exams.”

“I don’t know how to explain this, it’s indeed strange.”

Cheng Lidong was helpless, too.

Because this was what happened.

“Zhou Ling?”

Li Guangxin frowned, pondering who Zhou Ling was.

However, Li Xin’s eyes widened.

“Zhou Ling? This magistrate you speak of, what is his name?”

Li Xin was the first to respond.

“Back to your Excellency, his name is Xu Qingnian.”

Cheng Lidong replied.

The voice rang out.

Li Guangxin’s father and son instantly froze.

Xu Qingnian?

The great talent Xu Qingnian?

A magistrate?

Cultivating the supernatural arts?

Both of them were wide-eyed.

It left Cheng Lidong a little silent.

What do you mean?

You guys know each other?

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Looking at the expressions of both Li Guangxin’s father and son.

Cheng Lidong’s brow could not help but frown.

After he had killed Wu Yan, he was seriously injured, but at least he had recovered his life, and to Cheng Lidong, Xu Qingnian was very important.

He could conclude that Wu Yan had given everything to Xu Qingnian.

However, he would not tell the ruler of the prefecture about this clue, because he was sure that Xu Qingnian would be eaten by Cheng Lidong, and it would be useless even if the emperor came.

As for the matter of the supernatural arts, it made sense for him to say it, it could not be concealed and he did not want to.

On the contrary, he hoped that the emperor would give him the power to arrest Xu Qingnian directly, so that he could interrogate him about everything.

He didn't believe that Xu Qingnian would be able to grit her teeth and hold on.

What Cheng Lidong didn't expect was that the Prefect seemed to know about this person.

That didn't make sense.

In terms of time, Xu Qingnian had only just arrived at Nan Yu Prefecture, and in a day's time, could Xu Qingnian still turn over a new leaf?

"Ping'an County, Xu Qingnian, is his senior brother called Chen Xinghe?"

Li Xin opened his mouth and asked Cheng Lidong.

"Back to your Excellency, yes."

Cheng Lidong did not hesitate to answer, he was impressed by Chen Xinghe, very capable of pretending.

"Impossible."

In a flash, Li Xin shook his head straight away, denying Cheng Lidong.

"Is it hard for the Duke to know this Xu Qingnian?"

Cheng Lidong did not hastily deny it, but was curious.

"I know."

"Yesterday I hosted a banquet, where Brother Xu made a thousand famous words, and his talent qi entered his body, promoting him to the ninth grade of Confucianism."

“You say he cultivates foreign arts? Confucianism is the practice of righteousness, those who practise different arts must be wrong-minded, how can they be promoted to the ninth rank?”

Li Xin spoke out, he supported Xu Qingnian unconditionally, he had seen him as a confidant since yesterday and even as an idol, but now Cheng Lidong said that Xu Qingnian practiced different arts.

According to the laws of the Great Wei, those who practise foreign arts will be executed by the nine clans, disregarding their positions.

“A thousand ancient names? Talented Qi entering the body and advancing to the ninth rank?”

“My lord, we may not be talking about the same person.”

“This Xu Qingnian, a month ago was just a magistrate in the Ping’an County Office, my subordinates have investigated, Xu Qingnian has never studied, how could he have been promoted to the ninth rank in a month?”

Cheng Lidong froze.

He knew that Xu Qingnian had cultivated a different art and had entered the martial arts class, but to say that Xu Qingnian had been promoted to the ninth rank?

He didn’t believe it.

Not even to his death.

“Ping’an County, under the tutelage of Zhou Ling, senior brother Chen Xinghe, twenty years old, is it?”

Li Xin asked.

“Yes.”

Cheng Lidong nodded.

“That’s one person, Cheng Lidong, are you not doing your job properly and trying to catch sheep to perfume my father?”

Li Xin opened his mouth, he was a little sulky, after all, the man he revered was placed in such a big crime by Cheng Lidong, he naturally could not accept it and had some grievances against Cheng Lidong.

Cheng Lidong was just a hundred households, his father's subordinate, not his own subordinate, no need to care about each other's feelings.

"Your Excellency, although I, Cheng, am not good at my job, I will definitely not catch a sheep and fool around, I hope that your Excellency will understand."

Hearing Li Xin's words, Cheng Lidong's face was a little cold, but he did not get angry at Li Xin, but looked at Li Guangxin and said.

"Father, no matter what, my child does not believe that Brother Xu has cultivated the supernatural arts, this could be a misunderstanding."

Li Xin spoke out, still adamant that Xu Qingnian had not cultivated the supernatural arts.

"Alright."

Li Guangxin spoke up, his gaze falling on Cheng Lidong.

"How did you determine that?"

Li Guangxin asked.

"Back to the House Sovereign, my subordinate is generally the same as the House Sovereign's guess, with ninety percent certainty."

Cheng Lidong said seriously.

"Ninety percent?"

Li Guangxin looked at Cheng Lidong, he knew what kind of person Cheng Lidong was, he was extremely strict in his work, daring to say 90% basically meant that he was completely sure.

If it was anyone else, he definitely would not hesitate and probably would have already asked Cheng Lidong to arrest him.

But when it comes to this Xu Qingnian, there is some trouble.

For one thing, Xu Qingnian's famous song is already famous in South China, and there are several great scholars in South China who will definitely look for Xu Qingnian.

Secondly, Xu Qingnian's talent has entered his body and he has been promoted to the ninth rank. This alone basically shows that Xu Qingnian should not be practising foreign arts, after all, most people who practise foreign arts are not right-minded and are virtuous people.

Thirdly, when the lyrics spread to the court, as Fang said, when the time comes, if those few big shots appreciate Xu Qingnian, this would be a shocking trouble.

With these three points alone, he did not dare to touch Xu Qingnian, and he did not want Xu Qingnian to cultivate foreign arts either.

After all, Xu Qingnian is a member of the Southern Yufu at any rate, and if he really becomes a great Confucian in the future, it would be a credit to his tenure, and even he, his son, could befriend Xu Qingnian.

In the current situation, his son can befriend Xu Qingnian, and if one day Xu Qingnian becomes a great scholar, his son's official path will be much better.

However, at this time, Cheng Lidong said this matter, which made Li Guangxin really have some difficulties.

“Do you have proof?”

The matter of heterodoxy, no jokes are allowed, Li Guangxin looked at the latter as he asked so.

“This, my subordinate does not indeed have any.”

Cheng Lidong thought about it, he indeed did not have any evidence, if he did he would only have detained Xu Qingnian in Ping'an County.

Hearing this, Li Xin and Li Guangxin both breathed a sigh of relief.

“There is no evidence, merely by virtue of speculation, not to be convicted.”

“In this way, Cheng Lidong, this monarch allows you to investigate in secret, now that Xu Qingnian has already made a name for himself in the South Yu Province, and with the government exams just around the corner, we enforce the law, we must not wrong a good person, and we must never let a bad person go.”

“You should investigate secretly, but you must not leak out, he has been promoted to the ninth rank, although he has not yet merit, but sooner or later it is just a matter of time.”

“If you don't have full proof, don't act rashly, otherwise you will be responsible.”

Li Guangxin spoke up.

On the one hand, he hoped that Xu Qingnian had not practiced the supernatural arts, so that Xu Qingnian would be of great use to himself, and could help his son, or even himself.

But on the other hand, he was worried that Xu Qingnian had really practised the supernatural arts, otherwise how could he explain that he was not cured? How could there be such a coincidence?

Once it is really cultivated, then whether Xu Qingnian has made a thousand ancient names or not, all beings are equal before the law of the land.

“Subordinate Understood.”

Cheng Lidong’s heart was still filled with doubts, he still did not believe in Xu Qingnian’s promotion to the ninth rank.

He should know that when he first met Xu Qingnian, there was nothing special about him except that he had just entered the rank of Martial Dao.

But after not seeing him for some time, he had actually reached the ninth grade of Confucianism.

Such a person could walk around in the South Yu Mansion, and if he met him, he would have to respectfully call out “sir”.

Before Emperor Wu, five generations of literary emperors, if not for the shame of Jingcheng, the status of literary officials was higher, especially the strong Confucian Daoists, recognized by heaven and earth.

This Impossible.

All of Cheng Lidong’s plans were all gone.

He had hoped to obtain the authority of the Prefect to send someone to directly arrest Xu Qingnian, and afterwards to interrogate him properly.

Now, it seemed that if he dared to touch Xu Qingnian without sufficient evidence, he was only afraid that the ruler would not spare himself.

“My subordinate understands.”

But no matter how much resentment there was in his heart, Cheng Lidong could only reply calmly.

“Alright, you go down and rest for a few days.”

Li Guangxin waved his hand, Cheng Lidong did not linger and turned to leave.

After Cheng Lidong left, Li Xin’s voice rang out.

“Father, my child doesn’t believe that Brother Xu would practice a different art, he is definitely not that kind of person.”

Li Xin opened his mouth and explained for Xu Qingnian.

“Don’t say more.”

Li Guangxin shook his head.

“You remember a few things now.”

“First, keep your distance, don’t get too close, you can build a good relationship now, but keep it properly, practicing a different art, strains of nine clans, once Xu Qingnian has really practiced it, my father will also be implicated.”

“Second, secretly also investigate, if he has really cultivated, must tell my father, must not hide, when the time comes there is a way back.”

“Thirdly, after the government examination, my father will go to the new pavilion to invite the famous and handsome people in the government, and will invite a righteous scholar, whether or not he has cultivated the foreign arts, he can tell some clues, if that gentleman says no, then it is no, if that gentleman says yes.”

At this point, Li Guangxin did not say much more.

“My child understands.”

Li Xin also knew how much was involved in the crime of heterodoxy, so he did not say anything more.

“Also, this man Cheng Lidong is extremely ambitious, I think he must be hiding something.”

“You can inform Xu Qingnian of what he said today, whether it’s selling favours or asking for something, you can take control yourself.”

“Go on.”

When Li Guangxin said this, he told Li Xin to leave.

“Yes, father.”

Li Xin did not say anything more, he did want to see Xu Qingnian now and inform Xu Qingnian of this matter, it was not a matter of selling favours, it was just that he did not believe that Xu Qingnian would practice the foreign arts.

The main reason was simple: Xu Qingnian's performance at the banquet yesterday had convinced everyone present, and Li Xin was no exception.

He became Xu Qingnian's fanboy.

After Li Xin had left.

Inside the room.

Li Guangxin looked somewhat silent.

His gaze fell on the white paper on which Full River Red was written.

Whether Xu Qingnian had cultivated the foreign arts or not.

He really did not know now.

If it were any other person, he would have been completely sure.

But it was Xu Qingnian.

How could a person who could write such lyrics have a wrong heart?

Since ancient times, no one had ever heard of a Confucian practising the supernatural arts.

But The first time I heard of a Confucian student practicing a different art was in the ancient times.

"I hope I am wrong in my guess."

Li Guangxin said to himself in his heart.

And at this moment.

It was already two minutes past six o'clock.

The entire South Yufu was already abuzz with excitement.

The tavern where Xu Qingnian lived had long been heavily surrounded, and many scholars had gathered here just to catch a glimpse of Xu Qingnian.

But at that moment, a voice rang out.

"Brother Qingnian is not at the tavern, he has gone to the Park House School, gentlemen, don't wait foolishly."

“Fu Zi, Fu Zi, Xu Qingnian is in the Park Lodge Academy, not here.”

“Go, go, go, go, go to the Park Lodge Academy, go to the Park Lodge Academy.”

People chattered, and in a flash a figure ran towards the Park Lodge Academy.

Awaken Chapter 39 -

Midday.

Park House Study Hall.

This is one of the most famous academies in South Yufu.

It has produced a fifth-ranked great scholar and has been in scenic beauty for nearly a hundred years.

It is basically known as the number one academy in South China.

On weekdays, many people would come to the academy to borrow books, or to meet with friends to drink tea and chat.

But today, the people in the Park House Academy were obviously a bit exaggerated.

There were three layers of people inside and out, all the literati from half of the southern Yufu capital came.

Full of River Red – Angry Hair.

It only took half a day for this piece of lyric to become a sought-after term among the city’s readers.

And it spread so fast that it was feared that before today passed, Full River Red would spread throughout the entire capital.

“Fu Zi Qi is here, Fu Zi Qi is here, get out of the way, get out of the way.”

“Fu Zi Chen is here too, get out of the way, get out of the way.”

“Fu Zi Liu from Ying Tian Academy is also here, this great man is here, this Xu Qing Yao is really a great talent.”

With the arrival of several old men, the crowd surged and all sorts of chatter resounded, especially the arrival of Fu Zi Liu from the Ying Tian Academy.

This caused a huge uproar.

In the Great Wei Dynasty, there were four major academies, the ones that the literati of Great Wei crowded their heads to get into.

They are the Yuelu Academy, the Songyang Academy, the White Deer Academy and the Yingtian Academy.

These four academies have all produced semi-saints, and the White Deer Academy in particular has produced a saint, Zhu Sheng.

Although there is some controversy, most people are still convinced that the fact that a saint has been born is enough to represent everything.

In the capital of South Yu, there are famous Confucian scholars, and the highest-ranking of them is Liu Fuzi of Yingtian Academy.

But Fu Zi Qi and Fu Zi Chen were no ordinary people either.

The name "Fu Zi" is an honorific, and only those who have virtue can be called Fu Zi, and those who teach are also counted.

These three teachers are all eighth-grade practitioners, one grade higher than Xu Qingnian, but their status is definitely different.

The first grade of martial arts is a change in force, but the ruling of the Great Wei does not all depend on force, and there are many seventh-grade martial artists working for eighth-grade martial artists.

However, the Confucianism is a change in status, and is sealed by heaven and earth and cannot be questioned.

When the three husbandmen arrived, thousands of literati and Confucians bowed towards the three of them almost at the same time.

"We have met the three masters."

The students worshipped.

The three fuzi returned the small salute, a matter of virtuous quality.

"I didn't expect Fu Zi Liu to be here too, it looks like it will be a bitter battle later."

Fu Zi Qi, who was walking on the left, spoke up, wearing turquoise blue Confucian robes, and looked towards Fu Zi Liu in the middle position and smiled.

Fu Zi Liu was dressed in plain clothes and his white hair was tied with a green cloth, looking very frugal.

“No, no, I have only heard that a great talent has emerged from the South Yufu and would like to meet him, I have no intention of competing for him.”

The reason why he came over was not to rob someone, but to see who this great talent was.

He came from the Yingtian Academy, and even if he had a love for talent, he could not allow Xu Qingnian to go to the Yingtian Academy.

After all, the four great academies were not something that could be entered through nomination. There were so many things that needed to be tested, such as rank, character, virtue, literacy and intention, that even the emperor's son could only go to the academy as a spectator.

To truly become a student of the academy, one still had to pass such a harsh selection.

A glimmer of joy flashed through the eyes of Fu Zi Qi and Fu Zi Chen when Fu Zi Liu did not steal anyone.

After all, although they were on a par with Liu Fu Zi in terms of status, they could not help but be a big player, and if they really wanted to throw an olive branch at Xu Qingnian, they basically could not compete with Liu Fu Zi.

“I didn't expect a great talent to emerge from the capital of South Yu, and this phrase, 'Full of River Red', is so heartwarming and speaks of the hatred of a thousand generals, it is both persuasive and impassioned, much better than such pedantry as mine.” ‘

The white-robed Chen speaks up, his heart filled with emotion at the words of Man Jiang Hong.

He had read it dozens of times over the course of half a column of time, and he could not praise it enough.

So he had already made up his mind that he would introduce Xu Qingnian into his academy no matter what, and if Xu Qingnian did not mind, he was willing to accept Xu Qingnian as his student.

“Yes, I wouldn't be too surprised if this lyric was written by a general who has experienced a hundred battles, but it was written by a young man who is loyal to his country, and if he can join the Ministry of War in the future, perhaps he can see my Great Wei iron horsemen sweeping the barbarians in his lifetime.”

Fu Zi Liu nodded his head as he made a very high evaluation.

These words surprised the other two Fuzi, and stunned the surrounding literati.

To the extent that Fu Zi Liu was, he usually rarely praised others, but instead pointed out more. This kind of praise was enough to prove how good the words of Man Jiang Hong really were.

“The more you talk about it, the more I want to meet this great talent.”

The more they spoke, the more I wanted to meet this great talent.” Fu Zi Chen lamented, and the three of them all praised Xu Qingnian.

At that moment, the three teachers walked side by side and entered the Park House Academy.

The academy was already overcrowded and no one was allowed to enter, but when the three scholars arrived, the dean of the Park House Academy personally came to greet them and made room for them to enter anyway.

No one in Nan Yu’s residence dares to offend these three scholars, not even the Lord Prefect.

As they entered, the students around them saluted and bowed, not daring to overstep their bounds and respecting them.

The three of them did not linger and walked all the way into the study hall.

Before they came, they knew that Xu Qingnian was studying at the academy.

There were many literati in the academy, but the study building was very quiet and no noise was allowed in the study.

When the three masters walked into the study building, a figure came up and said very respectfully.

“Three masters, he is Xu Qingnian, but he is reading and seems to have forgotten all about himself, do you need me to call out?”

The person who spoke was Wang Ru, and he kept his voice down.

When Xu Qingnian came to study at the Park House Academy, there were indeed many people who disturbed him, but they were all blocked by Wang Ru later.

He knew that Xu Qingnian had come to read a book, so how could she read seriously if she was disturbed by people one after another?

But now that Fu Zi was here, Wang Ru could only come over and say something, and if Fu Zi really wanted Xu Qingnian for something, he could only go and interrupt Xu Qingnian.

Three for the Fu Zi will look away.

In the book building.

Through the bookshelves, Xu Qingnian could be seen examining a book, reading it carefully, his eyes unblinking, nodding at times and frowning at others, clearly having forgotten himself.

“No.”

Fu Zi Liu’s voice rang out, and he glanced around, then waved his hand, causing the crowd to retreat.

Without saying much, Fu Zi Qi and Fu Zi Chen followed Fu Zi Liu out together.

Only after they had gone out, did Fu Zi Liu then speak out.

“Xu Qingnian loves books as much as his life, and with the government exams just around the corner, the word he is making a name for himself, yet he is able to not move his dusty heart and come to the academy to study, this is a model for us readers and something you need to learn from.”

“Pass on my words, if there is no important matter, do not disturb Xu Qingnian, we can just wait outside.”

Master Liu spoke up, he had become even more optimistic about Xu Qingnian.

If he were an ordinary writer, he would have called his friends everywhere to admire his words, to be praised and envied by everyone.

However, Xu Qingnian not only did not call on his friends, but also did not spread the word everywhere.

Instead, he was able to concentrate on his studies, which impressed Master Liu.

“Such a mind, at least a great scholar in the future.”

“I can see that this son of Xu Qingnian is oblivious when he reads books.

Fu Zi Chen and Fu Zi Qi spoke out, once again giving higher praise to Xu Qingnian.

In the academy, thousands of scholars once again smacked their lips after hearing these words.

A great scholar.

At this level, they could reach the heavens, speak directly to the saints, argue all matters under the sun, and be held in high esteem both in and out of court.

Even the immortals of the jianghu world have to be courteous.

He has been sealed by heaven and earth and has established the roots of a great Confucian.

Within ten years, Xu Qingnian could become a great Confucian, which was a bit too high a compliment, right?

“Two scholars, we have never met before, why don’t we go to the pavilion to take a rest, while waiting for Xu Qingnian and talking about some things?”

Master Liu suddenly spoke up, he looked at Master Qi and Master Chen and said so.

“Good.”

“Master Liu is polite, please.”

With smiles on their faces, the three husbandmen walked towards the pavilion of the Park Lodge School.

And the crowd of literati were both envious and surprised to see this scene.

Three scholars from the Southern Yufu were all waiting for a scholar here.

Such a thing was unheard of.

And in fact, in the book building.

Xu Qingnian had indeed reached the state of forgetfulness.

I don’t know if it was because of her enlightenment, but in Xu Qingnian’s eyes, these tedious ancient texts were simply better than vernacular texts.

Moreover, the contents of the book also made Xu Qingnian sometimes delighted, sometimes confused, and sometimes pondered.

At this moment, after quieting her mind, Xu Qingnian finally understood the truth that there is a house of gold in a book, and that a book has a face like a jade.

If one really reads with a quiet mind, one will discover how big the world is and how wide one’s imagination is.

Reading is really interesting.

A book swept through Xu Qingnian's hands.

This time, Xu Qingnian had already prepared to read as many books as she could.

It didn't matter what kind, just read it anyway.

Time passed little by little.

Xu Qingnian's speed of reading books was also getting faster and faster.

The next day.

Xu Qingnian was still reading.

However, Xu Qingnian was unaware of what was happening in the outside world.

Great Wei Kyoto.

It was like any other day.

However, a figure was passing through the various mansions.

In less than an hour.

The whole of Kyoto was abuzz with excitement.

In a magnificent mansion.

An old man with white hair, looking at the absolute words in his hands, his eyes filled with excitement.

"Well, well, well, a good line about driving a long chariot and stepping through the lack of even clouds and mountains."

"The ambition is to eat the flesh of the Hu captives and laugh at the blood of the Xiongnu. Let's start from scratch, pack up the old mountains and rivers, and face the sky!"

"Well, well, well."

"I never thought there would be such a scholar with such aspirations in this world."

"What? This lyric was written for a general?"

“Hahahahahahahaha, hahahahahahahaha, I never thought that in my lifetime someone would compose a lyric for me, what is this scholar’s name? When he becomes an official in the capital in the future, I will definitely give him a good boost.”

A cheerful voice rang out.

But at the same moment, in the midst of Kyoto, a dozen of them appeared.

Awaken Chapter 40 -

This day.

The whole of Great Wei’s Kyoto was abuzz with excitement.

It was because of a single song that spread throughout the whole of Great Wei.

The most lively of all was the State Dukes’ House. Basically all the Great Wei State Dukes laughed heartily today, and then even ordered their servants to host a banquet for other friends.

The Four Great Schools of Learning also attracted a great deal of noise.

All the controversies were about who had written it and for whom it was intended.

But soon the tranquil capital of Wei was in an uproar again.

It was the great princes of the state who were at loggerheads.

The people didn’t know what was going on, but these princes were experienced in a hundred battles and were themselves convinced by martial arts, and would not use their fists if they could settle with their words.

According to rumours, the reason for the chokehold between the several principalities was precisely because of this piece of absolute lyric.

They all thought that the song was written for them, so they disagreed with each other and exposed each other’s shortcomings, and when they did, they couldn’t hold their tempers and fought each other.

The best part was that someone who went to persuade them to fight also got into a fight.

All in all, Kyoto was in a frenzy that day, with shouts of abuse and curses, even from the older generation, but also from the younger.

This was the way of the martial artists, and fighting was the best way to settle disputes.

At this moment.

Inside the court of the Great Wei.

In the magnificent and atmospheric Yang Xin Hall.

A dragon allan was placed in it.

A golden gauze covers the Dragon Luang, and the hall is vast and empty.

A beautiful woman kneels at the bottom, respectfully.

In the gauze, only a few outlines can be seen.

She is exquisitely curved and tall, and through the gauze, a pair of beautiful legs are vaguely visible.

But what was truly astonishing was not the luscious figure, but an aura that, standing there, made people fear.

This is the Empress of Great Wei.

The most wondrous woman in the world.

She stood beneath the Dragon Luang, a sheet of white paper floating in front of her.

“Your Majesty, this famous lyric has reached the capital, and the seven princes of the state have held a banquet because of it, all of them believing that it was written for them.”

“But the seven princes’ mutual hospitality has caused trouble, and just now spies came to report that the seven princes had fought with each other, and even with the descendants of several of them.”

“There are also some marquises that have joined in, and I hope Your Majesty will step in and stop the fight.”

The stunningly beautiful woman kneeling below spoke slowly, her voice extremely pleasant.

“It is normal for a famous song of a thousand years to lead to a fight between state princes.”

“But as state princes, fighting with each other is ultimately a disgrace to the court.”

“Wan’er, draw up a decree for me, the fight over the famous words will be asked by the book writer when he comes to Kyoto.”

“The rest of those who participated in the fight will receive seventy military sticks or be punished with three months’ salary.”

The Empress’ voice was somewhat ethereal as she spoke slowly, echoing through the Great Hall.

“Wan’er obeys the decree.”

The woman bowed her head.

And then she continued to speak.

“Your Majesty, there is also some news from the four great academies, several great scholars have praised this masterpiece, and it can be seen by both civil and military officials, should such people be summoned to the capital in advance to serve Your Majesty?”

She spoke up and asked.

“No need.”

“All great talents in the world are arrogant, it would be bad to actively recruit them.”

“Besides, those who can write such words and chapters must also be the ones who are in charge of the expedition, and now that the strife in the court is already fierce, it would be more unstable to recruit such people.”

“If we continue the northern expedition, it will hurt the foundation of the Great Wei, so let everything be as it is, and warn others not to hit this man, and let everything be as it is.”

“And again, there are exams coming up in various provinces, this is a big deal.”

The empress’ voice rang out, very calm, but it meant resolute.

“Yes, Wan’er understands.”

Kneeling on the ground, Wan’er nodded, as the Empress’ personal female official, she knew many things, especially the situation in the imperial court.

Since His Majesty had ascended to the throne, the imperial court had been advocating another northern expedition, but the treasury was empty; Emperor Wu had made seven northern expeditions and emptied the Great Wei, and those who were not in charge of the household did not know the price of firewood and oil and salt.

Now if another great talent comes along and demands a northern expedition, the situation will only intensify.

Letting nature take its course is the best way.

She did not say anything more and slowly retreated.

At this moment.

In the main hall.

The Empress of Wei's gaze once again fell on the white paper.

The absolute words of Man Jiang Hong were reflected in her eyes.

But soon the white paper burned itself, turning into smoke and passing away.

"The Northern Expedition, a group of martial artists who only know how to attack and attack, but do not know how to nurture."

"A huge country, where there is no need to spend money, the treasury is empty, I don't even have the silver to build a palace, and I have to fight and fight and fight."

"Father, if you are in heaven, send me a capable minister who can make money, if this continues, my son will only be a faint ruler."

The empress' heart sounded out, and then took out an ancient book as if extremely helpless.

The ancient book had the three words [He Xin Tong] written on it.

Half an hour later.

A decree came out from the palace, stopping the chaos in the capital.

The great princes cursed and rested at home, but as for the others, there were no good consequences.

They were punished with either a fine or a baton, but those without a title went to receive a baton.

They were noblemen, but they didn't have much money, especially the sons of princes, who had little to spend.

A fine? It was impossible to punish them, they would rather be beaten with a military stick, it was not like they had never been beaten before.

It's not as if they've never been beaten before, but that's the way it is now in Wei.

But in any case, the dispute settled down.

And so it was, and in the twinkling of an eye, several days passed.

The year of Wuchang.

April 7th.

There were less than three days to go until the provincial examinations.

But this did not stop the enthusiasm of Xu Qingnian's admirers.

The Pao Lu Academy has been crowded with people these days, all wanting to see Xu Qingnian's face, to see what kind of person he really is.

But unfortunately, in these few days, Xu Qingnian almost turned into a nerd, reading books in the book building all the time.

He had already finished reading all the books on the first and first floors.

Now he was reading on the third floor.

After all, Xu Qingnian had become enlightened and could not forget anything, so he could remember all the books after just one sweep.

As for the three teachers, they would come and wait for them every day.

The more carefully Xu Qingnian read, the more they became fond of Xu Qingnian.

Perhaps this was the eccentricity of a scholar.

Being different.

The hour of the day.

In the middle of the book building.

Xu Qingnian's expression became a little excited.

In the past few days, he had read tens of thousands of volumes, firstly, to read and understand, secondly, to understand the world situation, but most importantly, to understand the Chinese palace in his own brain.

Now Xu Qingnian had finally found some clues.

The book he was holding was called the Holy Dwelling Note.

It was similar to the Notes on Living, recording the lives of the great saints, as well as some of the saints' remarks.

Whether it was true or not Xu Qingnian did not know.

But it recorded the 'Heaven and Earth Palace of Literature', only that it was not detailed enough and mentioned briefly.

And what excited Xu Qingnian was that one thing was mentioned on it.

Disciples of the Saints.

The first generation of the Sage of Literature, the Great Sage, had seven extremely outstanding disciples under him.

But all of them died in the Age of Darkness.

These seven disciples were all half-saints, and one of them was extremely handsome and talented, and had the qualifications to become a saint.

But that era was too dark, and this disciple used his body to seal the demons and save the world.

He was a handsome and talented disciple of a saint.

These three points above except for the unparalleled talent, the other two points all fit the person of that Wen Palace ah.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian quickly flipped through the books, and after finding no other clues, he flipped through other books.

Two hours later.

Xu Qingnian found another partial clue.

'Chaoge'

The name of a great disciple of a saint.

[Chao Ge, the first disciple of the Great Sage, was born when the stars trembled, the sky had immortal music, purple energy came from the east, he composed poetry at the age of three, his words were extinct at the age of five, he became famous at the age of ten, he established his will at the age of twenty, he achieved great scholarship at the age of twenty-five, and then worshipped the sage as his first disciple]

At the age of thirty, he became a half-saint, a feat unprecedented in the past, but when the world was in turmoil, the half-saint sacrificed himself to seal the demon, and future generations restored his holy image]

[This is a record from an ancient book, consulted by Wang Botong in later times]

—

Very little has been recorded about the deeds of the saint's disciples.

Through these few days of reading, Xu Qingnian also understood many things.

The so-called Age of Supreme Darkness was extremely distant, to be measured in tens of thousands of years, and it was not even entirely certain whether there was such a period of history.

The only thing that could be determined was that there were traces of great saints in the world.

But that period of history is so long ago that there are still many rumours of the Great Sage, and very few of his disciples.

In that era, it was too dark, destroying all kinds of books and almost cutting off the human race, so it makes sense that there are no dedication records.

Many of the books were written by people of later generations, so it was fine to talk about them after tea, but they were not up to par when it came to the truth.

But Xu Qingnian believed in the content of these books.

It was because the Heaven and Earth Palace of Literature in his mind happened to have seven statues, and the characteristics of the two matched extremely well.

"The Great Sage's First Apprentice."

"Luckily I didn't overstep."

"I've picked up a treasure this time."

At this moment, Xu Qingnian couldn't resist the excitement in his heart ah.

He had the help of the first Saint First Apprentice of Heaven and Earth, how could he still be afraid of a mere Fey Magic Demon Seed?

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian could not help but put down the book in his hand.

After days of reading, he was indeed a bit tired.

Xu Qingnian took a glance at the sky outside.

It was already midday.

After several days of not eating or drinking or sleeping, she was slightly tired, but most of all she was hungry.

Walking out towards the bookstore, Xu Qingnian was in a happy mood.

Knowing the identity of the handsome man, she basically had no more worries.

She was in a good mood.

Great.

So good that Xu Qingnian couldn't help but stretch out a big lazy back as she walked out of the book building and basked in the first rays of sunlight.

He even couldn't help but speak.

"Heaven will not give birth to me, Xu Qingnian, and the Confucian Way is like a long night."

Xu Qingnian's voice was not too loud, and there was more of a confidence in his tone.

People, when they are happy, like to say something.

It was only when Xu Qingnian finished stretching his lazy back.

The next moment, he froze in place.

Because thousands of pairs of eyes fell on himself.