

## Awaken Chapter 10

It is night.

It was already ugly.

The sky was as dark as ink.

Xu Qingnian returned home reeking of alcohol.

He had drunk two hours of wine at the restaurant, but Xu Qingnian hadn't drunk too much, and even had to go outside once to induce some vomiting.

The good thing is that he has already entered the product, his health is much better, and his immunity to alcohol has also increased.

Xu Qingnian did not dare to get drunk, for fear that he would talk nonsense after drinking.

Zee.

When he returned home, the first thing he did was to wash his face in cold water.

After a few moments, after a simple wash, Xu Qingnian sat at home and pondered over some things.

Every word of Magistrate Li was still echoing in his mind.

Xu Qingnian really didn't expect that this foreign art would be so terrifying.

As long as the beginning was made, there was no turning back.

Cultivation was death.

Not to cultivate was to die even faster.

Wasn't this clearly forcing people onto an evil path?

He was at least a good young man who had undergone nine years of compulsory education, and Xu Qingnian was unwilling to allow himself to practise evil techniques.

If it wasn't for saving his life, Xu Qingnian wouldn't even want to touch this ghostly magic.

But there was no way.

The only way was to hope for the palace in his mind.

Thinking of this, Xu Qingnian closed his eyes.

He began to communicate with the palace in his mind.

As Xu Qingnian's mind gradually settled down, the next moment a drowsy feeling came over him.

Xu Qingnian did not resist.

In an instant, his consciousness drifted off to sleep.

It was not known how long it took.

When Xu Qingnian woke up, a magnificent and imposing palace appeared in front of Xu Qingnian.

The palace was magnificent.

It was made of white jade, but the pattern was different in that a normal palace should have carved dragons and painted phoenixes.

However, the patterns carved in this palace were all in ink and calligraphy, full of literary elegance.

With all his curiosity, Xu Qingnian arrived outside the palace.

The jade door, nine feet high, was open, and above the plaque were four large words.

[Heaven and Earth Palace of Literature]

These were four ancient characters that Xu Qingnian could not read, but could instantly understand, appearing very odd.

“Heaven and Earth Literature Palace?”

Standing outside the door, Xu Qingnian was a little surprised, not expecting this to be a literary palace.

Confucianism?

Even if he didn't understand it anymore, Xu Qingnian could guess that it had something to do with Confucianism.

“Is it possible that I am suitable to be a scholar?”

Xu Qingnian's heart was filled with curiosity.

But after frowning, he had no information about Confucianism in his mind.

After thinking for a while, Xu Qingnian could not think of anything, so he withdrew his mind and looked towards the hall.

Inside the hall, it was very empty, but there were statues standing on both sides within the Palace of Literature.

There were seven statues, three on the left and four on the right.

They are all lifelike, holding scrolls, brushes, or guqin, although there are a few more unusual ones.

For example, they are holding long swords, or sitting on a king's chair, and there are both literary and martial figures, and even a woman, which makes people even more curious.

Walking inside the Palace of Literature.

Xu Qingnian observed the statues.

These statues were lifelike, but Xu Qingnian did not recognise any of them, and there were no names on the bases of the statues.

Xu Qingnian had no information about Confucianism.

Nor was it clear who these seven people were.

He could only continue walking forward to see if he could find anything new.

And as Xu Qingnian continued to walk forward, soon a stone wall was imprinted in the middle of the great hall, and above the stone wall were written four ancient words.

[Demon Atlas]

Sweeping his gaze away, each stone wall was made of jade.

The stone walls were empty, without any words or patterns.

But looking all the way to the left, there was something on the first stone wall.

Xu Qingnian turned his gaze to it.

In an instant, her expression was somewhat surprised.

It was a strange bird with three legs and flaming patterns around it.

And at the bottom of the stone wall, there was a line of ancient words.

Like the writing on a plaque, one did not recognise it but could read its meaning.

[Three-legged Golden Crow, demon god of heaven and earth, transformed into a sun, reflecting the heavens, the most rigid and virile, ferocious in character, once a scene of ten days in the sky, later shot dead by a supreme power, leaving only one, resentful and with endless killing thoughts]

Current realm: late tenth rank, will break through to ninth rank in three months]

If it can be suppressed, it can gather the Golden Crow True Fire

Three lines of ancient characters appeared, and Xu Qingnian smacked his lips a little.

He did not expect that there would be a demon atlas in this Palace of Literature, and what he did not expect was that this demon atlas could actually provide detailed information about the demons, including information about their realms.

But soon, Xu Qingnian was bitterly disappointed.

This Golden Crow Killing Idea could break through to the ninth grade in three months, and according to what Magistrate Li said, once the demon seed realm surpassed his own, he would be seized.

In other words, one only had two choices at the moment.

Either break through to the ninth rank within three months.

Either enjoy these three months and wait for death.

But the only good thing was that if one could suppress the Golden Crow killing thoughts, one could condense the Golden Crow True Flame.

I didn't know what the Golden Crow True Flame was, but it sounded good.

“Ninth grade.”

Xu Qingnian's brain broadening hurt a little.

The tenth grade of a martial artist was the [Body Nourishing Realm], containing the flesh and body, strengthening the body, nourishing the five internal organs and training the tendons and bones externally.

Through the Golden Crow Body Tempering Technique, he had completed his first body tempering and received a huge increase, entering the rank for a moment, but not yet reaching the Perfection Realm.

Now to have oneself break through to the ninth grade [Qi Pulse] realm in three months is a bit of a mess.

The tenth grade is body nourishment.

The ninth grade, on the other hand, is the qi pulse.

After the body is strong and the five viscera and tendons are tempered, the veins have to be condensed, and the so-called condensed veins are to condense the martial artist's qi veins.

A tenth-grade martial artist is so strong that he can lift a hundred pounds at will, is invulnerable to swords and spears, and can also resist some injuries from water and fire.

The next realm, on the other hand, is the condensation of 'Qi Veins', and having Qi Veins allows one to contain 'Internal Qi'.

Once you step into the Qi Vein realm, you can injure your enemy without hitting them with your fists and feet.

It can be understood as qigong.

However, people in this world prefer to call it 'internal qi'.

There is a big difference between having internal qi and not having it. A ninth-ranked martial artist can defeat dozens of tenth-ranked martial artists between glances.

The sheriff of Ping'an County was only a tenth-grade master, and Sheriff Chen, for example, was estimated to be a late tenth-grade master.

Their qualifications were not bad, and they would occasionally use some medicinal food to nourish their bodies on a regular basis.

But the youngest of them was now forty years old, and it was estimated that it would be at least ten years before they could break through to the ninth rank.

They themselves had just entered the grade.

To break through to the ninth grade, twenty to thirty years would not be surprising, but of course this was only if one did not cultivate the foreign arts.

“Isn’t this forcing people to go up the mountain?”

To be honest, Xu Qingnian understood completely why the imperial court had strictly banned the supernatural arts this time.

Having entered the rank by relying on the supernatural arts, you were given three months to break through to the ninth rank.

To be honest giving three years to Xu Qingnian felt a bit rushed, let alone three months?

“Three months is definitely not enough.”

“We can only continue to cultivate the dissimilar arts.”

“But can the Wen Gong continue to be suppressed if I cultivate the foreign arts again?”

Xu Qingnian immediately understood the situation she was in.

It was awkward.

The only good thing was that before, there were only twelve hours, and now he only had three months to himself, which was still somewhat ample in comparison.

But it was still hard to compare reality.

“We must think of a way, we can’t be led by the nose by the foreign arts, it’s best to rely on ourselves if we can, if not, we can only use the foreign arts again.”

Xu Qingnian said secretly in his heart.

He still had a volume of supernatural arts on hand.

The Taiyin Pulse Condensation Decision.

It was just that Xu Qingnian did not dare to try to practice it, not to mention whether or not Wen Gong could continue to suppress it, and even if he could, another demon would be born to kill his thoughts.

That would be a great way to die.

A single demon is a bit overwhelming, two demons are even more so.

Retract your mind.

Xu Qingnian continued to study the Palace of Literature.

The outside of the Palace of Literature looked magnificent, but the inside looked a little rudimentary.

Seven statues.

The demon atlas.

Apart from these two things, there was hardly anything.

If I had to say, there was a pool.

The pool is not very large, about three feet deep and three feet wide, and is square in shape.

It stands on the left side of the main hall and is empty.

I don't know what it was for.

But if it could appear in this Palace of Literature, it must be something useful, perhaps a kind of mechanism, but Xu Qingnian could not guess the purpose of this pool.

Perhaps it was useful to fill it with something.

It was just that there was no clear water or anything like that inside the palace.

One couldn't just inject something into it out of thin air, could one?

After a careful inspection, he still found nothing.

Only then did Xu Qingnian leave the Palace, but as he was leaving, Xu Qingnian imprinted the seven statues carefully in his mind.

If he had the chance, he intended to investigate, and if he could do so, it might be helpful.

After exiting the palace.

Not long afterwards, Xu Qingnian slowly woke up.

The room was pitch black.

The oil lamp had gone out at some point.

Subconsciously, he looked out of the window, and it was still a big night.

Swept a glance at the moonlight, er ..... I couldn't calculate what time it was.

But looking at this night, it should not be too long after.

At that moment, Xu Qingnian lay down on the bed to rest, the events of this day, some big ups and downs, the spirit has been tight, have to take a good rest.

As Xu Qingnian closed her eyes.

Soon, he fell asleep.

In the blink of an eye, two hours had passed.

Two hours later.

As the sunlight reflected, Xu Qingnian gradually opened her eyes.

Looking out of the window, the sky was clear.

Two hours of sleep was already enough.

For an entry-level martial artist, he could sleep for one or two hours a day to keep his spirits up.

At the ninth rank, one could even go without sleep.

This was the benefit of practising martial arts.

After a simple wash.

Xu Qingnian walked out of his room, bathed in the golden sun, and practised some boxing and kicking to stretch his muscles and bones.

And then he left home.

He had to go to see Doctor Zhao.

Yesterday, when he heard from his colleagues that Doctor Zhao had been punished, Xu Qingnian felt some guilt in his heart.

Everything had happened because he had been involved.

If she did not care, she would seem ungrateful and unjust.

On the way, Xu Qingnian took out the little silver she had left and bought a lot of things, not particularly good things, but they were still a token of appreciation.

That was all.



Three quarters of an hour later.

Xu Qingnian arrived at the medicine shop.

In contrast to the past, the medicine shop of Doctor Zhao's family was quite busy.

Today, however, it was a bit depressed.

Ping'an County is not a big county, so good and bad things can get out quickly.

The fact that Dr. Zhao had been arrested by the magistrate and tortured to make him confess was definitely spread.

The common people were most afraid of getting into trouble with the law, so there were fewer customers coming.

This could not be helped.

But the more this happened, the more Xu Qingnian felt guilty and self-condemned.

There was some hesitation, not knowing whether she should enter or not.

But at that moment, the apprentice in the medicine shop saw Xu Qingnian.

Immediately, he greeted them.

"Lord Qingnian, you're really here, the shopkeeper has an invitation."

The voice rang out, causing Xu Qingnian to be a little surprised.